

SOURCES

—OF THE—

HISTORY OF OREGON.

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of the
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F. G. YOUNG, Editor.

The Indian Council at Walla Walla,

May and June, 1855,

By Col. Lawrence Kip, U. S. A.

A Journal.

EUGENE.
STAR JOB OFFICE.
1897.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

This journal is regarded as peculiarly fitted to constitute the second number of these "Sources." It in an admirable way expresses the *motive* of the "war of the races" in the Pacific Northwest. This struggle, with the intervals of peace, lasted from 1847 to 1873 before the red man relinquished to the white man undisputed control over this region. The account is contemporaneous with the events it records, being an exact reprint of a small edition issued in 1855. It is thus to be classed as a primary source.

The story of the Council is told in a most effective and charming manner. Nothing could be better adapted to elicit that popular interest through which it is hoped that a movement may be sustained for making the instruction in history in the schools of Pacific Northwest commonwealths rational by being related in a definite way to the up-building of civilization in these states.

Through an extended popular interest it may also be expected that much material that is valuable but as yet unappreciated will be brought to light.

Thanks are due the author for generously consenting to this use of his work.

JOURNAL.

It was about ten o'clock on a morning in the beginning of May, that our good steamer crossed the bar at the mouth of the Columbia river, from its shifting shoals the most dangerous navigation on the whole Pacific coast. Our passage of six days from San Francisco had been remarkably stormy, and probably there were none on board more delighted than myself at the prospect of once more standing on terra firma. "Life on the ocean wave", has some very pretty poetical ideas connected with it, but I prefer to have got through with all my rocking in my babyhood, and now sympathize with the conservative party in wishing all things to be firm and stable. I am unfortunately one of those

"Whose soul does sicken o'er the heaving wave."

At noon we reached the village of Astoria, rendered classical ground by Washington Irving. An old trapper still living, who belonged to Mr. Astor's first party, says he has often seen 1,000 Indian canoes collected on the beach in front of the fort. When the Hudson Bay Company took charge of it, they removed their establishment up the river to Vancouver, and allowed the fort to fall into decay, till not a vestige of it now remains. A few houses like the beginning of a village, are scattered along the banks which slope down to the river, wooded to the edge with pines. Opposite to this we anchored for a few hours to land freight, and then continuing our course up the river, night found us still "on our winding way."

At daylight I was awakened by the ceasing of the monotonous stroke of the engine and found we were opposite Fort Vancouver. The sun was just rising when I came on deck, so that I had the whole scene before me. Near the river are low meadow grounds, on which stands the post of the Hudson's Bay Company—a picketed enclosure of about three hundred yards square, composed of roughly split pine logs. Within this are the buildings of the establishment, where once much of its immense fur trade was carried on. From these headquarters, their companies of trappers, hunters and voyageurs, generally Canadians, were sent out to thread the rivers in pursuit of the beaver. Alone they traversed vast plains, or passed months in the heart of the mountains, far north to the Russian possessions, or south to the borders of California, returning in one or two years with the furs to barter at the Fort. Then came generally a short time of the wildest revelry, until everything was dissipated or perhaps gambled away, when with a new outfit they set forth on another expedition. From Vancouver the Company sent their cargoes of furs and peltries to

England, and thence they received by sea their yearly supplies. They possessed an influence over the Indians which was wonderful, and which the perfect system of their operations enabled them for years to maintain. But the transfer of the country to the Americans and the progress of civilization around them, driving the Indians and beaver, has forced them to remove much of their business to other posts.

Some distance back the ground rises, and ^{on} the ridge stand the buildings of Fort Vancouver, one of the frontier posts of the United States Army, marked by the American flag waving on the parade ground in front. Far in the distance, like a cone of silver, on which the first rays of the sun was glancing, rose the snow-capped point of Mount Hood.

Among our passengers were one hundred and fifty recruits for the 4th Infantry, in charge of Captain Anger, with whom I landed about six o'clock, and was soon at the hospital quarters of Captain Wallen.

Fort Vancouver was at this time under command of Lieut.-Col. Bonneville, whose "Adventures" for three years in the adjoining Indian country will always live and be read in the fascinating pages of Irving. Two companies of the 4th Infantry and one of the 3rd Artillery were stationed there. Altogether, it is probably the most pleasant of our posts on the Pacific coast. The place is healthy, the scenery around beautiful, furnishing opportunities of fishing, hunting and riding, while its nearness to Portland and Oregon City, prevents the young officers from being, as at many other Western posts, deprived of the refining influence of female society. Many are the occasions on which they find it necessary to drop down to these places. Deserters are supposed to be lurking there, garrison stores are to be provided, or some other of Uncle Sam's interests are to be looked after. Then, these visits must be returned, for the inhabitants of these places have an equal care for the welfare of their neighbors at the fort. Numerous, therefore, are the parties of pleasure which come from these towns to enliven the solitude of the garrison. On these occasions they are welcomed by balls, night after night the Regimental Band is heard floating over the waters of the Columbia river and the brilliant glare of lights from the fort shows that tattoo is not the signal for all within its walls to retire.

Here, a few days passed pleasantly, in the way garrison life always does. In such places there is but little change. "One day telleth another." Guard mounting—the morning ride—the drill—the long talk over the dinner table—the evening parade—the still longer talk at night with reminiscences of West Point days—and then to bed. At this time Lieut. Hodges, (4th Infantry), was ordered to the post at The Dalles, about ninety miles distant, to conduct thither a company of recruits, and I, having no definite object in view, except to see as much of the country as possible, determined to accompany him.

We left Vancouver about six A. M., in a small steamer, "The Belle," which runs up the Columbia river about fifty miles, as far

as the Cascades. The scenery of the river is in all parts beautiful, but very varied in its character. The pine forests stretch down to the banks, enlivened here and there by a cultivated spot which some settler has cleared, whose axe awakened new and strange echoes as it rang through the primeval woods. On the margin of the shore, and particularly on one of the islands, we noticed the dead houses of the Indians, rudely constructed of logs. Within, the bodies of the deceased are placed for a time, attired in their best array, until the building becomes filled. Then, the oldest occupants are removed and placed on the shore, till the tide launches them off on their last voyage and they are swept down to the ocean, which to the "untutored savage," as to his more cultivated brethren, symbolizes Eternity.

About noon, after a morning of almost incessant rain, we reached the Cascades, the head of navigation. Here, a *portage* has been made as the river for more than two miles flows over rocks, whirling and boiling in a succession of rapids, similar to those in the river St. Lawrence. Here is the great salmon fishery of the Columbia river, the season for which commences in this month, when the fish ascend the river in incredible numbers. The banks are inhabited by the remains of some of the Indian tribes, who display their skill in catching the salmon, which they dry for exportation. As we passed up, we found them scattered along the shore employed in this work. Little bridges are thrown out over the rocks, on which the Indians post themselves, with nets and hoops, to which long handles are attached. With these they scoop up the fish and throw them on the shore. They are then pounded fine between two stones, cured and tightly packed in bales of grass matting lined with dried fish skin, in which state they will keep for years. The process is precisely the same as it was described by Lewis and Clarke. The aboriginal village of Wish-ram, at the head of the narrows, which they mention as being the place of resort for the tribes from the interior to barter for fish, is yet in existence. We still notice, too, the difference which the early explorers observed, between these Indians and those of the plains. The latter living on horseback, are finely developed, and look like warriors; the former, engaged only in their canoes or stooping over the banks, are low in stature and seem to have been dwarfed out of all manhood. In everything noble they are many degrees below the wild tribes of the plains.

