



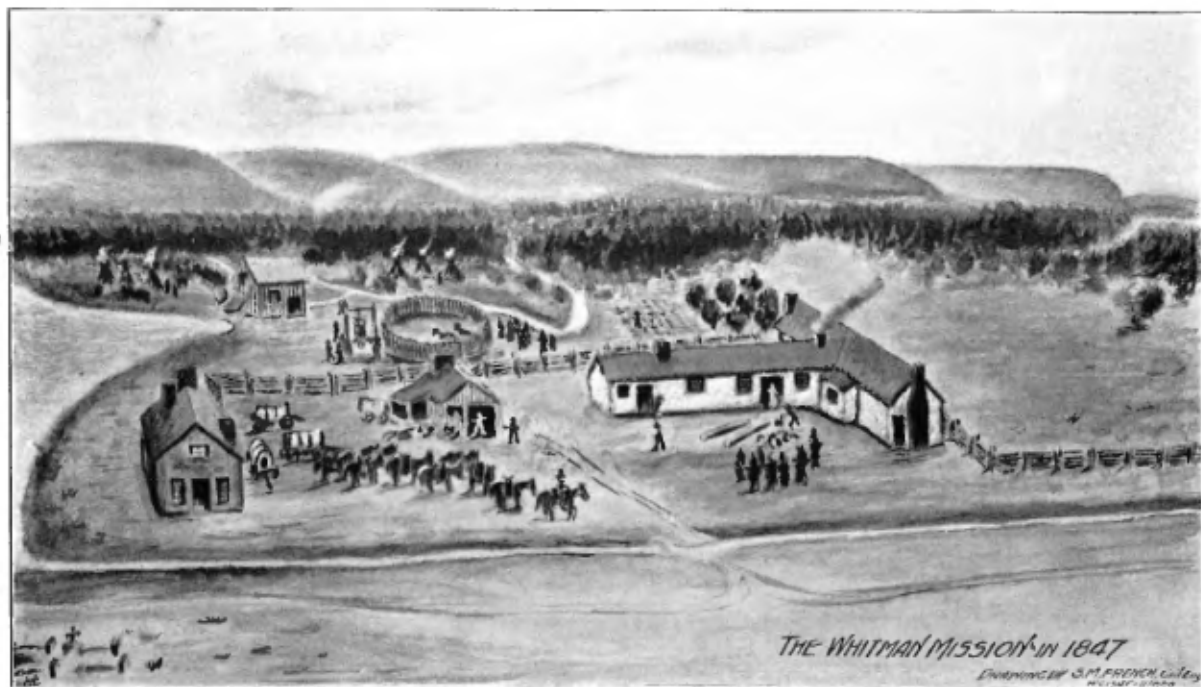
Wailatpu

Its Rise and Fall

A story of Missionary days
in the Pacific Northwest
1836-1847

By
Miles Cannon





Waiilatpu on the morning of the first day of the massacre, showing the departure of Spaulding's pack train

WAILLATPU

ITS RISE AND FALL

1836-1847

A STORY OF PIONEER DAYS IN THE PACIFIC
NORTHWEST BASED ENTIRELY UPON
HISTORICAL RESEARCH

By MILES CANNON

FEATURING THE JOURNEY OF NARCISSA
PRENTISS WHITMAN, THE FIRST AMERICAN
WOMAN TO CROSS THE CONTINENT AND LOOK
UPON THE COLUMBIA RIVER—HER BEAUTIFUL
CHARACTER—INCIDENTS OF THE TRAIL—HER
MISSIONARY LIFE WITH THE CAYUSE INDIANS
—HER DREADFUL MASSACRE TOGETHER WITH
HER HUSBAND AND TWELVE OTHERS—THE
TAKING INTO CAPTIVITY OF TWO SCORE
WOMEN AND GIRLS, AND THE TREATMENT
ACCORDED THEM BY THE SAVAGE INDIANS—
THE FINAL RESCUE, ETC.

"THUS WE ARE PUT IN TRAINING FOR A LOVE WHICH KNOWS
NO SEX, NOR PERSON, NOR PARTIALITY, BUT WHICH SEEKETH
VIRTUE AND WISDOM EVERYWHERE, TO THE END OF INCREAS-
ING VIRTUE AND WISDOM"

1915

CAPITAL NEWS JOB ROOMS
BOISE, IDAHO

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter I.....Page 1

NARCISSA PRENTISS—THE AMERICAN BOARD—LIBERTY
LANDING—REV. SAMUEL PARKER—DR. MARCUS WHITMAN.

Chapter II.....Page 5

A STUDY OF DR. WHITMAN—THE MARRIAGE—HENRY H.
SPAULDING—A PEACE CONFERENCE—WM. H. GRAY—MRS.
SPAULDING.

Chapter III.....Page 8

A STUDY OF HENRY H. SPAULDING—THE RECONCILIA-
TION—DESCRIPTION OF MRS. SPAULDING.

Chapter IV.....Page 11

THE START—ARRIVAL AT ST. LOUIS—TWILIGHT ON
THE MISSOURI—THE AMERICAN FUR COMPANY—OTOE
AGENCY—FORT LARAMIE—BELLEVUE—FORT HALL—
PAWNEE VILLAGE.

Chapter V.....Page 17

ON THE OREGON TRAIL—THE GREEN RIVER RENDEZ-
VOUS—INCIDENTS OF THE JOURNEY—GRAY'S IMPRES-
SIONS—JULY 4TH, ON THE SUMMIT—THE LAMENT.

Chapter VI.....Page 22

LEAVING GREEN RIVER—TROUBLE AT BEAR RIVER—
DOWN THE RIVER FROM FORT HALL—PILGRIM SPRINGS—
FORDING SNAKE RIVER—ARRIVAL AT THE BOISE RIVER—
AT FORT BOISE—THE FIRST WAGON.

Chapter VII.....Page 27

THE FIRST WAGONS TO REACH THE COLUMBIA—THE
LONE PINE OF THE POWDER RIVER—GRANDE RONDE—
ARRIVAL AT THE WALLA WALLA—MRS. WHITMAN'S IM-
PRESSIONS—FORT WALLA WALLA.

Chapter VIII.....Page 34

FORT VANCOUVER AS IT WAS IN 1839.

Chapter IX.....Page 37

WAILLATPU MISSION—CAYUSE INDIANS—LAPWAI MIS-
SION—THE ABODE IN THE WILDERNESS—OLD OREGON—
THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY—MAIL ROUTES.

Chapter X.....Page 43

THE FIRST CHILD IS BORN—PEU-PEU-MOX-MOX—HISTORIC PLACES ON THE UMATILLA—THE PIOUS STICKAS—PROGRESS AT WAILATPU—THE FIRST BEEF—GRAY RETURNS.

Chapter XI.....Page 49

DEATH OF LITTLE ALICE—THE FUNERAL—TROUBLE WITH THE INDIANS—TROUBLE AMONG THE MISSIONARIES—GRAY'S OPINION OF SPAULDING.

Chapter XII.....Page 54

A PATHETIC LETTER—ARRIVAL OF THE CATHOLICS—THE FIRST PRINTING PRESS—DEATH OF PAMBRUN—THE DESTRUCTIVE ORDER—THE ARRIVAL OF DR. WHITE AND A. L. LOVEJOY—A CONFERENCE—A RECONCILIATION—A WINTER'S RIDE—THE ROUTE OF TRAVEL.

Chapter XIII.....Page 65

ARRIVAL AT BOSTON—THE RETURN JOURNEY—THE TRAIN OF 1843—MRS. WHITMAN ALONE—AN ATTEMPT TO ASSAULT—ZEAL OF THE MISSIONARIES—A TRIBUTE.

Chapter XIV.....Page 69

STORY OF THE SEVEN ORPHANS—THE TRAIN OF 1844—THE OREGON TRAIL.

Chapter XV.....Page 74

THE STORY CONTINUED—A FROLIC IN THE SAGER FAMILY—LIFE ON THE TRAIL—DEATH OF THE FATHER.

Chapter XVI.....Page 78

THE STORY CONTINUED — SUFFERING FROM ROUGH ROADS—DEATH OF THE MOTHER—PILGRIM SPRINGS—THE BURIAL—THE ISLAND FORD—ARRIVAL AT WAILATPU.

Chapter XVII.....Page 83

LIFE AT THE MISSION—MRS. WHITMAN'S LETTERS—NO INTIMATION OF HER DOOM.

Chapter XVIII.....Page 87

CONDITIONS BEFORE THE STROKE FELL—A STUDY OF THE AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP—TOM HILL—THE CAUSE OF THE MASSACRE—MISSIONARIES TAKE NO PRECAUTION.

Chapter XIX.....Page 92

THE AUTUMN OF 1847—RT. REV. A. M. A. BLANCHET—OBLATE PRIESTS—THE YAKIMA MISSION—YOUNG CHIEF—FATHER BROUILLET—THE BURNING OF THE GRIST MILL.

Chapter XX.....Page 99

EMIGRATION OF 1847—RAVAGES OF DISEASE—SPAULDING ARRIVES AT THE MISSION—VISITS FORT WALLA WALLA—MEETS THE CATHOLICS—DR. WHITMAN VISITS THE UMATILLA FOR THE LAST TIME—THE PARTING WITH SPAULDING—INDIANS ENGAGED IN THE MASSACRE—TAMSUKY THE MURDERER.

Chapter XXI.....Page 106

THE MISSION ROSTER—ANDREW ROGERS—MRS. WHITMAN'S LETTERS.

Chapter XXII.....Page 112

DR. WHITMAN RETURNS—THE LAST NIGHT IN THE MISSION—MONDAY MORNING—HOW ENGAGED—TILAUKAIT AND TAMSUKY ARRIVE—THE BLOW FALLS—MARY ANN BRIDGER—DR. WHITMAN MORTALLY WOUNDED—JOHN SAGER KILLED—A CONCERTED ATTACK—"THE INDIANS ARE KILLING US ALL."

Chapter XXIII.....Page 118

MR. HOFFMAN FIGHTS—DEATH OF L. W. SAUNDERS—DEATH OF ISAAC GILLILAND—PETER HALL ESCAPES—SCENES IN THE MISSION HOUSE—MRS. WHITMAN WOUNDED—RETREAT TO THE CHAMBER—DAY DARKENS—DEATH OF MRS. WHITMAN—ANDREW ROGERS—FRANCIS SAGER.

Chapter XXIV.....Page 126

ISH-AL-HAL—OSBORNE ESCAPES—A CAROUSAL OF MURDER—FIRST DAY CLOSES—HOW THE VICTIMS DIED—A NIGHT OF HORROR—CANFIELD ESCAPES—KIMBALL IN CONCEALMENT—MARSH AND HOFFMAN DEAD—MORNING DAWNS—THE SECOND DAY—DEATH OF NATHAN KIMBALL.

Chapter XXV.....Page 132

SECOND DAY CONTINUED—NICHOLIS FINLEY—THE MANSON BOYS—STORY OF A WAIF—DAVID MARSHALL MALIN—THE NEWS REACHES FORT WALLA WALLA—McBEAN'S LETTER—STICKAS THERE—DEATH OF JAMES YOUNG—STORY OF JOE STANFIELD AND MRS. HAYS.

Chapter XXVI.....Page 140

THE ARRIVAL OF FATHER BROUILLET—THE THIRD DAY—THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD—SPAULDING RETURNS FROM THE LODGE OF STICKAS—HIS MEETING WITH THE PRIEST—HIS ESCAPE—IN CAPTIVITY.

Chapter XXVII.....Page 147

THURSDAY, EVENTS OF—SCENES OF DESOLATION—FRIDAY—THE COUNCIL—THE NEWS SPREADS—SATURDAY—MISS BEWLEY OUTRAGED—SUNDAY—DEATH OF LOUISE SAGER — MONDAY — ANOTHER MASSACRE — TUESDAY — STORY CONTINUES—WEDNESDAY—OLD BEARDY.

Chapter XXVIII.....Page 154

THURSDAY—MESSENGER FROM FIVE CROWS—MISS BEWLEY TAKEN AWAY—HER TESTIMONY—SPAULDING WRITES A LETTER—EDWARD TILAUKAIT MARRIED TO A CAPTIVE GIRL—SUSAN KIMBALL—TREATMENT OF THE GIRLS.

Chapter XXIX.....Page 160

DESTRUCTION OF MISSION PROPERTY—COUNCIL ON THE UMATILLA — PETER SKENE OGDEN ARRIVES AT FORT WALLA WALLA—CALLS A COUNCIL THERE—MISS BEWLEY RELEASED FROM BONDAGE—ARRIVES AT WAILATPU—THE LAST NIGHT IN THE MANSION HOUSE.

Chapter XXX.....Page 167

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SURVIVORS—ARRIVAL AT FORT WALLA WALLA—ARRIVAL OF THE CAPTIVES FROM LAPWAI—DEPARTURE FOR FORT VANCOUVER—DESTRUCTION OF WAILATPU—MURDERERS SURRENDER—EXECUTED—FINAL CURTAIN.

FOREWORD

It was on the evening of Monday, November 29th, 1897, that the writer, a stranger in the country, chanced to be in the city of Walla Walla, Washington. The fiftieth anniversary of an Indian massacre was being commemorated, and, on the morrow, there was to be dedicated to the victims, an imposing monument. Eight survivors were present, and the assembled multitude at the opera house betokened the interest taken in the ceremonies upon the part of the inhabitants. The morning papers of the day following carried a full account covering the commemoration of the same event, which had been held in the City of Washington, and at which Justice David B. Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, Hon. John L. Wilson, of the United States Senate, and Gen. O. O. Howard, were the speakers.

During the same week the press reported that the Catholic clergy of Walla Walla had called a meeting at the opera house, the capacity of which was taxed to the limit, and that the priest had characterized certain public utterances at the former celebration as historical fabrications and malicious slander. To a stranger such proceedings were well intended to excite an interest in the tragedy, if not in the controversy, and a diligent enquiry was instituted for the purpose of informing himself as to the details of an event that had precipitated such an unseemly sectarian dispute. Like the traditional ghost the altercation would not down, but, on the other hand, its power of attraction increased until it drew into the fray not only the masses but men of renown, and even books were printed in numbers which sought to establish this or that theory arising out of the Whitman massacre. Nor was it content to confine itself within sectarian limits, for it assumed a political phase and drew into the debate secular gladiators, such as Harvey Scott, Mrs. F. F. Victor, Hon. Elwood Evans, and Judge Deady, though only a feeble light was thrown upon the tragedy itself.

In view of the subsequent prosperity of both the Catholics and Protestants, and their tireless efforts to better conditions and elevate our citizenship, it would seem that the controversy resulted in no particular good, except that it may have served to uproot some obnoxious weeds in the historical fields of old Oregon. To engage in the work of destruction of a co-ordinate institution, it is quite necessary to lapse, as it were, in the more commendable work of construction upon which all progress is founded. To the secular mind, therefore, it would appear as the better part of wisdom for all denominations to strive to outdo, rather than undo their brethren of a different creed.

In the government of mankind, as well as in the promotion of science, we are constantly accumulating and bringing forward from one generation to another, in so far as it has proven an element of national strength, the experience and wisdom of the past, with which we amalgamate the comparatively meager achievements of the present. To know the past, therefore, and to become more intimately acquainted with the characters that live in history, promote a higher and a more sincere appreciation of what has been undergone in the acquisition of that which has been bequeathed to us—the priceless boon of human liberty—and the better enables us to preserve it to posterity.

In searching through the darkened corridors of the past, it has been a source of much gratification to the author to find in Narcissa Prentiss Whitman a character well intended to exemplify the higher and nobler qualities of our race. It was her great privilege to be the first American woman to cross the continent and look upon the waters of the Columbia River, and that fact alone should entitle her to distinction. But when, moreover, the records of the past reveal in her the beautiful personality we so much admire, and the womanly qualities we would perpetuate, it would be strange indeed if her followers, actuated by her untimely death and the serene and courageous manner in which she faced it, failed to confer upon her, in love and in memory, the mystic crown of martyrdom.

While the author, during the intervening years since 1897,

had gathered much detailed information, it was not until the present year, 1915, that he was privileged to meet three of the survivors, and hear from their lips the dreadful story of the Whitman massacre. Their recollections, however, have not been wholly relied upon as a basis of this narrative, owing largely to their tender age at the time it occurred, without a thorough comparison with contemporaneous statements of people of more mature age. All reasonable allowances have been made for faulty memory and only the most reliable testimony, gathered from innumerable sources, has been used. Spurious writings, voluminous as they are, have been disregarded altogether. The Transactions of the Oregon Pioneer Society have been drawn upon without stint, as have contemporaneous accounts and statements made previous to and independent of the sectarian controversy, and, it is believed, the narrative as set down is substantially true.

The fall of Waiilatpu, deplorable as it was, came not without its compensation, for it helped to awaken a supine and halting government to its obligations and responsibilities to the territory beyond the Rocky Mountains, and directed the attention of a people to a country destined in point of diversified resources, scenic grandeur, soil and climatic conditions, to rival the world. If the story of Waiilatpu should inspire a more enduring regard for our traditions, and promote in the mind of the reader a more solemn reflection upon the standard of our citizenship, the work will not have been in vain.

CHAPTER I.

NARCISSA PRENTISS—THE AMERICAN BOARD—LIBERTY LANDING—REV. SAMUEL PARKER—DR. MARCUS WHITMAN.

Narcissa Prentiss, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Stephen Prentiss, first saw the light of day in the village of Prattsburg, New York., on March 14th, 1808. She was the third child in a family of nine children, and was reared in the atmosphere of culture, refinement and learning. Her father ranked high as a citizen and jurist and they all were active members of the Congregational Church; Narcissa having united at the age of 11 years with a class of some 70 souls.

She was a plump, fair, golden-haired, blue-eyed girl and is said to have presented a very beautiful picture as she stood at the altar and took upon herself the vows of a Christian—vows that were never broken even to the end. Miss Prentiss attended the Miss Willards Seminary at Troy, New York, and completed her education at the Franklin Academy in the town of Prattsburg. Afterwards she and her sister Jane established a sort of kindergarten school at Bath, where she remained until 1834, when she removed with the family to Angelica, N. Y., at which place she was united in marriage in February, 1836, to Dr. Marcus Whitman, of Rushville, N. Y.

Dr. Whitman was born in Rushville in September, 1802, received a good common school education and took a course in the Berkshire Medical College, at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, from which he received a diploma. He practiced several years in Canada, when he returned to his old home and became a part owner with his brother in a saw mill. He first united with the Congregational Church in January, 1824, but in February, 1833, joined the Presbyterian Church and became a ruling Elder within a month. Miss Prentiss united with the Presbyterian Church soon after moving to Angelica, in 1834.

During the year 1833 much interest was aroused throughout the eastern States, more especially in religious circles, relative to Indian missions west of the Rocky Mountains. Rev. Jason Lee, of the Methodist Church, was appointed to the po-

sition of superintendent of a mission in the Oregon country, as was Rev. Daniel Lee, his nephew, Cyrus Shepard and P. L. Edwards being engaged to accompany them to their new field. This party left Independence, Mo., on the 25th of April, 1834, having secured passage with Mr. Nathaniel J. Wyeth, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, then on his second expedition to Oregon.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which included both the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches, made haste to get into the promising field. Rev. Samuel Parker, of Ashfield, Massachusetts, was engaged to explore the territory and report the general condition for missionary work. Mr. Parker secured the services of Dr. Whitman, who had already applied to the American Board for an appointment in the Oregon country, and together they hurried to ¹Liberty, Missouri, in order to join the expedition of the American Fur Company in the spring of 1835.

The fur traders of that day usually traveled by boat from St. Louis, the metropolis, to Liberty Landing, from which place they followed the Indian trail on the east bank of the Missouri River to a point opposite the old trading post at Bellevue, six miles below where the city of Omaha now stands. Here the trail crossed the river and paralleled the north bank of the Platte to the west. The missionaries arrived at the traders' rendezvous on Green River, Wyoming, on the evening of August 18th, when it was agreed that Whitman should return to the States.

Mr. Parker at this time was 56 years of age, a gentleman of education and refinement, very firm in his likes and dislikes and had no hesitancy in criticising the action of those whose conduct failed to meet with his approval. Mr. Gray

¹ Liberty, Missouri, situated about three miles back from the river, a few miles to the northeast of the present Kansas City, was for many years the starting point to the Rocky Mountains. Later the rendezvous was changed to the south side of the river at the old Mormon town of Independence. The erosion of the river in time necessitated a new landing, however, and a place farther up stream, which became known as Westport, was selected. The ancient site of Westport is now near the center of Kansas City, Kansas.

speaks of him as having been "inclined to self-applause, requiring his full share of ministerial approbation and respect, though not fully qualified to draw it cheerfully from an audience or his listeners; was rather fastidious."

It was arranged that Dr. Whitman should return to the East and bring out a party of missionaries the following spring. Mr. Parker was to continue his explorations, visit the trading stations of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Columbia, acquire all information possible and meet Whitman at the rendezvous the following summer. This last part of the agreement Mr. Parker failed to keep, but, doubtless for good and sufficient reasons, returned home by water via Honolulu. Soon after his return he severed his connection with the American Board and wrote a book covering his tour beyond the Rocky Mountains.

It is interesting to observe the relationship which must have existed between Mr. Parker and Dr. Whitman, evidently the predominating feature which prompted the agreement to separate on the banks of Green River. Myron Eells, in his book entitled "Marcus Whitman," page 29, informs us that "the prospects seemed to be so favorable that it was thought best for Dr. Whitman to return at once and obtain missionary help."

Mowry in his "Marcus Whitman," page 55, records similar views in these words: "Being thoroughly satisfied with what he had seen of the Indians who had come in such large numbers from Oregon to the rendezvous, he (Whitman) was ready to return with the pack train of the American Fur Company, so as to start west the following spring with re-enforcements to establish the mission."

Mr. Parker records in his book, "Parker's Exploring Tour Beyond the Rocky Mountains," page 81, his version of the affair as follows:

"Dr. Whitman, on further consideration, felt some misgivings about leaving me, lest, if any calamity should befall me, he should be blamed by the Christian public. It was my desire that no disquietude should be felt for me, for we could not go safely together without divine protection, and with it, I was secure in any situation."

In Gray's History of Oregon, page 108, the author records some interesting observations as to why the Doctor returned contrary to original plans. It will be recalled that Mr. Gray was a member of the Whitman party the following year, and, doubtless, obtained his impressions from Dr. Whitman himself. First stating that a "reason" must be given why Whitman returned to the States, he says:

"The peculiarities of Messrs. Parker and Whitman were such, that, when they had reached the rendezvous on Green River, in the Rocky Mountains, they agreed to separate; not because Dr. Whitman was not willing and anxious to continue the exploring expedition, in company with Mr. Parker, but because Mr. Parker could not 'put up' with the off hand, careless, and, as he thought, slovenly manner in which Dr. Whitman was inclined to travel. Dr. W. was a man that could accommodate himself to circumstances; such as dipping the water from the running stream with his hand, to drink; having but a hunter's knife (without a fork) to cut and eat his food; in short, could rough it without qualms of stomach."

Dr. Whitman, through the practice of his profession, had already become fairly well established with the hardy trappers of the mountains, especially those famous leaders, Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Bridger, of the American Fur Company, and they were willing to furnish him with accommodation with the returning company. The Doctor conceived the idea of taking back with him two Indian boys, that the American Board might have a better knowledge of the Indians with whom they proposed to labor. He christened these boys Richard and John, and proceeded directly to his home in Rushville, arriving there in the early winter of 1835.

CHAPTER II.

A STUDY OF DR. WHITMAN—THE MARRIAGE—HENRY H. SPAULDING—A PEACE CONFERENCE—WM. H. GRAY—MRS. SPAULDING.

The manner of announcing his return was quite characteristic of the Doctor. Without exchanging his mountain garb for more conventional apparel, and accompanied by the Indian boys, in a most unconcerned manner he walked into the Presbyterian Church while the Sunday morning service was being conducted. One account of this event informs us that "he produced a sensation that was fresh in the memory of many of the members of the congregation forty years afterwards."

Before finishing her course at the Franklin Academy, Miss Prentiss had made it known to the American Board that she cherished a desire to engage in the missionary work. She had now developed into a woman of remarkable strength of character, firm but tolerant in religious matters, and prepossessing in appearance. She had cultivated her voice, and, at the time of the Doctor's return, was a member of the choir of the Angelica Presbyterian Church, where a protracted meeting was in progress; thither the Doctor, after placing the Indians in school, made his way.

How long Dr. Whitman had known Miss Prentiss is largely a matter of conjecture, but it is reasonable to presume that he met her not later than the spring of 1833. A letter written to her from Liberty, Missouri, while on his way to the West in the spring of 1835, would probably indicate that they were engaged before his departure from New York. The Doctor could not have reached Angelica, after his return from the West, before December, and they were married in February, 1836.

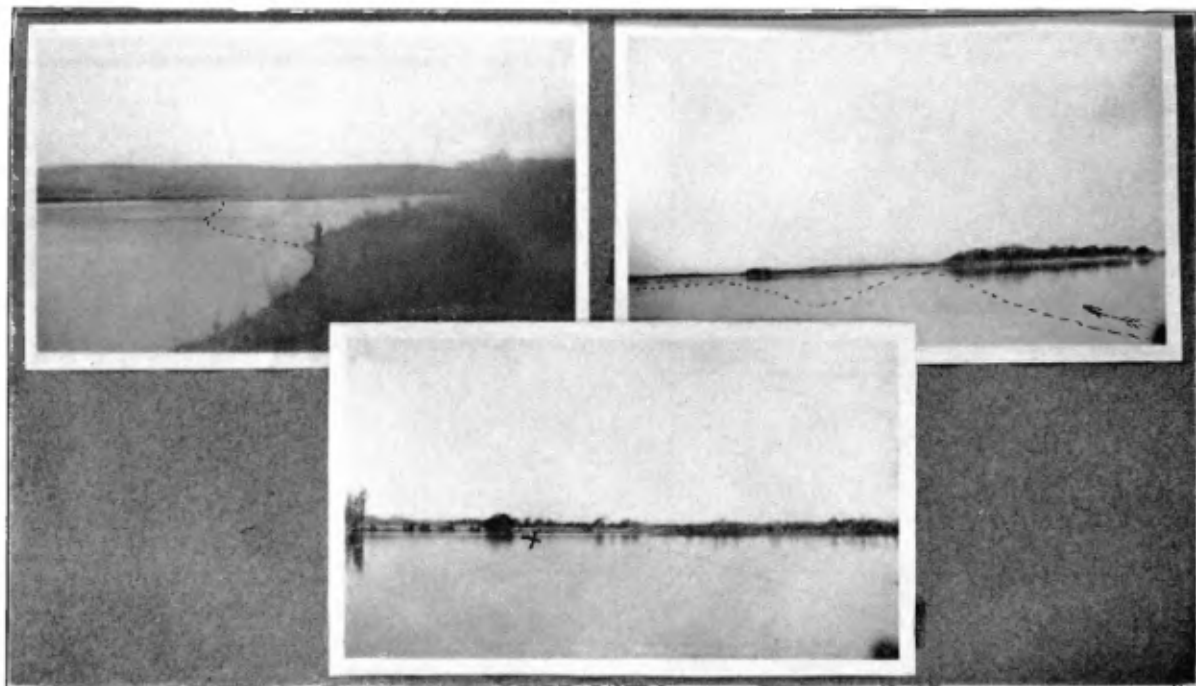
At the time of his marriage, Dr. Whitman was in his thirty-fourth year and it may safely be assumed that the union was a happy one. He possessed an amiable disposition, generally speaking, was incapable of harboring a grudge, no matter how

serious the provocation, and considered generous to a fault. He was tall, but rather spare in stature, had a large, but well formed head, dark brown hair interspersed with blocks of white which tended to give him a rather striking appearance. His eyes were of sparkling blue set far back under a prominent brow; his mouth was noticeably large, and the outlines of his face denoted sternness. With the exception of his upper lip, which he kept shaved, he wore a full beard and was never inclined to be squeamish in taste nor fastidious in dress. In the practice of his profession in the Oregon country, he frequently was called a distance of some 200 miles, and even in the dead of winter he uttered no complaint. He was reasonably successful in both medical and surgical practice, always patient, sympathizing, yet calm and courageous under the most trying circumstances.

It was easy for the Doctor to adapt himself to all conditions and to mingle with all classes. He possessed a peculiar disregard for danger in all its forms, so much so, indeed, that some able critics hold that he was inclined toward foolhardiness; that he took no notice of the warning given to him by Dr. McLoughlin, by Stanley, the artist; by McKinlay, of Fort Walla Walla; by a half-breed living near Spokane, who made a special trip for the purpose, as to the intent of the Indians to kill him. His stubborn nature, doubtless, is the basis of legitimate criticism that he endangered the lives of others by not sending them away from the mission for the winter.

He had a habit of speaking his mind freely, and, at times, hastily; frequently changed his views, especially when outweighed by argument, though his mind once set on a well-defined purpose, he adhered to it most tenaciously. He wrote a distressing hand, and his wife, ever ready and willing, frequently was called to his much needed assistance.

In his dealings with emigrants he sometimes made enemies; and his fellow missionaries were, it would seem, inclined to withhold from him that unstinted confidence and spirit of cordiality that his fidelity would appear to warrant. The most bitter criticism, however, often denotes merit in the one



Upper left hand—View of Island Ford, near Glenns Ferry, Idaho. Upper right hand—View showing the Indian ford at Old Fort Boise. Lower—Cross represents site of Old Fort Boise, now one hundred feet from shore.



Columbia River looking south a few rods above the mouth of the Snake River, where David Thompson landed on July 9th, 1811, and claimed the country for Great Britain. Lewis and Clark encamped on the same spot six years before.

against whom it is directed; and envy is frequently a potent factor in the destruction of the most worthy purpose. Marcus Whitman had no room in his soul for either hate or envy, and a personal affront created in his heart only a feeling of pity. He was nearing the age of 45 years—in the very zenith of his career—when the shadow fell on Wailatpu, and he passed through it with that calm and unflinching courage which had previously distinguished him among men. We are all brave in the absence of danger—it is on the sinking ship that courage rises in majestic splendor. Marcus Whitman was, therefore, worthy in many respects to become the husband of Narcissa Prentiss.

Dr. and Mrs. Whitman were married in the church at Angelica, the ceremony being performed on a Sunday evening at the close of the regular service. The two Indian boys were deeply interested in the proceedings and their faces brightened when told Mrs. Whitman would return with them to Oregon. At the close of the ceremony the pastor announced a missionary hymn, but the choir members, overcome with emotion, sang with much difficulty. The last stanza was sung by Mrs. Whitman alone, her beautiful voice unwavering to the end. It was the last time she was to be permitted to sing in her native State; the scene was impressive, and the words of the hymn appropriate.

“Yes, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country,
Now, I bid you all farewell.”

CHAPTER III.

A STUDY OF HENRY H. SPAULDING—THE RECONCILIATION— DESCRIPTION OF MRS. SPAULDING.

Narcissa Prentiss, when eleven years of age, a picture of health and happiness, presented a striking appearance the day she stood at the altar and assumed the obligations of a Christian. Her wealth of girlish beauty elicited much favorable comment in the unusually large congregation that had assembled to see a class of seventy souls admitted. Sitting in that audience, intensely interested in the scenes before him, was a young man, sixteen years of age, medium in size, but rather stoop shouldered, large brown eyes, sharp features, prominent nose and a large mouth. His hair was dark and exceedingly thin on top, his arms were long, and he walked with a sort of ambling movement, keeping time, as it were, with his body. He was not hampered by any great amount of personal charm, which so often impairs the better qualities of young men, but seemed to possess many peculiar qualities and fixed purposes in life. He had a voice that he could pitch in any key desired to represent the mood that he might be in, had a violent temper, yet was capable of great affection. This boy was known in the village as "Hank" Spaulding, but in later years as Rev. Henry H. Spaulding.

Henry was born in Prattsburg in 1803, and having been left an orphan early in life, was brought up by foster parents. During his minority he received little schooling, but at the age of twenty-one took up some studies with considerable success, especially English grammar. In due time he united with the Presbyterian Church, became interested in the missionary cause, and entered the Franklin Academy, where he remained three years. He left the academy in 1831, and finished his course at the Western Reserve College in Ohio, in 1833. October 12th of this year he was married to Miss Eliza Hart, of Trenton, N. Y. They immediately moved to Cincinnati where Mr. Spaulding entered a theological school.

When Dr. Whitman returned from the West in the winter

of 1835, he set about to organize his missionary party for the long journey to the Oregon country the following spring. The American Board had advised the Doctor that it would be necessary to secure a regular ordained minister to accompany him, and he had experienced much difficulty in obtaining a suitable person for this important post. Mr. Spaulding had completed his theological course, and in August of that year was ordained by the Bath Presbytery, New York, and was considering an appointment to the Osage Indians on the Missouri frontier. The American Board suggested to the Doctor that he offer the appointment to Mr. Spaulding.

This suggestion was the cause of much concern when it was reported to the family of Judge Prentiss, for, it will be remembered, Mr. Spaulding had known Narcissa since her infancy; had attended the same academy with her; and had, doubtless, entertained a very tender regard for her all these years. It is probably true that Mr. Spaulding had on many occasions sought the hand of Miss Prentiss, but had as many times been refused. Not only to him, but to every suitor, the charming girl expressed no words of hope. When he became convinced that his claims were groundless, he left the Franklin Academy and finished his studies as before related.

All this, with a full knowledge of Mr. Spaulding's many peculiar traits of character, may afford some explanation as to Mrs. Whitman's disquietude when his name was suggested as a co-worker in a cause that would throw them constantly together in a wild and trackless wilderness for many years to come. Judge Prentiss, actuated by parental solicitude for the welfare of his daughter, thought it best to call a conference of all concerned and invite Mr. Spaulding to be present.

Mr. Spaulding readily responded and was ushered into the presence of Judge Prentiss, who stated his concern for the welfare of his daughter. The apostolic zeal of Mr. Spaulding must have been in the ascendancy, for he appears to have satisfied the judge that he bore no ill feeling toward either him or his daughter; that he was sincere in accepting the appointment, and knew of no reason why he should not attend the party, as its spiritual advisor. Mrs. Whitman finally, though

not without some reluctance, acquiesced in the suggestion of the American Board, and Mr. Spaulding was appointed. To William H. Gray, a cabinet maker of Fairfield, New York, was offered a place as mechanic, which was accepted. He hastened on to Liberty, Missouri, and there awaited the arrival of the missionaries. In 1870, Mr. Gray published his "History of Oregon," which, in spite of his unmeasured prejudice, is a valuable work.

In appearance, Mrs. Spaulding was rather tall and slender in form. had dark brown hair, blue eyes, coarse features, dark complexion, rather a hoarse or husky voice, and of a retiring nature. She was never robust and endured much suffering on the journey, her life on many occasions being despaired of. She was experienced in many branches of domestic life and an excellent cook, not easily alarmed, firm in her opinion and took much interest in the mission work. She was respected by the Indians as a fearless woman.

We shall now accompany this party of pioneers, which includes the first American women to surmount the barriers of the Rocky Mountains, along their perilous journey, and stopping occasionally to examine the more interesting places, we trust the reader will find sufficient interest to avoid regretting the time thus consumed. The writer has been over most of the Oregon Trail, and has examined in person every camp mentioned in this narrative, many of which are now within incorporated cities, or cultivated fields.

CHAPTER IV.

THE START—ARRIVAL AT ST. LOUIS—TWILIGHT ON THE MISSOURI—THE AMERICAN FUR CO.—OTOE AGENCY—FORT LARAMIE—BELLEVUE—FORT HALL—PAWNEE VILLAGE.

Following his appointment, Mr. Spaulding hurried to Cincinnati and completed his arrangements for the overland journey. Dr. and Mrs. Whitman started west the day following their marriage, traveling by sleigh and stage, and reached Pittsburg in due season. From there they took a boat to Cincinnati, where they found that Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding had been anxiously awaiting their arrival for some time. They reached St. Louis on the 19th of March. It had been their purpose to take passage on the American Fur Company's boat, "Diana," up the Missouri, but that boat had left previous to their arrival. They secured passage on the "Chariton," however, and left St. Louis for the rendezvous at Liberty, on the afternoon of March 31, 1836. Writing in her cabin that night, Mrs. Whitman expressed her feelings in the following words:

"Twilight had 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." At this Mr. Spaulding called them down to attend prayer.

Before leaving St. Louis, Dr. Whitman had made arrangements with the American Fur Company to join their annual wagon train then outfitting for the Rocky Mountains. This was necessary in order to secure protection on the trail and avail themselves of the experience these traders had acquired in their ubiquitous wanderings in the wilderness. Arriving at Liberty Landing, they met Mr. Gray, and immediately set about to complete their plans of travel.

As before stated it had been the custom of the fur traders, on their outward journey, to leave the Missouri at Liberty Landing and follow an old Indian trail, on the east bank of the

river, up to a point opposite Old Bellevue, and there cross over and travel the Indian road that afterwards became known as the Oregon Trail. By this time, 1836, steamboats had come into general use on the Missouri, especially in the service of the American Fur Company.

