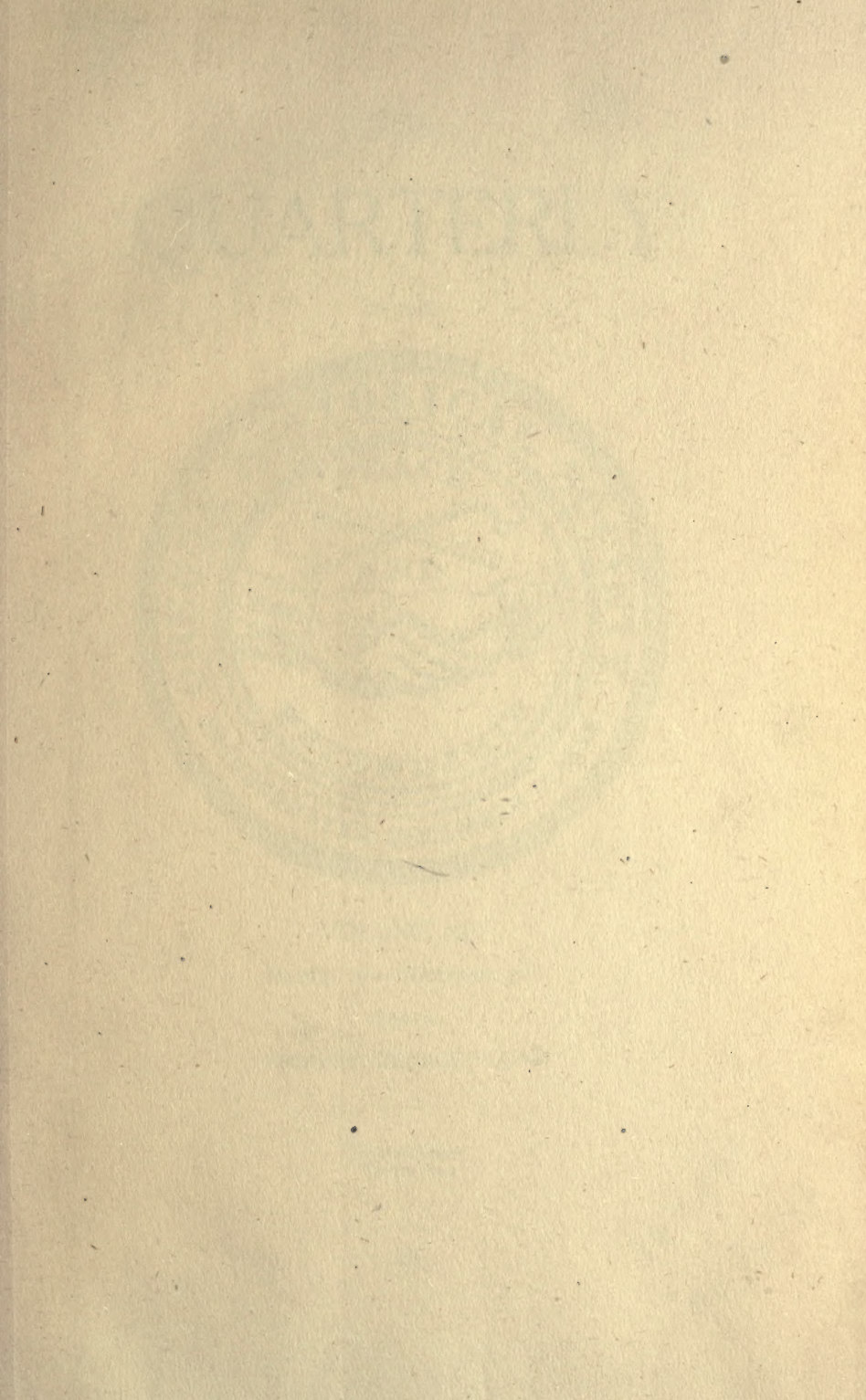



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THE  
QUARTERLY

OF THE



VOLUME XIV

MARCH, 1913—DECEMBER, 1913

Edited by

FREDERIC GEORGE YOUNG

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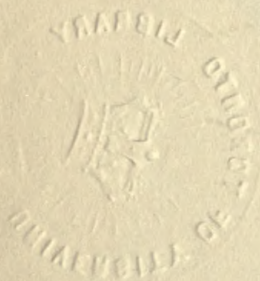
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THE QUARTERLY  
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VOLUME XIV

MARCH 1913

NUMBER 1

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REPORT OF LIEUTENANT NEIL M. HOWISON  
ON OREGON, 1846

A REPRINT

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Lieutenant Howison was early in 1846 detailed by Commodore Sloat of the Pacific squadron of the United States Navy, then on this Coast, to make an examination of the situation in Oregon. This order was given at the instance of George Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy, and the expedition had probably been resolved upon by the administration at Washington. During the months of April, May and most of June his vessel, the schooner *Shark*, was undergoing repairs in the Sandwich Islands in preparation for the trip. Howison entered the Columbia on July 1, conducted his investigations and prepared, in compliance with his orders, to return about September 1. He suffered shipwreck in crossing the Columbia bar on September 10. Chartering the *Cadboro* from the Hudson's Bay Company officials he was ready to sail November 1, but was compelled by unfavorable weather to remain anchored in Baker's Bay until January 18.

His disastrous experience in the total loss of his vessel, and the difficulties he contended with throughout his course in navigating the Columbia naturally made him emphasize the conditions affecting the channels and passableness of that river. He revised Captain Wilkes' sailing directions for entering the Columbia. Changes in the channels in the intervening five years had made this revision necessary.

It will be noticed that as he was preparing to embark on the *Cadboro* in early November in 1846, homeward bound, the American barque *Toulon* arrived from the Sandwich Islands with the "news of the Oregon treaty, Mexican war, and occupation of California." He had taken his observations of conditions in Oregon near the close of that long period of suspense over the unsettled ownership of the country. He had seen "all settled spots on the Columbia below the Cascades, the Wilhamette valley for sixty miles above Oregon City, and the Twality and Clatsop plains." He confines his report to subjects his "own observations or verbal inquiries from authentic sources could reach."

He begins with a characterization of the attractive personality of Dr. McLoughlin, and gives an appreciative estimate of his able and sagacious administration of the affairs of the Hudson's Bay Company down to 1845, and of his large service to the community as a whole. The attitudes taken toward him by the different elements in the Oregon community are not withheld. The classes in the composition of the population of Oregon in the middle of the forties are described, particularly the situation in which the American immigrants found themselves after completing their long treks across the continent.

The Hudson's Bay Company dominated the affairs in the settlement. The benevolence, the steadiness and the far-sighted character of the policy of the managers of that concern elicited his commendation.

Lieutenant Howison's report supplies very definite information on the trade, shipping, productions, towns, Indian population and general development of Oregon at this stage. He forecasts with wonderful clearness the factors that have been controlling influences in its growth ever since. The document is a fit companion of the reports of Slacum and of Wilkes. These are found in Volume XIII, pp. 175-224, and in volume XII, pp. 269-299, respectively, of the Quarterly.

30th CONGRESS, [HOUSE OF REPS.] MISCELLANEOUS  
1st Session. No. 29.

OREGON.

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REPORT

OF

LIEUT. NEIL M. HOWISON, UNITED STATES NAVY,

TO THE COMMANDER OF THE PACIFIC SQUADRON ;

BEING

*The result of an examination in the year 1846 of the coast, har-  
bors, rivers, soil, productions, climate and pop-  
ulation of the Territory of Oregon.*

---

FEBRUARY 29, 1848.

U. S. FRIGATE SAVANNAH,

*San Francisco, California, February 1, 1847.*

SIR: Want of opportunity has prevented me from commu-  
nicating with the commander-in-chief of the squadron since the  
month of June last.

I shall therefore do myself the honor on this occasion to  
report in detail my proceedings since that date, premising that  
the much regretted shipwreck of the vessel I commanded, with  
the loss of her log-book and all my papers, obliges me to draw  
upon memory for what is now respectfully submitted.

In obedience to orders from Commodore Sloat, then com-  
manding the Pacific squadron, I took the United States  
schooner "Shark" last April to the Sandwich islands, where she  
was thoroughly repaired and newly coppered. With my best  
exertions, this was not completed until the 23d of June, on the  
afternoon of which day I sailed for the Columbia river. Noth-  
ing more than usual occurred on this voyage. Made the land  
of Oregon on the 15th of July, about thirty miles north of the

river, and in expectation of northwesterly winds; but we had calms and light westerly winds for the succeeding three days, which obliged me frequently to anchor on the coast, and await a change of tide, the direction of the flood being directly on shore, and the soundings shoal; in some places only ten fathoms seven or eight miles from the land.

About 10 o'clock a. m., of July 18, I anchored in ten fathoms, Cape Disappointment bearing NE. by N., distant five miles. Several guns were fired and signals made for a pilot; but seeing no one moving about the shore, on either side of the river, I took the master with me in the whale-boat, and pulled in the channel, between the breakers, sounding in no less than four fathoms, and passing sufficiently far in to recognise the landmarks on the north shore, described in Wilkes's sailing directions.

Here it is proper to mention, that while at the Sandwich islands I met with Captain Mott, master of the Hudson's Bay Company's barque Vancouver, and Captain Crosby, master of the American barque Toulon, both of whom had lately been in the Columbia river. I was informed by those persons that the sands about the mouth of the Columbia had undergone great changes within a short time past, and that a spit had formed out to the eastward from the spot upon which the Peacock was wrecked in 1841, which made it impossible to enter the river by the old marks, or those laid down on Wilkes's chart. The receipt of this information was most opportune and fortunate for me, as I had no other guide than a copy of a copy, upon tracing paper, of Wilkes's chart, which was even now, before its publication, out of date.

This new formation of Peacock spit, extending into the old channel, greatly obstructed this already embarrassing navigation, and those most experienced undertook to cross the bar with apprehension and dread. When, therefore, a seaman of my crew, who had been wrecked in the "Peacock," reminded me that this was the anniversary of her loss, I cannot deny that I felt sensibly the weight of my responsibilities.

Having, however, traced the channel in my whale-boat through the tumult of various tide rips, and the way seeming clear, I returned on board the schooner, and at 2 p. m. got under way and stood in ENE. With the wind at west, weather clear, and tide young flood, we glided rapidly and safely into Baker's bay; and to those who were unacquainted with the dangers which closely and imperceptibly beset our passage in, nothing appeared more simple and free from danger. Upon rounding Cape Disappointment, a boat came alongside with three American gentlemen in her, who introduced themselves as Mr. Lovejoy, the mayor of Oregon city, Mr. Spalding, a missionary, and Mr. Gray, a resident of Clatsop Plains. From these I learned that no regular pilots were to be had for the river, but that there was a black man on shore who had been living many years at the cape, was a sailor, and said, if sent for he would come off and pilot us up to Astoria. He was accordingly brought on board, and spoke confidently of his knowledge of the channel; said he had followed the sea twenty years, and had been living here for the last six; that "I need have no fear of him," &c. He ordered the helm put up, head sheets aft, and yards braced, with an air that deceived me into the belief that he was fully competent to conduct the vessel, and he was put in charge of her. In twenty minutes he ran us hard ashore on Chinook shoal, where we remained several hours thumping severely. We got off about 10 p. m., without having suffered any material damage, and anchored in the channel, where I was determined to hold on until I could make myself acquainted with the channel, or procure the services of a person to be relied on. At daylight I was pleased to find Mr. Lattee, formerly mate of a ship belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, and now in charge of the port at Astoria, on board.

Upon the vessel's grounding, the gentlemen visitors, feeling themselves somewhat responsible for the employment of this pretended pilot, immediately put off to Astoria, a distance of ten miles, to procure the services of Lattee, who promptly complied with the request, and they all came back to the schooner about daylight, having been all night exposed in an open boat.

At 2 p. m. of the 19th, I anchored off Astoria, where I remained until the 22d, in order to visit Catsop Plains and the neighboring country.

We were abundantly furnished by the American settlers here with fresh beef and vegetables.

As I have said before, my only guide up the river was Wilkes's chart, which extended about twenty-five miles, and included part of Puget's island. In this a fine straight channel is delineated from the neighborhood of Tongue point up to Termination island. But upon consulting Lattee and an Indian named George, who acts as pilot in the upper part of the river, they both denied the existence of this channel, and assured me that no other than the shallow and tortuous passage which Captain Wilkes had himself always used, and which was invariably used by all others, had been found out, although George said he had often in his canoe, and at favorable times, attempted to trace it as described by Captain Wilkes and his officers. I nevertheless adhered to the opinion that such a channel existed, but thought it best at present to follow the beaten track, and accordingly buoyed out the common channel, (which is necessarily done by every vessel attempting to pass through it), and used that in proceeding up the river. I employed Indian George to accompany me, and derived great advantage from his knowledge of the water above Tongue Point channel. He knows nothing about handling a vessel, but, with a fair wind, will conduct her very safely, pointing out ahead where the channel runs.

At this season of the year westerly winds blow every day, and there is no difficulty in ascending the river.

I reached Fort Vancouver, 100 miles from its mouth, on the night of July 24th, where I found H. B. M. sloop-of-war "Modeste," Captain Baillie, who immediately sent on board his compliments and the offer of his services. There were also moored to the river bank two barques and a ship in the employment of the Hudson's Bay Company. The next morning Mr. Douglass, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, called on me with polite offers of supplies, &c.

On the 26th, I dropped down to the mouth of the Wilhamette, six miles below Vancouver, and made an effort to get the schooner over the bar at the mouth of the river, with the view of ascending it as far as navigable for sea-going vessels; but having grounded on the bar, and the water having still five or six feet to fall, I was obliged to desist from the attempt; and sending off in a boat the first lieutenant and some other officers to visit Oregon city, and the neighboring American settlers, I returned with the schooner to Vancouver.

At this time we had not heard of the settlement of the boundary question, and intense excitement prevailed among all classes of residents on this important subject. I enjoined it by letter on the officers under my command to refrain from engaging in arguments touching the ownership of the soil, as it was our duty rather to allay than increase excitement on a question which no power hereabouts could settle.

The officers were also directed to seek all the information respecting the country which their respective opportunities might afford. Besides the sloop of war *Modeste*, anchored in the river, the British government kept the frigate *Fisguard* in Puget's sound, and the strongly armed steamer *Cormorant* in the sound and about Vancouver's island. These unusual demonstrations produced anything but a tranquilizing effect upon the American portion of the population, and the presence of the British flag was a constant source of irritation.

The English officers used every gentlemanly caution to reconcile our countrymen to their presence, but no really good feelings existed. Indeed, there could never be congeniality between persons so entirely dissimilar as an American frontier man and a British naval officer. But the officers never, to my knowledge, had to complain of rude treatment. The English residents calculated with great certainty upon the river being adopted as the future dividing line, and looked with jealousy upon the American advance into the northern portion of the territory, which had some influence in restraining emigration.

Finding it impossible to get the schooner into the Willhamette river, I left her at Vancouver, and made a visit to Oregon city, where I was received by the provisional governor, George Abernethy, esq., and honored with a salute fired from a hole drilled in the village blacksmith's anvil. From the city the governor accompanied me for a week's ride through the Willhamette valley, and a more lovely country nature has never provided for her virtuous sons and daughters than I here travelled over. This excursion ended, the governor took a seat in my boat, and accompanied me to Vancouver. He was received on board the schooner with a salute and remained with me for two days. I had previously dispatched the first lieutenant, Mr. W. S. Schenck, up the Columbia river as high as the Dalles, to find out what settlements had been made along its banks, and more particularly to endeavor to gain some information of the large emigration which was expected in from our western frontier this autumn, and from which we should get dates from home as late as June. In person I visited the Twality plains, and returned again by the city and river.

The high price of mechanics' labor here, and facility with which any one can earn a living, had tempted ten of the Shark's crew to desert; and although a liberal reward was offered for their apprehension, only two had been brought back. The few American merchant vessels which had visited the Columbia suffered the greatest inconvenience from the loss of their men in this way, and it is now customary for them to procure a reinforcement of Kanakas in passing the Sandwich islands, to meet this exigency.

When Captain Wilkes left the river in 1841, he placed the Peacock's launch, at that time a new and splendid boat, in charge of Dr. McLaughlin, agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, to be used in assisting vessels about the bar, should they need it. After this boat had remained a year in the water without being of any use, she was hauled up on shore, and was now completely out of order from the effect of decay and shrinkage. Many applications had been made for her by American emigrants, but Dr. McLaughlin did not feel authorized to



deliver her to any other than a United States officer. She was fast going to pieces, and I thought it good policy to sell her for the benefit of the government, particularly as the man who purchased did so with the intention of repairing her, to be used as a pilot boat ; she brought \$150. It would have required as much more to repair her, and I was only anxious she should sell for enough to make the purchaser take care of her and keep her employed.

Being under orders to come out of the river by the 1st day of September, my explorations were necessarily very limited, making the best use of our time. Many interesting portions of the country were still unvisited, which I greatly regret ; for although Captain Wilkes in 1841, and other travellers since, have given very comprehensive descriptions of the country, so rapid are the developments made of its productions and resources by the large annual emigration of inhabitants, that a statistical account two years old may be considered out of date. Preparations were, of course, made to comply fully with orders.

The American barque Toulon, bound to the Sandwich islands, and now attempting to go down the river, had required the services of the old Indian, who acted as pilot, which left me entirely dependent on the lead, and a boat ahead, to feel my way through a devious channel of nearly 100 miles in extent. I had not, nor could I procure, a map giving even an outline of the general direction of the stream. Thus unprovided, I left Fort Vancouver at daylight of August 23d. Three or four miles below the fort, I found the barque Toulon badly aground on a sand bar. I anchored abreast of her and sent men and boats to her assistance, but the current was strong, and it became necessary to unlade part of her cargo ; so, nearly three days were consumed in relieving her. This, and the subsequent tediousness of the voyage down against constant head winds, made it the 8th of September when I anchored in Baker's bay. The 9th was devoted to observations on the bar and preparations for crossing it. On the 10th, in the after-

noon, the attempt was made and resulted in the shipwreck of the schooner, as is circumstantially related in my communication dated September 21st.

Cast on shore as we were, with nothing besides the clothes we stood in, and those thoroughly saturated, no time was to be lost in seeking new supplies. I left the crew, indifferently sheltered, at Astoria, and, with the purser in company, pushed up the river to Vancouver, whither news of our disaster had preceded us, and elicited the sympathy and prompt attentions of the factors of the Hudson's Bay Company and of Captain Baillie and the officers of her Britannic Majesty's ship "Modeste." These gentlemen had unitedly loaded a launch with such articles of clothing and necessary provisions as we were most likely to need, and added a gratuitous offering of a bag of coffee and 80 pounds of tobacco. I met this boat 25 miles below the fort, and could not but feel extremely grateful for this very friendly and considerate relief. Copies of the letters accompanying these supplies are appended to this report, (marked A and B,) as well as an extract from one from Governor Abernethy, and another of the same friendly tenor from Captain Couch, an American trader at Oregon city, agent of Mr. Cushing, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, (the last marked C and D;) to all of which I made appropriate replies.

At Vancouver my wants of every kind were immediately supplied by the Hudson's Bay Company; and although cash was at Oregon city and with the American merchants worth twelve per cent. more than bills, yet the company furnished all my requisitions, whether for cash or clothing, taking bills on Messrs. Baring & Brothers at par. Upon returning to Astoria, I set about putting up log houses for our accommodation, as there was no vessel in the river, and it was extremely uncertain when an opportunity would occur for us to leave. We got two comfortable buildings, of 30 by 24 feet, a story and a half high, well floored and boarded, with kitchen and bake oven, soon ready for occupation and use, and had half completed a frame house for the officers' special accommodation, when the

schooner "Caddboro" arrived, which opened a prospect of leaving the river, and induced us to desist from finishing the officers' house. The cost of plank for these buildings was something over two hundred dollars.

Officers and men had been constantly kept exploring the beach from Point Adams to the southward, to pick up any articles worth saving which should drift ashore from the wreck, but they seldom found a spar or plank from her which the Indians had not already visited and robbed of its copper and iron fastenings.

Receiving information through the Indians that part of the hull, with guns upon it, had come ashore below Killimuk's Head, about 20 or 30 miles south of Point Adams, I sent Midshipman Simes, an enterprising youth, to visit the spot. He did so, and reported that the deck between the mainmast and fore hatch, with an equal length of the starboard broadside planking above the wales, had been stranded, and that three of the carronades adhered to this portion of the wreck. He succeeded in getting one above high-water mark; but the other two were inaccessible, on account of the surf; and as it would have been utterly impracticable to transport any weighty object over the mountain road which it was necessary to traverse, I of course made no exertions to recover them, but informed the governor of their position, that during the smooth seas of next summer he might send a boat round and embark them.

Within a month all the upper works, decks, sides and spars came ashore from the wreck, but separated a distance of 75 miles from each other, and were of no value, from the long wash and chafing which they had undergone. To the heel of the bowsprit we found two kedge anchors attached, one with an arm broken off; and it is a little singular that the only articles recovered which could be at all useful hereafter were of metal and weight.

On the 11th of October we were cheered with the sight of a sail in the offing, and next day the Hudson's Bay Company's

schooner *Cadboro*, from Vancouver's island, anchored at Astoria. The first lieutenant, master, and assistant surgeon were ordered to examine her, and report in writing her capacity or fitness to transport us to California; and although she was but 57 feet in length, they were of opinion we could pack in her closely and make the voyage. I lost no time, therefore, in going up the river and chartering her from the company; and although the price demanded (£500 sterling) was, in my judgment, an extravagant one, my anxiety to rejoin the squadron, having heard overland of hostilities with Mexico, was such as to overrule all other considerations, and I engaged the schooner.

On the 28th of October the winter set in, with a strong gale at southeast, and heavy rain. The *Cadboro* was prepared to receive us on board by the 1st of November; but unremitting gales from the southward, with rain, prevented us from embarking until the 16th. In the meantime the American barque *Toulon* arrived from the Sandwich islands, and brought us news of the Oregon treaty, Mexican war, and occupation of California. This intelligence rendered us doubly anxious to escape from our idle imprisonment in the river, and we seized upon the first day of sunshine to embark. This was on the 16th of November.

The ground upon which the houses described above had been built (the extremity of Point George) was within the pre-emption claim of Colonel John McClure, who lived at Astoria; and, upon vacating them, they were put under his care, and subject to his use, as will be seen by letter annexed (marked E.) The right ownership of the soil being decided by the treaty, I no longer felt any reserve in hoisting our flag on shore; and it had been some time waving over our quarters on the very spot which was first settled by the white man on the banks of the Columbia. When we broke up and embarked, I transmitted this emblem of nationality to Governor Abernethy. The letter accompanying it, and the governor's reply, are annexed, (marked F and G.)

The Cadboro anchored in Baker's bay November 17th, where we remained, pent up by adverse winds and a turbulent sea on the bar, until the 18th of January. Her master, an old seaman, had been navigating this river and coast for the last 18 years, and his vessel drew but eight feet water; yet, in this long interval of sixty-two days he could find no opportunity of getting to sea safely. This is in itself a commentary upon the dangerous character of the navigation of the mouth of the Columbia.

We suffered very much from our crowded stowage in this small craft. The weather was wet and cold; and the vessel not affording the comfort of stove or fireplace, and without space for exercise, I was very apprehensive that we should have something more serious than chilblains and frost-bitten fingers to complain of; but it was not so. Both officers and men enjoyed the most robust health and ravenous appetites. Many of the smaller items of the ration being deficient, the value was made up by beef, salmon, and potatoes, and of these each man consumed and digested his four pounds and a half a day. The Hudson's Bay Company allow its servants while making a voyage eight pounds of meat a day, and I am told the allowance is none too much. Our long detention in the river obliged me upon two occasions to send on new requisitions upon the company's store at Vancouver for supplies, which were promptly answered.

The Toulon, having gone up the Willhammette, discharged her cargo and taken in another, came down the river and anchored near us on the 8th of January. Ten days afterwards we both succeeded in getting to sea, and arrived in company at San Francisco on the 27th of January. The barque was laden with provisions, principally flour, which latter cost her \$6 per barrel. Before she came to an anchor a United States officer had boarded her and purchased nearly all she had at \$15 per barrel.

We found at San Francisco the U. S. frigate Savannah, and sloop-of-war Warren, to which vessels my officers and crew

were immediately transferred and assumed their appropriate duties.

It will be seen by the foregoing sketch that although my visit to Oregon was most unexpectedly prolonged to six months, it had notwithstanding offered very limited opportunities of extending personal researches throughout the country. The officers, in compliance with my orders, have individually furnished me with a written report of all the information that each had acquired deemed worth communicating, and I take this occasion to express my obligations to them for the aid thus rendered me—a service alike useful to me and performed in a manner highly creditable to themselves. From these and the result of my own inquiries and observations, I am enabled to put you in possession of the following information, which, though it may be deemed in many points trite and unimportant, I will not apologize for, as my instructions required a full and minute report, which “for its very fullness would be the more acceptable. (*Extract from Mr. Bancroft's letter of August 5, 1845.*)

During the summer months, from April until October, the winds on the coast prevail almost uninterruptedly from the west, inclining northerly in the afternoon, and the other part of the year they are generally from SE., S., and SW.; the navigator will therefore know what course to adopt in approaching the mouth of the river. He cannot fix the cape, even when many hundred miles distant, better than on an ENE. bearing. He will be almost sure of a fair wind, as it seldom blows from northeast any distance off shore. Cape Disappointment is in latitude  $46^{\circ} 19' N.$ , longitude  $124^{\circ} W.$  It is between six and seven hundred feet high, and can be seen in clear weather 30 miles. It juts prominently out into the sea, is a bold headland, and, if the weather be such as to allow an approach within 15 miles of it, cannot possibly be mistaken by persons at all experienced in adjusting a line of coast with the chart south of the Columbia. Soundings are very deep close in shore, while to the north of the river you will have from 15 to 20 fathoms

in some places ten miles from shore, and in high westerly gales the sea often breaks five miles from the beach. A ship should never go nearer the coast than ten miles or twelve, unless with a view of going right in, or of reconnoitring the bar, particularly in winter, when the southeasterly gales spring suddenly up, and as suddenly shift to SW, and WSW., which with a flood tide requires a good sailing vessel and a press of canvas to keep a safe offing. I lay at anchor in Baker's bay, some three hundred yards inside the cape, from November 17, 1846, until January 18, 1847; and although we were unfortunately destitute of barometer and thermometers, we had a good opportunity of observing during these two winter months the wind and weather. The heavens were almost always overcast; the wind would spring up moderately at E., haul within four hours to SE., increasing in force and attended with rain. It would continue at this point some 20 hours, and shift suddenly in a hail storm to SW., whence, hauling westwardly and blowing heavy, accompanied with hail and sleet, it would give us a continuance of bad weather for three or four days, and force the enormous Pacific swell to break upon shore with terrific violence, tossing its spray over the tops of the rocks more than two hundred feet high. A day of moderate weather, with the wind at NE., might succeed this; but before the sea on the bar would have sufficiently gone down to render it passable, a renewal of the southeaster would begin and go on around the compass as before.

Throughout Oregon the NE. wind, or between N. and E., is clear and dry, and in winter very cold; it is the only wind at that season which will serve to take a ship safely out to sea; and as it generally succeeds the westerly gales, which leave a heavy sea on, the impatient navigator is oftentimes obliged to remain at his anchor until this fair wind has blown itself out. The northeaster may, as I have said before, be considered a land breeze, not reaching over ten or twelve miles to sea. In the upper part of the Territory, and above the mouth of the Cowlitz, on the Columbia, clear easterly winds

are prevalent, and it is during their continuance the greatest degree of cold is felt; the river is often frozen over in the neighborhood of Fort Vancouver. Even in Baker's bay, the schooner we were on board of was in January belted around with ice at the water's edge, fully eighteen inches thick; this was, however, considered by the old residents an unusual and extraordinary spell of cold weather.

Captain Wilkes's survey, in 1841, of the mouth of the Columbia, however accurately it may have been done, is, I am sorry to say, at present only calculated to mislead the navigator; this I affirm without any intention to reproach himself or his assistants with incapacity or neglect; five years' time has doubtless put an entirely new face upon the portrait of the sands hereabouts; nor has the change been altogether sudden, for I ascertained from those who had passed and sounded among the sands at short intervals since the date of the survey, that these changes have been gradually and steadily progressing. This chart delineates two fine open channels, broad and with regular outlines; but at this moment the mouth of the southern channel is nearly closed up, not having at low water more than two fathoms in it, while the old or northern one is obstructed by a spit from the wreck of the Peacock to the eastward; so that on the line of six fathoms laid down on the chart, only six feet can now be found. Many other changes equally important have taken place within the bar, which is needless to allude to here. The constant alterations which this bar, in common with most others, is undergoing, go to prove the necessity of frequent surveys and the establishment of resident pilots, who can be constantly exploring the channel, and keep pace with the shifting of sands, and the consequent change in the direction of the tides.

The following sailing directions will at this time carry a vessel safely into Baker's bay; but how far they may be suitable a year hence is altogether doubtful. There has been no heavy freshet in the Columbia for the last two summers, and the elongated and narrow spits which now jut out from the sands



bordering on the channel are considered the result of the predominant sea wash, which will be removed by the first sweeping freshet that rushes out of the river. The past winter, 1846-'47, having been unusually severe, and a heavy deposit of snow and ice resting on the mountains and in the interior valleys, persons anticipate a great inundation in June, or as soon as the sun's rays attain power to convert this winter covering into fluid. This will unquestionably produce a new movement in the sands at the mouth of the river, and may perhaps render nugatory these directions for entering the river.

The wind should not be to the northward of west, nor to the eastward of south. The beginning of the summer sea breeze is generally at WSW., which is the most favorable quarter. Bring Cape Disappointment to bear NE. by N., catch an object in range on the high land behind it, (in order to correct the influence of the tide,) and stand for it on that bearing until the middle of Cockscomb hill is fully on with Point Adams—you will then be in 10 fathoms, a fathom more or less depending on the stage of the tide. Now steer ENE., or for Point Ellice, taking care to fix that also in range, and keep it on with some object in the distant high land in the rear—this course will gradually open Cockscomb hill with Point Adams, and will take you over the bar in four and a half fathoms water, deepening to five and six if you are exactly in the channel. If the tide be flood, and you shoal the water, you are probably too near the north breaker, and will find it necessary to observe strictly the Point Ellice range, which will inform you how you are affected by the tide. As you advance in, look along the northern shore for the first yellow bank or bluff which opens from behind the cape; and if it be ebb tide, haul up immediately NNE.; but if it be flood or slack water, NE. will do, and stand on that course until the next point opens, which is called Snag point; then steer direct for the cape and Snag point in range, which is N. by W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  W. by compass. Passing a little to the eastward of this range, will open another seeming point, marked in summer by a growth of alder trees of unusually dark

green hue, (in winter they are more brown than the adjacent forest,) which has attained the name of Green point; beyond this range a vessel should not pass to the eastward, or the middle sands will abruptly bring her up. If it be flood tide you may pass within fifty yards of the cape; and even if it be full calm, the current will take you to an anchorage; but if it be ebb, keep a short quarter of a mile from the cape, as you are almost sure to be becalmed, and the tide runs out to the westward here at least five knots; if you lose the wind at this point, you must instantly let go an anchor, and, veering a good scope of cable, await a change of tide. The best anchorage is the cape bearing SSE., or on with Killimuk's Head, distant about five hundred yards, in five fathoms water. If a stranger reach this point in safety, he had better remain here until either of the Indians, George or Ramsay, be sent for, or he can procure advice from some one familiar with the navigation hence to Astoria. From appearances on the chart, he would suppose this navigation very simple, but the strong and diverse currents make it extremely embarrassing and dangerous; and should a vessel ground anywhere within fifteen miles of the outer bar, and a strong wind arise, the swell is sufficiently great and the bottom hard enough to bilge her; none but a buoyant and fast pulling boat should be sent to sound about the bar, as the tide occasionally runs with an irresistible force; and, in spite of all efforts, would sweep an indifferent boat into the breakers.

Five fathoms can be carried at low water up to Astoria, which is the first anchorage combining comfort and security; three-quarters of a mile above that, is a narrow pass of only thirteen feet; but from Baker's bay, (pursuing the Chinook channel, which passes close to Point Ellice, and is more direct and convenient for vessels bound straight up,) four fathoms can be carried up to Tongue point, which is three miles above Astoria; and just within, or to the westward of, Tongue point is a spacious and safe anchorage. From Tongue point the navigation for ten miles is extremely intricate, and some parts

of the tortuous channel not over ten feet deep at low water. The straight channel which Captain Wilkes discovered has become obstructed about its eastern entrance, and nothing can be made of it. A channel nearly parallel with it, but to the southward, was traced in my boats, and I devoted a day to its examination, and carried through three fathoms at low water; but my buoys being submerged by the tide, prevented me from testing its availability in the schooner. From Pillow rock the channel is at least three fathoms deep at the dryest season all the way to Fort Vancouver, except a bar of fifteen feet at the lower mouth of the Wilhamette, and another about a mile and a half below the fort. The Wilhamette enters the Columbia from the southward by two mouths, fourteen miles apart; the upper is the only one used, and six miles below Vancouver. Throughout the months of August and September, it is impracticable for vessels drawing over ten feet. Both it and the Columbia, during the other months, will easily accommodate a vessel to back and fill drawing thirteen feet.

The Columbia is navigable to the Cascades, forty miles above Vancouver; the Wilhamette up to the mouth of the Clackamas river, twenty-one miles above its junction with the Columbia, and three below the falls, where the city of Oregon is located. These rivers reciprocally contribute their waters to one another at different seasons of the year. When the winter sets in, generally with the month of October, and rains are almost incessant, the Wilhamette river receives all the waters which drain from the valley of its name, which immediately raise it above the level of the Columbia, into which it flows with a strong current, causing a rise in the latter, and sometimes a gentle reflux of the waters up stream; this continues until March, when the rains cease and the Wilhamette settles to its level. 'Tis then, however, the warm rays of the sun begin to penetrate the more northern and frozen resources of the Columbia; the mountain snow and ice are soon converted into streams, which simultaneously contribute, along a course of seven or eight hundred miles, to swell this majestic river until,

by the month of June, it attains its greatest force and volume; it is then actually a tributary to the Wilhammette, forcing its waters back to the falls and causing a perceptible current in that direction. This rise in the Columbia is, however, like freshets in the Mississippi, not perceptible on the bar at the mouth, except to extend the time and increase the force of the ebb tide; at Vancouver the average summer rise is 16 to 18 feet.

The most suitable sailing vessels for this navigation are brig or barque rig, and of light draught of water—not to exceed, when loaded, 13 feet. They should be well found in ground tackling, and furnished with at least two good sized hawsers and kedges of suitable weight. During the summer months the prevailing westerly winds make the voyage up the river both safe and quick, and a vessel may descend at that season with the assistance of the downward current without much detention; but in winter both wind and tide are generally from the eastward, and forty-five days is the usual time to get to Vancouver; and this can only be done by warping, a very laborious operation for merchant vessels. I have been thus prolix in speaking of these two rivers, as they are the arteries of life to this country; indeed, I have no information touching points distant from their banks which has not already been published to the world by means vastly more competent than any in my possession. Besides, the information desired of me was more particularly in relation to the civilized inhabitants of Oregon; and very few of these are found settled, as yet, any great distance from the rivers.

Of Puget's sound and its many harbors nothing more is known or can be at present added to Wilkes's observations in 1841.

English jealousy and unoccupied country in the south have interposed to prevent American emigration to the north side of the Columbia until the last autumn.

I fell in with many persons exploring the country between the Cowlitz river (which is navigable by boats thirty miles from the Columbia in the line of route to Puget's sound) and

the seacoast, and that hitherto unknown region is represented as offering many attractions to the new settler. A few scattering families are to be found north of the Columbia and elsewhere. I saw personally but little of Oregon, but that comprised its most interesting parts, viz: all settled spots on the Columbia below the Cascades, the Wilhamette valley for sixty miles above Oregon city, and the Twality and Clatsop plains. These, with the exception of superannuated missionary establishments at the Dalles and Wallawalla, and the Hudson's Bay Company's farm on the Cowlitz, and their distant trading posts in different parts of the Territory, are the only portions of the country yet occupied. All these united, however, make but an item when compared with the vast whole of Oregon, of whose topography, mineralogy, soil, or natural productions, it would be affectation in me to offer any account. My report, as far as it goes, shall be confined to subjects which my own observations or verbal inquiries from authentic sources could reach. And first in order and importance is of the people who form the body politic here, their laws, &c.