We walked for about five miles, until we had passed the Cascades, and then took another little steamer which was to carry us to The Dalles. The scenery above is similar to that which we had already passed. In one place the mountains seem to come down to the river, ending in a huge rock perfectly steep, which has received the name of Cape Horn. Above, the precipices are covered with fir and white cedar; two small cascades, like silver lines, leap from point to point for a distance of 150 feet, while below, in the deep shadows the water seems to sweep around the rocks with a sullen sound. At ten at night we reached the end of our journey.

The post at The Dalles possesses none of the outward attractions of scenery which distinguish that of Vancouver. Its principal recommendation is its healthiness. The building are badly arranged, having been planned and erected some years ago by the Mounted Rifles, when they were stationed in Oregon. The officers' quarters are on the top of a hill, and the barracks for the men some distance further down, as if the officers intended to get as far from them as possible. There is a want of compactness, as there is no stockade—nothing in the shape of a fortification—in case of an outbreak by any of the hostile tribes of Indians, the post might easily be surprised. At this time, two companies of the 4th Infantry were stationed there under command of Major Rains.

Here I spent a week very much as I had done at Vancouver. During this time we were enlivened by a visit from Governor Stevens, the Governor of Washington Territory. He was on his way to the interior of the Indian country—to Walla Walla—in connection with the Indian Commissioners, to hold a grand council, to which he had summoned the tribes far and near. For some time they had been restless, numerous murders of emigrants crossing the plains have occurred, and it is deemed necessary by the Government to remove some of the tribes to reservations which have been selected for them. The object of this council was, therefore, to propose to them the purchase of their territory—a proposition which it was expected, (as it afterwards proved), would be received by some tribes with violent opposition. Governor Stevens had therefore stopped to request a small body of troops to be sent on to meet him at the council ground, to act as escort to the commissioners, and also to guard the presents which were to be forwarded for distribution among the Indians.

A Lieutenant and about forty men were therefore detailed by Major Rains for this duty, to which were added two half-breeds to act as packers, and a Cayuse Indian, who was to officiate as guide. This worthy from having been shot in the mouth in a fight with the Snake Indians, rejoiced in the *soubriquet* of Cut-mouth John. Wounds are said to be honorable, particularly when received in front, but this was certainly not ornamental, for it had given him a dreadful distortion of visage.

On invitation of the young commander of the expedition I agreed to accompany it. The choice of this officer indeed held out every promise of a pleasant time, Lieut. Archibald Gracie, in addition to his high qualifications as a soldier and gentleman—traits which he shared in common with the other officers of the post—had for my purpose the advantage of our cadet life together for a while at West Point, which gave us a common topic and ground of interest in the past. Many an evening, therefore, have we spent lying before our camp fire, out on the still plains or by rushing waters of the Umatilla, talking over these recollections or discussing the probable fortunes of those who were with us in the House of Bondage.

Our preparations were soon made, for army expeditions do not allow much time for packing trunks. The command was mounted,

some fifteen pack mules added to carry the camp equipage, and about noon, May 18th, we bid farewell to the officers and rode away from The Dalles. Our course during the afternoon was through the Des Chutes valley, an admirable grazing country, as the temperature is such that cattle can be kept out for the whole year and always find subsistence. It was formerly the place where the Hudson's Bay Company raised all the best horses they used. The country appears, however, from the absence of timber, to be waste and desolate, though the soil is said to be rich and admirably adapted to agriculture. After passing the little river of Des Chutes, we find some springs near the Columbia river and encamped, having advanced about twenty miles.

Our arrangements for sleeping were soon made. We carried no tents, so that a buffalo robe and a blanket formed our bedroom furniture. This did well enough on pleasant nights, but when it rained, it required some skill to take refuge under the buffalo robe in such a way as to keep dry, and not wake up finding one's self lying in a pool of water. As soon as we encamped, fires were made by the soldiers and the cooking commenced. Our suppers indeed, were not very sumptuous, the invariable bill of fare being, bacon, hard biscuit and a cup of coffee. Yet, a long day's ride would supply the appetite, and after the horses were picketed and we were sitting cosily by the fire or were lying down watching the stars above us, with no sound on the wide plain but the measured tread of our sentinel, there was a degree of freedom about it far more pleasant than the conventional life of cities.

Saturday, May 19th. We were up early this morning with the intention of making a long march, but were disappointed, as some of our animals had strayed off. There being no Indians in the neighborhood, they had been turned loose. Men had to be sent out to hunt them up, and it was near eleven o'clock before the command was ready to march. However, we improved on the previous day, going twenty-five miles. During this morning, we reached John Day's river. This is so called from a hunter who was one of the original members of Mr. Astor's enterprise, it took us some time to cross, as the water was high, and all the pack mules had to be unloaded and their packs taken across in a canoe. We went into camp about 5 o'clock.

Sunday, May 20th. This was anything but a day of rest, for our march was the most severe one we have had, being more than 40 miles, with the sun, hot as the tropics, beating down upon our heads. There were ^{no} nothing, too, in the appearance of the country to afford any relief. Far as the eye could reach was only a wide sunburnt plain, perfectly lifeless, for the summer's suns, by burning up the herbage, had driven the game to seek refuge by the rivers. The prairie was covered with only a miserable crop of salt weed and wormwood, and our animals drooped as we pushed on to find some resting place. Added to this was the want of water, for often in these regions we are obliged to march from 20 to 25 miles, before we can reach a spring or water course. We were forced in this case to ride the whole day without stopping,

until towards evening we reached Well's Springs, a desolate looking place, at the foot of a range of hills. Here, however, we had water, and therefore encamped. Night, too, was at hand, so that we were relieved from the intolerable glare and heat, and in addition, one of the corporals had the good fortune to shoot a couple of ducks that were lingering about the neighborhood of the spring, so that our evening fare was quite luxurious.

Monday, May 21st. Today we made a shorter march, of 30 miles, and went into camp at 3 o'clock. Three miles from our camping ground we passed the Indian Agency, a house erected by the Government at an expense of \$6,000, for the residence of the agent. He is, however, seldom here, making his home at The Dalles, and when we passed the place it was unoccupied. In the evening a party of Indians, whom we found to be Walla Walla's rode into camp. After a little *pow-wow* they left us, but having some suspicions of our visitors, our little camp was arranged with extra care. The horses were carefully picketed, lest they should be run off, and Lieut. Gracie directed the guard in walking their rounds to examine that their muskets were ready for immediate use.

In the course of the night the rain had commenced and Lieut. Gracie and I were striving to keep dry and sleep under the little tent of pack-covers we had hastily erected, when we were startled from our first slumbers by a terrific yell. It may be imagined that it did not take us many seconds to be on our feet, with our pistols ready for, what we supposed, was an attack. Looking out, however, in the dark night, everything seemed quiet on the prairie. The animals were grazing around, and not an Indian to be seen. Upon enquiry, we discovered that the disturbance had been caused by one of the soldiers finding a large snake in bed with him. The reptile probably did not like the rain, and therefore crawled under the soldier's blanket for warmth. What species it was he did not learn, for the snake, disgusted with his inhospitable reception, glided away, and the soldier did not detain him to make any enquiries about his parentage.