So it was the custom of the American Fur Company at this time to transport their Indian goods from St. Louis to Bellevue by boat; then after discharging that part of the cargo destined for the Green River rendezvous at the latter place, the boat would continue up the Missouri to supply the many posts situated along its banks, gather up the winter's harvest of peltry and return, meeting the mountain expedition at Bellevue in the fall. The mission party went into camp at Liberty and engaged themselves in completing their arrangements for the overland journey. They had provided themselves with provisions, blacksmith tools, a plow, seed, clothing, etc., for which transportation must be procured. Dr. Whitman, therefore, sallied into the country and in a few days had assembled an outfit consisting of two wagons, eight mules, twelve horses, and sixteen cows.

He then determined to send the train on in charge of Messrs. Spaulding and Gray, while the Doctor would remain at Liberty until the Company boat arrived, when he would see the ladies safely aboard, in the care of Mr. Allis, a missionary to the Pawnee tribe, and would himself disembark and join the train at Fort Leavenworth, and the ladies continue on the boat until its arrival at Bellevue. The boat arrived in due time, but to their dismay it kept its prow in the channel and halted not. In a state of dire perplexity they employed a team to take the party to Fort Leavenworth, having in the meantime received a note from Spaulding that he would await the Doctor at a point eight miles beyond the garrison. Upon arrival there, however, they learned that Mr. Spaulding had not waited as expected, but was making all possible speed up the west bank for Bellevue. Sending out a messenger to overtake the wagons, the Doctor engaged another team and hurried forward. The messenger overtook the train

thirty miles below the Platte River crossing, from which place a team was returned for the belated travelers.

When the mission party was finally reunited at the Otoe Agency on the Platte River, they learned that the trader's expedition was already two days in advance on its way to the mountains, a fact which produced a state of painful confusion. It was considered unsafe to travel beyond this point without protection, and it was thought for a time that it would be necessary to abandon the enterprise. Indian Agent Dougherty, however, agreed to send for a guide, and a Mr. Dunbar, missionary among the Pawnees, who had just arrived at the Agency, volunteered to act in that capacity until Dougherty's guide should overtake them. Thus encouraged they set about to cross the river, a task that was attended with much perplexity. Mr. Spaulding was unable to assist on account of illness, and the Otoe Indians lounging about the agency were not disposed to render aid; the work, therefore, fell largely to Messrs. Gray and Whitman. Their facilities for crossing consisted of one skin canoe, and that was partly eaten by dogs the night before. "Husband became so completely exhausted," wrote Mrs. Whitman, "with swimming the river on Thursday, May 9th, that it was with difficulty he made the shore the last time."

It was not until Saturday afternoon that they were ready to resume their journey, and, by this time the wagon train was four and one-half days in advance. Under the guidance of Mr. Dunbar they had just crossed the Elkhorn, near where the Union Pacific now crosses that stream, when Dougherty's guide appeared and conducted the party to the old ford on the Loupe Fork. This ford was near the present city of Fullerton, Nebraska. They arrived at this place late on Tuesday evening, and made the crossing, a very difficult one, Wednesday forenoon. Hurrying forward, they came up to the train about midnight, on Prairie creek, where it had encamped four miles below the Pawnee village. The expedition consisted of about four hundred animals, mostly mules, and seventy men. Their merchandise was transported in seven heavily loaded wagons, and some two hundred pack

animals. To this formidable array of power the mission party attached themselves and settled down to the daily routine like veterans of the trail.

From Mrs. Whitman's journal we note a few interesting observations:

"Sister Spaulding is very resolute, no shrinking with her. She possesses much fortitude. I like her very much. She wears well upon acquaintance. She is a very suitable person for Mr. Spaulding, has the right temperament to match him."

In the same journal she pays this beautiful tribute to her husband:

"I have such a good place to shelter—under my husband's wings. He is so excellent. I love to confide in his judgment and act under him. He is just like mother in telling me of my failings. He does it in such a way that I like to have him for it gives me a chance to improve."

Speaking of the manner in which they were to live on the trail we find in the same journal the following:

"Since we have been here we have made our tent. It is made of bed ticking. It is conical in form, large enough for us all to sleep under, viz: Mr. Spaulding and wife, Dr. Whitman and wife, Mr. Gray, Richard Tak-ah-too-ah-tis, and John Aitz; quite a little family; raised with a center pole, and fastened down with pegs, covering a large circle. Here we shall live, eat and sleep for the summer to come at least, perhaps longer." (Ore. H. S. Transactions of 1891-3.)

From Liberty, Missouri, where the above journal was written, to Fort Vancouver, the end of the journey, the distance is estimated to be 2020 miles. The average time made on the trip was about thirteen miles per day, the total time consumed 154 days. The country through which they passed after leaving the Missouri, and including the Pacific Northwest, was entirely in the possession of fur traders and the number, according to Chittenden, including all who were engaged in the business, Indians excepted, probably never exceeded one thousand, while the average was nearer half that

number. The first building they passed was Fort Laramie, which had been built only two years, the second was ¹ Fort Hall, on the Columbia, some nine miles west of the present Fort Hall Indian Agency, built two years before, the third was old Fort Boise, and the last building was Fort Walla Walla, erected by the Northwest Company in 1818.

Fort Bellevue at this time, it may be observed, was in charge of Hon. Peter A. Sarpy, for whom Sarpy County, Nebraska, was named. It was from this post that the traders had departed two days previous to the arrival of the mission party at the Platte River, fifteen miles to the south. The point where the mission party crossed the Platte was at the Otoe Agency, located on the south bank and near the mouth of the river. The agency was in charge of Mr. John Dougherty, an authority of that period on both the fur trade and Indian affairs. The Otoe village was situated up the river some thirty miles, on the south side near the great bend where they had resided since about 1750.

When the motley array of hunters, trappers, packers, and adventurers, of which traders' caravans of the day were generally composed, was aroused from its slumbers at the first break of dawn, Thursday, May 16th, it was somewhat amazed to behold a peculiar looking camp in their midst. A tent made of bed ticking had been erected during the night, two farmer wagons stood near it, and cows and calves were feed-

¹ Fort Hall was built by Nathaniel J. Wyeth in 1834, and sold to the Hudson's Bay Company in 1836-7. At the time Mrs. Whitman visited the Fort it was in charge of Captain Thing, who came out with the Wyeth expedition. At this fort the first flag raising that ever occurred in Idaho, and the fourth American flag to be raised in the Pacific Northwest, was celebrated on August 6, 1834. Here, likewise, Jason Lee, a Methodist missionary, preached the first sermon west of the Rocky Mountains, on Sunday afternoon, July 26th, of the same year. While Wyeth was engaged in erecting the building he was visited by Thomas McKay, the brigade commander for the Hudson's Bay Company, and under whose protection the Whitman party traveled, who witnessed operations at Fort Hall with a feeling of alarm for the safety of the Hudson's Bay trade in that territory. On July 30th, he left Fort Hall and going directly to the mouth of Boise River, he established a fort that afterwards became known as Fort Boise. These two forts became famous landmarks on the Oregon trail and were operated by the Hudson's Bay Company until the winter of 1855-6, when they were abandoned on account of the fall of Fort Walla Walla at the hands of the Indians.

ing not far away. Forthwith the husky plainsmen proceeded to investigate, and if they were amazed to behold the strange tent, they were well nigh paralyzed with unfeigned astonishment to behold a charming American woman emerge therefrom and in her most affable manner, approach them and extend a white and shapely hand in greeting to all who had the temerity to hold their ground.

The camp was in the Pawnee country, where dwelled some 6,500 Indians of that tribe, few if any of whom had before looked upon the face of a white woman. Many of these, too, gathered about the tent, now a center of attraction, and gazed at Mrs. Whitman in a state of complete bewilderment. Thomas Fitzpatrick, a veteran of the fur trade, and in command of the expedition, extended a hearty welcome to the little band of missionaries and freely accorded them the protection of the company as far as the Green River rendezvous. It was the first meeting of Christian culture with the habitues of the trackless plains.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE OREGON TRAIL—THE GREEN RIVER RENDEZVOUS—INCIDENTS OF THE JOURNEY—GRAY'S IMPRESSIONS—JULY FOURTH ON THE SUMMIT—THE LAMENT.

Narcissa Prentiss Whitman, who played the leading role in this historic drama, was now in the prime of life. She was a woman of commanding appearance, noble in deportment, cultured and refined. She had been reared in comfort and had moved in the best circles of society. In conversation she was highly interesting, tactful, animated and cheerful; in repartee remarkably clever, though always courteous, and free to converse with all she met. She was firm in matters of right and wrong, an element in her character that caused her to be greatly disliked by many of the Indians. She possessed a soprano voice of great volume and sweetness and was the star in the many concerts around the evening camp fire. Were Mrs. Whitman living today, her beautiful character and many accomplishments would admit her to a high position in civic and social life.

She was now far out in the great American plains, where every man was a law unto himself, surrounded by a mongrel company of mountain men, Canadian trappers, squaw men, half-breeds, Indians and vagabond hangers-on, such as were usually employed by the trading companies. It was a period of great intemperance and excess; profanity was the order of the day and the bacchanalian song the order of the night. With these environments came the vanguard of womanhood into the wilds of the great Northwest.

On June 3, they saw the first buffalo and that evening encamped near where the Union Pacific tracks cross the North Platte. The train crossed the Platte just above the mouth of Laramie River, and followed that stream about one mile to the site of Old Fort Laramie. At this place all the wagons were left except two, one belonging to the company and one to Dr. Whitman. While Bonneville previously had taken

wagons as far as Green River, Dr. Whitman's wagon was the first to cross that river and the first to enter the State of Idaho.

Leaving Laramie River, the travelers entered a wild and broken country, and their journey became exceedingly laborious. They again crossed the Platte at a point near the wagon bridge, at what is now Casper, Wyoming. Following up the Sweetwater, the company halted at Independence Rock, one of the famous landmarks of the trail, and sent an express to Green River, announcing the location of the traders and the date on which they expected to arrive at the rendezvous. On July 4, they passed through South Pass, encamped on the Little Sandy, and arrived at the Green River rendezvous on the evening of July 6, 1836. Here they found assembled, and awaiting the traders from St. Louis, a motley population of some two thousand souls connected with the fur trade, including the Indian tribes that usually attended.

The rendezvous was located in a large green valley formed by the junction of Horse Creek and Green River. It was attended that season by practically all the free trappers in the mountains, a party from the Hudson's Bay Company at Vancouver, and large delegations from the Snake, Bannock, Nez Perces and Flathead Indians. Mr. N. J. Wyeth, having abandoned his post on the Willamette, and sold Fort Hall, was there at the time on his homeward trip. The pack train of the American Fur Company had reached its destination. The Hudson's Bay Company's traders, Messrs. John McLeod and Thomas McKay, invited the Whitman party to travel under their protection as far as Fort Walla Walla. With this party they left the Green River on July 18th.

Bearing on the character of the Indians with whom the mission party was to labor, it is a matter of interest to note the comment of Mrs. Whitman at the time:

"As soon as I alighted from my horse I was met by a company of matron native women, one after another shaking hands and saluting me with a most hearty kiss. This was unexpected and affected me very much. They gave Sister Spaulding the same salutation. After we had been seated awhile in the midst of the gazing throng, one of the

chiefs, whom we had seen before, came with his wife and very politely introduced her to us. 'They say that they all like us very much, and thank God that they have seen us, and that we have come to live with them.'

The tedious toil of the trail and the many irritating incidents encountered, was a source of much dissatisfaction in the mission party. Mr. Spaulding appears to have been unable to suppress a feeling of bitterness against Mrs. Whitman, or conceal a growing jealousy for her husband. The spirit of evil was in evidence at the crossing of the Platte, which may have been pardonable under the circumstances, but the frequent ravages of Mr. Spaulding's temper was a just cause for profound regret as the party proceeded on its way.

Mr. Gray, in that irrepressible style of his, recorded what he presumed to be the opinion of the trappers at the rendezvous concerning the missionaries, but more likely his own, as follows:

"Dr. Marcus Whitman, they considered, on the whole, was a good sort of fellow; he was not so hide-bound but what he could talk with a common man and get along easily if his wife did not succeed in 'stiffening,' starching him up; he would do first-rate, though there appeared considerable doubt in their minds, whether, from her stern, commanding manner, she would not eventually succeed in stiffening up the Doctor so that he would be less agreeable. Mrs. Whitman, they thought, was a woman of too much education and refinement to be thrown away on the Indians. 'She must have had considerable romance in her disposition to have undertaken such an expedition with such a common, kind, good-hearted fellow as the Doctor. As to Spaulding, he is so green he will do to spread out on a frog pond; he may do to preach to Indians, but mountain men would have to be fly-blown before he could come near them. Mrs. Spaulding is a first-rate woman; she has not got any starch in her; it is strange she ever picked up such a green-horn as she has for a husband.' "

Many historical writers have been pleased to give Mr. Spaulding a prominent place in the early events of the Northwest, and he is the duly accredited authority for several dra-

matic narratives which have found a safe anchorage in the works of some able and benevolent authors. An account of the mission party's having taken possession of all Oregon, on July 4th, 1836, while on the summit of the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, is an example worthy of notice. It is found in several histories as follows:

"July 4th they entered the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, the dividing line between the Atlantic and Pacific Slopes. There, on Independence Day, they alighted from their horses, and, kneeling down, with the Bible and the American flag in their hands, they took possession of the Pacific Coast as the home of American mothers and for the Church of Christ. They thanked God for His sustaining, protecting care over them, and the buffalo food sent to them daily, and humbly commended themselves, especially Mrs. Spaulding, in her sinking, feeble state, to His protecting care for the rest of the journey. 'And standing as we did,' says Mr. Spaulding, 'upon the summit of those sky-built mountains, with the bright forms of Brainerd, of Butler, of Elliott, and Worcester, early missionaries to the Indians to the Atlantic shores, almost in sight, bending over the pearly gates of Heaven to bid us God speed, we especially commended and consecrated our mission, to be commenced somewhere in the yet far off West, to Him who had sent four Indians from beyond the mountains to the rising sun, with the Macedonian cry for the book of God, and missionaries to teach it. The moral and physical was grand and thrilling. Hope and joy beamed on the face of my dear wife, though pains racked her frame. She seemed to receive new strength. 'Is it a reality or a dream,' she exclaimed, 'that after four months of hard and painful journeyings I am alive, and actually standing on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, where yet the foot of white woman has never trod?' There were no martial hosts, no fife and drum, no booming cannon, no orator of the day, nor reading of the Declaration of Independence, but there has been few more memorable or prophetic scenes than that when they took possession of the Pacific Coast in the name of God and the United States." (Marcus Whitman by Eells.)

The interesting fact about the foregoing is that it did not

occur. The account first made its appearance in a pamphlet by Mr. Spaulding in the year 1869. (William I. Marshall.) Mrs. Spaulding recorded in her journal under date of July 4, 1836, the following:

“Crossed a ridge of land today called the Divide, which separates the waters which flow into the Pacific from those that flow into the Atlantic, and camped for the night on the head waters of the Colorado (Green River). A number of Nez Perces, who have been waiting our arrival at the rendezvous several days, on learning we were near came out to meet us, and have camped with us tonight. They appear to be gratified to see us actually on our way to their country. Mr. Spaulding, Dr. Whitman and Mr. G. are to have a talk with the chiefs this eve.”

The imaginary though thrilling episode contains a reference to “four Indians from beyond the mountains to the rising sun, with the Macedonian cry for the book of God.” This appertained to a very remarkable oration said to have been delivered by an Indian about the year 1832, while in St. Louis in quest of Catholic missionaries. It was published by the Government as “Executive Document No. 37” of the Forty-first Congress, together with an interview accorded the Rev. S. J. Humphrey, of Chicago, by Mr. Spaulding, in 1871. This appears to have been the first appearance of this oration. Since then it has several times been modified and enlarged by historians, and the claim made that it was published in 1832. Its last appearance was at Walla Walla, Washington, November 29, 1907, during the celebration of the sixtyeth anniversary of the Whitman massacre, where it was included in the historical address by Edwin Eells and given as authentic. Principal Marshall has produced the records which prove most conclusively that the “Lament” was never delivered by the Indian, but that it was the product of Mr. Spaulding’s remarkable imagination.

CHAPTER VI.

LEAVING GREEN RIVER—TROUBLE AT BEAR RIVER—DOWN THE RIVER FROM FORT HALL—PILGRIM SPRINGS—FORDING SNAKE RIVER—ARRIVAL AT THE BOISE RIVER—AT FORT BOISE—THE FIRST WAGON.

We left the mission party on Green River, where it broke camp on the morning of July 18, 1836, and joined the party of the Hudson's Bay Company. It was a formidable line that moved down the west bank of Green River that morning, at the head of which rode that famous trapper and hunter, Thomas McKay. A large number of Snake and Flathead Indians, from the rendezvous, accompanied the whites as far as the Bear River. From Horse Creek the party proceeded down the river until it reached the trail known as Sublett's Cut-Off. Following this trail they bore to the southwest across Labarge and Fountenelle Creeks, and crossed Ham's Fork some distance above the point where the Oregon Short-Line Railway leaves it. It then wound its way in a northerly direction until it reached the Bear River at a point near where the town of Cokeville, Wyoming, is now located. The distance from Green River to the point where the trail struck Bear River is seventy-two miles, and the cavalcade arrived at the latter place on the evening of July 22nd.

On July 29, the party was in the neighborhood of where Montpelier, Idaho, is now located. Mr. Gray relates a peculiar incident that occurred on the morning of this date.

"Two days before we reached Soda Springs one of the mission party became quite unwell, and unable to sit on his horse. He was left, at his own request, on a little stream, while the caravan passed on some six miles further to camp. After remaining alone and resting for some two hours, the lawyer and an Indian companion of his came along, picked up the sick man, put him upon a strong horse, got on behind him, and held him on till they reached camp. Dr. Whitman gave him a prescription, which relieved him, so that the next day he was able to continue the journey with

the camp. This transaction has always been a mystery to the writer. The place where the sick man was left was a beautiful stream, and a good place for a camp for the whole caravan. The sick man was wholly unable to proceed; did not ask the caravan to stop and bury him, but simply informed them he could proceed no further; his strength was gone; they could leave him to die alone if they chose. A word from McLeod would have stopped the caravan. Should the mission party remain with him? He said: 'No; go on with the caravan and leave me; you will be compelled to seek your own safety in continuing with the caravan; I am but an individual; leave me to my fate.' He requested a cup that he might get some water from the stream, close to the side of which he wished them to place him. Dr. Whitman remained with him as long as was deemed safe for him, and passed on to overtake the caravan. The lawyer and his companion came along two or three hours afterward, picked up the dying or dead man (for aught the caravan knew), and brought him into camp."

Mrs. Whitman covers this incident in her journal of July 29th, as follows: (Transactions Oregon Historical Society.)

"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."

At Fort Hall the missionaries were hospitably entertained by Mr. Thing, on fried mountain bread, dry buffalo meat, turnips, etc. Mountain bread, as explained by Mrs. Whitman, was simply coarse flour and water mixed and roasted or fried in buffalo grease. After being shown the garden and corn field, the first attempt at cultivation in the State of Idaho, the party at noon, August 4, left Fort Hall, and camped that night on the south bank of the Portneuf. At noon the fol-

lowing day they passed American Falls, a famous landmark on the Oregon Trail, 1,308 miles from Independence, Missouri. Passing Raft River, Marsh Creek, Goose Creek, and Rock Creek, the caravan halted on the evening of August 11, on Salmon creek near its confluence with the Snake River. Passing Salmon Falls the following morning they arrived at Pilgrim Springs, situated about fifteen miles southeast of the modern town of Glenn's Ferry, Idaho. Here Mrs. Whitman wrote a soliloquy to her trunk, as it was found necessary to lighten the loads very frequently.

Friday Evening, Aug. 12th.

"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 so 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 thinks it best to lighten the wagon as much as possible, and take nothing but the wheels, leaving the box with my trunk."

On the Saturday following, they forded the Snake River at what was then known as the Hudson's Bay or Island Ford, about three miles below the present town of Glenn's Ferry, Idaho. The writer has examined this ford and finds the conditions today unchanged. There are two islands in the river at this point and the distance between the second and the north bank of the river is computed to be 2600 feet. The current passes over a bar and is quite rapid. The main channel at low water is from five to seven feet deep. Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spaulding forded the river on horseback. It is a safe presumption that few men could be found today who would undertake to make this ford under any condition short of life itself.

On the evening of the 17th of August, 1836, the party came in sight of the Boise River, a few miles above where the present city of Boise, the capital of Idaho, is located. At noon of the 19th they reached Old Fort Boise, at that time located

about ten miles below Caldwell on the Boise River. This trading post had been established by Thomas McKay, of the Hudson's Bay Company during the summer and fall of 1834, but during the winter of 1836-7 it was moved to the right bank of the Snake River, at a point then two miles below the mouth of the Boise. During the early '60's, however, the channel of the Boise changed and joined the Snake only 200 feet above the fort. The Whitman wagon was used in moving the goods to the new location.

From Fort Hall the party was reduced in number, the last of the Indians having left the train at Soda Springs, and many trappers had been distributed along the country to pursue their labor for another season. Thomas McKay remained at Boise, from which place the travelers departed on Sunday afternoon, August 21, under the leadership of Mr. McLeod. They soon reached the Snake River, crossing at a point about where the Boise River at the present time forms a junction with the former. The crossing was located at the upper end of two islands which divided the river into three branches. After crossing the river, Mrs. Whitman noted in her journal:

"Left the Fort yesterday, came a short distance to the crossing of Snake River, crossed and camped for the night. The river has three branches, divided by islands, as it was when we crossed before. The first and second places were very deep, but we had no difficulty in crossing on horseback. The third was deeper, still; we dare not venture on horseback. This being a fishing post for the Indians, we easily found a canoe made of rushes and willows, on which we placed ourselves and our saddles (Sister Spaulding 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 was 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 left our 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, since we have been to so much labor in getting it thus far. It is a useful article in the country."

Thus we have the record of the ¹ first wagon to enter the State of Idaho. In the Bear River valley the front wheels were taken off and placed in the box, changing it into a cart. At Pilgrim Springs the box was left, but the running gears arrived at Fort Boise, where they remained.

¹This wagon, which became quite famous during the sectarian controversy arising out of the Whitman massacre, appears to have been "a bone of contention" in the missionary party after the crossing of Green River. At Fort Boise, however, the obstinacy on the part of Dr. Whitman, who insisted that it should go through to the Columbia River, provoked such a bitter altercation that the Doctor was compelled to capitulate. It was agreed that Mr. Gray should come back and get it, but he never came. The wagon was an attraction at old Fort Boise for a great many years. It is presumed that at last the irons were used for other purposes and the wood destroyed or lost when the Fort was abandoned.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST WAGONS TO REACH THE COLUMBIA—THE LONE PINE OF THE POWDER RIVER—GRAND RONDE—ARRIVAL AT THE WALLA WALLA—MRS. WHITMAN'S IMPRESSIONS—FORT WALLA WALLA.

It was four years before a wagon succeeded in getting beyond Fort Boise. In August, 1840, Francis Ermatinger, chief trader in command of Fort Hall for the Hudson's Bay Company, together with J. L. Meek, Robert Newell and Caleb Wilkins, American trappers, drove three wagons from Fort Hall to Walla Walla. These were the first wagons to reach the Columbia River country. These three wagons had been brought during that year to Fort Hall by Rev. Harvey Clark, Messrs P. B. Littlejohn and Alvin T. Smith, independent missionaries, and abandoned.

By three o'clock in the afternoon of August 26, the party had reached the divide between Burnt River and the Powder. Here the Doctor, Mrs. Whitman, and Mr. Gray, left Mr. Spaulding and wife with the mission camp outfit, Chief Rottenbelly for their guide, and hastened on to Lone Tree. This was a regular camping place for the trappers, it being situated a few miles northeast of the present town of Baker, Oregon. Mrs. Whitman's journal mentions this incident as follows:

"We parted from them about three o'clock, and came on as far as the Lone Tree. The place called the 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 travelers usually stop and refresh themselves. We left our tent for Mrs. Spaulding, as we expect to be out only a few night, while she may be out many. Mr. McLeod kindly offered his tent for my use, and when I arrive in camp, found it pitched and in readiness for me. This was a great favor, as the ~~X~~ind blew quite hard, and the prospects were for a cool night.

The Lone Tree appears to have stood at a point where the Oregon Trail touched Powder River, a distance of 1,692

miles from Independence. It was a solitary pine tree of considerable size, and was known by the French in the employ of the Northwest Company as early as 1818. It was one of the famous landmarks of the trail, but an emigrant cut it down in 1843,¹ only a few days before the arrival of the Fremont expedition of that year. It became thereafter known as the Lone Pine Stump.

On the 27th of August the route of the mission party lay through the valley of the Powder River, and over the ridge of high hills bounding the Grande Ronde valley on the east. Mrs. Whitman's journal for that day is interesting, especially when compared with travel of the present day.

"Girls, how do 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 weeks. If we can find a few small willows, or a single lone tree, we think ourselves amply provided for. But often our camping places are in some open plain, and frequently a sand place; but even here is rest and comfort. My husband, who is one of the best the world ever knew, is always ready to provide a comfortable shade with one of our saddle blankets spread upon some willows or sticks placed in the ground. Our saddles, fishamores and the other blankets, placed on the ground, constitute our sofa, where we recline and rest until dinner is ready. How do you think you would like this?

¹Peter H. Burnett, a pioneer of 1843, speaking of this camp, said: "We passed through some beautiful valleys and encamped on the branch of the Powder River at the Lone Pine. This noble tree stood in the center of a most lovely valley about ten miles from any other timber. It could be seen at a distance of many miles, rearing its majestic form above the surrounding plain, and constituted a beautiful landmark for the guidance of the traveler. Many teams had passed on before me, and at intervals, as I drove along, I would raise my head and look at that beautiful green pine. At last, on looking up as usual, the tree was gone. I was perplexed for a moment to know whether I was going in the right direction. There was the plain, beaten wagon road before me, and I drove on until I reached the camp just at dark. That brave old pine, which had withstood the storms and snows of centuries, had fallen at last by the vandal hands of man. Some of our inconsiderate people had cut it down for fuel, but it was too green to burn. It was a useless and most unfortunate act. Had I been there in time I should have begged those woodmen to 'spare that tree!'" (Oregon Historical Society, March, 1904.)

Would you not think a seat by mother in some cool room preferable? Sometimes my wicked heart has been disposed to murmur, thinking I have no rest from the heat when we stopped, but have always been reproved for it by the comfort and rest received. Under the circumstances I have never wished to go back. Such a thought never finds a place in my heart. 'The Lord is better to us than our fears.' I always find it so."

On the morning of the 28th Doctor and Mrs. Whitman lingered on the top of the hill overlooking the Grande Ronde valley. The point from which they viewed this grand panorama of the wilderness is probably the high point on the divide several miles southeast of where the Hot Lake sanatorium is now located. They reached the valley a few miles to the west of this building. Following the trail along the south border of the valley they crossed the Blue Mountains and camped on the Umatilla River at a place called Willow Springs, not to exceed six miles east of the present Indian Agency, on the evening of August 30th. On the morning of the 31st Mr. McLeod left the party and hastened on to Walla Walla to announce the coming of strangers. Following a well defined trail,¹ the party reached the Walla Walla River at a point about eight miles east of Wallula, on the evening of the 31st. The next day, September 1st, 1836, the first American woman to cross the continent rode into the historic grounds of Old Fort Walla Walla, and the land travel of this memorable journey was at an end. Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding arrived at noon, September 3rd.

Mrs. Whitman's impressions at the time are most graphically told in her journal of September 1st, and in the history of the great Northwest, yet to be written it will bountifully

¹ The trail followed from here to the Walla Walla is described by Wyeth as follows: "Left camp and proceed across Uilla River to the N. and up a mountain then took a slight ravine leads to a dry willowed creek going N. E. with a little water in puddles (Athena) then N. W. up a ravine to the height of land which is a gentle sloap. Then leaving the trail and going a few hundred yards to the left followed a dry ravine to the Walla Walla River, 22 miles in all N. W. then down the Walla Walla W. by N. 10 miles to Fort Walla Walla." The dry ravine which he followed to the Walla Walla, doubtless, is now known as Pansycle Canyon.

contribute to an epoch of intense interest in the growth of our country.

"You can better imagine our feelings this morning than we can describe them. I could not realize that the end of our journey was so near. We arose as soon as it was light, took a cup of coffee, ate of the duck 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 men and beast appeared alike to be impelled by the same force. The whole company galloped almost the whole of the way to the Fort. The first appearance we saw of civilization was the garden, two miles this side of the Fort. The fatigues of the long journey seem to be forgotten in the excitement of being so near the close. Soon the Fort appeared in sight, and when it was announced we were near, Mr. McLeod, Mr. Pambrum, the gentleman of the house, and Mr. Townsend (a traveling naturalist), sallied forth to meet us. After the usual introductions and salutation, we entered the Fort and were comfortably situated in cushioned arm 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 ridden over the mountains; they would have said, like me, that 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 of the company, I know not, but this much for him, I was pleased with his appearance. You may think me simple for speaking of such a small circumstance. No one knows the feelings occasioned by objects once familiar after a long deprivation, especially when it is heightened by no expectation of meeting with them. The door yard was filled with hens, turkeys and pigeons. In another place we saw cows and goats in abundance, and I think the largest and fattest cattle and swine I ever saw.

"We were soon shown to a room which Mr. Pambrum said he had prepared for us, by making two bedsteads, or bunks, on hearing of our approach. It was the west bastion of the Fort, full of port holes in the sides, but no windows, and filled with firearms. A large cannon, always loaded, stood behind the door by one of the holes. These things did not disturb me. I am so well pleased with the possession of a room to shelter me from the scorching sun that I scarcely notice them. Having arranged our things, we were soon called to a feast of melons, the first I think I ever saw or tasted. The muskmelon was the largest, measuring eighteen inches in length, fifteen around the small end, and nineteen around the large end. You may be assured that none of us were satisfied or willing to leave the table until we had filled our plates with chips.

"At four o'clock we were called to dine. It consisted of pork, turnips, cabbage, tea, bread and butter—my favorite dishes, and much like the last dinner I ate with Mother Loomis. I am thus particular in my description of eatables, so that you may be assured that we find something to eat beyond the Rocky Mountains as well as at home. We find plenty of salt, but many here prefer to do almost and some entirely without it on their meats and vegetables."

The historic building which now sheltered the principal characters in this narrative is entitled to special mention. On July 9, 1811, six years after Lewis and Clark passed down the Columbia, Mr. David Thompson, of the Northwest Company, landed on a point of land extending into the Columbia from the north bank of the Snake River. His journal contains the following:

"Here I erected a small pole with a half sheet of paper well tied about it, with these words on it: 'Know hereby that this country is claimed by Great Britain as a part of its territories, and that the N. W. Company of Merchants from Canada, finding the factory for this people inconvenient for them, do hereby intend to erect a factory in this place for the commerce of the country around. D. Thompson. Junction of the Shawpatin River with the Columbia. July 9th, 1811.'"

Donald MacKenzie, a veteran of the fur trade in Canada,

had become a partner of Mr. Astor, and made the overland trip in company with Mr. Wilson Price Hunt during the year 1811. Upon the breaking up of the Astor company, occasioned to some extent, perhaps, by the lack of loyalty on the part of some of his coadjutors, Mr. Mackenzie became associated with the Northwest Company of Canada, then strenuously engaged in extending their operations throughout the Columbia River basin. One of his early acts was to erect Fort Walla Walla, as a base for the Snake country fur trade extending as far east as Green River, and including the Salt Lake basin to the south. That Mr. Mackenzie will be featured by historic writers in the future there can be no doubt. He was a most remarkable man, powerful in physique (weighing 320 pounds), a great pedestrian, and untiring in the prosecution of his labor.

He built Fort Walla Walla, but several miles south of the point where Thompson set up the pole, in the summer of 1818, and it was occupied by the Northwest Company until 1821, when a coalition was effected between that company and its ancient rival, the Hudson's Bay Company. After passing into the hands of the united company it continued to be a Post of importance until 1855. Nathan Olney, sub-Indian agent at The Dalles, visited the Post in October of that year and endeavored to prevent the Indians south of the Columbia from joining the Yakima tribe, already at war with the whites. After a conference with Mr. Sinclair, the officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, it was decided to abandon the Post. A large amount of ammunition stored there was thrown into the river, and the post, containing merchandise valued at \$37,000.00 by the Hudson's Bay Company, was left in charge of a friendly Walla Walla Indian. The Indians, under Chief Peu-peu-mox-mox, then proceeded to pillage the building and ruthlessly deface the interior. The walls of the fort remained standing until the great flood of 1894, and the foundation is yet plainly visible.

On the afternoon of the 7th, the mission party embarked in an open boat or bateau for Fort Vancouver. The voyage was a delightful one, and on the morning of the 12th, as the

boats rounded Vancouver Point, the travelers observed two ships anchored in front of Fort Vancouver.¹ On landing they were met by Mr. Townsend who had preceded them to this post. Before the party reached the outer gate of the fort, they were met by Dr. Tolmie, Chief Factor Dr. McLoughlin and his compeer, Mr. Douglas, who extended a most hearty welcome to the Americans and escorted them to the residence of Dr. McLoughlin, where they were introduced to Mrs. McLoughlin and Mrs. Douglas, both half-breeds, yet women of some accomplishments and much merit. Later they met Miss Maria, daughter of Dr. McLoughlin; Mrs. Copendel, a lady from England, and Rev. Mr. Beaver and wife, a clergyman of the Church of England who had arrived at the post only a few days before. Mr. T. J. Farnham, who visited Vancouver in 1839, left a very complete description of this post, which may be of interest to the reader.

¹ Mr. Gray describes their arrival at Fort Walla Walla as follows: "From the saw-mill an Indian was sent on ahead to give notice at the Fort of the arrival of the party. Our captain, as the Americans would call Mr. Pambrun, who had charge of the boats, was slow in getting ready to start. Breakfast over, all dressed in their best clothes, the party proceeded on down the river. In coming around a bend of the upper end of the plain upon which the fort stands, we came in full view of two fine ships dressed in complete regalia from stem to stern, with the St. George cross waving gracefully from the staff in the Fort. Our party inquired innocently enough the cause of the display. Captain Pambrun evaded a direct answer. In a short time, as the boats neared the shore, two tall, well formed, neatly dressed gentlemen waved a welcome, and in a moment all were on shore. Rev. Mr. Spaulding and lady were introduced, followed by Dr. Whitman and lady, to the two gentlemen. One, whose hair was then nearly white, stepped forward and gave his arm to Mrs. Whitman. The other, a tall, black-haired, black-eyed man, with rather slim body, a light sallow complexion and smooth face, gave his arm to Mrs. Spaulding. * * * We began to suspect the cause of so much display."

CHAPTER VIII.

FORT VANCOUVER AS IT WAS IN 1839.

Fort Vancouver is, as has been already intimated, the depot at which are brought the furs collected west of the Rocky Mountains, and from which they are shipped to England; and also the place at which all the goods for the trade are landed; and from which they are distributed to the various posts of that territory by vessels, batteaux or pack animals, as the various routes permit. It was established by Governor Simpson in 1824, as the great center of all commercial operations in Oregon; is situated in a beautiful plain on the north bank of the Columbia, 90 miles from the sea, in latitude $45\frac{1}{2}$ degrees north, and in longitude 122 degrees west; stands 400 yards from the waterside. The noble river before it is 1670 yards wide, and from five to seven fathoms in depth; the whole surrounding country is covered with forests of pine, cedar and fir, etc., interspersed here and there with small open spots; all overlooked by the vast snowy pyramids of the President's Range, 35 miles in the east.

The fort itself is an oblong square 250 yards in length, by 150 in breadth, enclosed by pickets 20 feet in height. The area within is divided into two courts, around which are arranged 35 wooden buildings, used as officers' dwellings, lodging apartments for clerks, storehouses for furs, goods and grains; and as workshops for carpenters, blacksmiths, coopers, tanners, wheelwrights, etc. One building near the rear gate is occupied as a school house; and a brick structure as a powder magazine. The wooden buildings are constructed in the following manner. Posts are raised at convenient intervals, with grooves in the facing sides. In these grooves plank are inserted horizontally, and the walls are complete. Rafters raised upon plates in the usual way, and covered with boards, form the roofs.

Six hundred yards below the fort, and on the bank of the river is a village of 53 wooden houses, generally constructed like those within the pickets. In these live the company's

servants. Among them is a hospital in which those who become diseased are humanely treated. Back and a little east of the fort, is a barn containing a mammoth threshing machine; and near this are a number of long sheds, used for storing grain in the sheaf. And behold the Vancouver farm, stretching up and down the river—3,000 acres, fenced into beautiful fields—sprinkled with dairy houses, and herdsmen and shepherds' cottages! A busy place is this. The farmer on horseback at break of day, summons 100 half-breeds and Iroquois Indians from their cabins to the fields. Twenty or thirty plows tear open the generous soil; the sowers follow with their seed—and pressing on them come a dozen harrows to cover it. And thus thirty or forty acres are planted in a day, till the immense farm is under crop. The season passes on—teeming with daily industry until the harvest waves on all these fields. And then sickle and hoe glisten in tireless activity to gather in the rich reward of this toil—the food of 700 people at this post, and of thousands more at posts on the deserts in the east and north. The sawmill, too, is a scene of constant toil. Thirty or forty Sandwich Islanders are felling the pines and dragging them to the mill; sets of hands are plying two gangs of saws by night and day. Three thousand feet of lumber per day—900,000 feet per annum; constantly being shipped to foreign ports.

The grist mill is not idle. It must furnish breadstuff for the posts, and the Russian market in the northwest. And its deep music is heard daily and nightly half the year.