The persons of any consideration who have been longest settled in Oregon are the factors, clerks and servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. Their first point of residence was at Astoria; but the country hereabouts was forest land, and difficult to clear, and it became necessary to increase their resources of provisions and other domestic productions as their establishments enlarged. About twenty-two years ago, leaving a single trader to conduct the fur trade at Astoria, they made a new settlement 96 miles up the river, and called it Vancouver. This eligible site is the first prairie land found upon the banks of the river sufficiently elevated to be secure from the summer inundations. The control of all the company's affairs west of the Rocky mountains was at that time, and continued until 1845, to be in the hands of Mr. John McLaughlin. As this gentleman figures largely in the first settlement of the country, and continues to occupy a most respectable and influential stand there, it may be proper to describe him. He is a native of

Canada, but born of Irish parents; his name is seldom spelt aright by any one but himself; he is well educated, and, having studied medicine, acquired the title of doctor, which is now universally applied to him. Of fine form, great strength, and bold and fearless character, he was of all men best suited to lead and control those Canadian adventurers, who, influenced partly by hopes of profit, but still more by a spirit of romance enlisted themselves in the service of the fur trading companies, to traverse the unexplored country west and north of Hudson's bay. He came, I think, as early as 1820 to assume the direction of the Hudson's Bay Company's interest west of the Rocky mountains, and immediately organized the necessary trading posts among the Indians of Oregon and those on the more northerly coasts.<sup>1</sup> He continued to maintain the superintendence of this increasing and most profitable trade, and by judicious selections of assistants, the exercise of a profound and humane policy towards the Indians, and unremitting steadiness and energy in the execution of his duties, placed the power and prosperity of his employers upon a safe and lasting foundation. So much of his early life was passed away in the canoe and the camp, that he seems to have been prevented from cultivating those social relations at home which have their finale in matrimonial felicity, and (as was customary among his brethren of that day similarly employed) he rather unceremoniously graced the solitude of his camp with the society of a gentle half-breed from the borders of lake Superior. This lady occasionally presented him a pledge of her affection and fidelity, of whom two sons and a daughter survive, and I believe before her death was regularly married to the doctor, whose example in this particular was followed by all the other officers of the Hudson's Bay Company who had acquired the responsibility of parents. The doctor's oldest son, Joseph, is a respectable land owner and farmer in the Wilhamette; his daughter, the widow of a deceased Scotchman; and the other son, David, who received his education at Woolwich, in Eng-

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1. He came in 1824.

land, is engaged in commercial business with an American named Pettygrove, of whom something will be said hereafter. The doctor's present wife is a half-breed, the widow of one McKay, a celebrated old trapper, who came out with Astor's people in 1810, and was killed on board the ship Tonquin the same year.

The doctor is now about seventy years of age; is still strong and active, of robust figure and rosy complexion, with clear gray eyes, surmounted by huge brows and a full head of hair, white as snow. He is a strict professor of the Catholic religion. He resides now altogether at Oregon city; is said to be on furlough from duty in the company's service, and devotes himself to the operation of a fine flour and saw-mill which he has built at the falls. He is active and indefatigable, and has by his advice and assistance done more than any other man towards the rapid development of the resources of this country; and although his influence among his own countrymen, some few of the most respectable American settlers, and throughout the half-breed and Indian population, is unbounded, he is not very popular with the bulk of the American population. Some complaints against him of an overbearing temper, and a disposition to aggrandizement increasing with his age, seem not to be entirely groundless. He is, nevertheless, to be considered a valuable man; has settled himself on the south side of the river, with full expectation of becoming a citizen of the United States, and I hope the government at home will duly appreciate him.<sup>2</sup> With Dr. McLaughlin came many others engaged in the Hudson's Bay Company's service; and these, as before remarked, are now the longest settled residents of the land. Few of those who filled even so high a post as that of clerk have separated themselves from the company's service and still continue to reside in the Territory; but of the boatmen, trappers, farmers, and stewards, almost every one, upon the expiration of his five years' service, fixed himself upon a piece of land and became a cultivator.

<sup>2</sup>. This wish of Lieutenant Howison was not gratified. Section eleven of the Oregon Donation Land Law of 1850 dispossessed Dr. McLoughlin of his claim known as the "Oregon City Claim."

By far the greater part of these are Canadian voyagers, or those who worked out their term of service in pulling bateaux and canoes along the water-courses, which are almost continuous from York factory, on Hudson's bay, to the shores of the Pacific ocean. Eight or ten of these persons being annually discharged for twenty years, have become a large item in the population of Oregon. They settled contiguous to each other on the fine lands of the Wilhamette, about 30 miles above the falls, and form now a large majority in Champoege county; their residence is called the French Settlement, and Canadian French is their language. Besides, there are a few prosperous cultivators adjacent to the Hudson's Bay Company's farm on the Cowlitz. They are all connected with Indian women, and would have united themselves with the tribes to which their women belong but for the advice of Dr. McLaughlin, whose influence induced them to assume the more civilized and respectable life of the farmer. They are a simple, uneducated people, but very industrious and orderly, and are justly esteemed among the best citizens of the Territory. They come under the general designation of half-breeds, and this class of population, including all ages and sexes, may be computed, numerically, at seven or eight hundred. They are well worthy the fostering care of the government, and have been assured that they will not be excepted by any general law of the United States in relation to Oregon land claims or pre-emption rights. If, unfortunately, their rights of property should not be protected by laws of the United States, they will soon be intruded on and forced from the lands. Falling back upon the Indian tribes with a sense of injury rankling in their bosoms, the consequence might in all time to come be most deplorable for the peace and safety of this country; where, from the sparseness of the population, a band of forty or fifty blood-thirsty savages might surprise and destroy in rotation hundreds of inhabitants.

Simultaneously with the Canadians were discharged from the company's service other subjects of Great Britain, as farm-



ers, mechanics, gardeners, dairymen, &c., chiefly from Scotland and the Orkney isles; besides some of the wild offspring from the Earl of Selkirk's emigrants to the Red River settlement, north of the lake of the Woods. A few American hunters, not numbering over 12 or 15, straggled into the country about the same time, and occasionally runaway seamen from our northwest traders. This heterogeneous population was, in some way or other, to a man, dependent on the Hudson's Bay Company. No important accessions to it occurred until the American missionaries, with their families, came into the country; nor do I believe, prior to 1836, a single *white woman* lived here. It was not until the year 1839 that any regular emigrating companies came out from the United States; and these were small until 1842, when an annual tide of thousands began to flow towards this western window of our republic.

From the best information I could procure, the whole population of Oregon, exclusive of thoroughbred Indians, whom I would be always understood to omit, may be set down now at nine thousand souls, of whom two thousand are not natives of the United States, or descendants of native Americans. Nearly all the inhabitants, except those connected with the Hudson's Bay Company, are settled in the Wilhamette valley; the extreme southern cottage being on Mary's river, about one hundred miles from the Columbia. Twenty or thirty families are at Astoria and the Clatsop plains; and by this time, there may be as many on the north side of the river, in the neighborhood of Nisqually and other ports on Puget's sound.

Between Astoria and Fort Vancouver, but one white man resides on the bank of the river for purposes of cultivation; and he is a retired officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, named Birnie, who has fixed himself 25 miles above Astoria. His house is the seat of hospitality, and his large family of quarter-breeds are highly respectable and well behaved. From Fort Vancouver to the Cascades, forty miles, but a single family has yet settled on either side of the river. Lieut. Schenck, who went up to the Dalles, had nothing to add to Captian Wilkes's

account of this point of the country. He was hourly impressed with the strict accuracy of that officer's observations.

The people of Oregon had lived without law or politics, until the early part of 1845<sup>3</sup>; and it is a strong evidence of their good sense and good disposition that it had not previously been found necessary to establish some restraints of law in a community of several thousand people. Among the emigrants of this year, however, were many intelligent reflecting minds, who plainly saw that this order of things could not continue in a rapidly increasing and bustling population; and that it had become indispensable to establish legal landmarks to secure property to those already in its possession, and point to new comers a mode of acquiring it. A convention was accordingly held, and a majority of votes taken in favor of establishing a provisional government, "until such time as the United States of America extend their jurisdiction over us." The organic law or constitution was of course first framed, and made abundantly democratic in its character for the taste of the most ultra disciple of that political school.

It makes the male descendants of a white man 21 years of age, no matter of what colored woman begotten, eligible for any office in the Territory; and grants every such person the privilege of selecting six hundred and forty acres of land, "in a square or oblong form, according to the natural situation of the premises." It provides for the election of a governor and other officers, civil and military, and makes it the duty of such elected to take the following oath:

"I do solemnly swear to support the organic laws of Oregon, as far as they are consistent with my duties as a citizen of the United States, or as a subject of Great Britain, and faithfully demean myself in office; so help me God."

One of the first enactments of the legislature elected under the organic law, was, "that in addition to gold and silver, treasury drafts, and good merchantable wheat at the market price, shall be a lawful tender."

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3. Lieutenant Howison is hardly correct in this statement, as a fairly complete political organization was effected in 1843. In 1845 the governmental authority was made more adequate.

The subject of forming this provisional government had been several months, indeed years, under discussion, and may be considered the first political question canvassed within the Territory. It was opposed by the influence of the Hudson's Bay Company and British subjects generally, although the chief factors of that company were ready to enter into a compact or domestic treaty for the regulation and adjustment of all points of dispute or difference which might spring up among the residents: indeed, they admitted that it was time to establish some rules, based upon public opinion, decidedly expressed, for the maintenance of good order and individual rights; but they felt apprehensive for themselves and their interests in placing extensive law-making power in the hands of a legislative body, composed of men on whose judgment they could not implicitly rely, and whose prejudices they had reason to believe were daily increasing against them. Their opposition was, however, unavailing.

The election for governor excited the same sort of party array; but, as there were several candidates for this office, some new considerations may be supposed to have mingled in the contest. George Abernethy, esq., a whole-souled American gentleman, was elected by a majority of the whole; nor did he receive any support from those under the company's influence. This gentleman came to Oregon as secular agent to the Methodist mission in 1838 or '39, and, at the dissolution of that body, engaged in mercantile and milling business. He is very extensively acquainted with the country and people of Oregon, and greatly respected for his amiable, consistent and patriotic character. He is a native of New York, and married a lady of Nova Scotia, and will make a valuable correspondent to the United States government, should it be desirable to communicate with Oregon.

Among the components of the population are some few blacks, (perhaps thirty,) and about double that number of Kanakas or Sandwich islanders. These last act as cooks and house servants to those who can afford to employ them. Al-

though the population has quadrupled itself within seven years past, and will doubtless continue to increase, it cannot be expected to do so at the past ratio.

California invites many off who are seeking new lands; and the emigrants of 1846 who reached Oregon were not computed at over seven hundred, while the two previous years had each increased the population two thousand or more.

The privations and sufferings of the first overland emigrants to this country are almost incredible, composed, as they were, of persons who, with families of women and children, had gathered together their all, and appropriated it to the purchase of means to accomplish this protracted journey.

They would arrive upon the waters of the Columbia after six months' hard labor and exposure to innumerable dangers, which none but the most determined spirits could have surmounted, in a state of absolute want. Their provisions expended and clothes worn out, the rigors of winter beginning to descend upon their naked heads, while no house had yet been built to afford them shelter; bartering away their wagons and horses for a few salmon, dried by the Indians, or bushels of grain in the hands of rapacious speculators, who placed themselves on the road to profit by their necessities, famine was staved off while they labored in the woods to make rafts, and thus float down stream to the Hudson's Bay Company's establishment at Vancouver. Here shelter and food were invariably afforded them, without which their sufferings must soon have terminated in death.

Such was the wretched plight in which I may say thousands found themselves upon reaching this new country; but, in the midst of present want and distress, the hardy pioneer saw around him all those elements of comfort and wealth which high hope had placed at the terminus of this most trying journey. At Vancouver he found repose and refreshment, the offerings of a disinterested benevolence. Aided by advice and still more substantial assistance, he prosecuted his journey up the Wilhamette, and on the banks of this river could make

choice of his future home, from the midst of situations the most advantageous and lovely. Here stood the ash, the pine and the poplar—the ready materials which an Illinois man, axe in hand, wants but a few hours to convert into a family domicile; the river teemed with fine salmon, and the soil was rich, promising fruitful returns for labor bestowed on it.

But throughout the winter these enterprising people were, with few exceptions, dependent on the Hudson's Bay Company for the bread and meat which they ate, and the clothes which they wore; stern necessities, and the clamors of suffering children, forced them to supplicate credit and assistance, which, to the honor of the company be it said, was never refused. Fearful, however, of demanding too much, many families told me that they lived during the winter on nothing more than boiled wheat and salted salmon; and that the head of the family had prepared the land for his first crop without shoes on his feet, or a hat on his head. These excessive hardships have been of course hourly ameliorating; the emigrant of 1843 has prepared a house and surplus food for his countrymen of the next year; and two roads being opened directly into the Wilhamette valley, rendering a resort to the Columbia unnecessary, has enabled the emigrants to bring in their wagons, horses and cattle, and find homes among their own countrymen.

The apprehensions of want are no longer entertained; the new arrivals improve in character and condition; a cash currency is likely soon to be the law of the land, and the houses are more and more fashioned to convenience, with an occasional attempt at nicety. The Hudson's Bay Company is no longer begged for charity, or besought for credit; but is slowly receiving back its generous loans and advances.

But I am sorry, in connexion with this subject, to report that the conduct of some of our countrymen towards the company has been highly reprehensible. The helping hand held out by the company to the early American emigrants not only relieved them from actual distress at a critical moment, but furnished them with means to make a beginning at cultivation, and un-

questionably accelerated the growth and settlement of the country in a manner which could not have succeeded but for such timely assistance. The missionaries are not, however, to be forgotten; they did much for the early emigrants, but their means were more limited. I was told at Vancouver that the amount of debt due the company by Americans exceeded eighty thousand dollars; and that so little disposition was shown to pay off this debt, that it had been determined to refuse any further credits.

Some few persons, arriving here with titles and pretensions, had obtained credit for more than a thousand dollars; and these very men, since further credit had been refused, were foremost and most violent in denouncing the company as a monstrous monopoly, &c.

The bulk of this debt, however, is due in sums of from twenty to two hundred dollars, and seems to be the cause of no uneasiness to the officers of the company, who told me they were often surprised by the appearance (after an absence of years) of some debtor who came forward to liquidate the claim against him. Much of this large amount will probably be lost to the company; but there is some reason to presume that the larger credits were granted to individuals whose political influence was thus sought to be procured; and that the company, in this respect, should have made false calculations, and lost their money, is not so much to be regretted.

The honor of enrolling the names of doctors, colonels, generals and judges upon the debtor side of the ledger, they may also consider a partial indemnification for what they may eventually lose.

However unlimited, therefore, may be our gratitude for their kindness to the needy emigrants in earlier years, we cannot suppose it was *necessary* of late to have been so profuse in such grants; and I have no doubt their determination to withhold further credits will prove advantageous to both parties. The country is now so generally settled, and furnishes so much surplus, as to enable the people to supply the indispensable

necessities of each other; among whom obligations of small debts will be mutual, and not onerous. Of the politics of the people of Oregon, it may be said they are thoroughly democratic; but, although I doubt not every American was a warm party man at home, a separation from the scene of contest has had the effect to cool down his feelings on the subject; and, as he no longer has the privilege of a vote in national elections, the subject engrosses but little attention. Some individuals were named to me who had, while discussing the propriety of forming a provisional government, been disposed to advocate an entire independence of the United States; but as matters have resulted, they have almost to a man changed their opinions, and are now displaying more than ordinary patriotism and devotion to the stars and stripes.

Of the British subjects, who form but a fraction of the whole population, I can say but little, as in my intercourse with them national affairs were but little spoken of. Nearly every one of them is or has been in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and entertains a becoming reverence for his country; but I heard many of the most respectable express the opinion that the resources of Oregon would be much more rapidly made available under the auspices of the United States government than under that of Great Britain.

The next most prominent British subject to Dr. McLaughlin is Mr. James Douglass, a Scotchman of fine talents and character. He has been on this side the mountains since 1825 or '26, and has gone through the probationary grades in the company's service, and now has the control, associated with Mr. Peter Skeen Ogden, of the whole business in Oregon and on the Northwest coast. He has a large family of quarter-breeds: a daughter of fifteen, with whose education and manners he has taken much pains, would compare, for beauty and accomplishments, with those of her age in any country. Mr. Ogden is senior to Mr. Douglass in the company's service; he has been, until recently, the active agent in exploring the country and establishing trading posts; and although he is not with-

out those tender ties which it is the weakness of humanity to yearn after, they have not yet been legitimated by marriage. A handsome, lady-like daughter of his is married to a Scotchman, and these in turn have a family of children. Mr. Ogden is a jocose and pleasing companion; has at least one brother living in New York, but says he was born on the lines between New York and Canada. I mention the domestic relations of these gentlemen with reluctance; but it is necessary, to illustrate how completely their interests and affections are fixed upon things inseparable from Oregon. This remark will apply to every Englishman who has been five years in the country; and although when news of the boundary treaty arrived they undoubtedly were much mortified, they soon recovered their composure, and, I believe, were very well satisfied with their future prospects. Mr. Douglass, loyal to his king and country from principle, observed that "John Bull could well afford to be liberal to so promising a son as Jonathan, for the latter had given proofs of abilities to turn a good gift to the best account." I cannot but suppose that, before the expiration of the company's trading privileges here, the very respectable and intelligent body of men engaged in conducting its business will become blended with us in citizenship, and good members of our great democratic society. The number of British subjects throughout this Territory does not exceed six hundred, exclusive of French Canadians, and this number is not increasing. With three days' notice, double that number of Americans, well mounted and armed with rifles, could be assembled at a given point on the Wilhamette river. In the excited state of public feeling which existed among the Americans upon my arrival, the settled conviction on the mind of every one that all Oregon belonged to us, and that the English had long enough been gleaning its products, I soon discovered that, so far from arousing new zeal and patriotism, it was my duty to use any influence which my official character put me in possession of to allay its exuberance, and advise our countrymen to await patiently the progress of negotiations at home.



The Hudson's Bay Company had information of consultations held on the south side of the river, in which the agrarian principle of division of property found some advocates, and perhaps they had some grounds to apprehend that their extensive storehouses of dry goods, hardware and groceries might be invaded; in addition, therefore, to their own means of defence, they procured from the British government the constant attendance at Vancouver of a sloop-of-war. This vessel anchored there in October, 1845, and I left her there in January, 1847. She, however, I understood, was under orders to leave the river, and her commander, who had once struck on the bar, and narrowly escaped with the loss of false keel and rudder, only awaited the good weather of spring to attempt to get out.

The company's agents expressed to me their fervent hopes that the United States would keep a vessel of war in the river, or promptly send out commissioners to define the bounds of right and property under the treaty. They have been excessively annoyed by some of our countrymen, who, with but little judgment and less delicacy, are in the habit of infringing upon their lands, and construing the law to bear them out in doing so. An individual, and a professor of religion, too, had been ejected by our course of law from a "claim" of the company's, and costs put upon him; but having nothing, the costs had to be paid by the plaintiffs; which was scarcely done when the same person resumed his intrusive position; and as he called himself now a "fresh man," the same formula of law must be gone through with to get clear of him, and so on *ad infinitum*. In a case where an American was confined one night in the fort for this sort of pertinacity, and refusing to give security that he would forbear in future such forcible entry upon the land, he instituted an action for damages for false imprisonment; but as no notice of suit had been served on the committing magistrate, and as I expostulated with the man on the subject, I believe he gave over the idea. These and many other similar acts arose from a belief that the Hudson's Bay Com-

pany would be soon turned out of the country by the terms of the anticipated treaty, and many were led to this offensive course by a desire to succeed to those advantages which could not be conveyed away by the retiring company. Since the details of the treaty have come to hand, it is to be presumed a better understanding of respective permanent rights will be entertained; but I feel bound to express the opinion, for the information of government, that however acceptable that treaty may be to the people generally, some of its items give great discontent and heart-burnings in Oregon. Howsoever little creditable this may be to the good sense and moderation of the complainants, it may be accounted for by reference to the fact that in every community some of its members are unreasonable enough to act upon a one-sided view of the subject. In this particular case several causes unite to excite dissatisfaction: first, disappointment at not having a grasp at the enclosed fields and ready-made habitations which they had all along expected the treaty would oblige the Hudson's Bay Company to vacate; next, the hoped-for dissolution of this company would have relieved many persons from the presence of their creditors; and others saw that only in that event would Americans be able to engage successfully in commercial pursuits. But although too many were influenced by motives so unworthy, yet it must not be supposed I would include among them the substantial cultivator, or any one of the great bulk of honest emigrants who came here to live by his labor, and not by his artifice or speculating genius, which would render the labors of others subservient to his use.

These discontents might not be worth alluding to, did we not remember from what small beginnings political parties sometimes take their rise; and this may be the nucleus of a growth of independents, who may compromise our government in its stipulations for the security of English property in Oregon, to say nothing of the effect produced upon public opinion by the habit of seeing always on the increase a party opposing the policy and measures of the United States. It should be

nevertheless observed that in Oregon the general tendency of persons and things is towards improvement; the ragged and penniless emigrant is, upon his arrival here, much less under the influence of human or moral laws than the same man is found to be a couple of years afterwards, when he has acquired a house over his head and fenced in an enclosure for his cattle. Becoming a property-holder instantly inspires him with a reverence for the law, and he sees by supporting its inviolability he can alone make sure of retaining the means of independence and comfort which it has cost him two years' labor to obtain. The Hudson's Bay Company, from its having been so long established in the country; from the judicious selection it has made of sites for trading, agricultural and manufacturing purposes; from the number of persons and large moneyed capital employed, and most of all from the far-sighted sagacity with which its business is conducted, in some way or other involves itself in every matter of consequence relating to this country; nor is it possible to avoid introducing it as bearing upon all points worth bringing to the notice of government. The terms of the treaty exemplify how ably its interests have been represented in London, and the immunities it enjoys by that instrument will, I apprehend, make it more the object of jealousy and dislike to our citizens here than it has hitherto been.

However long and tedious this report has already become, my inclination to terminate it must give way to a sense of duty, while I describe as briefly as possible all that I could see or learn about this company. Its original charter, granting exclusive trade for furs around Hudson's bay, was extended to other trade west of the Rocky mountains; and the privilege of raising from the soil whatever was necessary for their comfortable maintenance, in the prosecution of this trade, was likewise granted; but in reading its charter and the laws subsequently enacted in relation to its interests, it is very manifest that it was only considered an association of capitalists for *purposes of trade*.

The Puget's Sound Agricultural Company is merely a nominal affair, being only a new name with new privileges, under which the capital of persons belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company is turned into profit. It would be difficult to get exactly at the true relationship between it and the other, as the parties who manage them are the same, and they have endeavored to make them appear as separate interests. When, therefore, a new farm is taken possession of, stocked and put under cultivation, or a fine mill erected and put into profitable operation, these are acts and privileges of the agricultural society; but when the products of these establishments are ready for a market, the company, with trading privileges, takes them in hand. As before stated, persons wishing to hold land under the provisional government, having selected the same, were required to mark out its limits, and have it recorded by a person selected to keep a book of all such entries. Lands thus marked out were called "claims"; and in compliance with this requirement, the Hudson's Bay Company had entered all their landed property in the names of their officers and clerks; they have omitted no means or forms necessary to secure them in their possessions. Fort Vancouver is surrounded by 18 English "claims," viz: nine miles on the river and two back; and besides the dwelling houses, storehouses and shops in the fort, they have a flour mill a few miles up the river, and above that again a saw mill. The Vancouver grounds are principally appropriated to grazing cattle, horses, sheep and hogs. On the Cowlitz the company has a large wheat-growing farm, and I believe these are the only land claims they have below the mountains. They have, besides, a post on the Umpqua. Around their posts at Fort Hall, Boise, and on the northern branches of the river, they have hitherto enclosed no more ground than was necessary for garden purposes; but finding themselves confirmed by treaty in their hold upon property "legally acquired," God knows what may be the extent of their claims when a definite line comes to be drawn. The company have three barques, employed freighting hence to England and back, via the Sandwich islands, besides a schooner and small steamer in the trade

of the northwest coast. They supply the Russian establishment at Sitka annually with 15,000 bushels of wheat, and sell them besides, I am told, some furs. The trade in this latter article has become of late years much less profitable than formerly; and *it is said* to have so far dwindled in amount as to be scarcely worth pursuing; but as no statistical reports of profits, or extent of trade, are ever published by the company, it is not possible to say with accuracy what they are doing. In April, 1846, a report reached Oahu that the company's barque Cowlitz had, after leaving the Sandwich islands for England, been run away with by the crew, and Mr. Pelly, the company's agent, immediately issued advertisements, making it known, and calling on commanders of ships of war to intercept her. He told me on that occasion that the barque's cargo of furs and specie (which was the usual annual remittance by the company) amounted to nearly two hundred thousand pounds sterling. The rumor about her turned out to have originated in a mistaken apprehension. Although it is well known that furs are not so abundant as formerly, they nevertheless still form an important article of trade, and this is entirely monopolized by the company. Nearly every dollar of specie which comes into the country—and there is more of it than might be supposed—finds its way sooner or later into the company's chests; keeping, as they do, a very large stock on hand of all those articles most necessary to the new settler. Indeed, so extensive and well selected are their supplies, that few country towns in the United States could furnish their neighbors so satisfactorily. An annual shipload arrives from London, which, with the old stock, makes an inventory of one hundred thousand pounds. Goods are invariably sold at an advance of one hundred per cent on London prices; which, taking their good quality into consideration, is cheaper than they are offered by the two or three Americans who are engaged in mercantile business in the country.

The managers of this company, as I have before remarked, are sagacious, far-sighted men; they hold the keys of trade, and establish the value of property and of labor, both of which

they are too wise to depreciate unduly. They are complained of as powerful monopolists; but so long as their power is made subservient to general interests, as well as their own, and stands in the way of rapacious speculators, it avails a good purpose, and is cheerfully recognized by the good citizen. They certainly may be said to establish a standard of prices; and many persons think if they were withdrawn, more competition would arise among merchants, and higher prices would be given for produce; but it should be remembered that their prices, those which they give and those which they take, are uniform, and not subject to those fluctuations which militate eventually against the producer.

They would sell the last bushel of salt or pound of nails in their storehouses as the first had been sold; not increasing the price as the article became less abundant in the market. They give sixty cents for an imperial bushel, or sixty-eight pounds of wheat; one dollar apiece for flour barrels; three dollars a thousand for shingles, and a corresponding price for other articles of country production. They see very plainly that in the prosperity of others consists their own; and, acting upon this judicious principle, they are content with sure and moderate gains. I have heard general charges of extortion alleged against them, but without proof to sustain them. They have providentially been the instrument of much good to Oregon, as the early emigrants can testify; and however objectionable it is on some grounds to have a large and powerful moneyed institution, controlled by foreigners, in the heart of this young America, its sudden withdrawal would be forcibly and disadvantageously felt throughout the land. In a few years, with a knowledge that the company is to withdraw, there will no doubt be a more enlarged system of trade entered upon by our own merchants, which will eventually supply the place of the company. At present they cannot well be spared, as will be more plainly seen by what I have to say of the commerce of Oregon. These remarks about the Hudson's Bay Company are made under the impression, prevalent in Oregon—where the treaty itself had

not arrived when I left, but only a synopsis of it—that the charter of the company would expire in 1863, and of course its privileges with it. If the facts be otherwise, and its existence as a corporate body, under British charter, is perpetual, my speculations about its officers becoming American citizens are fallacious. Exclusive of the Hudson's Bay Company's imports, the external commerce of Oregon is of very limited extent; it is a petty trade, not sufficiently systematized to be reducible to a statistical table, and I can give no better idea of its extent than to state that during the whole year of 1846 a barque of three hundred tons came twice from the Sandwich islands, bringing each time about half a cargo of dry goods, groceries, hardware, etc., bought at Oahu. An American ship was also in the river this year, but came in ballast for a freight of lumber, &c., to the islands. Three mercantile houses divide the business of the Territory, small as it is, and I believe each has a favorable balance on its side. The prices imposed in selling to the consumer are enormously high, and these he must pay from the produce of his labor, or dispense with the most necessary articles of clothing, cooking utensils, groceries and farming implements. An American axe costs \$5; a cross-cut saw, \$15; all articles manufactured of iron 25 cents per pound, &c., &c. The impediments to commerce here are, first, the want of a fixed currency; second, the remoteness of the foreign market and its uncertainty, and more particularly the hazardous nature of the navigation in and out of the river, and the tediousness of ascending and descending it. These last make the freight and premium on insurance very high, which adds to the cost of the imported article, and detracts proportionally from that which is offered in payment for it, and which, to realize anything, must be carried abroad. The misfortune is, that these impediments create and depend upon each other, and are likely to continue, and painfully retard the growth of this promising country. If the commerce were more extensive, it would afford payment to pilots, and construct light-houses, beacons, and buoys, which would greatly diminish the risk and expense of

getting vessels into the river; and again, if more means of transportation presented themselves, the surplus produce of the country would find a sale, and be conveyed to a foreign market—thus enabling the farmer, the miller, the sawyer, the shingle-maker, the gatherer of wool, and the packer of salted beef and pork, to share in the advantages of a more extended demand; in short, some thousands of people in this country are suffering at this moment in consequence of the inadequate means of commercial exchange between it and its neighbors of California and the Sandwich islands.

The granaries are surcharged with wheat; the saw-mills are surrounded with piles of lumber as high as themselves; the grazier sells his beef at three cents per pound to the merchant, who packs it in salt and deposits it in a warehouse, awaiting the tardy arrival of some vessel to take a portion of his stock at what price she pleases, and furnish in return a scanty supply of tea and sugar and indifferent clothing, also at her own rate. I feel it particularly my duty to call the attention of government to this subject. This feeble and distant portion, of itself, is vainly struggling to escape from burdens which, from the nature of things, must long continue to oppress it, unless parental assistance comes to its relief. The first measure necessary is to render the entrance and egress of vessels into the mouth of the Columbia as free from danger as possible; and the first step towards this is to employ two competent pilots, who should reside at Cape Disappointment, be furnished with two Baltimore-built pilot boats, (for mutual assistance in case of accident to either,) and be paid a regular salary, besides the fees, which should be very moderate, imposed upon each entering vessel. A light-house, and some beacons with and without lights, would aid very much in giving confidence and security to vessels approaching the river; but more important than all these would of course be the presence, under good management, of a strong and well-built steam tug. The effects of these facilities would be to render certain, at least during the summer months, the coming in and going out of vessels, subtract from the premium



on insurance, and give confidence to the seamen, who now enter for a voyage to Oregon with dread, reluctance and high wages. It is not for me to anticipate the boundless spring which the vivifying influence of an extended organized commerce would give to the growth and importance of this country; its portrait has been drawn by abler hands, in books and in the Senate, but I must take leave to suggest that good policy requires the parent government to retain the affections of this hopeful offspring by attentions and fostering care: it needs help at this moment; and if it be rendered, a lasting sense of dependence and gratitude will be the consequence; but if neglected in this its tender age, and allowed to fight its own way to independent maturity, the ties of consanguinity may be forgotten in the energy of its own unaided exertions.

Nisqually, the innermost harbor of Puget's sound, may at some future day become an important port for the exportation of produce from the north side of the river; but the inland transportation is at present impracticable for articles of more than a hundred pounds weight, on account of the mountains and water-courses. No wagon road has yet been opened from an interior point to Nisqually. Its importance will increase with the settlement of the country around it, possessing, as it does, natural advantages exceeding those of any other port in the Territory.

Besides Fort Vancouver, six sites have been selected for towns; of these Astoria takes precedence in age only. It is situated on the left bank of the Columbia, thirteen miles from the sea: it contains ten houses, including a warehouse, Indian lodges, a cooper's and a blacksmith's shop; it has no open ground except gardens within less than a mile of it. It may be considered in a state of transition, exhibiting the wretched remains of a bygone settlement, and the uncouth germ of a new one. About 30 white people live here, and two lodges of Chinook Indians. The Hudson's Bay Company have still an agent here, but were about transferring him over to a warehouse they are putting up at Cape Disappointment. A pre-emption

right to the principal part of this site is claimed by an American named Welch; the other portion, including Point George, is claimed in like manner by Colonel John Maclure. Leaving Astoria, we ascend the Columbia eighty miles, and there entering the Wilhamette, find, three miles within its mouth, the city of Linton, on its left or western shore. This site was selected by a copartnership of gentlemen as the most natural depot for the produce of the well settled Twality plains, and a road was opened over the ridge of hills intervening between the plains and the river. It contains only a few log-houses, which are overshadowed by huge fir trees that it has not yet been convenient to remove. Its few inhabitants are very poor, and severely persecuted by musquitos day and night. Not one of its proprietors resides on the spot, and its future increase is, to say the least, doubtful. Eight or nine miles above Linton, on the same side of the Wilhamette, we come to a more promising appearance of a town. It has been named Portland by the individual under whose auspices it has come into existence, and mainly to whose efforts its growth and increase are to be ascribed. This is Mr. F. W. Pettygrove, from Maine, who came out here some years back as agent for the mercantile house of the Messrs. Benson, of New York. Having done a good business for his employers, he next set about doing something for himself, and is now the principal commercial man in the country. He selected Portland as the site of a town accessible to shipping, built houses, and established himself there; invited others to settle around him, and appropriated his little capital to opening wagon roads (aided by neighboring farmers) into the Twality plains, and up the east side of the river to the falls where the city of Oregon stands. Twelve or fifteen new houses are already occupied, and others building; and, with a population of more than sixty souls, the heads of families generally industrious mechanics, its prospects of increase are favorable. A good wharf, at which vessels may lie and discharge or take in cargo most months in the year, is also among the improvements of Portland. Twelve miles above we come to

the falls of the Wilhammette, and abreast of and just below these, on the east side of the river, stands Oregon city. This is considered the capital of the Territory, contains seventy-odd houses, and has a population of nearly five hundred souls. The situation of this place is very peculiar: the river here is about eighty yards wide, and at its lowest stage is twelve feet deep; in freshets it sometimes rises thirty feet above low-water mark. The rocky rampart, over which it falls almost perpendicularly, is perhaps forty feet high; and from about its upper level, a narrow strip of level ground three hundred yards wide, (between the bed of the river and a precipitous hilly ridge,) is the site of the town. This hilly range runs along down stream for nearly a mile, when it slopes off to the level of the river side plateau. The opposite side presents nearly the same features, so that the view in front and rear abruptly terminates in a rocky mountain side of five or six hundred feet elevation. In a summer day the sun's rays reflected from these cliffs make the temperature high, and create an unpleasant sensation of confinement, which would be insupportable but for the refreshing influence of the waterfall; this, divided by rocky islets, breaks into flash and foam, imparting a delicious brightness to this otherwise sombre scenery. A Methodist and a Catholic church, two flour and saw mills, a tavern, a brick storehouse and several wooden ones, an iron foundry just beginning, and many snug dwelling houses, are at this moment the chief constituents of the capital of Oregon. The site on the opposite side of the river, upon which some good buildings are beginning to appear, is called Multnomah. Communication is kept up between these two places by two ferry boats. Dr. McLaughlin claims the square mile which includes Oregon city on one side, and an American named Moore claims an equal extent on the other side. The doctor has fixed a high price on his town lots, more than can be conveniently paid by those desirous of living in town, and persons were occasionally constructing upon his land in defiance of his remonstrances and threats of the law. Our government is already, I understand, in possession of the

evidence upon which his claim rests, and I need therefore say nothing more on the subject.

A sixth spot dignified with the name of town is Salem, high up the Wilhamette, of which too little exists to be worthy of an attempt at description. It would seem from this sorry catalogue that Oregon cannot yet boast of her cities. Even in these, however, her improvement has been great and rapid, and population comes into the capital faster than the gigantic fir trees, which have lately been its sole occupants, can be made to disappear.

The American missionaries were the first persons to attempt any establishment in Oregon, independent of the Hudson's Bay Company. They have doubtless done much good in past years, but are now disunited; and with the exception of Mr. Spalding, a worthy old Presbyterian gentleman who resides on the Kooskooskie river, I could hear of no attempts going on to educate or convert the aborigines of the country by Americans. Why their efforts came to be discontinued, (for there were at one time many missions in the field, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Babtist, and an independent self-supporting one,) would be a question which it would be difficult to have answered truly. The various recriminations which were uttered, as each member thought proper to secede from his benevolent associates in Christian duty, were not calculated to increase the public respect for their individual disinterestedness or purity. They seem early to have despaired of much success in impressing the minds of the Indians with a just sense of the importance of their lessons, and very sagaciously turned their attention to more fruitful pursuits. Some became farmers and graziers, others undertook the education of the rising generation of whites and half-breeds, and a few set up for traders; but these last imprudently encroached upon a very dear prerogative of the Hudson's Bay Company by bartering for beaver, and only by hastily quitting it escaped the overwhelming opposition of that all-powerful body. The French missionaries, to-wit: a bishop, a number of priests, and seven nuns, are succeeding in

their operations. They are amply furnished with money and other means for accomplishing their purposes. They educate a number of young Indians, principally girls, and all the offspring of the Canadians. In addition to a large wooden nunnery already some years in use, they are now building a brick church of corresponding dimensions, on beautiful prairie grounds a few miles from the Wilhammette river, and thirty-two above Oregon city. They are strict Catholics, and exercise unbounded influence over the people of the French settlements, who are improving in every way under their precepts. The mission derives its support from Europe, and I was told that the Queen of France, and her daughter, of Belgium, are liberal patronesses of the institution. It is at present in high estimation with all classes; it gives employment and high wages to a great number of mechanics and laborers, pays off punctually in cash, and is without doubt contributing largely to the prosperity of the neighborhood and country around it. A few Jesuits are located within six miles of the mission, and are ostensibly employed in the same praiseworthy occupation.