Tuesday, May 22d. Our course this morning was through the same desolate country, until we struck the Umatilla, a beautiful stream fringed with trees. About 10 o'clock we came upon a party of ten soldiers of the 4th Infantry, who were encamped by the river. They had been sent out from The Dalles a week before, under the command of a corporal, in pursuit of some Indian murderers, in finding whom, however, they had been unsuccessful. As Lieut. Gracie had been directed, in event of meeting them, to add them to his command, their camp was broken up and they marched on with us, making the number of soldiers 47. Towards evening our guide announced that we were but a few miles from the valley which was the residence of the Cayuse tribe. Lieut. Gracie, therefore, sent on the soldiers under command of a Sergeant to find a camping place for the night, while we, under the guidance of Mr. Cut-mouth John, struck across the country, to visit his countrymen. We found their lodges in a beautiful, well-watered valley, which I am not surprised they are unwilling to give up. They

are, however, much diminished in numbers, and did not seem to amount to more than 200. We went into several of their lodges, and although they are notoriously the most unfriendly tribe to the whites among all the Indians in this region of which we afterwards had some strong evidences, yet on this occasion they received us well and showed no feelings but those of cordiality. After leaving them, we returned to the trail, and riding on about five miles, found our party encamped by the Umatilla.

Wednesday, May 23d. At 2 o'clock P. M. we arrived at the ground selected for the council, having made the march in six days. It was in one of the most beautiful spots of the Walla Walla valley, well wooded and with plenty of water. Ten miles distant is seen the range of the Blue Mountains, forming the southeast boundary of the great plains along the Columbia, whose waters it divides from those of the Lewis river. It stretches away along the horizon until it is lost in the dim distance where the chain unites with the Snake River Mountains.

Here we found General Palmer, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon, and Governor Stevens, with their party, who had already pitched their tents. With the latter we dined. As was proper for the highest dignitary on the ground, he had a dining room separate from his tent. An arbor had been erected near it, in which was placed a table, hastily constructed from split pine logs, smoothed off, but not very smooth. Our preparations were made for a more permanent encampment than we have as yet had. A tent was procured for Lieut. Gracie and myself while the men erected for themselves huts of boughs, spreading over them pack covers.

Thursday, May 24th. This has been an exceedingly interesting day, as about 2,500 of the Nez Perce tribe have arrived. It was our first specimen of this Prairie chivalry, and it certainly realized all our conceptions of these wild warriors of the plains. Their coming was announced about 10 o'clock, and going out on the plain to where a flag staff had been erected, we saw them approaching on horseback in one long line. They were almost entirely naked, gaudily painted and decorated with their wild trappings. Their plumes fluttered about them, while below, skins and trinkets of all kinds of fantastic embellishments flaunted in the sunshine. Trained from early childhood almost to live upon horseback, they sat upon their fine animals as if they were centaurs. Their horses, too, were arrayed in the most glaring finery. They were painted with such colors as formed the greatest contrast; the white being smeared with crimson in fantastic figures, and the dark colored streaked with white clay. Beads and fringes of gaudy colors were hanging from the bridles, while the plumes of eagle feathers interwoven with the mane and tail, fluttered as the breeze swept over them, and completed their wild and fantastic appearance.

When about a mile distant they halted, and half a dozen chiefs rode forward and were introduced to Governor Stevens and General Palmer, in order of their rank. Then on came the rest of the

wild horseman in single file clashing their shields, singing and beating their drums as they marched past us. Then they formed a circle and dashed around us, while our little group stood there, the center of their wild evolutions. They would gallop up as if about to make a charge, then wheel round and round, sounding their loud whoops until they had apparently worked themselves up into an intense excitement. Then some score or two dismounted, and forming a ring danced for about twenty minutes, while those surrounding them beat time on their drums. After these performances, more than twenty of the chiefs went over to the tent of Governor Stevens, where they sat for some time, smoking the "pipe of peace," in token of good fellowship, and then returned to their camping ground.

The Nez Perces, or pierced-nose Indians, received their name from the early traders and trappers, but they call themselves by the name of Chipunish. While they are the most friendly to the whites of any tribe in this region, they are at the same time one of the most numerous and powerful, roaming over the whole Rocky Mountains, along the streams to the West, and across the almost limitless plains to the East, until they reach the hunting grounds of the tribes of the Missouri. They hunt the elk, the bear, the mountain sheep and the buffalo, while they trap the beaver to sell the skin to the whites. They are celebrated for their droves of horses, which, after being branded, are turned loose to roam upon the fertile plains till needed by their owners; when this is the case, it requires but a few days to break them sufficiently to answer the purpose of their bold riders.

About seventy women are seen among the warriors, for their presence is necessary when the tribe is to be encamped for any length of time. They perform all the menial offices, arranging the lodges, cooking and bringing wood, for it would be a disgrace to their lords to be seen engaged in these things. It would procure for them the title of *squaws*. Everything but the perils of war and the chase are beneath their attention. When at home and not occupied in preparing their arms, or in feats of horsemanship, they are gambling, lounging in groups on the mounds of the prairie, or listening to some story-teller, who recounts the exploits of the old warriors of the tribe. The Walla Walla's, another of the principal tribes present, is one much reduced in numbers and importance since the pioneer trappers first came among them. They range through the valley for thirty miles, to old Fort Walla Walla, once a central trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, on the left bank of the Columbia river near where the Walla Walla empties into it.

In the afternoon, I visited the lodge of an old chief of the Nez Perces, named Lawyer. He showed us a wound in his side from which he was yet suffering, although several years had elapsed since it was received. It had been inflicted in a fight with their old hereditary enemies, the Blackfeet Indians. These are the most dangerous banditti among all the tribes—perfect Ishmaelites—who, while they are at war with all the neighboring savages,

have nourished the most implacable hatred to the whites, since they first met them in the days of Lewis and Clarke. War is their employment, and the booty they gain by it, their support. They are admirable horsemen and as much distinguished for their treachery as for their headlong courage. Their hunting grounds extend from the Yellow Stone and Missouri rivers to the Rocky Mountains. He showed us also some locks of their hair which he wore about him—not as a love token, or presented willingly by the former owners, but rather the reverse, as I presume they are the remains of scalps he had taken.

Today Governor Stevens and Mr. Doty, one of his party, dined with us. It was the first dinner party we had given in the wilderness. Yet think not, O ye who dine your friends at Demonico's that our entertainment was at all like yours! In the center of our tent, a buffalo robe was laid on the ground, (the luxury of a table being confined to the Governor) on which were placed tin plates which were our only dishes, for china is not adapted to mule traveling on the plains. About this we reclined rather in Oriental style. At one end of the table, (I mean the buffalo skin) was a beef steak from one of the cattle daily killed at the camp, and at the other end a portion of the same unfortunate animal's liver. One side-dish was a plate of potatoes—the other, a plate of bread of leaden heaviness. The second course was—coffee, likewise served in tin cups. Yet we gathered around this feast with appetites which could not be found among the strollers in Broadway, and which it required no French sauces to provoke.

Friday, May 25th. We woke this morning to hear the rain pattering about us, and to be thankful that we were encamped, and not obliged to resume our march. At about noon it cleared up, when we procured our horses and rode over to the Indian camp to pay another visit to our friend Lawyer. We found the old chief surrounded by his family and reading a portion of the New Testament, while a German soldier of Governor Stevens' party was engaged taking his portrait in crayon. He afterwards presented me with a copy, which I keep as memento of these pleasant days in the wilderness.

In the evening he came to our tent to return our visit. We feasted him to the best of our ability, not omitting the indispensable pipe, and he seemed exceedingly gratified with his entertainment. A discussion had taken place some time before as to the hospitality of the Indians, and Lieut. Gracie determined on this occasion to test the question; so, when the old chief's heart seemed to be warmed up with our good cheer, he enquired, "Whether Lawyer would be glad to see him if he came to his country to make a short visit?" To this rather direct hint no reply was for some time given, and the old man evidently endeavored to change the subject. At last finding it pressed upon him, he said "That Mr. Craig" (an American) had a very good house not far from his lodge." The nearest to an invitation that he would give, was to answer in reply to Lieut. Gracie's question, "Perhaps so."