But we will enter the fort. The blacksmith is repairing ploughshares, harrow teeth, chains, and mill irons; the tinman is making cups for the Indians, and camp kettles, etc., the wheelwright is making wagons, and the wood parts of ploughs and harrows; the carpenter is repairing houses and building new ones; the cooper is making barrels for pickling salmon and packing furs; the clerks are posting books, and preparing the annual returns to the board in London; the salesmen are receiving beaver and dealing out goods. But hear the voices of those children from the school house! They are the half-breed offspring of the gentlemen and servants

of the company, educated at the company's expense, preparatory to being apprenticed to trades in Canada. They learn the English language, writing, arithmetic, and geography. The gardener, too, is singing out his honest satisfaction, as he surveys from the northern gate ten acres of apple trees laden with fruit—his bowers of grapevines—his beds of vegetables and flowers. The bell rings for dinner; we will see the hall and its convivialities.

At the end of a table 20 feet in length stands Governor McLoughlin, directing guests and gentlemen from neighboring posts to their places, at distances from the Governor corresponding to the dignity of their rank in the service. Thanks are given to God, and all are seated. Roast beef and pork, boiled mutton, baked salmon, boiled ham, beets, carrots, turnips, cabbage, potatoes, and wheaten bread, are tastefully distributed over the table among a dinner set of elegant queensware, burnished with glittering glasses and decanters of various colored Italian wines. Course after course goes round, and the Governor fills to his guests and friends; and each gentleman in turn vies with him in diffusing around the board a most generous allowance of viands, wines, and warm fellow feeling. The cloth and wines are removed together, cigars are lighted, and a strolling smoke about the premises, enlivened by a courteous discussion of some mooted point of natural history or politics, closes the ceremonies of the dinner hour at Fort Vancouver.

CHAPTER IX.

WAILLATPU MISSION—CAYUSE INDIANS—LAPWAI MISSION—
THE ABODE IN THE WILDERNESS—OLD OREGON—THE
HUDSON'S BAY CO.—MAIL ROUTES.

Returning to our narrative of events at Fort Vancouver, we note that to Dr. McLoughlin, Mrs. Whitman paid the following tribute:

"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."

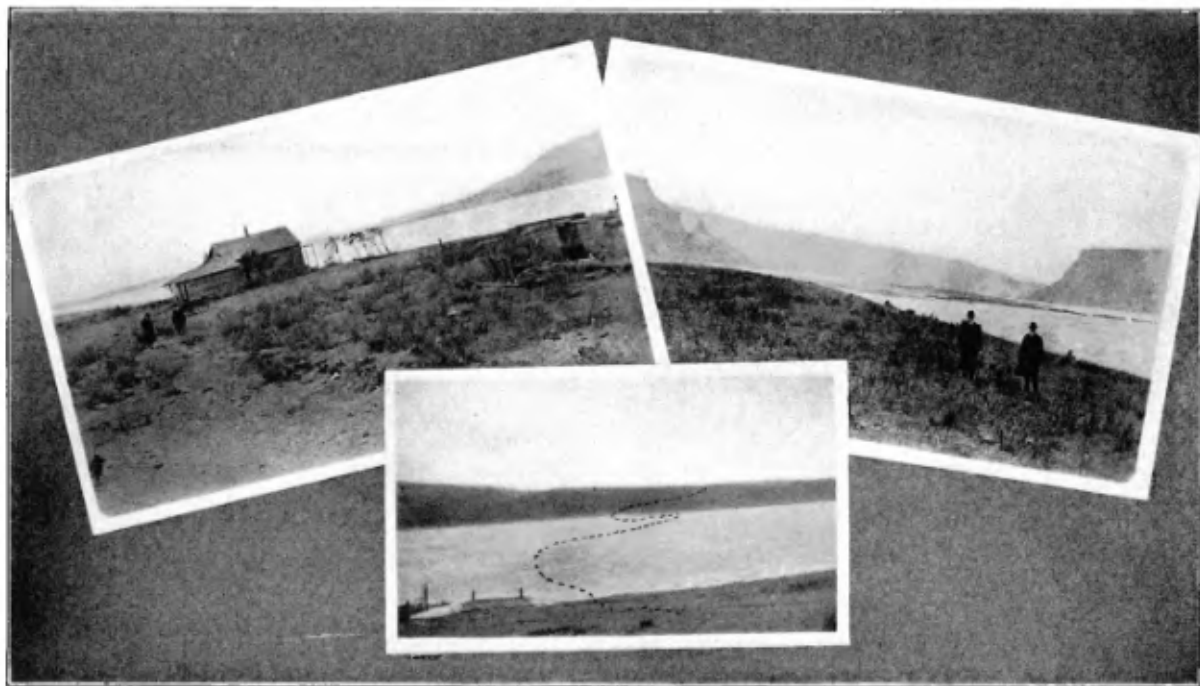
At Dr. McLoughlin's suggestion, it was decided that Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spaulding should remain at Fort Vancouver until a permanent location for the mission could be made. It was concluded at this time, in view of all the circumstances, to establish two missions instead of one, as had been the plan heretofore.¹ On the morning of September 21st, therefore, Messrs. Whitman, Spaulding and Gray, under the protection of Chief Trader Pambrum, embarked for the Walla Walla country. The Montreal Express arrived at Fort Vancouver October 18th, bringing Mr. Spaulding, who reported that two locations had been made, one on the Walla Walla River for the Doctor, and one on Lapwai Creek, about two miles from its mouth and twelve miles above the present town of Lewiston, Idaho, for Mr. Spaulding.

¹Under date of October 18th, Mrs. Whitman said: "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 * * * 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 * * * Mr. Parker recommends a place on the Kooskooska (Clearwater) River six days' ride above Walla Walla. I hope to give you the exact location before I send this. * * * The Montreal Express came this afternoon * * * They have each selected a location, my husband remains there to build, while Mr. Spaulding comes after us."

The Walla Walla mission was located on the Walla Walla River twenty-five miles above Fort Walla Walla, among the Cayuse, a tribe numbering probably less than two hundred all told. Though few in number, this tribe was rich, brave and powerful, but at this time divided into three factions, one of which resided at the Umatilla, near where the present agency is located, under the leadership of two chiefs, brothers, called Young Chief and Five Crows; the second faction resided to the north and nearer the mountains on the Umatilla, under Chief Camaspelo, and the third on the Walla Walla, governed by the celebrated Chief Tilaukait. The last named village appears to have been situated near the ford, about three miles above the mission. To this chief belonged the land selected for the Whitman mission, that became known as Waiilatpu. (Wy-ee'-lat'-poo). It is said the word would imply "the place where the rye grass grows."

After locating Waiilatpu, the mission party returned to Fort Walla Walla for their goods left there on their arrival from the east, and immediately commenced building a house. When this work was well under way they left it in charge of Mr Gray, while the Doctor and Mr. Spaulding visited the Nez Perces tribe, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles, and located the Lapwai mission. It was stated by Mr. John Turpin, for seventeen years the interpreter at Fort Walla Walla, and who accompanied him on his visit to the Cayuse and Nez Perces villages the year before, that Mr. Samuel Parker had promised the Indians annual payments for the use of their lands for mission purposes. From the repeated claims made by the Indians, that they should receive some compensation of this character, it would seem probable that Mr. Turpin's statement was true.

Dr. McLoughlin, having expressed his willingness to supply the missions until they should become more comfortably situated, furnished Mr. Spaulding with an outfit of clothing, bedding, building material, medicines and Indian goods, to the value of more than one thousand dollars. He likewise gave them an order on Fort Colville for all the grain or flour they should need for two years. In further token of his good



*Upper left—T. C. Elliott and Dr. George Bryce standing at the southeast corner of the site of Old Fort Walla Walla.
Upper right—View of the old Wallula City townsite. Below—View of Fort Walla Walla landing and old Indian crossing.*



Where died Alice Clarissa Whitman, the first white child born west of the Rocky Mountains. The little girl stands about where Alice fell into the water, and the cross marks the probable place where the body was found.

will towards the mission work, he allowed the Americans to make orders for such goods as were not to be had at Vancouver, and these orders he sent to England to be paid for by drafts on the American Board at a later date. When the goods arrived by ship at Vancouver, Dr. McLoughlin sent them to Fort Walla Walla, making a small charge for river transportation. Encouraged by all these most timely favors on the part of the Hudson's Bay Company, the mission party embarked for Fort Walla Walla November 3rd, and arrived at their destination on the evening of November 13th, 1836.

Soon after their arrival, Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding, accompanied by Mr. Gray, left Fort Walla Walla for Lapwai, where they arrived on November 29th, just eleven years before the fall of Waiilatpu. At Mr. Pambrun's urgent request, Mrs. Whitman remained at Fort Walla Walla three weeks, as a guest of Mrs. Pambrun and her charming daughter, Maria. In the meantime the Doctor was busily engaged in the construction of their dwelling on the north bank of the Walla Walla river twenty-five miles away. In due time the log house, lean-to, and fireplace were completed. Blankets were used for windows and doors, and the furniture made from boards sawed by hand from green cottonwood logs. To this abode in the wilderness, on the evening of December 10th, 1836, came Narcissa Prentiss Whitman, the fair and cultured bride, who led the way for a host of women across a continent. "Where are we now, and who are we that we should be thus blessed by the Lord?" was her comment as she gazed on the scenes around her.

When Mrs. Whitman took up her abode at Waiilatpu, the southern boundary of old Oregon followed the forty-second parallel from the Pacific Ocean to a point about twenty miles northeast of the present town of Rawlins, Wyoming. From here the eastern boundary followed the continental divide to a point on the Arctic Ocean about one hundred miles west of the mouth of the Mackenzie River. It was bounded on the west by Russian Alaska and the Pacific Ocean, and contained something over seven hundred thousand square miles. In this vast territory at that time there was not to exceed twenty-five Americans, and probably not more than fifty persons of the

white race, including all nationalities. The territory was dominated largely by the Hudson's Bay Company, a British corporation with a capital of two million dollars, with judicial power, authorized by Parliament, limited to civil cases not exceeding one thousand dollars, and criminal cases of no greater offense than an ordinary misdemeanor.

The officers of the Company, though dwelling in the wilderness, were men of education and refinement; they spoke the French and English languages most fluently, as they did also the Indian jargons, and employed in the operation of their business some twelve hundred Canadian, French half-breeds and Indians. They maintained twenty-three forts, five trading stations, several large farms, and a small fleet on the Pacific Ocean. In addition to these their several trading cavalades sought the remotest tribes, scoured the mountain streams to their sources, and penetrated every rocky defile in this vast region, in quest of their one object—beaver fur. While not inclined to favor American competition, they were universally kind, courteous and obliging to travelers, prompt to render aid to emigrants, and most graciously received and assisted the struggling missionaries regardless of sect. The history of Dr. McLoughlin, when truthfully written, will be so replete with the elements of kindly interest, and depict a character so richly endowed with the finer qualities of manhood that a grateful people, actuated by a high and noble regard for justice between man and man, will preserve and cherish it throughout the coming ages.

The settlement of the Canadian boundary dispute in the year of 1846; the influx of American settlers following the gold excitement of 1849, and the sharp decline in the market value of beaver fur when silk nap made its appearance, created conditions which rapidly overshadowed the supremacy of this great organization, and by the end of the year 1856 practically all their forts south of the boundary line had been abandoned. The United States, following the conditions imposed by a treaty with Great Britain, awarded damages to the amount of \$650,000.00, and the operations of the Hudson's Bay Company, in the territory of Old Oregon, south of the 49th parallel, came to end. Its history, however, being so intimately

- connected with the founding of American institutions in the Oregon country, will continue a theme of interest in the minds of those who regard the traditions of our country.

Through the courtesy of Mr. George H. Himes, custodian of the Oregon Historical Society's archives, the writer has been able to examine many of the original letters written by Mrs. Whitman while mistress of Wailatpu. The letters are written on foolscap paper, and folded in such a way as to form an envelope. The postage required at that time was 32 cents. She wrote a very plain, even hand, which can be read almost as easily as print; the Doctor, however, wrote in a very laborious manner, and some patience is required to decipher his meaning. Many of his letters were, doubtless, written by his wife.

As a rule the mail was received and sent out by the Company's annual express to and from Montreal. The route was by way of Lake Winnepeg, thence up the Saskatchewan to Edmonton, thence across country to the Athabaska, following that stream to its source, then crossing the continental divide to the Columbia at Canoe River, then down the former to Fort Vancouver. Occasionally mail was sent and received overland, through the obliging traders of the Company, and not infrequently by emigrants. At convenient times mail was sent by ships to the Hawaiian Islands, thence by the way of Panama or around the Horn.¹ The time required to write and receive a reply may be better appreciated by noting a few references from Mrs. Whitman's letters:

"Oct. 10th, 1840. My Dear Father:—It does us a great deal of good to receive letters from our dear parents, although it is not oftener than once in two years."

"July 11th, 1843. My Beloved Sister Jane:—Your letter of March and April '42, I received about three weeks since, and I can assure you I was not a little rejoiced in hear-

¹ It was the custom of the Hudson Bay Company and the missionaries to write letters in duplicate, sending one copy by the Montreal Express and the other by Hudson Bay Company ships to Sandwich Islands, thence to New York or Boston via the regular route across Mexico from Apapuloo to Vera Cruz.

ing from you, they being the first I have received from you since March '40, by Mrs. Littlejohn."

"April 15, 1847. My dear Jane:—I received your letter of March 27th, 1846, a week ago yesterday and for a whole day I could think of nothing else but you and weep."

On July 11th, 1838, writing to Mrs. Perkins at The Dalles, Mrs. Whitman mentioned that she had just received the first letters from home since she "bade them farewell."

CHAPTER X.

THE FIRST CHILD IS BORN—PEU-PEU-MOX-MOX—HISTORIC PLACES ON THE UMATILLA—THE PIOUS STICKAS—PROGRESS AT WAILLATPU—THE FIRST BEEF—GBAY RETURNS.

On the 14th of March, 1837, less than three months after her arrival at Wailatpu, and on her twenty-ninth anniversary, their first and only child was born to Dr. and Mrs. Whitman. She was named Alice Clarissa. "To be a mother in heathen lands, among savages, gives feelings that never can be known only to those who are such," wrote the mother. "If we ever needed your prayers and sympathies it is at the present time." Soon the Indians became much attached to the little child and she proved to be, during her short life of only two years, a strong bond between her parents and the natives.

A closer view of Wailatpu, more especially relative to the trails then in use, reveals the fact that they were well established highways, as important to the people of those days as are the present highways to the people of today. One of great importance to the present narrative, left the Umatilla River at a point known as Emigrant Crossing, five to six miles east of the present station, called the Mission, on the O.-W. R. & N. Railway, and leading north to the vicinity of Athena, thence to the northwest over the divide to Pine Creek. In the locality of this divide the trail appears to have forked, the left arm leading to Fort Walla Walla through a dry canyon, now known as Vansycle Canyon; the right in the direction of Milton, Oregon, not far from which place it crossed to the west side of the Walla Walla and followed that stream to a point three miles above Wailatpu, where it again crossed the Walla Walla at the village of Chief Tilaukait.

Mr. Farnham, of the Peoria party, who visited the Whitman mission in 1839, says:

"A ride of five miles (from the ford) brought us in sight of the grove around the mission. We crossed the river, passed the Indian camp hard by, and were at the gate of the mission field in the presence of Dr. Whitman."

The Indian camp referred to, doubtless, was that of Tilaukait, who owned the land where the mission was located, and who was the chief of that faction of the Cayuse tribe that resided on the Walla Walla River. It was this faction that planned and executed the horrible massacre of the Whitman mission, yet to be related.

It should be remembered that this was the trail which Dr. Whitman and Mr. Spaulding traveled the Saturday night preceding the Monday on which the massacre occurred. The left arm of this trail, leading to and down a dry canyon from the high lands northwest of Athena, Oregon, was the trail followed by the Whitman party on the arrival in the country, it being the usual route from the Umatilla River to Old Fort Walla Walla. The former was spoken of in early days as the Nez Perces trail, and at the ford near the village of Tilaukait, was where William McBean located his "Donation Land Claim" in after years, and the place where Father Cherouse, probably the first priest to locate on the Walla Walla River, settled as a close successor to Dr. Whitman.

The village of Peu-peu-mox-mox (Yellow Serpent), without the use of whose name the history of the Northwest could hardly be written, was on Pine Creek, just north of the Oregon-Washington boundary line, and, according to the best authority available, on the very land now known as the "Keystone Farm," owned by Mr. E. C. Burlingame, of Walla Walla, Washington. The Hudson's Bay stock or horse farm, appears to have been located two miles farther up Pine Creek and just south of the boundary line as it now exists.

One of the most regrettable features of the early history of the Northwest is the fact that geographical records were, as a rule, entirely omitted. Many places of historical interest are now located by mere chance, or after endless research. The home of Five Crows, where Miss Lorinda Bewley was held in captivity, is rescued from oblivion by only one paragraph, as far as the writer knows, found in Brouillet's "Authentic Account" (1869), on page 89, as follows:

"In a conversation that took place between Mr. Spaulding and Dr. Ponjade, in the Cayuse country, about five or

six miles at farthest from the place where the Catholic mission was afterwards established."

Farther along the statement of Dr. Ponjade informs us that:

"This is to certify that on the 31st day of August, 1847, while on the road to Oregon, I met Rev. H. H. Spaulding at the Willow Spring, at the foot of the Blue Mountains."

The last paragraph of the Doctor's statement reads:

"And so I left him (Spaulding) with his blanket spread full of one thing and another, and he also had many head of horses, for the purpose of trading with the emigrants."

This would establish the Catholic mission, which was in the house of Young Chief, at a point not to exceed six miles west of the Willow Spring, the place where the emigrant road crossed the Umatilla. It is known that the camp of Five Crows was only a short walk from the mission building, where Miss Bewley spent a part of her time.

The pathetic history of Stickas (or Istakus) at whose home Mr. Spaulding stopped from Sunday morning, November 28th, until Wednesday noon, December 1st, is likewise, in its more essential features at least, lost to history. That he was a friend of Spaulding's, and that he has had the moral support of all the early writers to a very remarkable degree, is the more amazing when reliable history reveals the fact that he was a lifetime friend to Tamsuky and Tintinmitsi, whose records are yet to be recorded in this narrative. Even the fact that he was an able lieutenant under Tilaukait, and was present at, and doubtless took part in the massacre at Wailatpu, at the very time Mr. Spaulding was staying at his house on the Umatilla, does not seem to have dampened the enthusiastic confidence accorded him and his religious profession with which he so frequently regaled the incoming emigrants.

The Doctor and Mrs. Whitman were no sooner settled in their field of labor than they set about to bring the mission up to some considerable degree of importance. They were hampered in their progress by the desire on the part of the

American Board that the mission be self supporting; also by the constant claim on the part of the Indians that they should be paid for the land used for mission purposes.

In spite of all obstacles, however, they had within the first two years a grist-mill in operation, a blacksmith shop, two very pretentious mission buildings, two hundred and fifty acres of land inclosed, about fifty of which were in cultivation. This cultivated field was situated directly west of the mission, and on the north side of the Walla Walla River. This land was irrigated by the overflow from the mill pond which stood close to the mission on the east, the water being conducted on the land through a deep ditch located on the north side of the buildings, which served also as a protection to the mission grounds.

So carefully did they guard their little herd of cows and calves that it was not until October, 1841, that they were able to supplant the use of horse meat for table use with home grown meat. One exception may be noted, however—the report that in the fall of 1838, Mr. Pambrun, of Fort Walla Walla, killed the first beef that was ever slaughtered in the Walla Walla country; a cow, twenty-two years old, and without a tooth in her head. Of this, Mr. Pambrun kindly sent a goodly portion to his missionary friends at Waiilatpu.

In the spring of 1837, it was thought best that Mr. Gray return to the East for additional help in the mission work. In both the journey and its object, he appears to have been reasonably successful, for he returned the following year with a wife, and the Reverends A. B. Smith, Elkanah Walker, Cushing Eells and their wives, and Cornelius Rogers. With this party came another pioneer, whose wonderful achievements in California have permanently fixed his name in the annals of western history—Mr. John A. Sutter. Writing to Mrs. Perkins, under date of November 5th, 1838, Mrs. Whitman said:

“How changed the scene now with us at Wioletpoo from what it has been in former day. Instead of husband and myself stalking about here like two solitary beings, we have the society of six of our brethren and sisters who eat at our table and expect to spend the winter with us!”

For a closer view of the new arrivals we again quote Mr. Gray:

"Rev. E. Walker was a tall, rather spare, stoop-shouldered, black-haired, brown-eyed, rather light-complexioned man, diffident and unassuming, always afraid to say amen at the end of his prayers, and requiring considerable effort to speak with confidence or decision upon any subject. This might arise from habit, or want of decision of character, or fear of offending. He had no positive traits of mind, yet he was studious, and kind as a friend and neighbor; faithful as a Christian, inefficient as a preacher. His efforts among the Indians were of the negative cast. The Indians respected him for his kindness, and feared him for his commanding appearance. Not at all adapted to fill the position he undertook—as an Indian missionary in Oregon—yet, as a citizen and settler, one of the best."

"Rev. C. Eells, a short, slim, brown-haired, light brown eyed, fair complexioned man, with a super-abundance of self-esteem, great pretensions to precision and accurateness of statement and strictness of conduct; very precise in all his actions, and about all his labors and property; with no soul to laud and admire nature, no ambition to lift his thoughts beyond the sphere of his own ideas of right, he was made to move in a small circle; his soul would be lost outside of it." "He had no poetry or romance in his soul, yet by dint of perseverance he was a good artificial singer. He lacked all the qualities requisite for a successful Indian missionary and a preacher of the gospel in a new country."

"Rev. A. B. Smith, a man whose prejudices were so strong that he could not be reasonable with himself. He attempted to make himself useful as a missionary, but failed for want of Christian forbearance and confidence in his associates. As to literary ability, he was superior to his associates, and probably excited their jealousy; so much so, that his connection in the mission became unpleasant, and he found an excuse to leave the country in 1841."

Messrs. Walker and Eells explored the Spokane country during the fall and located a mission at Tshim-a-kain, a few miles north of the Spokane River, some thirty miles below the present city of that name. They returned to Waiilatpu,

where they spent the winter, however, and there, on December 7th, 1838, Cyrus H. Walker was born. The following spring the two families returned to the Spokane country, where they remained until the fall of Waiilatpu. Mr. Smith and wife wintered at the Whitman mission, and in the spring located a mission at Kamiah, on the Clearwater, seventy miles above the present city of Lewiston, Idaho.

CHAPTER XI.

DEATH OF LITTLE ALICE—THE FUNERAL—TROUBLE WITH THE INDIANS—TROUBLE AMONG THE MISSIONARIES—GRAY'S OPINION OF SPAULDING.

In November, 1837, after a separation of nearly one year, Mrs. Whitman journeyed to Lapwai to visit Mrs. Spaulding. Eliza Spaulding was born that month and she, with little Alice, was baptized at the Lapwai mission.

"We had the unspeakable satisfaction of giving away our babies to God, and having the seal of that blessed covenant placed upon their foreheads." Wrote Mrs. Whitman.

Eliza is still living (December, 1915), honored and respected by all who know her. Alice had grown to be a healthy, robust child by the time she reached the summer of 1839. She is said to have been able to converse quite distinctly in both the English and Nez Perce languages, and to have inherited her mother's gift of music. On Sunday morning, June 23rd, 1839, the sun came forth in a cloudless sky; all nature laden with a mantle of green, and the birds warbled their benediction from the trees about the mission. Alice asked that the hymn, "Rock of Ages," might be sung at the morning prayer. In the atmosphere of peace and contentment the day was passing, but closed beneath a shadow such as only a mother can ever know.

Writing to Mrs. Perkins on the following Tuesday, Mrs. Whitman advised her of the passing of little Alice as follows:

"Your letter of April 1st, I received but a few days ago, or it would have been answered much sooner. You make some important enquiries concerning my treatment of my precious child, Alice Clarissa, now laying by me a lifeless lump of clay. Yes, of her I loved and watched so tenderly, I am bereaved. My Jesus in love to her and us has taken her to Himself.

"Last Sabbath, blooming in health, cheerful and happy in herself and in the society of her much loved parents, yet in

one moment she disappeared, went to the river with two cups to get some water for the table, fell in and was drowned. Mysterious event! we can in no way account for the circumstances connected with it, otherwise than that the Lord meant it should be so. Husband and I were both engaged in reading. She had just a few minutes before been reading to her father; had got down out of his lap, and as my impression, was amusing herself by the door in the yard. After a few moments, not hearing her voice, I sent Margaret to search for her. She did not find her readily, and instead of coming to me to tell me she had not found her, she went to the garden to get some radishes for supper; on seeing her pass to the water to wash them, I looked to see if Alice was with her, but saw that she was not. That moment I began to be alarmed, for Mungo had just been in and said there were two cups in the river. We immediately inquired for her, but no one had seen her. We then concluded she must be in the river. We searched down the river, and up and down again in wild dismay, but could not find her for a long time. Several were in the river searching far down. By this time we gave her up for dead. At last an old Indian got into the river where she fell in and looked along by the shore and found her a short distance below. But it was too late, she was dead. We made every effort possible to bring her to life, but all was in vain. On hearing that the cups were in the river, I resolved in my mind how they could get there, for we had not missed them. By the time I reached the water side and saw where they were, it came to my recollection that I had a glimpse of her entering the house and saying, with her usual glee, 'ha, ha! supper is most ready' (for the table had just been set) 'let Alice get some water,' at the same time taking two cups from the table and disappearing. Being absorbed in reading, I did not see her or think anything about her—which way she went to get the water. I had never known her to go to the river or to appear at all venturesome until within a week past. Previous to this she had been much afraid to go near the water anywhere, for her father had once put her in, which so effectually frightened her that we had lost that feeling of anxiety for her in a measure on its account. But she had gone; yes, and because my Saviour would have it so."

To her father she wrote:

"O, how often have I felt and thought what a privilege it would be, if I could see and unburden to my dear parents the sorrow of my broken and bleeding heart, since we have been bereft of our dear, sweet babe."

On Sunday night a messenger was dispatched to Lapwai to inform Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding. Mr. Hall, the printer, reached Wailatpu on Tuesday evening following, and the Spauldings on Thursday morning. Mr. Pambrun came from the fort, and Alice was buried that afternoon, just four days after her untimely death.

Trouble of the most virulent nature had, from time to time, occurred in the ranks of the lonely missionaries, and at the time of the death of little Alice it seems to have been at its height. These most unhappy conditions usually centered around Mr. Spaulding; and the hope was entertained, by some at least, that this sad event would divest their hearts of an evil spirit and let prevail the better angels of their nature.

Besides a few domestics from the mission, there were six people in the funeral procession that afternoon, and slowly and sadly it trod its way to the foot of a small elevation some two hundred yards to the north. Only a bereaved mother can appreciate the anguish that tore the brave heart of Narcissa Prentiss as they gathered about the open grave. Choosing for a text the 26th verse, Chapter 4, from II. Kings, Mr. Spaulding read as follows:

"Run now, I pray thee, to meet her, and say unto her, is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with thy child? And she answered, it is well."

The hope that the sad and deplorable loss to Dr. and Mrs. Whitman would bring peace between the belligerent missionaries appears to have been indulged in vain, for the ominous storms of personal discord continued to rage with unabated severity. Also during this year, 1840, the Nez Perce Indians had destroyed the mill at Lapwai, assaulted Spaulding with a gun, and even Mrs. Spaulding had not escaped insult at their hands. At the Whitman mission, the Cayuse Indians had de-

stroyed the Doctor's irrigation ditches, turned their horses into his grain fields, and when reproved, had assaulted him with an ax and thrown mud in his face. To accelerate the personal quarrels of these pioneers, and widen the breach already presaging a general eruption, the missionaries now resorted to letter writing and carried their manifold troubles to the American Board in Boston. William I. Marshall, an able and fearless critic, has brought to light and published many hitherto unknown documents, which must necessarily cause much of the Northwest history to be revised.

One only, from the Rev. A. B. Smith, dated September 28th, 1840, and addressed to the Prudential Committee, in Boston, will be quoted.

"I would recommend that Mr. Spaulding be recalled to the States and dismissed from the service of the Board without bringing him to any trial respecting his conduct here. From what I have seen and know of him, I greatly fear that the man will become deranged should any heavy calamity befall him. These remarks I have just read to Dr. Whitman and he concurs in what I have written, and says, moreover, that Mr. Spaulding has a disease in his head, which may result in derangement, especially if excited by external circumstances."

Mr. Spaulding, however, pursued the even tenor of his way for thirty-four years after this diagnosis of his trouble, and though he passed through many calamities, and was frequently excited by external circumstances, there appears no indication, other than his natural traits, of mental derangement. Mr. Gray speaks of him as follows:

"The first impression of the stranger on seeing H. H. Spaulding is that he has before him an unusual countenance. He begins to examine, and finds a man with sharp features, large, brown eyes, dark hair, high, projecting forehead, with many wrinkles, and a head nearly bald. He is of medium size, stoop-shouldered, with a voice that can assume a mild, sharp, or boisterous key, at the will of its owner; quite impulsive, and bitter in his denunciations of a real, or supposed enemy; inclined in the early part of his missionary labor to accumulate property for the especial bene-

fit of family, though the practice was disapproved of and forbidden by the regulations of the American Board. In his professional character he was below mediocrity. As a writer or correspondent he was bold, and rather eloquent, giving ~~overdrawn~~ life-sketches of passing events. His moral influence was injured by strong symptoms of passion when provoked or excited."

That Mr. Spaulding harbored an unusual dislike for Dr. Whitman, and had since leaving Angelica, New York, and that this feeling had been continually nurtured until the fall of Waiilatpu, there can hardly remain a well defined doubt. To such an extent had he prejudiced the minds of the other members of the mission against the Doctor, that it was, previous to the death of his child, voted that he remove from Waiilatpu and establish another mission. Doubtless he would have done so had not his affliction intervened. Bancroft says of Whitman, "I do not know which to admire most, his coolness or his courage. His nerves were of steel; his patience was excelled only by his absolute fearlessness; in the mighty calm of his nature he was a Caesar for Christ."

CHAPTER XII.

A PATHETIC LETTER—ARRIVAL OF THE CATHOLICS—THE FIRST PRINTING PRESS—DEATH OF PAMBRUN—THE DESTRUCTIVE ORDER—THE ARRIVAL OF DR. WHITE AND A. L. LOVEJOY—A CONFERENCE—A RECONCILIATION—A WINTER'S RIDE—THE ROUTE OF TRAVEL.

It was the brave and patient Mrs. Whitman that broke the silence of four years' duration. In a letter dated at Waiilatpu, October 10th, 1840, written to her father, she said:

"Our trials dear father knows but little about. The missionaries' greatest trials are but little known to the churches. I have never ventured to write about them for fear it might do hurt. The man who came with us is one who never ought to have come. My dear husband has suffered more from him in consequence of his wicked jealousy, and his great pique toward me, than can be known in this world. But he suffers not alone—the whole mission suffers, which is most to be deplored. It has nearly broken up the mission. This pretended settlement with father, before we started, was only an excuse, and from all we have seen and heard, both during the journey and since we have been here, the same bitter feeling exists. His principal aim has been at me; as he said, 'Bring out her character,' 'Expose her character,' as though I was the vilest creature on earth. It is well known I never did anything before I left home to injure him, and I have done nothing since, and my husband is as cautious in speaking and thinking evil of him or treating him unkindly, as my own dear father would be, yet he does not, nor has he, received the same kindness from him since we have been missionaries together.

Every mind in this mission that he has had access to, he has tried to prejudice against us, and did succeed for a while, which was the cause of our being voted to remove and form a new mission. This was too much for my husband's feelings to bear, and so many arrayed against him and for no good reason. He felt as though he must leave the mission, and no doubt would have done it, had not the Lord removed from us our beloved child.



Site of Waiilatpu sixty-seven years after its fall. Cross marks location of west wall of the mission house, and the trees grow near where Dr. Whitman and John Sager were killed.



*Upper left—Mrs. Rebecca Hopkins (Hall), Mrs. Eliza Spaulding Warren, Mrs. Nancy A. Jacobs (Osborne).
Lower left—Mrs. Susan M. Wirt (Kimball), Mrs. Lorinda Chapman (Bewley).*

"This affliction softened his feelings and made him willing to suffer the will of the Lord. although we felt that we were suffering wrongfully. The death of our babe had a great effect on all in the mission; it softened their hearts toward us, even Mr. S.'s for a season. I never have had any difficulty with his wife; she has treated me very kindly to my face, but recently I have learned that she has always partook of the feelings of her husband. I have always loved her and felt as if no one could speak against her. The Lord in His providence has brought things around in such a way that all see and feel where the evil lies, and some of them are writing to the Board and proposing measures to have an overture and settlement made, and it may require his removal or return to effect it; not so much for his treatment toward us as some others also. A particular charge brought against him is duplicity. It is painful for me to write thus concerning us here; and this is but a small item of what might be said. I have long had a desire to have some few judicious friends know our trials, so they may understand better how to pray for us. If this mission fails, it will be because peace and harmony does not dwell among its members. Our ardent prayer is that it may not fail. It is this state of things among us that discourages us. When we look at the people and the providence of God, we are more and more encouraged every year." (Transactions O. P. S., 1893, page 129. Original letter on file.)

Returning now, in the course of our narrative of events at Wailatpu, we shall gather up the loose threads as far back as 1838. In November of this year the first Catholics to visit the country arrived at Fort Walla Walla, on their way from Canada to Fort Vancouver—Vicar General F. N. Blanchet and Rev. M. Demers. They remained but one day, celebrating mass and baptising three persons. Mr. P. C. Pambrun, then in charge of the fort, being a Catholic, invited these missionaries to baptize his three daughters and wife, then at Vancouver, and to bless his marriage to Mrs. Pambrun. To some of the Protestant missionaries, the arrival of the Catholics was a matter of grave concern. Mrs. Whitman, however, in writing to her friend, Mrs. Perkins, of the Metho-

dist mission at The Dalles, commented on their advent as follows: (Letter dated February 18th, 1839.)

"The Lord will take care of those Roman priests there. It is doubtless for some wise purpose he has permitted them to enter this country. May we be wise and on the alert, and show ourselves as true, faithful, energetic in our Master's work as they do, and we shall have no cause for fear, for there are more of us than against us."

During a protracted meeting held at the Lapwai mission in November, 1839, one of the first Indians to be converted was one Joseph. At the time of the massacre at Waiilatpu, he threw off his mantle of piety and was one of the first to pillage the house of Mr. Spaulding. This Indian was the father of Chief Joseph, the celebrated warrior who led the Indians against the whites in the war of 1877.

Several arrivals from the east during the autumn of this year were of considerable help to the Doctor, in as much as he had under construction a new mission house and labor was hard to obtain. Rev. J. S. Griffin, Mr. A. Munger, and their wives, William Geiger, a friend of the Whitmans, and a Mr. Johnson, came out during the year. A few of the more persistent members of the "Peoria Party" arrived at the mission on the 23rd of September. Mr. Hall and wife arrived from the Sandwich Islands, bringing the first printing press to the Pacific Coast. It was installed at Lapwai, where it did good service until 1846. Mr. Hall returned to the Islands in 1840. The press is now included among the valuable relics of the Oregon Historical Society, at Portland, Oregon. At the close of 1839 there were about ten Protestant missionaries, two Catholic missionaries, two doctors, six laymen, thirteen American women, and some twenty settlers in the Oregon country. There were also ten children, five of whom had been born in the country.

In 1841, Mr. Pambrun, in charge of Fort Walla Walla, was thrown from a horse and severely injured. After lingering four days under the care of Dr. Whitman, he died a most painful death. He was succeeded by Mr. Archibald

McKinlay,¹ a Scotch Presbyterian, who remained steadfast friend to Dr. and Mrs. Whitman until the fall of the mission. By this time the new mission house was completed, a building 18x120 feet, and one and a half stories high, walls made of adobe, or mud brick, the lumber being cut with a whip-saw in the Blue Mountains, some fifteen miles from the mission, and packed down on horses. The adobe walls were whitewashed with a mixture made of fresh water shells, which gave the building a very imposing appearance.

The Indians looked with a jealous eye on what they considered evidences of great prosperity on the part of the missionaries. The new buildings, large fields and growing crops would, as they reasoned, entitle them to some compensation for the use of their lands upon which the buildings stood, and upon which the wealth of grain was grown. The promise to teach them how to work, and frequent lectures about their many sins, were looked upon as a feeble recompense for the use of their fields and forests; neither was this feeling abated when they observed the Doctor selling his products to passing emigrants, a practice they never approved of.

They insisted upon entering the house at all hours, of stalking through the rooms unbidden, they turned their horses into the garden and grain fields, destroyed the irrigation ditches, threw mud in the Doctor's face, and waxed indignant when reproved. Under these conditions the noble mistress of Waiilatpu wrote:

"Our united choice would be to live and die here, to spend our lives for the salvation of this people."