The Methodist institute, designed as an educational establishment for the future generations of Oregon, is still in the hands of gentlemen who were connected with the Methodist mission. It is finely situated on the Wilhammette, fifty miles above Oregon city. As a building its exterior was quite imposing from a distance, but I was pained, upon coming up with it, to find its interior apartments in an entirely unfinished state. Mr. Wilson, who is in charge of it, was so hospitable and polite to me that I refrained from asking questions which I was sure, from appearances, would only produce answers confirmatory of its languishing condition. Five little boys were now getting their rudiments of education here; when, from the number of dormitories, it was manifest that it had been the original design to receive more than ten times that number. I learned from Governor Abernethy, however, about the beginning of 1847, that the number of its pupils was fast increasing.

Of the Indian population of Oregon nothing *new* can be said. The "Nez Percés" are described as receiving advantageously the suggestions of Mr. Spalding with regard to the cultivation of their fields and rearing their cattle and horses. No difficulties or wars among the tribes of any consequence have recently occurred. A fracas between the Cowlitzes and Chinooks took place while I was in the river, in which a young Chinook was killed, but the parties are mutually too feeble to make their quarrels a matter of any general interest. It was only among these two remnants of tribes, besides the Clatsops and the Calapooiales, that we had an opportunity of making any observations, and what I say on this subject will be understood as relating exclusively to them. The old and melancholy record of their decline must be continued. Destitution and disease are making rapid havoc among them; and as if the proximity of the white man were not sufficiently baneful in its insidious destruction of these unhappy people, our countrymen killed two by sudden violence and wounded another in an uncalled for and wanton manner during the few months of my sojourn in the country. The only penalty to which the perpetrators of these different acts were subjected was the payment of a blanket or a beef to their surviving kindred. Public opinion, however, sets very strongly against such intrusions upon the degraded red man, and perhaps a year hence it may be strong enough to hang an offender of this kind. It is clearly the duty of our government to look promptly into the necessitous conditions of these poor Indians. Their number is now very small: of the four tribes I have named, there are probably altogether not over five hundred, old and young, and these are scattered in lodges along the river, subject to the intrusion of the squatter. If their situation could but be known to the humane citizens of the United States, it would bring before the government endless petitions in their behalf. As a matter of policy, likewise, it is indispensable that measures should be taken to get a better acquaintance with these as well as the mountain tribes; they are perfectly familiar with the difference between Amer-

icans and English, calling us "Boston mans," and the English "King George's mans"; and it would be highly judicious to make them sensible of their new and exclusive relations with the United States. A gratuitous annual distribution of a few thousand flannel frocks and *good* blankets (for an Indian would rather go naked than wear a bad one) to those living near our settlements would be not only an act which humanity demands, but one from which many good consequences would ensue. In speaking of the Indians, I would respectfully suggest that this moment is, of all others, the most favorable for extinguishing their titles to the land. Miserable as they are, they display some spirit and jealousy on this subject. Although a patch of potatoes may be the extent of their cultivation, they will point out a circuit of many miles as the boundary of their possessions. The tribes of which I have spoken have no chiefs, and on that account it would be difficult to treat formally with them; but a well selected agent, with but small means at his disposal, would easily reconcile them to live peaceably and quietly in limits which he should specify.

The salmon fishery naturally succeeds the preceding subject. Strange to say, up to this day none but Indians have ever taken a salmon from the waters of the Columbia; it seems to have been conceded to them as an inherent right, which no white man has yet encroached upon. They are wonderfully superstitious respecting this fish; of such vital importance is his annual visitation to this river and its tributaries that it is prayed for, and votive offerings made in gratitude when he makes his first appearance. In Frazier's river, and still further north, the Indians carry their ceremonies and superstitious observances at this event far beyond the practices in the Columbia: here the shoals of salmon, coming from the north, enter the river in May, but they are permitted to pass on several days before nets are laid out for their capture. No reward of money, or clothes, will induce an Indian to sell salmon the first three weeks after his arrival; and throughout the whole season, upon catching a fish they immediately take out his heart and conceal

it until they have an opportunity to burn it, their great fear being that this sacred portion of the fish may be eaten by dogs, which they shudder to think would prevent them from coming again to the river. When it is remembered that the many thousand Indians living upon this river, throughout its course of more than twelve hundred miles, are almost entirely dependent upon salmon for their subsistence, it would lessen our surprise that these simple-minded people should devise some propitiatory mean of retaining this inappreciable blessing. The annual inroad of these multitudinous shoals into the Columbia may, in its effects upon the happiness and lives of the inhabitants, be compared to the effect produced upon the Egyptians by the rising of the Nile; a subject upon which they are described as reflecting not with lively solicitude and interest, but with feelings of religious solemnity and awe.

The salmon are much finer, taken when they first enter the river; and from the last of May the business of catching and drying is industriously pursued by the Indians. These sell to the whites, who salt and pack for winter use, or exportation. As the season advances the fish become meagre and sickly, and only those not strong enough to force a passage against the torrent at the Cascades, and other falls, remain in the lower waters of the river. In September they are found at the very sources of the Columbia, still pressing up stream, with tails and bellies bruised and bloody by the long struggle they have had against the current and a rocky bottom. They die then in great numbers, and, floating down stream, the Indians intercept them in their canoes, and relish them none the less for having died a week or fortnight previous. The young fry pass out to sea in October; they are then nearly as large as herrings. Different families of salmon are in the habit of resorting to different rivers. The largest and best come into the Columbia, weighing on an average twenty pounds each; some exceed forty pounds. Seven or eight hundred barrels are annually exported; they retail at Oahu for ten dollars a barrel, but I do not believe they are so highly appreciated anywhere as in Oregon, where they may be considered their staple article of food. Sturgeon and trout are also abundant in the Columbia.



I was surprised to find so great a scarcity of game in this country. I lugged a heavy gun more than a hundred and fifty miles through the Wilhamette valley, and in all that ride saw but three deer. Wolves are numerous, and prey upon other animals, so that the plains are entirely in their possession. The little venison I saw in Oregon was poor and insipid; a fat buck is a great rarity. Elk are still numerous, but very wild, living in the depths of the forests, or near those openings which the white man has not yet approached. An Indian hunter often brought elk meat to us at Astoria, which he had killed in the unexplored forests between Clatsop plains and Young's river. Black bears are very common, and destructive to the farmers' pigs; the grizzly bear is more rarely seen, but one of the Shark's officers procured a very promising young grizzly, and sent him a present to a lady friend at Oahu, whence it is probable he will be conveyed to the United States.

Nearly all the birds and fowls of the United States are found here, with several varieties of the grouse and partridge which we have not. The turkey is not indigenous to Oregon, but has been introduced and successfully reared there. Wild fowl, from the swan to the blue-wing, are very abundant during the winter. The wild geese move over the country in clouds, and do great injury to the wheat fields upon which they determine to alight. The field lark, the robin, the wren and the sparrow alternately flit before the traveller and identify the country with scenes at home.

Although most descriptions of timber grow in this country, and grow to a great size, its quality and usefulness are in no wise comparable to that produced in the United States. The best here is found farthest north from Nisqually, towards the northern boundary. In those parts I visited, there was not a stick of timber suitable for shipbuilding; the spruce makes tough spars, but is very heavy, and after seasoning is apt to rive and open too much. Neither hickory, walnut, nor locust has yet been found here; they would doubtless, if introduced and proper soil selected for them, thrive prosperously. The

hazel bush makes a substitute for hickory hoop-poles, and answers well. Perhaps a critical exploration would find timber of durable fibre in the less genial atmosphere of the mountain ridges; the cause of its bad quality in the low lands is the rapidity of its growth, which in all countries produces the same disqualifying effects. The ash, which is very abundant, compares with that grown elsewhere better than any other timber. Much remains unknown respecting this essential portion of this country's wealth; nor would I have it inferred that because I saw no good specimen of timber, there are none to be found.

Oregon, from its extent and varied topography, must, of course, possess some diversity of climate. As a general remark, it is equable and salubrious; and although ten degrees of latitude farther north than Virginia, it assimilates to the climate of that State, particularly in winter, qualified by less liability to sudden violent changes. The same season, however, in Oregon is characterized by more constant rains and cloudy weather. Our log-book records rain, hail, or snow, every day between October 29th, 1846, and January 17th, 1847, except eleven, and a continuation of such weather was anticipated until the month of March. But during this time there were but few days of severe cold. Grass grew verdantly in every spot that was at all sheltered, and yielded sustenance to the cattle, which requires neither shelter nor feeding (except what it procures itself) throughout the year. From March till October the weather is delightful; occasional showers obscure the sun and refresh the earth; but what is very remarkable, the summer clouds in Lower Oregon are seldom attended by thunder and lightning. During the winter, at the mouth of the river, we experienced this phenomenon, and witnessed its effects occasionally upon conspicuous trees in the forest, but in the interior it is not common at any season—a consoling circumstance to our countrywomen, who had been previously subject to its terrifying effects, on the banks of the Illinois and Mississippi.

The products of the soil depend mainly upon the climate, and the excellence of the latter is indicative of the abundance of the former. Hence we find from the seacoast to the Cascade range of mountains, an average breadth of 110 miles, a most vigorous natural vegetable growth; the forest trees are of gigantic stature, while the intervals between them are filled with a rank, impenetrable bushy undergrowth. Where the growth is rapid, maturity and then decay quickly succeed, and the soil is enriched from its own fruits. This region, like that of the United States before it was colonized, "has been gathering fertility from the repose of centuries, and lavishes its strength in magnificent but useless vegetation." It is not, however, a woody solitude throughout. Within the limits alluded to lies the whole Wilhamette valley; continuous ranges of prairie lands, free from the encumbrance of trees or other heavy obstacles to the plough, stretch along, ready for the hand of the cultivator; in their virgin state these are overgrown with fern, the height of which, say from three to ten feet, indicates the strength of the soil. No felling of trees or grubbing is necessary here. A two-horse plough prostrates the rankest fern, and a fine crop of wheat the very next year succeeds it. The fields, however, continue to improve under cultivation, and are much more prolific the fourth and fifth years than before. Wheat is the staple commodity; the average yield is twenty bushels to the acre; and this from very slovenly culture. Those who take much pains, reap forty or fifty. Although population is dispersed over these clear lands, and a large portion of them is held by "claims," there is, notwithstanding, a mere fraction cultivated. A fair estimate of all the wheat raised in 1846 does not exceed 160,000 bushels, which, by the average, would grow upon 8,000 acres of land—not a hand's breadth compared to the whole body claimed and held in idleness. The quality of the wheat produced here is, I believe, unequalled throughout the world; it certainly excels in weight, size of grain, and whiteness of its flour, that of our Atlantic States, Chili, or the Black sea, and is far before any I have seen in California. Oats grow with correspondent lux-

uriance; but the nights of this salubrious valley are too cool for Indian corn or rye. These last grow to perfection further interior, where the summers are warmer than they are westward of the Cascade mountains. The few experiments made with hemp and tobacco have proven the competency of the soil and climate to their production. In short, I can think of nothing vegetable in its nature, common within the temperate zone, that Oregon will not produce. Fruits have been, so far, very sparingly introduced; there are a few orchards of apples, peaches, and pears among the Canadians; but growing upon seedlings, the fruit is inferior. A great variety of berries are indigenous and abundant; among them the strawberry, cranberry, whortleberry, and a big blue berry of delicious flavor. The traveller stopping at the humblest cottage on a summer day will be regaled with a white loaf and fresh butter, a dish of luscious berries, and plenty of rich milk; to procure all of which the cottager has not been outside his own enclosure. The fields for cultivation comprise, as before remarked, but a small portion of the country; outside the fences is a common range for the cattle. These have increased very rapidly, and in nothing does the new emigrant feel so sensibly relieved from labor as in having to make no winter provision for his stock. Large droves of American cows and oxen have annually accompanied the emigrating parties from the United States, and the Hudson's Bay Company have imported many from California; but of this indispensable appendage to an agricultural district, the far greater number in the Wilhamette valley have sprung from a supply driven in from California, through the instrumentality of Purser Slacum, United States navy, who visited Oregon eight or nine years ago as an agent of the government. Chartering a small vessel in the Columbia, he carried down to St. Francisco a number of passengers, gratis, whom he aided in procuring cattle, and purchased a number for himself besides, which were driven into the rich pastures of Oregon; their descendants are to the inhabitants a fertile source of present comfort and future wealth. It is but justice

to the memory of Mr. Slacum to add, that from this circumstance, and others like it, evincing an interest in the welfare of the people, and a desire to aid their efforts in settling the country, no other official agent of the United States who has visited Oregon is held in equally high estimation or grateful remembrance by the early settlers here.

The Hudson's Bay Company own large flocks of sheep, the breed of which they have taken every pains to improve, besides affording them a constant table supply of good mutton. This stock yields a profitable fleece of wool, which goes to England. Many farmers are also rearing this animal, which succeeds admirably. I saw a flock of twenty on the Recreall river, which had been brought the year before from Missouri. Its owner informed me that they had travelled better, and proved on the journey more thrifty, than either horses or oxen, climbing mountains and swimming rivers with unabated sprightliness during a journey of two thousand miles. Of this small stock every one had come safely in.

It is scarcely worth while to add that all garden vegetables grow abundantly in Oregon—at least all which have been tried; fresh seed and increased varieties are much wanting, and it is to be lamented that the emigrants seldom bring out anything of this kind. If each would provide himself with a few varieties, how soon would they be repaid for their trouble. The man who will put some walnuts and hickory nuts in his pocket, and bring them to Oregon, may in that way propagate the growth of timber, for which posterity will be grateful. But few exotic plants or flowers have yet arrived; but the natural flora of this country is said, by those acquainted with the subject, to be very rich and extensive. Speaking of flowers reminds me that the honey-bee has not yet been naturalized—a desideratum which every one seems to notice with surprise where the sweet briar and honeysuckle, the clover and wild-grape blossom, “waste their sweets upon the desert air.” An emigrant of 1846 left Missouri with two hives, and conveyed them safely over the mountains; but was overtaken by winter

before reaching the settlements, and, to the regret of all, this praiseworthy and troublesome experiment did not succeed.

There has been nothing valuable in mineralogy yet discovered. Coal had been found in the northeastern portion of Vancouver's island, and the British war-steamer *Cormorant* visited the mine and procured some of it, which was found to be of fair quality. A systematic exploration of our own territory would doubtless bring to light much valuable information on this subject.

With respect to defences, the subject is too comprehensive to be more than hinted at here. Cape Disappointment may be rendered impregnable, and will command the river so long as the channel passes where it does; but I cannot suppose the government will commence works of defence anywhere, without a special reconnoissance by military engineers had first been made of the premises. It may be proper, however, to report that Cape Disappointment is now "claimed" by Mr. Peter Skeen Ogden, a chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. He purchased the "claim" from an American named Wheeler, giving him a thousand dollars for it, and is now putting up a warehouse there. Point Adams, the southern point of the river's mouth, and nearly five miles from the cape, is low and sandy, and of course not so susceptible of defence as the other side; nor is there safe anchorage in its neighborhood during the winter season. The cape, Tongue point, both sides of the Wilhamette falls, a site at the Cascades, and one at the Dalles, are points on the rivers prominently presenting themselves for reservation by the government, should it design to reserve anything.

Nisqually, and perhaps other places on the sound and coast, are not less distinctly marked by nature as eligible sites for forts or future towns. I have omitted Astoria from this list, as the isthmus of Tongue point, within three miles of it, is every way better situated for a business settlement, being accessible to ships from sea of equal draughts of water, having more spacious anchorage ground, and subject to less tide. A snug

cove on the eastern side affords secure landing for loaded boats, flats, and rafts coming down the river, without the exposed navigation around the promontory. Mr. Shortiss, an American, "claims" two miles along the river and half a mile back, including all this point, by virtue of the organic law of Oregon, and an hereditary title acquired through his Indian wife, who was born somewhere hereabouts. The policy of confirming all these land claims it is not my province to discuss; but it may be necessary to observe that few of those who are now in possession of the land could by any means be made to pay even a dollar and a quarter an acre for it. In the first place, they have not the necessary funds; and in the second, they feel that they have fairly earned a title to it, by assuming possession while it was uncertain to whom it belonged, and that this very act of taking possession at the expense of so much toil and risk gives an increased value to what remains unoccupied, which will indemnify the government for the whole. The President's suggestions to Congress on this subject will, it is hoped, be acted on, and a law framed to meet the exigency.

Many allowances should be made in favor of these people. They come generally from among the poorer classes of the western States, with the praiseworthy design of improving their fortunes. They brave dangers and accomplish Herculean labors on the journey across the mountains. For six months consecutively they have "the sky for a pea-jacket," and the wild buffalo for company; and during this time, are reminded of no law but expediency. That they should, so soon after their union into societies at their new homes, voluntarily place themselves under any restraints of law or penalties whatever, is an evidence of a good disposition, which time will be sure to improve and refine. If some facts I have related would lead to unfavorable opinions of them, it will be understood that the number is very limited—by no means affecting the people as a mass, who deserve to be characterized as honest, brave, and hardy, rapidly improving in those properties and qualities which

mark them for future distinction among the civilized portion of the world.

With great respect, I am, sir, &c., &c.,

NEIL M. HOWISON,  
*Lieut. Commanding, U. S. Navy.*

To the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

*Of the U. S. Naval forces in the Pacific Ocean.*

APPENDIX.

A.

HER MAJESTY'S SLOOP MODESTE,  
*Fort Vancouver, Columbia River, Sept. 13, 1846.*

SIR: It was with the greatest regret that I this morning received information of your vessel being on the sands at the mouth of the Columbia. From the hurried information I have received, I much fear my boat will be too late to render any assistance in saving the vessel; but in the possibility of your not having been able to save provisions, &c., I beg to offer for your acceptance a few of such articles as are not likely to be obtained at Clatsop.

I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

THOS. BAILLIE, *Commander.*

Lieut. HOWISON,

*Commanding U. S. Schooner Shark.*

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B.

FORT VANCOUVER, *Sept. 11, 1846.*

DEAR SIR: We have just heard of the unfortunate accident which has befallen the Shark on the bar of this river, and we beg to offer our sincere condolence on the distressing event.



We also beg to offer every assistance we can render in your present destitute state, and hope you will accept of the few things sent by this conveyance. Captain Baillie having despatched bread and tea by the *Modeste's* pinnace anticipated our intention of sending such things. Have the goodness to apply to Mr. Peers for any articles of food or clothing you may want, and they will be at your service if he has them in store. As the people of Clatsop can furnish abundance of beef and potatoes, we are not anxious about your suffering any privation of food. If otherwise, Mr. Peers will do his utmost to supply your wants.

With kind remembrance to the officers, we remain, dear sir, yours truly,

PETER SKEEN OGDEN,  
JAMES DOUGLASS.

NEIL HOWISON, &c., &c.

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B.

BAKER'S BAY, *Friday, September 9, [1846.]*

SIR: I much regret the melancholy disaster which befel your vessel on Wednesday evening, and also my inability to render you any assistance at that time. The Indians tell me there are several lives lost, but I hope such is not true.

I am informed you wish to occupy part of the house at Astoria; it is at your service, as also anything else there in the shape of food or clothing; and I must, at the same time, apologise for offering you such poor accommodations. I sent off a despatch to Vancouver yesterday morning, to acquaint them of your distress, and expect an answer Sunday morning.

I remain, sir, yours, most respectfully,

HENRY PEERS,  
*Port Agent of Hudson's Bay Company.*

TO CAPTAIN HOWISON,  
&c., &c., &c.

## C.

OREGON CITY, *September 15, 1846.*

DEAR SIR: Last night we heard the melancholy tidings that the schooner Shark was lost on the South spit. It was very painful intelligence, particularly as we are yet in doubt as to the safety of yourself, officers, and crew. The letter we received at this place states that the probability is, all were saved; which I sincerely hope may be the case; but until we hear of the safety of all, we will be in an unhappy state of suspense. My first feeling was to leave all here, and reach Clatsop as soon as possible; but I am situated in such a way, just at this time, that I cannot leave. Should you not make arrangements to get away in the Mariposa, we have your room in readiness for you, and will be very happy to have you make one of our family, as long as you may remain in the country, and any one of your officers that you may choose for the other room. I perceive the Modeste's launch was to leave with a supply of provisions for you for the present. If you wish anything that I have, let me know, and I will send it down immediately. I have plenty of flour, and have no doubt but plenty of beef and pork can be obtained here for the crew. It will give me great pleasure to be of any service to you. Hoping to hear from you soon, and that yourself, officers, and crew are all safe on shore, and in good health,

I remain, dear sir, yours, very truly,

GEORGE ABERNETHY.

Captain NEIL HOWISON,

&c., &c., &c.

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## D.

[Extract.]

*September 19, 1846.*

\* \* \* \* \* Should a vessel arrive belonging to the firm, I think you will have no difficulty in chartering her

to go to California. I shall be happy to render you all the assistance that lies in my power. Should you wish any assistance as it regards money, or anything that I can obtain for you in Oregon, please inform me, and I will at the earliest date endeavor to procure it for you. Please accept my kindest regards to yourself and officers.

Yours truly,

JOHN H. COUCH.

Capt. NEIL HOWISON.

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E.

BAKER'S BAY, COLUMBIA RIVER,

*December 1, 1846.*

DEAR GOVERNOR: One of the few articles preserved from the shipwreck of the late United States schooner Shark was her stand of colors. To display this national emblem, and cheer our citizens in this distant territory by its presence, was a principal object of the Shark's visit to the Columbia; and it appears to me, therefore, highly proper that it should henceforth remain with you, as a memento of parental regard from the general government.

With the fullest confidence that it will be received and duly appreciated as such by our countrymen here, I do myself the honor of transmitting the flags (an ensign and union-jack) to your address; nor can I omit the occasion to express my gratification and pride that this relic of my late command should be emphatically the first *United States* flag to wave over the undisputed and purely American territory of Oregon.

With considerations of high respect, I remain your obedient servant,

NEIL M. HOWISON,

*Lieutenant Commanding United States Navy.*

## F.

OREGON CITY, *December 21, 1846.*

DEAR SIR: I received your esteemed favor of the 1st December, accompanied with the flags of the late U. S. schooner "Shark," (an ensign and union-jack) as a "memento of parental regard from the general government" to the citizens of this Territory.

Please accept my thanks and the thanks of this community for the (to us) very valuable present. We will fling it to the breeze on every suitable occasion, and rejoice under the emblem of our country's glory. Sincerely hoping that the "star-spangled banner" may ever wave over this portion of the United States, I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

GEO. ABERNETHY.

NEIL HOWISON,

*Lieutenant commanding, &c., &c.*

## G.

A very snug harbor has within a few years been sounded out and taken possession of by the Hudson's Bay Company on the southeastern part of Vancouver's island. They have named it Victoria, and it is destined to become the most important British seaport contiguous to our territory. Eighteen feet water can be carried into its inmost recesses, which is a fine large basin. There is besides pretty good anchorage for frigates outside this basin. The company are making this their principal shipping port, depositing, by means of small craft during the summer, all their furs and other articles for the English market at this place, which is safe for their large ships to enter during the winter season. They no longer permit them to come into the Columbia between November and March.

## OREGON IN 1863

*By Thomas W. Prosch*

One of my books is Bancroft's (San Francisco) Hand Book Almanac for the Pacific States for 1863—a half century ago. It is not, perhaps, a rare or valuable volume, but to those interested in "old Oregon" it is entertaining and pleasant—a reminder of days when people and things on the North Pacific Coast were young and new. To the readers of the Oregon Historical Quarterly the mere mention of the names therein contained will be good, while comparison of the statistical facts and figures of those days with like statements of these days will be instructive and grateful. It is impossible to tell how many people were in Oregon fifty years ago, but, judging by the numbers found by the census taken in 1860 and 1870, it may be safely assumed that the number was about sixty-five thousand, or about one-fourth the number to be found this year in the city of Portland alone, a city that then contained about four thousand inhabitants. While all parts of the state have increased in population, trade and wealth, no one will pretend, of course, that other parts have kept up in the race with Portland. Gold had been discovered in Washington Territory in 1860-1-2, and so many men had gone to seek it that in 1863 Congress created the Territory of Idaho, including those parts of Washington in which the gold had been found. Following these discoveries, gold was found in Eastern Oregon. As one of many results of these gold finds several thousand people, mostly men, planted themselves in that part of the State east of the Cascade Mountains. They liked the country and were there to stay. They demanded political recognition from the Legislature, and in consequence the counties of Baker and Umatilla were created, these, with Wasco, being the three counties in the eastern half of the State in 1863. Baker and Umatilla were then so new, however, that they do not appear in the Almanac as possessed of settlements and governments as complete as those of the older counties.

In 1863 Addison C. Gibbs was Governor of Oregon. He had six predecessors, dating back to 1845, namely: George Abernethy, Joseph Lane, John P. Gaines, John W. Davis, George L. Curry and John Whiteaker. Other State officers were Samuel E. May, Secretary of State; Edwin N. Cooke, Treasurer; Asahel Bush, Printer, and P. S. Knight, Librarian. Elections were held in June, and State officers chosen for four years. In 1862 the people had voted on location of the State capital, Salem getting 3213 votes, Eugene 1921, Corvallis 1798, and all other places 427. The vote was indecisive, as no place had a majority.

James W. Nesmith and Benjamin F. Harding were U. S. Senators, and John R. McBride Representative in Congress.

P. P. Prim, R. E. Stratton, Reuben P. Boise, E. D. Shattuck and J. G. Wilson were the five circuit judges, and they also constituted the Supreme Court. In each district was a prosecuting attorney. The first and fifth districts each included three counties; the second, third and fourth, five counties each. The district attorneys were James F. Gazley, A. J. Thayer, Rufus Mallory, William Carey Johnson and C. R. Meigs.

The State militia was then headed by Major General Joel Palmer, Brigadier General Orlando Humason, Brigadier General Elisha L. Applegate, Judge Advocate Richard Williams, and Surgeon General Ralph Wilcox. Aides to the commander-in-chief were A. G. Hovey, John H. Mitchell, David P. Thompson and L. W. Powell. The writer believes these men constituted the entire militia force of the state.

The United States was represented by Matthew P. Deady, district judge; Shubrick Norris, clerk; Wm. L. Adams, customs collector at Astoria; Edwin P. Drew, collector at Umpqua, and William Tichenor, collector at Port Orford; Byron S. Pengra, surveyor general at Eugene; W. A. Starkweather, register, and W. T. Matlock, receiver, of the land office at Oregon City; John Kelly, register, and George E. Briggs, receiver, of the land office at Roseburg; Wm. H. Rector, superintendent of Indian affairs, and T. McF. Patton, clerk, at Salem; Wm.

Logan, Indian agent at Warm Springs reservation; T. W. Davenport, at Umatilla; James B. Condon, at Grand Ronde; Benjamin R. Riddle at Siletz; Lewis Brooks at Alsea, and Amos D. Rogers at Klamath.

General George Wright at San Francisco was in command of the military on the Pacific Coast, but General Benjamin Alvord, at Fort Vancouver, under Wright, was in charge of operations, posts and men in Oregon and Washington.

At Cape Hancock and Toke Point were Oregon's only two lighthouses. In the State were one hundred and fourteen post-offices.

The State Treasurer reported April 22d, 1862, that he had \$3,899 in hand September 8th, 1860, but that since he had received \$89,707. He had disbursed \$54,472, and there was on hand at date of report \$39,134. These figures seemed large then, but now, when they are exceeded frequently in a single week, they are very small.

The State Senate consisted of sixteen members, and the House of Representatives of thirty-four. Those belonging to the two bodies were:

Senate—D. W. Ballard, Wilson Bowlby, C. E. Chrisman, Bartlett Curl, J. W. Drew, Solomon Fitzhugh, William Greenwood, John W. Grim, D. S. Holton, A. G. Hovey, James K. Kelly, John R. McBride, John H. Mitchell, James Munroe, William Taylor and Jacob Wagner. Wilson Bowlby was president, and Samuel A. Clarke, chief clerk.

House—Lindsay Applegate, C. P. Blair, H. M. Brown, F. A. Collard, E. W. Conyers, John Cummins, A. J. Dufur, Joseph Engle, James D. Fay, P. W. Gillette, J. D. Haines, A. A. Hemenway, Orlando Humason, J. T. Kerns, Rufus Mallory, V. S. McClure, Wm. M. McCoy, A. A. McCully, John Minto, I. R. Moores, Joel Palmer, Maxwell Ramsby, C. A. Reed, G. W. Richardson, Ben Simpson, John Smith, Archibald Stevenson, S. D. Van Dyke, P. Wasserman, James Watson, Ralph Wilcox, M. Wilkins, W. H. Wilson and A. M. Witham. Joel Palmer was speaker, and S. T. Church, chief clerk.

The Legislature represented by these men was the twenty-third in Oregon's history, or the twenty-third session was held by them, dating back to May 16th, 1843, there being ten sessions under the Provisional Government, ten under the Territorial Government, and three under the State.

The twenty-one counties of Oregon by name, county seat and statistically, showed up a half century ago as follows:

Counties, County Seat—	Population, Voters,		Taxable property.
	1860.	1861.	
Baker, Auburn .....	.....	.....	.....
Benton, Corvallis .....	3,074	748	\$ 1,293,047
Clackamas, Oregon City.....	3,466	909	1,403,539
Clatsop, Astoria.....	498	135	214,277
Columbia, St. Helens.....	532	124	244,273
Coos, Empire City.....	384	201	164,523
Curry, Ellensburg .....	393	164	201,641
Douglas, Roseburg .....	3,264	1,134	1,398,752
Jackson, Jacksonville .....	3,736	1,564	2,082,385
Josephine, Kerbyville .....	1,622	833	628,982
Lane, Eugene City.....	4,780	1,170	2,297,375
Linn, Albany.....	6,772	1,567	2,447,557
Marion, Salem .....	7,088	1,766	2,784,068
Multnomah, Portland .....	4,150	1,381	2,789,804
Polk, Dallas .....	3,625	810	1,828,470
Tillamook, ————— .....	95	32	21,358
Umatilla, ————— .....	.....	.....	.....
Umpqua, Yoncalla .....	1,250	298	611,798
Wasco, Dalles .....	1,689	573	750,400
Washington, Hillsboro .....	2,801	632	1,044,760
Yamhill, Lafayette .....	3,245	857	1,679,942
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	52,464	14,898	\$23,886,951



## AN INDIAN AGENT'S EXPERIENCE IN THE WAR OF 1886

*By* Henry C. Coe

The last Indian uprising in the Pacific Northwest, known as the Cayuse War of 1886, was not a great affair; a few whites and some Indians were killed, and some property destroyed. It was a pitiful failure—the last feeble effort of a dying race to retain their homes, their tribal habits and their independence, bequeathed to them by their ancestors of unknown ages past, a protest against the encroachment and domination of the white man. The trouble was precipitated by the government using force of arms to effect the removal, to the various reservations, the numerous camps and villages of Indians scattered along the banks of the Columbia and Snake Rivers. For years past the reservation agents and special commissioners had utterly exhausted their stock of blandishments, promises and threats in order to effect a peaceable removal of the obdurate savages. But patience finally ceased to be a virtue and the soldiers came. The trouble first originated in the tribe of Chief Moses of the Grand Coulee Reservation in Northeastern Washington. A noted medicine man, Sem O Holla, commonly known as Smoholly, having possessed himself of a *tamanowas* (spirit), began to dream dreams and see visions. Sem O Holla then was a middle-aged man of more than ordinary intelligence. He had a fine face, always wreathed in smiles, but with a fearfully deformed body, being a hunchback, the second that I ever knew amongst the Indians. He was reputed to have had wonderful mesmeric forces and to have dealt largely in occult mysteries. His seances were always accompanied by the beating of tom toms, dancing and singing of war songs, and continued until the whole camp was in an uproar and resulted in the brutal murder of a family near Snipe's Mountain in Yakima County, Eastern Washington, by three young bucks who were on their way southward from Moses's camp to incite other tribes along the Columbia River to revolt. Old Chief

Moses was later compelled to give up the murderers, who were afterwards taken to Walla Walla and hanged. The dream habit seemed to be contagious and spread to neighboring tribes. An old scallawag named Colwash, a rump chief of a renegade band that made its headquarters on the north bank of the Columbia River at the Grand Dalles, the same thieving outfit that caused the early emigrants on their way to the Willamette Valley so much trouble and annoyance, got the fever and dreams and dancing commenced. The character of these performances soon reached the ears of the agent of the Yakima reservation at Fort Simcoe, who had jurisdiction over all the Indians north of the Columbia River and east of the Cascade Mountains. At this time the Rev. J. H. Wilbur was the temporal as well as the spiritual head of that institution and a man who would not stand for any performances of that kind at this particular time. A message was sent notifying Colwash to cease his "dreaming" and close up his dance house instanter. No attention was paid to the order and dreams and dancing continued. Two Indian policemen were sent from the reservation to arrest the offender and bring him to the agency. On their arrival at the camp members of the band crowded so thickly in and around the dance house that the policemen were unable to make the arrest and returned to the agency and reported the facts in the case.

Father Wilbur, who had just finished his dinner, listened quietly to their report; then, turning to an attendant, ordered a team to be hitched to his two-seated covered hack ready for an immediate start to the Dalles. To Mrs. Wilbur he said, "Mother, a little lunch for our suppers." And inside of an hour with his two trusted policemen was on his way to the scene of the disturbances. Father Wilbur was a remarkable man of powerful physique, an indomitable will and as utterly fearless as it was possible for a man to be, of a genial, kind-hearted, generous nature, he was as sternly just and firm as a New England Puritan. Late that night he reached the block house in the Klickitat Valley, fifty miles from the agency and thirty

from his destination, and there rested until morning. With a fresh team, he reached Colwash's camp before noon and found the dance in full blast and tom toms beating time to their singing of war songs, which made a din that would have made a heart less stout than his hesitate at the task ahead. Springing from his hack he walked to the door of the dance hall, where nearly the entire band of savages had collected as soon as they saw him make his appearance. The Indians at once attempted to block his way, as they had the Indian policemen previously. And then trouble began. His long, muscular arms began to revolve like the fans of a great windmill. The "siwash" obstructors were pitched headlong this way and that and were soon fairly running over each other in their attempt to escape those terrible flails. The road cleared, he seized the rascally old dreamer by the nape of the neck and literally yanked him out of the house headforemost, handcuffed him, picking him up bodily, and then pitched him into his hack, taking a seat by his side. No jeers or laughter followed him as he turned on his way back to the agency, as it had his discomfited policemen a few days previously. Those who were not rubbing their sore spots were simply wondering what was coming next. There are but few men who would have dared to have undertaken such a task alone. Unarmed he drove fifty miles over a lonely road, by the very spot where a former agent, A. J. Bolan, was brutally murdered in cold blood by a band of his own Indians, and to a camp of renegades collected from the various tribes throughout the country and numbering between one and two hundred men, and single-handed forcibly takes his man from their midst, handcuffs him and drives away. The act was characteristic of the man. He feared God only.

## DOCUMENTS

COST OF IMPROVEMENTS MADE BY DR. JOHN MCLOUGHLIN AT  
WILLAMETTE FALLS TO JAN. 1, 1851.

Flour Mill—		
Machinery .....	\$6050.00	
Frame of the building .....	2575.00	
Studding and rafters .....	110.00	
Weather boarding .....	65.00	
Flooring .....	580.00	
Partitioning .....	96.00	
Flour Bin .....	78.00	
Shingles .....	84.00	
Windows .....	255.00	
Painting and glazing .....	255.00	
Flour press .....	18.00	
Wood for machinery .....	550.00	
Stone foundation .....	2871.00	
Men's work .....	1760.00	
		\$15,347.00
Granary—		
Framing, building, laying floor, and weather- boarding (labor) .....	\$2700.00	
Weather boarding .....	65.00	
Shingles .....	80.00	
Flooring .....	225.00	
Studding .....	105.00	
Additional work .....	10.00	
		3,185.00
Old Saw Mill—		
Building .....	\$1500.00	
Machinery .....	800.00	
		2,300.00
New Saw Mill—		
House and machinery .....		2,000.00
Canal—		
Making .....	\$ 500.00	
Materials .....	330.00	
		830.00
Basin and breakwater—		
Making .....	\$1700.00	
Materials .....	900.00	
		2,600.00
Gates—		
Labor and materials .....		285.00
Bull wheels .....		620.00
Boom .....		270.00
Grist mill canal—		
Labor .....	\$ 775.00	
Materials .....	640.00	
		1,415.00

DR. MCLOUGHLIN'S IMPROVEMENTS AT OREGON CITY 69

Blasting new canal .....	1,000.00
Rennick's house .....	400.00
Wilson's house .....	250.00
Beef store .....	100.00
Mission house and lots.....	5,400.00
New dwelling house .....	4,368.00
Office .....	950.00
Kitchen .....	70.00
Kitchen .....	50.00
J. Brown's house .....	60.00
F. Ermatinger's room .....	80.00
Indian shop .....	40.00
J. Bechan's house .....	60.00
Paid on road (\$600.00), bridge (\$400.00).....	1,000.00
In 1849—	
Bake house .....	\$1200.00
Office addition .....	1250.00
Subscription to road .....	100.00
	2,550.00
In 1851—	
Subscription road .....	1,500.00
	\$46,730.00

Oregon Territory ,  
Clackamas County.