Saturday, May 26. I spent the morning on horseback exploring the country. In the course of my ride I met an Indian boy with a prairie chicken he had just killed, and which he was delighted to exchange for an old silk handkerchief. There are three peculiarities for which this region of country has been remarked—its gorgeous sunsets, the rapidity with which the waters in its streams rise and fall, and the contrast between its hot days and cool nights.

Towards evening the Cayuse tribe arrived, numbering about 300. They came in whooping and singing in the Indian fashion, and after circling round the camp of the Nez Perces two or three times, they retired to form their own at some little distance. In a short time some of the principal chiefs paid their respects to Governor Stevens and then came to look at our camp. It was not, as we had reason to believe afterwards, a friendly visit, but rather a reconnoissance to learn our numbers and estimate our powers of resistance. In the evening I again visited Lawyer and also a number of his tribe. Some of them we found singing sacred music to prepare for tomorrow, which is Sunday.

Sunday, May 27th. The rain this morning when we woke, was not pattering upon our tent, but fairly splashing around it, so that we were content to keep within its covering till noon, when the returning sunshine invited us forth. After riding over to Governor Stevens' to lunch, we went to the Nez Perces' camp, where we found they were holding service in one of the largest lodges; two of the chiefs were officiating, one of them delivering an address, (taking the Ten Commandments for his text), and at the end of each sentence the other chief would repeat it in a louder tone of voice. This is their invariable custom with all their speeches. Everything was conducted with the greatest propriety, and the singing, in which they all joined, had an exceedingly musical effect. There is an odd mixture of this world and the next in some of the Nez Perces',—an equal love for fighting and devotion, the wildest Indian traits with a strictness in some religious rites which might shame those "who profess and call themselves Christians." They have prayers in their lodges every morning and evening—service several times on Sunday—and nothing will induce them on that day to engage in any trading.

At an early day the Roman Catholic Missionaries went among them, and as the tribe seemed blessed with a more tractable disposition than most of their brethren, the labors of the Fathers appear to have met with considerable success. A kind of Christianity was introduced among them, strangely altered, indeed, in many respects, to make it harmonize with Indian thoughts and actions, yet still retaining many of the great truths of the faith. It exerted, too, a very perceptible influence over their system of morality.* The Methodists, I believe, have more recently added

* Lieut. Kip was misinformed in regard to the Catholics being first among the Nez Perces, also the first Missionaries were Congregationalists instead of Methodists.—Ed.

their teaching; so that if the theological creed of the Nez Perces was now investigated, it would probably be an odd system, which would startle an ordinary D. D.

After service we rode through the Cayuse camp, but saw no evidence of Sunday there. The young warriors were lounging about their lodges, preparing their arms or taking care of their horses, to be ready for the evening races. The Christianity among these Indians, we suspect, is confined to the Nez Perces.

Monday, May 28th. At noon today I rode out about five miles from camp to visit some gentlemen who resided on the site of one of the old missions. It was once the residence of the Methodist Missionaries, who seem to have succeeded the Roman Catholic priests in some parts of the country. For what reason, I know not, they appear to have abandoned their ground, and when the old *adobe* buildings stood vacant, being well situated, with timber around, they were taken by these gentlemen who were endeavoring to raise stock, to sell to emigrants crossing the plains, or settlers who will soon be locating themselves through these valleys. They have since abandoned it and moved 50 miles farther into the interior to a claim of their own. About a stone's throw from the house are the graves of Dr. Whitman and his family (seven in number) who were murdered in 1847, by a band of Cayuses. He was, I believe, physician to the mission.* We spent the afternoon at the Nez Perce camp, where a band of some 30 young warriors were engaged in dancing and singing. Their musical instruments are few in number and of the rudest kind. The singing is very harsh, and to us, who listened to it only as a collection of sounds seemed utterly discordant. The songs are almost entirely extemporaneous, like the improvis^{ed}ore recitations of the Italians, a narrative of some past events, or perhaps suggested by the sight of persons present, or by trifling circumstances known to the audience. We never saw the women dancing and believe they rarely do, and never with the men. During the dancing we had a little interlude in the shape of a speech. A young chief delivered it, and at the end of each sentence it was repeated in a louder voice by one of the old men. This repetition is their invariable custom, and a crier seems to be a necessary accompaniment to all their villages.

Today, leading chiefs belonging to some of the most distant tribes, attended by their followers, have been coming into camp, and most of those for which the Commissioners have been waiting are now represented. Their encampment and lodges are scattered over the valley for more than a mile, presenting a wild and fantastic appearance. The Council will probably open tomorrow. According to the original orders received by Lieut. Gracie, this was to have been our last day here, but fore-seeing this delay, Governor Stevens had some time ago sent an express to The Dalles, stating the necessity for the soldiers' remaining. Today the ex-

* Dr. Whitman was a missionary instead of a physician to the mission, although a regular physician.—Ed.

press returned, bringing instructions from Major Haller to Lieut. Gracie, authorizing him to remain on the Council-ground until the treaty was concluded, and informing him that provisions had been sent to the escort for seven days more.

Tuesday, May 29th. Today the Council was to have met at 12, but it was 2 o'clock before they came together. About eight tribes were represented. Nothing, however, was done but to organize the Council and swear in the interpreters. Governor Stevens then made a short address. All this occupied two hours, then it began to rain and the Council adjourned to meet again at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning if the weather should be pleasant; otherwise on the first pleasant day. A fine prospect for the extension of our stay in the valley! There are about 5,000 Indians, including squaws and children, on the ground.

We had another of our recherche dinner parties this evening, entertaining one of the gentlemen residing at the Mission, and another attached to Governor Stevens' party. We received news today of the inspection visit of General Wool to Fort Vancouver and his order for an expedition to set out on the 20th of June, from Fort Dalles, for the Snake Indian country, the force to be commanded by Major Haller.

Wednesday, May 30th. At 1 o'clock this afternoon the Council met, and business seems to be really commencing. It was a striking scene. Directly in front of Governor Stevens' tent, a small arbor had been erected, in which, at a table, sat several of his party taking notes of everything said. In front of the arbor on a bench sat Governor Stevens and General Palmer, and before them, in the open air, in concentric semi-circles, were ranged the Indians, the chiefs in the front ranks, in order of their dignity, while the background was filled with women and children. The Indians sat on the ground, (in their own words,) "reposing on the bosom of their Great Mother." There were probably 1,000 present at a time. After smoking for half an hour (a ceremony which with them precedes all business) the Council was opened by a short address by General Palmer. Governor Stevens then rose and made a long speech, setting forth the object of the Council and what was desired of them. As he finished each sentence, the interpreter repeated it to two of the Indians who announced it in a loud voice to the rest—one in the Nez Perce and the other in the Walla Walla language. This process necessarily causes business to move slowly. Many of the Indians have been to our camp to visit us today; among them, Stickus, an old chief of the Cayuses.

Thursday, May 31. On arriving at Governor Stevens' tent, I found that the Council had already met. After the usual preamble of smoking, Governor Stevens and General Palmer, in succession, made long speeches to them, explaining the benefits they would receive from signing this treaty, and the advantages which would result to them from their removal to the new lands offered in exchange for their present hunting grounds. The Council lasted until 3 o'clock.

This evening we went, as usual, to the Nez Perce camp.