After submitting their childish and undignified quarrels to writing in the form of numerous and lengthy letters to the home office, the brethren were not long to remain in suspense. In February, 1842, the Prudential Committee of the Ameri-

¹ Archibald McKinlay, who succeeded Pambrun, was a son-in-law of Peter Skene Ogden. In 1845 he was transferred to Oregon City in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company store there and advanced to the rank of Chief Trader. While he was always friendly to the Whitmans, he was not in the Walla Walla country at the time of the massacre, William McBean, a Catholic, having succeeded him.

can Board issued what later became known as "Destructive Order," which is here quoted:

"Resolved, that the Rev. Henry H. Spaulding be recalled, with instructions to return by the first direct and suitable opportunity; that William H. Gray be advised to return home, and also that Rev. Asa B. Smith, on account of the illness of his wife; That Dr. Marcus Whitman and Cornelius Rogers be designated to the northern branch of the mission; and that the two last named be authorized to dispose of the mission property in the southern branch of the mission."

Before the receipt of the above order at Wailatpu, it would appear that some of the mission members had already severed their connection with the work. We quote the following from Gray's History of Oregon:

"Rev. A. B. Smith and his wife, Cornelius Rogers, and W. H. Gray and wife had left the mission of the American Board, on account of difficulties they had become fully satisfied would ultimately destroy the mission or drive it from the country. Mr. Spaulding, it will be remembered, was a man of peculiar temperament, ambitious and selfish. He could not endure an associate of superior talent, or admit himself to be inferior in understanding the native language."

On September 15th of this year, 1842, the first emigrant train that came out over the Oregon Trail, of any volume, arrived at Wailatpu. It consisted of one hundred and twelve persons who had been gathered together in the States by Dr. Elijah White, who was in charge of the train. They had started with some sixteen wagons, but these had been left along the trail, as had all their household effects, and they arrived at the mission station carrying their scanty goods on horses. Dr. White and Mr. A. L. Lovejoy remained over two days at Wailatpu, and it is but natural that they acquainted the Doctor with much important information bearing on the Oregon question, then being discussed in the National Congress. Dr. White surprised the mission people by producing a commission from the Government at Washington as Sub-Indian

Agent for Oregon, this being the first resident appointment in the Pacific Coast country. He likewise delivered to the mission mail from the East, which included a letter from the American Board containing the destructive order heretofore referred to.

While the sky was dark and foreboding, still the Doctor and Mrs. Whitman were not expecting a thunder-bolt of this formidable nature. They were, it is true, to remain in the mission work, but even so that was cold comfort in the presence of an order that would entail the loss of six years of arduous labor in building Waillatpu. In addition to their manifold troubles, the American Board was again demanding that the mission should be self-supporting, a thing utterly impossible under the existing conditions. With all these dire uncertainties hanging on their tired hearts, the Doctor and Mrs. Whitman gathered what comfort they could from their two days' visit with Dr. White and Mr. Lovejoy. From the happy-go-lucky nature of Dr. White, it may be concluded that he left the mission family in higher spirits than when he arrived.

The appointment of Dr. White at that time was an act of some delicacy, as there were grave doubts as to the Government's right to make such an appointment in view of existing treaties. He had been associated with the Methodist mission at the Willamette as far back as 1837, but his relationship with that society had been disagreeable in the extreme, and he had severed his connection with it in 1840 and left the country under somewhat of a cloud. Upon his return to the East he set about delivering a series of lectures in the middle States, and, in this manner, he gathered together this migration. At this time the administration was, in a quiet way, it would seem, exerting itself to encourage settlement in the Oregon country and was using a "secret fund" for that purpose. Already a part of this fund (a secret fund of the President to be used for such purposes) had been used to assist the Methodist reinforcement, and out of this fund Dr. White was to be paid his salary as pseudo sort of an Indian agent, amounting to \$750.00 per year. His commission failed to relieve the uncertainty of either his authority or duties, but owing to his versatile character he was per-

fectly able to assert himself under all circumstances and assume any authority he might require.

His principal duty, as it now appears, was to encourage settlement in the Oregon country and to indicate to the pioneers already there that it was the purpose of the Government to hold Oregon. If his appointment was a surprise to Dr. Whitman, it was a matter of great astonishment to the brethren at the Willamette settlement when he came marching back at the head of the first emigrant train, and with his wonderful commission.

That Mr. A. L. Lovejoy, who was traveling for his health, and who was a relative to and named after Congressman Abbot Lawrence, from near Boston, the home of Secretary Webster, was a potent factor in shaping the plan of action on the part of Dr. Whitman, there can be but little if any doubt. In view of all the circumstances, and with some authentic data which appears to support the theory, one does not have to strain one's imagination in order to appreciate the whispered words of hope that Dr. Whitman may have heard at Wailatpu upon the arrival of Dr. White and Mr. Lovejoy from the seat of power. With the achievements of the former in evidence, why should not Dr. Whitman obtain assistance and save his mission? Every argument was favorable to a trip—every hope gleamed above the eastern horizon. Yes, Mr. Lovejoy would accompany him and would be at Fort Walla Walla at any time the Doctor should conclude to start. He would appeal to the administration. Lord Ashburton had arrived in the country before Dr. White's departure, the boundary question doubtless would be considered in the treaty negotiations, the people were clamoring for the occupation of Oregon, and why should it not be well for Dr. Whitman to go east with his difficulties?

On September 26th, in response to an urgent call sent out on the departure of Dr. White, Messrs. Spaulding, Eells and Walker were gathered around a table in the sitting room of the Whitman mission. Eells and Walker were late, having encamped over Sunday, the 25th, on the Touchet, but Spaulding, meek and repentant, awaited their coming. It may be

judged that the destructive order had already produced a salutary effect on the minds of the belligerent brethren, for the first two days of the meeting were devoted to the timely work of effecting a reconciliation. The third day, September 28th, was consumed in discussing the advisability and form of a proposed resolution favorable to the retention of both Waiilatpu and Lapwai stations. The Doctor had mentioned the idea of going East to meet the Prudential Committee in person, but had not definitely settled the matter in his own mind.

Mr. Spaulding, the fate of his mission also being in jeopardy, readily, and apparantly without any qualms of conscience, assented to the proposed perilous mountain ride in the dead of winter. Eells and Walker were more solicitous of the Doctor's life, however, but not enough so to prevent their approving and signing the following resolution:

"Resolved, That if arrangements can be made to continue the operations of this station, that Dr. Marcus Whitman be at liberty and advised to visit the United States as soon as practicable, to confer with the Committee of the A. B. C. F. M. in regard to the interest of this mission."

(Signed)

"E. WALKER, Moderator.

"CUSHING EELLS, Scribe.

"H. H. SPAULDING.

"Waiilatpu, Sep. 28, 1842."

The responsibility, not only from the multitudinous dangers to be encountered on such a journey, but the possible disapproval of such a step by the Prudential Committee as well, might easily perturb the more timid minds of Eells and Walker. They proposed, therefore, to return to their station beyond the Spokane River, write out their joint views of the situation, and send the same under seal to Waiilatpu for the Doctor to carry to the States. The Doctor's assent, if any was given, must have been of an indifferent nature, for when the joint epistle arrived at Waiilatpu, he was passing through the Grande Ronde valley on his now historic journey.

It was the 17th of September when Dr. White and Mr. Lovejoy, their blood tingling with the exigencies of a situa-

tion that only a frontier country can provide, left the mission and proceeded to Fort Walla Walla, where the latter was to remain for the time being with Mr. McKinlay. It would hardly be considered contrary to good reasoning if we conclude that Mr. Lovejoy suggested the trip, and, therefore, proposed to accompany him in its execution. At any rate he was ready and joined the Doctor on October 3rd for a journey few would care to take even at this day.

The distance from Wailatpu, by the most direct route at that time, to Independence, Missouri, was 1816 miles. From Wailatpu to Fort Hall was 528 miles, which was covered in eleven days. For some unaccountable reason they veered to the south at Ham's Fork of the Green River, and passed Fort Bridger,¹ Uintah,² Uncompahgre³ and Taos, by the way of the old Spanish Trail. From the latter place they followed

¹ "Fort Bridger, which stood in the beautiful valley of Black's Fork of Green River, was one of the famous posts of the West. Its history, however, belongs to the emigration period, and it was founded in the very year which has been designated as the dividing line between this period and that of the fur trade. It has the further distinction of being founded by one of the most noted characters which either period produced. (Jim Bridger, the father of Mary Ann Bridger, who became a member of Mrs. Whitman's family.) Fortunately, we have the founder's own account of the establishment of the post (December 10th, 1843). It is as follows: 'I have established a small fort with a blacksmith shop and a supply of iron in the road of the emigrants on Black's Fork of Green River, which promises fairly. They, in coming out, are generally well supplied with money, but by the time they get there are in want of all kinds of supplies. Horses, provisions, smith work, etc., bring ready cash from them, and should I receive the goods hereby ordered will do a considerable in that way with them. The same establishment trades with the Indians in the neighborhood, who have mostly a good number of beaver among them.'" (Chittenden.)

² Robidoux, a Frenchman, built Fort Uintah, which was located on the Spanish trail, at a point on the Uintah River a short distance above its confluence with the Du Chesne. Fremont, who passed there in 1844, says that the fort was attacked shortly afterward by the Utah Indians and all its occupants massacred except Robidoux, who happened to be absent.

³ A highway, or trail, of much importance during the early part of the century, extended from Taos, now New Mexico, to the head waters of the Missouri. As early as 1824, a trader by the name of Robidoux traveled this trail in his numerous trading expeditions with the tribes of the north. His business became so profitable that he established a fort on the left bank of the Gunnison, a short distance below the mouth of the Uncompahgre River. At the time Dr. Whitman was here it was known as Fort Uncompahgre.

the Santa Fe Trail to Fort Bent,¹ where Lovejoy remained, and the Doctor, joining a trader's train, continued on to Independence. This detour must have added one thousand miles to the overland journey, and led them through the most rugged mountain country in the west. During the journey they were compelled to eat mule meat, dogs, and such other animals as came in their way. The Doctor reached the frontier in March, 1843.

Writing on Thursday, the day after the mission meeting adjourned, Mrs. Whitman said:

"I sit down to write you, but in great haste. My beloved husband has about concluded to start next Monday to go to the United States, the dear land of our birth; but I remain behind."

The following day she wrote:

"My Beloved Parents, Brothers and Sisters:—You will be surprised if this letter reaches you to learn that the bearer is my dear husband, and that you will after a few days have the pleasure of seeing him. May you have a joyful meeting. He goes upon important business as connected with the missionary cause, the cause of Christ in this land, which I will leave for him to explain when you see him, because I have not time to enlarge. He had but yesterday fully made up his mind to go, and he wishes to start Monday, and this is Friday. I shall be left quite alone at this station for a season as Mr. G. (Gray) and family leave for the Willamette to engage in a public school, and is discharged from this mission. He wishes to cross the mountains during this month, I mean October, and reach St. Louis about the first of December if he is not detained by the cold, or hostile Indians. O may the Lord preserve him through the dangers of his way. He has for a com-

¹ Bent's Fort stood on the left bank of the Arkansas River about half way between La Junta and Las Animas, Colorado. It was established in 1829, by Bent Brothers, of St. Louis, celebrated men of their day. At the time Dr. Whitman was there it was in full operation, employing from 80 to 100 men. It was one of the largest forts to be established during the life of the Indian trade, and standing 30 feet high, its white walls could be seen for a great distance in any direction. It was destroyed in 1852, for some unaccountable reason, by one of its owners.

panion Mr. Lovejoy, a respectable, intelligent man and a lawyer, but not a Christian, who expects to accompany him all the way to Boston, as his friends are in that region, and perhaps to Washington. This is a comfort to me, and that he is not to go alone, or with some illiterate mountain man, as we at first expected he would be obliged to. He goes with the advice and entire confidence of his brethren in the mission, and who value him not only as an associate, but as their physician, and feel, as much as I do, that they know not how to spare him; but the interest of the cause demand the sacrifice on our part; and could you know all the circumstances in the case you would see more clearly how much our hearts are identified in the salvation of Indians and the interest of the cause generally in this country."

As the travel worn missionary, standing at the boat landing at Independence, gazed across the muddy waters of the Missouri River at the old town of Liberty, the scenes of six years before must have passed before his vision, while his great heart went out in pity for his lonely companion now in the wilds of Oregon. On the way to St. Louis he learned, doubtless, that the treaty with Great Britain, without in any way affecting the Oregon boundary, had been confirmed seven months before. He found, also, that the Linn bill, pertaining to Oregon lands, had passed the Senate, but had been defeated in the House; that the Secretary of War had recommended a line of military posts along the line of travel to the Pacific Coast, and an appropriation of public funds for the purpose of sending settlers to Oregon. In fact, he found the country clamoring for the occupation of Oregon, and already the emigration of 1843 in process of formation under Peter Burnett on the west bank of the Missouri.

CHAPTER XIII.

ARRIVAL AT BOSTON—THE RETURN JOURNEY—THE TRAIN OF
1843—MRS. WHITMAN ALONE—AN ATTEMPT TO ASSAULT
—ZEAL OF THE MISSIONARIES—A TRIBUTE.

Much encouraged by these favorable conditions, he hurried on to Boston in order to arrange his affairs in time to join this emigration for his return trip across the mountains. The Doctor met with a frigid reception upon his arrival at the office of the American Board on March 30th, 1843, where he discovered that the joint letter written by Messrs. Walker and Eells, and which appears to have been joined in by Mr. Spaulding, had preceded him by mail via the Sandwich Islands. The American Board had as yet declined to recall the destructive order, but on April 4th the Doctor appeared before the Prudential Committee, as a result of which the following was ordered spread upon their records:

“Resolved, That Dr. Marcus Whitman and Rev. H. H. Spaulding be authorized to continue to occupy the stations of Waiilatpu and Clearwater, as they did previous to the adoption of the resolution referred to above.

“Resolved, That Mr. William H. Gray and wife of the same mission be, at his request, released from further connection with the Board.

“Resolved, That a missionary be sent to strengthen the Oregon mission, if a suitable person can be obtained.”

Returning to the frontier, he found the emigration rendezvous established at a point just over the Missouri line, twelve miles west of Independence. The report that the party of 1842 had reached the Columbia safely having been circulated after the Doctor's arrival in March probably had actuated some, at least, of the one thousand now assembled for the promised land. Recording the features of this emigration, Bancroft intimates that the Doctor attempted to supply himself on his return trip by shooting wild game, taking no provisions whatever. Daniel Waldo says that all he had was a boiled ham, and that he (Waldo) fed him in Kansas and

again after crossing the Snake River. Mr. Lovejoy, having remained at Fort Bent, now joined the train at Fort Laramie.¹ On reaching Burnt River, a messenger from Lapwai advised Dr. Whitman that Mr. Spaulding desired his presence at once. He proceeded on ahead, and having administered to the family of the brother, hurried to Wailaptu, where he arrived a day or so ahead of the emigrant train.

When the great train of squeaking wagons came rolling into Wailatpu, the one great demand of the travel stained pioneers was provisions. Doctor Whitman supplied them to the limit of his store, which necessitated the packing on horses of a new supply from Lapwai. No sooner was this magnanimous deed performed than he rode away to the north, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, to attend Mrs. Eells in confinement. Returning to his station, he hastened down the river to meet Mrs. Whitman, then on her way up the Columbia, but it was not until he reached The Dalles that he was able to grasp the hand of his faithful wife. Returning to Wailatpu, they viewed the familiar scenes about them through mingled tears of joy and sadness. 1842

Soon after the Doctor's departure the fall before, and before the arrival of Mr. William Geiger, whom he had engaged to remain at the mission during his absence, Mrs. Whitman was compelled to suffer the humiliation of having an Indian force his way into her chamber at the midnight hour. X With the assistance of an Hawaiian employed at the mission, she was successful in repelling the intruder, but not without a nervous shock that left her on the verge of sickness. Following this the mill and all the grain was destroyed by fire set by the Indians, who had assumed an attitude so menacing that Mr. McKinlay sent for her to come to Fort Walla

¹ It had been the purpose of Mr. Lovejoy to accompany the Doctor to Boston, but his physical condition was unequal to the continuous exertion necessary to keep pace with his companion. The foolish detour to the south, against which Mr. Lovejoy protested in vain, had consumed so much time that the Doctor was much concerned, when at Fort Bent, for fear he would be unable to return to the frontier in time to join the emigration in the spring. Mr. Lovejoy, therefore, determined to stop at Fort Bent and make his way across country at his leisure, and join the emigration at Fort Laramie.

Walla. Later investigations developed evidence that the Indian who attempted the assault upon Mrs. Whitman was a second chief of Tilaukait's village named Tamsuky, and that Baptiste Dorion, son of the celebrated Indian squaw who crossed the continent with the Hunt party, and whose suffering was so graphically depicted in Washington Irving's "Astoria," was supposed to be responsible for the destruction of the mill.

Difficulties, no matter how annoying, seemed only to increase the zeal of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman after their return to Wailatpu. The depleted condition of their store room made it necessary to winter on potatoes, corn meal, cakes made from burnt wheat and occasionally a little milk, yet, in addition to rebuilding the mill, the Doctor erected a sawmill in the mountains, some twenty miles to the east, which proved a valuable acquisition to the mission. By the end of 1844, having been successful in producing an abundant crop, his mill was again filled with grain, the cellar with provisions and the larder with meat. Horses, cattle, hogs and fowls in abundance were in evidence. On April 12th of this year, immediately after their return from Lapwai, where the Doctor had successfully treated Mrs. Spaulding, then at the point of death, Mrs. Whitman wrote her father as follows:

"Since my return to the station, Mrs. S. (Spaulding) has written me very kindly, showing that her feelings have undergone a change during her sickness, while in the near view of death and expecting every moment to enter the dark valley. This is a great consolation to us, and we hope and believe that they both feel different toward us from what they did, and surely they have great reason to, from husband's account of his visit to the rooms in Boston.

"I desire never to pass through such scenes of trial as I have done, and God grant that I may never be called to. We both have spent a happy winter in each other's society. Having those unhappy difficulties removed makes a change in our every day feelings. We are happier in each other and happier in God and in our work than we could have been while laboring under those exciting difficulties—yea! soul-destroying difficulties, I may well say."

Only a streak of sunshine through some rift in the clouds was necessary to fill the soul of this noble woman with that exuberant hope so often exhibited in her temperament. Through these several years of suffering at the hand of some insidious foe, she maintained the majestic poise of her beautiful nature in a manner well intended to challenge the admiration of all. She received the shafts of malicious spite, and felt in her warm and sympathetic heart the poisonous fangs of a jealous hate, with a serene and lofty grandeur; like the lone tree by the desert wayside, she sheltered the worn and hungry travelers until vandals cut her down. That Omnipotence should choose one of such pure and noble instincts to lead the innumerable host of women across the continent entitles her followers to the hearty felicitations of posterity. And her husband, to relieve the distress of friends and foe alike, rode the lonely trails of the plains for eleven long years without money or the hope of reward. In the torrid heat of summer and the chilling blasts of winter, he responded to the call for help, whether from civilized or savage sufferer, only to drink of the bitter cup at last. Wailatpu had, in the fall of 1840 passed the zenith of its usefulness as a mission, but as a station on the Oregon Trail it yet had a work to do. Again the mission fields had yielded an abundant harvest and the coming of the emigrants was awaited, for "these we must feed and warm to the extent of our power," wrote Mrs. Whitman.

CHAPTER XIV.

STORY OF THE SEVEN ORPHANS—THE TRAIN OF 1844—THE OREGON TRAIL.

Ominous clouds hung low over the Blue Mountains and the snow line was creeping steadily down to the valley, the first week of October had come and gone, but the long expected train had not as yet arrived. On Tuesday noon of the second week, however, several horsemen reined up in the mission yard and imparted the information that the division to which they belonged was scattered along the trail all the way from Powder River to the summit of the mountains. One of these young men left a rifle at the mission, saying that it would be called for by members of the train coming later. The following Friday the first wagon arrived, which contained a family of eight persons, one of whom was a feeble grandmother, and halted before the mission door.

This family reported the mountains already covered with snow and many teams still beyond the summit, that quite a number were destitute of provisions, some of clothing, and that several mothers with children born on the way were sick. On the 15th of October there rode a solitary horseman into the mission yard. The torn and tattered appearance of the rider and the jaded condition of his mount bore the indisputable evidence of a summer on the trail. He was invited by the Doctor to dismount, feed his horse and join the family at the dining table. In one hour he re-appeared and rode away, only to return again the third day. This time he was greeted by Mrs. Whitman, who anxiously enquired where the children were. "They are coming," replied Captain William Shaw, the leader of the train, "just above the mill pond."

Soon a covered wagon emerged from a cloud of dust, for the winter's snow had not yet reached down to Waiilatpu. The driver, in German accents loud and strong, was urging with might and main the tired oxen on. Arriving at the ditch crossing, he turned into the mission yard, and had no sooner stopped than the panting cattle laid their weary bones

on the grass to rest. By the side of Captain Shaw stood the mistress of Waiilatpu, large and well formed, of striking appearance, fair complexion, auburn hair, and kindly gray eyes that beamed from under a sunbonnet made of checked gingham. She was clad in a well fitting dress of dark material, and walked erect with the carriage and grace of a queen.

Stepping up to the cart, she noticed John Sager, a lad of thirteen, sitting on the front end of the wagon box, and his brother Francis, two years his junior, standing by the cart, his head resting on his arm, which was lying on the wheel. Both were sobbing as if their crushed and bleeding hearts could no longer contain their bitter grief. "Poor boys, no wonder you weep," said this woman of mercy, as she gazed into their tear-stained faces.

"Come, boys, help out the girls and find their bonnets," said Captain Shaw, addressing the two boys. "You are going to stop here, this is your home now," and four little girls scrambled from the wagon to the ground, looking in amazement upon the scenes around them. Mrs. Whitman's approach so badly frightened them that they broke away and ran behind the wagon. Calling them around her, she enquired of the oldest her name, and why she walked with so much difficulty. Little Catherine told her of a painful accident far back on the trail, and that her age was nine. Elizabeth was next and answered her age was six; then Matilda, age four, and Louisa, age two, had to be prompted by the older sisters. "And who is this?" enquired Mrs. Whitman, as she noticed a very old woman in the cart holding a small and badly soiled bundle. "That is the baby born on the trail," said Captain Shaw, as he received from the woman's arms the little motherless waif. Directing the Doctor to show the boys where to go, Mrs. Whitman, supporting Catherine and leading little Louisa, led the way to the house. Helen Mar, the little half-breed daughter of the famous trapper, Joe Meek, now a member of the household, escorted Elizabeth and Matilda. "Have you no children of your own?" asked Captain Shaw, as they slowly moved toward the house. Pointing to a

little grave near the foot of the hill to the north, Mrs. Whitman replied, "All the child I ever had sleeps yonder."

Thus came to Wailatpu from the train of 1844, seven homeless, hungry, ragged, dirty, and friendless children. It would be difficult to conceive of a more painful, pitiful, or tragic scene than took place in the mission yard that morning. These children were to remain and become a part of the three short years allotted to Mrs. Whitman. Elizabeth is still living, possessing a remarkable memory for one of seventy-eight, and it is from her that the writer obtained much data contained in this and following chapters. The story of the Sager family is inseparable from that of Wailatpu, and it will be introduced at this time as an incident of travel on the Oregon Trail in other days.

No highway perhaps in all history is more richly endowed in either political significance, melodrama or tragedy than the great western road formerly known as the Oregon Trail. In the process of extending the national boundary west to the Pacific Ocean, not less than three hundred thousand pioneers followed its dust-laden furrows across the plains and mountains, and not less than thirty-five thousand of our countrymen now sleep in unknown graves along its length of more than two thousand miles. How long the Indians had used this trail before the advent of the white man is, of course, unknown, but probably since the introduction of horses by the Spaniards in the latter part of the Sixteenth century.

The trail was used by white men along the Platte River during the first years of the Nineteenth century, and in part, from where the present town of Milner, Idaho, now stands to the Columbia River, by the Hunt party in 1811-12. The following year Mr. Robert Stuart, accompanied by a small party, set out from the mouth of the Walla Walla River with dispatches for Mr. Astor, and with the exception of that part between Bear River and the South Pass, traversed practically the entire route of the trail as far east as the Missouri River. This properly may be considered its first use by white men. Speaking of the trail, Father De Smet, who, in the '40s, made

a journey from the upper waters of the Missouri to Fort Laramie in company with several bands of Indians, said:

“Our Indian companions, who had never seen but the narrow hunting paths by which they transport themselves and their lodges, were filled with admiration on seeing this noble highway, which is as smooth as a barn floor swept by the winds, and not a blade of grass can shoot up on it on account of the continual passing. They conceived a high idea of the countless ‘white nation’ as they expressed it. They fancied that all had gone over that road, and that an immense void must exist in the land of the rising sun. Their countenances testified evident incredulity when I told them that their exit was in nowise perceived in the land of the whites. They styled the route the ‘Great Medicine Road of the Whites.’”

Early travelers usually spoke in the highest terms of the road, more especially of the eastern section, winding, as it did, through the valleys of luxuriant bluejoint, and the boundless plains covered with buffalo grass, and it is to be regretted that, through that section, the trail has become entirely obliterated and its exact location unknown. In the west, however, where settlements have not disturbed it, extensive stretches may yet be seen, and parts of it are even used to this day, but the greater portion has been abandoned by travelers, and now its deep worn furrows lie in the solitude of the deserts as a memorial to the pioneers who fell by its side under burdens greater than they could bear. Says Chittenden:

“Before the prairies became too dry, the natural turf formed the best roadway for horses to travel on that has probably ever been known. It was amply hard to sustain traffic, yet soft enough to be easier to the feet than even the most perfect asphalt pavement. Over such roads, winding ribbon-like through the verdant prairies, amid the profusion of spring flowers, with grass so plentiful that the animals reveled in its abundance, and game everywhere greeted the hunter’s rifle, and finally, with pure water in the streams, the traveler sped his way with a feeling of joy and exhilaration.

“But not so when the prairies became dry and parched,

the road filled with stifling dust, the stream beds mere dry ravines, or carrying only alkaline water which could not be used, the game all gone to more hospitable sections, and the summer sun pouring down its heat with torrid intensity. It was then that the trail became a highway of desolation, strewn with abandoned property, the skeletons of horses, mules, and oxen, and, alas! too often, with freshly made mounds and head-boards that told the pitiful tale of suffering too great to be endured. If the Trail was the scene of romance, adventure, pleasure, and excitement, so it was marked in every mile of its course by human misery, tragedy, and death."

The emigration of 1844 contained, when it passed Fort Laramie, 1,475 persons, and the number of wagons was probably between 250 and 300. When traveling in the usual formation, it would make a procession over four miles in length and require more than three hours to pass a given point. At Fort Laramie they replenished their stock of provisions by paying \$1.50 per pint for sugar and \$40.00 per barrel for flour. The train appears to have been divided into several sections, Cornelius Gilliam led one company, Nathaniel Ford another, and William Shaw a third. It was in Captain Shaw's division that the Sager family journeyed on the Oregon Trail in 1844.

CHAPTER XV.

THE STORY CONTINUED—A FROLIC IN THE SAGER FAMILY— LIFE ON THE TRAIL—DEATH OF THE FATHER.

"A frolic in Mr. Sager's family today." The line quoted is from the diary of Rev. Edward Evans Parrish under date of May 31st, 1844, and published in the O. P. A. Transactions of June, 1888. Under date of June 1st, he noted: "We are camped to await the arrival of Mr. Sager, whose wife is sick." On the morning of June 3rd the train, after being in camp seven days, resumed its journey. No further mention of the Sager family is made in the journal, which may be accounted for by the fact that the Parrish family joined another section of the train.

"Sunday, May 26.—All in pretty good health this morning. Sun rose clear, with prospects of fair weather which I hope will be realized. My wagon is now attached to Fourth company, having left the Second company, whose Captain is Wm. Shaw. Mr. Saunders is Captain of Fourth company. This day has been warm and hard on the cattle. Made a good day's drive and camped on the Nimehaw River near the head of Wolf and Nimehaw in the Kickapoo country."

The foregoing from the diary of Mr. Parrish will fix the place of birth of the little waif that fell into the tender care of Mrs. Whitman on the 17th day of October, as being near the modern town of Seneca, Nemaha county, Kansas. It should be understood that this section of the train was on the St. Joseph fork of the trail, which united with the Independence prong eight miles west of the Big Blue River at a place now known as Ballard Falls, on the Little Blue. In this camp the "frolic" in the Sager family occurred on Friday, May 31st, as before noted. The family record of the children gives May 26th as the day of the birth, which is evidently an error.

On August 1st the train nooned on Horse Creek, thirty-seven miles below Fort Laramie, at a point near the present

crossing of the Burlington railway. Catherine, who had become quite an expert in alighting and climbing into the wagon while it was in motion, during the afternoon of this day, met with the painful accident which prompted Mrs. Whitman to support the little girl in her walk to the door of the mission house. In attempting to alight from the wagon while in motion, Catherine caught her dress in such a way as to cause her to be thrown to the ground in front of the wheel, which passed over and crushed her leg so badly that she was confined to the wagon until it halted in the mission yard.

In the train was a peculiar, though interesting character, known as the German Doctor. His true name appears to have been unpronounceable, a fact he freely admitted, and he had suggested to his fellow travelers that they call him Dr. Dagen. By this name he appears to have been known during the remainder of his life. In the course of the journey he had divulged to the Sager children that he had been married, but for reasons unknown to them, he had left his wife behind. He was a surgeon of marked ability, highly educated, inclined to be rough, and at times complaining, in his speech, though at heart, exceedingly kind, patient and obliging. His knowledge of the English language was somewhat limited, and, when excited, he found it necessary to resort to his native tongue in order to properly vent his mind. He set the crushed and mangled limb of Catherine, and tenderly cared for her until the day he drove the jaded oxen into the yard at Waiilatpu.

Mr. Sager was a mechanic of unusual ability, a kind and indulgent husband and father, a good provider, but not inclined to be content to remain in any one place a great length of time. Soon after leaving Fort Laramie the road passed through a very broken and desolate country, which continued for ninety-seven miles before it again reached the Platte Valley. While passing over this section of the trail, Mr. Sager and the two boys were taken with fever and the team, consisting of two yoke of gentle cattle, was destitute of a driver. At this critical stage the German doctor proffered his services as driver, as he had before tendered his skill as a physician.

In his new capacity the German doctor labored incessantly to overcome what he considered the stubborn disposition of the oxen. In this he was more or less successful until he reached the Platte River, where a more experienced driver had to be employed to make the crossing. Passing up the Sweetwater, the train was thrown into a state of some confusion by a buffalo, which crossed the trail directly behind the Sager wagon. Mr. Sager, being an enthusiastic sportsman, found it quite impossible to resist the temptation to give chase to the bold intruder. In vain did the doctor expostulate, and equally vain were the entreaties of his wife. This grave indiscretion on the part of the father resulted in a general collapse and it was soon discovered that his death could be only a matter of a few days. On the evening of August 26th the train arrived at the ford on Green River, which was only a short distance above the mouth of Big Sandy, crossed to the west side, and encamped along the bank of that stream. The camping ground extended down the river for a distance of about three miles, but the Sager family, being the last to cross, were encamped directly opposite the mouth of Big Sandy, and only a short distance below the ford.

The German doctor closed not his eyes in sleep that night, for in addition to the father, on whose tired brow the fever had already placed the seal of death, Catherine was unable to leave her bed, and the mother's strength was giving away under a load she could not bear. Teams were moving in the morning when Captain Shaw came back to ascertain the condition of the sick. He found the father weeping bitterly, and though conscious, he could talk of nothing but his family, now in the midst of a boundless desert, without friends and with little means, and only half way on their journey to the Pacific Coast.

"Poor children—poor children," he wailed repeatedly, "what will become of you?" His last breath was exhausted in begging Captain Shaw to see his family through to the end of the journey. Clutching the side of the wagon box, nearly lifting himself, he passed through the final struggle, and at ten o'clock his soul was free. A blanket was spread

on the ground, the body placed thereon and prepared for the endless sleep on the lonely bank of Green River. A few pioneers that were camping near remained and prepared a coffin by splitting the trunk of a tree and digging out the centers. The emigration of the year following found his bleaching bones scattered about, the grave having been disturbed, doubtless, by coyotes which infested the locality. In the rear of the wagon, the following morning, with her frail, emaciated babe in her arms, sat Mrs. Sager, who gazed on the little mound until it was lost to view. To the rapid fire enquiries from the little girls, the afflicted mother made no reply.

It was thought best, before leaving Green River, to employ a more competent driver. The German doctor reluctantly acquiesced, but regarded his successor with a wary eye, nevertheless. He expressed his determination, however, to remain with the family and render them any assistance that might come within the scope of his power. The first evening the new driver borrowed the gun formerly owned by Mr. Sager, under the pretense of hunting. He was never seen again by the Sager family, but was honest enough to leave the gun at the Whitman station, where the children found it on their arrival. The doctor bore his triumph with becoming modesty, when, on the following morning, he again wielded the wagon whip. Heaven always places a high value on its blessings, and for the great Northwest it demanded the last full measure—the shadow still followed the Sager wagon.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE STORY CONTINUED—SUFFERING FROM ROUGH ROADS—
DEATH OF THE MOTHER—PILGRIM SPRINGS—THE BURIAL
—THE ISLAND FORD—ARRIVAL AT WAILLATPU.

While passing through the Bear River Valley, the mother's condition seemed to grow more discouraging; the nights and mornings were cold, her fever continual, and exposure unavoidable. Growing delirious, she would often address her husband, and in pitiful tones, implore him to appease her suffering. She was now bedfast, and the dust from the road added to her discomfiture to such an extent that she soon became unconscious. The doctor was tireless in his efforts to relieve her, but the wagon was compelled to travel with the greatest possible speed in order to keep up with the train, already late at this season, and it was apparent to all that the poor woman was beyond human aid. Several women of the train assisted in the care of the children, and three, especially, were unremitting in their deeds of mercy. These were Mrs. Nichold, Mrs. McDaniels, and Mrs. Shaw, who were constant visitors to the Sager camp. An elderly woman of the train had taken charge of the babe, but under any circumstances it could receive but little care. While encamped on Rock Creek, near the present town of Twin Falls, Idaho, and during a lucid interval, she called her children to her side and bade them farewell. She charged the doctor to take care of them, and to see that they were not separated. She soon relapsed into a comatose condition from which she never rallied. When the doctor left her side he was sobbing like a child.

After twenty-six days of continuous traveling from the banks of Green River, the train, on the evening of September 22nd, encamped at Pilgrim Springs. The reader may recall that this was the place where Mrs. Whitman wrote the soliloquy to her abandoned trunk on August 12th, 1836. From Salmon Falls, on the Snake River, to Pilgrim Springs, a distance of twenty miles, and from the latter place to the

old ford on the Snake, known as the Island ford, a distance of fifteen miles, is said to have been one of the roughest sections of the Oregon Trail.

From 1842 to as late as 1869, the period during which the Oregon Trail was used extensively by Oregon pioneers, the road between the points mentioned was strewn every fall with the abandoned effects of the emigrants. The distressing character of the road, and the jaded condition of the stock, rendered it necessary, in many cases, to cast away furniture and household effects of the most valuable and useful nature. Mahogany tables, upholstered chairs, trunks, china-ware, carpets, farming implements and tools, and even family heirlooms were thus ruthlessly cast aside in order to accelerate the movement of the train and enable it to cross the Blue Mountains, the white crowned sentinels being already in view, before the winter's storms made travel impossible. At Pilgrim Springs the Whitman party had to abandon the box of their cart, and at the ford below the Sager family had to reduce their wagon to a cart.

In addition to the disagreeable character of the road that day, the dust had been almost stifling in its intensity, and the helpless sufferer had moaned continuously throughout the day. For those who have never traveled in this manner, and there are but few now living who have, it is quite impossible to conceive of the discomfiture caused by the continuous fog of fine volcanic dust that permeates every nook and corner of the wagon when the train is in motion. When the Sager wagon halted at Pilgrim Springs, Mrs. Shaw, as was her custom, came to bathe the wasted form of the dying mother. Being unable to elicit a response to her enquiries, she concluded the sufferer was asleep, and gently bathed her face. Then taking her by the hand, she discovered that the dissolution was all but complete. "Oh, Henry, if you only knew how we have suffered," she moaned as her soul took its flight.

Pilgrim Springs is situated at the head of a dry gulch, with only a limited supply of water. To accommodate the large train that was here encamped that night, it was nec-

essary that practically every yard of space be occupied. All were busy with their usual camp duties and the death of one of their number seems to have attracted but little notice. Living in the presence of great danger seems to divest the heart of fear, and being continuously within the shadow appears to rob death of its terror. A tent was set up, a bed arranged and the body prepared for the grave. A few came from the nearby camps and looked on the wasted form of the dead, but the three noble women before mentioned were indefatigable in their efforts to relieve the distress of the bereaved children. A grave was dug near the roadside, the bottom covered with willow brush, after which the tired pioneers retired for the night. At early dawn the German doctor aroused the drowsy orphans, and the three angels of mercy came again. The children were then taken into the tent for the last look at their mother's face, the corpse was then deposited in the grave, covered with brush, and the earth filled in. In delineating these events to the writer, Mrs. Helm, then Elizabeth Sager, said: "We looked everywhere for a light colored dress of mother's, but it was not to be found; we had to bury her in a calico dress." The sun was barely above the eastern horizon until the air was again filled with the grinding, jolting, and screeching sounds of an emigrant train in motion. Looking back from their wagon, these orphan children for the last time gazed at the receding grave by the roadside. Oblivion then claimed the dust of Mrs. Henry Sager, for few, if any, until this investigation revealed the spot, knew of the sad bereavement that occurred in this desolate and lonesome place.