Personally appeared before me, Allan P. Millar, clerk of the District Court of the United States, for the county of Clackamas, in the Territory of Oregon, Philip Foster, who, being by me duly sworn, deposes and saith that he has examined the foregoing account of moneys expended by Dr. John McLoughlin, in making improvements at the Falls of the Willamette, and that to the best of his knowledge and belief and recollection, the same is correct, and that a large portion of the work was executed by himself and the money by him received.

PHILIP FOSTER.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of January, A. D., 1851.

ALLAN P. MILLAR,  
*Clerk U. S. Dist. Court for Clackamas County.*

A precisely similar affidavit is made by Walter Pomeroy, Esq., another old citizen.

In addition to the afore-mentioned amount, Dr. McLoughlin has expended large amounts in building, as follows:

A large store, occupied for some years past by De- ment & Co., with offices in second story, house plastered and well finished throughout, built in 1853, cost .....	\$16,000.00
A two-story store, built and finished throughout for a drug store, with a hall full size of the sec- ond story, house plastered and well finished throughout, built in 1853, cost.....	12,000.00
A large store, with rooms in second story, near the steamboat landing, built for Preston, O'Neil & Co., in 1854, cost.....	10,000.00
A two-story building erected for the office of J. B. Preston, surveyor-general, in 1854, cost.....	6,000.00
	<hr/>
In all .....	\$44,000.00
To which add the previous amount.....	46,730.00
	<hr/>
Making a grand total of.....	\$90,730.00

Note.—The above document was found among a lot of manuscripts left by the late ex-Senator James W. Nesmith, and given to the Oregon Historical Society by his daughter, Mrs. Harriet K. McArthur, several years ago.

Allan P. Millar, the clerk of the United States District Court for Clackamas County, was the father of Mrs. Elizabeth Millar Wilson, for many years a resident of The Dalles, now deceased.

Philip Foster, referred to in the affidavit, was a native of Maine, and came to Oregon in 1843. He was a brother-in-law of Francis W. Pettygrove, who came to Oregon by sea in 1843. He made the first settlement in the vicinity of the place now called Eagle Creek, Clackamas County, about sixteen miles east of Oregon City, and was widely known as an excellent mechanic.

Walter Pomeroy was a pioneer of 1842, and a mechanic also.

GEORGE H. HIMES.

## "ECONOMIC BEGINNINGS OF THE FAR WEST" \*

### A REVIEW

Miss Coman has in this two-volume work "rounded up" the essential elements in the records of the white man's beginnings in all that part of our country lying to the west of the Mississippi River. The story is brought down to the Civil War period. Her achievement consists in revealing the main threads in each narrative of exploration, colonization and settlement and in suggesting the basis upon which all may be wrought into a great dramatic whole. An expansive field, a long roll of world-famous characters and a period stretching through three centuries are staged. The first scene opens with almost transcontinental marches by Coronado and De Soto bent on conquest and confiscation of the treasures of supposed cities of the far interior. This was in the early part of the sixteenth century, and it was the middle of the nineteenth before the struggle was over and this last unoccupied imperial domain of the temperate zone was relinquished to the youngest contestant—the latest to enter the lists for it. Nor does the action lag from the beginning to the end. Spanish conquistadores and Franciscan monks move to the north into New Mexico and Texas and up the Pacific Coast to San Francisco Bay. Spanish navigators penetrate to 54° 40' in search of the straits of Anian. English buccaneers round Cape Horn and prey upon Spanish cities and commerce and set up national standards on our western coast, claiming the whole region as a New Albion. Russian enterprise directed from St. Petersburg, and first led by the dauntless Bering, comes down the coast and occupies for decades a post just north of the Golden Gate. In the meantime France, represented by such empire builders as La Salle and the Verenderyes, with followings of missionaries and fur traders, establish lines of posts and extend explorations from the Great Lakes to the mouth of the Mississippi and to the Rocky

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\**Economic Beginnings of the Far West. How We Won the Land Beyond the Mississippi.* By Katharine Coman. Volumes I and II. Illustrated. New York: Macmillan, 1912.

Mountains. These would have held all the country beyond had not the military prowess of the English at Quebec compelled a relinquishment to them of all the Canadian approaches. England's great corporate agencies, the Northwest Company and the Hudson's Bay Company, then display highest energy and efficiency in exploitation of the fur resources of the northern zone of the region, and especially of the Pacific Northwest, and get a grip upon that portion so strong that it would seem nothing would ever wrest it from them. However, a new contestant has appeared upon the scene. American seamen show themselves able to hold their own in the maritime fur trade upon the Pacific shores and a Gray is first to enter the Columbia River. This exploit of discovery is followed by the great stroke planned by a far-seeing American executive and carried out by Lewis and Clark. Adventurous fur traders, irresistible home-building pioneers, gold-seekers and religious zealots do the rest. The land beyond the Mississippi is won for an American nation, which is to front squarely on both oceans.

This integration by Miss Coman of the annals of the three-centuries-long series of struggles for possession, participated in by representatives of half a dozen nations, was sorely needed. As an aid towards an orderly and comprehensive grasp of the historical foundations of this western land, it is most welcome. It is conducive to the development among the dwellers therein of a real depth of home feeling for and home interest in their environment.

The well-read or well-taught youth living to the east of the Mississippi River has a fairly clear mental picture of the procession of events through which that part of our national domain became the home of the people and the institutions now established there. His study of American history in the common schools has furnished him with a well-ordered vista that stretches back to the first appearance of the white man upon our eastern shores and which includes the westward movement of the American people in fairly clear outline as they com-



plete the occupation of the eastern half of the Mississippi Valley.

Conditions have been comparatively favorable in the Eastern States for the development of a forceful appeal of the past through the objects in the environment of the dweller there. From the Jamestowns and Plymouth Rocks as natal spots, the radiating lines of growth of populations and of institutions can be readily visualized. There have been orderly expansions and increasing complexity of organization from these simple germinal centers. Dramatic incident and crises of revolutionary struggle when great issues were at stake have marked the progress of events leading up to the present. Historians of highest skill and genius have spared no effort in bringing that part of our national annals into instructive and charming form. The easterner should naturally come under the spell of such surroundings; and the sense of having a precious patrimony to conserve should be kindled and strengthened. Communal regard for his land as his home must naturally arise, and what is of moment far and beyond all else, the meaning and spirit of this past so fully realized becomes the vehicle through which the communal and commonwealth hearts and minds may project their ideals.

No such vitalized traditions speak from the surroundings of the resident of the newer West. We are, of course, joint heirs with our eastern brethren of the glorious national traditions, but our mountains and plains, rivers and valleys do not serve us as bearers of historic associations. We cannot, as is possible with those in the East with their surroundings, people in imagination our landscapes with scenes that enrich the thought and nourish the heart. Yet it is this consciousness of a common heritage associated with one's home surroundings and this use of it that affords the best basis for strength of the sentiment and the spirit of communal unity. All those who dwell in that larger portion of the country stretching from Minnesota to Southern California and from Louisiana to the Puget Sound country are in prime need of halos of associations for

their surroundings. These vouchsafed, bonds of sympathy and community of interest would arise affording the only really indispensable capital-fund for life enrichment. It must ever be borne in mind that out of the sublimated elements of a people's past their bibles are made. It must be their own essential and peculiar achievements that become the well-spring of communal nobility from which issue the refinement of sentiment, visions and ideals.

For this history of the "Economic Beginnings of the Far West," Miss Coman should have the credit of having made a unique initial contribution toward the end of enabling the westerner to see each object of his surroundings as a burning bush. There are two characteristics in Miss Coman's handling of the source material for her work that give it its significance. For the first time the trans-Mississippi part of the country is identified as having a degree of historical unity. The annals of the different sections of this region are made to show the underlying unity in the movements through which the occupation of it was consummated. The progressive ensemble of result of the converging advances upon this territory by the Spaniard and Frenchman, and by the Russian, Englishman and American is revealed so clearly that it is seen as a whole from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth. The essential features of the process through which the darkness of barbarism was dispelled from the whole of this realm are made assimilable. A mental picture of it as a whole is possible from the moment the first white man, a Spaniard, rode into its borders; and a continuing vision of it is presented uninterruptedly through three centuries until it is all assembled under the Stars and Stripes.

The "Economic Beginnings" of the title refers to the other characteristic that gives peculiar significance to Miss Coman's work. The prowess of virtue through which the white man supersedes the red man and through which one type or nationality of white occupants supplants another has always been, and seems destined ever to be, a prowess in economic virtues. The

highest requisite for survival and that which has given best guaranty of possession here has not been power to conquer other men, but ability to utilize nature most largely and for highest and largest human good. A work that purports to be the story of the "Economic Beginnings" naturally passes in review the long procession of exploiters—the seekers for treasures already accumulated and heaped in supposed cities—and, after a long interval, the forty-niners who were eager to hunt for gold, though hid in beds of placer and veins of quartz; the trappers of the beavers or traders for it and the hunters for the buffalo, animals that nature had led into this region; others who introduced horses and cattle to roam as wild; and finally those who introduced and husbanded both plants and animals and established more humane systems of relationship among themselves as husbandmen. Since economic efficiency and fairness seems to be the test determining destiny, and most certainly so in this region unencumbered by any established ogres of the past, it is well that a beginning should have been made in setting forth and emphasizing the economic principle in its shaping of the past. Such a narrative as Miss Coman's in suggesting to the people of the different commonwealths of this "Far West" the central motive in the history they are making should aid them in utilizing all their past toward giving unity, strength and effectiveness in their collective aspirations and thus greatly accelerate their pace of social progress.

I will let Miss Coman herself state the means and method she relied upon. I quote from the preface of the work: "A goodly number of men who bore an influential part in this long and complex contest left diaries, letters or journals recounting what they saw and did. I have endeavored to tell the story as they understood it without bias or elaboration." This plan of handling involves much shifting of the scenes as one source is laid down and another is taken up. In fact, the presentation as a whole strongly suggests the effect of an historical panorama, with breaks such as would be occasioned by instantaneous flights from one region to another far distant

as the eyes of one narrator and actor were dispensed with and those of another were made use of.

Such a method of treatment in which "bias" and "elaboration" are barred out, and which tells the story as the actors "understood it," without interpretation by the author, has prime negative virtues, but also decidedly positive defects. It makes a synthesis of annals but hardly history. However, the author fortunately does not fully keep the pledge made in the preface. She does indulge in effective interpretation, particularly in connection with conditions under which the Spanish explorations and attempted occupations were made; in the fine picture given of the influx of people into the first belt of the trans-Mississippi region; in the summary of the causes of the virtually complete failure of the Spanish occupation of California. With all the advantages of perspective the author had, as compared with the points of view of the individual narrators, and with the birds-eye view of the whole field and of the course of the three-centuries-long struggle, it is difficult to see wherein the author's self-restraint under such circumstances can be called a virtue.

As a rule each actor is brought upon the scene without introduction and the reader is also left to his own resources as to the lay of the ground, resources, climate, prior occupation of the region in which an economic beginning is to be attempted. If the reader is to be interested and enlightened with regard to the play of economic forces, should not an economic survey have been made of each region as it was brought within the field of view? Should not the standards of living of the natives and of the incoming white men have been compared, their different valuations of the goods of life and the facilities of transportation and markets used referred to? But this is a matter of judgment and is probably suggesting an impossibility if the admirably clear cut views of the actual course of events in each case were to be realized.

A very serious complaint must, however, be registered against the author of this work. She evidently spared herself the

tedious task of verifying each statement made where she is specific in her summaries. Not a few errors, too, are due to careless proof reading: On pages 44-5 we have Lieutenant Pike commissioned "to explore the sources of the Red River with a view to defining the watershed that divided Louisiana from the United States." It should of course be "Louisiana from the Spanish country." On page 276 Lewis and Clark, on leaving Fort Clatsop, are represented as leaving "a rostrum of the party," instead of a roster. In a note referring to a statement made of the experiences of Hunt's party at Caldron Linn, on page 320, "Milburn" is given as the name of the Idaho town located at these rapids, when it is Milner.

In the errors pointed out below the reviewer confines himself to those casually noticed in those portions of the narrative that relate to the old Oregon country: On page 209, "Captains Portland and Dixon" should be Captains Portlock and Dixon. The error is repeated. On page 219, Lieutenant Broughton is represented as naming "Mts. Hood, St. Helen and Rainier," while exploring the Columbia River. Mt. Rainier had been named some time before in the course of Vancouver's explorations; Mt. St. Helens was named by Vancouver while he was off the mouth of the Columbia vainly trying to enter. Miss Coman endorses this latter statement as a fact on page 270. Again Broughton did not name "the outer harbor Gray's Bay," but the recess in the north shore of the river to the northeast of Tongue Point was named for Captain Gray by Broughton as indicating the limit of Gray's voyage up the river. On page 270 we are told that "on October 19 they (Lewis and Clark) came in view of a snow-clad peak to the west, which they rightly surmised to be the mountain named St. Helens by Vancouver." It is true that they surmised the mountain in view to be St. Helens, but it is most likely that it was Mt. Adams, a higher peak on the eastern side of the range, while St. Helens is on the western side and not in view except on very elevated points east of range. On page 324 McKenzie of the Astor Company is said to have "built a fort at its (the Snake's)

junction with the Boise \* \*” Mackenzie’s location is repeatedly spoken of as among the Nez Perces and was probably on the Snake, at or near the mouth of the Clearwater, far from the mouth of the Boise. On page 331 the claim that Astoria was not thought of in connection with the making of the terms of the Treaty of Ghent is false, as is proven by the instructions given the plenipotentiaries. The Russian-American Company is quite regularly but mistakenly given the designation “Russian-American Fur Company.” On page 142, volume II, Mrs. Whitman’s name appears as Priscilla Prentiss Whitman, when it should be Narcissa Prentiss Whitman. On page 153 the pastoral settlement is located “at Multnomah Is, (Governor’s Island Willamette Falls).” This was not physically possible. On page 148 we are told that the immediate result “of the Whitman massacre was a punitive expedition under the auspices of the United States.” All the punishment the Cayuses received was administered by military forces under the Provisional Government of Oregon. The annual migrations of Oregon pioneers from 1839 to 1849 are, on page 155, represented as having as their goal Waiilatpu instead of the Willamette Valley. On page 156 the “caravan” of emigrants “of one hundred and twenty wagons” is spoken of as Whitman’s and is claimed to be the first to cross the Snake River Desert and the Blue Mountains to Walla Walla. It was hardly Whitman’s, nor was it the first to cross the Snake River Desert and the Blue Mountains. Dr. Floyd is, on page 161, mentioned as “senator from Virginia,” when he introduced the Oregon resolution of inquiry. He was a member of the House. On page 162 Hall J. Kelley is given credit for supplying the statistics used for Floyd’s report. It is very doubtful that he contributed any. Survivors of the Astor expedition and the maritime fur traders, as well as Prevost’s report, are more likely sources. On page 163 Champoege is spoken of as Ewing Young’s ranch. It was at some distance on the other side of the river. On page 164 we learn that “the Donation Act of 1850 finally realized the liberal land policy proposed by Hall, Whitman and

Linn." By "Hall" probably Hall J. Kelley is intended. The credit for suggesting the liberal land policy should have been confined to Senator Linn, who probably received the suggestion from the practices of the older states with their western lands.

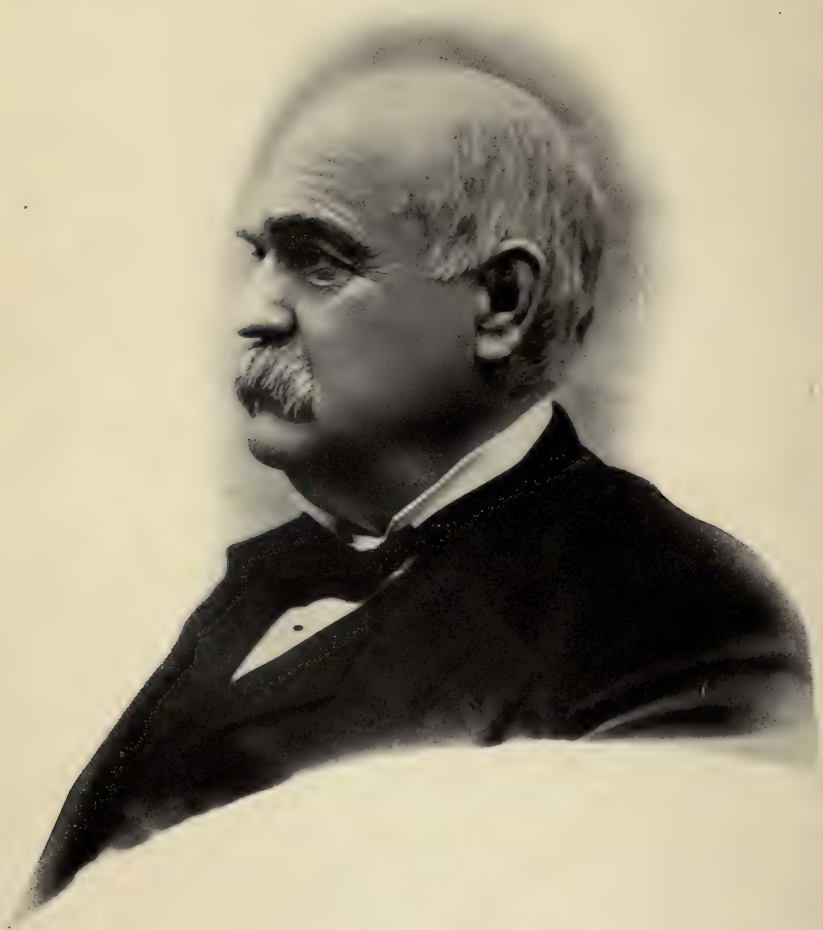
Notwithstanding these strictures charging inaccuracy in the details and limitations in articulating the different parts of her narrative, Miss Coman's "Economic Beginnings of the Far West" deserves the largest measure of gratitude for the new light of unity it throws on the past of this great realm and for the new meaning suggested in its annals.

F. G. YOUNG.





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*J. F. W. Scott.*

FIRST PRESIDENT OF OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
1898-1901





## FOREWORD



THE editorial page of The Oregonian throughout the decades the paper was in charge of Harvey W. Scott, bore constant witness of an unremitting labor of love in the course of Pacific Northwest history, on the part of its editor. All future generations of Oregonians will owe a large measure of indebtedness to him for the light his pen threw on the part of Oregon and for the insight he gave into the significance of the unique beginnings of this western outlying community.

When conditions were ripe for the organization of the Oregon Historical Society, he was among the first to cooperate to effect the founding of it and was made its first president. For nearly half a century historical activity here received from him the kindest fostering and there is thus peculiar fitness in the use of the Quarterly to convey to the world the memorials of him incorporated in this issue.



THIS NUMBER IS INSCRIBED TO  
THE MEMORY OF

**Harvey W. Scott**

Editor, pioneer, scholar, commonwealth-builder, exponent of national authority, leader of thought in the formative period of the Oregon Country, distinguished figure in American Journalism. His breadth and resource of mind, his grasp of abiding principles, his teachings of sturdy moralities, his powers of exposition, made him widely admired. His life labor as helper of men in the Pacific West made him widely beloved

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

- HARVEY W. SCOTT at 62 years of age. (Frontispiece.) At Bingham Springs, Umatilla County, in 1900.
- JOHN TUCKER SCOTT (1809-80), Harvey W. Scott's father.
- ANNE ROELOFSON SCOTT (1811-52), Harvey W. Scott's mother.
- HARVEY W. SCOTT at 19 years of age at Lafayette in 1857.
- HARVEY W. SCOTT at 27 years of age; at Portland in 1865 on becoming editor of the Oregonian.
- HARVEY W. SCOTT at 37 years of age, at Portland in 1875.
- ~~HARVEY W. SCOTT at 50 years of age, at Portland in 1888.~~ *Missing*
- HARVEY W. SCOTT at his Editorial desk in 1898.
- HARVEY W. SCOTT at 62 years of age, at Bingham Springs in 1900.
- HARVEY W. SCOTT at 66 years of age, near Washington, D. C., in 1904.
- HARVEY W. SCOTT at 70 years of age.
- HARVEY W. SCOTT at Seaside, Oregon, in 1905.
- ~~HARVEY W. SCOTT at 70 years of age, at Portland in 1908.~~ *Missing*
- Facsimile of writing of Harvey W. Scott.
- HARVEY W. SCOTT and GEORGE H. WILLIAMS at Portland in 1904.
- HARVEY W. SCOTT's library in his home at Portland.
- HARVEY W. SCOTT's home at Portland.





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HARVEY W. SCOTT, EDITOR—REVIEW OF  
HIS HALF-CENTURY CAREER AND  
ESTIMATE OF HIS WORK

By Alfred Holman<sup>1</sup>

It was given to the generation of Mr. Scott's youth and to the succeeding generation of his maturer years to take a wilderness in the rough and mold it through steadily advancing forms to the uses of modern life. At the beginning of Mr. Scott's career Oregon was a country whose very name was best known to the world as a poet's synonym for solitude and mystery; at the end it was a country which might challenge the world as an exemplar of the worthiest things in social development. Thus the background of Mr. Scott's career

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Holman, many years prominent in the journalism of the Pacific Coast, now editor of the San Francisco Argonaut, received his first newspaper training under Mr. Scott on The Oregonian in 1869-70. His fitness proved itself early and Mr. Scott gave him growing opportunities. His intimate association with Mr. Scott during more than 40 years gave him close knowledge of the editor's personality for this appreciative article. Mr. Holman has called Mr. Scott the "parent of my mind" and Scott once publicly referred to Mr. Holman as the "well-beloved son of my professional life." Mr. Holman's article shows not only keen insight into the personality of his subject, but also wide knowledge of pioneer conditions and sympathy with pioneer life. This equipment comes to him from long residence in Oregon and contact with it in newspaper work; also from his pioneer family connections. His paternal grandfather was John Holman, native of Kentucky (1787-1864), who came to Oregon in 1843 from Missouri; his father was Francis Dillard Holman, who came to Oregon in 1845. Mr. Holman's maternal grandfather, Dr. James McBride (1802-73), native of Tennessee, came to Oregon in 1846 from Missouri. His daughter, Mary, married Francis Dillard Holman September 25, 1856. The Holman and the McBride families settled in Yamhill county. Later the McBride family moved to St. Helens, in which vicinity members of it yet reside. The two connections belonged to the pioneer energies of Kentucky and Tennessee.—(L. M. S.)

was a shifting quantity, presenting each year—almost each month—new conditions and fresh problems, and calling to the man who for forty-five years was the pre-eminent leader of its thought for new adjustments, oftentimes for compromises. If it must be said of Mr. Scott that the essential values of his character were individual, it still remains to be said that they were profoundly related to the conditions and times in which his work was done. The great figures of any era are those who, sustaining the relationships of practical understanding and sympathy, are still in vision and purpose in advance of the popular mind and of the common activities. So it was with Mr. Scott. There was never a day of the many years of his long-sustained ascendancy in the life of Oregon in which he did not stand somewhat apart and somewhat in advance of his immediate world. In this there was an element of power; but there was in it, too, an element of pathos. For closely and sympathetically identified as Mr. Scott was at all times with the life of Oregon he was, nevertheless, one doomed by the tendencies of his character and duties to a life measurably solitary.

The fewest number of men are pre-eminently successful in more than a single *ensemble* of conditions. Any radical change is likely first to disconcert and ultimately to destroy adjustments of individual powers to working situations. The qualities which match one condition are not always or often adjustable in relation to others. It was an especial merit of Mr. Scott's genius that it fitted alike into the old Oregon of small things and into the new Oregon of large things. Yet there was that in the constitution of old Oregon which relieved it of the sense of limitation and narrowness, for be it remembered that the old Oregon—the Oregon of Mr. Scott's earlier years—stretched away to the British possessions at the north and to the Rocky Mountains at the east. Geographically it was a wide region, and some sense of the vastness of it and of the responsibilities connected with its potentialities, early seized upon and possessed the minds alike of Mr. Scott and of the more thoughtful among his contemporaries. If we

regard this primitive country with attention only to the numbers of its people, it appears a small and even an insignificant outpost of the world; but if, with a truer sense of values, we study it under its necessities for social and political organization, there opens to the mind's eye a field vast, practically, as the scheme of civilization itself. Thus even in the old Oregon of small things, the man who sat at the fountain of community intelligence—the editorship of the one and only newspaper of the country—lived and worked for large purposes and under high aspirations. In a mind of common mold, taking its tone from the life around about it, there would have developed a sense of power leading to the exhilarations of an individual conceit. Upon the mind of Mr. Scott the effect was far different. In him and upon him there grew a noble development of moral responsibility. And this he carried through the vicissitudes of changing times. It was this which gave to him, firmly rooted as he was, the power which, in conjunction with his individual gifts, sustained him as a continuing force through all the years of his life.

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The external record of Mr. Scott's life is quickly told. He was born February 1, 1838, near Peoria, Ill., in the pioneer county of Tazewell, to which his grandfather, James Scott, a native of North Carolina, after a career of twenty-six years in Kentucky, came in 1824, the first settler in Groveland township. In 1852, at the age of fourteen, he crossed the plains to Oregon as a member of his father's family, arriving at Oregon City October 2 of that year. After something less than two years in the Willamette Valley, he went as a member of a still migratory family to Puget Sound, where a pioneer home was established in what is now Mason County, three miles northwest of the present town of Shelton, on land still known as Scott's Prairie. Immediately following the settlement of the Scotts at Puget Sound, came the Indian war of 1855-6, and in connection with this war Mr. Scott began the career of public service which ended with his death in 1910. Mr. Scott's part in the Indian War was that of a volunteer soldier in the

ranks, and it is of record that he endured the hardships and hazards of the campaign with the cheerful hardihood which marked every other phase of his life, public and private. In 1856, at the age of eighteen, we find Mr. Scott a laborer for wages in the Willamette Valley, dividing his small earnings between contributions in aid of his family and a small hoard for purposes of education. He entered Pacific University at Forest Grove, a small pioneer institution for all its resounding name, in December, 1856, but was compelled under necessities, domestic and individual, to abandon its classes four months later to become again a manual laborer. From the late Thomas Charman<sup>2</sup> of Oregon City, in April, 1857—at that time just nineteen years of age—he bought an axe on credit and part of the time alone and part in association with the late David P. Thompson,<sup>3</sup> he worked as a woodcutter, living meanwhile in a shack of boughs and finding his own food, supplied only with a sack of flour and a side of bacon from Charman's store. While so working and so living he took from his labors time to attend the Oregon City Academy during the winter of 1858-9. In the Fall of the latter year he re-entered Pacific University at Forest Grove, and supporting himself by alternating periods of team-driving, woodcutting and school teaching during vacations and what we now call week-ends, he graduated in 1863—a first graduate of the school. After another period of school-teaching and study Mr. Scott came to Portland and entered as a student in the law office of the late Judge E. D. Shattuck, sustaining himself by serving as librarian of the Portland Library, then, as fitting the day of small things, a small and struggling institution. Mr. Scott's first regular contribution to *The Oregonian* appeared

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<sup>2</sup> Thomas Charman was born in Surrey, England, September 8, 1829, and came to the United States in 1848, first to New York and afterwards to Indiana. He left Indiana in February, 1853, and came to Oregon via the Isthmus, and arrived at Oregon City March 30. He began the bakery business first and in a few years went into general merchandising. He was mayor of Oregon City several terms, beginning in 1871. Was treasurer of Clackamas county during the civil war. Was appointed major of the State Militia by Gov. Addison C. Gibbs in 1862, and served four years. Was one of the organizers of the Republican party in Oregon, beginning in 1855. He was married to Miss Sophia Diller on September 27, 1854. He died at Oregon City February 27, 1907.—(George H. Himes.)

<sup>3</sup> David P. Thompson (1834-1901) crossed plains to Oregon in 1853; many years a leading citizen and banker of Portland; mayor, 1879-82; territorial governor of Idaho, 1875-6.

April 17, 1865, as an editorial on the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.<sup>4</sup> He was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court in September, 1865.

By this time Mr. Scott had become established in the editorship of *The Oregonian*, and excepting for a period of five years from 1872 to 1877, in which he held the post of Collector of Customs at Portland, busying himself in the meantime in various activities, public and private, he held this place, made great by his industry, his talents and his character, to his death, August 7th, 1910. In his earlier career in *The Oregonian* he was an employed editor. He returned to it in 1877 as part owner as well as editor, holding this relation to the end. His definite editorship of the paper, with the interregnum above set forth, covered the period between April, 1865, and August, 1910—forty-five years.

We have seen something of the external conditions and influences which went into the shaping of Mr. Scott's individual character, but behind these there lies a wide field. Whence came the essential spirit of this extraordinary man? What were the sources of the hardihood, the tenacity of purpose, the hunger for knowledge and the thirst for culture, the impulses and motives which inspired and vitalized his career? There is a suggestion in Mr. Scott's name sustained by many physical and mental characteristics of a remote ancestry, but the family records prior to the migration from the old world to the new have been lost. John Scott, great-grandfather, came to North Carolina shortly before the Revolutionary War, supposedly from England. John Scott's wife, great-grandmother, was Chloe Riggs, of North Carolina, obviously of British descent. Of her family it is known only that her father was killed by Indians. John Tucker Scott,<sup>5</sup> father, was born in what was then Washington County, Kentucky. Anne Roelofson,<sup>6</sup> wife of John Tucker Scott and mother of Harvey Scott, was, like

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<sup>4</sup> Mr. Scott was first recognized as editor of *The Oregonian* May 15, 1865, although he wrote numerous editorial articles prior to that date. (George H. Himes.)

<sup>5</sup> Died at Forest Grove September 1, 1880; born February 18, 1809.

<sup>6</sup> Died on river Platte, 30 miles west of Fort Laramie, en route across the plains June 20, 1852; born July 26, 1811.

her husband, a product of the pioneer life. The first Roelofson in America was a Hessian soldier who arrived about 1755 and presumably took part in the French and Indian Wars which preceded the Revolution. The so-called Roelofson Clan is widely scattered over the United States.

John Tucker Scott, founder of the Scott family in Oregon, knew no other life than that of the frontier. He was born, as we have seen, in Kentucky, and within eighteen miles of the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln and six days before that event. His early boyhood was passed amid the tragic excitements of Kentucky, and at the age of fifteen he followed his father, James Scott, into the wilds of Illinois. The spirit of the man is illustrated by the fact that in 1852, at the age of forty-three, he ventured upon the great trek which brought him and his family of nine sons and daughters to the then Oregon wilderness.

I can speak from personal recollection of this typical pioneer. In physical aspect he was very much the counterpart of his distinguished son, although framed in even larger mold. There was in his face and eye a certain eagle-like quality, not often seen in these days of gentler living and softer motives. Of native mind John Tucker Scott had much; of knowledge he had, through some inscrutable process, a good deal; of conventional culture comparatively little. Yet he was essentially a man of civilized ideas and standards. So little resentful was he against the Indian race from which his family had suffered grievously that prior to the migration to Oregon his name was enrolled in the membership of a society for mitigating the sorrows and cruelties of Indian life. There was in the man an element of humanitarian feeling, with a tendency to sympathy with movements not always wisely considered for the betterment of social and moral conditions. I think I am not going too far in saying that there were in him tendencies which might easily have made him an habitual agitator; yet I suspect that the soundness of his mind would under any circumstances have checked any temperamental disposition toward utopianism. He had grown old when I knew

him, and in his bearing there was something of the arbitrariness of a resolute character developed under the conditions of pioneer life. He held very definite notions of things not always carefully considered, and not infrequently there was collision of opinions between father and son, in which the former, despite the developments of time and the enlarged dignities of the latter, never lost the sense of patriarchal authority. However others might defer to the knowledge and judgment of the son, the father in leonine spirit would oftentimes seek to bear him down. Yet there was between the two men a singularly deep affection, in the father taking the form of a glowing pride, and in the son of a respect amounting almost to veneration.

Mr. Scott—I speak now of the son—was subject always to moods of dejection. There were times when it was difficult to arouse in him any sense of the pleasant and hopeful side of life. I have seen him in these moods unnumbered times and can recall but one other—that of the death of a promising son<sup>7</sup>—in which he showed such intense feeling as upon the death of his father. For days as he sat in his office or tramped the hillsides—and to this he was much given at all times—he would pour forth from the storehouse of his memory floods of elegaic poetry with sombre phrases from the literature of the ages. I know of nothing within the range of human passion more painful than the grief of a strong man; and there is impressed upon my memory in connection with the death of John Tucker Scott a most pathetic picture. In one sense it was mute, for no direct word was spoken, yet it colored Mr. Scott's thoughts for many weeks and stimulated in him that sense of the mystery of life which was always at the background of his serious thinking.

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Of Mr. Scott's mother, Anne Roelofson, I can only speak from the basis of family tradition and in respect of the sustained affection in which long after her death she was held by her children. I do not remember ever to have heard Mr.

<sup>7</sup> Kenneth Nicklin Scott, born May 4, 1870; died February 8, 1881, at Portland.

Scott speak of her directly, albeit there has always been in my mind a feeling that his deep and abiding respect for womankind found its first inspiration in the memory of his mother. It was the opinion of Mr. Scott's sister, Mrs. Coburn<sup>8</sup>—the one among his several sisters whom I knew well—that the mother left perhaps a deeper impress on the son than did the father. It was from her that he gained the elements of tenderness and sympathy which often tempered his more aggressive tendencies. I came to understand Mr. Scott's reserve respecting his mother when, after his death, I was told by his son Leslie that his father had once remarked that he could hardly think of her without tears. And indeed those of us who know how the conditions of pioneer life pressed upon womanhood, can easily conceive his motives. Whatever of hardihood and endurance was demanded of the pioneer, the requirement was multiplied as related to the pioneer's wife. For the gentler sort of womankind—and to this type by all accounts Anne Roelofson belonged—life in the wilderness was a long agony of self-sacrifice. With none of the exhilarations of the conflict with crude conditions, so powerful in their appeal to men, there had still to be suffered the same obstacles plus denial of a thousand tender impulses and a thousand deep ambitions which masculine character may never feel. To the end of his life Mr. Scott remembered—this I have from his son—that when he was fourteen years of age, and just before her death, his mother called him to a private talk and gave him admonitions for the guidance of his life which took form as the very foundation stones of his character. Anne Roelofson, as we have seen, was of German extraction, and her family still living prosperously in Illinois are worthy folk industrious, progressive, self-respecting. These qualities the mother of Mr. Scott had in eminent development. And by due inheritance they became the possession of her son.

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<sup>8</sup> Catharine Amanda Coburn, associate editor *The Oregonian* 1888-1913. Born in Tazewell county, Illinois, November 30, 1839; died at Portland May 28, 1913. She was one of the able members of *The Oregonian* staff, an efficient and devoted assistant of her brother, the editor. She made strong impress upon the newspaper-reading community.



From heredity and through the experiences of his younger life, Mr. Scott gained the bent of individual character which ruled all his years. He never ceased to be a pioneer. The vision of the pioneer, the temper of the pioneer, the spirit of the pioneer—these were the dominating tendencies of his life. Knowledge with reflection gave him philosophy, culture refined his mind, mental training gave him orderliness of method, discipline self-imposed but absolute gave him power. All these regarded as forces, as time moved on, were augmented by the assurances of approved capability, of an established professional ascendancy and ultimately of a notable fame. But with all and back of all there was the temper and mental attitude of the pioneer. In all his thoughts, in all his ways of doing things, in every phase of his many-sided attitude toward life, there appeared the mental bias—if I may so name it—of the pioneer.

Self-reliance was the resounding *motif* in Mr. Scott's symphony of life. His dependence in all things was upon himself. He never thought to be "boosted" by society or government. He had little patience with those who looked outside of themselves or beyond their own efforts for advantages or benefits. With none of the vices of surface knowledge, of improvised and makeshift method, of the self-satisfied emotionalism characteristic of the self-made man, Mr. Scott was yet a self-made man. He was self-educated, self-disciplined, self-reliant. Above all of the men I have ever known he was self-centered, not in the sense that he thought overmuch of self or was devoted to the things which pertained to self, but in the rarer and finer sense of self-dependence in the motives and usages of life.