There was a foot race, but the great events of the evening were horse-races. Each of the tribes now here possesses large numbers of horses, so that wherever they are, the prairies are covered with these animals, roaming at large till they are wanted by their masters. Part of these are derived from the wild horses of the prairies, while some, from the marks with which they are branded, show that they have been stolen from the Spaniards in upper Mexico. To capture horses is esteemed next in honor to laurels gained in actual war, and they will follow the party of a hostile tribe for weeks, watching an opportunity to run off their horses. It is for this, too, that they are hovering around the emigrants on the plains, who sometimes by a stampede or a single bold dash lose in a single night all their animals, and are left helpless on the plains, as a ship at sea without sails. Living as they do on horseback, racing forms one of their greatest amusements. They will ride for miles, often having heavy bets depending on the results. On this occasion we saw nearly 30 Indians start at once and dash over the plains like the winds, sweeping round in a circle of several miles.

Friday, June 1. The Council did not meet this morning, as the Indians wished to consider the proposals made to them during the past few days. We learned that two or three of the half-civilized Nez Percés, who could write, were keeping a minute account of all that transpired at these meetings.

At the races this evening a serious accident took place, and which had nearly proved fatal. The Indians, as usual, were dashing about on horseback, some going up and or others down, when two of them came into collision, knocking down both horses and leaving the riders senseless. No bones happened to be broken; the "medicine men" took charge of them, and it is supposed they will recover.

Today has been the warmest we have had; there has not been a breath of air stirring, and the valley seemed like an extensive oven. At evening, however, the skies darkened, and for two hours we had the most tremendous thunder storm I ever witnessed. It was worthy of the tropics.

Saturday, June 2. Just before I was up this morning, we had a call from some of the Indians, who pay little regard to visiting hours. After breakfast I rode over to see the gentlemen at the old Mission, and on my return to camp, found that the Council was already assembled, having met at 12 o'clock. The Indian chiefs had at length begun to reply, so that another step has been gained. After Governor Stevens' opening speech, several of them followed in short addresses. I arrived there just in time to hear the last one, made by one of the Cayuse chiefs. He did not commit himself as to what they would do, but the whole tenor of his address was unfavorable to the reception of the treaty. After a few words in conclusion from Governor Stevens, the Council adjourned till 10 o'clock on Monday.

Then came part of my daily routine of amusement, to ride out and see Lieut. Gracie practice the soldiers at target firing. He

has been gradually lengthening the distance, and some of the men are now able to make very admirable shots. At the Indian camp tonight, there was a great foot race between about a dozen competitors, who ran over two miles. It was a good test of the long-winded endurance of the young warriors. As they raced off over the plain, parties of Indians, and those of us who were on horseback, rode on each side of them, the friends of the competitors encouraging them and taunting those who flagged.

Sunday, June 3. A quiet day, most of it was spent in reading in my tent. In the afternoon rode over to the Mission, and on my return, dined with Governor Stevens. This evening the pack mules from Fort Dalles with seven days provisions, arrived at the Mission, and are to be brought over early tomorrow morning by some soldiers.

Monday, June 4. Breakfast at the fashionable hour of 10, as I was waiting for Lieut. Gracie, who was obliged to go early to the Mission to see about the pack mules. An express came in this morning from The Dalles, giving him orders to join Major Haller's command, forty-five miles below this place, as soon as the Council breaks up.

The diplomatists met today at 1:30 o'clock. After Governor Stevens' address, the old chief Lawyer spoke, which was the first time anything had been heard from the Nez Percés. Several of the other chiefs followed, and the Council finally adjourned at 5 o'clock, without having made any sensible progress. The maxim "that time is money," which prevails so extensively among the Anglo-Saxons, has not yet penetrated into the wilderness to be received as a motive in any way influencing the conduct. With the Indians, "the next moon" will answer just as well as this month, for any business that is to be transacted. I should think, however, the Commissioners would have their patience utterly exhausted.

Until a late hour we heard from the Indian camps the sound of their singing and the beating of their drums, and could see the figures flit before the fires as the dancing went on.

Tuesday, June 4. Another visit before breakfast from some of our Indian friends. Early this morning Lieut. Gracie sent off an express to The Dalles to report progress. Then came the same routine of the Council; Governor Stevens, at the opening gave them the most elaborate address he has yet made, explaining to the chiefs most definitely, what lands he wished to give up, and what their "Great Father" (the President) would give them in return, together with the benefits they would derive from the exchange. General Palmer afterwards made a speech an hour long, in which he endeavored to illustrate to his audience the many advantages resulting from their being brought into contact with civilization. His reasoning at one time led him to give an account of the railroad and telegraph. It was sufficiently amusing to listen to this scientific lecture, (as Julian Avenel says of Warden's homily in the Monastery,) "quaintly conceived and curiously pronounced, and to a well chosen congregation," but it probably

would have been much more diverting could we have known the precise impressions left upon the minds of his audience, or have heard them talk it over afterwards in their lodges. After he had finished, Stickus, the old Cayuse chief, made a short speech, and then Governor Stevens adjourned them until tomorrow.

There is evidently a more hostile feeling towards the whites getting up among some of the tribes, of which we had tonight a very unmistakable proof. The Cayuse, we have known, have never been friendly, but hitherto they have disguised their feelings. Tonight, as Lieut. Gracie and I attempted, as usual to enter their camp, they showed a decided opposition; we were motioned back, and the young warriors threw themselves in our way to obstruct our advance. To yield to this, however, or show any signs of being intimidated, would have been ruinous with the Indians, so we were obliged to carry out our original intentions. We placed our horses abreast, riding round the Indians, where it was possible, and at other times forcing our way through, believing that they would not dare to resort to actual violence. If, however, this hostile feeling at the Council increases, how long will it be before we have an actual outbreak?

Wednesday, June 6th. Today the Indians again determined not to meet in Council, as they wished to consult among themselves; so there is another day lost. After my ride up the valley to the Mission, I found on my return to dinner an old trapper and Indian trader had come in to visit us, and was to be our guest. We had, however, a sumptuous repast, for he brought with him a buffalo tongue, a great luxury on the plains, and one of which anywhere might tempt the epicure.

The races tonight were the most exciting we have seen, as the Indians had bet some sixteen or eighteen blankets (a great stake for them) on the result, and all the passions of the savage natures were called into play. There was visible none of that Mohawk stoicism of manner which Fenimore Cooper describes. After the races were finished, Lieut. Gracie and I concluded to ride into the camp of our amiable friends, the Cayuses, to see how they felt this evening. There was no attempt to exclude us, though if savage and scowling looks could have killed, we should both have ended our mortal career this evening in this valley of Walla Walla.

Thursday, June 7th. Mr. M'Kay took breakfast with us. He is the son of the old Indian hunter so often mentioned in Irving's "Astoria," and whose name is identified with pioneer life in this region.

The Council met today at 12, and I went into the arbor, and taking my seat at the reporters' table wrote some of the speeches delivered. There is of course, in those of the Indians, too much repetition to give them fully, but a few extracts may show the manner in which these wearisome meetings were conducted day after day.

Gov. Stevens.—"My brothers! we expect to have your hearts today. Let us have your hearts straight out."

Lawyer, the old Nez Perce chief.—The first part of his speech was historical, relating to the discovery of this country by the Spaniards, which is a favorite topic with the Indian orators. In course of it, he thus narrated the story of Columbus and the egg, which he had heard from some of the missionaries:

"One of the head of the court said, 'I knew there was such a country.' Columbus, who had discovered it, said, 'Can you make an egg stand on its end?' He tried to make the egg stand, but could not do it. He did not understand how. It fell over. Columbus then showed them all that he could make it stand. He sat it down and it stood. He knew how, and after they saw it done, they could do it."