The train arrived at the ford early in the evening and made hasty preparations to cross. It was found necessary to abandon much of the household effects of the Sager wagon and transform it into a two-wheeled cart. The German doctor was determined to keep pace with the train and he worked incessantly in effecting the required arrangements. His four ox team was the last to take the water, and he had successfully negotiated the first and second part, which brought him

to the farther side of the second island when his troubles began under the most distressing conditions.

At this point the road veered sharply to the right and against the current, and followed a line of ripples to the other shore, a distance of 2600 feet. The water, over the narrow bed of gravel which caused the ripples, was only about five feet in depth, but quite rapid and dangerous, especially if a team should miss the gravel bottom below and get into the deeper water which bounded the road on either side. The doctor kept his team on the narrow passageway for a time, when the oxen persisted in heading down the stream. In spite of all his wild and rapid gesticulations, together with the extravagant use of his bounteous supply of German imprecations, both team and cart were soon in deep water, but the timely arrival of assistance soon restored them to safer ground.

Playing around the camp fire one evening at the Grande Ronde, one of the little girls narrowly escaped a dreadful accident; her dress having caught fire, the flames were rapidly enveloping her body, when the ever watchful doctor rushed to her rescue, and at the cost of severely burning himself, saved her from death. A few days later, having nothing to eat but meat, one of the little girls, driven, doubtless, by the pangs of hunger, had left the wagon in the night, wandered away, and was found by the German doctor in a freezing condition.

The season was well along when the train ascended the summit of the Blue Mountains, and much difficulty was encountered from a recent fall of snow. Provisions being short in many of the wagons, several mounted men were sent forward to Wailatpu for a temporary supply; it was this party that reined up before the mission door and gave the Doctor and Mrs. Whitman their first tidings from the emigration of 1844.¹ The good German doctor had, in the mean time,

¹From the diary of Rev. Edward E. Parrish, it would seem that only a part of the emigration of this year went by way of Wailatpu, a considerable number following the Umatilla to its confluence with the Columbia. Of these, however, many sent pack horses from the first camp on the Umatilla, where the road forked, to the Whitman mission for provisions.

*Shaw's
narrative
of
1844*

grown so proficient in the use of the wagon whip that he had passed and left behind the main body of the train, and, by the evening of October 14th, was encamped on the Umatilla River. The next morning Captain Shaw galloped over to Waiilatpu to interview Mrs. Whitman in regard to the seven orphans, while Dr. Dagan, having purchased an ample supply of potatoes from the nearby Indians, regaled the youngsters with a feast.

It was late that evening when Captain Shaw returned with the news that the children had a home. The sun was not in sight the next morning October 16th, when the German doctor left the Umatilla on the last stage of his journey in the capacity of ox driver. So anxious was Captain Shaw that there should be no misunderstanding at the mission, he followed the little party on the 18th, and with Mrs. Whitman, was awaiting their arrival. Later in the day the German doctor, in a most apologetic manner, asked to be allowed to say farewell to the children. The tears, unbidden, rolled down his sunburned face as he held their little hands, but he spoke no words. The old woman who held the babe now joined her own family, while the doctor, having been in almost constant attendance upon the Sager family since passing Fort Laramie, set out for the lower Columbia country. He afterwards settled at Rogue River, Oregon, where he died at the age of sixty-eight years. By a knowledge of such characters, we retain our faith in humanity. We will now resume our narrative of events at Wailatpu.

CHAPTER XVII.

LIFE AT THE MISSION—MRS. WHITMAN'S LETTERS—NO INTIMATION OF HER DOOM.

As the shades of evening closed around the mission buildings that evening, the Doctor ceased his labor of grinding at the mill, and walking over to the house, halted at the door and stood gazing at the large addition to his family. "Come in, Doctor, and see your children," said Mrs. Whitman, who had gathered the children around her before the open fire. Reaching for little Louisa as he sat down, he attempted to hold her on his knee, but she broke away and ran crying to Catherine, much to the surprise of the Doctor and the great amusement of his wife.

She then related to him all the information that she had obtained from the children relative to their family history, the long journey on the trail, and the death of the father and mother. Meager was the story they told, yet pathetic in the extreme, and as Mrs. Whitman, seated in her armchair and holding the little babe in her lap, repeated the story she would frequently pause and exclaim, "Poor children—poor children!" "I have been thinking," said the Doctor, "that we can take all the children except the little babe. I do not see how we can do that." "All or none, Marcus," rejoined Mrs. Whitman. "Their mother said before her death that she hoped the children could be kept together." In a letter dated April 13th, 1846, Mrs. Whitman said:

"Husband thought we could get along with all but the baby—he did not see how we could take that; but I felt that if I must take any, I wanted her as a charm to bind the rest to me. So we took her, a poor, distressed little object, not larger than a babe three weeks old. Had she been taken past at this late season, death would have been her portion, and that in a few days. The first thing I did for her was to give her some milk and put her in the cradle. She drank a gill, she was so hungry, but soon cleared herself of it by vomiting and purging. I next had a pail of warm water and put her in it, gave her a thorough cleansing with soap

and water and put on some clean clothes; put her in the cradle and she had a fine nap. This I followed every day, washing her thoroughly in tepid water, about the middle of the afternoon."

"And now about this little babe," continued Mrs. Whitman, "you say your papa's name was Henry, and your mother's name was Naoma. Now how would it be if we called the little baby girl, Henrietta Naoma Sager?" A chorus of childish voices approved the suggestion, even Louisa smiled her consent and joined in the childish glee. "You see, Marcus, I wanted the babe as a charm to bind the rest to me."

August 9th, 1845, Mrs. Whitman wrote her sister as follows:

"We felt it our duty to have them baptized, as many as were willing to, the girls only consenting. * * I do not think them difficult children to manage, neither do I have occasion often to use the rod. The little one, as all other little children do, manifested a stubborn disposition at first, which required subduing; since she has appeared well obeys promptly when spoken to. * * * Louise, the next older, I have not been able to subdue so completely; but she is much better than when she first came. * * Putting them all in school immediately under such a good and faithful disciplinarian as Mr. Hinman, I was entirely relieved of the difficult and hard task of breaking them into habits of obedience and order."

July 17th, 1846, she wrote in part as follows:

"I have six girls sewing around me, or rather five—for one is reading, and the same time my baby is asking to go to bathe—she is two years old the last of May, and her uneasiness and talk does not help me to many very profitable ideas. Now another comes with her work for me to fix. So it is from morning until evening; I must be with them or else they will be doing something they should not; or else not spending their time profitably. I could get along some easier if I could bring my mind to have them spend their time in play, but this I cannot. Now all the girls have gone to bathe and this will give me time for a few moments to close my letter in peace; they are very good

girls and soon will be more help to me than they are now, although at present they do considerable work."

To her mother, August 23rd, ninety-six days before her death, she wrote the following interesting letter; it is clearly indicated by these letters that Mrs. Whitman had not the slightest intimation of her impending doom:

"For the last two weeks immigrants have been passing, probably 80 to 100 wagons have already passed and 1000 are said to be on the road, besides the Mormons. * * * We hear that a monthly mail route is to be, or already is, established on the coast south—a steamer to take packages from Panama, that comes across the Isthmus of Darien. I hope it will not be so difficult to hear from home as formerly. I intend to send this that way for an experiment. I send this by our man and John, one of the orphan boys, who go with two ox teams to the Dalles to bring up the threshing machine, corn-sheller, ploughs for the Indians, and other goods for the mission, also books for Mr. Rogers, the pious man of whom I have spoken, that husband brings up in a boat from Vancouver.

"Now I have the care of two additional boys for a year, who are left here by their fathers for the benefit of the school; they are native half breeds. May the richest of heaven's blessings ever rest upon my beloved father and mother.

"From your affectionate daughter,

"NARCISSA."

The following and last letter we find in the Transaction, Oregon Pioneer Association, 1893, from which the Whitman letters used in this work are quoted, is under date of October 12th, 1947, forty-seven days before the fall of Wailatpu. We use only that part of the letter which reads as follows:

"It may not be strange for you to be a little unbelieving and think it is not true that we are sending for you, but when you see the big mule that we have sent for you, Jane, your heart may faint within you, and you will feel that it is, indeed so. The name of the big mule is Uncle Sam. He was left here by Fremont when he was here on business for

Uncle Sam. * * * Jane, there will be no use in your going home to see ma and pa before you come here—it will only make the matter worse with your heart. I want to see her as much as you. If you will all come here it will not be long before they will be climbing over the Rocky Mountains to see us. The love of parents for their children is very great. I see already in their movements, indications that they will ere long come this way, for father is becoming quite a traveler. Believe me, dear Jane, and come without fail, when you have so good an opportunity.”

“Farewell,

N. W.”



A group of survivors at the dedication of the Whitman monument



Oscar Canfield, Clarkson, Wash.



Mrs. Sarah Kimball Munson, Warrenton, Oregon

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONDITIONS BEFORE THE STROKE FELL—A STUDY OF THE
AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP—TOM HILL—THE CAUSE OF THE
MASSACRE—MISSIONARIES TAKE NO PRECAUTION.

In reviewing the general conditions which surrounded the Waiilatpu mission during the three years preceding its fall, the truth may lead to conclusions not well intended to excite in us a feeling of vanity. That many of the leading Indians were bitterly opposed to the Americans, can safely be admitted as an indisputable fact. The origin of this opposition is traceable to more than a single source. The Indians were aware of the fact that Americans had introduced a loathsome disease among them at both the Green River rendezvous and the lower Columbia country, and, in the latter case, it had practically annihilated some of the tribes. Gray admits this, as did Sub-Indian Agent White, and states that the Methodist missionaries did not have the courage to successfully combat the evil.

Said Mr. Gray:

“The tribes below the Cascade Mountains were the first that had any intercourse with the whites. The diseases never feared or shunned by the abandoned and profligate youth and sailor were introduced among them. The certain and legitimate effect soon showed itself all along the coast. So prevalent was vice and immorality among the natives, that not one escaped. The blood became tainted, their bodies loathsome and foul, their communication corrupt continually. The flattened head of the royal families, and the round head of the slave, were no protection from vice and immoral intercourse among the sexes; hence, when disease of a different nature, and such as among the more civilized white race are easily treated and cured, came among them, they fell like rotten sheep. If a remnant is left, I have often felt that the reacting curse of vice will pursue our advanced civilization for the certain destruction that has befallen the miserable tribes that but a few years since peopled this whole coast. It is true that missionaries came to the country before many white people came. It is also true that they soon

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

From the foregoing it would seem that the Americans were in greater need of missionaries than the Indians.

American traders, especially in the Rocky Mountain districts, had introduced intoxicating liquors which had greatly degraded the Indians, a thing that the Hudson's Bay Company had not done, or permitted to be done by Americans if they could avoid it. In the Willamette Valley, the Indians had been forcibly ejected from the lands of their fathers; ¹ Tom Hill, an educated Indian, had circulated the report

¹The importance of the visit of Tom Hill at this time is under estimated by all historians, but Dr. and Mrs. Whitman appear to have been aware of its portent, for they made a feast for him and his followers to which they invited the Cayuse chiefs. Hill, who was an educated Indian, possessed remarkable oratorical ability, and upon this occasion made a speech in the Cayuse language, of more than two hours' duration. His tribe, the Delaware nation, at this time, occupied the territory south of the Kansas River, that stream being the dividing line between that tribe and the Pawnees. Hill was conversant with American history, and during this year, 1845, made a pilgrimage to the Pacific Coast, visiting all the savage tribes inhabiting the intervening country, whom he informed in no uncertain language as to what would be the outcome if they permitted the white man to settle in the Indian country. He was as bold to speak his thoughts to white men as to Indians, and having perfect command of English, often confronted Americans with statements relative to the treatment they had accorded Indians which were difficult to refute. That he was a potent factor in the Whitman massacre, as well as in much trouble with other tribes, there can be no doubt.

that the same policy had been followed by the Americans in the east, and that the Cayuse, as well as the Nez Perces, would suffer the same fate if the missionaries were allowed to remain in their country.

The killing of a young Nez Perce chief, who accompanied Mr. Gray to the United States in 1837, by the Sioux tribe at Ash Hollow, and that of young Elijah, son of the Walla Walla chief, Peu-peu-mox-mox, who was killed by the Americans at Sutter's fort, had not been avenged, according to the custom and traditions of the Indians, and the question of killing the missionaries in retaliation was frequently brought up in Indian councils.

It was known that Americans had introduced small-pox at Fort Muriah, that it had been spread by J. P. Beckwourth for the purpose of subduing the Blackfoot tribe, the most relentless of all the mountain savages, and that the mortality had been dreadful in the extreme. This fact had been connected with the introduction of measles among the Cayuse by the emigrants which opened the way for Joe Lewis, a half-breed American from the east, and who lived at the mission, to propagate the fiendish theory that the missionaries were intending to exterminate the Indians for the purpose of gaining possession of their lands for Americans.

It was a well known fact that Dr. Whitman was in the habit of using poison to kill predatory animals; that several Indians had been made deathly sick by stealing and eating meat thus poisoned; that melons had been poisoned to prevent Indian theft; that Gray had used a severe cathartic as a melon bait and that his idea had proven quite successful. Moreover, it must be admitted that the Doctor was somewhat careless in entrusting poison to people in his service, and finally the impression became firmly fixed in the savage mind, or at least in the minds of a few of the more influential ones, that he, being a doctor, possessed the power to kill them off at will.

Great Britain had, in 1846, relinquished her claim to this part of Old Oregon, the Hudson Bay Company's power had been superseded by American rule, emigrants were pouring into the Willamette country in great numbers, and the over-

flow was sure to fall back into the Cayuse country, a fact as well known to the Indian as to the American. The Indians were, therefore, opposed to Americans passing through their country, as every tribe in the past had been since the early American settlements.

Previous to 1847, the Catholics appear to have had no mission nearer Waillatpu than the Willamette on the west, and Coeur d'Alene to the east, but during the autumn of this year their clergy had appeared in considerable number, teaching a different form of worship, yet serving the same God and striving for the same heaven. The Indians did not take kindly to the Protestant missionaries' theory that he should work and support his family, neither did they find much comfort in the Presbyterian idea of hell, nor the incessant talk about the Indian's manifold sins. While they were naturally very devout, a characteristic which had been noted by many travelers, yet they had grown more or less indifferent to the Protestant forms of worship, and many of the natives looked with favor upon the advent of the priest. These missionaries did not attempt an immediate transformation of character on the part of the Indian, but contented themselves by celebrating the more simple rites of the Church, and teaching the elementary principles of their dogma in ways which enabled the tribes to assimilate them, a work which requires much time and patience.

Another unfortunate condition which prevailed at this time, was the almost continuous piques and quarrels among the Protestant missionaries, much of which appears to have originated with Mr. Spaulding, but which invariably centered around Dr. and Mrs. Whitman. These deplorable circumstances, in contradistinction to the uniform zeal and fidelity of the Catholic teachers for their brethren, were better intended to hinder rather than promote that feeling of appreciation to which the work of those noble Presbyterians so richly entitled them. These facts are fully supported by numerous contemporaneous letters written to the American Board, still preserved, covering every phase of the missionary period.

It is rather remarkable that Dr. Whitman, who had repeatedly been warned of the danger of remaining in the Cayuse

country, entertained not the slightest doubt of his security. Even Mr. Spaulding, riding about to warn emigrants to travel in large companies for fear of an Indian outbreak, exercised no precaution whatever in the matter of his own safety, or the safety of those whom it was his duty to protect. He had left his family alone at Lapwai, his little girl, Eliza, was in school at Waiilatpu, while he was visiting on the Umatilla in a state of quietude at the very time the destruction of the mission was under consideration at Tilaukait's village.

The conditions which surrounded Waiilatpu for three years previous to its fall, were similar in nature to the conditions that had preceded all Indian outbreaks in the past, and similar, we might add, to the one great fundamental cause of war, even among civilized whites,—conquest of the strong and resistance of the weak in the struggle to acquire and hold land. There is scarcely a village or town in our country that does not stand on land that was, at one time, the sacred possession of the aborigines, and whites are now enjoying the fruits of this land by right of conquest; not, however, as is indicated by the many battlefields, without the shedding of blood.

With these observations we shall now proceed with the narrative, depicting the many historic details of a massacre more important in many and more tragic in all its features, than any other that has occurred in the west. There are six people now living (December, 1915) who, as children, passed through this sad event, and at least three of these survivors have accorded the writer long and patient interviews covering many of these details which are believed to be substantially correct.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE AUTUMN OF 1847—RT. REV. A. M. A. BLANCHET—OBLATE PRIESTS—THE YAKIMA MISSION—YOUNG CHIEF—FATHER BROUILLET—THE BURNING OF THE GRIST MILL.

During the autumn of 1847, even though he had purchased the Methodist Mission at The Dalles for the ostensible purpose of occupying it, Dr. Whitman was engaged in transporting machinery from Fort Vancouver to be used in a new grist mill he proposed to erect at Waiilatpu. They were obtaining some recruits from the emigration this year, and were urging others to come, even their relatives including their aged parents. With the exception of a few half-breeds, the Indian children had left the mission school, which was being attended now, and for some time in the past, by American children only, whose parents were stopping at and in some capacity connected with the mission. In fact the mission people were, to a large extent, conducting a way-station on the Oregon Trail—growing crops on the Indian lands and disposing of the produce to the great influx of new people coming in to occupy the country.

The Catholics claimed, even three years before this, to have had about six thousand Indians in Old Oregon enrolled as members of that church; Mr. Hines, the historian, estimates that one half of the Cayuse tribe, including some prominent chiefs, had been drawn to that faith. Mr. McKinlay had been succeeded in the management of Fort Walla Walla by Mr. William McBean, a Catholic, and arrangements were now made to occupy the field in a more convenient manner. There arrived at Fort Walla Walla, on September 5th, 1847, Rt. Rev. A. M. A. Blanchet, Bishop of Walla Walla, accompanied by four fathers of the Order of the Oblates, two lay brothers, two secular priests, Brouillet and Rosseau, and Guillaume Leclaire, a deacon. On October 5th, the Oblate fathers departed to the Yakima country to establish a mission on the Ahtanum.

Before his death, Mr. Pambrun had erected a house on the Umatilla for Young Chief who had always favored the Cath-

olic Church, and who had frequently expressed a desire to have a priest locate in his country. Hither the Bishop was making his way when he arrived at Fort Walla Walla. Young Chief being absent hunting buffalo necessitated a wait of several weeks, he having left word that if the Catholics arrived during his absence, they should await his return before establishing themselves in his village. The house in which they finally opened their mission was the one which Mr. Pambrun had caused to be built, and the place where it stood was near the Umatilla River, probably at or a little north of the present station of Mission on the O.-W. R. & N. Ry.

In 1869, when the sectarian controversy following the massacre was assuming an important place in religious circles, Rev. J. B. A. Brouillet published his pamphlet, "Authentic Account", from which the following is quoted:

"It was on the 5th of September, 1847, that the Right Rev. Bishop A. M. A. Blanchet arrived at Fort Walla Walla, where he was cordially received by Mr. McBean, Clerk in charge of the Fort. He was accompanied by the Superior of the Oblats and two other clergymen. He had the intention of remaining but a few days at the Fort, for he knew that Towatowe (or Young Chief), one of the Cayuse chiefs, had a house which he had destined for the use of the Catholic missionaries, and he intended to go and occupy it without delay; but the absence of the Young Chief, who was hunting buffalo, created a difficulty in regard to the occupation of the house, and in consequence he had to wait longer than he wished.

"On the 23rd of September, Dr. Whitman, on his way from the Dalles, stopped at Fort Walla Walla. His countenance bore sufficient testimony of the agitation of his heart. He soon showed by his words that he was deeply wounded by the arrival of the Bishop. 'I know very well,' said he, 'for what purpose you have come.' 'All is known,' replied the Bishop. 'I come to labor for the conversion of the Indians, and even of Americans, if they are willing to listen to me.' The Doctor then continued in the same tone to speak of many things. He attributed the coming of the Bishop to the Young Chief's influence—made a furious charge against the Catholics, accusing them of having persecuted

Protestants, and of even having shed their blood wherever they had prevailed. He said he did not like Catholics * * * that he should oppose the missionaries to the extent of his power * * * He spoke against the Catholic Ladder and said that he would cover it with blood, to show the persecution of Protestants by Catholics. He refused to sell provisions to the Bishop, and protested he would not assist the missionaries unless he saw them in starvation. After such a manifestation of sentiment towards Catholics in general, and priests in particular, the Bishop was not astonished at hearing some hours after that Dr. Whitman on leaving the Fort went to the lodge of Peu-peu-mox-mox; that he had spoken a great deal against the Priests; that he had wished to prevail on the chief to co-operate with him, in order that by the aid of his influence with the Cayuse, De Shutes and Dalles Indians, he might be enabled to excite these against them, etc. The clergymen who had remained behind with the wagons and effects of the mission, arrived at Fort Walla Walla on the 4th of October. During the month of October and November the Doctor came to the Fort several times to render his professional services to Mrs. Maxwell and Mr. Thomas McKay; he was a little more reserved than at the first interview, but it was always visible enough that the sight of the clergy was far from being agreeable to him.

"On the 26th of October Young Chief came to the Fort and the Bishop asked him if he was disposed to receive a priest for him and his young men; telling him that he could only give one for the whole nation, and if the Cayuse wished to avail themselves of his services, they would do well to come to an understanding together concerning the location of the mission. The Young Chief replied that he would receive a priest with pleasure; that he had long desired one, and that he could take his house and as much land as he wanted; but as a means of reuniting the Cayuses, who had been heretofore divided, and in order to facilitate their religious instruction, he suggested the idea of establishing the mission near Dr. Whitman's at the camp of Tilokaikt, saying that there was more land there than near his house, and that it was more central; that, by his wife, he had a right to the land of Tilokaikt, and that he was disposed to give it to the mission, if Tilokaikt was willing; that he

would go and live there himself with his young men, if the mission could be established there; but that in case this could not be done, his house was at the service of the priest at any time he pleased.

"On the 26th of October the Bishop, agreeable to the words of the Young Chief, informed Tilokaikt (as spelled by that writer) that he wished to see him; and, on the 4th of November, Tilokaikt, Camaspelo, and Tamsakay, with many other Indians, were at the Fort. The meeting took place after supper; it was done publicly and in the presence of Mr. Thomas McKay and all the persons at the Fort who chose to witness it. Tamsakay spoke first, Camaspelo next, and then Tilokaikt taking the floor, put many questions to the Bishop; asking him whether it was the Pope who had sent him to ask for land for the mission—how the priest lived in the country—who maintained them—whether the priests would make presents to the Indians—whether they would cause their land to be plowed—whether they would aid them in building houses—whether they would feed and clothe the children, etc., etc. The Bishop replied that it was the Pope who had sent him; that he had not sent him to take their land, but only for the purpose of saving their souls; that, however, having to live, and possessing no wealth, he had asked of them a piece of land that he could cultivate for his support; that in his country it was the Faithful who maintained the priest, but that here he did not ask so much, but only a piece of land, and that the priests themselves would do the rest. He told them that he would not make presents to Indians, that he would give them nothing for the land he asked; that in case they worked for him, he would pay them for their work and no more; that he would assist them neither in plowing their lands nor in building houses, nor would he feed and clothe their children, etc. The Bishop then closed, the young men retired, and Tilaukait concluded the meeting by saying that he would not go against the words of Young Chief, and requested the Bishop to send immediately some person to visit his land and select a place for a mission.

"On the 8th of November I went by order of the Bishop to Wailatpu to look at the land which Tilaukait had offered; but he had changed his mind and refused to show it to me, saying that it was too small. He told me that he had no

other place to give me but that of Dr. Whitman's, whom he intended to send away. I declared to him a second time, the same as the Bishop had done at the meeting, that I would not have the place of Dr. Whitman. I then went immediately to the camp of Young Chief, to notify him that I would take his house, since I was unable to procure a place from Tilaukait.

"I returned to the Fort on the 10th and on the 11th Rev. Mr. Rousseau left with his men to repair the house, and having come back on the 26th announcing that the house was in condition to be occupied, it was immediately decided that we should go and take our lodging in it the next day. The same day we received, at the Fort, a visit from Mr. Spaulding, the Presbyterian missionary of the Nez Perces, whom we acquainted, during the conversation, with our intentions of leaving the next day for our mission on the Umatilla River.

"The next day, November 27th, we took our leave of Mr. McBean and his family to go to the Umatilla, where we (the Bishop, his Secretary and myself) arrived towards evening. Mr. Rousseau remained behind with the wagons and baggage, and did not arrive until some days after."

It will be observed that the above statement to the Indians differed materially from the statement made to the same tribe by Mr. Parker, when he visited them to arrange for a mission to be established in their country. When Mr. Parker promised them that they would receive pay for their lands, and that presents would be made to the Indians, and that a boat would come with supplies each year, etc., he, doubtless, had in mind that the boundary line would soon be settled and treaties arranged with the Indians as had been done in the past.

As to the charge made by the Indians that the Protestant missionaries were accumulating great wealth on their lands, it may be stated that about fifteen years after the massacre, Messrs. Spaulding and Gray prosecuted in vain a claim against the government, amounting to approximately \$40,000 for property destroyed at that time. This property, it was claimed, belonged to the Missionary Society, and consisted chiefly of horses and cattle. Dr. and Mrs. Whitman were actuated in thus accumulating property by the incessant demand on the

part of the American Board, at Boston, that the missions be made self-supporting. Then again, the mission being located on the last lap of the long journey across the plains, emigrants frequently arrived there in a destitute condition and "we must feed and warm them to the extent of our power", said Mrs. Whitman. As many as fifteen beef cattle had been slaughtered at Wailatpu, for the use of one train. Under date of April 8th, 1845, Dr. Whitman, writing to Judge Prentiss, said:

"We must also use a saw-mill for fencing, as the timber is so scarce except in the mountains. The Indians are doing more this year at farming than before and fencing much better—a thing much needed, for most of them are getting more or less cows and other cattle. I have killed nineteen beeves, of course mostly to supply immigrants. The last was but two years old when killed the 10th of March and weighed six hundred, and the tallow, after one hind quarter was sold, weighed sixty-five pounds. This will show a specimen of my stock, as we never feed either to raise or fatten, and he was only an ordinary animal. I have four two-year-old heifers (this spring only) which have each better yearlings sucking them, probably than any that can be shown in the State of New York, except that they have had more than one cow's milk.

We have about eighty sheep, a large part ewes, as we kill the wethers—besides all that have been killed by dogs, wolves, etc., and besides a good many furnished the Indians. All these came from one ewe brought from the Sandwich Islands in '38, and two more brought in '39. We shall have more than one hundred when the spring lambs come."

It is stated by Rev. Myron Eells, that in the burning of the grist mill the Mission Society sustained a loss of twelve to fifteen hundred dollars. That the Indians, who were themselves beneficiaries should complain of so valuable an improvement as a mill and destroy it can be accounted for only by the fact that it was used to supply American emigrants coming into the country to possess themselves of their lands. It is possible, however, that the mill was destroyed by accident rather than by design, as indicated by Mrs. Whitman in a letter to her parents:

"It is pretty difficult to ascertain whether it was the result of design or carelessness. It is said that two boys (and we know them to be of malicious habits) were fishing and threw fire on the bank of the river, that communicated with the straw." * * *

CHAPTER XX.

EMIGRATION OF 1847—RAVAGES OF DISEASE—SPAULDING ARRIVES AT THE MISSION—VISITS FORT WALLA WALLA—MEETS THE CATHOLICS—DR. WHITMAN VISITS THE UMATILLA FOR THE LAST TIME—THE PARTING WITH SPAULDING—INDIANS ENGAGED IN THE MASSACRE—TAMSUKY THE MURDERER.

The emigration of this year, 1847, had now passed, numbering more than 4,000 persons, which raised the American population to about 10,000, practically all of whom had settled in the Willamette Valley. In the Snake River country the black measles had broken out and it was especially fatal from that place to The Dalles. It was the custom of the Indians to go far out on the trail, often as far as Fort Hall, to meet the incoming train for the purpose of trading or selling horses, and exchanging horses for jaded cattle. The measles had, therefore, spread with great violence among the Indians, assuming a most virulent form, the fever of a typhoid kind, and the number of fatalities were appalling. Waiilatpu had not escaped its ravages for, at the time of its fall, many there were suffering from the same disease. Writing of these conditions among the Indians, Mr. Spaulding said:

“It was most distressing to go into a lodge of some ten or twenty fires, and count twenty or twenty-five, some in the midst of measles, others in the last stage of dysentery, in the midst of every kind of filth, of itself sufficient to cause sickness, with no suitable means to alleviate their inconceivable suffering, with perhaps one well person to look after the wants of two sick ones. They were dying every day; one, two, and sometimes five in a day, with the dysentery, which generally followed the measles. Everywhere the sick and dying were pointed to Jesus, and the well were urged to prepare for death.”

Some time in November of this year, probably about the 23rd, Mr. Spaulding arrived at Waiilatpu, bringing with him his little daughter, Eliza, then ten years of age, whom he placed

in the Whitman school. He brought with him, also, in the care of an employee, a string of pack horses loaded with wheat and corn to be ground at the Doctor's mill. The grinding having been finished, the train of pack horses filed out of the mission grounds on its return on the morning of November 29th, a few hours before the blow fell.

On the morning of the 25th, Mr. Spaulding, taking with him a young man by the name of Andrew Rogers, rode down the valley as far as the village of the celebrated Walla Walla chief, Peu-peu-mox-mox, where they remained for the night. During the night a member of the chief's lodge died of the measles, and the following morning, Messrs. Spaulding and Rogers accompanied the bereaved Indians to the ancient burial ground, situated just below old Fort Walla Walla and near the mouth of the river by that name. Having conducted the funeral, Mr. Spaulding and his friend visited the Fort, where they met the Catholic clergy, as related by Rev. Brouillet. This was on Friday, November 26th, and being Mr. Spaulding's 44th anniversary, he accepted an invitation to dine with the assembled guests.

Writing of this occasion, Rev. Brouillet said:

"The day before our departure from the Fort for the Umatilla, we dined with Mr. Spaulding and Mr. Rogers, and I assure you that it was a satisfaction to me to make the acquaintance of those gentlemen. I then indulged the hope more strongly than ever of living in peace with them all, which was in perfect accordance with my natural feelings; for those who are acquainted with me know that I have nothing more at heart than to live in peace with all men, and that, exempt from prejudices, I am disposed to look with an equal eye upon the members of all religious denominations, to do all I can for the good of all without regard to the name by which they may be called."

Returning to Waiilatpu, where they arrived about noon the following day, Saturday, Mr. Spaulding was present when an Indian rider arrived from the camp of the Young Chief, requesting the immediate presence of the Doctor at his village to attend to the numerous sick among his people. It was late

in the evening when, accompanied by Mr. Spaulding, the Doctor set out for the Umatilla, a distance of thirty miles. The weather being unfavorable, and the roads heavy, it was not until the early dawn of the Sabbath when they arrived at the lodge of that friendly Cayuse, Istacus, where they obtained breakfast.

After a short rest the Doctor mounted his horse, crossed the Umatilla River near at hand, and rode down to the place of the Young Chief, a distance of some six miles. Attending to the sick he called on the Catholic missionaries who, only the night before, had established themselves in the house of the Young Chief, not far from the lodge where that worthy dwelled. He then returned to the lodge of Stikas, or Istacus, and at four o'clock that Sunday afternoon, he bade his last adieu to Mr. Spaulding and set out alone for Wailatpu. No matter how Mr. Spaulding had felt towards the Doctor, nor how many vicious reports he had circulated in the past, it was all over now, for they were to meet no more.

Rev. Brouillet speaks of thus meeting the Doctor, as follows:

"The next day being Sunday we were visited by Dr. Whiteman, who remained but a few minutes at the house, and appeared to be much agitated. Being invited to dine, he refused, saying that he feared it would be too late, as he had twenty-five miles to go, and wished to reach home before night. On parting he entreated me not to fail to visit him when I would pass by his mission, which I very cordially promised to do.

"On Monday, 29th, Mr. Spaulding took supper with us, and appeared quite gay. During the conversation he happened to say that the Doctor was unquiet, that the Indians were displeased with him on account of the sickness, and that even he had been informed that the murderer (an Indian) intended to kill him; but he seemed not to believe this, and suspected as little as we did what was taking place at the mission of the Doctor.

"Before leaving Walla Walla it had been decided that after visiting the sick people of my mission on the Umatilla, I should go and visit those of Tilokaikt's (as spelled by

Brouillet) camp for the purpose of baptising the infants and such dying adults as might desire this favor; and the Doctor and Mr. Spaulding having informed me that there were still many sick persons at their mission, I was confirmed in this resolution, and made preparations to go as soon as possible. After having finished baptising the infants and dying adults of my mission, I left on Tuesday, the 30th of November, late in the afternoon for Tilokaikt's camp, where I arrived between seven and eight o'clock in the evening."

As we now approach the day upon which the shadow fell, it may be said that, except by inference, the most highly inflated imagination of those who chronicled the event at or soon after the time it occurred, place the number of Indians engaged in the massacre at not to exceed thirty, and even that number appears excessive. Those who were actually implicated in the murder are as follows: Tilaukait, the chief on whose land the mission was located; his two sons, Edward and Clark (Mission names); Tamsuky, a second chief; Frank Escaloom (Mission name); Ishalhal, laterly known as Siahsalucus; Kiamasumpkin; Klokamas, who was executed, but whose connection with the massacre is not divulged by available records; Taumaulish, who, doubtless, was the culprit known at the trial as Tamahas; Estools, Showshow, Pahosh, Cupup-cupup, and Alas! the most devoted and pious savage of them all, Stickas. They all resided near and were members of the mission church, and, with the exception of Tamsuky, were considered fair representations of mission influence, all having received instructions as well as innumerable favors at the hands of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman.

To the above list it is highly proper that we add the name of Joe Lewis, a half-breed American, who, at the age of four years was rescued from the wild Indians in the State of Maine, only to become, when he arrived at the age of maturity, a vagabond of the most reprehensible character. In time he drifted west and lived exclusively with the Indians until he wandered into the hospitable home of Mrs. Whitman, where, unbidden, he took up his lodging. The mixed blood that coursed through his veins seems to have created in his heart



Byron S. Kimball



Mrs. Harriet M. Kimball, wife of Nathan S. Kimball



Mrs. Gertrude Hall Denny, Portland, Oregon.

an undying hatred for the white race, and no sooner had he acquainted himself with the prevailing opinion which the Indians bore towards the Americans, than he, in a most cunning and heartless manner, proceeded to ply fuel to the already threatening flames.

When Indians have determined upon the commission of an atrocious deed of the nature under consideration, one of the first preliminaries to be settled in council is who shall have the distinction of striking the first blow. This privilege is usually accorded to the chief, unless for good and sufficient reasons he sees fit to relinquish it to another. At the Whitman massacre it was Tamsuky who struck the first blow, and, therefore, it may be of interest to examine the records for some light as to why he should be thus favored at the hands of his chief.

This savage is frequently spoken of as "The Murderer" and is explained by reason of his having killed at one time a member of his tribe. Gray speaks of him as Tamsaky; Brouillett, as Tomsakay; John Tourpin, as Red Cloak; Thomas McKay, as Tumsakay; Col. Lee, as Tamsucy; and again as Tamsuckie in another paragraph; Catherine Sager, long after the events, as Tamahas, the murderer; Mrs. Helm, as Tamsukey; Mrs. Whitman, as Feather Cap, belonging to Tilaukait's camp; Spaulding, as Tamsucky, a Cayuse called the murderer; Dr. Whitman, in a letter recounting his troubles with, doubtless, the same Indian, speaks of him as Saka-aph; Mr. Hines describes him as follows:

"Possessed a countenance extraordinarily savage, but a dignified mein, and a voice of command. He was dressed in skin breeches, a striped shirt, which he wore over his breeches, and a scarlet coat trimmed to imitate the uniform of a British general. On his head was a fine cotton handkerchief, thrown over loosely; this was surmounted by an otter-skin cap, on the top of which was fastened the long hair of a white horse-tail, which hung in ringlets down his neck."

This fastidious personage of many names is often confused with the Indian Tamahas, who, it is inadvertently said, struck

the fatal blow, and who, by that name was tried and executed. The word "man" in the Cayuse language as then spoken resembled in sound the word "tama"; and the word "suka" would have been translated into English as meaning, to know, or knowledge, etc., as the subject might dictate. It is not recorded that Tamsuky ever surrendered, or was executed.

When Mr. Parker, in 1835, visited the camp of Tilaukait, there were two sub-chiefs, one being called Split Lip, a worthy compeer of Tamsuky, but he was now deceased, otherwise he doubtless would have taken an active part in the carnage. Tamsuky had been the source of much trouble at Wailatpu from the very beginning of the mission work; it was he who urged the Catholics to establish a mission there; it was he who had most persistently demanded pay for the use of the ground, water, lumber, air, etc., and it was he who so often engaged the Doctor in bitter altercations. It was Tamsuky, the murderer, whom Spaulding mentioned as having heard he was going to kill the Doctor; and Stickas, in a statement presumed to have been made to the private secretary of Col. Giliam, says, "Tamsaky went to Camaspelo and told him he wanted to kill the Doctor, and wished him to help. He replied, pointing to his child, that his child was sick, and that was as much as he could attend to" * * *

Mrs. Catherine S. Pringle, the eldest of the Sager girls, wrote a statement for Clarke's "Pioneer Days of Oregon History", from which the following is quoted:

"A bad man was named Tam-a-has, meaning murderer, as he had once killed a man. One day the Doctor was at **work in his field** when this man rode up and ordered him, peremptorily, to go and grind a grist for him. When the Doctor objected to him talking and acting so, he said he could grind it himself, and started for the mill. The Doctor could walk across sooner and did so. Tamahas came to him there with a club, but saw an iron bar in his hand. They had a serious time of it, both with words and blows, but the iron bar was a full match for the club, and Tamahas finally agreed to behave himself and have his grist ground. Exhausted in body and mind, the Doctor came to the house and threw himself down, saying that if they would only

say so he would gladly leave, for he was tired almost beyond endurance."