The pioneer is necessarily an individualist, and never was there a man more imbued with the spirit of individualism than Mr. Scott. He and his kind had worked their way under and through the hardest conditions. They had fought and had achieved against multiplied resistant forces. In later times to those about him who declaimed against conditions he was wont to exclaim with impatience, not untouched with as-

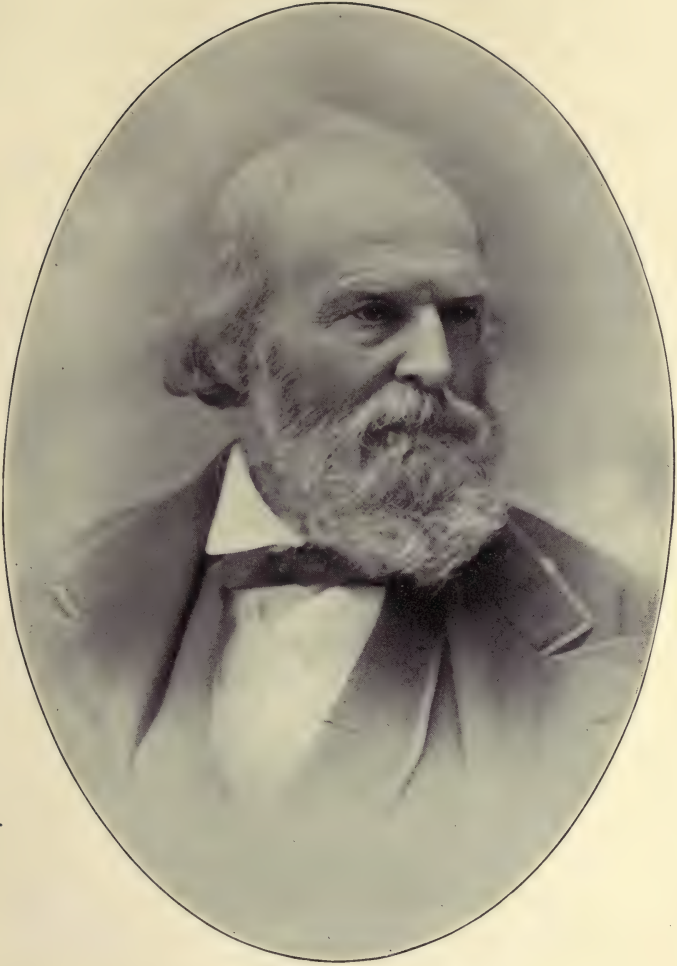
perity, "You," he would say, "you who talk of hardships or of 'oppressive conditions' and of the 'grinding forces of life,' are absurd. If all the things you and your kind complain of as oppressive and burdensome were massed together they would not equal one-tenth part of the obstacles which had to be met in the settlement and organization of this country, and about which we never thought to complain." And if in this attitude there was something of the pride of a man of conspicuous achievement, who perhaps regarded too lightly the changed atmospheres of new times compared with old, the fact none-the-less explained and perhaps none-the-less justified a sovereign contempt for socialization projects, for sentimental declamation, for the whole range of pretenses and vanities which mark the man or the community which waits and complains as contrasted with the man or the community which girds its loins and bravely goes forward.

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It was a day of small things when Mr. Scott came to the editorship of *The Oregonian*. Prior to that event the office staff had consisted of Mr. H. L. Pittock,<sup>9</sup> the publisher, who also served as mechanical foreman, with one outside assistant, who helped with the bookkeeping, collected bills and brought in details of such local happenings as came to his attention. There was a local reporter upon whom the whole burden of preparing the news features of the paper fell. Editorial discussion, when it was required, was supplied by one or another of several public-spirited citizens, among them Judge Shattuck.<sup>10</sup> And it was in response to a call made upon Judge Shattuck for "copy" that Mr. Scott, a student in his office, wrote his first paragraph for the paper. The result so commended itself to the publisher that he promptly asked for more, and as the intelligence and sincerity of the young writer were further demonstrated, he was asked to attach himself regularly to the paper. His compensation, made up in part by the

<sup>9</sup> Managing owner of *The Oregonian*.

<sup>10</sup> Erasmus D. Shattuck, noted Oregon jurist, born at Bakersfield, Vt., December 31, 1824; died at Portland July 26, 1900.



JOHN TUCKER SCOTT

HARVEY W. SCOTT'S FATHER. CROSSED PLAINS TO OREGON  
IN 1852 FROM ILLINOIS



paper and in part by the Library Association, for he continued to act as librarian, was fifteen dollars per week. Upon these terms Mr. Scott's professional life began; all that followed was of his own creation. Even this small beginning was won by his own merit without assistance or promotion.

In the making of Mr. Scott's professional character—of the spirit in which he worked and of the methods of his work—times and conditions had much to do. It was before the day when news-gathering and reporting had become a science, before these activities had come to engross the purpose and the energy of newspaper-makers. The points of competition were not those of lavish expense in news-collecting and of lurid processes of presentment, but rather those of individual industry and close economy. The business of the editor was not that of organizing, drilling and disciplining a force of reporters, copy-readers and headline makers, but the study and presentment of facts, explanations and opinions. The machinery of social organization in a new country was in the forging; and the interest of the community was naturally and wholesomely related to serious matters. Not so much a fever to search out and present what is now called the news, as a sense of social responsibility, possessed the minds of publisher and of editor.

In its demands the situation was directly to the hand of a youth temperamentally addicted to serious things, disposed by propensity and habit to refer every incident and every question to underlying principles. I think it questionable if Mr. Scott even in his youth could have adapted himself to present-day standards and methods of journalism. Journalist, pre-eminent journalist, though he was, for nearly half a century, his interest was never in the things which present-day journalism holds paramount. Events, unless they were related to economic or moral fundamentals, had no fascination for him, and little hold upon his attention. At the bottom of his mind there was ever a sovereign contempt for the trivialities which make up the stock in trade of the news room. No editor was ever more solicitous for the efficiency of his journal in its news pages, but never was there one who personally cared less than

Mr. Scott about what was happening in incidental and inconsequential ways. He comprehended the necessity for encouraging and inspiring his assistants in all departments of *The Oregonian* as it grew to greatness as a disseminator of news, and he would upon occasion give himself the labor of going in detail through every column of the paper. But it was a perfunctory labor, and oftentimes I have suspected that it was a duty more frequently honored in the breach than in the observance. In reports of proceedings of congress or state legislature, of utterances of important men the world over, of the larger movements of international politics—in these matters Mr. Scott was interested profoundly. But he cared nothing about the ordinary range of insignificant occurrences and events.

Mr. Scott's interest in his own paper centered in the editorial page. All the rest he knew to be essential. But if there had been a way to get it done without demands upon his personal attention, he would, I think, have felt a distinct sense of relief. He regarded the news department of his paper, in the sense of its appeal to his own personal interest, as subordinate to the department of criticism and opinion. And in the daily making of the editorial page, the fundamental conception was that of social responsibility. Expediency, entertainment, showy writing—these he valued perhaps for not less than their real worth, but for infinitely less than the estimate in which they are held by the ordinary editor. Never at any moment of Mr. Scott's professional life was there any concession on his part to the vice of careless and perfunctory work. Scrupulousness with respect to small as well as large matters, commonly the product only of necessity enforced by competition, was in the case of Mr. Scott sustained upon instinct and principle. During the greater part of his editorial career he labored wholly free from any sort of professional rivalry, and never in relation to anything approaching effective competition. He might have made easy work of it; he chose rather to work hard.

As the only publicist and pre-eminent man of opinion in the country, Mr. Scott spoke with authority. The habit of regarding his public counsels as authoritative reacted upon his own mind in the sense of creating and sustaining a feeling of intense individual responsibility. Ultimately he became something of an autocrat, but never was there an autocrat in whom the spirit of authority dwelt so impersonally and in such subordination to conditions and principles of which he was ever a devoted student. I recall, as illustrating this aspect of Mr. Scott's character—an incident among many—his retort to a shallow and pretentious man who had ventured to discuss a financial issue with him. Overwhelmed by the fulness of Mr. Scott's knowledge, driven from every point of his assumption, he doggedly remarked, "Well, Mr. Scott, I have as good a right to my opinion as you have to yours." "You have not," said Mr. Scott, as he rose in warm irritation. "You speak from the standpoint of mere presumption and emotion, without knowledge, without judgment. You speak after the manner of the foolish. I speak from the basis of painstaking and laborious study. You have no right to an opinion on this subject; you have not given yourself the labors which alone can justify opinion. You do not even understand the fundamental facts upon which an opinion should be based. You say your opinion is as good as mine. It will be time enough for this boast when you have brought to the subject a teachable mind and when you have mastered some of its elementary facts. But I fear even then you will be but a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, for the very lack of judgment which permits you now to assume judgment without knowledge is but a poor guaranty of your character. I bid you good-day, sir!"<sup>11</sup> I promised a single instance, but here is another: An editor of small calibre, commenting upon what he characterized "Scott's arrogance," declared that he had as good a title to consideration as Mr. Scott himself. "Tell him," said Mr. Scott, to the friend who had

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<sup>11</sup> This incident relates to the contest over fiat money, against which Mr. Scott fought from 1866 until its culmination in the election of November, 1896.

brought a message, "tell him that it is not for me to judge of his merits or of his title to speak, but say to him for me that when he shall have borne the burden and carried such honors as are attached to the leadership of journalism in this country for forty years, I will be disposed to concede to him a certain equality of privilege."

Again: There had come to Portland a man of some experience in minor journalism in a middle western town of the third class, making noisy announcement of his intention to establish a newspaper in rivalry with *The Oregonian*. It happened that I fell in with the newcomer and had a free talk with him. Somewhere in the course of our conversation I said: "Mr. Blank, they tell me you are a Democrat; and may I ask to which wing of the party you belong? Are you a goldbug or a Bryanite?"<sup>12</sup> "Well," he replied, "I never cross bridges until I come to them." A few hours later I reported this conversation to Mr. Scott with emphasis upon the significant reply. "Well," he said, as he strode up and down the room with his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, and in the deliberate manner which marked moods of amused satisfaction. "Well, so *that's* the measure of Brother Blank, is it? Well, I do suspect that this community has been fed on too strong meat to prove very hospitable to a journalistic dodger!"

Circumstances tended in multitudinous ways and for many years to exhibit and emphasize the importance of Mr. Scott's relations to the public. There was scarcely a day in which there did not come to him, either in the form of compliment or opposition, some tribute to his powers and to his place in the life of the state. A man of trivial mind, open to the besetments of vanity, would under these recurring influences have become a colossus of self-esteem. Mr. Scott indeed knew himself a factor in affairs, but he never lost himself in a fog of self-admiration. Oftentimes, when some visitor had paid extravagant compliments upon his work in general

<sup>12</sup> William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, was candidate for President in 1896, of the free silver Democratic party. Supporters of the single gold standard were commonly called "gold bugs."



or with respect to the character of *The Oregonian*, he would say, "Oh, he means well, but I suspect that if I had slammed his interest or had bumped one of his favorite prejudices his tune would have been pitched in another key. If he had read widely he would know better than to estimate extravagantly an article which merely applies in a timely way principles as old as civilization." Then if there was a moment of leisure or if the mood was upon him—and when the mood was upon him there was always leisure—he would, commonly rising from his chair and pacing the floor, recite in a sort of measured sing-song which never failed to bring out the full meaning, some classic passage pertinent to the matter immediately under consideration.

It would be too much to say that Mr. Scott did not relish commendation. What I wish to make clear is he never allowed his pleasure in the approval of others to unhorse his judgment, least of all to magnify to himself the merit of his own performances. His standards in the matter of estimating the value of any piece of work were wholly apart from his own relation to it, and the only fault I could ever discover in his judgment of his own work and the work of others was that he was infinitely more considerate of the latter than of the former. Yet there was one curious exception to this rule. Somehow Mr. Scott could never feel that the work of any pen other than his own could pledge *The Oregonian* to anything. In later years—that is, within the latter half of his editorial life—the editorial page was the work of various hands. Scrupulous as he was in respect to his own articles, he could never, unless the subject chanced to be important, be brought to give more than perfunctory attention in manuscript or proofs to the work of anybody else. "Oh, let it go in," he would say, if asked to pass upon an article, "and take its chance for whatever it may be worth." And so four times out of five Mr. Scott's first reading of the articles of his associates was when they appeared in printed form. Then, perhaps, if there was anything which he seriously disapproved he would soon thereafter bring the paper round with one

of his own thunderbolts to his own line of thought. Oftentimes when he was absent, or even when at home, articles would appear quite outside the range of his ways of thinking but it seemed never to occur to him that the paper could be committed in its policies by such expressions; and he invariably treated a question, no matter what had been said about it by others in the editorial columns, as if it were discussed for the first time. That this curious tendency and habit should lead to some inconsistencies and to occasional serious misunderstandings, was inevitable. They might disturb others but they rarely disturbed Mr. Scott himself. He felt himself to be *The Oregonian*; and he never could feel that the paper stood committed to anything unless he himself by his own pen had written it out.<sup>13</sup>

The thought to seek out the tendencies of current opinion, to follow or to lead it, and so flatter and cajole the public—this which has come to be almost a fundamental rule of contemporary journalism—had no place in Mr. Scott's philosophy. Of what is called policy he had none at all, and he held in sovereign contempt the very word policy. "Policy! Policy!" he would say, "is the device by which small and dishonest men seek to make traffic in lies. When a newspaper gets a 'policy' it throws over its conscience and its judgment and becomes a pander. There is but one policy for a newspaper and it is comprehended in the commandment, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness.'" And by this principle Mr. Scott guided his newspaper. I never knew him to give an order to "color" the news. His rule with respect to the news pages was to present

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<sup>13</sup> On February 22, 1906, Mr. Scott said in *The Oregonian*: "At every stage of its history the charge of 'inconsistency' has been thrown at it (*The Oregonian*) by minds too petty to understand even one side of the question under discussion. \* \* \* The files of the carpers and critics never will be searched, for they contain nothing. 'Inconsistency' is the perpetual terror of little minds. It was the worn weapon used against Burke, and against Webster, and against Hamilton, and against Lincoln, and against Gladstone, and against Carlyle, and against Herbert Spencer; for whom, however, it had no terrors. In the arsenal of all petty and shallow and malignant accusers it has been the chief weapon. It always will be. The most 'inconsistent' books in the world are Shakespeare and the Holy Bible, most inconsistent because they say and contain more than all other books whatsoever; and you can pick them to pieces everywhere and prove their inconsistencies throughout. \* \* \* It is not necessary to say much in this matter. The work *The Oregonian* has done on the mind of the country, the effects of that work, the general achievement, are known. What has been done may tell the story."—(L. M. S.)

the facts as clearly and as briefly as possible. His judgments and opinions, his preferences and resentments, his loves and his hates—if they were exploited, and candor requires me to say that they were all exploited at times, the place was in the editorial page. The integrity of the news Mr. Scott always scrupulously respected. The reports of *The Oregonian* were commonly as fair to those whose ambitions or courses it opposed as those it wished to promote. I recall in this connection the publication in full made from shorthand notes—an exceptional thing in those days—of Senator Mitchell's address to the legislature upon the occasion of his second election.<sup>14</sup> *The Oregonian* had fought Mitchell with all its powers, but when he was elected his address of thanks to the legislature and through the legislature to the public was given verbatim. Mr. Mitchell himself was greatly surprised by it—indeed, so much surprised that when I met him in the lobby of the old Chemeketa Hotel the following morning he forgot that we were not on speaking terms. Addressing me abruptly in the presence of half a roomful he said: "I want to say that while I abate nothing with respect to differences between Mr. Scott and myself I do respect his integrity as an editor. I was ashamed this morning to find myself surprised at the completeness of the report of yesterday's doings at the Capitol. Yes, I ought to have known that as a journalist—no matter about other things—Mr. Scott is a man of strict integrity."

In the many controversies in which *The Oregonian* engaged with individuals, much was said that was severe. Much perhaps was said that would have been left unsaid upon reflection. But invariably the man assailed was given opportunity to present his side of the issue, even to the length of open disrespect and downright denunciation. Only in one respect can I discover any just criticism of Mr. Scott's practice in such matters. This exception was upon calculation under the notion that it was justified—a notion in which I could never quite coincide. Mr. Scott would always print an opponent's letter, but occasionally he would damn it with a "smashing"

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<sup>14</sup> Elected November 18, 1885; died December 8, 1905.

headline. If protest were made on any account by a member of his own staff he would reply, "Oh, well, it saves the bother of answering." None the less, for he dearly loved a personal "scrap," he was more than likely to "answer" in a manner exhibiting the fact that he had not exhausted the vials of his mind in the making of a headline.

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I have said that Mr. Scott never sought to hunt out and pander to immediate phases of popular opinion; and this perhaps was the strongest point in his character as an editor. Certainly it is a point which profoundly differentiates him from the more modern editor whose main occupation appears to be an imitation of the office of the weathercock to the wind. Looking back over his long career and upon its amazing output of individual work in some ninety volumes of half-year files of *The Oregonian*, it now seems that he was almost always in opposition. "It seems forever my fate to be contending with today, and to be justified by tomorrow," he would say. And it was literal truth. I cannot now think of any vital principle or of any great issue in all the years of Mr. Scott's editorial career in which he was not fundamentally right. I cannot recall an instance where he conceded a vital principle to mere expediency; nor can I recall an instance in which he permitted himself to play upon the public caprice or the public credulity.

This is said with full remembrance of the fact that a constant charge against Mr. Scott was that he lacked consistency. Upon this charge the changes were rung and re-rung throughout his whole career and by those who thought they found innumerable proofs in the columns of *The Oregonian*. I have already set forth one habit which formed a certain basis for this charge, but the statement does not cover the whole case. A larger explanation lies in the difference of vision between the man whose sense of obligation was to principles and to those who could never see anything higher than incidents and expedients. For example, Mr. Scott was intellectually a believer in untrammelled trade. He saw that the ideal

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ANNE ROELOFSON SCOTT

HARVEY W SCOTT'S MOTHER, FROM A FADED DAGUERRETYPE



principle in the relations of men and nations was the rule of freedom from artificial barriers. When opportunity served, as it did frequently, in connection with the discussion of abstract considerations, he wrote under inspiration of the faith that was in him. I suspect that a careful study of the files, with the massing together of many detached articles, would exhibit a practically complete exposition of all that may be said on behalf of the abstract theory of free trade. At the same time Mr. Scott was among those who saw advantages in a scheme of protective tariff, regarded purely as an expedient. To himself there was a clear line of distinction between the abstract and the practical presentment. His position to himself was clear. But to the rough-riding "protectionist" who knew and cared nothing of fundamentals and who under motives of self-interest or under the inspirations of partisan feeling made a fetish of "protection" there appeared neither logic nor honesty in Mr. Scott's position. He was persistently assailed by those who did not, and perhaps could not, understand him because they lacked intellectual and moral vision to distinguish between the tariff scheme regarded fundamentally on the one hand, and upon the other as an economic and political expedient.<sup>15</sup> Again, in connection with abstract studies Mr. Scott frequently declared judgments concerning minor matters, only to pass over these same considerations as they were related to current politics; and here again he was assailed as a man who held one set of opinions in offyears and another set of opinions when it came to the years of practical contention. These critics did not see what was clearly in the mind of the editor, namely, that politics in its practical aspects can only approximate the standards of the fundamental thinker. They could not understand—indeed they can never understand—that one may hold definitely to certain abstract ideals, yet in his working relations shape his course subject to the

<sup>15</sup> Mr. Scott, though a free trader, acted throughout his life with the protective tariff Republican party, because of larger and more vital issues, such as anti-slavery, preservation of the union, anti-greenbackism, gold standard, territorial expansion after the Spanish war. He was radically opposed to the Democratic party in these questions and considered them far more important than protective tariff. If he quitted the Republican party he knew he would lose effective political associations.

demands of time and circumstance. There are two kinds of truth. But many minds are so constituted that they can see but one. Mr. Scott saw both.

The truth of the matter is that in his professional character Mr. Scott represented two types of men. He was a scholar and he was a journalist. He loved to study and to preach the fundamental and the ideal. As a man of practical affairs he knew that the fundamental and the ideal are rarely attainable, that they call for conditions and for states of society non-existent. Scholarship and philosophy gave him a vision of an airline; but as a leader in the affairs of practical life he realized that in the working world, including human progress, the forward march is not by the airline, but by a winding road. He was an idealist but no dreamer, still less a tilter at windmills. He would, perhaps, have enjoyed a purely scholarly life—or might have done so if opportunity had come to him before the strenuous and combative elements of his nature were attuned to action—but his professional responsibilities and labors had led him far afield from the cloister. He never lost his taste for abstract studies, and his studies were more or less reflected in his daily outgivings. But he had that quality of mind which led him to comprehend the necessity for concession to conditions as he found them in the workaday world.

In the long course of Mr. Scott's editorial career he was again and again compelled to make compromises. Exigencies of time and circumstance found in him such response as becomes a leader in practical thought, but he never lost sight of any principle which had come to possess his mind and conscience. While circumstances might compel him to swerve from the ideal line, he could never be brought to be faithless to it. Necessity might compel a change of course, but it could never obscure in him a clear vision of the guiding star.

Under the necessity Mr. Scott could temporize, but he never made the slightest concession from sinister motives. In an association which gave me the closest possible insight into the processes of his mind in relation to his professional labors, I



never once saw or heard the slightest suggestion of the cloven foot. It became oftentimes an office of friendship as well as a matter of duty to point out to Mr. Scott the practical hazards of one line of action or another. He was always openly receptive to suggestions from any source. But it would have been a bold man who, knowing Mr. Scott's tendencies of mind, would have pressed a point based upon financial, social or other personal considerations. His concern, with a not undue regard for what was expedient, and therefore practically wise, was with what was fundamentally right.

Somewhere in my youth—perhaps in the correspondence of Mr. George W. Smalley, who for so many years wrote both entertainingly and wisely of Europe and European affairs in a New York paper—I read an explanation of the rather curious fact that English provincial journalism has always been abler than the journalism of London. Newspapers like the Leeds Mercury and the Manchester Guardian have always had a clearer vision than the journals of the metropolis. The explanation was to this effect, namely, that the provincial editor, sitting a little upon one side, so to speak, apart from the suggestions and influences of London life, sees things in a truer perspective. This remark has long stuck in my mind and has seemed to explain in part an exceptional quality in Mr. Scott's editorial writing. Oregon for thirty years of Mr. Scott's professional career was a country detached and apart, and even to this day it is far removed from the greater centers of political and material life. The telegraph brings daily reports of leading events, but it brings only essentials. The ten thousand side lights which illuminate the atmosphere of New York, Washington or London are lacking. The man who deals at such range with the current doings of the world has no aid through daily contact with the agents of great events and can have small knowledge of the incidental and oftentimes significant gossip which attends upon important movements. His resource must be a broad view of things. He must measure events not as they stand related to incidents, but by the gauge of fixed principles. The conditions under

which Mr. Scott worked accorded perfectly with the propensities of his mind. He had a contempt for what he termed "outward flourishes"; his mind went to the core of every issue. If the subject were reconstruction or finance or the tariff or civil service or foreign policy or whatnot, he dealt with it not after the fashion of the mere journalistic recorder, but in the profounder spirit of the philosophic historian. Your average journalist is a mere popularizer of appropriated materials. He applies to current events conclusions pretty much always obvious and for the most temporary. Mr. Scott, sitting apart from all but the essential facts and exercising a true philosophic instinct, sought out the subtle links through which, in history and in logic, facts stand related to facts. He saw the essential always. He wore upon himself like an ample garment a splendid erudition under which he moved with entire ease; and it so possessed his mind that he could bring to bear upon any contemporary event all the lights of history and philosophy with a judgment unbiased by trivial incidents and petty considerations.

It is not within the purpose of this writing to consider the specific judgments of Mr. Scott in relation to public policies, still less to recite the story of the many battles of opinion in which he stood in the forefront. These phases of Mr. Scott's career form a separate theme which will be treated by another hand in this publication. But I hope that without invasion of that aspect of Mr. Scott's life which is to engage the pen of another, I may speak of his championship of one great cause—a championship which ran through many years, developing in their fullest power the ample resources of the man and which must, I think, in the final summing up of Mr. Scott's professional life, stand as the most imposing of his many public services. I refer to his advocacy of sound money as against recurrent attempts to inflate the currency of the country by issues of "fiat" paper and to debase the monetary standard by giving, or attempting to give, to silver an arbitrary parity with the world's standard of value, gold. Careful study of history had impressed upon Mr. Scott's mind the vital importance of

a sound and stable currency. He was among the first to recognize the hazard involved in any and all schemes of inflation. He foresaw clearly the dangers involved in the earlier efforts of the inflationists and long before the silver menace was realized elsewhere, he spoke in Prophecy and in protest. During many years his was a lone voice crying in the wilderness; and as the silver movement developed and waxed strong his protest became more earnest and vehement. And as he stood in the front of the fight at its beginning so he stood in the mighty struggle of 1906 in which it culminated. No other man in the country, in public life or out of it, carried on so long and so able a campaign as did Mr. Scott.<sup>16</sup> I chance to know that it is the opinion of those best qualified for judgment that Mr. Scott's earnestness and strength in this great contest was from first to last the most powerful individual force in it. And to my mind his early insight into this subject with his subsequent presentments of fact and reason with respect to it form perhaps the best exposition of the powers of his mind exercised in relation to a purely practical matter.

I am loath to pass on from the professional phase of Mr. Scott's career, for though my reverence is more for the man than for the editor, there was that in his purely professional character which sustained very exceptional standards of journalism—standards which under the amazing prosperity which recent years have brought to the business of newspaper publishing have been well nigh overborne. A fine sense of social responsibility, an intense respect for fundamental considerations, the disposition to get from himself the best that was in him in matters small and large, the quick conscience with respect to fact no matter how grievous the labor required to develop it, an integrity of mind which would not descend to the smallest public deception, a mental intrepidity which reckoned not at all upon consequences, the ability to work and the

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<sup>16</sup> Mr. Scott began his fight against free coinage of silver in 1877; the contest culminated in the November election of 1896. It was universally admitted that Republicans then carried the gold standard issue in Oregon through efforts of Mr. Scott. Fourteen years later, shortly before his death, Mr. Scott said that that issue was the gravest that had confronted the nation since the civil war, on account of the industrial and political danger threatened by debased standard of value.

propensity to work in season and out of season—these qualities, supplemented by broad resources of knowledge and the powers of a mind which instinctively rejected non-essentials to seize upon the essence of things—these make up a professional character which in my judgment has not been matched in the journalism of this country or any other. And when I reflect that Mr. Scott passed almost half a century with nothing of the stimulus which comes from intellectual rivalry, with few of the legitimate helps of intellectual association, unspurred by any species of competition, working wholly under the promptings of his own impulses and his own fine sense of manly obligation, I marvel at the record.

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Generations of clean-blooded, wholesome-living, right-minded forbears gave Mr. Scott a towering frame and a constitution of mighty vitality. A youth of manual labor and untouched by vices had toughened every fibre of the physical man. Never was there a sounder mind in a sounder body. He had an eye which could gaze unshrinking into the face of the sun at meridian and which no stress of study ever wearied. "I have never been conscious of having any eyes," he once remarked when after many hours of severe work he was cautioned to be careful of his vision. Labors which would exhaust the vitality of an ordinary man he could in the early and middle years of his life sustain day after day with no sense of fatigue. At one period—about the year 1875, as I recall it—he devoted no less than eighteen hours per day to his studies and his office duties. He was temperamentally disposed to industry and he had never cultivated habits which idly dissipate time. Many men of fine minds are subject to atmospheres and dependent for their moods upon surroundings. Something of this disability, if it may be so called, came to Mr. Scott in his later years, but during the greater part of his life he cared nothing at all about these matters. He could have sat amid the clamor of a boiler factory and pursued undisturbed the most abstruse studies. In later years his powers of abstraction declined, but in the first twenty years of my

acquaintance with him they were absolute. It was his habit in these more acquisitive years to turn every moment to account. Once in reply to an inquiry as to his habits of reading he answered jocosely, "I read in the morning in bed as soon as it is light enough; then I read before breakfast and after breakfast; then after I get to the office, before lunch and a while after lunch, and, of course, before dinner. Then I read a while before I start to my office for the evening and after I have read my proofs and trudged home, before I go to bed and after I am in bed." And this was hardly an exaggeration. More amazing still, he remembered everything he read. He never ceased to possess anything he had once made his own, and before his thirty-fifth year he had made his own pretty much the whole range of the world's serious literature.

Mr. Scott's classical culture was so thorough and so sustained that much which the ordinary classicist gropes through painfully he could read without a lexicon. It was his daily practice and one of his chief diversions to turn passages from one language into another. "That's the trick," he would say, "which gave me such poor ability to write as I have. I could never have done anything without it." Most authors of classic renown he had read in the original, and all of what may be called the greater works of antiquity he knew practically by heart. The late Edward Failing,<sup>17</sup> himself a man of fine culture, once told me that his first meeting with Mr. Scott was in the reading room of the old Portland Library prior to his coming to *The Oregonian*. It was the practice of a group of studious young men to pass their evenings in the library and not infrequently conversation, with mutual comparison of their acquirements, was substituted for reading. Upon one such occasion somebody brought out a whimsical book in which as a literary curiosity *Paradise Lost* was rendered in its prose equivalent. As passage after passage of this fantastic production was read Mr. Scott gave the versified form from memory. The story is characteristic of Mr. Scott's

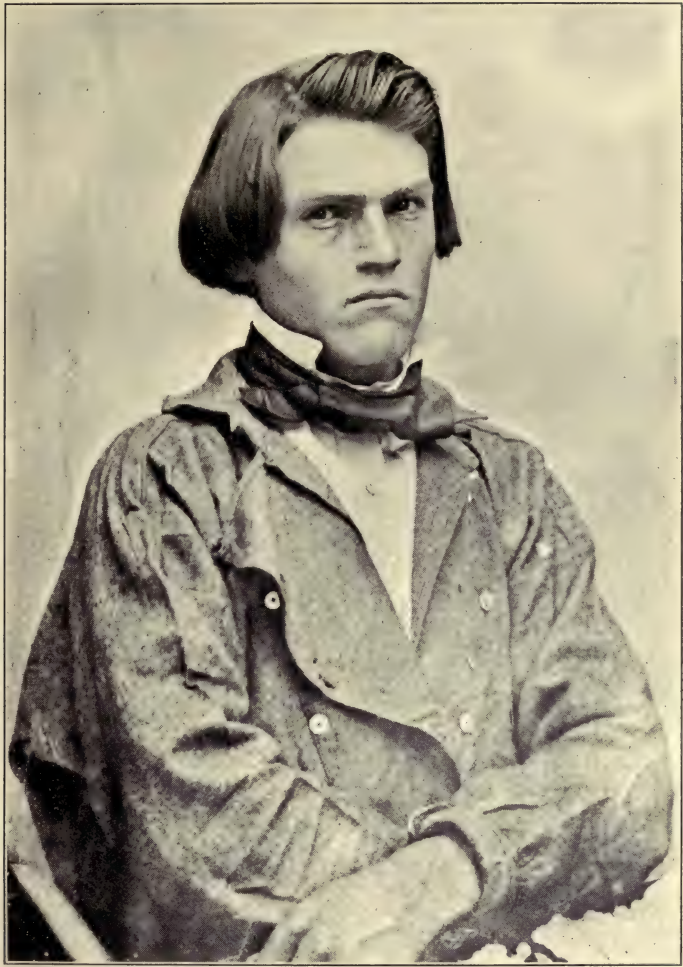
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<sup>17</sup> Born in New York City Dec. 18, 1840; died Portland, Jan. 29, 1900. Came to Portland in 1853.

habit through life. His feats of memory indeed were marvelous. Open a book of the Shaksperian plays anywhere and read a line and he would almost surely give you the next, and upon the instant. Recite to him any passage from the Homeric poems, and from memory he would give you the varying English translations. Any phrase or any idea having its roots or resemblances in standard literature would bring from him a perfect flood of recitation, all from memory. I recall once, in describing to him the method of a certain orator that I remembered him as a schoolboy rendering heavily one of Webster's orations beginning: "Unborn ages and visions of glory crowd upon my soul," etc., etc. "Ah!" said Mr. Scott, "That's an old friend." And he proceeded to reel off from a poet I had never heard of, the original expression of which Webster's resounding exordium was a paraphrase. Whatever form of literature found in him especial appreciation became a fixed furniture of his mind. The plays of the earlier British dramatists in all their finer passages were as definitely in his mind and as available for immediate use as the worn maxims are familiar to most of us. He was an admirer of Burke and whole passages of his speeches he would recite offhand. In the course of every day in his office he would illustrate perhaps twenty situations by recalling some classic or standard utterance, always reciting it letter perfect. If he looked from his office window upon the moving crowd below, there would arise to his lips some quaint or wise passage apt to the circumstance. If anyone asked after his health he was more than likely to reply with a couplet. The writings of the great religious teachers of antiquity, even the jargon of the modern religious schools, were at his tongue's end. In his own writings he was not given to quotation, but one familiar with the world's literature might easily trace the genesis of many a thought and of a thousand turns of expression to the amazing storehouse of his memory.

Mr. Scott gave his mind to many subjects, but perhaps his most exhaustive study was within a sphere singularly removed from the range of his daily activities. I fancy that it will sur-

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August 29, 1857.

H. W. Scott,  
Aug 29, 1903.

FROM TINTYPE TAKEN AT LAFAYETTE, OREGON,  
AT AGE OF NINETEEN YEARS





prise many to know that the subject which claimed his deepest interest was that of theology. Here he really touched bottom. His researches left unexplored no source of knowledge and no scheme of philosophy as related to the spiritual side of human nature or as exhibited in the history of the races of men and in the writings of prophets and sages. As time wore on and as the responsibilities of life pressed upon him he grew away somewhat from this enthusiasm, but he never lost interest in matters theological. Upon no theme could he be more easily drawn out and upon none was the wealth of his knowledge and the play of his thought more fully displayed. He came ultimately to a philosophy all his own, very simple, yet sufficient to the repose of a mind deeply inclined to spiritual contemplation, yet rejecting absolutely the claims of any dogmatic creed as the content of absolute truth. In his own words: "That mystery, 'where God in man is one with man in God,' is sacred to every soul." His ultimate philosophy of life was finely expressed in a remark, with respect to "Jerry Coldwell,<sup>18</sup> a long time reporter of *The Oregonian*, when called upon to speak at his funeral: "Everything perishes but the sweet and pure influences that proceed from an honorable life. They are immortal, extending in ever widening circles, we may believe through time and eternity."

In the earlier years of my association with Mr. Scott it was his habit to expound to me, for the want of a more intelligent audience—none could have been more sympathetic—his plan to write a book of moral and religious philosophy; and I reproach myself in the thought that while the memory of his earnestness of purpose and of the obvious profundity of his learning and reflection abide with me, the matter which perhaps I never really understood, has passed from my mind. Among his literary remains, if it be not lost, there should be found a fairly complete scheme of headings and notations presenting in outline a work which at one time it was in his mind to present as a contribution to the permanent religious

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<sup>18</sup> Edward Lothrop Coldwell died at Portland March 15, 1908, age 68 years; twenty-five years reporter on *The Oregonian* and in daily touch with Mr. Scott.

literature of the world. Time changed his purpose but it never altered, I am sure, a philosophy which was the foundation of his religious thought and the mechanism of what I may presume to call his conscious moral reflections.

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Writing was not to Mr. Scott a natural gift. His propensity was to thought rather than to expression. He had nothing of the light and easy grace in the making of phrases which with many renders the operation of writing little more than pastime. Literally he forged his matter into form and if the form was always fine it was made so less by instinctive art than by unremitting labors. With many writers, especially those who combine experience with propensity, the very process of expression oftentimes inspires and shapes the thought. With Mr. Scott the thought always dominated the expression. I question if he ever wrote a careless sentence in his life. Every utterance was first considered carefully then—often very slowly—hammered into shape. He wrote always with his own hand and could never with satisfaction to himself employ the aid of an amanuensis. His style was a reflection of his mind. It was considered, clear, logical, complete and always pure. Of a certain species of whimsical slang he was a master in conversation; it made the substance of a playful humor, which was unfailling in all his freer talks. But when he set himself to write, his scholar's sense of propriety, his clean-minded regard for pure forms overcame the tendency to verbal flippancy so frequently and happily illustrated in his speech. In my own judgment Mr. Scott's written style lost something from this scrupulousness, from its unfailling dignity of phrase. I think his work would have gained buoyancy—a certain winged power—if he had been a less severe critic of himself, if his touch had been lighter and his critical instinct less exacting. When, as rarely happened, he could be induced to depart from his customary formality of expression, he had in it a kind of delight akin to the exhilaration of a naughty child over some pleasing smartness. I recall once when some rather ridiculous man had made a grandiloquent public declaration of heroic views, Mr. Scott remarked, "I don't know just

how to treat that." Mr. Ernest Bross,<sup>19</sup> a long-time and very able editorial assistant, suggested: "Just print what he says and put under it as your sole comment, 'Wouldn't that jar you!'" Mr. Scott pooh-poohed the suggestion; but half an hour later he came into my room, which adjoined his own, and read to me a paragraph in which in modified form he had used the suggested expression. He gurgled over it with the keenest delight, and later when his proofs came he walked through the editorial rooms reading it to others of the staff. The following morning, with the paper spread before him, he ran over the particular paragraph with boisterous satisfaction in a literary prank.

Competent as his judgment was with respect to his own work as well as to the work of others, it was nevertheless Mr. Scott's practice to read over his prepared articles to his assistants. "Trying it on the dog" was his familiar phrase for this form of experimentation. He always invited criticism though I do not recall many instances in which any of us were wise enough to help him unless it were at the point of restraint. But if there came to him from any source a really good suggestion he had no vanities leading to its rejection. I think the office boy, if he had had a point to make, would have been listened to as respectfully as his most trusted assistant.