He thus described the manner in which the tribes at the East receded at the approach of the whites:

"The red man traveled away farther, and from that time they kept traveling away further, as the white people came up with them. And this man's people (pointing to a Deleware Indian, who was one of the interpreters) are from that people. They have come on from the Great Lake where the sun rises, until they are near us now, at the setting sun. And from that country, somewhere from the center, came Lewis and Clarke, and that is the way the white people traveled and came on here to my forefathers. They passed through our country, they became acquainted with our country and all our streams, and our forefathers used them well, as well as they could, and from the time of Columbus, from the time of Lewis and Clarke, we have known you, my friends; we poor people have known you as brothers."

He concluded by expressing his approval of the treaty, only urging that the whites should act towards them in good faith.

Gov. Stevens.—"We have now the hearts of the Nez Percés through their chief. Their hearts and our hearts are one. We want the hearts of the other tribes through their chiefs."

Young Chief, of the Cayuse.—(He was evidently opposed to the treaty but grounded his objections on two arguments. The first was, they had no right to sell the ground which God had given for their support unless for some good reasons.)—"I wonder if the ground has anything to say? I wonder if the ground is listening to what is said? I wonder if the ground would come alive and what is on it? Though I hear what the ground says. The ground says 'It is the Great Spirit that placed me here. The Great Spirit tells me to take care of the Indians, to feed them aright. The Great Spirit appointed the roots to feed the Indians on.' The water says the same thing. 'The Great spirit directs me. Feed the Indians well.' The grass says the same thing. 'Feed the horses and cattle.' The ground, water and grass say, 'the Great Spirit has given us our names. We have these names and hold these names. Neither the Indians or whites have a right to change these names. The ground says, 'The Great Spirit has placed me here to produce all that grows on me, trees and fruit.' The same way the ground says, 'It was from me man was made.' The Great Spirit, in placing men on the earth desired them to take

good care of the ground and to do each other no harm. The Great Spirit said, 'You Indians who take care of certain portions of the country should not trade it off except you get a fair price.'

The other argument was, that he could not understand clearly what they were to receive.

"The Indians are blind. This is the reason we do not see the country well. Lawyer sees clear. This is the reason why I don't know anything about this country. I do not see the offer you have made to us yet. If I had the money in my hand I should see. I am, as it were, blind. I am blind and ignorant. I have a heart, but cannot say much. This is the reason why the chiefs do not understand each other right, and stand apart. Although I see your offer before me, I do not understand it and I do not yet take it. I walk as it were in the dark, and cannot therefore take hold of what I do not see. Lawyer sees and he takes hold. When I come to understand your propositions, I will take hold. I do not know when. This is all I have to say."

Five Crows, of the Walla Walla.—"I will speak a few words. My heart is the same as Young Chief's.

General Palmer.—"We know no chief among the Walla Walla but Po-pe-mox-mox. If he has anything to say, we will be pleased to hear it."

Pe-pe-mox-mox.—"I do not know what is straight. I do not see the offer you have made to the Indians. I never saw these things which are offered by my Great Father. My heart cried when you first spoke to me. I felt as if I was blown away like a feather. Let your heart be, to separate as we are and appoint some other time. We shall have no bad minds. Stop the whites from coming up here until we have this talk. Let them not bring their axes with them. The whites may travel in all directions through our country, we will have nothing to say to them, provided they do not build houses on our lands. Now I wish to speak about Lawyer. I think he has given his land. That is what I think from his words. I request another meeting. It is not in one meeting only that we can come to a decision. If you come again with a friendly message from our Great Father, I shall see you again at this place. Tomorrow I shall see you again, and tomorrow evening I shall go home. This is all I have to say."

General Palmer.—"I want to say a few words to these people, but before I do so, if Kamiakin wants to speak, I would be glad to hear him."

Kamiakin, Yakima Chief.—"I have nothing to say."

General Palmer.—"I would enquire whether Pe-pe-mox-mox or Young Chief has spoken for the Umatillas? I wish to know further, whether the Umatillas are of the same heart?"

Owhi, Umatilla Chief.—"We are together and the Great Spirit hears all that we say to day. The Great Spirit gave us the land and measured the land to us, this is the reason I am afraid to say anything about the land. I am afraid of the laws of the Great Spirit. This is the reason of my heart being sad. This is the reason I cannot give you an answer. I am afraid of the Great

Spirit. Shall I steal this land and sell it? or, what shall I do? This is the reason why my heart is sad. The Great Spirit made our friends, but the great Spirit made our bodies from the earth, as if they were different from the whites. What shall I do? Shall I give the land which is a part of my body and leave myself poor and destitute? Shall I say I will give you my land? I cannot say so. I am afraid of the Great Spirit. I love my life. The reason why I do not give my land away is, I am afraid I will be sent to hell. I love my friends. I love my life. This is the reason why I do not give my land away. I have one word more to say. My people are far away. They do not know your words. This is the reason I cannot give you an answer. I show you my heart. This is all I have to say."

Governor Stevens.—"How will Kamiakin or Schoom speak?"

Kamiakin.—"What have I to be talking about?"

General Palmer.—"We have listened and heard our chiefs speak. The hearts of the Nez Percés and ours are one. The Cayuses, the Walla Wallas, and the other tribes say they do not understand us. We were in hopes we should have but one heart. Why should we have more than one heart? Young Chief says he does not know what we propose to him. Pe-pe-mox-mox says the same, Can we bring these saw mills and these grist mills on our backs to show these people? Can we bring these blacksmith shops, these wagons and tents on our backs to show them at this time? Can we cause fields of wheat and corn to spring up in a day that we may see them? Can we build these school houses and these dwellings in a day? Can we bring all the money that these things will cost, that they may see it? It would be more than all the horses of any one of these tribes could carry. It takes time to do these things. We come first to see you and make a bargain. We brought but few goods with us. But whatever we promise to give you, you will get.

"How long will these people remain blind? We come to try and open their eyes. They refuse the light. I have a wife and children. My brother here has the same. I have a good house, fields of wheat, potatoes, and peas. Why should I wish to leave them and come so far to see you? It was to try and do you good, but you throw it away. Why is it that you do so? We all sometimes do wrong. Sometimes because our hearts are bad, and sometimes because we have had counsel. Your people have sometimes done wrong. Our hearts have cried. Our hearts still cry. But if you will try to do right, we will try to forget it. How long will you listen to this bad counsel and refuse to receive the light? I, too, like the ground where I was born. I left it because it was for my good. I have come a long way. We ask you to go but a short distance. We do not come to steal your land. We pay you more than it is worth. There is the Umatilla Valley that affords a little good land between two streams and all around it, is a parched up plain. What is it worth to you, what is it worth to us? Not half what we have offered you for it. Why do we offer so much? Because our Great Father told us to take care of

his red people. We come to you with his message to try and do you good," etc., etc.

These extracts will give a specimen of the kind of "talk" which went on day after day. All but the Nez Perces were evidently disinclined to the treaty, and it was melancholy to see their reluctance to abandon the old hunting grounds of their fathers and their impotent struggle against the overpowering influences of the whites. The meeting closed to day with an effective speech by Governor Stevens, addressed to the chiefs who had argued against the treaty. I give it in part:

"I must say a few words. My Brother, and I have talked straight. Have all of you talked straight? Lawyer has and his people have, and their business will be finished tomorrow. Young Chief says, he is blind and does not understand. What is it that he wants? Stickus says his heart is in one of these places—the Grand Ronde, the Tuche, and the Tucanon. Where is the heart of Young Chief? Pe-pe-mox-mox cannot be waited off like a feather. Does he prefer the Yakima to the Nez Perce reservation? We have asked him before. We ask him now. Where is his heart? Kamiakin, the great Chief of the Yakimas, has not spoken at all, his people have no voice here today. He is not ashamed to speak? He is not afraid to speak? Then speak out. Owhi is afraid to lest God be angry at his selling his land. Owhi, my brother! I do not think God will be angry with you if you do your best for yourself and your children. Ask yourself this question tonight. Will not God be angry with me if I neglect this opportunity to do them good? But Owhi says, his people are not here. Why then did he tell us, come hear our talk? I do not want to be ashamed of him. Owhi has the heart of his people. We expect him to speak out. We expect to hear from Kamiakin and from Schoom. The treaty will have to be drawn up tonight. You can see it tomorrow. The Nez Perces must not be put off any longer. This business must be dispatched. I hope that all the other hearts and our hearts will agree. They have asked us to speak straight. We have spoken straight. We have asked you to speak straight; but have yet to hear from you."