When the fatal blow fell then, it was at the hands of Tam-suky, and his chief, Tilaukait, grim, stoical, yet with solemn sanction, stood by his side and witnessed the foul deed.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MISSION ROSTER—ANDREW ROGERS—MRS. WHITMAN'S LETTERS.

For the first time since it was established, the mission seems to have received quite a few recruits from the emigration of this year, for on the eve of its fall, we find the following people sheltered there:

	<i>Age</i>	<i>From</i>
1 Dr. Marcus Whitman.....	44	New York
2 Mrs. Narcissa Prentiss Whitman..	39	New York
3 John Sager.....	17	Missouri
4 Francis Sager.....	15	Missouri
5 Catherine Sager.....	13	Missouri
6 Elizabeth M. Sager.....	10	Missouri
7 Matilda J. Sager	8	Missouri
8 Louise Sager.....	6	Missouri
9 Henriette Sager.....	4	Missouri
10 Eliza Spaulding.....	10	Lapwai
11 Helen Mar Meek.....	10	The Mountains
12 Mr. Joseph Smith.....	Adult	Illinois
13 Mrs. Joseph Smith.....	Adult	Illinois
14 Miss Mary Smith.....	15	Illinois
15 Edwin Smith.....	13	Illinois
16 Charles Smith.....	11	Illinois
17 Nelson Smith.....	6	Illinois
18 Mortimer Smith.....	4	Illinois
19 Mrs. Rebecca Hays.....	Adult	Missouri
20 Henry Clay Hays.....	4	Missouri
21 Peter D. Hall.....	Adult	Illinois
22 Mrs. Eliza Hall.....	Adult	Illinois
23 Gertrude J. Hall.....	10	Illinois
24 Mary C. Hall.....	8	Illinois
25 Ann E. Hall.....	6	Illinois
26 Rebecca Hall.....	3	Illinois
27 Rachel Hall.....	1	Illinois
28 L. W. Saunders.....	Adult	Indiana
29 Mrs. Mary Saunders.....	Adult	Indiana
30 Helen M. Saunders.....	14	Indiana
31 Phebe Saunders	10	Indiana

	<i>Age</i>	<i>From</i>
32 Alfred W. Saunders.....	6	Indiana
33 Nancy J. Saunders.....	4	Indiana
34 Mary A. Saunders.....	2	Indiana
35 Nathan S. Kimball.....	Adult	Indiana
36 Mrs. Harriet Kimball.....	Adult	Indiana
37 Susan M. Kimball.....	16	Indiana
38 Byron E. Kimball.....	8	Indiana
39 Sarah S. Kimball.....	6	Indiana
40 Mina A. Kimball.....	1	Indiana
41 Elam Young.....	Adult	Missouri
42 Mrs. Irene Young.....	Adult	Missouri
43 Daniel Young.....	21	Missouri
44 John Q. A. Young.....	19	Missouri
45 Josiah Osborne.....	Adult	Illinois
46 Mrs. Marguerite Osborne.....	Adult	Illinois
47 Nancy A. Osborne.....	9	Illinois
48 John L. Osborne.....	9	Illinois
49 Alexander A. Osborne.....	2	Illinois
50 William D. Canfield.....	Adult	Iowa
51 Mrs. Sally A. Canfield.....	Adult	Iowa
52 Ellen Canfield.....	16	Iowa
53 Oscar Canfield.....	9	Iowa
54 Clarissa Canfield.....	7	Iowa
55 Sylvia A. Canfield.....	5	Iowa
56 Albert Canfield.....	3	Iowa
57 Miss Lorinda Bewley.....	22	Missouri
58 Crockett Bewley.....	Adult	Missouri
59 Mr. Marsh.....	Adult	Missouri
60 Mary E. Marsh.....	11	Missouri
61 Isaac Gillan, (Gilliland).....	Adult	New York
62 Amos Sales.....	Adult	New York
63 Jacob Hoffman.....	Adult	New York
64 Andrew Rogers.....	Adult	Missouri
65 Mary Ann Bridger.....	11	Fort Bridger
66 Manson Boy.....	Half Breed,	H. B. Co.
67 Manson Boy.....	Half Breed,	H. B. Co.
68 Joseph Stanfield.....	Adult	Frenchman
69 Joe Lewis.....	Adult	Canadian Indian
70 Nicholas Finley	Adult	Half Breed
71 David M. Malin.....	6	
72 James Young.....	24	Missouri

These people were accommodated by the following distribution :

Residing with the Doctor and Mrs. Whitman in the mission house.....	18
Residing in the north room of the mission house, (Indian room)	5
In a room partitioned off in the blacksmith shop.....	8
In a house built for Mr. Gray, now called the Mansion....	27
At the sawmill, twenty miles up Mill Creek.....	13
In a lodge near the mission.....	1
Total	72

Of the total number enrolled at the mission, there were :

Able to bear arms, including French and half-breeds....	17
Women, including the Smith girl.....	13
Children	42

Of the total number, eleven were confined to beds on account of sickness. Such was Wailatpu, Sunday, November 28th, 1847.

To know something of those who play the leading roles detracts no interest from the tragedy itself but reflects a peculiar light by which we may the better judge the scenes before us. At the door of Andrew Rogers, contemporaneous accounts lay a most serious charge, and it may be well to be possessed of what information there is available concerning him. Again quoting from Mrs. Pringle, who says :

“On Sunday morning in the autumn of 1845 two men arrived at the station. One of them, Andrew Rogers, was a young man of about twenty-five, tall and slender, sandy hair and sallow look that betokened ill-health. He sang hymns and played the violin, so the ‘Seceders’ to which church he belonged, turned him out. His gentlemanly appearance and intelligence won him the admiration of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman. He came to procure room and care for a friend who was ill with consumption. He succeeded in this and was also engaged to teach school the ensuing winter. Going to Umatilla, he soon returned with his friend, Joseph Finly, who took board with the family of Mr. Osborne, his relatives.

He made the journey to Oregon hoping for improved health. For a while he improved and seemed stronger. Dr. and Mrs. Whitman became much attached to him. He was one day taken worse when at their house and never left it."

In an undated letter, Mrs. Whitman comments on Mr. Rogers, as follows:

"I have now a family of eleven children. This makes me feel as if I could not write a letter, not even to my dearest friends, much as I desire to. I get along very well with them; they have been to school most of the time; we have an excellent teacher, a young man from New York. He became hopefully converted soon after entering our family, and mother, I wish you could see me now in the midst of such a group of little ones;" * * * "Two important Indians have died and they have ventured to say and intimate that the Doctor has killed them by his magical power, in the same way they accuse their own sorcerers and kill them for it. * * * We are in the midst of excitement and prejudice on all sides."

Speaking of the death of the young man brought to the mission by Mr. Rogers, Mrs. Whitman, in a letter to her mother, dated April 19th, 1846, wrote as follows:

"My thoughts have been very much in heaven, on heavenly subjects for two or three months past, having been permitted to accompany a fellow traveler down to the gates of death and see him pass the dark waters triumphantly and enter joyfully the New Jerusalem above. O, what a glorious sight, and I may say that reluctantly I turned away, mourning that I was not permitted to follow him in reality as with an eye of faith. The individual I refer to was not a relative, or I could not have stood and looked on with such composure and quietness. He was a young man nearly thirty-two years of age; far gone in consumption when he arrived here last fall, as one of last immigration—Joseph S. Findly, from Illinois, and without friends and money, left here to die among strangers. His brother went on past to the Willamette, and he stopped here because it was more unfavorable for an invalid there in the winter time than here. We had assistance, however, in taking care of him until the last month of his life, when the sole care devolved on me and

the children; my health was very poor all the time. You can see, beloved parents, what my work was, when I tell you that when he came here, he was without a Saviour * *

* and on the 26th he with Mr. Rogers, another young man that had been employed as a teacher of our children, offered themselves and were received most joyfully into our little church here in the wilderness. He was unable to sit up, consequently we were gathered around his sick and dying bed, to commemorate with him for the first and last time the dying love of our blessed Redeemer before he left us to join the church triumphant above. * * * He died on Saturday, 28th of March, a few minutes past one. He was more than two hours dying * * * and I pray God I may always be in a frame of mind to apply this Scripture, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.' "

Again on November 3rd, she refers to him in the following words:

" * * * We set the table for more than twenty every day three times, and it is a pleasing sight. Mr. Gieger serves the children. Mr. Rogers, the young man that taught last winter, is still with us studying for the ministry. He is a good young man and his Christian society affords me much comfort. He is an excellent singer and has taught the children to sing admirably. When they came here not one of them could make even a noise towards singing; now they constitute quite a heavy choir. None of them could read except the three eldest very poorly; now they are quite good scholars and are making good progress."

With one more exhibit, the character of Mr. Rogers must stand or fall, as the case may be, against the charges yet to be made. Under date of April 15, 1847, Mrs. Whitman, in a most touching letter to her sister, Jane, beseeching her to come to Waiilatpu without fail, incorporates the following relative to her husband and Mr. Rogers:

"My dear husband is gone to Vancouver and has been absent for several weeks. But I am now looking for him every moment. Indeed, dear Jane, you know not how much of the time he is away, necessarily, from home. That is

one very good reason why I want you here. True, I am not without my comforts, even when he is away. The Lord has sent us a dear good brother who has now been with us more than a year, in whose society I find much enjoyment and satisfaction. He is the same who wrote you last spring, and you may judge from his letter something of what he is. We talk, sing, labour, and study together; indeed, he is the best associate I ever had, Marcus excepted, and better than I ever expect to get again, unless you and Edward come and live with me. He has always seemed to me very much like Brother Stephen, and I have often fancied myself enjoying his society again. I can assure you it is no small comfort to have some one to sing with who knows how to sing, for it is true, Jane, I love to sing just as well as ever. From what I have heard of Edward, it would be pleasant to hear him again; as for you, *kala tilapsa kunku* (I am longing for you continually to sing with), and it may be, put us all together, with the violin which Mr. Rogers plays, we should make music such as would cause the Indians to stare."

"May 18th—My Dear Jane: * * * I am just now preparing to go to Tshimakain station with Messrs. Eells and Walker to attend a meeting of the mission. It is 180 miles north of us. I have not made a journey on horseback for six or seven years, and you will doubtless be pleased to hear that my health is so much improved as to be able to undertake such a journey again. I am going to start in care of Mr. Rogers, expecting to overtake Mr. Eells, who has just been here on a visit and gone to Walla Walla for some goods. Husband can go much quicker than I like to ride, and he is obliged to settle with and see to the starting of the immigrants that wintered here, he does not leave home until several days after I do, and then goes by way of Mr. Spaulding's, to notify him and see to some business there. So you see, my dear, Marcus is almost always on the move. A head and heart more full of benevolent plans, and hands more ready in the execution of them for the good of the poor Indians and the white population of the country, you have probably never seen." * * *

CHAPTER XXII.

DR. WHITMAN RETURNS—THE LAST NIGHT IN THE MISSION—
MONDAY MORNING—HOW ENGAGED—TILAUKAIT AND
TAMSUKY ARRIVE—THE BLOW FALLS—MARY ANN BRIDGER
DR. WHITMAN MORTALLY WOUNDED—JOHN SAGER KILLED
A CONCERTED ATTACK—"THE INDIANS ARE KILLING
US ALL."

In our attempt to bring all the elements of the tragedy to a common center on the morning of the massacre, we will now return to the lodge of the pious Stickas, where the evening before, it will be remembered, Dr. Whitman took final leave of his co-worker, the Rev. Henry H. Spaulding.

It required probably about six hours for the Doctor, after his parting with Mr. Spaulding, to ride from that place to Waiilatpu, so we may judge therefore that he reached the mission at near ten o'clock that Sunday evening. The weather had been inclement for several days (in fact Mr. Spaulding makes the statement that they rode all night, Saturday night, in a heavy rain), and when he reached home the place was enveloped in a fog. After turning his horse out on the range, he entered the sitting room of the mission building where he found John and Francis Sager sitting up with the sick. John was himself just recovering from an attack of the measles and was hardly able to be up. Catherine was ill at the time, as was also Louise and Helen Mar Meek, the last two dangerously so; in the chamber above this sitting room Miss Bewley was suffering from ague, and the Osborne family, occupying the north, or Indian room, were all more or less indisposed, Mrs. Osborne having been confined only one week before, but the child, unfortunately, did not live.

In the center of the sitting room from east to west, with its head to the north against the stair partition, stood a bed, so arranged that curtains could be drawn when it was occupied, and on this bed reposed Mrs. Whitman when the Doctor entered the room. As he approached the stove he said to the boys that he would look after the sick for the remainder of the night and suggested that they retire, which they did, occupy-

ing the northerly bedroom of the two adjoining the kitchen on the east. The Doctor then walked over to the settee and made a rather perfunctory examination of Catherine, then a more careful one of Louise, but to the cot of Helen, he drew his chair and gazed long and silently at the wasted form of the little sufferer from the Rocky Mountains. Returning to a chair at the stove he was joined by his wife, to whom he remarked that Helen could not live. How long they conversed together this, their last night on earth, is not known, but probably far into the small and silent hours.

Monday morning came tardily and shrouded with a mantle of fog; the clouds hung low, and the watery slush on the mission yard only added to the discomfort of that fated day. The Doctor himself prepared the breakfast, for it was nearly noon when his wife emerged from her chamber, where Elizabeth had taken her some breakfast earlier in the day, and found her weeping. It was not long, however, until the sound at the mill, the anvil in the shop, the hammer at the bench and the morning school bell denoted the usual industry at the mission. The Doctor spent some time in conversation with Mr. Rogers, attending to his several patients, and, an Indian child having been brought to the mission for burial, he had conducted the funeral exercises at the cemetery set apart for them just north of where the victims lie buried now. It was near the noon hour when he returned and greeted Mrs. Whitman, who was again the smiling, cheerful light of the mission household.

The day was wearing away in the usual manner, dinner had been served, and even the afternoon recess had arrived, and still no presentiment of the impending doom so near at hand. The low, rumbling and monotonous grind at the mill was the sound of peace and industry that quieted rather than excited fear. By the side of the water south of the mission house Mr. Rogers was working in the garden; Mr. Canfield was swinging his hammer in the blacksmith shop with his usual vigor; Mr. Marsh, having been detained for seven days with Mr. Spauldings' unusual demand, had not allowed the mill to cease since early morning, and every grist was for Indians of the mission; Gillaland, the tailor, sitting on his work table, plied his needle

with care and skill; Mr. Saunders was directing his work in the school room, while Mr. Hall, the carpenter, labored in the room next adjoining to the east, putting down a floor that Mr. Osborne and family might have better quarters than the Indian room afforded. The saw mill, twenty miles away, was turning out lumber at the rate of 2,000 feet per day, and two large overland wagons were engaged in hauling the output down to the mission.

Joe Stanfield, the French Canadian employed at the mission, had before the noon hour driven in a beef, for Monday was butcher day at Wailatpu. Francis Sager had shot it, and Messrs. Kimball and Hoffman were assisting these two in dressing it. Mr. Sales, whose lodging was with the family of Mr. Canfield in the blacksmith shop, was confined to his bed by sickness; Mr. Bewley, in a like condition, occupied one of the rooms to the east of the kitchen in the mission house. Mrs. Whitman was engaged in bathing the children, as was her custom, about the middle of the afternoon, while the Doctor, feeling somewhat baffled at the persistent nature of her illness, was giving Miss Bewley his undivided attention. John Sager, weak in strength and sallow in appearance, sat on a stool in the kitchen winding twine for brooms, and vainly matching his wit with the droll retorts of Mary Ann Bridger, engaged in work at the kitchen table. A few Indians stood near the derrick on which the beef had been suspended, and in their usual listless manner they watched the operations of the men at work.

It was now approaching the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon, and still not a rift in the clouds through which even the smallest ray of light might shine on Wailatpu. Emerging from the fog above the mill pond two Indians, clad in blankets that reached down to their wet and muddy moccasins, moving with that quick, pigeon-toed tread so characteristic of the savage race, made their way along the path by the water's edge to the mansion house, and then straightway to the kitchen door of the mission, four hundred feet to the west. It was the owner of the mission land, Tilaukait, and his worthy accomplice, Tamsuky, with their souls filled with that passionate hate which had been nurtured in the morbid minds of these unfor-

tunate savages these many years. The chief, having commissioned his subordinate with authority to strike the blow, had accompanied him that he might witness the foul deed.

Unbidden they entered the kitchen door at the north, just as Mrs. Whitman was returning from the pantry to the sitting room with a cup of milk for little Henrietta. Closing the door behind her she took the child in her arms and seated herself near the stove. The Doctor, with his back towards the children, who were at the moment taking their tub bath, sat at a table engaged in medical work, when a knock was heard on the door Mrs. Whitman had just closed. The Doctor responded to the summons and, stepping into the kitchen, closed the door behind him. Mrs. Whitman, as if actuated by a feeling of apprehension, stepped to the door and listening for a moment, seemed reassured and returned to her chair at the stove with the child still in her arms. At this moment Mrs. Osborne entered the sitting room from their quarters in the Indian room to the north, but had hardly closed the door behind her when the report of a gun in the kitchen struck terror to the hearts of the helpless household. They were to remain in doubt but a moment however, for the intrepid half-breed daughter of Jim Bridger, fairly flew around the house to the front and bursting through the door, hurriedly recounted the scenes she had witnessed in the kitchen.

From the report of this little girl, it appears that when the Doctor entered the kitchen he seated himself on a small settee between the cook stove and a table near the wall; Tilaukait, standing in front of the Doctor, engaged him in conversation relative to some sick children which he was treating. While thus engaged, Tamsuky stepped behind his unsuspecting victim and, with a powerful blow, buried his tomahawk deep in the top of the Doctor's head, the blow being quickly followed by a second, while the now insensible missionary was slowly descending to the floor. He then leveled his gun, heretofore concealed beneath the folds of his blanket, at the quivering form of John Sager and shot him dead, his body falling directly in front of the sitting room door. It is needless to say that the exit of Mary Ann Bridger was not delayed, for the inmates

of the sitting room had hardly recovered their speech before she stood in their midst and informed them that father and John were dead.

The children who had been taking their bath, and some of them without clothing, ran out through the front door and appeared most bewildered, until Mrs. Whitman, who had been standing near her chair, walked over to the bed and gently placing the babe thereon, and covering it as calmly as if nothing unusual had occurred, walked to the door and called them in. She directed them to put their clothes on, and turning to Mrs. Osborne, told her to go back to her room and lock the door, then passed into the kitchen and kneeling by the prostrate form of her husband, asked him if she could do anything for him, to which he replied in a low and indistinct voice, "No".

It was at this moment that Mr. Kimball, with one arm shattered by a gunshot wound, and who had been working at the beef some three hundred feet towards the mill, ran into the sitting room through a sash door on the outside near the southeast corner. As he entered the room he called out to Mrs. Whitman, saying, "the Indians are killing us all"; he then sank to the floor and called for water. From the kitchen Mrs. Whitman brought a pitcher of water and placed it by his side, after which she carefully locked all the outside doors and again approached the body of her husband. She was in the act of raising his head and shoulders as though intending to change his position, when Mrs. Hall, wife of the carpenter who worked in the room adjoining the school room on the east, accompanied by Mrs. Hays, who had lost her husband on the trail, arrived from their place of abode at the mansion. With their assistance Mrs. Whitman moved the body of her husband to the sitting room, placing it on the floor at the foot of the bed.

The explosion attending the shot that killed John Sager appears to have alarmed all of the inhabitants of the mission, and may have served as a signal to the Indians loitering around the beef, for immediately after that shot was fired they pulled guns from under their blankets and opened fire on the men working there, who were at this particular moment, Jacob

Hoffman, Nathan S. Kimball and William D. Canfield; Joe Stanfield, the Canadian, who drove in the beef, is not accounted for during the afternoon of this day, and Francis Sager, who killed it, was in the school room. At the first volley Mr. Kimball received a ball in his arm and made his escape to the house, as has been noted; Mr. Canfield, having received but a minor wound, ran to his shop, gathered up the youngest of the children and, shouting for the remainder to follow, ran over to and secreted himself in the mansion house until night, when he made his complete escape, being the first to carry the news to Lapwai and to Mrs. Spaulding.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MR. HOFFMAN FIGHTS—DEATH OF L. W. SAUNDERS—DEATH OF ISAAC GILLILAND—PETER HALL ESCAPES—SCENES IN THE MISSION HOUSE—MRS. WHITMAN WOUNDED—RETREAT TO THE CHAMBER—DAY DARKENS—DEATH OF MRS. WHITMAN—ANDREW ROGERS—FRANCIS SAGER.

Mr. Hoffman, the only man at Waillatpu who as much as raised his hand in defense of all these women and children, and being there himself without a family, appears to have escaped being wounded at the time of the first assault, now grabbed for an ax which had been used on the beef and put up a noble fight. Mr. Marsh may have come to his relief, at least it is to be hoped that he did, for his body was found some twenty feet from the mill and in the direction of the spot where Hoffman, out-numbered and alone, struggled with the savage foe. Tamsuky, who had passed out of the kitchen immediately after dispatching John Sager, going south towards the garden in company with his chief, deemed it necessary to go to the assistance of his savage brethren, for he received a painful wound on the foot from Hoffman's ax, just before that brave defender yielded up his life.

Mr. Gilliland remained in his sewing room in the mansion and appears to have been shot while sitting on his table; he suffered until far into the night before death came to his relief. Mr. Saunders, the teacher, conducting his school in the room east of the kitchen in which John Sager was killed, doubtless heard the report of the gun and quickly surmised the cause. The school room floor was elevated about four feet from the level of the ground, under which was the mission cellar. Two bed rooms had been cut off the east side of the kitchen, the floors of which were near the ground and the space over these bed rooms formed a gallery to the school room. Here Mr. Saunders packed his scholars, and enjoining silence upon all, made his way to the sash door of the sitting room, it being the same door by which Kimball had entered, as before related, but the teacher found it locked; when he had

succeeded in attracting her attention, however, Mrs. Whitman motioned him to leave the door and return to his children.

As he was about to ascend the steps to the school room on his return, the indomitable Tamsuky made his appearance and immediately opened hostilities by making a vigorous attempt to bury a long-bladed knife in the breast of the now thoroughly excited teacher. A struggle followed without any perceptible advantages on either side until another Indian, presumably Tilaukiat, joined in the fray. Mr. Saunders then broke away and endeavored to reach the mansion, four hundred feet to the east, but was pursued and overtaken just as he was in the act of scaling the fence near that house, where Tamsuky delivered the fatal blow that sent the lifeless body of the teacher to earth on the opposite side of the fence. It was at this time that the tailor, Gilliland, was mortally wounded by a pistol shot through the door of his room, but at whose hands we are not informed. Tamsuky was now in the immediate vicinity of the place where Hoffman was making such a spirited defense, into the midst of which the villain plunged only to receive the last blow from the ax of the already dying man.

When the first shot resounded from the mission kitchen, Mr. Hall, the carpenter, working on the second floor, of a new addition on the east, being erected for a dwelling place for Mr. Osborne, jumped to the ground on the north side, made his way to the front of the house where he must have heard Mary Bridgers' report, for on his arrival at Fort Walla Walla the following morning he reported that two men had been killed up to the time he left the mission. It is related to the writer by one of the survivors that shortly after Mr. Hall left the premises, an Indian, without knowledge of the massacre at the time, arrived at the mission and circulated the report that he had met a demented man below on the river, who had attacked him in a most vicious manner and robbed him of his gun, but had allowed him to retain his powder and ball, and that after securing the gun ran with such rapidity that he could not be overtaken.

On the next day after the massacre, Mr. J. M. Stanley, an American artist, was traveling the trail down the Touchet ex-

pecting to visit Wailatpu, but when he heard of the events that had occurred there he then changed his course and arrived at Fort Walla Walla on Thursday. The following spring while at Oregon City, he made a signed statement, in which he said, in part:

"I arrived at Walla Walla the 2nd of December, and learned from Mr. McBean that Mr. Hall brought him the first intelligence of the massacre early in the morning of the 30th of November—that he was received in the Fort in Mr. McBean's private or family room, * * * he was undecided whether to remain or proceed to Willamette; feared he would be killed if found by the Cayuses; and after consulting with Mr. McBean thought he could reach the Willamette in safety on the north side of the river. He was furnished with a cappa, blanket, powder, ball, and tobacco, and Mr. McBean saw him safely across the river." * * *

Mrs. Denney, of Portland, Oregon, formerly Gertrude Hall, informed the writer that it was her opinion that her father was killed by no other than Tamsuky; that this Indian was away for a few days at the time. Other reports are to the effect that he was drowned while crossing the Columbia at the upper falls; other than this no tidings have ever come from Peter D. Hall, the carpenter at Wailatpu.

Following these distressing events in their order we now return to the sitting room of the mission house, where Mrs. Whitman, fully composed, had securely fastened all the doors and windows, and was going from one to the other, counseling all to remain quiet, and, to prepare to meet death in a brave and courageous manner, should their fate so decree. With her were the five Sager girls, Mary Bridger, Helen Meek, Mrs. Hays, Mrs. Hall, Miss Bewley, and Mr. Kimball, making twelve persons all told, three of whom were ill, and two, Louise Sager and Helen Meek, were at the point of death. The Osborne family, consisting of husband, wife and three children, aged two and nine years, were now at work taking up a board in the floor of the Indian room adjoining on the north, under which they succeeded in concealing themselves until dark.

Mrs. Whitman had pillowed the bleeding head of her hus-

band, in whose body there appeared a flickering spark of life, but it is quite probable that he remained unconscious, with the exception of a few brief moments, from the time of the first blow until the final dissolution which occurred at a later hour. In this dark and foreboding period the remarkable character of Narcissa Prentiss Whitman stood forth in the mighty calmness of her nature; her serene and placid features betrayed no sign of fear as she comforted those about her with words of hope and cheer.

It will be remembered that Andrew Rogers, at the time the signal gun was fired in the kitchen, was employed in the garden plot between the mission house and the creek some thirty yards to the south. It was some time after Mr. Kimball, who was working at the beef, had made his appearance with a broken arm, and just before the death of Mr. Saunders, whose struggles had been witnessed by Mrs. Whitman and Catherine Sager through the sash door leading to the sitting room, that Rogers threw himself against this door with such violence as to break out two panes of glass. He was admitted by Mrs. Whitman, who again closed and locked the door, when it was discovered that the young man had been wounded in the wrist, which, together with his intensely excited condition, rendered almost useless, both his council and assistance. Mrs. Helm remembered that when he noticed the Doctor on the floor he became even more agitated and inquired if he were dead. "No," responded the Doctor in a voice unusually strong.

After admitting Mr. Rogers, and while still standing at the sash door peering out into the fog of the gathering night, Mrs. Whitman received from the outside a bullet that pierced her shoulder; clasping her hands to the wound she slowly sank to the floor saying, "Lord, save these little ones."

It may be proper to record at this time that, while the carnage heretofore noted was in progress, Joe Lewis, the half-breed, whom some benevolent person had rescued from the Indians of Maine, and who had doubtless endeavored to bring him up to be a useful citizen, was frequently observed by the people imprisoned in the mission house, mingling freely with the blood-thirsty murderers without. He seemed to possess no fear for his own safety, and, moreover, was several times

seen peering into the sitting room as if acquiring information for his savage colleagues. His veins seem to have fairly tingled with hatred for the white race, one of whom had caused him to be brought into the world neither savage nor civilized, and the fury of his criminal nature was always manifest at even a suggestion pertaining to the white man's religion.

It was now growing well toward the close of day and Mrs. Whitman sought to make arrangements for the night so near at hand; having recovered from the first shock of the bullet wound, though suffering intense pain, she directed that all go up stairs and take refuge in the chamber which had previously been assigned to Miss Bewley. While one room only had been prepared for use on the second floor, still all the space under the roof was available in case of necessity, the finished room being in the center at the landing of the stairs. Hither the refugees made their way, the older women bearing the sick, and Mr. Rogers supporting Mrs. Whitman, now manifesting signs of weakness on account of the profuse bleeding of her wound. Again, when they were assembled in the chamber, Mrs. Whitman adjured the older ones to be prepared to meet death at any time, and making the sick as comfortable as circumstances would permit, they awaited developments.

They had not long to wait until the ominous sounds of breaking glass and the battering down of doors in the rooms below made it evident that the crucial hour had arrived. The sitting room was now filled with Indians who gave vent to their most hideous yells of defiance, and it was at this time that the still lingering Doctor received three ugly gashes across his face and the dead body of John Sager was mutilated. Following this an attack was made on the door leading to the stairway and it was battered down, after which the murderers retired and all was silence for a time; then the anxious listeners in the room above heard the cat-like tread of moccasined feet approaching the stairway and the plaintive voice of an Indian calling for Mr. Rogers.

Mr. Rogers, ¹ following the suggestion of Mrs. Whitman,

¹It was at this time that Mr. Rogers was reported to have made the statement relative to Dr. Whitman's poisoning Indians, for the purpose of saving his own life.

descended the stairs where he met Joe Lewis and Tamsuky who had called him. It appears that this human beast, Tamsuky, was wary lest the refugees had guns in their possession but being reassured, he acted upon Mrs. Whitman's request and went up stairs, and assuming an attitude of great pity cordially shook hands with all. He told them that it was best that they go over to the other house as the young men were bent on burning the mission house, and that he would help them over and proffered his protection if they would consent to go. Even though Catherine, when she saw the face of their would-be deliverer, acquainted Mrs. Whitman with the fact that this was the Indian that killed the teacher, the consuming love for life brought forth a new-born hope and in spite of the fact that his hands were gory with the blood of her countrymen, she felt that at least the children would be saved, therefore agreed to go.

The Indian suggested that they first take Mrs. Whitman over and then return for the children, whereupon they all departed with the exception of the children and Mr. Kimball, the latter being overlooked doubtless, or he would not have been allowed to remain. Descending the stairs the poor woman's eyes must have fallen on the ghastly face of her husband, for she quickly asked for fresh air and reclined in a dazed manner on the settee near the wall. It was thought best that she be carried over to the other house on this settee, for fear she would be found unable to walk of her own strength.

That she had now concluded that they were going to be spared is strongly suggested by the fact that she requested Mrs. Hays and Mrs. Hall to secure a large amount of clothing for the children, which they did and piled up on the settee with Mrs. Whitman. Miss Bewley went to the press and secured a blanket which she spread over the sufferer, and when all were loaded with clothing, Joe Lewis and Mr. Rogers picked up the settee and carried it out through the kitchen and the north door; they had not proceeded more than ten feet from the house when Lewis dropped his end and made for a place of safety just as a volley of gun shots was heard from the hands of the Indians stationed to the east.

Before the procession left the kitchen, however, the school children had been called out from their place of concealment in the loft, or gallery, of the school room and brought to the kitchen. Among these children was Francis Sager, a husky young man of fifteen, too old to contribute to the feeling of safety on the part of the Indians should he be allowed to live. As the settee on which Mrs. Whitman was being removed from the building was carried through the kitchen, an Indian approached Francis and taking him by the arm drew him forth and placed him in front of the settee with instructions to go with the others. When the volley was fired the body of Francis fell near the northeast corner of the Indian room, his heart pierced. Mrs. Whitman, fatally wounded by two balls lodged in her breast, rolled off the settee into the mud some six or eight feet nearer the kitchen door, while Rogers fell still nearer the door. Neither of the two last mentioned died instantly, but how long they lingered is a matter of conjecture largely. The testimony of Mr. Osborne, who was concealed under the floor of the Indian room, that he heard the victims groaning far into the night and that he heard Mr. Rogers pray, etc., is, in the writer's opinion, entitled to but little if any credence.

It would be a difficult matter to delineate the state of mind and heart of the three women who were thus compelled to witness those most atrocious acts of premeditated murder. In the prescence of death, however, the heart-rending elements which usually attend a brutal crime soon abate, and Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Hays immediately engaged themselves in spreading quilts and sheets over the bodies, and gathered the school children, now palsied with fright, into their respective families. Mrs. Helm, in relating the details as she remembered them, seemed convinced that Mrs. Whitman lingered for some hours after being mortally wounded as already related. "My, Oh, My!" moaned the good woman, as though the massacre was but a week before, "just to think that mother was out there in that mud and water alive and we girls upstairs." It is to be hoped, however, that her spirit had quickly taken its flight for in the midst of that coterie of savage banditti, there was one Ish-al-hal, or Siahsalucus, who, not appeased by the tor-

ture already inflicted upon her, approached the prostrate form of Mrs. Whitman, seized her beautiful auburn hair, now saturated with her own blood, and lifting her head, raised his wet and muddy riding whip and repeatedly lashed the dying woman's face.

When she observed the motion of the Indian's arm and heard the cutting lash falling on the features of Mrs. Whitman, Miss Bewley became panic-stricken and, screaming, broke away. She had run but a rod or so when overtaken by an Indian who had been standing by the body of the fallen missionary, and when brought to a sudden stop was informed that her safety lay in keeping quiet. This was the indomitable Tamsuky, and in his most gallant and gracious manner he took her gently by the hand and led her safely to the mansion house.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ISH-AL-HAL—OSBORNE ESCAPES—A CAROUSAL OF MURDER—
FIRST DAY CLOSES—HOW THE VICTIMS DIED—A NIGHT OF
HORROR—CANFIELD ESCAPES—KIMBALL IN CONCEAL-
MENT—MARSH AND HOFFMAN DEAD—MORNING DAWNS
—THE SECOND DAY—DEATH OF NATHAN KIMBALL.

Five years before, when Mr. Gray was yet secular agent for the mission, and when he resided in the mansion house, this same Ishalhal, whose cruel act was related in the preceding chapter, was a member of his household and it was there that Mrs. Whitman had taught him how to pray; it was he who sent the bullet crashing through the sash door to lodge in the fair shoulder of his teacher, and it was he who held the gun with such deadly aim as the poor woman was being carried to her death. From whence came that uncanny impulse which prompted this human beast of the wilderness to inflict such unmeasured indignities upon one who for eleven years had sought only to alleviate the burden of his kindred, would seem beyond the ken of man.

When darkness put an end to the further effusion of blood for the day, one family of five were secreted under the floor of the Indian room of the mission house, a wounded man and seven defenceless orphans were in hiding in the chamber above, another man was fleeing for his life, nearly two-score widows and orphans were crowded in the mansion house, prisoners, one man in a dying condition and another wounded and in hiding. The Manson children, and the little Spanish orphan, were in the lodge of Nicholas Finley hard by, and the Indians, with their coadjutor, Joe Lewis, being of a superstitious nature, and finding themselves quite ill at ease on such a ghostly field when the shroud of darkness fell, had taken their departure. Messrs. Finley and Stanfield, as if by force of habit, had milked the cows and attended to the mission chores, but avoided the gruesome objects scattered about with great precision. The coyotes of the prairie gathered on the hill top near by howled their taunts of derision in chorus, while the clock in

the mission tolled the silent hours of the night; frequent sobs from within the mansion betokened the presence there of crushed and broken hearts, and the grove near by, moved by the autumn breeze, sounded a solemn requiem for the dead.

In the very zenith of her life, with the cold, damp ground for a dying couch, within the shadow of the mission where she had contributed eleven of the best years of her life, her bosom anointed with the oozing blood from her generous heart, the placid features of her fair face striped with the cruel blows of savage hate, she who had led the interminable host of women across a continent, yielded up her life and Waillatpu, her home, had fallen to rise no more.

When all was dark and still, Mr. Osborne, with his invalid wife and three children, emerged from their place of concealment and made haste to be away from the mission, now a place of torment. He made his way towards Fort Walla Walla, but the weak and suffering wife was able to travel but three miles before daylight made further efforts extremely dangerous. Concealing themselves in the brush by the river they awaited the protection of another night, when three miles again was the limit of her endurance. Realizing that the food they possessed would sustain them but a little longer, Mr. Osborne left his wife and two children and taking one child, hastened to the Fort where he arrived on Thursday morning. Speaking of his arrival, Mr. Stanley left the following statement:

“Mr. Osborne and little son arrived a few hours before me, and were received and quartered in the Fort. Mr. McBean procured for him a trusty Walla Walla Indian to return with him for his family, but having no horses at the post, I proffered the use of my own until he should reach the Company's farm, about twenty miles distant, when he was supplied with fresh ones. Had it not been for the guide's perseverance, Mrs. Osborn and children must have perished. Mr. Osborn, despairing of finding the place where he had left them, proposed to the Indian to return. The Indian said he was told by Mr. McBean not to return without

finding them, and he continued his search until he discovered their concealment.

"They arrived at the Fort early in the evening of the 3rd of December, and Mr. McBean said he would protect them with his life. They were not allowed to go three days without provisions, but on the contrary were furnished daily with such provisions as were used by McMcBean and family.

"Mr. McBean proffered a blanket to Mr. Osborn on his credit, and I am quite positive the article was not asked for by Mr. Osborn." Dated March 10th, 1848.