Although a constant and profound reader, Mr. Scott spent little time upon light literature. Newspapers interested him in so far as they gave him information or suggested reflections upon current events, but he cared little for magazines and would oftener cast them aside after running over the table of contents than read them. He lived—I use his own phrase—with books; and the books he lived with were books which presented to him new facts or old facts in new relations and which dealt with broad views of things. Books of mere entertainment he valued not at all. Of really good fiction he read all there was. Of poetry he was a constant reader and re-reader. I think he was familiar with every great poem in

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<sup>19</sup> Managing editor *The Oregonian* 1897-1904; now editor *Indianapolis Star*.

literature and I doubt if there is anywhere a high imaginative figure or a great poetic image that was unknown to him. Passages from the standard poets came to him upon the slightest suggestion, and oftentimes he would recite them from memory and at great length. No man more quickly or more surely discriminated the good from the bad. Mr. Lucius Bigelow, long a brilliant contributor to the Oregonian's editorial page, once remarked that Mr. Scott's mind was "a refinery of metals, taking in all kinds of ore and with an almost mechanical discrimination selecting the fine from the base." The most trivial incident would draw from him the loftiest selections from the storehouse of his reading.

Mr. Levinson,<sup>20</sup> another long time member of the Oregonian family, recently told me of a characteristic incident. One evening he came upon Mr. Scott in the hall with his key in his office door, when apropos of nothing he looked up and began to recite a passage from White's Mysterious Night—"When our first parent knew thee from report divine," etc. Having finished the passage, his face wreathed itself in a smile and he remarked: "No, Joe; *I* didn't write that"—and opening his office door, walked in and sat down to his labors. Thus at unexpected times and in whimsical ways he illuminated the daily life of the Oregonian office, making it of all the workshops I have ever known the most delightful and inspiring.

Nature in all its aspects had for Mr. Scott a tremendous fascination. He luxuriated in the mere weather—good or bad. He would stand at his window and look out upon the dreariest day with a certain joy in it. Fine weather with him was an infinite delight. He was singularly uplifted by fine views, and perhaps of the multitudes who have gazed upon Mt. Hood no one ever so intensely enjoyed in it. From the east windows of his office on the eighth floor of the "Tower"—for so his office came to be known to the public—Mt. Hood was, before the period of the sky-scraper, in full view. He kept

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<sup>20</sup> N. J. Levinson now publishes Fresno Herald; many years city editor and Sunday editor The Oregonian.

a pair of field glasses on his desk and it was his habit every day many times to gaze at the beautiful picture athwart the eastern sky. "I suppose," he remarked one day, "that I keep as close tab on Mt. Hood as anybody, but I have to tell you that in the tens of thousands of times that I have looked at it I have never failed to find in it some new charm." Once in the early evening he burst into my room, next his own, in what was to him a state of positive agitation. "Look! Look!" he exclaimed. My first thought was that some terrible tragedy had stirred him; but the scene was the full summer moon emerging as if from the body of the mountain. "You will probably," he said, "never in your life behold that amazing conjunction again." So with every other aspect of this ever changing mountain. It was his singular love for it, I think, that with all of us—certainly with me—has given to Mt. Hood a certain identification with Mr. Scott. I never look upon it without seeing not alone the mountain, but the rugged figure of the "Old Man"—for so in affection we always styled him when his back was turned—in his peculiar pose standing at his window, glass in hand, gazing, gazing, gazing!

I have said that Mr. Scott was not by nature a writer; and truth to tell he was a bit contemptuous of those who were. He had a sneering phrase which he often applied to easy, graceful, purposeless work. "Feeble elegance" was his characterization of all such. He not only wrote with his own hand, but perhaps for every column of finished matter which he produced he made a column and a half of manuscript. Oftentimes not only his desk but the floor about him would be littered with sheets of paper written over but rejected. He detested slovenliness in the form of a manuscript and would laboriously erase words, phrases and whole sentences and re-write over the space thus regained. His thought was definite but he made serious work of getting it into form; and he never shirked any labor to this end, although to the end of his life it was always a labor. He had one curious habit which bears a certain relationship to the quality of his work. Oftentimes while pondering over the form of a sentence, he would write

and rewrite on another sheet of paper the word "solidity." I have seen this word in his characteristic script duplicated a hundred times in a single evening. Whence came this whimsical habit I know not. He had it when I first knew him; he persisted in it to the end. And somehow the word "solidity" as he wrote it a million times to no obvious purpose seems to me to bear in it a kind of symbol of his literary method. Solidity of thought, solidity of expression—this was his characteristic quality.

Upon many occasions I have heard remarks suggesting the idea of Mr. Scott as a severe man—as if he were a hard taskmaster. Never was there a greater misconception. He was not indeed much given to the conventioned amenities. He would come or go often without a sign of recognition, but it was merely the mark of a mind absorbed. In all essential ways he was the most considerate of employers—I have sometimes thought too considerate for his own profit or for our best discipline. His assumption was that every man was, of course, doing his duty. There was never anything like critical observation of the occupations or the absences of his assistants. He never looked at the clock. In his attitude toward his assistants there was no direct oversight, no pettiness. And all who served him will bear me witness that in the crises of personal distress or domestic affliction he was the very soul of consideration. A man called from his work by any domestic emergency was never made to suffer in the thought that his absence from duty would discredit him or that it would be reflected in a diminished pay check. Nor was any man ever expected in respect of the course of the paper to write against his own convictions or in disloyalty to his own judgment. "Do you feel like writing so and so?" he would say. And if there was any indication of dissent from views which he evidently wished presented he would say: "Oh, well, I will do it myself. I don't want in this paper any perfunctory work. No man ever wrote anything that he didn't believe, that was worth anybody's reading." And so he would set himself to labors

which a man of less delicacy or of more arbitrary spirit would have imposed upon others.

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In the sense that he held in profound contempt many things which men in general delight in, Mr. Scott may be described as unsocial. He abominated ordinary frivolities in which many persons find mental refreshment. Social life in the usual interpretation of the phrase he regarded as waste of time—even worse, as tending to mental flabbiness. He had not been brought up to understand that even a wise man may frivol not unwisely; and though at periods of his life he mixed more or less in social companies he got little out of it but weariness. So with ordinary amusements. He cared little for the theatre unless by some happy chance there was intellectual merit in the play or power in the performance. Sports he held in contempt. But he liked walking and at one period of his life he got a good deal of pleasure out of horseback riding. Driving was more or less a pleasure to him if he found congenial company, but otherwise it was a bore. Perhaps the keenest pleasure in his life in the sense of occupation, apart from his studies and professional labors, was the clearing of a forest tract at Mount Scott.<sup>21</sup> Here he felt that he was doing constructive work—redeeming the wilderness and preparing it for production. It recalled to him, too, the labors of his youth and a thousand memories connected with them. He once remarked as we stood on the side of Mt. Scott that the odors of burning stumps and brush piles carried him back to his boyhood as nothing else did. "I suppose" he said, "that where it costs me a hundred dollars to clear an acre of this land, its productive value will be less than a mere fraction of that sum. But somehow I like to do it. First or last it's got to be done by somebody and I might just as well get the fun out of it."

The theory that Mr. Scott was unsocial in his nature was one of his own pet self-deceptions—perhaps I would better say affectations. "Yes," he would often remark, "I am by nature

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<sup>21</sup> Seven miles southeast center of Portland; named for Mr. Scott in 1889 by W. P. Keady.

solitary!" Then he would sit down on the top of Mr. Bross's table or my own and declaim for an hour upon arts and letters, or politics or philosophy with the keenest zest. Upon such occasions, and they were almost of daily occurrence, all the ordinary bars of conventional relationship between senior and junior were down. More than once I have said: "Mr. Scott, this is mighty interesting and I wish I had nothing to do but sit here the rest of the night, but if you expect anything from me in tomorrow's paper you have got to get out." "Yes," he would answer, "I suppose I am something of a nuisance but as you know I am a solitary man and perhaps I don't realize when I impose upon others." The truth is that he was of an intensely social disposition, delighting in companionship and delightful as a companion. Like every other man of rare mind he demanded as an essential condition of pleasurable intercourse, understanding and sympathy; and of the former he found too little. The range and the gravity of his thought was far too wide and too deep for the average man; therefore, the average man bored him. But when the companionship was upon even or sympathetic terms, no man could enter into it with higher zest. No member of The Oregonian staff of the period of the 'eighties will ever forget the occasions when Judge Deady<sup>22</sup> or Mr. William Lair Hill,<sup>23</sup> Judge Williams<sup>24</sup> or Mr. Asahel Bush<sup>25</sup> would look in upon him. These were men of his own stamp, worthy of his steel, and in their company the very best of Mr. Scott's mind and the best of his vast knowledge was brought into play.

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But quite apart from men of his own intellectual rank, Mr. Scott had a considerable group of close personal friends. They were without exception men of some native and genuine

<sup>22</sup> Matthew P. Deady, eminent Oregon jurist, born in Talbot county, Md., May 12, 1824; died at Portland March 24, 1893. Came to Oregon in 1849.

<sup>23</sup> Mr. Hill is now a resident of Oakland, Cal., was editor The Oregonian 1872-77.

<sup>24</sup> George H. Williams, jurist, attorney-general under President Grant, foremost in reconstruction after civil war, born in New Lebanon, Columbus county, N. Y., March 26, 1823; died at Portland April 4, 1910. Came to Oregon in 1853.

<sup>25</sup> Mr. Bush, of Salem, during many years has been one of the striking figures in Oregon affairs and is now one of its venerable citizens. Came to Oregon in 1850; born at Westfield, Mass., June 4, 1824.





HARVEY W. SCOTT  
AT 27 YEARS OF AGE ON BECOMING EDITOR OF  
THE OREGONIAN



quality. John Ward,<sup>26</sup> a famous politician of his day, a man representative in many ways of things Mr. Scott disliked, was nevertheless a close friend. He valued Ward not for profundity of knowledge or for graces of character, but for his unfailing common sense and for a certain rock-ribbed honesty. "I don't like Ward's business," he said to me one day, "as you must know. Nevertheless it takes very much of a man to be a political boss. Just consider a moment what the elementary qualities of his character must be. First of all he must have honesty. No man who tells lies can find support in other men. No man who is careless about his word can have the respect of other men. No man who lacks loyalty can command loyalty. I am pretty much of the opinion that it takes more of a man to be a good political boss than it does to be a bishop. Now your bishop must either be a bit of a blank fool or something of a hypocrite. Either would be fatal to a political boss. Now, there is Ward; I have known him for thirty years. I would accept his word as final with respect to any matter upon which he presumes to have knowledge. I would leave uncounted money in his possession. I would rather have his judgment upon a question within his range than that of any man I know. When it comes to sterling qualities combined with working common sense I don't know John Ward's equal. And I guess, when it comes to the sentimental side, our bishop hasn't got much on Ward. I would as soon leave my estate in his hands as any man I know; and I would about as lief he would counsel my boys as any clerical brother of our acquaintance. He would teach them to tell the truth and to keep faith and to be honest in all dealings. Now if there be any better fundamentals for the business of life I don't know what they are. Yes, and I do flatter myself that I know something about fundamentals—a few of the simpler sort."

There were other men for whom Mr. Scott cherished warm

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<sup>26</sup> John P. Ward, still living in Portland, long prominent in Republican political affairs; born in Rhode Island June 30, 1833. Came to Oregon in 1863.

sentiments. The late Judge Struve<sup>27</sup> of Seattle was especially a friend of his and there was always an evening of wise and hilarious talk when the two came together. Then there was the late Sam Coulter,<sup>28</sup> a man of quite another type, who interested Mr. Scott chiefly by a certain receptivity of mind. The late F. N. Shurtleff<sup>29</sup> was still another to whom Mr. Scott gave his friendship on the score of a certain fundamental honesty of character. And still another friend was the late Medorem Crawford<sup>30</sup> who could command Mr. Scott's time even upon his busiest day although to no better purpose than to retell the familiar stories of his experience as Captain of the Guards which accompanied wagon trains across the plains in 1861-63.

<sup>27</sup> Henry G. Struve was born in the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg, Germany, November 17, 1836. He received a thorough academic education prior to coming to America, at the age of sixteen. A few months later he came to California, and for six years engaged in mining, studying law and newspaper work, most of this time in Amador county. In 1859 he was admitted to the bar. In February, 1860, he came to Vancouver, Washington territory, and bought the Chronicle, which he conducted for about one year. He then began the practice of law, which he continued in Seattle until a short time before his death. He made Vancouver his home for about eleven years and during that time was elected to several different offices—prosecuting attorney, probate judge, both branches of the legislative assembly, etc. In 1871 he went to Olympia, and the next year was in charge of the Puget Sound Courier for a time, and then was appointed secretary of the territory. In 1879 he removed to Seattle and formed a law partnership with John Leary, and from time to time J. C. Haines, Joseph McNaught, Maurice McMicken, John B. Allen, E. C. Hughes and other strong men made a part of the firm, others having been separated from it by death, resignation, etc. There he took an active part in public life, politically and in municipal and educational affairs for many years and became one of the foremost citizens of the place. He was married in Vancouver October 29, 1863, to Lizzie F. Knighton, and four children were born to them, two sons and two daughters. He retired from active business early in 1904. After a brief illness he died in New York City, June 13, 1905.—(C. B. Bagley.)

<sup>28</sup> Samuel Coulter was born in Ohio in 1832. Came across the plains to Oregon in 1850, arriving in Oregon City September 12, with \$2.00 in his pocket. Some time in 1852 he went to Thurston county, Oregon, and took up a donation land claim. In 1871 he was appointed collector of internal revenue by President Grant for Washington territory. In 1873 he went into the steamboat business on Puget Sound; in 1878, in company with C. P. Church, he built the Esmond Hotel, Portland; in 1879 he was one of a company to build a part of the Northern Pacific railroad from Cheney to Spokane; a little later, in company with two men, Messrs. Davids and Buckley, he laid out the town of Bucoda, Washington, and opened up a coal mine near that place. The name of the town was derived as follows:

Bu—ckley.  
Co—ulter.  
Da—vids.  
Bu-co-da.

Mr. Coulter died in Seattle July 1, 1907, leaving a wife and two sons.—(Geo. H. Himes.)

<sup>29</sup> Ferdinand N. Shurtleff came from Washington, D. C., to Iowa. Was married there in 1858, and crossed the plains to Oregon in 1862, locating in Polk county. He died in Portland April 6, 1903. He was a Republican politically, and was in the Indian service for a number of years. He was collector of customs under President Arthur, 1881; in 1891 he was the manager of the Gettysburg Cyclorama at Portland.—(Geo. H. Himes.)

<sup>30</sup> Medorem Crawford was born in Orange county, N. Y., June 24, 1819; died Dec. 26, 1891. Came to Oregon in 1842 with Dr. Elijah White. He was several times member of the Oregon Legislature. In 1861-3 he was captain of a company of soldiers that protected the Oregon trail. He was collector of internal revenue at Portland 1865-70; appraiser at Portland 1871-6.

Each of these men had some quality of nature or some association with past times which made him companionable to Mr. Scott. If in any one of them there was some whimsical quality or habit Mr. Scott saw it clearly enough. He had an amusing way of hitting off their foibles. For example, one day he came into my room and remarked: "I have got to find some way to keep 'Cap' Crawford occupied for about two hours. Can't you go out to Chinatown and buy some of the very worst cigars that are to be had for money—remember, the very worst—I wouldn't run the risk of reforming Crawford's taste in cigars." But in spite of this disposition to play upon whimsicalities, his tendency was to discover whatever was fine in a friend and to pass over with amused tolerance things which he would have condemned in others. Where understanding was not available he could be content with sympathy and appreciation.

I cannot pass from this phase of Mr. Scott's character without reference to an incident which curiously exhibited the sentimental side of his nature. Between himself and the late Edward Failing there was much in common in connection with much that was diverse. They were friends on and off for forty years, chiefly on the intellectual side of things, for they stood upon a common plane of mentality. At one time there had been a lapse of relations so profound that for years they passed and repassed without recognition. But an incident brought them together when both were well past fifty and they saw much of each other, easily renewing the bond of early youth. I knew Mr. Scott was fond of Mr. Failing but how fond I did not realize until the latter's death. Going into Mr. Scott's office I said, "I have a sad message, Mr. Scott; Edward Failing died an hour ago."<sup>31</sup> He sat with fixed gaze as if upon nothing for a full minute, then rose and walked to the window, took up his field glass and carefully studied the glowing mountain. He turned toward me with his hands raised. "The last," he said "the last of the friends of my youth—the last to call me Harvey!"

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<sup>31</sup> Jan. 29, 1900; see *supra*.

In the later years of his life Mr. Scott went much to the East. These visits he greatly enjoyed. His reputation, long an established quantity in the professional world, had expanded into fame. He stood among the leaders in his profession—a towering survival of the older and better fashion in journalism. He found too an appreciation among statesmen and men of affairs which was gratifying to him. No man of discriminating power to whom Mr. Scott ever gave ten minutes time failed to discover the qualities of the man. Men like Henry Watterson<sup>32</sup> and Whitelaw Reid,<sup>33</sup> with whom he fell into cordial association, quickly saw that here was a mind of high powers. After a lifetime of isolation he thus came in his later years familiarly into association with leaders in the world of national affairs. To the new relationship he brought the zest of one who had known little of the gracious phases of life outside his local circle. Without his being in the least conscious of it, it opened up to him something approaching a new career. Every man of laborious habit is more or less exhilarated under detachment from his customary tasks and by association with new people, and none more than Mr. Scott. With a pleasure not unmixed with pride I recall an evening or two passed with him in New York and in distinguished company where in a conversational sense he held the center of the stage, bearing himself in it with a power and a charm which seemed almost like an effect of intoxication. Only a few months before his death the late Whitelaw Reid told me of an occasion where Mr. Scott with himself and others dined as the guests of Archbishop Corrigan.<sup>34</sup> "Scott," said Mr. Reid, "came late and was obviously embarrassed by the fact that he had kept the company waiting for nearly an hour. His annoyance reacted in a kind of mental exhilaration. We were about twenty at dinner, Mr. Scott sitting at the left of His Grace. Almost immediately when the time for general talk began a question addressed to him by the host brought from Mr. Scott a reply which exhibited his acquaintance with theological scholarship. The

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<sup>32</sup> Editor Louisville Courier-Journal; long-time friend of Mr. Scott's.

<sup>33</sup> Editor New York Tribune and later Ambassador to Great Britain.

<sup>34</sup> Michael Augustine Corrigan (1839-1902), Archbishop of New York.

Archbishop, obviously surprised, pursued the subject. Then with absolute unconsciousness, Mr. Scott on the one hand and the Archbishop on the other entered into the most extraordinary discussion I have ever heard. It began about nine o'clock and did not end until near midnight. Hardly another man than the host and Mr. Scott spoke a word. Indeed, it was practically a monologue on the part of Mr. Scott, but in perfect taste and surprisingly eloquent. Such a flood of knowledge, such a wealth of reflection, such freshness and earnestness of mind I have never seen matched in connection with a subject so outside the sphere of ordinary interests. For months after, if I chanced to meet anybody who was present at that dinner there was sure to be reference to the extraordinary talk. The powers of the man and his familiarity with theological matters, surprised all of us. We could but marvel that such a man could be a product of a pioneer country, living all his life remote from the centers of scholarship and of abstract thought."

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It was no doubt due to the conditions of Mr. Scott's early life as they have already been outlined that he had, or always assumed to have, little sympathy with personal incapacity or its consequences. I often thought him too much disposed to see the individual deficiencies which lay behind personal distress rather than the distress itself. If self-indulgence or wasted energies had brought a man to want, Mr. Scott's impulse was less to relieve the need than to define the cause of it. He despised inefficiency with the whole brood of its causes. Yet he was much kinder in deed than in sentiment. More than once when applied to for help in the name of charity he would declaim with tremendous emphasis against the vices of incompetence and end by yielding a donation. But broadly speaking, his attitude towards grown-up men and women who had neglected or dissipated their opportunities in life was severely critical. "He has thrown away his chances, laughed in the face of counsel, sneered at the lessons of experience—let him take the consequences." Something like this was not infrequently heard from Mr. Scott. But he had the tenderest

feeling for childhood. Nothing so aroused him as reports of suffering on the part of children, especially if caused by somebody's cruelty

There was a citizen of Portland, now dead, whom Mr. Scott had known in the days when he was cutting wood for Tom Charman in Clackamas County. In this man, although they had little in common, Mr. Scott always cherished a profound interest. "What," I once asked him, "do you find in that man?" He replied: "One day forty years ago up Molalla way as I was passing a farm house, I was attracted by the screams of a child manifestly in pain. I rushed into the barnyard and there found a boy of perhaps fourteen triced up and under the merciless lash of a beast of a father. This man was that boy. I have never been able to get the incident out of my mind. To this day my pulse quickens and my gorge heaves when I think of it. To me he is always the little boy who was being cruelly flogged. I did at the time what the God of righteous vengeance required, then helped the lad to get away from home, and my interest has followed him from that day until now."

Some thirty years ago there appeared one morning in the Oregonian a pitiful story of a child abused by a brutal step-father on a squalid scow-house up the river near the old pumping station. The little chap had been whipped with a strap to which a buckle was attached and it had cut into his flesh until he was gashed from head to foot. Mr. Baltimore<sup>35</sup> of the local staff had personally visited the scene and had helped rescue the victim of this cruelty, and he had made the account painfully graphic. Mr. Scott having read the report at home, came to the office in hot wrath. He was furiously impatient for Baltimore's arrival to have the story over again and with fuller details. Then he stalked forth in search of the man. What he would have done I do not know—I can only guess—

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<sup>35</sup> John M. Baltimore crossed the plains in 1863 and grew to manhood near Salem. In the early 70s he became reporter on The Oregonian. Later he went to San Francisco where he became correspondent of the Western Associated Press. In 1883-5 he was reporter on The Oregonian and Evening Telegram and in 1888 became city editor of The Oregonian, succeeding Sam R. Fraser. In 1891 he quit The Oregonian and became special writer on the Evening Telegram. In 1896 he went to Spokane and later to Oakland, Cal. He died at San Francisco in January, 1912.



but I think it was well for the beast that he had slunk from sight. For days after, Mr. Scott could hardly speak of anything else. In the midst of his work he would leave his desk saying, "I cannot get that terrible picture out of my mind. Curses, curses on the base creature!" And out he would stalk to regain composure by tramping the hillsides. In multiplied other instances Mr. Scott's sympathies for childhood were prompt and vehemently declared. He had nothing of mock sentiment; indeed he never seemed particularly fond of children other than his own. Yet the distresses of childhood from wherever they came, aroused him as nothing else ever did.

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Statesman Mr. Scott was in the truest possible sense; but he was never, excepting for a time when he held an administrative office, an official factor in governmental affairs. He had little respect for ordinary officialism, and none at all for the type of man who contrives by hook or by crook to get himself elected to something, or who makes a trade of public office. Yet there was always in the background of his mind a certain yearning for the opportunities which only official station can give. "There is," he was wont to say, "but one platform from which a man may speak to the whole American people. A senator of the United States, if he have mind with knowledge and powers of expression, may have a great audience." But while Mr. Scott might again and again have been a senator if he had been willing to arrange for it, he could never bring himself to do so. In truth, he regarded with supreme contempt the concessions commonly necessary under our political system on the part of one who would take an active part in the responsible work of national legislation. I am sure that in the latter years of Mr. Scott's life if he had been invited, under conditions calling for no compromises, that he would have been very glad to have represented Oregon in the Senate. He would have enjoyed the associations and he would likewise have been glad to bear a part in the discussions of great questions. But he could never have yielded to the political game the pledges which it demands. Nor would he have given

attention to the multitudinous trivialities with which senators, particularly from the newer states, are forever pestered. Within two or three years of his death, Mr. Scott was brought to the test through a tender on the part of the President of the United States of the Ambassadorship to Mexico.<sup>36</sup> And at another time he was informally tendered a similarly dignified post in one of the European countries.<sup>37</sup> In each instance he declined the honor with thanks. When it came to abandonment of his customary relationships and responsibilities and his familiar ways of life he was not willing to make the sacrifice. I suspect it would have been the same in connection with any other office.

Among Mr. Scott's intimates—among those of us who knew him in all the phases of his character—it has always been a subject of speculation as to how he would have carried himself as a senator. I am frank to say that in my judgment he would have failed to satisfy any constituency, like that of Oregon, accustomed to a species of more or less eager subserviency on the part of officialism. If he could have represented a state like New York or Massachusetts where the demands upon a senator are of a large intellectual kind, he would have made a noble record. But where every man capable of making his cross feels at liberty to write to "my senator" for any service at Washington from the purveying of garden seeds to the securing of a contract for army supplies or the getting of a dissolute son out of jail, Mr. Scott would have been a disappointment. He simply would not have done the things required; and not doing them he would have been thought neglectful of senatorial duties. Beyond a doubt Mr. Scott would have distinguished himself in discussion. While no orator in the conventional sense, he could still express himself with mighty force upon his feet; and in prepared argument there has perhaps not been a man in the senate during this generation whom he did not more than match. But at the point of getting things done—and unhappily senators are expected to get things done—he would hardly have been what is called efficient. His habits of mind

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<sup>36</sup> Tendered by President Taft in 1909.

<sup>37</sup> Tendered by President Roosevelt in 1905; Minister to Belgium.

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HARVEY W. SCOTT  
AT 36 YEARS OF AGE



and action were under the inspiration of independence. He could never have subordinated himself to the severely partisan method of doing things and he would never have made compromises or have entered into bargains. In the senate I think he would have been strong, brilliant, forceful but eccentric and I fear, as regards what are called working results, an impotent figure. Success in the senate is attained by methods wholly outside the lines of his genius and propensity of his habit and his sense of propriety. Mr. Scott often remarked when efforts were made to stimulate in him the spirit of political ambition that he would not "step down" from the editorship of *The Oregonian* into the United States senate. And this was no boast; for the editorship of *The Oregonian* as it was carried by Mr. Scott was truly a higher place, a place of wider responsibilities and of larger powers than any official place possibly attainable by a man geographically placed as Mr. Scott was.

All who, like myself, shared in the advantages of close association with Mr. Scott are fond of recalling a thousand trivialities which, small though they are, illustrate certain aspects of his character. No man was ever more scrupulous in all the essentials of personal habit; yet he had always a certain indifference to appearances. When free from domestic discipline—that is, during the absences of his family from home—he was wont to be exceedingly careless about his dress. Now and again one of us would remind him that he ought to get a fresh suit of clothes. Once in response to this kind of suggestion he appeared brand new from crown to sole and obviously conscious of the quite radical change. "How does this suit you?" he asked as he paused in my doorway. It happened to be at a time when waistcoats were cut high, barely exhibiting the collar and an inch of necktie. But the waistcoat of this new suit was extremely low. "Why," I replied, "hasn't your tailor cut that vest a little low?" "Well," he replied as he sought with a characteristic movement to get it into its proper place, "I thought it seemed a bit low, and I remarked it to the man, but he insisted, and this is what I got. I sup-

pose one must make some concession to the style." I once reminded him that the braid had wholly disappeared from the rim of his hat. "You say the braid is gone?" he said. "Now, don't you see that that hat has reached a perfect development? It has got where nothing more can happen to it." Nobody can know better than I that these be trivialities; but they linger in memory with a certain sweetness and I venture to set them down for what they may be worth as illustrating a certain engaging simplicity in one who, the more I see of life, looms heroic in my firmament of men.

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I cannot feel that it would be in place to speak particularly of the domestic side of Mr. Scott's life. He was singularly and devotedly a family man—fond of his home, the devoted lover of the sweet woman who was his wife, and a father to whom no labor or sacrifice was ever a weariness. He was not one to find entertainment at clubs, at theatres or at other assemblages; his personal interest outside of his office was within the four walls of home and there he spent practically every hour that was not given to his labors or to out-of-doors recreation of which he was fond. Formidable figure that he was in most relationships, he shed his austerities when he hung his hat on the hall rack. Many years ago with practically the first considerable fund that was available for other than business necessities, he built the spacious and dignified house in which he lived to his death. He loved to adorn it with art and to enrich it with treasures. Yet his taste for other things never overbore certain cherished sentiments. In the great library in which he passed the larger part of his time, the portrait of his father had the place of honor. The shelves which held his most valued volumes were made of boards retrieved many years ago from the pioneer house in Tazewell County in Illinois built by his father's hands and in which himself and his brothers and sisters were born. I hardly need to add that the man whose propensities to domestic life and whose family sentiment was so marked a feature of his char-

acter suffered nothing—neither his duties nor his studies—ever to interfere with the fondest of human obligations.

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It was not Mr. Scott's way to talk much about the sentiments which were the spiritual guides of his life and the sources of his power. But now and again quite unconsciously there would come from him that which revealed the inner springs of the man. Of many such utterances I think perhaps that in which he set forth the character of the late Judge Williams most clearly summarized Mr. Scott's own standards of intellectual and moral worth. Of Judge Williams Mr. Scott wrote:

"In him personal integrity, intellectual sincerity, intuitive perception of the leading facts of every important situation, quick discernment and faculty of separation of the important features of any subject from its incidental and accidental circumstances, with clearness of statement and power of argument unsurpassed, marked the outlines of his personal character. He was a man who never lost his equipoise, nor ever studied or posed to produce sensational or startling effects. In his private life and demeanor there was the same simplicity of character, evenness of judgment and temper and unaffectedness of action. His immense powers, of which he himself never seemed unaware, were always at his command."<sup>38</sup>

Here we have not more Mr. Scott's view of Judge Williams than a presentment of his own ideals—his own measure of a man.

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I come with reluctance to the end of a recital—for I have attempted only a recital—of things tending to illustrate the character and life of a very extraordinary and very helpful man. He came, as we have seen, into leadership of public thought in Oregon at a time when the character of the country was in the making. His work in journalism lay at the sources of a stream of life which grew large under his hand

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<sup>38</sup> From an editorial in *The Oregonian* April 5, 1910, the last important article written by Mr. Scott. Reprinted in *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, XI, 223-6. Judge Williams died April 4, 1910.

from small beginnings and must now go on expanding through indefinite years. It was at a time when great events were in the germ. The adjustments which followed the Civil War, the relations of the government to the Pacific world, the arrangements for commerce in this new world—these early pressed upon his attention to find in him a conscientious student and an intelligent and practical counselor. Then came the period of western development with the momentous issues connected with it. Following this came financial issues in many phases and forms, questions of alien immigration, questions growing out of the populistic movement, of labor organization, or socialistic agitation and of ten thousand subjects of high public import. To each of these in turn, and to all of them recurrently, the mind and hand of Mr. Scott were addressed. He shirked no labors, he avoided no issues. He felt himself under a high mandate and he carried himself with the resolution which responsibility inspires in large minds. To changing fashions in journalism, he made almost no concession. He could no more have purveyed poisons to the mind than he could have fed poisons to the body. For the practices in journalism which we nominate "yellow" he had a profound detestation. He would have none of it. Whoever might wish for a paper reeking with uncleanness and pandering, vicious or flabby trivialities for the light-minded, might seek elsewhere. Mr. Scott's purposes were serious, his journalism always dominated by high purposes and limited by a taste which rejected and rebuked all tendencies to carelessness or vulgarity. If there were scandalous incidents which must be reported, details were minimized and relegated to least conspicuous pages. If unpleasant things had to be dealt with it was done, but with frankness and decency—in the gentleman's spirit. So by the tendencies of his mind, by the gravity of his character, by the guides of wisdom, dignity, courage and taste—Mr. Scott planted on high ground and sustained for nearly half a century standards of journalism which must for all time be a pattern for the worthy and rebuke to the vicious.

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For myself whose fortune it was to live long in association with this rare man, to share in many of the influences and in a sense to inherit the inspirations of his life, there seems now a mighty void in the immediate world in which he lived. Lover of my motherland as I am, let me confess a certain sadness when I revisit the home from whence the light of a great character has departed. It is as if Mt. Hood were blotted from the landscape. Verily, a great force has gone out of the world.

### EVENTS IN LIFE OF HARVEY W. SCOTT

Born February 1st, 1838, near Peoria, Illinois.

Left Illinois April 1st, 1852, for Oregon.

Arrived Oregon City, October 2, 1852.

Went to Puget Sound, Spring of 1854.

Served in Indian Wars at Puget Sound, 1855-56.

Returned to Oregon City, September, 1856.

Attended Pacific University, December, 1856-April, 1857.

Attended Academy, Oregon City, Winter of 1858-59.

Returned to Pacific University, Fall of 1859.

Graduated Pacific University, 1863.

Librarian Portland Library, 1864-5.

Admitted to Oregon Bar, September 7th, 1865.

Married Elizabeth A. Nicklin, Salem, October 31, 1865.

Editor Oregonian, April 17, 1865-September 11, 1872; April 1, 1877-August 7, 1910.

Collector of Customs, October 1, 1870-May 31, 1876.

Married Margaret McChesney, Latrobe, Pa., June 28, 1876.

President Oregon Historical Society, 1898-1901.

President Lewis and Clark Exposition, 1903-4.

Death, August 7th, 1910, at Baltimore, Md.

Director Associated Press 1900-1910.

## MR. SCOTT'S EXTENSIVE LIBRARY AS A GUAGE OF HIS BROAD SCHOLARSHIP AND LITERARY ACTIVITY

*By* Charles H. Chapman<sup>1</sup>

H. W. Scott's intellectual interests were extremely varied. His wide reading and habit of deep thought were shown most, of course, in his editorials, which touched on every theme and were always illuminative; but his conversation also betrayed an almost exhaustless knowledge of books, and constant meditation upon their contents. Throughout the course of his long life he was a persistent reader and collector of books. Like most men of mark, he began to form his library in early life, at a time when every volume represented more or less sacrifice.<sup>2</sup> It is from the books which are thus purchased by a young man more perhaps than from the acquisitions of later years, that his genuine literary predispositions may be ascertained. When he has attained to fortune and wide acquaintance with public characters, a man buys books because they are making a noise in the world, or because the author has a great scientific reputation or for a thousand other reasons but in his struggling youth he buys them only because he wishes to read them. Some of Mr. Scott's earliest acquisitions were histories and volumes of the classics.

His preference for these branches of literature never diminished. The catalogue of his library shows that he came into possession sooner or later of almost every important historical work that has ever been written, not the narrow technical essays certainly, but the productions of wide international interest. He read Greek with the ordinary collegiate skill and Latin with much facility so that the great classical historians

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<sup>1</sup> Dr. Chapman, himself a noted writer and scholar, is especially qualified to appreciate the mind and work of Mr. Scott, both by his own attainments and his intimate acquaintance with the late editor. Many years the two men were in contact, especially during the period of 1904-10, when Dr. Chapman was assistant to Mr. Scott as editorial writer. Dr. Chapman's writings entitle him to recognition among the ablest of the editor's assistants such as Alfred Holman, Lucius A. Bigelow, Frank A. Carle, Ernest Bross and Mrs. Catharine A. Coburn.—(L. M. S.)

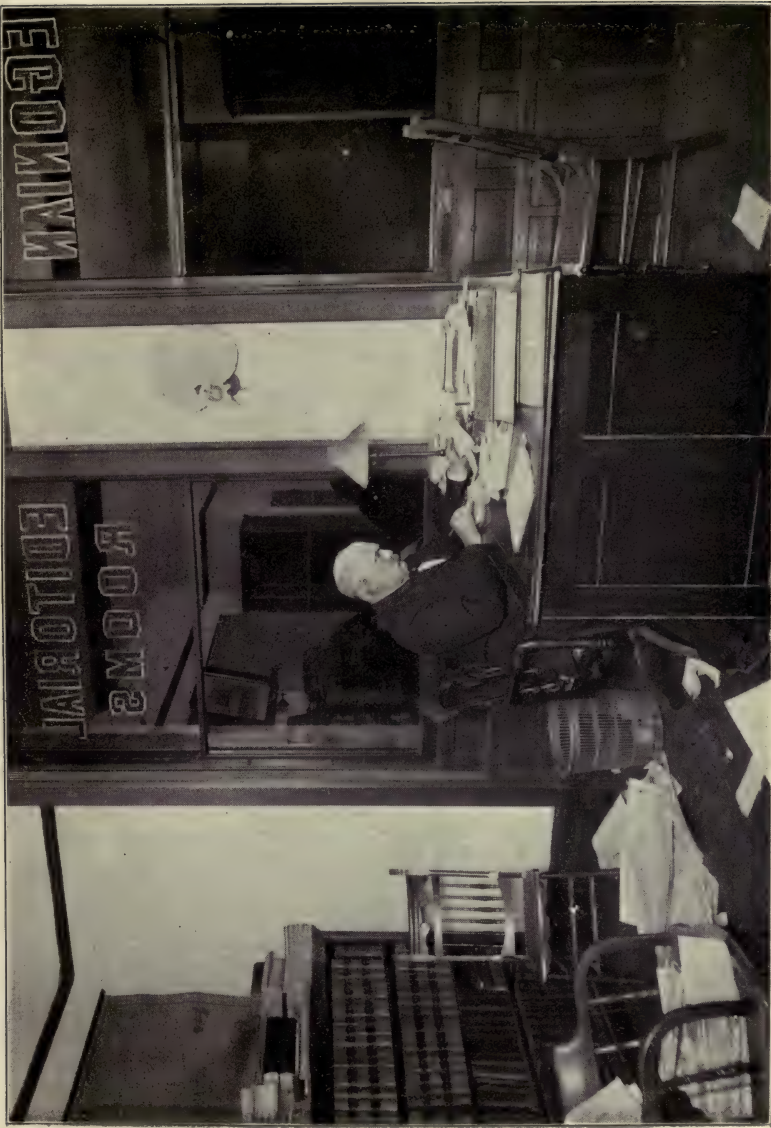
<sup>2</sup> This library is preserved as Mr. Scott left it.

will be found among his books in the original. But in his college days the modern languages were less studied than they are now, and being a man of his time, he was less versed in them than in the ancient tongues. Hence he collected the modern histories for the most part in translations. He was one of the comparatively small number of present day public men who liked to read Gibbon. This most profound of the historians Mr. Scott knew familiarly and quoted liberally. Gibbon's account of the early church particularly struck his fancy, since, as everybody understands, the great Editor inclined to take the same views of theology as the philosophical historian did.