The Council then adjourned until 6 o'clock. In the evening I rode over as usual to the Nez Perces camp and found many of them playing cards in their lodges. They are the most inveterate gamblers, and a warrior will sometimes stake on successive games, his arms, and horses, and even his wives, so that in a single night he is reduced to a state of primitive poverty and obliged to trust to charity to be remounted for a hunt. In the other camps everything seemed to be in violent confusion. The Cayuse and other tribes were very much incensed against the Nez Perces for agreeing to the terms of the treaty, but fortunately for them, and probably for us, the Nez Perces are as numerous as the others united.

Friday, June 8th. As the Council does not open until noon, our morning passes in the same way. Lieut. Gracie and I practice pistol shooting, read, and ride about the country, visiting Governor Stevens' party and at the Mission.

Today it was nearly three o'clock before they met. After a few remarks by Governor Stevens, General Palmer made a long speech addressed to those chiefs who refused yesterday to accede to the treaty. He told them, as they do not wish to go on the Nez Perces reservation (the tribes never having been friendly to each other) he would offer them another reservation, which would embrace part of the lands on which they were now living. After this offer had been clearly explained to them and considered, all acceded to it, except one tribe, the Yakimas.

It seemed as if we were getting on charmingly and the end of all difficulties was at hand, when suddenly a new explosive element dropped into this little political caldron. Just before the Council adjourned, an Indian runner arrived with the news that Looking Glass, the war chief of the Nez Perces, was coming. Half an hour afterwards, he with another chief and about twenty warriors, came in. They had just returned from an incursion into the Blackfoot country, where there had been some fighting, and they had brought with them as a trophy, one scalp, which was dangling from a pole. Governor Stevens and General Palmer went out to meet them and mutual introductions were made. Looking Glass then, without dismounting from his horse, made a short and very violent speech, which I afterwards learned was, as I suspected, an expression of his indignation at their selling the country. The Council then adjourned.

At the races this evening in the Nez Perces camp, we found ten of the young braves who came in that afternoon, basking in the enjoyment of their laurels. Dressed in buffalo skins, painted and decorated in the most fantastic style, they stood in a line on one side of the race ground, exhibiting themselves as much as possible and singing songs in honor of their exploits. After the races we rode through the Cayuse camp. They seemed to be in commotion, apparently making preparation to depart.

Saturday, June 9th. This morning the old chief Lawyer came down and took breakfast with us. The Council did not meet till 3 o'clock and matters seemed to have reached a crisis. The treaty must either be soon accepted, or the tribes will separate in hopeless bad feeling. On the strength of the assent yesterday given by all the tribes, except the Yakimas, the papers were drawn up and brought into the Council to be signed by the principal chiefs. Governor Stevens once more—for Looking Glass' benefit—explained the principal points in the treaty, and among other things, told them there would be three reservations—the Cayuses, the Walla Walla and the Umatillas, to be placed upon one—the Nez Perces on another—and the Yakimas on the third, and that they were not to be removed to these reservations for two or three years. Looking Glass then arose and made a strong speech against the treaty, which had such an effect, that not only the Nez Perces, but all the other tribes, refused to sign it. Looking Glass, although nominally only the second chief, has more influence than Lawyer, and is in reality the chief of the different Nez Perce tribes. Governor Stevens and General Palmer made several

speeches to induce him to change his decision, for should he do so, the other chiefs would follow his example; but in vain, and the Council was obliged to adjourn until Monday. In the meanwhile, it is supposed the Commissioners will bring some cogent arguments to bear upon Looking Glass and induce him to accede to the treaty.

Near the race ground this evening we found the women collected in circles on the ground, gambling with the most intense earnestness. Like the men they will spend hours around the lodge fires, staking everything they have, on the changes and chances of the game. Near them stood as on last evening the returned warriors, exhibiting their fantastic finery and apparently thus challenging the applause of the softer sex. We supposed yesterday that we would have started this evening for the Umatilla, but the prospect now is that we shall be delayed several days longer.

Sunday, June 10th. We understand there has been great excitement through the Indian camps today. The Nez Perces have been all day long holding a council among themselves, and it is represented, the proposition has been made to appoint Looking Glass head chief over Lawyer. Yesterday, while Looking Glass was speaking Lawyer left the Council without saying anything; which many of them are disposed to regard as the surrender of his place. Should this proposition be carried into effect it would give a quietus to the treaty.

Monday, June 11th. Before breakfast we had a visit from Lawyer with some other Indians. At 10 o'clock the Council met. Governor Stevens opened it with a short speech, at the close of which he asked the chiefs to come forward and sign the papers. This they all did without the least opposition. What he has been doing with Looking Glass since last Saturday, we cannot imagine, but we suppose savage nature in the wilderness is the same as civilized nature was in England in Walpole's day, and "every man has his price." After this was over, the presents which General Palmer had brought with him were distributed, and the Council, like other legislative bodies, adjourned *sine die*.

As soon as the business was finished, we at once struck our tents and began our march towards the Umatilla. On our way, Lieut. Gracie and I made our parting visit at the Misson, and then proceeded about fifteen miles before we encamped for the night. Just before we started an express arrived from The Dalles bringing us letters and papers.

We have now ended our connection with the Council and bid adieu to our Indian friends. It is therefore an appropriate place to say, that we subsequently discovered we had been all the while unconsciously treading on a mine. Some of the friendly Indians afterwards disclosed to the traders, that during the whole meeting of the Council, active negotiations were on foot to cut off the whites. This plot originated with the Cayuses, in their indignation at the prospect of being deprived of their lands. Their program was, first to massacre the escort, which could have been easily done.

Fifty soldiers against 3,000 Indian warriors, out on the open plains, made rather too great odds. We should have had time, like Lieut. Gratton at Fort Laramie last season, to have delivered one fire and then the contest would have been over. Their next move was to surprise the post at The Dalles, which they could also have easily done, as most of the troops were withdrawn, and the Indians in the neighborhood had recently united with them. This would have been the beginning of their war of extermination upon the settlers. The only thing which prevented the execution of this scheme was, the refusal of the Nez Perces to accede to it, and as they were more powerful than the others united, it was impossible to make the outbreak without their consent. Constant negotiations were going on between the tribes, but without effect, nor was it discovered by the whites until after the Council had separated.

Tuesday, June 12th. We were up bright and early this morning expecting by sunrise to have been on our march. But some of our horses had strayed away during the night and it was 8 o'clock before they could be collected to enable us to set out. After riding thirty miles we reached the Umatilla. Here we found a Sergeant of the 4th Infantry and five men encamped, who had been sent to meet us with provisions. Just then a pour of rain began, and we were glad to make our preparations for the night.