For those who had survived the carousal of murder during the day, the night that followed was one of inexpressible anguish. Crockett Bewley, who was confined to his bed by sickness, and who occupied one of the bed rooms between the kitchen and school, was all night under the impression that he was the only one left alive. The same seems to have been the condition under which Amos Sales spent the night in the deserted room at the blacksmith shop. The story of the occupants of the mission chamber, as told by Mrs. Pringle, formerly Catherine Sager, in Clarke's Pioneer Days, is in part, re-produced :

"Three of the children were very sick; their clothing was wet with blood from lying on the bed with Mrs. Whitman after she was wounded. We had no fire or light, and we did not even think to get warmth by wrapping bedding around us. I tried to sooth the children to sleep, reasoning to myself that if we could lose consciousness in slumber that the roof of the burning house would fall upon us and we would not know it. We still thought they would fire the building. The sick children were suffering for water and begging for it continually. I remembered taking up a cup full the day previous for a young lady who was lying ill. I directed my sister where to find it, but in searching for it in the dark she knocked it down and spilt it. The disappointment seemed to add to their thirst, and their pleadings for a drink were heartrending. I begged of the wounded man to let them have some from a pitcher he had brought up with him, but he said it was bloody and not fit to drink. The hours dragged slowly along, and from exhaustion the children fell asleep one after the other, until the man and I were the only

ones awake. I sat upon the side of the bed, watching hour after hour, while the horrors of the day passed and repassed before my mind. I had always been very much afraid of the dark, but now I felt that the darkness was a protection to us and I prayed that it might always remain so. I dreaded the coming of day light; again I would think, with a shudder, of the dead lying in the room below. I heard the cats racing about and squalling, with a feeling that seemed to freeze the blood in my veins. I remember yet how terrible the striking of the clock sounded. Occasionally Mr. Kimball would ask if I were asleep.

"Hours were passed in this manner, when sleep came and locked my senses in its friendly embrace. About three o'clock I awoke with a start. As I moved my hand I felt a shaggy head and shrieked with alarm. Kimball spoke and told me not to be alarmed, that it was he. He had become cold and tired lying on the floor, and was sitting up to rest, but had to lean against the bed because he was so faint. We conversed for some time, our voices awakening the children, who renewed their calls for water. Day began to break, and Mr. K. told me to take a sheet off the bed and bind up his arm, and he would try and get them some. I arose, stiff with cold, and with a dazed, uncertain feeling. He repeated his request. I said 'mother would not like to have the sheets torn up.' Looking at me he said: 'Child, don't you know your mother is dead, and will never have any use for the sheets?' I seemed to be dreaming, and he had to urge me to comply with his request. I took a sheet from the bed and tore off some strips, which, by his directions, I wound around his arm. He then told me to put a blanket around him, as he might faint on the way and not be able to get up, and would suffer with the cold. Taking a pair of blankets from the bed, I put them around him, tying them around the waist with a strip off the sheets. I then placed his hat on his head and he went downstairs. We waited long for him, but he came not, and we never saw him again alive."

Following the events as nearly as possible in the order in which they occurred, we now arrive at early dawn of Tuesday, November 30th. The same Indians that were at the mission on Monday were seen arriving again the following morning at an early hour. With them was Joe Lewis and they im-

mediately made their way to the mission house, going directly to the sitting room where they found the body of the Doctor cold in death. Lewis and three young Indians then ascended the stairs, after ascertaining that the Osborne family had escaped, where they learned that Mr. Kimball had gone for water. Lewis informed the girls that they were not to be harmed, but advised that they go at once to the other house, after which he retired. The Indians remained and questioned the girls as to their condition, brought them water and food, and after advising them to go at once to the other house, they descended to the first floor where a few squaws had assembled to take stock of the plunder that had come into their possession as a result of the murder.

While thus engaged the little girls came down, the sight of which must have touched a human chord, for the squaws were moved to tears. During the morning hour some one, probably Lewis and Stanfield, moved the body of Mrs. Whitman from the mud and water where she fell to drier ground near the wood pile twenty-five feet to the east. Her face is described at this time as being covered with mud, her long auburn hair disheveled and clotted and her clothing saturated with blood. The Indians finding themselves unable to agree on a division of the personal property of the mission, left everything and many returned to their village three miles away.¹

Under the school room was the mission cellar, a very large and commodious one in which the mission stores were kept; stock of all kind belonging to the mission was at hand, and the yard full of domestic fowls of many varieties; the Indians conserved these supplies in a very acceptable manner, hence the captives experienced no inconveniences for the want of food. The house in which they were confined was reasonably large, having four living and one bed room down stairs and sleeping arrangements upstairs. Squaws seldom came near but the men spent most of the night as well as the day

¹The distance from the mission to the Indian village was probably less than three miles as it appears to have been situated on what is now known as Stone Creek, and about four hundred yards east of the home of E. S. Russell. The ford was, doubtless, just above the present wagon bridge, in what is now the Tum-a-lum park on the Milton trolley line.

in their midst, in fact, they were captives in a savage Indian country, and subject to the will of their captors whatever that might be.

Sarah S. or Sophia Kimball, through her daughter, Clara C. Munson, furnishes the writer her version of the manner in which Mr. Kimball met his death on the afternoon of this date. On his return with water he was shot at by some Indians who were apparently awaiting his coming. The shot missing him, he ran to the woods where he concealed himself until evening, when he attempted to make his way to the mansion, called by some the emigrant house. He followed the creek bank to the fence back of the house and when climbing over was shot and killed while his family was watching him from the window.

It has been related that Mr. Hall was the first to arrive at the Fort with the news of the massacre, but it appears that the trader, McBean, was not satisfied with the meager information thus obtained, and at once dispatched his interpreter, John Toupin, and one other to Waiilatpu for the purpose of acquainting himself with the full details of what may have occurred. On passing up the valley they met Nicholas Finley on his way to the Fort with the two Manson boys, also the little Spanish half-breed.

CHAPTER XXV.

SECOND DAY CONTINUED—NICHOLIS FINLEY—THE MANSON BOYS—STORY OF WAIF—DAVID MARSHALL MALIN—THE NEWS REACHES FORT WALLA WALLA—M'BEAN'S LETTER—STICKAS THERE—DEATH OF JAMES YOUNG—STORY OF JOE STANFIELD AND MRS. HAYS.

The frequent mention of these children may have created an interest sufficient to warrant noting that Mr. Donald Manson, a trader in the service of the Hudson's May Company, was the father of the two half-breed boys by that name; they were at the mission for the purpose of attending school and were members of the Doctor's family. Nicholis Finley was a half-breed who had always lived with the Indians, knew but little of the white man's ways and resided with his Walla Walla squaw in a lodge near the mission. For many years he worked for the Hudson's Bay Company on their horse range a few miles southwest of the mission on Pine Creek, but later he entered the service of the Doctor in the capacity of general chore man, and was thus engaged at the time of the massacre. It is but natural then that the Manson boys would seek the shelter of his lodge and be returned to the Fort after the signal gun forever closed the mission school.

The little Spanish half-breed has a more tragic history. Having been abandoned to the beast of the fields by his father, a Spanish renegade, and his mother, a Cayuse harlot, he at last found refuge under the protecting wing of the mistress of Waiilatpu; rather questionable antecedents, it must be admitted, for material out of which Mrs. Whitman proposed to create an American citizen. The story, however, is a beautiful illustration of the woman's character and is given in her own language as follows: (Dated March 1st, 1842).

"After attending to the duties of the morning, and as I was nearly done hearing the children read, two native women came in bringing a miserable looking child, a boy between three and four years old, and wished me to take him. He is nearly naked, and they said his mother had thrown

him away and gone off with another Indian. His father is a Spaniard and is in the mountains. It had been living with its grandmother the winter past, who is an old and adulterous woman and has no compassion for it. Its mother has several others by different white men, and one by an Indian, who are treated miserably and scarcely able to subsist. My feelings were greatly excited for the poor child and felt a great disposition to take him. Soon after the old grandmother came in and said she would take him to Walla Walla and dispose of him there and accordingly took him away. Some of the women who were in, compassioned his case and followed after her and would not let her take him away, and returned with him again this eve to see what I would do about him. I told her I could not tell because my husband was gone. What I fear most is that after I have kept him a while some of his relatives will come and take him away and my labour will be lost or worse than lost. I, however, told them they might take him away and bring him again in the morning, and in the mean time I would think about it. The care of a child is very great at first—dirty, covered by body and head lice and starved—his clothing is part of a skin dress that does not half cover his nakedness, and a small bit of skin over his shoulder.

“Helen was in the same condition when I took her, and it was a long and tedious task to change her habits, young as she was, but little more than two years old. She was so stubborn and fretful and wanted to cry all the time if she could not have her own way. We have so subdued her that now she is a comfort to us, although she requires tight reins constantly. Mary Ann (Bridger) is mild dispositioned and easily governed and makes but little trouble. She came here last August. Helen has been here nearly a year and a half. The Lord has taken our own dear child so that we may care for the poor outcast of the country and suffering children. We confine them altogether to English and do not allow them to speak a word of Nez Perces.

“Read a portion of the Scriptures to the women who were in today, and talked awhile with them. Baked bread and crackers today and made two rag babies for my little girls. I keep them in the house most of the time to keep them away from the natives, and find it difficult to employ their time when I wish to be engaged with the women. They

have a great disposition to take a piece of board or a stick and carry it around on their backs, if I would let them, for a baby, so I thought I would make them something that would change their taste a little. You wonder, I suppose, what looking objects Narcissa would make. No matter how they look, so long as it is a piece of cloth rolled up with eyes, nose and mouth marked on it with a pen, it answers every purpose. They caress them and carry them about the room at a great rate, and are as happy as need be. So much for my children.

"3rd. The little boy was brought to me again this morning and I could not shut my heart against him. I washed him, oiled and bound up his wounds, and dressed him and cleaned his head of lice. Before he came his hair was cut close to his head and a strip as wide as your finger was shaved from ear to ear, and also from his forehead to his neck, crossing the other at right angles. This the boys had done to make him look ridiculous. He had a burn on his foot where they said he had been pushed into the fire for the purpose of gratifying their malicious feelings, and because he was friendless. He feels, however, as if he had got into a strange place, and has tried to run away once or twice. He will soon get accustomed, I think, and be happy, if I can keep him away from the native children. So much about my boy Marshall. I can write no more tonight."

The very formidable name that this youngster bore from this day was David Marshall Malin. He was between six and seven the day of the massacre, after which he was cared for by the Hudson's Bay Company.

After remaining at Wailatpu a few hours, interviewing as many people as possible and surveying the scenes of desolation, the interpreter hastened back to the Fort and reported to his superior, who had in the meantime heard the details as given him by Finley and the Manson boys. Fortified by these several accounts, Mr. McBean now retired to his office and prepared the first report to be given to the world, in the form of a letter directed to his superior officers at Fort Vancouver, a copy of which follows:



Mrs. Elizabeth Sager Helm, Portland. Oregon



Mrs. Mima Kimball Negler

Fort Nez Perces (Walla Walla), 30th Nov., 1847.

To the Board of Management:

Gentlemen: It is my painful task to make you acquainted with a horrid massacre which took place yesterday at Waillatpu, about which I was first apprised early this morning by an American who had escaped, of the name of Hall, and who reached this place, half naked and covered with blood. As he started at the out-set the information I obtained was not satisfactory. He however, assured me that the doctor and another man were killed, but could not tell me the persons who did it, and how it originated.

I immediately determined on sending my interpreter and one man to Dr. Whitman's to find out the truth, and if possible, to rescue Mr. Manson's two boys and any of the survivors. It so happened, that before the interpreter had proceeded half way the two boys were met on their way hither, escorted by Nicholas Finlay, it having been previously settled among the Indians that these boys should not be killed, as also the American woman and children. Teloquait is the chief who recommended this measure.

I presume you are well acquainted that fever and dysentary has been raging here, and in this vicinity, in consequence of which a great number of Indians have been swept away, but more especially at the Doctor's place, where he attended upon the Indians. About thirty souls of the Cayuse tribe died, one after another, who eventually believed the Doctor poisoned them, and in which opinion they were unfortunately confirmed by one of the Doctor's party. As far as I have been able to learn, this has been the sole cause of the dreadful butchery.

In order to satisfy any doubt on that point, it is reported that they requested the Doctor to administer medicine to three of their friends, two of whom were really sick, but the third only feigning illness, and that the three were corpses the next morning. After they were buried, and while the Doctor's men were employed slaughtering an ox, the Indians came one by one to his house, with their arms concealed under their blankets, and being all assembled, commenced firing on those slaughtering the animal, and in a moment the Doctor's house was surrounded.

The Doctor and a young lad, brought up by himself, were

shot in the house. His lady, Mr. Rogers, and the children had taken refuge in the garret, but were dragged down and dispatched (except the children) outside, where their bodies were left exposed. It is reported that it was not the intention to kill Mr. Rogers, in consequence of an avowal to the following effect, which he is said to have made, and which nothing but a desire to save his life could have prompted him to do. He said: "I was one evening lying down, and I overheard the Doctor telling Rev. Spaulding that it was best you should all be poisoned at once; but that the latter told him it was best to continue slowly and cautiously, and that between this and spring, not a soul would remain, when they would take possession of your lands, cattle and horses."

These are only Indian reports, and no person can believe the Doctor capable of such an action without being as ignorant and brutal as the Indians themselves. One of the murderers, not being made acquainted with the above understanding, shot Mr. Rogers.

It is well ascertained that eleven lives were lost, and three wounded. It is also rumored that they are to make an attack upon the Fort. Let them come! if they will not listen to reason. Though I have only five men at the establishment, I am prepared to give them a warm reception. The gates are closed day and night, and the bastions in readiness.

In company with Mr. Manson's two sons, was sent a young half-breed lad, brought up by Dr. Whitman; they are all here, and have got over their fright. The ringleaders in this horrible butchery are Teloquait, his son, Big Belly, Tamsucky, Esticus, Taumaulish, etc. I understand from the interpreter that they were making one common grave for the deceased.

The house was stripped of everything in the shape of property, but when they came to divide the spoils they fell out among themselves, and all agreed to put back the property. I am happy to state the Walla Wallas had no hand in the whole business; they were all the Doctor's own people. One American shot another, and took the Indian's part to save his own life.

Allow me to draw a veil over this dreadful affair, which is too painful to dwell upon, and which I have explained conformably to information received, and with sympathizing feelings.

I remain, with much respect, gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM McBEAN.

N. B.—I have just heard that the Cayuses are to be here tomorrow to kill Serpent Jaune, the Walla Walla Chief.

W. McB.

Names of those who are killed: Dr. Whitman, Mrs. Whitman, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Sanders (school master), Mr. Osborne (carpenter), Mr. Marsh, Mr. John Sager, Mr. Francis Sager (brothers, youths), Mr. Canfield (blacksmith), Mr. ——— (a tailor); besides three were wounded more or less—Messrs. Hall, Kimball, and another man whose name I cannot learn.

W. McB

The one inexplicable feature of the tragedy is that Stickas, or Estikus, at whose house Spaulding was now stopping, and whose hands were red with Americans' blood, has ever been upheld and exploited as a model Christian by all sectarian authorities.

The American referred to as having shot another, was Joe Lewis who, it was charged, after he dropped the settee on which Mrs. Whitman was being carried out, shot Francis Sager. Mr. Osborne was reported as having been killed, but this letter was written before that gentleman arrived at the Fort as already related. Serpent Jaune, mentioned in the postscript, meaning Yellow Serpent in the French, was the Indian known to the Americans as Peu-peu-mox-mox, at whose hands Fort Walla Walla fell in 1855. Mr. James Douglas, then Chief Factor at Vancouver, transmitted a copy of the letter to Governor Abernethy at Oregon City and another to the American mission at the Hawaiian Islands, by which the news soon reached the public at large.

Again returning and taking up the threads of the narrative at the mission, it transpires that on the afternoon of this day, Tuesday, the 30th of November, another victim was added to the list of slain. Mr. Elam Young, wife and three sons had taken up their abode at the saw mill, having been engaged in getting out lumber for the Doctor's new grist mill at the mis-

sion; on the afternoon of this day, James, the eldest boy, was hauling down a load of lumber and had arrived at a point between the village of Tilaukait and the mission, when he was met by one of the murderers, presumably Clark Tilaukait, and shot to death, his team turned out on the range, and his body left by the loaded wagon. A few hours later, Joe Stanfield walked up to the place and buried the body where it fell.

From the survivors we learn the story of Stanfield and Mrs. Hays, an event that has been a fruitful source of inspiration for many who have sought to introduce prejudicial fiction into the interesting history of Old Oregon. Stanfield, some months after the massacre, was charged with being an accomplice in the slaughter of the mission people, but after a fair and impartial trial was fully exonerated by a jury.

The circumstances, as related to the writer, are substantially as follows: Mrs. Hays, a member of the emigration of this year, and having lost her husband on the trail, had arranged for herself and little four-year-old Henry Clay, her son, to winter at Wailatpu, where she was engaged in cooking for men employed at the mission. Stanfield had formed an attachment for the woman, a fact that was well known for some time prior to the massacre, and on the afternoon of this day, he called at the mansion house and very frankly, and in the presence of the other women, made known to her his apprehension as to the treatment that might be accorded the captives by the Indians, and he being a French Canadian, and not under the ban of death, suggested that, as his wife, she might be protected from Indian outrage.

To the suggestion Mrs. Hays demurred, stating that her husband had been dead but a short time, and even under more favorable conditions she was not at all certain that she would care to become his wife. It was then proposed, and after some discussion by all parties present, agreed to by Mrs. Hays, that she should pass for his wife as long as they were in captivity, and that after their rescue, if ever, she would consider the proposal of marriage, being then free to accept or reject as she might feel inclined. With this understanding they agreed

to occupy the same bed, and at the suggestion of Stanfield, the little boy slept between them.

It was late in the evening when Mr. Stanfield left the building to encounter Tilaukait on the outside as if about to enter the house of bondage, and who demanded of Stanfield his business there, to which he replied that his things were in that house and that he wished to take care of them. To this Tilaukait retorted that he had best take his things out of that house and then keep away from it, and Stanfield answering informed the angry chieftain that his wife and family were in there and he proposed to take care of them and see that they were not harmed. "Have you a wife and children?" said the astonished chief, and when assured that such was the case; that they were in that building with the captives, and that any attempt on the part of the Indians to harm his wife would result in immediate punishment, the incredulous chieftain gazed at Stanfield in mute surprise. That night, while Tilaukait and a few of his satellites were inspecting conditions in the mansion house, they beheld Stanfield and his "family" occupying the same bed and their suspicion was somewhat appeased. There appears in this research no evidence that Mrs. Hays was harmed by Stanfield, or the Indians, nor that they met again after his trial at Oregon City.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ARRIVAL OF FATHER BROUILLET—THE THIRD DAY—THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD—SPAULDING RETURNS FROM THE LODGE OF STICKAS—HIS MEETING WITH THE PRIEST—HIS ESCAPE—IN CAPTIVITY.

It has been related that on Tuesday, November 30th, Father Brouillet determined to visit the village of Tilaukait and that he arrived at that place between seven and eight o'clock in the evening. The hideous death chant of the savage crones, and the accompanying wails of the sick and dying beat wierdly upon the ears of the priest and his interpreter as they reined their jaded steeds at the camp three miles above the mission that night. Dismounting they approached the council fire and heard, doubtless from the murderers themselves, the story of the fall of Wailatpu. The priest was now alone in a savage land unprotected save by the hand of Omnipotence, the ground at the mission was red with the blood of the slain, and praying for courage to sustain him, he lay down to sleep. "But I passed the night without scarcely closing my eyes," said the Catholic missionary with whom Mr. Spaulding had dined the evening before, in a manner "quite gay" and at the very hour when Mrs. Whitman, faint by the loss of blood, descended the stairs and was carried out of the mission to her deplorable death. With this scene we close the narrative of events of the second day.

Being Protestants, members of the mission church, and praying people, it was with reluctance that the Indians, on the following morning, Wednesday, granted the request of the father to be permitted to baptize a few sick children, some of whom were slaves, before he proceeded to Wailatpu to offer his assistance to the afflicted there. In his "Authentic Account" the Rev. Brouillet describes the scenes he witnessed in the following words:

" * * * I found five or six women and over thirty children in a condition deplorable beyond description. Some had just lost their husbands, and others their fathers, whom

they had seen massacred before their eyes, and were expecting every moment to share the same fate. The sight of these persons caused me to shed tears, which, however, I was obliged to conceal, for I was the greater part of the day in the presence of murderers, and closely watched by them, and if I had shown too marked an interest in behalf of the sufferers, it would only have endangered their lives and mine; these therefore entreated me to be upon my guard. After the first few words that could be exchanged under such circumstances, I enquired after the victims, and was told that they were yet unburied. Joseph Stanfield, a Frenchman, who was in the service of Dr. Whitman, and had been spared by the Indians, was engaged in washing the corpses, but being alone he was unable to bury them. I resolved to go and assist him, so as to render those unfortunate victims the last service in my power to offer them. What a sight I did then behold! Ten dead bodies lying here and there, covered with blood and bearing marks of the most atrocious cruelty,—some pierced with balls, others more or less gashed by the hatchet. Dr. Whitman had received three gashes on the face. Three others had their skulls crushed so that their brains were oozing out."

The place of burial was some twenty rods to the north, near the foot of the higher ground where the mission cemetery was situated; being asked by Mrs. Helm why he did not dig the grave higher up where the other graves were located, Stanfield replied that the ground was too hard up there, that he had to dig it lower down where the soil was moist and where it could be more easily excavated. The following year the remains were gathered up, having been scattered more or less by the wolves, and placed in a grave higher up towards the hill where they sleep to this day.

If it were possible for the captives to feel the weight in their souls of a more drastic and crushing anguish, surely it was on this day when the dead were carried out to a common grave, and they looked for the last time upon the placid features of those they loved, now to be consigned to earth in the midst of a savage tribe, in a strange land and far from home. Mrs. Whitman, having been neatly and carefully prepared, was taken over first and placed in the grave, which was three

feet deep and wide enough to contain all the bodies. Around the grave stood the bereaved, whether more fortunate or unfortunate than the dead, they knew not. Through copious tears they continued to gaze on the form of this lamented mother and friend until the priest and Stanfield came with the body of the Doctor, which they placed by the side of his wife. Then came the remains of John Sager, followed by that of his brother, Francis, after which they brought the body of Mr. Rogers, and the remaining corpses were brought over in the order designated by their nearness to the grave, that of Mr. Marsh being the last. With the arrival of each body the grief of these defenseless creatures would surge forth again and lash their broken hearts as the billows of a troubled sea beat and break upon a desolate shore. When at last, the grim and pallid faces of ten victims had been concealed by the mission sheets used for shrouds, Father Brouillet, standing at the head of the grave, read the Catholic burial service. It was the only consolation he could offer the living, the only service he could render the dead. What a Divine Dispensation; what a striking decree of Omnipotence, whose mantle of charity covers us all, that these Protestant dead should receive the benediction of a Roman priest! Who can fathom the power of the Church if all His followers could but worship at a common altar.

While the bodies were being gathered up, the Indians, not one of whom would assist, not even those who were kindly disposed to the mission people, occupied points of vantage and witnessed the scenes at the grave with interest. The assassins, grouped about the grounds, indicated by word and action that their thirst for blood was yet far from being satiated. Having recalled that Mr. Spaulding had informed him that he expected to return to Wailatpu on Wednesday or Thursday, Father Brouillet advised the women that it was his desire to hasten back and, if possible, save the life of this man. He then approached Edward Tilaukait who seemed to be acting for his father, and asked that he see that the captives were not molested or mistreated. "Say to them," said this young and gallant chieftain, "that they need fear nothing, they will be

taken care of, and well treated." Before this narrative is concluded it will be interesting to note the manner in which he redeemed this promise. It was necessary for the priest to travel with an interpreter, which, in this instance, was an Indian, a friend and relative of Edward Tilaukait, who now concluded to accompany the interpreter to the Umatilla in order to acquaint Camaspelo, Young Chief and Five Crows of what had occurred at Wailatpu. Writing of this incident, Father Brouillet said:

"I did not think that he had the intention of coming far with us; I believed that he was merely coming to the river to point out some new place for crossing, and that he would afterwards return. But when, after crossing the river, he still continued going on with us, I began strongly to fear for Mr. Spaulding. I knew that the Indians were angry with all Americans, and more enraged against Mr. Spaulding than any other. But what could I do in such a circumstance? I saw no remedy; I could not tell the Indian to go back, because he would have suspected something, and it would have been worse; I could not start ahead of him, because he had a much better horse than mine: I resolved then to leave all in the hands of Providence. Fortunately, a few minutes after crossing the river the interpreter asked Tilaukait's son for a smoke. They prepared the calumet, but when the moment came for lighting it, there was nothing to make fire. 'You have a pistol,' said the interpreter. 'Fire it and we will light.' Accordingly, without stopping, he fired his pistol, reloaded it and fired it again. He then commenced smoking with the interpreter without thinking of reloading his pistol. A few minutes after, while they were thus engaged in smoking, I saw Mr. Spaulding come galloping towards me. In a moment he was at my side, taking me by the hand, and asking for news. 'Have you been to the Doctor's?' he inquired. 'Yes,' I replied. 'What news, sad news?' 'Is any person dead?' 'Yes, sir,' 'Who is dead, is it one of the Doctor's children?' (He had left two of them very sick). 'No,' I replied. 'Who, then, is dead?' I hesitated to tell him. 'Wait a moment,' said I. 'I cannot tell you now.' While Mr. Spaulding was asking me these different questions, I had spoken to my interpreter, telling him to entreat the Indian in my name, not to kill Mr.

Spaulding, which I begged of him as a special favor, and hoped that he would not refuse it to me. I was waiting for his answer, and did not wish to relate the disaster to Mr. Spaulding before getting it, for fear that he might by his manner discover to the Indian what I had told him; for the least motion like flight would have cost him his life and probably exposed mine also. The son of Tilokaikt, after hesitating some moments, replied that he could not take it upon himself to save Mr. Spaulding, but that he would go back and consult the other Indians; and so he started back immediately to his camp. I then availed myself of his absence to satisfy the anxiety of Mr. Spaulding. I related to him what had passed. 'The Doctor is dead,' said I. 'The Indians have killed him together with his wife and eight other Americans, on Monday last, the 29th, and I have buried them before leaving today.' 'The Indians have killed the Doctor!' cried Mr. Spaulding; * * * 'they will kill me also, if I go to the camp!' 'I fear it very much,' said I. 'What then shall I do?' 'I know not; I have told you what has happened, decide now for yourself what you had best do, I have no advice to give you in regard to that.' 'Why has the Indian started back?' he inquired. 'I begged him to spare your life,' said I, 'and he answered me that he could not take it upon himself to do so, but that he would go and take the advice of the other Indians about it; that is the reason why he started back. Mr. Spaulding seemed frightened and discouraged. 'Is it possible! Is it possible! he repeated several times; 'they will certainly kill me'; and he was unable to come to any decision. 'But what could have prompted the Indians to this?' he inquired. 'I know not,' said I. 'Be quick to take a decision, you have no time to lose. If the Indians should resolve not to spare your life, they will be here very soon, as we are only about three miles from their camp.' 'But where shall I go?' 'I know not, you know the country better than I; all that I know is that the Indians say that the order to kill Americans has been sent in all directions.' Mr. Spaulding then resolved to fly. He asked me if I was willing to take charge of some loose horses that he was driving before him. I told him that I could not for fear of becoming suspicious to the Indians. I told him, however, that if the interpreter was willing to take them under his charge at his own risk, he

was perfectly at liberty to do so. To this the interpreter agreed. I gave Mr. Spaulding what provisions I had left, and hastened to take leave of him, wishing him with all my heart a happy escape, and promising to pray for him. In quitting him I was so much terrified at the thought of the danger with which he was threatened, that I trembled in every limb, and could scarcely hold myself upon my horse. I left him with my interpreter, to whom he again put many questions, and who pointed out to him a by-road which he would be able to follow with most safety. I thought he advised him to go to The Dalles, but I am not certain. Mr. Spaulding continuing to ask new questions, and hesitating to leave, the interpreter advised him to hasten his flight, and he left him a moment before he had decided to quit the road. The interpreter had not left Mr. Spaulding more than twenty minutes when he saw three armed Cayuses riding hastily towards him, who were in pursuit of Mr. Spaulding. Upon coming up to the interpreter they seemed much displeased that I had warned Mr. Spaulding of their intentions, and thereby furnished him with an opportunity to escape. 'The priest ought to have attended to their own business and not to have interfered with ours,' they said in an angry tone, and started immediately in pursuit of him. And they must have inevitably overtaken him had not the approaching darkness of the night and a heavy fog that happened to fall down prevented them from discovering his trail, and forced them to return.

"I had continued my route quite slowly, so that it was dark when I reached the Spring on Marion's Fork.¹ I dismounted for a moment to drink, and on mounting my horse was somewhat alarmed of hearing a horseman coming at full speed in our rear. I called to the interpreter and told him to speak and inform him who we were. The Indian recognized the name of the interpreter, and approached him and spoke amicably to him, and fired off his pistol. It was the son of Tilokaikt, the same who had returned to camp to consult the Indians about the fate of Mr. Spaulding. He continued to accompany us until we reached the camp of Camaspelo, on the Umatilla river, and there I learned from the interpreter that he had come to inform Camaspelo of the horrible event." * * * (Authentic Account, 52-5)

¹Now known as Dry Creek.

The "Spring" mentioned in the foregoing account, is probably a well known spring on the old emigrant road on Dry Creek and only a few miles from the present town of Milton. The "By-road" which Mr. Spaulding followed, doubtless, was an Indian trail that left the Walla Walla near the village and led over the hills to lower Pine Creek, west of which it joined the trail leading to Fort Walla Walla. When Mr. Spaulding reached Pine Creek he changed his course, crossed the Walla Walla and followed the Touchet for a distance of about seven miles, which brought him to the place where the old Nez Perces Buffalo Trail came in from Fort Walla Walla, and which he followed to Lapwai. This was the trail that Lewis and Clark traveled on their return and from time immemorial had been one of the most important highways in the western country. Mr. Spaulding traveled by night altogether and somewhere on the Touchet he had the misfortune to lose his horse and was obliged, therefore, to make the remaining distance on foot.

He arrived at Lapwai at the end of the sixth day, having traveled about one hundred and fifty miles, and found his family at the home of William Craig, an old mountain man who, with his Indian wife, had settled on land about ten miles above the mission. The next day after his arrival the Cayuse messenger from Waiilatpu reached the country to advise their Nez Perces brethren of events, his report being practically the same as that given to McBean's interpreter as heretofore related. Mr. Spaulding and his family were held in captivity until rescued, January 1st, 1848, by Peter Skene Ogden, of the Hudson's Bay Company.

It is rather surprising that Mr. Spaulding, after his complete rescue, should charge the priest, Brouillet, with "traveling with an Indian who had the avowed intention of killing him" (Spaulding), and that "the Indian, whose pistol was unloaded, retired to an unobserved place to reload it," etc., insinuating thereby, that it was the intention of the priest to have him killed. These, and many other statements of like character, appeared later over Mr. Spaulding's name, whose delight over a sectarian controversy and power of imagination have led many authorities to discredit his writings to a great extent.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THURSDAY, EVENTS OF—SCENES OF DESOLATION—FRIDAY—
THE COUNCIL—THE NEWS SPREADS—SATURDAY—MISS
BEWELY OUTRAGED—SUNDAY—DEATH OF LOUISE SAGER—
MONDAY—ANOTHER MASSACRE—TUESDAY—STORY CON-
TINUES—WEDNESDAY—OLD BEARDY.

The following morning, Thursday, December 2nd, the spectral apparitions that had subdued the spirit of the assassins heretofore seem to have disappeared with the bodies of the dead, for the Indians now paraded the mission grounds again, though more amiable in their demeanor than might have been expected. The mission house was being plundered from day to day and many were the precious relics that were carried away or destroyed. It will be recalled that when the body of Mrs. Sager was being prepared for the lonely grave at Pilgrim Springs the children searched in vain for a certain dress in which to inter their mother; it re-appeared today covering the form of an Indian as he emerged from the mission building; another wore a coat belonging to John Sager. In fact, the wearing apparel of all the dead was in evidence now, adorning the dusky forms of the benighted savages. Not even the hidden treasure box that guarded the souvenirs of little Alice escaped their despoiling hands.

But "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform," for, to the prevailing good humor that afternoon, when assembled in council to determine the fate of the captives, is attributed the mighty wrath that the Indians visited upon the head of Tamsuky when he advocated in a speech that the better and safer way would be to put them all to death. Wiser measures were adopted, for, after being supplied with muslin from the mission house, they were put to work making shirts for their needy captors. While thus engaged another day fades away into an autumn night.

Friday, December 3rd, another council was called by Tilaukait which convened in the mission house and at which the girls who were of more mature age were requested to be present.

The Indians, of whom there were present about six, seemed quite solicitous for the welfare of the girls, and it was the consensus of opinion, on the part of the captors, that it would be advisable for the girls to become wives of the more pious chiefs in order that they should, thereby, be more fully protected from the annoyance to which, otherwise, they might be subjected from the younger and less considerate members of the tribe. While the consent of the trembling girls was not requested, the Indians appeared quite elated that such harmony should prevail in council among themselves, for heretofore every attempt to divide the property of the mission had resulted in furious disagreements.

In the meantime Indian riders were carrying the news to other tribes, for it was well known to the murderers that McBean had dispatched a messenger to Vancouver and the thought of the consequences which might follow when the Americans should be apprised of their deeds of murder and rapine, was not well intended to promote a state of quietude in their guilty hearts. It was on the evening of this day that McBean's messenger was due to arrive at the Methodist Mission located at The Dalles.

On the morning before, Thursday, Father Brouillet had arrived at the Catholic Mission on the Umatilla, where he reported the melancholy tidings to his brethren, yet unknown to them. It is needless to say that the ominous condition of the mission field bore heavily upon their minds. This morning the Bishop's actions are reported by Brouillet, as follows:

"On the 3rd, the Bishop called for the Young Chief and his brother, Five Crows, in order to express to them how deeply he had been pained by the news of the horrible affair at Waiilatpu, and to recommend to their care the widows and orphans, as well as the men, who had survived the massacre. They protested they gave no consent to what had happened at Waiilatpu, and promised to do all in their power for the survivors."

On Saturday the priest's interpreter arrived at Waiilatpu and ascertained that the Cayuse murderers were much incensed on account of Spaulding's escape and, after informing himself

as to the welfare of the captives, he returned to the Umatilla. It is said by some that on this trip he rode a horse belonging to Mr. Spaulding, which caused the report to circulate among the captives that he had been killed. It was on this date that the news reached Lapwai, and the excitement which it produced among the Nez Perces Indians was a matter of grave concern at that mission. It was, likewise, on the evening of this day, that Tamsuky, who had attended the council of Indians the day before, added a most vicious crime to his already crowded calendar. It is told by Mrs. Clark Pringle, who, as Catherine Sager, was an eye-witness, in the following words: (Clark's Pioneer Days, 540.)

“One evening an Indian came to the house and seemed to be looking for some one. We learned it was Miss Bewley. She was sick with the ague, and was lying in bed. He went to the bed and began to fondle over her. She sprang up and sat down behind the stove. He sat down by her and tried to prevail upon her to be his wife. She told him that he had a wife, and that she would not have him. Finding that persuasion nor threats availed, he seized her and dragged her out of the house, and tried to place her upon his horse; he failed in that also. She told him she would tell the chief of his conduct the next day. He said he would not let her do so. She replied that she would call loud enough for him to hear and come to see what was the matter. He tried to stop her screams by placing his hand over her mouth. The contest lasted for some time, when, becoming enraged, he threw her with violence upon the ground. After perpetrating his hellish design upon her, he ordered her to go to the house. The poor, heartbroken girl came in, shaking with agitation. One of the women sent Eliza and I to get some medicine for her. It was in another room; the fiend was in there, and wanted to know what we wanted of the medicine. We told him it was for a sick child. We carried it in, well pleased with our ruse. A few days after this a chief of the Umatilla sent for and carried Miss B. there and held her as his wife. The evening after she left the other came with a wagon and a team. He had ropes and men to assist him to carry her to his lodge.”

Miss Bewley, in response to the question, “When were the

young women first dragged out and brutally treated?" replied, "Saturday night after the first massacre, and continually after that." Were it not for the bitter sectarian controversies which forced these delicate features into public notice, they would have been disregarded in this narrative. In view of the wide publicity given to these outrages by Gray, Spaulding, the victims themselves and the many writers who have sought to establish certain theories of a political nature, it would seem that these disagreeable matters should be correctly stated.