His familiarity with the classics was revealed by everything he wrote. He could quote long passages from Vergil in the original and had dozens of lines from Catullus at his tongue's end. Not long before he passed away, Mr. Scott began to renew his acquaintance with Ovid whom he had read at college but somewhat neglected since. It was interesting to see the skill with which he rendered the *Metamorphoses* into English and the ease with which he construed lines that have puzzled the commentators. He may not always have been correct but he never failed to have an opinion and a well grounded one at that. Mr. Scott's extraordinarily vigorous English style was founded on his Latin reading. He wrote with all the precision of the classical authors and often with more than their incisiveness. His Latin taught him to shun that diffusive wordiness which is the bane of so much common writing and gave him the model for those condensed and forceful sentences which never failed to go straight to the mark, and pierce it when they struck. We may thank Mr. Scott's classical tastes for a great deal of the power over Oregon politics which he wielded up to the day of his death. Naturally, mere study of the classics would not have accomplished anything if his mind had not been of a caliber to benefit by them, but in his case the instrument was admirably adapted to its use and needed nothing but sharpening. This the Greek and Latin authors gave it as nothing else could have done.

With the classics Mr. Scott cherished a great fondness for ancient history, not only that of Greece and Rome but particularly of the older nations. He followed assiduously everything that was written about Egypt and the works of the great modern Egyptologists will be found among his books. Like many superior readers, he was keenly interested in the progress of Assyriology. The decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions filled him with wonder and he eagerly followed every new discovery in that cryptic field. Closely allied to this was his fondness for Biblical studies. Very little has ever been brought to light by the Higher Criticism which Mr. Scott did not master. Naturally of an investigative turn of mind, he found endless delight in those marvelous interpretations of the Old Testament tales which criticism has provided. The miraculous in itself made but a slight appeal to him but the scientific explanation of a reported miracle gave him unqualified pleasure. Among his books will be found the best critical works of his time both upon the Old Testament and the New. The Life of Paul was one of the subjects which interested him deeply. In one of his best editorials he explained elaborately the use which Paul made of the Roman principle of adoption in propagating early Christianity. Referring to the famous text, "If children, then heirs, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ," he showed how the apostle bent the concept of the Roman law to his purpose and made his religion acceptable to the rulers of the world by assimilating it to their legal preconceptions. The purport of the editorial was that Paul had most skilfully applied his own theory that a good propagandist ought to be all things to all men.

Mr. Scott's editorials betray everywhere his wide reading in the publicists. The abstract theory of law and speculations on the basis of government occupied his mind a great deal. Burke was his favorite author in this field but he read many others. Burke's "Reflections on the Revolution in France" was one of the many books which he seemed to have by heart and its doctrines pervaded all he wrote. Next to Burke, Mr. Scott probably revered the political authority of Alexander



HARVEY W. SCOTT  
AT HIS EDITORIAL DESK ABOUT THE YEAR 1898, IN THE OREGONIAN BUILDING.  
AT THIS DESK HE WROTE HIS "SOUND MONEY" EDITORIALS  
IN THE "FREE SILVER" PERIOD



Hamilton whom he constantly exalted above Thomas Jefferson. He was in sympathy with the Hamiltonian theory of nationalized governmental powers and checks upon the popular will. His acquaintance with the American revolutionary authors was profound. Their political views were attractive to him as a matter of course but he found a great deal of other matter in them with which to sympathize. Madison's love of religious liberty, for example, found a ready echo in Mr. Scott's heart. No man ever detested theological tyranny more than he while at the same time he deeply revered the fundamental principles of religion. In his writings the distinction between theology and religion is constantly brought forward.

Most of the great books on free thought will be found in his library. Milton's prose works, Richard Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding and books of that caliber he had read attentively and made their contents part of his mental possessions. Voltaire was not among his particular favorites. He inclined to Carlyle's judgment of the great French freethinker, that he was somewhat shallow and more disposed to tear down than build up. But upon the whole his views coincided with those of the British liberals in theology and the skeptics of all ages found him a sympathetic reader of their books. Naturally with tastes like these Mr. Scott could not escape the fascination of metaphysics. Among his books the famous philosophers all find a place. As has been intimated already, his personal views were inclined to those of Locke and the "common sense" school in general but his sympathies included all sorts of speculation. He understood Berkeley's theory and liked to trace its history through its many devious forms until it finally appeared transformed into Christian Science. He was familiar with William James's Psychology and thoroughly understood its religious and political consequences, but Pragmatism appeared a little too late to win his interest. His health began to fail at about the time when James introduced Bergson to American readers.

From what has been said it will appear that Mr. Scott was fond of "solid reading." This is true but not exclusively. A

person who did not understand the breadth of his sympathies and the catholicity of his taste would be surprised to see the number of novels in his library. The "best sellers" of his later years are missing but most of the fiction that has stood the test of time is on his shelves. His favorite was Thackeray. Very likely there was no novelist that he cared for so much as he did for Burke or Shakespeare, but he had read the best of them, as he had the best of everything. He knew the Biblical stories better than any others. Mr. Scott's knowledge of the Bible was exhibited at every turn. He could hardly write a column without half a dozen allusions to the sacred text. The Bible and Shakespeare always lay on his desk and he used both of them constantly. Much of the vigor of his English style was due to his memory of Scriptural expressions. Perhaps he owed more to that source than he did to the classics. He was always pleased to have Biblical subjects touched upon in *The Oregonian* and frequently discussed them himself. When he did so his knowledge made what he said final.

His memory of poetry was astonishing. He could quote page after page of *Paradise Lost*. Burns's songs were at his tongue's end. He knew the finest passages in *Faust* and loved Tennyson. The English and classical poets were equally familiar to him, but it was Shakespeare that he read most and quoted constantly. He was never at a loss for a line from the great dramatist to illustrate a point or clinch a witticism. His library contains all the celebrated editions of Shakespeare down to the Furness set with its voluminous notes and readings. Mr. Scott found a mild pleasure in the vagaries of the Baconians, as they style themselves, but their arguments never made any impression upon his mind. He always maintained that Shakespeare "wrote his own plays" and never conceded that any other hypothesis was tenable. He was as conscious as anybody could be that there was a great mystery surrounding the production of poetry so marvellous by a man with opportunities in life so slender but that consideration never weakened his faith in the Bard of Avon.



In the course of his life Mr. Scott collected one of the largest private libraries in the Western United States. It was the result of wide and varied culture, catholic tastes and rare opportunities to discover and acquire what was best. From his youth he was an omnivorous reader and his memory was equal to his hunger for books. He seldom forgot a passage. Whatever he had seen in print he could quote, often years afterward. He always knew precisely what books contained the information he needed at any moment and usually they were in his own collection. To one who understands and loves books Mr. Scott's library gives a better account of his life and thought than any biographer could write.

## HARVEY W. SCOTT

*By Dean Collins*

Across the doorway to the dim unknown  
 Fate's hand the somber curtains draws at last,  
 Where, from the teeming world of men, alone  
 And unafraid, a mighty Soul has passed;  
 One who, by his indomitable will,  
 Into the ranks where deeds are done, had pressed;  
 Upreared himself among his fellows till  
 He moved a power in the growing West.  
 Lament, O Oregon; Death takes from thee  
 His priceless toll, and grimly passes on;  
 But one whose hand wrought in thy destiny  
 Is, in the shadow of that passage, gone.  
 A master spirit housed in mortal clay—  
 Lo, with his death, a giant passed away!

Dallas, Oregon.

# REVIEW OF MR. SCOTT'S WRITINGS ON HIS FAVORITE AND MOST IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

By Leslie M. Scott

## OUTLINE

- I. Pioneer Influence on the Writings.
- II. Intellectual Range of Mr. Scott.
- III. Literary and Historical Essays.
- IV. Religious and Theological Topics.
- V. Sound Money:
  - (a) Long Fight Against Fiatism.
  - (b) Greenbackism.
  - (c) Free Coinage of Silver.
- VI. Reconstruction After Civil War.
- VII. Negro and South.
- VIII. National Idea:
  - (a) Its Progress After Civil War.
  - (b) Rival Doctrines of Hamilton and Jefferson.
- IX. Expansion of National Territory.
- X. Tariff, Revenue and "Protection."
- XI. Chinese Exclusion.
- XII. Coxey Armies.
- XIII. Individualism:
  - (a) In Morals.
  - (b) In Industry.
- XIV. Socialism:
  - (a) Analysis of Its Doctrines.
  - (b) Spread of Governmental Function.
  - (c) Single Tax on Land.
- XV. Evils of Large Wealth.
- XVI. The "Oregon System."
- XVII. Local Controversies:
  - (a) Railroad Disputes.
  - (b) Mortgage Tax.
  - (c) High Cost Living.
- XVIII. Ethics of Journalism.
- XIX. His Devotion to the Public Interest.

This review of Mr. Scott's work is based on a collection of some ten thousand articles written by him in the course of his long and busy life. Yet even this seemingly large number is small in comparison with the author's great output. It is no easy task to summarize the collection in the space here allotted; quite impossible to detail it minutely. Therefore we shall treat only most important general subjects, or rather, favorite ones of the Editor's writing. And first let us note the predominating idea of his editorial productions—his devotion to individual function and duty. This motive of the pioneer era he bespoke probably more forcefully than any other writer of his generation.

### I PIONEER CHARACTER

As each man's character is formed by ancestral and youthful environment, it may be interesting to note the conditions which molded the life of Mr. Scott. From his pioneer heritage of the Western frontier he derived his vigor of utterance and personality. From this same experience he found his democratic sympathies; perceived national tendencies; gained breadth of view, which he extended by reading; learned humble toils and frugalities; brought himself close to feelings of Western folk and acquired the principles of self-dependence and individual responsibility which mark all his work. He was a self-made man, had made his way as a youth, unaided, and gained rudiments of an education through his own energies. It was but natural, therefore, that he continually urged habits of self-help on the later generation.

Mr. Scott was an individualist in personal habit, in precept, in lessons of industry, sobriety, economy—in all that works for personal thrift; an individualist in parental discipline of the home; an individualist in face of growing demands for "community help" and government paternalism. This ever-present idea in his writings will afford basis of understanding for his readers who may think back on what he published day by day or who may examine his articles hereafter.

Let it be remembered that the American frontiersman and pioneer expected to overcome obstacles in their path, alone. In time of savage warfare, they united, but this necessity was only occasional. When a barn was to be "raised" they met together, but this was quite in the nature of a "social function." For mutual protection, they sometimes "crossed the plains" in organized companies, but with danger absent, they chose to travel in small parties or alone. They supported community schools, but it is testimony of survivors that children learned rudiments of education chiefly at home. The whole mode of life of the Pioneer West taught each person and each married couple to work out their own fortune and to be responsible for their own spiritual salvation. It never occurred to them that the community owed anybody a living. Government was not depended upon to give a "lift" nor to create a "job" nor to regulate health or morals or wages, nor to pension the unfortunate.

That this mode of life developed a hardy race needs but bare mention here. It brought out resourcefulness, initiative, self-reliance. It fostered the democratic spirit, raised high the level of public and private morals. It barred caste and discontent of older communities. It is manifest that best traits have come out of the West. Mr. Bryce has said "The West is the most American part of America." And a remark of another writer is equally true: "America was bred in a cabin"—a dwelling of logs, symbolizing the rough strength of the people.

Out of such life came the later Editor, Mr. Scott, in Tazewell County, central Illinois. His grandfather, James Scott, was the first settler in Groveland Township in 1824, from Kentucky. Mr. Scott's father, John Tucker Scott, twenty years later thought of moving to Texas, as James had moved to Illinois, but instead came to Oregon, in 1852. The six or seven-year-old son—the editor-to-be—wondered if Texas was a less chilly abode and asked: "Father, is Texas a tight house?" This question indicates the simplicity of the pioneer dwelling. With the family of John Tucker Scott came to Oregon sturdy principles of morality and industry, which invigorated the

career of the editor. Mr. Scott always took sentimental interest in matters of Oregon history. His writings on these subjects make a valuable collection. At some future time it is the purpose of the present writer to give them publication. These subjects held him with the filial attachments of a son toward his forebears. Mr. Scott delighted to lay aside even most pressing tasks to "talk over" old times or to greet companions or contemporaries of his youth. His sanctum door was open to such visitors oftentimes when others could not gain entrance and when his newspaper work suffered for the interruption. Once, George H. Himes, meeting Mr. Scott when the latter was under heavy pressure of business, hastened to say that John Forbes,<sup>1</sup> of Olympia, a companion of Mr. Scott's in Captain Swindall's company in the Indian war of 1855-6, was in Portland. "John Forbes!" "John Forbes!" exclaimed Mr. Scott. "Bring him to see me!" "But," hesitated Mr. Himes, "you're so busy." "Never mind, never mind! Bring him up!" A similar interview preceded an appointment for Bill Ruddell.<sup>2</sup> On each occasion Mr. Scott abandoned his editorial tasks and gave up a long period to the interview.

## II INTELLECTUAL RANGE

Mr. Scott was conspicuously a reader as well as a writer. His library was his place of recreation; to companionship of

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<sup>1</sup> John Butchard Forbes, born in Dundee, Scotland, May 14, 1833. Came to the United States in 1834, settled in New Jersey, moved to Illinois in 1844. Started with his brother David across the plains on April 13, 1853, arriving at The Dalles Sept. 25. Soon afterwards went to Olympia. Followed lumbering, farming and steamboating. Was in Indian war of 1855-56, under Captain Calvin W. Swindall, commander of Co. F, Washington Territory Volunteers. In July, 1856, associated with Thomas W. Glasgow and Daniel J. Hubbard, he bought a Buffalo Pitts threshing machine of H. W. Corbett, Portland, for \$1,150, shipped it to Monticello by steamer, then knocked it down and shipped it piecemeal in canoes to Cowlitz Landing, and threshed for Cowlitz farmers. In June-July, 1857, this machine was taken to Puget Sound. This was the first thresher and separator north of the Columbia river. Capacity, under the most favorable circumstances, 500 bushels in 12 hours. Mr. Forbes was married to Lydia Croghan in August, 1856, but she died within a year or two. He died several years ago. (George H. Himes.)

<sup>2</sup> William Hendry Ruddell, born near Quincy, Adams county, Ill., Nov. 7, 1839. Went to Missouri in 1842, settling in Schuyler county. Crossed the plains to Oregon in 1851, and spent the winter near the present town of Catlin, Cowlitz county. In the summer of 1852 the Ruddell family removed to Thurston county, then in Oregon, and settled on a D. L. C. six miles east of Chambers prairie, six miles south of east of Olympia. He was married to Miss Helen Z. Himes Feb. 21, 1864. His occupation was that of a farmer and stock raiser. Moved to Elma, Chehalis county, Washington, in the spring of 1879. Died March 13, 1903. Served during the Yakima Indian war of 1855-56 in the Pioneer company commanded by Capt. Joseph White, and afterwards by Capt. U. E. Hicks. Was a member of the Elma town council for several years.

his books he devoted large part of his daily life. His reading was constant and unflagging to his last days. Never for long did he engage in conversation, except during after-dinner periods, when surrounded by friends or members of his family. That was his social intercourse. These intellectual after-feasts covered widest range of religion, history and literature, nature and spirit, matter and mind. The great storehouse of his memory yielded allusions and quotations which charmed his auditors with their versatility. At such times, the Editor truly unfolded the greatness of his mind, the universality of his talents, the accuracy of his memory, the maturity of his scholarship. Many were his philosophical and theological disquisitions; his narratives of great men and great events; his discourses on Shakespeare and Milton and Homer and Goethe and Dante and others too numerous for mention here. His touches on the moral and the spiritual delighted his hearers. He could talk on most intricate doctrinal subjects; none could speak more precisely on Fall of Man or Resurrection or Atonement. But he preferred reflections on daily good conduct and non-dogmatized deity. In these conversations his sincerity, humility and docility of spirit would have surprised the orthodox who, perhaps, that very day had stirred his resistance by their dogmatic efforts to repress him. Along with his fine literary, historical and religious perceptions, he possessed much practical sense for every-day affairs in these discourses. Never did he soar away with dreams or ideals that he forgot life's earthly matters.

These periods of his relaxation lasted an hour or two hours; then back he went to his desk or his books. The chief lesson of his daily life was his economy of time and effort. He entertained rarely and joined social gatherings seldom. Many persons thought him unsociable, reticent, taciturn, severe; whereas his were the direct opposite of all those traits. Without such habits he could not have covered the vast areas where his studies took him. His singleness of aim and unity of pursuit were to equip his mind with copious supply for his daily writings. These matters are mentioned here to show that Mr. Scott's

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HARVEY W. SCOTT  
AT 62 YEARS OF AGE. PHOTOGRAPH BY LEE MOORHOUSE AT  
BINGHAM SPRINGS, UMATILLA COUNTY, IN THE  
SUMMER OF 1900





writings, admirable though they are in the collection, omit much of his intellectual output.

### III LITERARY AND HISTORICAL ESSAYS

Most delightful of Mr. Scott's productions were his frequent writings on subjects of literature, history, and theology. These marked him as one of the ablest essayists of his day. Seldom does a scholar become a powerful editor. Scarcely any of the great editors have been great scholars. The editor of practical affairs, idealistic sense and scholarly attainment is the rarest combination. But such a combination was Mr. Scott. Amid his busiest work, dealing with current affairs, he would insert a frequent article on some phase of the genius of Shakespeare or on a theme of Milton, or Tennyson, or Cervantes, or one of a host of others. These commentaries on literary matters, so remote from centers of scholarship, were objects of surprise and admiration the country over. No man could have afforded his community wider variety of reading than did Mr. Scott. His favorite books were the Bible and Shakespeare, Milton and Burke. He re-read these constantly and had their contents always at command. Napoleon and Cromwell were special objects of his study and frequent subjects of his pen. British and French history were as familiar to him as that of his native country. His comments on foreign politics he spiced with historical references. The rivalry of European peoples gave scope for favorite themes of "Race Rivalry a Force of Progress," and "Potent Agency of War in Human Progress." For in Mr. Scott's view, strong and aggressive nations are the ones that arm and take and grow; war is the nursery of national strength; as injustice is always armed, so must justice be; without war despotism would be permanent and evil inveterate; the way to peace is not through non-resistance but through preparedness for war; they who can't fight can't live except in subordination; no morality, no ideals, not backed with arms, can be worth anything; "so it has always been, and so it will be always, and forevermore" (Jan. 5, 1905).

## IV RELIGIOUS AND THEOLOGICAL TOPICS

The favorite branch of his historical study was theology. To this study he brought a reverent, tolerant mind; also a rational interpretation that would not be deterred by protest of theologians who resented "invasion" of their sphere. His reading was so wide, his acquaintance with greatest scholars on historical religion was so extensive, that he could wage theological polemics to discomfiture of any orthodox.<sup>3</sup> He only defended his views, however, never attacked belief or dogma or creed, unless his inquiries were assailed. He never sought to "upset" any religion nor to dissuade from any belief; toward persons who found comfort in any church he was always considerate and sympathetic. But he thought that historical and rational study was not responsible for error or superstition that it revealed. Those persons who knew him well, knew his sincerity, his reverence for the universal idea of men toward deity. Among his friends and admirers were theologians of many divergent sects. Archbishops Gross<sup>4</sup> and Christie<sup>5</sup>, the third and fourth heads of the Catholic faith in Oregon, regarded his writings with tolerant and admiring view. The Rev. Arthur J. Brown,<sup>6</sup> pastor of the leading Presbyterian Church in Portland, himself a clergyman of scholarship, made frequent friendly calls at Mr. Scott's editorial rooms. Many leaders of Methodism held him in high regard and on October 10, 1908, he delivered an address in their leading church in Portland, at its semi-centennial celebration. At one period he was a regular contributor to the *Pacific Christian Advocate* (Methodist) and was on intimate terms with most of its successive editors. On June 15, 1906, he delivered an address at Salem on Jason Lee and early Methodism in Oregon. Many years before, Methodists had chosen him President of Portland University. Rabbi J. Bloch<sup>7</sup>

<sup>3</sup> These subjects made up the most extensive department of Mr. Scott's large library.

<sup>4</sup> Most Rev. W. H. Gross, Archbishop of Oregon City, 1885-98.

<sup>5</sup> Most Rev. Alexander Christie, Archbishop of Oregon City, 1899—

<sup>6</sup> Rev. Dr. A. J. Brown, installed pastor, First Presbyterian church, Portland, May 9, 1888; resigned March 14, 1895, to become secretary of Board of Foreign Missions, Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., New York City.

<sup>7</sup> Rabbi J. Bloch, head of Congregation Beth-Israel, Portland, 1884-1901.

and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise<sup>8</sup> of Portland, noted leaders of Jewish thought, found much satisfaction in his writings. Rev. Roland D. Grant,<sup>9</sup> of the Baptists, opened his pulpit to Mr. Scott on Thanksgiving Day, 1895, for the best utterance Mr. Scott ever made on the subject of religion. In Congregational circles Mr. Scott found congenial association and with that church maintained a nominal affiliation. His friendly relations with Rev. T. L. Eliot,<sup>10</sup> Unitarian, began with the arrival of the latter in Portland in 1867 and lasted until Mr. Scott's death. The Christian Science following liked the tolerant spirit of Mr. Scott, and extended to him the privilege of their platform for an address,<sup>11</sup> on November 15, 1903. Although these several sects represented diverging doctrines and his historical and rational studies startled the theologians of each in turn, yet most of them perceived him an exponent of modern scholarship in its inevitable trend toward a truer and fuller expression of religious faith. Ever present in his thought was the motto, "The form of religion passes; the substance is eternal." Men's battles of opinion were over the forms. "The religious nature of man continually struggles for expression," he said in his Thanksgiving day address in 1895, "and its manner of expression changes from age to age. Yet we call each formulated, transitory expression a creed, as if it were to be permanent, and often contend for that creed as if it were the absolute truth; but it passes into something else in the next ages. Yet the religious feeling is the permanent force in the nature of man."

Occasionally there was protest from a clergyman who feared the Editor's inquiries were sapping the strength of belief in particular sects. In 1909 the head of one of the largest church denominations wrote Mr. Scott a letter saying that his articles were "cutting the ground from under the feet" of his church.

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<sup>8</sup> Rabbi S. S. Wise, head of same congregation, 1901-6; now officiates at Free Synagogue, New York City.

<sup>9</sup> Rev. R. D. Grant, pastor First Baptist church, Portland.

<sup>10</sup> Dr. Thomas Lamb Eliot (1841—) was pastor First Unitarian church in Portland until 1891 and has since been pastor emeritus. He has been active in public benevolent enterprises.

<sup>11</sup> In this address Mr. Scott introduced Septimus J. Hanna, of Chicago.

The Editor's response, by private letter, dated August 3, 1909, was the last comprehensive statement of his life study on this subject. As it epitomizes his opinions so completely, it is offered here in part:

"The Oregonian 'assails' no religion nor religious belief. It does not, however, deem itself forbidden to inquire into the concepts of religion or of theological systems—especially of such as most persistently urge their 'claims' on public attention. The Oregonian under my hand, has dealt with these subjects, as an incident of its work, these many, many years; very inadequately, I know—yet not to the dissatisfaction of the great multitude of its readers.

"You, of course, it would not expect to please, since one who deems his own creed or formula the last word on religion can scarcely be expected to open his mind to other or dissentient views. Your position requires you to profess an infallibility. The Oregonian makes no such pretension. It simply wishes to apply the tests of reason, of experience, of judgment, and of such knowledge as history affords from the manifestations of the religious principle in man, to some of the phases of the thought and inquiry of our time.

"Christianity is a fact and it is to be accounted for. You account for it in one way, I in another. You rest on the miraculous and supernatural; I do not—nor do I think there is wickedness in any inquiry into the origin of theological or ecclesiastical concepts, or in comparison of religions with each other, with a view to discovery of a common principle in all.

"Your assumption that it is not a proper province of a newspaper to touch a subject which clergymen (or some of them) claim as their exclusive field, I cannot admit; more especially since, as a newspaper man, in active touch with the public mind during more than forty years, I have found no feature of the Oregonian's work more sought or approved than in the field from which you would bar it. I am old enough and have had experience enough to tender advice also; and I must assure you that you ought to begin to know, even if you can't acknowledge, that the greater part of mankind, even of the so-called Christian world, has a profound tendency towards a rational, historical and comparative view and interpretation of religions in their various forms—the Christian religion included with the rest. Dogma can no more support

the mythical element in one religion than in another. The time is coming when Christianity will abandon the effort altogether; but its last stronghold will be the Roman Catholic Church.

#### V SOUND MONEY EFFORTS: LONG FIGHT AGAINST FIATISM

Most persistent and successful of his many editorial efforts, was his perennial fight for "sound money." In this work he bespoke the intensity of the nationalizing purpose of the country. The contest for fiat money began as one of state sovereignty, involving local issues of note currency; with state rights conquered in the Civil War, the idea endured in questions involving payment of the war debt; surviving that struggle came "Repudiation" of 1866-70,—that is, payment in depreciated greenbacks—and then free silverism, which meant payment in debased silver coinage. Also surviving the war came demand for abolition of national bank currency, which had supplanted state bank notes. And breeding out of the mania was a train of numerous delusions about need of "more money."

Not yet thirty years of age, when the "sound money" question sprang up after the Civil War, possessing no experience in banking or finance, new in his profession of Editor, and far distant from the centers of the country's discussion, Mr. Scott yet applied principles and judged current issues with remarkable precision. His articles reveal wonderful acumen for an author so young. On every financial issue he "started" right and subsequent events vindicated his views.

Throughout his newspaper life Mr. Scott was writing on currency and coin; almost daily he treated some matter of financial policy with application to Western life. His writings on these topics are models of directness, clearness and resourcefulness. The fruitage of his long struggle was the victory of the gold standard in the Oregon elections of 1896, in the face of tremendous popular prejudice and seeming defeat. This victory in Oregon was attributed to Mr. Scott by friend and foe and broadened his national fame.

The American people have always been harassed with the "more money" fiat delusion. Among no other people has there been more absurd governmental interference with currency, affecting values, promoting speculation and upsetting confidence. Bitter lessons have been theirs with fiat currency, in colonial times, revolutionary and confederation periods, early years of national life and during and after the Civil War. The delusion has possessed one generation after another that currency is capital; that citizens can be made prosperous with cheap substitutes for gold money. Even yet, the insidious fiat notion persists, though in lesser degree, than heretofore. Silver and paper currency was of doubtful redeemability until the gold standard was secured in 1896 and 1900. Only strong, recuperative powers of the Nation have prevented overthrow of the gold standard of value and the good faith of the government.

However much of the greatness of the American Nation has come out of the progressive spirit of the pioneer West, however puny or different the American State would have been without the stimulus coming out of the land toward the setting sun, it is fair to say that out of this expanding land came also the financial and monetary heresies that have afflicted its politics, business and industry. The virile race of the West, restive under its poverty, confused capital with money, falsely thinking that, if currency be multiplied, capital could be multiplied also.

Himself, a son of the West, Mr. Scott knew its mind as to money and capital as intimately as any man could know it. This knowledge equipped him to cope with it in his skillful way. Perhaps no other writer of the day equalled him in this perception and in ability to meet it. His struggle through 45 years was laborious, distasteful to himself, creative of personal animosities. He estranged his closest friends by sharp criticisms of their advocacy of silver coinage. But he regarded that issue the most critical in the country's industrial history and he could not be deterred from his duty by matters of friendship. His appeals reached the sober thought of the Common-

wealth and Oregon finally surprised the Nation by supporting the gold standard and rejecting Bryan after its politicians and office holders during many years had been committing the State to silver.

Money is to be gained from work, he used to repeat in his newspaper, not from the government's printing presses nor from the stamping machine of the mint. Best money will be abundant enough if not driven out by cheap "money"—depreciated paper or debased silver. "Reasonable men do not expect to obtain money," he said, "unless they have something to give for it, either labor or goods. If money is to be easily had without effort, it will have little value. If best money is hard to earn, the people will not be benefited by cheap money. The only real money is gold. They cannot improve by issuing doubtful substitutes for it and declaring by law the substitutes just as good. To be just as good as gold they must be payable in gold."

#### GREENBACKISM

Right after the Civil War came the contest over payment of the war debt, then amounting to nearly three billion dollars. "Contraction" of the greenback debt, \$433,000,000—retirement of legal tender notes—made the first controversy. But these debt notes have continued from that day to this, an ever-present menace to stability of the nation's credit and currency. The ablest financiers of both political parties have urged their retirement. The young Editor took solid ground, therefore, when he insisted that these notes were not "money" but evidences of debt; that their withdrawal would not diminish the "circulating medium" but increase it and promote confidence; that their continuance necessitated heavy gold reserve for redemption and was a costly menace to government credit. Their use, he pointed out, tempted to evils of inflation. These evils he displayed clearly and often, both when greenbacks were at discount, prior to the year 1879, and later when this credit currency and silver coinage were shaking the monetary stability of the government.

Resisting "contraction" of greenbacks, Democrats also opposed redemption of such notes, or any of the nation's debt, in gold. They likewise fought conversion of greenbacks into bonds. Led by George H. Pendleton and sustained by President Johnson, they wished to pay bonds and other debt paper in more greenbacks, especially printed for the purpose, then much below par. They also wished to tax government bonds despite a direct pledge of law that they should be tax free. Pendleton was defeated on these issues.

The policy of "repudiation" of the public debt by payment in depreciated currency, instead of in full-value gold, was hotly contested. Mr. Scott insisted that the government should pay its obligations in full in gold—both principal and interest—for thus only could the government keep faith; that the debt exchanged for notes, would not be paid, because the notes must still be paid; and that the notes could not be made as good as gold coin unless redeemable in gold coin. The young Editor had the satisfaction of seeing advocates of repudiation defeated in 1868-9.

It was no argument to the Editor that large part of the government debt was owing speculators who had bought the claims at discount. Against numerous schemes for scaling down the debt he used the vigor of his pen, with constant appeals to national honor. He cited that the same sophisms were then used against full payment of government obligations as after the Revolutionary War. "The scheme at that time was called 'scaling down the debt,'" he wrote December 6, 1867, "and though it was pressed with vigor and importunacy, it signally failed. Our fathers refused to sanction any such disreputable plan of virtual repudiation. Cannot the repudiators of today learn honesty as well as wisdom from the fathers of our government?" And again November 18, 1867: "The proposition to pay the national debt in greenbacks is simply a proposition to take away an interest-bearing security from those who purchased in good faith the bonds of the national government, and substitute for it a security that bears no interest. It would be equivalent to the act of a debtor taking





HARVEY W. SCOTT  
AT AGE OF 66 YEARS. THIS WAS A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE



away from his creditor a mortgage note bearing interest, and giving in its stead a due bill bearing no interest."

Against greenbackism, he was continually referring to pay-day or redemption. The integrity of currency notes, he was always saying, depends on purpose and ability of the government to redeem them in gold coin—not in depreciated paper promises. Of the plan to print enough greenbacks to take up the national debt—this was the programme of "greenbackism,"—he wrote:

February 18, 1878—"This would be a thorough and logical method of carrying out the greenback scheme. It would simply be repudiation of the entire debt; for there would be no hope that so great an amount of greenbacks would be redeemed; no time for redemption would or could be specified and as holders would receive no interest the greenbacks would not possess a single quality of value."

August 31, 1892—"While it is true that government may issue paper and call it money, yet it is with government as with the individual—that which costs nothing is worth nothing. There is no juggle in values. Many who see the paper bill, forget that there is value behind it, stored up in gold or silver; but the value is there, and this is what gives the paper note the function and character of money. Increase the paper notes beyond redeemability and their value is gone or impaired altogether. Among all nations and in all ages where this has been tried, the result has been the same."

April 8, 1898—"The truth is, we buy only with gold coin, to which alone the name of money ought to be applied. No bank note, treasury note or paper certificate, in any form or by whomsoever issued, is more than an instrument of credit. It is an order and a security (so long as the party issuing it is solvent) for a sum of money and is good for the sum it calls for, only so long as gold can be obtained for it . . . . We have more of the notes now than formerly, because we have more gold to stand for them; and we have more gold because we have ceased to expel gold from the country or to drive it into hiding at home by ceasing the threat of free coinage of silver and by stopping the purchase of silver for issue of paper upon it."

The right system of currency, he said, would be patterned after those of the great nations of Europe, which employ the medium of a great central bank. But Mr. Scott knew full well the popular prejudice in the United States against the central bank system and did not hope for restoration of the Hamilton plan of government credit, which he always defended. Perceiving the futility of overcoming this prejudice he had little hope that the American currency system soon could be brought to needed efficiency. The "fundamental error" of our currency he pointed out as follows (March 8, 1908): "There is a fundamental error in our monetary system. It is the parent of all other errors that beset the system. This error is the fiat notion of money . . . But these notes are not money. They are merely substitutes for money whose value depends on their redeemability in gold or the prospect of it . . . This, it is asserted, is cheap money, for it costs nobody anything. But the government's fiat money is dearest of all forms of currency. It requires gold to be banked up in enormous sums for its protection . . . It is an impeachment of the intelligence that tolerates such a financial or monetary system. . . The Treasury is simply warehousing gold against its own obligations. . . . With the enormous sum of one billion dollars in gold held by the Treasury under our inelastic and immovable system, we are unable to keep circulation afoot. Every now and then it congeals, freezes up, simply stops. But the Bank of France and the Bank of Germany make their gold support a paper currency twice in excess of the proportion of our own."

The great need, he said, in order to give control and steadiness to financial affairs and the currency system, is a central bank and branches modeled after the United States Bank founded by Hamilton in 1791, and after government banks of Europe. On November 23, 1909, he wrote:

"Our people, believing they can regulate by their votes, the value of money, and calling notes issued by authority of the government, money, will not permit any rational currency or rational banking system to be established in the United States.

. . . It is useless, therefore, to attempt a remedy now for the defects of our banking and currency system. We shall be compelled to blunder along with the system as it is, and to accept the consequences of such financial collapses as it will, at intervals, necessarily produce. Sometime we may become wise enough to have a great central bank, with branches all over the country, like the Bank of France, whose strength was so great that even the Commune of Paris, in the ascendant in 1871, dared not touch it."

### FREE COINAGE OF SILVER

Greenbackism waned in strength after 1880, for then a new fiat doctrine was spreading—free coinage of silver at ratio of 16 to 1—which largely supplanted the idea of fiat paper. The same arguments, in the main, were used against the silver heresy as earlier against the paper delusion; with the important difference that silver coins possessed bullion value whereas paper currency had no intrinsic value whatever. Free coinage of silver could not be redeemable in gold money nor could unlimited issue of paper currency. Both would make inflation, and debasement of silver would make depreciation of paper worse, because then the remote expectation of redemption in gold would be gone. Silver coins would fall to their bullion value of between 76 and 46 cents (1891-1901); paper currency would fall to whatever level credit confidence would give it (in 1864, 39 cents gold). Following the popular project of paying the national debt in greenbacks, came the scheme to pay it in debased silver dollars. Mr. Scott fought these later phases of fiat money as he did the earlier. When frequently asked late in life how he placed himself right on subtle questions of finance, even in their hazy beginnings, and kept consistent course through years of polemics, he was wont to answer: "By study of history I learned fundamental principles. By adhering to the principles of universal human experience, I pursued the right and logical course; I could not go wrong."

For versatility and force, the Oregon editor's treatment of free silver is one of the most notable feats in journalism. It

was the longest and hardest work of his career. He began in 1877, when silver advocates were first growing aggressive and when few conservative persons were aware of the danger of silver inflation. He ransacked his library for argument and example. He used his full literary skill to present the subject from all possible angles. Dealing with what he called "fundamental principles" he would tolerate no mere "opinion" from adversaries. He considered such opinion unread, untaught and ignorant. It was not a question, he said, on which men could differ or compromise, as on tariff. He gave large space in his columns to silver advocates, but made replies which excited them to charges of arbitrary and dogmatic intolerance.

Mr. Scott answered that ignorance was not entitled to opinion on principles as absolute as those of mathematics or money. "Somebody," he wrote (December 10, 1907), "asks if there can't be 'an honest difference of opinion about the gold standard.' There can be no honest difference of opinion where one of the parties knows nothing of what he is talking about. There may be honest ignorance. But it is entitled to no opinion." And on April 26, 1904: "The silver craze was the greatest menace the country ever knew. It has completely passed away. It was no ordinary question, on which difference of opinion was to be expected, but the standard was a matter of economics as certain as the truths of mathematics or of astronomy. Hence the notion, that some hold to this day, that there ever could have been any difference of opinion or question whatever, among men of honest intelligence, whether the gold standard should be maintained or the silver standard substituted for it, through free coinage of silver, is impossible. It was not a matter of opinion at all, and no more open to debate than the multiplication table."