Wednesday, June 13th. I awoke to find it still raining in torrents and the wind blowing a beautiful accompaniment, as it swept through the trees which line the bank of the river. Fortunately the Sergeant had brought with him a tent, which was turned over to us, and we remained tolerably comfortable. In the midst of the storm, however, a visitor arrived. He was a Mr. Whitney, who lived about a mile from our encampment, with Mr. McKay, on a claim he is cultivating, belonging to the latter. He invited Lieut. Gracie and myself to take tea with him. About 3 o'clock it cleared up and we rode over to his residence, where for the first time in several weeks we had the satisfaction of seeing something which looked like domestic comfort. Mr. Whitney had his wife and child with him, and he took us over his garden and showed us his crops. At 6 o'clock we had tea, after the manner of civilized people, which was a great luxury to us after our camp fare in the wilderness. Just as we were bidding them good night, three of our acquaintances arrived from the Council ground on their way to The Dalles. We learned from them that the Indians celebrated a great Scalp Dance the night before, in which 150 of the women took part. The tribes then broke up their lodges and returned to their own hunting grounds.

Thursday, June 14th. The place where we now are, is an old camping ground, well known to all Western hunters, being a central spot where several trails diverge. The emigrant trail passes by it, and stretches to Blue Mountains, leading to Fort Boise. Here Lieut. Gracie had orders to remain until the arrival of the rest of the command, which starts from The Dalles on the 20th to

enter the Snake country. He has been, therefore, making arrangements today for a more permanent encampment, as he may be delayed here for a couple of weeks. The tents have been regularly arranged, our own a little in advance, and those of the men built of boughs and pack covers, so as to protect them from the weather. A log house has been erected at one end of the camp, to hold the provisions, and to-day the men have been employed in constructing a corral, or enclosure, to secure the horses. This evening our Indian guide came in. He had been left at the Council grounds to hunt up some stray horses.

Friday, June 15th. Early this morning Lieut. Gracie sent off the Indian guide to The Dalles, as he had no further use for him. Mr. Cut-mouth John has apparently served us faithfully, though being a Cayuse, we cannot tell how deeply he has been implicated in the plotting of his countrymen this summer, or what part he would have taken, had their projected outbreak ripened into action. Today Lieut. Gracie began to have his drills for the men, one before breakfast and the other after supper. At the early drill they are exercised in shooting at a target. This evening, at Mr. M'Kay's we met the old chief Stickus, who had stopped there on an expedition after some missing cattle. He seemed quite pleased to see us. While there, General Palmer and his party also arrived from the Council ground.

Saturday, June 16th. After drill we rode over to Mr. M'Kay's and found General Palmer's party still encamped there, as he was taken ill this morning. He probably needs rest both body and mind, and on the plains, this is the great prescription, as the remedies which the hunters can give are comprised in a list of very few simples. Nature is generally expected to perform the cure. Had his illness come on at the Council, he could have had the "medicine men" of our friends, the Nez Perces, to prescribe for him. Their prescriptions, however, are always the same, whatever may be the disease, whether ague or fever, or small pox. The patient is shut up in a small close lodge, called a "sweat house," where he is subjected, until almost stifled, to a vapor bath produced by water slowly poured over red hot stones.

Sunday, June 17th. My last Sunday on the plains, and it is passed quietly enough. After Lieut. Gracie had finished inspection and we had taken our usual bath in the river, we rode over to General Palmer's encampment to enquire about his health. We found him still too unwell to travel. The rest of the day was spent in reading, for we have found a small supply of books at Mr. M'Kay's, which proved quite a treasure in the wilderness.

Monday, June 18th. Lieut. Gracie has commenced practising the men at skirmish drill for an hour a day, and is thus preparing them for their Snake country expedition. It has become too hot, except in the morning and evening, to move about with comfort, and after drill, our ride over to Mr. M'Kay's, and our bath in the Umatilla, we are content to spend the remainder of the day in lounging and reading under the shelter of our tent. In an encampment on the plains, during the dead silence of a

sultry noon, with no conventional restraints of civilization about us, we realize more fully than in any other place, the truth of the Neapolitan maxim—"Dolce far niente."

We had today a visit from five of the Cayuse Indians, two of whom had been accustomed to visit us at Walla Walla.

Tuesday, June 19th. Before we were up we had an arrival of another party of the Cayuse tribe. Their lodges are in a valley about eight miles from the camp. They smoked the "pipe of peace," and probably this time with sincerity, as they knew we had force enough with us to defeat any attempt they might make. The principal chief of the Umatillas also came into our camp and some strange Indians we had never before seen.

As Lieut. Gracie is obliged to remain at this camping ground, and it may be some days before the command arrives from The Dalles, I had myself determined to proceed on to that post tomorrow in company with Mr. M'Kay. I therefore this evening rode over to his place and made my arrangements for setting off the next morning.

Wednesday, June 20th. This morning a messenger arrived from The Dalles with papers and the latest news—the latter having been almost forgotten by this time in the settlements.

After drill, I took my final leave of the camp. Lieut. Gracie rode with me over to Mr. M'Kay's where I left my horse, as he belonged to the command, transferring my saddle and bridle to one of Mr. M'Kay's, which I am to ride. And here Lieut. Gracie and I parted. We had been companions for weeks by day and night, and in this his first independent command, (in many incidents which I could not relate in this brief journal,) he has established, with those at the Council who were accustomed to military expeditions in the Indian country, a character for decision and energy which gives the promise of distinction in much wider and more responsible scenes of action in the future.

We set off about half-past nine o'clock:—Mr. M'Kay and myself with two boys, whose business it was to drive the pack mules. Our traveling arrangements were made in the old Spanish-California style, still common in those parts of the country where horses are plenty. Besides those we rode, were seven or eight which ran loose and were driven by the boys, to be used when our own began to lag.

We crossed the Umatilla at once, and on the opposite side striking a trail on which we had gone into the interior, commenced our return westward. After riding twenty miles we reached the Indian agency. Here, two of our horses were caught, our saddles and bridles transferred to them and the tired ones turned loose to follow with the rest. Then on we went until 5 in the evening when we encamped for the night at Well's Springs, having traveled during the day fifty-five miles.

Thursday, June 21st. We were on our way this morning by 5 o'clock, on the trail we passed every little while solitary graves, the last resting places of some unfortunate emigrants. The road from Missouri to the Rocky Mountains can almost be traced by

these sad memorials, and no human language can convey an idea of the sorrow and suffering which has taken place on the plains, caused by this rush to the land of gold. About ten miles on our way we met a portion of the 4th Infantry and 3d Artillery under Lieuts. Day, Hodges and Mendell. At noon we halted at Willow Creek (seventeen miles from Well's Springs), for several hours to rest our horses. We then pushed on until 8 o'clock in the evening, when we reached John Day's river, where a refreshing bath recompensed us for the long and hot ride. We had ridden today about forty-five miles.

Friday, June 22nd. We left John Day's river about 7 o'clock, and after riding twelve miles, met Major Haller (commander of the expedition) and Captain Russell, 4th Infantry, with their escorts, with whom we stopped for a short time. Soon after we met another detachment of troops, with two or three wagons, each drawn by six mules. About noon we struck the Columbia river, whose solitary banks were quite enlivened by the long trains of wagons containing the provisions of the detachment. We counted twenty-four, half of which were on one side of the river and half on the other. The different detachments and wagons will all meet at the camping ground on the Umatilla where we left Lieut. Gracie. There will be about 150 mounted men besides the packers and wagons. After resting for a couple of hours on the Columbia, we set out for The Dalles, where we arrived at 5 o'clock. Here we found Lieut. Dryer, who is to set out tomorrow morning and join the command as Quartermaster.

And thus ended my expedition into the wilderness. It has shown me the rough side of army life, and yet the time has passed pleasantly from the very novelty and freshness of everything. And now, amid all the refinements of civilization, I cannot but look back with something like regret to the freedom of our little camp on the quiet plains, where no sound was heard to break our slumbers but the steady tread of our sentinel or the rippling of the Umatilla.

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