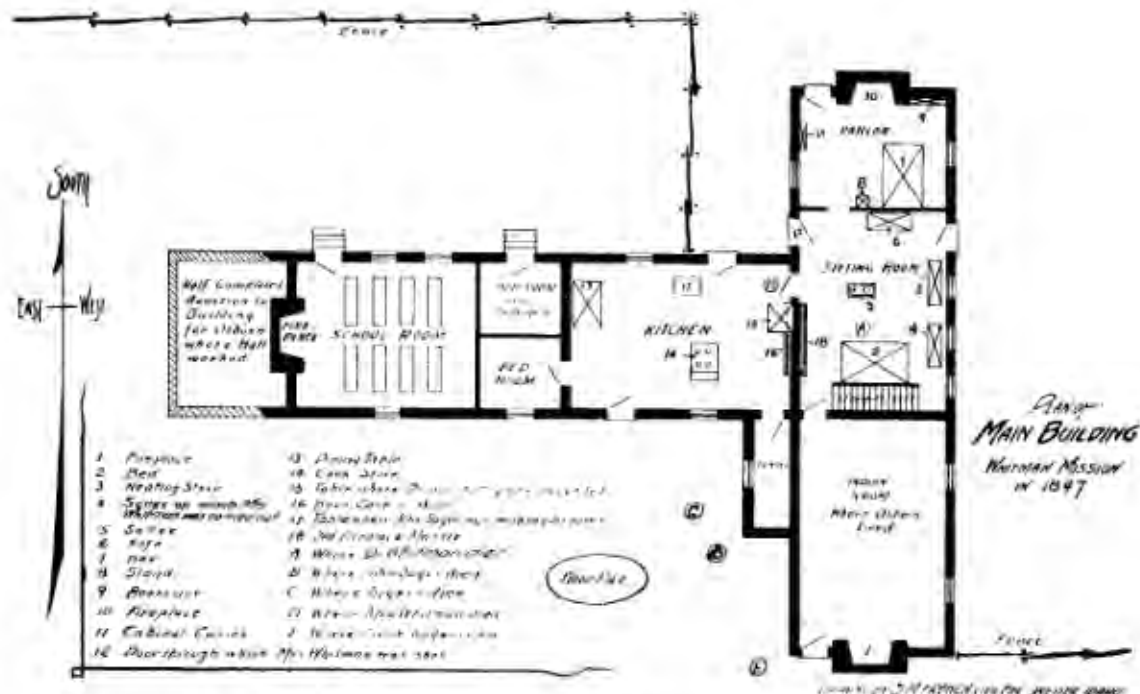
Sunday, December 5th, was another sad and solemn day at Waiilatpu, for the brave and courageous Louise Sager, having lost the motherly care of the good angel of the mission, surrendered her life for which she had struggled these many days. Daniel Young had arrived at a late hour seeking the whereabouts of his brother who, it will be remembered, lost his life on the Tuesday before. Mr. Stanfield thought it would be unsafe for him to return to the saw mill without permission of the chief, so he set to work and prepared a coffin for the little girl. The chief, Tilaukait, arrived at the house at a later hour, learned of Young's arrival, appeared displeased that he had traveled on Sunday, and embraced this occasion to admonish the captives that they should not under any circumstances make shirts on the Lord's day.

It was on Monday, the 6th, that the Frenchman, who carried the dispatch to Vancouver, arrived at his destination. The messenger traveled on horseback as far as The Dalles, where he was joined by Mr. Alanson Hinman, formerly a teacher at Waiilatpu, now in charge of The Dalles mission, the property of Dr. Whitman, and together they embarked for the Fort. The messenger had been cautioned not to divulge the nature of his mission, and it was not until after passing the Cascade Rapids that Mr. Hinman was made acquainted with the fall of Waiilatpu.

"Mr. Hindman, naturally, was filled with anxiety for his family and friends, and very indignant because the Frenchman had not disobeyed orders—or that he had received such orders. Yet, as it proved, this was the very wisest course to have pursued; for had the Columbia River



The lonely grave of Peter Skene Ogden, who rescued the captives, near Oregon City, Oregon. The only monument is a wild mountain rose bush.



Plan of the mission house drawn under the direction of Mrs. Elizabeth Sager Helms

Indians gotten hold of the matter at that time, before Mr. Ogden had time to see the Cayuse, he might not so easily have prevailed on them to release the captives." (Victor's Indian Wars.)

The day closed at Waiilatpu with the burial of Louise in the mission cemetery, where she now sleeps in an unknown grave. Daniel Young left late in the day for the saw mill, with instruction from Tilaukait to bring the people there down to the mission. Being somewhat apprehensive the wily chief concluded to send along an escort to see that his instructions were followed. Edward, the ranking sovereign, being at the Umatilla on a mission of doubtful character, the chief sent his son, Clark, accompanied by our pious friend, Stickas, and one other, who arrived at the saw mill but a few minutes after the return of Daniel Young.

The following day, Tuesday, December 7th, riding behind the wagons in which were being transported the families of Mr. Young and Mr. Smith, with the exception of Miss Mary Smith who had remained at Waiilatpu, this royal guard safely delivered their American prisoners to the mansion house. Said Mrs. Pringle:

"Late that evening there was a knock at the door, and a voice, in English, called the name of one of the young women, named Mary Smith. It proved to be her father, who, with his family and another family, had arrived from the saw mill, where they were employed. They had been brought down to be murdered, but word had come from the Fort that no more Americans were to be slaughtered. It came too late to save the two young men, who had been dead several hours. These men were set to running the grist mill * * *"

The statement quoted was prepared by Mrs. Pringle, in 1905, at a time when the sectarian controversy was in its most virulent form, which fact may account for some inaccuracies that appear therein. There is no evidence to support the presumption that McBean sent such word as is attributed to him, neither is there any ground to support the statement that these people

were to be murdered. But, on the other hand, Daniel Young, in his original deposition, made January 20th, 1849, says:

“* * * We now commenced making a coffin for one of the Sager children that had died the night before. Soon after, the chief, Tilokaikt, came. He told me that I could not go back until the next day, that he would then send two Indians back with me. I told Stanfield, in the chief's presence, that I had told my folks that I would be back Monday if I came at all. Stanfield told me in reply, that the chief says, 'Then you may go'; Stanfield also said, 'The chief says tell them all to come down and bring everything down that is up there; we want them to come down and take care of the families and tend the mill. Tell them, don't undertake to run away; if you do, you will be sure to be killed; not to be afraid, for they shall not be hurt.' ” * * *

The need of someone to run the mill at this time was indeed urgent, for provisions were running low and the oldest male now left among the captives seems to have been Oscar Canfield, then about nine years of age. It has been noted that Edward Tilaukait was at the Umatilla, where he had been in consultation with the chiefs who resided there, many important matters, doubtless, being under consideration. It is safe to conclude that one of these important questions, upon which Tilaukait felt the need of advice, was what disposition should be made of the girls who were of mature age, and the discussion of this mooted problem would naturally bring under consideration the fact that two adults, Crockett Bewley and Amos Sales, who, for some unaccountable reason, were spared at the time of the first massacre, were still living and confined to beds in the mansion house with the captives.

The result of their deliberations may be surmised when, on the evening of his return, and after discussing the matter with his father, he appeared at the mansion, accompanied by several stalwarts of his tribe whom he left outside for the time being, and entering the house, Edward approached the beds of these young men, and struck each a blow across the face with his riding whip.

Having thus exercised his royal prerogative, the young chieftain made his exit from the building, when the awaiting assas-

sins entered the room and clubbed the two men to death. The women and children, who, terrified by the sickening thuds of the war clubs had run screaming to the outside, were now recalled and assured that they would not be harmed. The bodies were then dragged out, where they remained until the following day, when they were buried near the grave of Louise Sager.

It will be recalled that the packtrain belonging to Mr. Spaulding left on the return trip on the forenoon of Monday, the 29th, the day of the first massacre. It was the evening of this day, December 7th, that it arrived at Lapwai in charge of a Mr. Jackson, when he heard the dreadful tidings, until now unknown to him, of what had occurred at Waiilatpu only a few hours after he had taken his departure. Another important event to be chronicled under this date is the departure from Vancouver of that celebrated veteran of the trail, Peter Skene Ogden, of the Hudson's Bay Company, on his memorable journey to Fort Walla Walla to attempt the rescue of the captive women and children.

An exciting event occurred at the mission prison on Wednesday, the 8th, which came very nearly precipitating another massacre. Old Beardy, a native of much piety, and who had remained in his lodge the day of the first massacre, was frequently prevailed upon by the mothers to stay at the mansion until a late hour in order to protect the girls from insults at the hands of the young men. On this particular evening he was rewarded with a goodly portion of dried peach pie, to his mind the acme of perfection in culinary art. When he reached home his greatly overloaded stomach rejected the highly-prized delicacy, and when Beardy recovered, he concluded that he was the victim of an attempt to poison. In a state of high dudgeon he secured assistance and swooped down on the defenseless, and now thoroughly terrified captives, bent on revenge.

Fortunately there had arrived a trader from Fort Hall, whose native wife spoke both the English and Cayuse languages, and she quickly explained to Beardy that it was all his own fault. When the truth finally dawned upon the mind of the wily aborigines his mirth was unbounded, and he never tired of telling the story in after years.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THURSDAY—MESSENGER FROM FIVE CROWS—MISS BEWLEY
TAKEN AWAY—HER TESTIMONY—SPAULDING WRITES A
LETTER—EDWARD TILAUKAIT MARRIED TO A CAPTIVE GIRL
—SUSAN KIMBALL—TREATMENT OF THE GIRLS.

The death of little Helen Meek on the evening of this day, the patient sufferer before mentioned, brings the narrative down to Thursday afternoon, when two mounted Indians from the camp of Five Crows, on the Umatilla, leading a packhorse and one extra saddle horse, halted at the mansion house and made it known that their chief had sent them for Miss Bewley, and that she should prepare for the journey. Both Tilaukait and his son, Edward, were present and were much elated that this young lady was to be taken away from her many dangers at the mission and dwell under the protection of the great chief on the Umatilla, and urged her to make haste to depart. "I can see her yet, crying, as she was tied on the horse and taken away," wrote Mrs. Munson, who was Sophia Kimball at the time, in a letter addressed to the writer, under date of January 31st, 1915, describing the scenes of the massacre. Five Crows, a chief forty-five years of age, was a single man and had long desired a white wife. He dressed in English clothing, was considered wealthy in horses and cattle, and was a Protestant in faith.

In a deposition, made December 12th, 1848, Miss Bewley stated that she left Waiilatpu,—

"Just at night, on Thursday the next week after the massacre, having shaken with the ague that day; slept out that night in a snowstorm. * * *"

"Q.—Where did you spend your time when at the Umatilla?"

"A.—Most of the time at the house of the Bishop; but the Five Crows most of the nights compelled me to go to his lodge and be subject to him during the night. I obtained the privilege of going to the Bishop's house before violation on the Umatilla, and begged and cried to the Bishop for protection either at his house, or to be sent to Walla Walla. I told him that I would do any work by night and day for

him if he would protect me. He said he would do all he could. Although I was taken to the lodge, I escaped violation the first four nights. There were the Bishop, three priests, and two Frenchmen at the Bishop's house. The first night the Five Crows came, I refused to go; and he went away, apparently mad, and the Bishop told me I had better go, as he might do us all an injury, and the Bishop sent an Indian with me. He took me to the Five Crows' lodge. The Five Crows showed me the door, and told me I might go back, and take my clothes, which I did. Three nights after this, the Five Crows came for me again. The Bishop finally ordered me to go; my answer was: I had rather die. After this, he still insisted on my going as the best thing I could do. I was then in the Bishop's room; the three priests were there. I found I could get no help, and had to go, as he told me, out of his room. The Five Crows seized me by the arm and jerked me away to his lodge."

"Q.—How long were you at the Umatilla?"

"A.—Two weeks, and from Friday till Monday, (17 days). I would return early in the morning to the Bishop's house, and be violently taken away at night. The Bishop provided kindly for me while at his house." * * *

"Last summer, when I was teaching school near Mr. Bass, the tall priest, whose name I have learned was Brouillet, called on me, and told me that Mr. Spaulding was trying to ruin my character and his, and said that Mr. Spaulding had said that I told him (Mr. S.) that the priests had treated me as bad as the Indians ever had. I told him I had not said so." * * *

It may be a difficult matter at this day, surrounded by a labyrinth of laws and officers to enforce them, to properly judge the conduct of either Frenchmen or Americans, who were at Wailatpu during those trying times. It may be well, however, to keep in mind the fact that the country east of Vancouver was now entirely in the hands of blood-thirsty savages, with no semblance of law, save the one of self-preservation, and that there were not to exceed twenty white men, including the Catholics, then alive in this vast territory extending as far east as the Blue Mountains. It is understood that Five Crows

made several flattering offers to Miss Bewley in order to gain her consent to remain with him as his wife, but finding his entreaties of no avail, he gave her up kindly and bade her return to her people.

The next day, Friday, December 10th, returning to Wailatpu, was a day fraught with events of interest. The first to be chronicled was the one great disappointment in the life of Tamsuky, for it was on the morning of this day that he came to claim the reward for his appalling crimes, only to find that Miss Bewley had been taken by another, and one whose reputation as an antagonist was illy suited to the state of high dudgeon in which Tamsuky now found himself, so he quickly subsided.

At Lapwai, Mr. Spaulding penned a long letter, dated December 10th, 1847, addressed, "To the Bishop of Walla Walla, or either of the Catholic Priests," and the salutation reads, "Reverend and Dear Friends." It was a plea for the Bishop to use his influence with the authorities at Oregon City not to send an army, but a commission composed of only a few discreet men; he wished that the Cayuse be advised of his desire for peace, and that he did not wish the Americans to come from below with an army to avenge the wrongs. He wanted the Indians to be on friendly terms with the Americans, who would not come into their (the Indian) country again unless they wanted them to. The letter, lengthy as it was, seemed to have been couched in words intended to convey the best of Christian spirit, and the Bishop acted at once on the suggestions it contained.

The writer is indebted to one of the survivors for another event which occurred at the mansion house on this date, and one not intended to allay the discomfiture of Tamsuky when that worthy witnessed the marriage of Edward Tilaukait and Miss Mary Smith. Edward was a tall, erect and daring young man, who wore his blanket in the most approved fashion, and though his hands were stained with the blood of their countrymen, both the young woman and her father looked with favor upon his suit. Sitting behind the stove, their arms encircling each other's waists, the Smith girl reading the Bible and

Edward commenting on the same, was the manner in which these young lovers spent their evenings, and woe be it to the little girl who chanced to snicker in their presence.

Edward suggested that the event should, to some degree at least, resemble a ceremony and the nuptials witnessed and acknowledged by friends of both parties, which was done, the father acting for the bride. According to the deposition of Daniel Young, Mr. Smith expressed a willingness to surrender his wife and younger girls, should the Indians request it, prompted, doubtless, by the abject fear which seemed to have overcome the survivors. After their marriage they occupied a room on the second floor, directly over the one on the first floor occupied by the Smith family, and the women were now able, through the influence of the Smith girl, to successfully appeal to Edward for protection from less favored Indians. At the time of the ransom, when it came to the final parting, Edward was free to admit that the prospect of the girl's being happy with him after her people should have left the country, was very remote and he willingly gave her up, both parting with an aching heart.

On the Saturday following, according to all contemporaneous accounts, Frank Escaloon, a name given an Indian by Mrs. Whitman when he united with the mission church, is said to have taken Susan Kimball for a wife. This Indian was reported to have been the one, under the name of Tintinmitsi, who shot and killed the father of the girl in plain view of the family, but some doubt is created by the following letter from Sophia Kimball, now Mrs. Munson, who was past six years of age at the time, and in addition to her own memory, is well acquainted with her sisters' version of the affair. February 10th, 1915, she directed her daughter, Clara, to advise the writer as follows:

"My father was helping to kill the beef at or near the blacksmith shop, about half way between the mission house and the emigrant house. When wounded he ran to the mission house and stayed there all night—upstairs with the children. The following forenoon he was going to the creek for some water and was shot at again, but not hurt. He fell and remained quiet. Later friendly Indians came to him and said if he would lie there till evening he could

get home, but he did not stay long enough. He followed down by the creek till he came to the emigrant house, where the family was, and while climbing over the fence at the back of the house was shot and killed while the family were watching him from the window. The massacre was early in the afternoon, for the older children, Susan and others, who had gotten over the measles, were home for dinner, and it was after dinner that father went to help kill the beef. Susan was the oldest in the family, 16 years old in September, 1847. Susan was not taken as anybody's wife. An Indian claimed her and said he was going to have her, but he never took her. Do not remember the name, Frank Escaloon, and do not know what Indian killed father. Lorinda Bewley was the only girl taken, and I can see her yet, crying as she was tied on the horse and taken away."¹

Another and older survivor, in a manner most emphatic, stated to the writer that, with the exception of the three girls mentioned, neither the women nor the girls were mistreated during the entire time of their captivity. The statement made by Mr. Spaulding, "that both women and girls were subjected to the most revolting brutalities," is characterized by the survivors as a wicked perversion of what really did take place.

That the girls were greatly annoyed by young vagabonds is freely admitted, and several unsuccessful attempts to outrage the older girls have been related, but as to the mothers it is safe to presume that no attempt whatever was made to violate any of them, even though they were exposed in a most helpless manner to the brutal instincts of their captors. This condition differing so widely as it does from the treatment accorded to women taken into captivity by other Indians, can be accounted for only by the mobile natures of the Cayuse, and their strong tendency towards religious precepts.

The events at Wailatpu now moved along as in a groove with little to disturb the monotony from day to day. The chil-

¹In a letter dated at Oregon City, April 6, 1848, and addressed to the parents of Mrs. Whitman, Mr. Spaulding said, "The young women were dragged from the house by night and beastly treated. Three of them became wives of the murderers. One, the daughter of Mrs. Kimball, became the wife of him who killed her father—often told her of it."

dren were in the habit of spending much time in singing, in which they frequently were joined by the younger Indians. Even games were played and often the ringing shouts of joy floated over the mission grounds, caused by their childish sports or the appearance of some Indian ridiculously attired in garments most inappropriate which had been pilfered from the mission. The white walls of the larger building still signaled their welcome to the now deserted trail, but inside all was disorder and chaos.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DESTRUCTION OF MISSION PROPERTY—COUNCIL ON THE UMATILLA—PETER SKENE OGDEN ARRIVES AT FORT WALLA WALLA—CALLS A COUNCIL THERE—MISS BEWLEY RELEASED FROM BONDAGE—ARRIVES AT WAILLATPU—THE LAST NIGHT IN THE MANSION HOUSE.

From day to day the mission property was being carried away or destroyed, and to pass from room to room in the once comfortable home of Mrs. Whitman only chilled the already broken hearts of the mission women. Provisions were running low and the captors had appropriated the wearing apparel, watches, jewelry, chickens, hogs and cattle, while the furniture, household utensils, bedding, feathers, books, pictures, dishes, etc., were scattered about in the greatest confusion. Windows were broken, doors down, fences destroyed, fruit trees mutilated, garden bushes uprooted, harness and saddles cut to pieces, the blacksmith shop despoiled of its tools, but the mill, under the care of the trembling men who had been spared for the purpose, hummed its doleful sound as of yore.

The Spaulding, letter heretofore referred to, reached the Bishop on the Umatilla on the 16th of December, and on the 20th the Indians were assembled at the Catholic mission. Besides the many Indians of lesser importance, there were in attendance, Camaspelo, Five Crows, his brother, Young Chief, Tilaukait, and his son, Edward. They discussed their various grievances which included the killing of the son of Chief Peupeumoxmox, the accusations of Joe Lewis, the pretended confession of Mr. Rogers, and the ravages of death, which they charged against the Americans passing through their country. Edward Tilaukait made the principal speech, recounting in graphic detail the scenes of horror at the massacre, omitting only the names of the guilty, after which the following manifesto was drawn up to be transmitted to the Americans at the Willamette:

“The same chiefs ask at present—

"1. That the Americans may not go to war with the Cayuses.

"2. That they may forget the lately-committed murders, as the Cayuse will forget the murder of the son of the great chief of Walla Walla, committed in California.

"3. That two or three great men may come up to conclude peace.

"4. That as soon as these great men have arrived and concluded peace, they may take with them all the women and children.

"5. They give assurance that they will not harm the Americans before the arrival of these two or three great men.

"6. They ask that Americans may not travel any more through their country, as their young men might do them harm.

"Place of Tawatowe, Youmatilla,

"20th December, 1847.

"(Signed)

"TILOKAIT,

"CAMASPELO,

"TAWATOWE, (Young Chief)

"ACHEKAIA, (Five Crows)."

Says Brouillet, who was present:

"Before taking leave of the chiefs, the Bishop said to them all publicly, as he had also done several times privately, that those who had American girls should give them up immediately. And then all entreated Five Crows to give up the one whom he had taken, but to no purpose."

On the evening before, the expedition of Peter Skene Ogden had arrived at Fort Walla Walla, and the two great Hudson's Bay Co. bateaus had hardly touched the gravel bank before the indomitable trader entered the Fort and ordered a messenger sent to Waiilatpu to notify the Cayuse chiefs to assemble at Walla Walla without delay. The same messenger continued to the Umatilla with a letter to the Bishop, requesting his presence at the same time, and the council, above mentioned, had only adjourned when the courier arrived.

At Waiilatpu the news of Mr. Ogden's arrival created the

greatest commotion, not only among the Indians, but the captives were fairly consumed with excitement attending such an unexpected hope of delivery from bondage. The Indians, very ill at ease, hastened a courier to the Fort to ascertain the purpose of Mr. Ogden in calling a council, who soon returned with the information. They now repaired to their lodges and, by four o'clock, had assembled at the mission ready for their departure. Tilaukait, and his son, Edward, had time only to remount and join their companions in crime; their faces smeared with the hideous war paint and armed, as if for battle, the warriors filed out just as the sun went down.

The council, convoked by Mr. Ogden, assembled within the Fort on the forenoon of Thursday, December 23rd. There were present, in addition to some five people belonging to the Hudson's Bay Co. service. Mr. Osborne and family, who had been there since the week of the massacre, the Cayuse murderers, including the pious Stickas, numbering fifteen, Rt. Rev. Bishop A. M. A. Blanchet, Rev. J. B. A. Brouillet, Young Chief, from the Umatilla, and Mr. Ogden. Two Oblat priests, the boat crew of Ogden's expedition, and Mr. Stanley were doubtless within hearing when Mr. Ogden, clad in a suit of Hudson's Bay blue, stepped to the center of the council room, and, directing his remarks to the Indians assembled, is reported to have said as follows:

"We have been among you for thirty years without the shedding of blood; we are traders, and of a different nation from the Americans; but recollect, we supply you with ammunition, not to kill Americans, who are of the same color, speak the same language, and worship the same God as ourselves, and whose cruel fate causes our hearts to bleed. Why do we make you chiefs, if you cannot control your young men? Besides this wholesale butchery, you have robbed the Americans passing through your country, and have insulted their women. If you allow your young men to govern you, I say you are not men or chiefs, but hermaphrodites who do not deserve the name. Your hot-headed young men plume themselves on their bravery; but let them not deceive themselves. If the Americans begin war, they will have cause to repent their rashness; for the war will not end until

every man of you is cut off from the face of the earth. I am aware that many of your people have died; but so have others. It was not Dr. Whitman who poisoned them, but God, who has commanded that they should die.

"You have the opportunity to make some reparation. I give you only advice, and promise you nothing, should war be declared against you. The company has nothing to do with your quarrel. If you wish it, on my return I will see what can be done for you; but I do not promise to prevent war. Deliver me the prisoners to return to their friends, and I will pay you a ransom, that is all."

Bancroft, from whose work the above is obtained, makes the following comment:

"Brouillet, in 'Authentic Account,' materially alters the matter and meaning of Ogden's address, which was published in the Oregon Spectator, less than a month after it was delivered, and which I take to be correct in substance and spirit. The amount of falsifying which the clergy on both sides thought necessary in order to avenge sectarian affronts is something astounding to the secular mind."

Rev. Brouillet, sitting within a few feet of Mr. Ogden when he was speaking, reported the speech in the following words:

"He spoke forcibly against the massacre, threw the whole blame upon the chiefs, who, he said, knew not how to restrain their young men. He told them it was useless to have chiefs if they are not listened to. He made them understand that he did not come on the part of the Americans; that he had left Vancouver before they knew what had passed at Wailatpu; that he knew the Cayuses, and had been known by them a long time; that the French people (Hudson's Bay Company) had never deceived them; that he hoped they would listen to his words; that the Company did not meddle with the affairs of the Americans; that there were three parties, the Americans on one side, the Cayuse on the other, and the French people and the priests in the middle; that the Company was there to trade, and the priests to teach them their duties; listen to the priests, said he several times, listen to the priests, they will teach you how to lead a good life; the priests do not come to make war, they carry no

arms, they carry but their crucifixes, and with them they cannot kill. He insisted particularly, and at several times, upon the distinction necessary to be made between the affairs of the Company and those of the Americans. He said to all the Cayuses that they had chiefs to whom they ought to listen; that the young men were blind, and their chiefs should not allow them to do as they pleased. He told them that he had come with a charitable design; that he demanded of the chiefs that they should give up to him all the Americans who were now captives; but that they should understand well that he did not promise them that the Americans would not come to make war; he promised them only that he would speak in their favor. If they would release the captives he would give them fifty blankets, fifty shirts, ten guns, ten fathoms of tobacco, ten handkerchiefs and one hundred balls and powder."

Young Chief, after thanking Mr. Ogden for his good advice, said the captives belonged to the affairs of Tilaukait, and that he should speak since they were on his land. Reporting the remarks of Tilaukait, Rev. Brouillet continues:

"Tilaukai then spoke of the harmony that had always existed between them and the French people; that the French had espoused their daughters, and that they had been buried in the same burial ground, etc. He concluded by saying that he would release the captives to Mr. Ogden, because he was old, and his hair was white, and that he had known him for a long time, but that one younger than Mr. Ogden could not have had them."

"The Nez Perces (or Sahaptin) came after the Cayuses and promised to release Mr. Spaulding and all other American captives who were with them.

Mr. Ogden promised them twelve blankets, twelve shirts, two guns, twelve handkerchiefs, five fathoms of tobacco, two hundred balls and powder, and some knives.

The Bishop expressed to the Cayuse and Nez Perces the pleasure he felt in seeing them willing to release the captives.

They agreed upon the time when the captives should be at the Fort, and the quantity of provisions necessary.

The Catholic Ladder, which Dr. Whitman had stained with blood, was given to Mr. Ogden by an Indian who had

it in his possession. Mr. Ogden received also, at his request, from another one, the ridiculous ladder, which Mr. Spaulding had been carrying amongst the Indians in opposition to the priests."¹

Mr. Ogden then wrote Mr. Spaulding to lose no time in getting to Fort Walla Walla, and, not aware of the promises he had already made that there would be no war, *urged him to make no promises*. This letter was sent to Mr. Spaulding by the Nez Perces present, and, in due time, Mr. Ogden received a reply from Mr. Spaulding, stating that he would hasten to join him at the Fort, but added that the chiefs had informed him that the Cayuse would kill all of the Americans if they should hear that they were coming to make war.

Mr. Ogden, likewise, sent an express to Chemakane, the mission beyond the Spokane River, to advise the people there of conditions at Waillatpu, also to offer them an opportunity to escape if they so desired. These missionaries were, however, under the protection of the Hudson's Bay Company post at Colville and comparatively safe.

Nine days were now to intervene before the rescued were to leave Fort Walla Walla in company with Mr. Ogden, during which time divers reports were in circulation, and which caused much disquietude at the Fort. It was rumored that soldiers at The Dalles were coming to avenge the murder of Americans, and the Indians were coming from day to day to enquire of Mr. Ogden if these reports were true, to which he replied that he knew nothing about it, but did not believe it. It is possible that Mr. Ogden did not believe that the Americans, knowing that he was in the midst of the Indians conducting negotiations for the release of the captives, would send soldiers so soon, for such a step would destroy his efforts and possibly incite the Indians to further deeds of violence. This was certainly the opinion of Mr. Spaulding as indicated

¹"A picture representing two roads towards heaven—a wide one, where the Pope is selling indulgences and forgiveness of sins, and the Catholics were seen going, and at the upper end of which they were all falling headforemost into hell, and a narrow one where the Protestants were supposed to go, but apparently so difficult to ascend that none were seen ascending it. Mr. Spaulding had been carrying it among the Indians, and explaining it to them for some time."

in his letter of the 10th inst. to the Bishop, also his letter to Mr. Ogden. When the former letter was read to the Indians at the council at Umatilla on the 20th. Tilaukait is reported to have said of Spaulding, "He speaks well, but it is because he is in a hole."

The horrible suspense of the captives at Waiilatpu was not relieved until the morning of Sunday, the 26th, when Tilaukat informed them of Mr. Ogden's mission, and that the Indians had acquiesced in his demands. Messrs. Stanfield and Smith were directed to assemble the wagons and teams, while Mr. Young was ordered to grind the required amount of grain, as per the directions of Mr. Ogden, and that all should be in readiness to depart from Waiilatpu on the morning of Wednesday, the 29th. Were it not for their bereavements, the joy of the captives might have been unmeasured, but at the sight of the many graves on the hillside, their tears of joy were mingled with those of sadness.

Tuesday noon, midst the bustle of preparation, Miss Bewley rode into Waiilatpu, and, upon dismounting, was immediately surrounded by the captives, who expressed in chorus their joy at seeing her again. There was little sleep in the mansion house that night, the last time its walls were ever to echo the sounds of civilization, for the story of Miss Bewley was heard in all its details, and the dread of some intervening calamity hung over the captives like a specter.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SURVIVORS—ARRIVAL AT FORT WALLA WALLA—ARRIVAL OF THE CAPTIVES FROM LAPWAI—DEPARTURE FOR FORT VANCOUVER—DESTRUCTION OF WAILLATPU — MURDERERS SURRENDER — EXECUTED — FINAL CURTAIN.

The next morning, as the first rays of the sun were playing on the summit of the Blue Mountains, two large emigrant wagons moved away from the mission buildings. The first, drawn by four horses, in charge of Stanfield and Smith, and the second, drawn by four oxen, in charge of Mr. Young, contained the effects and the survivors of Waiilatpu. The objects that the morning light revealed at this tragical moment seemed only to augment the horrors through which it is given that few shall ever pass. Back in the winter of 1842, Mrs. Whitman had written:

“I have not told you that we have a cooking stove, sent us from the Board, which is a great comfort to us this winter, and enables me to do my work with comparative ease, now that I have no domestic help.”

This morning its broken form was seen by the kitchen door, a precious relic for the capacious maw of oblivion. On every hand were tokens of the mission's prosperous day now being abandoned, alas! forever. But the objects which held with tenacious hold upon the hearts of the retreating forms, were the new-made graves in the mission's lonely cemetery. In the anguish of their breaking hearts the little girls cried aloud,—it was their only relief.

It was noon when they reached the Touchet, near which they forded the Walla Walla and followed down the south bank to the point where the Umatilla trail came in, then re-crossed.¹

¹ It will be remembered that when Dr. and Mrs. Whitman arrived in the country they encamped on the Walla Walla River on the night of August 31st, 1836. The Waiilatpu trail joined the Umatilla trail leading to Fort Walla Walla at this point. We conclude, therefore, that the captives crossed the river at the same place where the Whitmans camped eleven years and three months before.

"The oxen insisted on walking most all the way," said Mrs. Helm to the writer, "and we could not keep up with the horse wagon, but they were willing to run going down steep hills though, and we were not more than an hour behind when we came into view of the big Fort on the bank of the Columbia." They were received by Mr. Ogden, who, in his forcible manner, informed the rescued that the walls of that fort had ears, and all should keep their mouths tightly closed; which had reference to the Indians lurking about to ascertain, if possible, whether or not the Americans were coming to make war on the Cayuse.

On January 1st, Mr. Spaulding and party arrived, and it is needless to say that Eliza was on the bank of the river to meet her father, with whom she had parted on the night of November 27th, and had not seen until this day. Mr. Ogden, now much relieved, gave instruction for all to be in readiness to sail the following morning. In the meantime the Bishop conferred the order of priesthood upon two Oblat clergymen, who left immediately for the Ahtanum Creek, in the Yakima country, where they had already commenced a mission. At high noon, Sunday, January 2nd, 1848, the veteran fur trader, who had scarcely closed his eyes in sleep for two days past, gave the order to embark and fifty-seven men, women and children scrambled down the gravelly bank of the Columbia River and took the places assigned them. The two boats backed gently into the stream, and, under the inspiration of the Canadian voyageur's boat song, they headed toward the yawning canyon below, but before they had entered within its shadows, a band of Cayuse warriors appeared at the Fort and demanded possession of Mr. Spaulding. They had been advised that the soldiers were at The Dalles on their way to avenge the murder of the Americans, and it was well that the object of their wrath was being borne on the bosom of the mighty Columbia, far beyond their reach.

When the fleet arrived at The Dalles, Mr. Spaulding is said to have gone ashore, where he met Colonel Lee, whom he urged to "Hasten up with your company in order to surprise the Indians and save the animals of the mission." To Major

Magone, he is reported to have said, "All the Cayuse Indians should be killed except —" a few which he named.¹ The expedition arrived at Fort Vanouver at noon, January 8th, where the company was received by Chief Factory Douglas, and two days later Mr. Ogden delivered the rescued to their friends and countrymen at Oregon City.

Governor Abernethy, in a letter to Mr. Ogden, thanked him in the name of Oregon, for his kindness, and expressed the hope "that the Widow's God, and the father of the fatherless" would reward him. Mr. Ogden replied that their thanks were due the Hudson's Bay Company. Said he:

"I was the mere acting agent for the Hudson's Bay Company, for without its powerful aid and influence, nothing could have been effected, and to them the praise is due,—and permit me to add, should, unfortunately, which God avert, our services be again required under similar circumstances, I trust you will not find us wanting in going to their relief."

Mr. Spaulding settled on the Taulatin Plains, where his wife taught school. At a later period he was appointed Indian Agent, at Lapwai, but held the position but a short time, being dismissed for lack of attention to his duties. Mrs. Spaulding lived but three years after the rescue; she died at Calapooya, Oregon, January 7th, 1851. After a life of much activity and turbulent controversy, Mr. Spaulding, was, in 1871, permitted to return to Lapwai, where he died August 3rd, 1874, aged nearly seventy-two. His grave is in a small grove near where his mission stood.

Suitable homes were secured for the Sager girls, two of whom, Elizabeth, now Mrs. Helm, of Portland, Oregon, and Matilda, now Mrs. Delaney, of Eugene, Oregon, still survive. Gertrude Hall, in the mission school when Waiilatpu fell, now Mrs. Denney, resides in Portland, Oregon. Eliza Spaulding Warren is living at Dudley, Idaho. Three of the Saunders children are said to be living in California, and Sarah Sophia Kimball, now Mrs. Munson, resides at Warrington, Oregon. Her sister, Aimee, now Mrs. Megler, lives in Astoria, Oregon.

¹ Mr. Spaulding was not so well disposed towards the Cayuse now as he was when "in a hole".

John Q. A. Young, at last account, was living in Portland, Oregon, and little Henriette Naoma Sager, was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun, in California, at the age of twenty-six. Mary Smith is living in Texas, and Nancy Osborne, now Mrs. Jacobs, makes her home in Portland, Oregon, while Oscar Canfield is still a familiar figure on the streets of Clarkston, Washington, and Lewiston, Idaho.

Shortly after the captives left the mission the Indians burned all the buildings except the mill. The following spring the volunteers (soldiers) found the bodies scattered about the grave, when they re-interred them, locating the grave on higher ground, where it still remains.¹ From numerous letters found about the deserted mission, the officers of the command stated that Dr. Whitman had ample warning of his fate. A lock of Mrs. Whitman's hair was all that appears to have been preserved from the priceless relics lying about in endless confusion. It is to be regretted that neither Doctor nor Mrs. Whitman left a picture of any description.

After a fruitless effort to capture the murderers, five of them surrendered to the military authorities in the spring of 1850, namely, Chief Tilaukait, Tamahas, doubtless a corruption of the name, Taum-au-lish, whom McBean's interpreter reported as being a ringleader, Quiamashouskin, for whom Colonel Lee offered a reward, Isaiachhalakis, the Indian who lashed the face of Mrs. Whitman, and Klakamas. The last name does not appear, as far as the writer knows, in the annals of the Cayuse tribe until this time. It is possible that he took part in the massacre under some other name, yet some accounts infer

¹ In 1897, a Whitman Monument Association was organized which caused to be built a mausoleum of Vermont marble over the grave. This was surmounted with a marble slab four inches thick, eleven feet in length, and five and one-half feet in width, on the polished surface of which is carved the names of the victims and date of their deaths. On the summit of a hill nearby, about one hundred and twenty feet in height, and disconnected from the bluffs bordering the valley, was placed a shaft of Vermont marble, which, including the base, is twenty-seven feet high. The name "WHITMAN" is the only inscription it bears. The Association acquired title to seven acres of land adjoining, but the ground upon which the mission buildings stood appears not to have been included in the purchase. It is probable that, in time, this ground will be secured, the mission buildings restored, and the historic premises preserved for posterity.

that there was no evidence against one Indian, except that he gave himself up. When asked why he gave himself up, Tilaukait said :

“Did not your missionaries teach us that Christ died to save His people? Thus we die, if we must, to save our people.”

They were taken to Oregon City and confined on the island that now marks the location of one of the largest manufacturing plants in the west, and, though the public mind was much embittered against them, they appear to have had a fair trial. The jury consisted of J. D. Hunsaker, A. Jackson, Hiram Straight, Wm. Parrott, Wm. Carson, A. Post, Samuel Welch, Joseph Alfrey, John Dinman, Anson Cohen, John Ellenburg, and A. B. Holcome. The verdict of the jury was “guilty as charged.” Father Veyret attended the doomed Indians on the scaffold and as the trapdoor dropped he said, “Onward, onward to heaven, children; into thy hands, O Lord Jesus, I commend my spirit.” Thus fell the final curtain on the greatest tragedy of Oregon’s history.