In the midst of debate preceding the election of 1896, the strong words of the editor denouncing the silver fallacy were termed by an opponent "abusive." To which Mr. Scott replied (August 8, 1896): "It is not so; but when a man sets himself up to fight the book of arithmetic and to insist that something can be made out of nothing, it is necessary to answer

him plainly." But toward open-minded ignorance, Mr. Scott was always kind. Challenged in 1896 as "abusive," he retorted that plain statement of "fundamental principles" ought not to be termed abusive and he then proceeded to state the "principles":

"The Oregonian does not use abuse as a weapon against anybody. Persons have the habit of using the words 'abuse' and 'abusive' too freely. Plain statement of unpalatable facts, clear presentation of fundamental laws which contradict popular prejudice or excite popular passion, are resented as 'abusive.' The Oregonian pleads guilty to a certain dogmatism in discussing the silver question. There is no other method than the dogmatic in dealing with fixed and unchangeable principles. . . . That the purchasing power of money is exactly equal to the commercial value of the material of which it is made; that when two kinds of money of different value are given free coinage and unlimited circulation, the cheaper being preferred in payment of debts, drives the dearer out of use—these are laws as absolute and inexpugnable as those of gravity and chemical affinity. As well indict the fairness and temper of the teacher of mathematics who declines to discuss patiently the proposition that with support of a government fiat, two and two might make five. . . . The Oregonian has no original knowledge on these subjects. Its wisdom is all second-hand. It has no information not accessible to every student. It knows that the fundamental principles of monetary science are absolute, because human experience for 2500 years so teaches. . . . They are the property of the human race. Only ignorance, presumptuous folly or selfish interest ignore or defy them."

Popular resistance to "inexorable laws" of money and value he declared futile, no matter what election majorities might be and disasters that would come to a people from such resistance are inevitable (August 27, 1893):

"In every country and in every age there have been attempts to introduce cheap substitutes for money and the results have always been the same—failure and disaster. Yet there is an instinctive popular feeling, and often a popular revolt, against the inexorable law of values, and multitudes, instead of conforming to it and working in accord with it, try in vain to get

away from what they regard as its tyrannies. A people may thus bring disaster on themselves and ruin to their fortunes, but the law remains. . . . The co-ordination of knowledge gathered from the experience of many centuries is by no means an easy thing. Dependence therefore, on great thinkers and writers becomes necessary for the masses."

Mr. Scott lived to see the silver fallacy completely abandoned and his resistance to it lauded from one end of the nation to the other. His success may be better appreciated when it is noted that his own party—Republican—in several state platforms, in Oregon, sustained the silver propaganda and other times "straddled" it. Oregon had been represented in Congress by men who supported free silver, but in 1896 they and numerous other politicians, who long had fought Mr. Scott's money "principles," were converted to the gold standard.

It need not be said that each advance of the silver propaganda was opposed by the Oregon Editor at big personal sacrifice. Circulation and earnings of the newspaper which he edited were greatly depleted. Silver adherents were numerous and aggressive and probably a big majority of the population of the State in the early contest. He attacked the Bland Silver Act of 1878 and the Sherman Silver Act of 1890; pointed out that the government was unable to circulate the silver currency provided in those acts because business would not retain it; showed that each act was depleting the gold redemption reserve; predicted disaster, collapse, and silver basis of values. These writings, covering a period of twenty years, are a marvel of literary force and reasoning power. From the first appearance of the silver delusion in 1877 he predicted the financial crisis that culminated in 1885 and 1893. On November 7, 1877, when silver advocates were pressing the issue that resulted in the Bland law, he said: "A debased and unstable silver currency will take the place of gold as fast as silver can be coined. All the talk about a double standard is merest moonshine. Gold and silver, everyone should know, will not circulate together when the former is so much more valuable.



We shall load ourselves with silver coin and the benefit will fall to other nations, to which our gold will be exported as fast as it comes from the mints or the mines." Yet so elastic was the resource of the country that the collapse was deferred much longer than he thought possible. The force that saved the Nation was President Cleveland, who drove repeal of the silver purchase law in 1893, and maintained the gold redemption fund of the government. These acts, said Mr. Scott, earned Cleveland the lasting gratitude of the country. On the death of Cleveland in 1908, he wrote (June 25):

"A man who performed services to his country at a critical time scarcely excelled by more than two or three of our Presidents, was Grover Cleveland. He was the man for a crisis and he had at once the intelligence, the purpose and the firmness to do his work. . . . No man of clearer vision, in a peculiar crisis, or more resolute to meet the demands of an occasion, has ever appeared in our affairs. His second election was one of the fortunate incidents of the history of the United States. . . . In all our history the act of no statesman has been more completely vindicated by results, and by the recognition of his countrymen, than that of Grover Cleveland in ridding the country of the financial fallacies that attended the silver fiat-money propaganda."

In contrast with Cleveland's firmness, said the Editor, was the vacillating policy of McKinley, who during years in Congress paltered with the silver question, failed to see it a dividing and uncompromising issue and, with reluctance, allied himself finally with the gold standard in 1896. "The President's course," said the Editor December 10, 1899, "has been one of indecision and hesitation. It has been the course of a politician fearful of the effect on his own political fortunes of any open and strong utterance or decided policy." And again, September 26, 1908: "McKinley tried sorely the patience of many, who understood perfectly that gold and silver had long since and forever parted company on the old ratio."

"International bimetallism"—free silver coinage by agreement of the great nations—Mr. Scott declared as impossible as the scheme for the United States alone, because laws of value

would enforce themselves just as inevitably against international fiat; moreover, the great nations of Europe did not need free coinage of silver and did not wish it. While international conferences were held in 1867, 1878, 1881 and 1892, he kept hammering away at his "principles" and scored the conferences as illusions and delusions and "bait for gudgeons." On July 15, 1890, he wrote: "The United States might as well invite the nations of Europe to join in giving practical effect to the dreams of Edward Bellamy, as to ask them to join in an agreement for free coinage of silver."

When one considers that the gold standard idea made slow progress and that the Republican Party sought to evade it as an issue as late as 1899, the perseverance of Mr. Scott appears the more laudable. Affirmation of the gold standard in 1896 was followed by immediate recovery of confidence and credit and by unparalleled prosperity. Immense stores of gold were released. Mr. Scott occasionally referred to the vindication of sound money doctrine in his subsequent writings. On November 3, 1907, he said: "All the prophecies of the silver propaganda were at once refuted by recovery of business and credit. But the propagandists of silver ever since have been trying to cover up their confusion by the declaration that the recovery has been due to the increased production of gold. It is as shallow an assertion as any other pretense of the silver craze. There was gold enough, had it not been driven to foreign countries and into hiding places at home by continual injection of over-valued silver into the circulation of the country. . . . Foreign countries, free from fiat money demagogues, had money enough."

Again, on April 8, 1908: "Of this illusion it may be said that not the wildest dreams of the alchemist or of those adventurers who sailed in quest of the Eldorado, were more extraordinary instances of the human power of self-deception. This prodigious fallacy had its origin in the equivocal use of a word." (Dollar.)

Gravest crisis in the industrial history of America, in Mr. Scott's view, was presented by the silver issue in 1896. Both

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HARVEY W. SCOTT

AT 66 YEARS OF AGE. PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C.,  
IN OCTOBER, 1904



before and after the event he held that opinion. Early in 1896 he went to Mexico, so as to learn conditions in that silver-standard country, for information of his Oregon readers. Writing from Mexico City, February 20, 1896, to the Oregonian, he said: "Here in Mexico is the place to observe the workings of cheap money, of money based on the market value of silver. Such money gives but a pittance to labor and debases humanity." Similar debasement of United States silver coins, he declared, would shake the nation terribly. On November 6, 1894, he wrote editorially: "The plunge to a debased standard of money would produce disorders in finance, industry and general business, more frightful than this country has yet known, or the world has ever seen, except perhaps the French Revolution of a century ago." On August 9, 1896, he described the danger thus forcefully: "Never was any question contested between parties, of so mighty import to the people of the United States. It involves a tremendous responsibility, not merely for the present, but for all future time; for, if we go wrong on this subject, we shall have done an act that will produce conditions under which the whole character of the people will be changed. Here, indeed, is the test of success or failure of popular government. If we take the silver standard, it will gradually produce conditions under which the masses of the people will sink to lower levels, because labor, paid in inferior money, will not get its accustomed rewards. Continuance of these conditions will within a few generations effect a transformation of the national character and a national reduction in our scale of civilization." In the evening of his life the Editor was wont to laud the "unselfish patriotism" of "gold standard" Democrats who quit Bryan and voted for McKinley in 1896, in numbers sufficient to turn the election—the popular vote being: McKinley 7,164,000, Bryan 6,562,000. On January 23, 1908, he referred to them thus appreciatively: "In every community to this day the names of these men are remembered. They saved the country from a financial and industrial disaster greater than it has ever known."

## VI RECONSTRUCTION AFTER CIVIL WAR

Mr. Scott was called to the editorship of the Oregonian just after the assassination of Lincoln. His article, "The Great Atrocity," was published April 17, 1865. Here was a tragedy in the greatest of all political contests in America. Broadly stated, the issue of the contest was between nationalism and state sovereignty, between ideas of Hamilton and Jefferson, between negro slavery and freedom, between North and South. During the whole period of his career, Mr. Scott was called upon to discuss this issue in its many collateral aspects, as the persistent one separating the two great parties. Almost his last article, April 14, 1910, related to the tragedy of Lincoln. His long-matured opinion he thus expressed:

"On this night, April 14, forty-five years ago, Abraham Lincoln was shot by an assassin. A crime as foolish as horrible. It changed (not for the better) the whole course of American political life, from that day to this, and it may be doubted whether we shall ever escape from the consequences of that horribly mad and criminal act.

"The irrational division of political parties today is a consequence of this crime; and no one can see far enough into the future to imagine when the course of our history, set awry by this act of an assassin, will resume rational or normal line of action."

The young Editor was confronted, after the Civil War, with large questions of Reconstruction. Opposed to slavery and disunion, he had to meet a hostile and bitter element. As a son of the Frontier West, he was born a nationalist and the nationalist idea grew with his manhood. Always in his editorial life that idea spurred him on. But there were many Democrats in Oregon before the War and more of them afterward. On the secession and slavery issues they lost to the Republicans, but in 1865-7 they won the State back. Issues of Reconstruction made acrimonious politics. A leading figure in the national policy was George H. Williams, Senator from Ore-

gon, who originated many measures, including the Fourteenth Amendment. Senator Williams found Mr. Scott his ablest supporter. Friendship between the two, then begun, continued as long as they lived, and on the death of the Senator, the Editor wrote a beautiful tribute and farewell. It was his last large work, for soon afterward sickness stopped his further writing.

Articles of Mr. Scott's, during the Reconstruction period, display moderate and lenient spirit toward the South, yet unyielding demand for extinction of state sovereignty and slavery and for the establishment of national sovereignty and negro freedom. Sovereignty, he insisted, then lay in the victorious North, yet not for vindictive nor despotic purpose. He never reconciled himself to negro suffrage and in his later life, when partisanship disappeared, he felt free to say that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments "made a mess of it" (*Oregonian*, December 25, 1905), and that "it is not to be denied that the evils of indiscriminate negro suffrage in our Southern States are too great to be permitted." (*Oregonian*, August 8, 1907.)

## VII NEGRO AND SOUTH

The Editor's paternal forebears were loyalists of South Carolina; then pioneers of Tennessee, Kentucky and Illinois. In Kentucky, the birthplace of his father was near those of Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln. Currents of westward expansion merged from South and North in the Ohio Valley, thence diverged northward, westward and southward. Mr. Scott's people abhorred state rights and slavery; in other matters they felt sympathy with the South. After these two issues were eradicated, Mr. Scott felt that sympathy recurring. The negro question in the South he knew a natural one in the white population and not to be argued away. In his later life he often said that disfranchisement or submission of the negro was inevitable. He foresaw that northern sentiment would not strongly resist disfranchisement; commented often on its growing acceptance in the North and on the baseless fear in the South that the North would uphold the negro.

"The negro in every state where the race is very numerous," he wrote on January 7, 1909, "has been almost wholly disfranchised; and the disfranchisement is based on conditions and regulations not likely to be shaken for a long time, if ever. Negro domination, therefore, is no longer a bugbear or terror. . . . The experience of forty years has shown the greater North that the South must be left to manage this great matter for itself." Seven years earlier, when Republicans appointed a partisan committee to inquire into disfranchisement of Southern negroes, he condemned the plan as "useless and silly." "On this subject," he added, "there has been a mighty lot of experience during the past thirty-five years, and it is useless to challenge repetition of it" (March 23, 1902).

Not less useless and silly he deemed the negro question in the South. He called Southern fear of the negro and of Northern prejudice, "a strange nightmare" (November 11, 1904), and an antiquated prejudice. "Why should not the Southern people think of other things than the everlasting negro?" (November 11, 1904.) He pointed out repeatedly that the "nightmare" or "prejudice" was harmful to Southern progress; that it allied the South with repugnant notions of the Democratic Party of the North, such as free silver coinage, opposition to territorial expansion in 1898-1900, and socialistic hostility to private business and property. He could perceive in his last years the slow drift of the conservative South away from the radical Democratic Party of the North. But the change was so slow he would risk no prophesy as to proximity of the outcome. "The negro question," he wrote February 4, 1909, "was the source of the Civil War; it has been the main division of parties since; yet now that the Southern States are finding out they are no longer to be interfered with, in this most important of all matters that concern them, their natural conservatism on other matters asserts itself and takes a new course."



## VIII NATIONAL IDEA—ITS PROGRESS AFTER CIVIL WAR

Between the two chief political parties, the main line of demarcation continued to be the national idea, Mr. Scott frequently wrote, when others complained, as in 1904-8, that they could see party distinctions no longer. "The influence of nationalism is the mainspring of party action," he said February 2, 1908, "and must continue to be such. In this national aspect of parties and politics lies the reason why *The Oregonian*, throughout its whole life, has acted in politics with a view to efficiency in national government. The best exponent of this principle has been the Republican Party." "During fifty years (November 15, 1909) the Republican Party, depending on authority and insisting on the use of it, has done everything. It has been strong, because it is the party of national ideas. In many things the Democratic Party has been a helper, doubtless; but a helper chiefly by its opposition. . . . Most conspicuous display of this fact was when it elected Grover Cleveland to the Presidency in 1892. Cleveland was an asserter of high central authority; and, discovering this, his party exclaimed that it had been 'betrayed' and it repudiated him. Ever since it has followed the Bryan standard."

Party was to Mr. Scott a means to an end, not the end itself. He was too broad-minded to think virtue in a mere party name or to follow party as a fetish. The Republican Party was for him the exponent—the only one—of concentrated and centralized power, in resistance to local authority and disintegration, and in transformation from a federal to a national republic. "During fifty years (May 30, 1904) the Democratic Party has stood for nothing that the country has desired or could deem useful to it. If anything of constructive policy has come out of the Democratic Party these forty years, one would like to be told what it is. This party of opposition has not been useless. Its use has been to force the Republican Party at intervals to justify its aims and claims."

While the Editor had the statesman's lofty view, he was yet an indifferent politician. He cared little about the "offices" nor would the controlling bosses have permitted him to participate

in the spoils which his efforts so often put in their hands. His influence with them in party organization was always little or nothing. But his power with the voters, on an issue such as free silver, was to be reckoned with. Often when unable to sway politicians on matters of party policy his appeal to the public brought result. He never permitted petty questions of an hour or a day or a locality to blind him to the main issue ever confronting the country. Right up to the last of his life he continued to reassert the issue. "On trifling events men frequently scatter in considerable numbers from the parties they commonly act with; but any event or proposition of real importance will bring them back" (November 15, 1909).

The long struggle for national unity was symbolic, the Editor used to say, of all democratic progress. A democracy, in finding its way, gropes in darkness of passion and ignorance, but finally by its own force, is sure to take the best way, yet most of the time because it exhausts all possible ways of going wrong. So with the unifying process in the Nation. "It takes a long time to teach a democracy anything—that is, any important principle. Tendency of democracy is to sub-divide. It is driven together only by large industrial and national forces, which it resists as long as it can. It took a great while to bring a scattered American democracy, planted in separate colonies, together in national unity; and the process required a bloody civil war—perhaps the bloodiest in all history. It took a long time and strenuous effort and a financial catastrophe, among the worst the world ever has known, to cure the American democracy of the fallacy of trying to maintain a fictitious money standard. . . . It will solve the tariff question rightly after a while—that is, after it has tried every possible experiment of going wrong."

The reader should not infer that there was hostile spirit in Mr. Scott toward democracy; it was critical and philosophical, merely. No person could have been more intensely democratic in mind or habit. The professions of aristocracy, in politics or elsewhere, were to him abomination. Only in democracy did the sentiment of justice have full sway. "The spark of justice

and the fires of human freedom are kept alive in the hearts of the common people, 'the plain people,' as Abraham Lincoln called them" (April 2, 1884). And "the most potent of all forces is democracy in its fighting mood" (December 20, 1905). Popular self-government was worth all its effort, however strenuous. It was the only security for freedom. Mr. Scott regarded as an urgent national need the great isthmian canal. Its unifying influence, he foresaw, would stimulate growth of the national spirit. He began writing on "The Darien Canal" in 1867. His discussions of the Panama and the Nicaragua and other routes were frequent. He believed that this waterway would consolidate the country and eradicate local narrowness even further than railroads have done. It would uplift America's world influence and upbuild America's sea power. The opportunity grasped by President Roosevelt for making this waterway American he commended as a grand stroke of statesmanship.

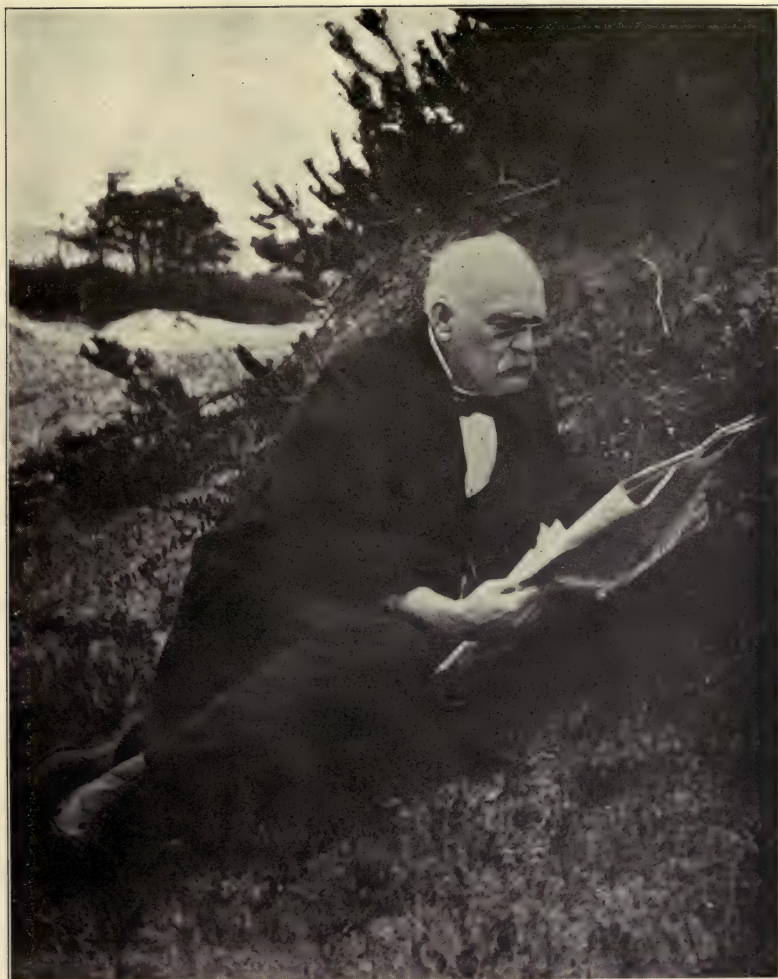
#### RIVAL DOCTRINES OF HAMILTON AND JEFFERSON

When the young Editor entered the post-bellum controversy, the leading Democratic organ in Portland was the Herald, whose editor in 1866 was Beriah Brown.<sup>12</sup> This veteran of journalism undertook to discipline the "boy editor." But the "boy" proved himself more than a match for the "veteran." Their disputes brought out a subject on which Mr. Scott wrote with growing power—the Jeffersonian origin of secession. Editor Brown, after the style of good Democrats, exalted the memory of Jefferson. Editor Scott dug up history to show Jefferson the architect of state sovereignty and rebellion; hostile to constitution and nationality; assertive of "Federal League"; author of Kentucky resolutions; sympathizer with the Whisky Insurrection and Shay's Rebellion; distrustful of courts and judiciary; covertly hostile to Washington. All this the young Editor supported with such array of reading as to spread wide his reputation. One of his terse and direct remarks (November 1, 1869) was the following: "It is now an accepted national and historical fact that the doctrines promulgated by Jefferson

<sup>12</sup> Beriah Brown came to Portland from San Francisco. He spent his later life at Puget Sound.

for partisan purposes, in opposition to the administration of Washington and the Elder Adams, were the fundamental cause of the Great Rebellion. In none has the maxim that the evil that men do lives after them been more fully illustrated than in the case of Thomas Jefferson." And near the end of his life the Editor outlined the same view as follows (February 23, 1909): "Jefferson was the man who, after the formation of the Constitution and the making of the nation under it, for partisan purposes, set up the claim that there was in fact no nation, no national government, but only a league of states, that might be abandoned or broken up by any of the members at will. This was the Great Rebellion. This was the Civil War. He was the evil genius of our national and political life."

Progress of the Hamilton idea, after its triumph in civil war, was often a theme of Mr. Scott's comments on current events. "The course of history during twenty years past (December 18, 1880) has vindicated Hamilton, demonstrated his marvelous prescience and discovered to the country the immense extent of its obligations to him. To Hamilton the country is chiefly indebted—to him it is indebted more than to all others—for the creation of a national government with sufficient power to maintain the national authority. He it was who, foreseeing the conflict between pretensions of state supremacy and the necessary powers of national authority, succeeded, in spite of tremendous opposition, in putting into the Constitution the vital forces which have sustained it. Appomattox was his victory. . . . The glory of Hamilton is the greatness of America." And on February 12, 1908, the same thought moved him to say: "The idea is growing that the Government of the United States is no longer a Government of limited powers but may cover all local conditions. This is a vindication of the principles of Hamilton against those of Jefferson." The fame of the Virginian, said Mr. Scott, will rest, in future history, on his acquisition of Louisiana and Oregon; this greatest of his works will fix him in history as the nation's chief expansionist. Acquisition of Louisiana was "the most important of all the facts of our history because it created the conditions necessary



HARVEY W. SCOTT

AT SEASIDE, OREGON, IN THE SUMMER OF 1905. HE WAS VERY FOND OF THE OCEAN BEACH AND IN LATER LIFE SPENT BRIEF PERIODS THERE. HE RECEIVED HIS NEWSPAPER FROM PORTLAND IN THE AFTERNOON AND READ IT EAGERLY



to our national expansion and consolidation." And after Louisiana came the United States claims to Oregon. "Philosophy of History" was a favorite pastime of Mr. Scott and he applied it in his later life to the main currents of United States history—Northern and Southern. On July 11, 1902, when introducing Henry Watterson<sup>13</sup> at Gladstone, near Oregon City, he reviewed these two strains of national life in an address which awakened Mr. Watterson's admiration.

### IX EXPANSION OF NATIONAL TERRITORY

The new expansion across the Pacific following the Spanish War was, in Mr. Scott's opinion, a logical pursuit of national ends. It opened a new destiny for the American republic. It meant great national power at sea, and expansion of ocean commerce, leading to American dominion of the Pacific; "the nation's wider horizon is seaward" (July 12, 1898). It followed a law of constant expansion of territory—a law of national progress which had united the country and ever extended its frontier. It would prove anew the assimilating power of the American State; would broaden the country's spirit and its outlook on the world, because intercourse with other nations gives the most powerful stimulus to progress and no nation liveth unto itself alone. It would banish from home politics fallacies which would be generated otherwise out of American isolation; among such had been fiat money and absurdities of socialism. It would promote the growing leadership of America among the great powers. The Democratic Party was then fighting the changed policy, calling it "imperialism" and "militarism" and "government without consent of governed"—issues of Bryan from 1898 to 1904. Mr. Scott scored the opposition as an affront to American intelligence. These issues were false and unworthy of a political party which for generations had negated them in domination of negroes in the South. Filipinos would not be "enslaved," as the Democratic Party asserted would be their fate under American rule, but would be accorded larger measure of political and personal freedom than they ever had before or could have under any other govern-

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<sup>13</sup> Henry Watterson, editor Louisville Courier-Journal.

ment. Even before the war with Spain, the Editor frequently told his readers that expansion was the rule of national life. "Neither races nor individuals change their nature and the laws of history cannot have fallen in sudden impotence in the nineteenth century (April 22, 1893). . . . We shall go on extending our limits, so long as the vital impulse of our nationality is not exhausted. When we lose the impulse to expand, it will be time for some other people to take the primacy of the Western Hemisphere out of our failing hands." On October 8, 1898, when the war with Spain had delivered the Philippines to the United States, he wrote: "Men and ideas now leap oceans easier than they then (Washington's time) crossed rivers; and the notion that American ideas cannot pass beyond this continent is a strange short-sightedness, reserved fortunately, as we believe, to a small proportion of our people." The new destiny inspired him to appeal to the sentiment and fancy of his readers. When the National Editorial Association assembled in Portland in 1899, he welcomed the members in an address which outlined his conception of the new expansion as follows (July 6):

"The East has been treading on the heels of the West, yet never has overtaken it. Latterly, the West has taken ship on the Pacific, and, through one of the movements of history, has overtaken the East. America has put a new girdle around the earth; and the West has moved on, till it has reached the gateway of the morning, over by the Orient where the men of the United States are planting the banners of a free civilization. . . . We are now making distant excursions, led thereto by a march of events, whose direction we could not foresee. But wherever we go we shall carry our great national idea, push it to realization and accomplish the great work of organizing into institutions the inalienable rights of man. . . . Realization that our country faces the Pacific as well as the Atlantic starts a new era of our national history, and, indeed, a new epoch in the history of the world."

A decade after acquisition of the trans-Pacific islands the Editor was as ardent an expansionist as his forebears had been in spreading to Kentucky, Illinois and Oregon. On January 1, 1908, at the time of the round-the-world voyage of the Ameri-



can fleet, he said: "Every modern philosophical writer declares that the first grand discovery of modern times is the immense extension of the universe in space. The idea shows man where he is and what he is. And the second great discovery is the immense and perhaps limitless extension of the universe in time. . . . It is with political geography that we are now immediately concerned. The Pacific Ocean is becoming more and more the theater of new interest for mankind. Here, on the American shore of this greatest of oceans, we face new movements and new destinies . . . Commercial movement and industrial forces depend always in great degree on political influences. With due regard for the rights of others, we want our just share—which is to be a large share—of the sovereignty of the Pacific."

#### X TARIFF, REVENUE AND "PROTECTION"

An ever-recurring question, vexing the country during most of Mr. Scott's period, even yet unsolved, was tariff. Nor could Mr. Scott see solution of the complicated matter in the near future. It may be fit here to outline his views on this subject, for he was consistently opposed to the long protective policy of the Republican Party, and the present protective policy of the Democratic Party. "Free trade" or "tariff for revenue only" belonged to his stock of "first principles"; "protection" was not a principle, at all; only a temporary policy and a deluded one. Never would the tariff be settled for any length of time until "protection" should be eliminated. The system is maintained, he said, because many localities, including Oregon, seek special advantages for themselves, and combine their forces to impose import tax for benefit of their own products—Oregon's being chiefly wool. All localities together are hostile to each neighbor's part of the spoil so that no protective tariff law can long exist. Such tariff, he used to say, will wreck the fortunes of any political party. As proofs we see the wreck of the Democratic Party after the Wilson bill of 1893 and recently the wreck of the Republican Party after the Payne-Aldrich act of 1909. He averred it is impossible to unite men long on any

protective tariff scheme because high moral enthusiasm, sentimental idea, are lacking. "The difficulty of uniting many men in permanent alliance for a common object," he asserted September 27, 1909, "increases as that object appeals less and less to any disinterested affection or high inspiration, and rapidly proves itself insuperable when it sinks into a mere scramble of greediness and vanity." A week earlier (September 20) he remarked: "It involves no contest of lofty opinions about justice or righteousness, the rights of democracy or the maintenance of the dignity or authority of the nation. It is trade and dicker, barter and swap."

The policy, declared Mr. Scott, takes wrongfully from one man to bestow upon another; thus confers special privilege. All cannot enjoy the benefits; a few do, and for those few the many, who have no products to "protect," are taxed. The rational tariff duty would be imposed on articles of universal consumption—food, drink and clothing—such as tea, coffee, tobacco, wine, spices, sugar and luxuries in high class textile, leather and metal goods and special luxuries of the rich. "The general principle of 'tariff for revenue only,'" he wrote, September 2, 1892, "is that we should admit free of duty, such commodities, except luxuries, as we produce in our own country and lay duties on such commodities of foreign production as we largely consume yet cannot, or do not, produce ourselves." Such settlement would put an end to the continuous brawl in Congress and throughout the country over the protection of one set of interests at the expense of others or at the expense of consumers. Anything short of it would leave the subject open to perpetual contention and strife; for protection was not an equal policy; never could be. Its most direct consequence were creation of monopolies and enrichment of a few at expense of the many. "Protection" conferred on manufactured goods yet denied to raw products, he said, was discrimination to which Western and agricultural communities would not submit. "Protection" had for its primary defense higher resultant wages for labor; but labor enters into production of raw materials just as into their manufacture.

It may be remembered that the Editor never was at peace with the Republican Party on tariff. Yet he could not quit the party on this issue, first because there was no other party whose policies he could accept and second, because more serious matters than tariff confronted the country and in those matters only the Republican Party afforded him lodgment. Chief of them was the money question.

The Editor never regarded protective tariff as an enduring policy of the national Republican Party. He considered it a more natural one for the Democratic party, with its local habits. He believed, therefore, that the parties eventually would shift on this question, the Republican to champion tariff for revenue, the Democratic to advocate tariff for protection. "Tariff for revenue only," he said August 8, 1909, "will become the demand of the North sooner than of the South. But there will be no result, these many years." Again: "As a party of national authority, the Republican Party will find the ideas of the local protectionists less and less suited to the policies for which it stands and must stand."

In the early '80's a common argument used for protective duties was that tariff would help maintain a "favorable balance of trade." This was too flimsy to withstand the editorial broadsides of Mr. Scott's writings. Thirty years later a fresh idea sprang up in defense of "protection"—an adjustment of rates "based on difference in cost of production at home and abroad," so as to afford "protection" only to industries that really "needed" it. This was the last phase of tariff that Mr. Scott lived to attack. On April 6, 1910, he said: "It is impossible to ascertain the differences between the cost of production here and abroad. Variations of opinion on this subject will be irreconcilable and endless. . . . The differences will shift and vary continually. None of these differences is or ever will be, a fixed quantity or a steady quantity for any length of time. . . . New factors are continually entering into all processes of manufacture; and cost of materials varies from year to year. Cost of production, being extremely unstable abroad, how can it ever become a basis on which protective tariff laws can be

framed for our country?" Beginning in 1880 "reciprocity" was a frequent subject of discussion and legislation. By this policy, the United States was to admit certain goods of certain other nations, if such nations would admit certain goods of the United States. The scheme never attained much success, owing largely to American unwillingness to lift tariff on favored articles. Mr. Scott said that reciprocity was incompatible with protection. "You never suspect that reciprocity is sincere, when you look at its advocates. They never reciprocate except for their own gain at somebody else's loss." (January 19, 1902.)

### XI CHINESE EXCLUSION

At two periods, Mr. Scott's firm stand for law and order and his unsparing denunciation of disturbers of peace evoked bitter resentment and even mob excitement—in 1880-86, when Chinese suffered violent attacks, and in 1894, when "Coxey Armies" were "mustering" and "marching" on Washington City. In each case the Editor's English denounced the excitors and the doers of violence, in his most vigorous style. Threats were often heard against his life and he deemed it prudent to guard his newspaper office against any possible assault. Labor agitators were foremost in these crises and they were greatly exercised by the Editor's criticism of their doctrines of labor; for Mr. Scott, through his long experience as a laborer, had learned lessons of industry which enabled him to put up effectual arguments against their claims and theories and to drive home his arguments by his own example.

Mr. Scott always held the Chinese an undesirable infusion into American population, yet useful for menial labor. He opposed forceful ejection of them from the United States, but supported the plan of exclusion, which in 1882 was enacted into law. Under treaty of 1868 with China, immigrants from that country were guaranteed free ingress into the United States. This treaty held until 1880, when a new one gave this country the privilege of regulating this immigration. An exclusion act of Congress in 1879 was vetoed by President Hayes,

because violating the treaty of 1868. Finally in 1882 exclusion was effected by an act which has been continued up to the present time.

There is little doubt that refusal of the United States to admit hordes of Chinese laborers has been best for the internal peace of the nation, although the Pacific Coast region has suffered thereby for lack of efficient laborers. Mr. Scott clearly foresaw both the social need of exclusion and the industrial need of Chinese labor on the Pacific Coast. The former need he regarded as the determining one. The immediate theme of his writings during the critical time of anti-Chinese agitation was the treaty rights of Chinese in this country to protection against mob violence. He condemned in unsparing terms the cruel attacks made upon them by agitators and mobs, whose cry was "The Chinese must go!" He pointed out that attacks upon the persons of the alien residents would involve the United States in international complications with China and bring discredit upon this country among foreign nations. He declared that industrious Americans had nothing to fear from the labor competition of Chinese. The crusade against Chinese was general in the Pacific Coast in 1880-90, and in several places the aliens suffered sorely, as in San Francisco and Tacoma. Portland had less disturbance than other cities of the Coast—in which Mr. Scott both bespoke and guided the temper of his city.

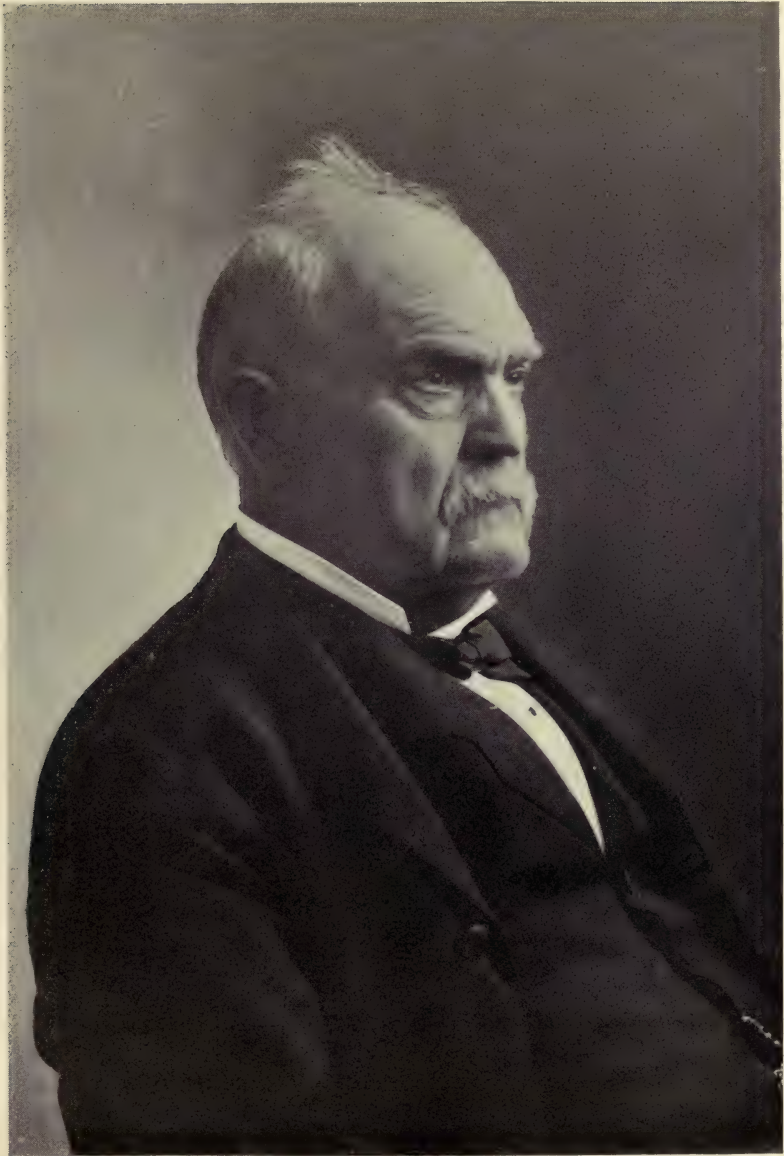
During more than thirty years and from his first to his last utterances on the Chinese question, Mr. Scott insisted that the problem was not one of labor, but of race. It was neither true nor important that Chinese were doing work that white men otherwise would do, or taking "jobs" away from American citizens. The real objection to them was that they were not an assimilable element; could not fuse with the white population; in other words, race antipathy existed which was not to be overcome by argument and which would cause discord and continual upset in the political and social body. In 1869, the Editor pointed out that labor wages here—then about fifty per cent higher than east of the Mississippi—would be reduced not by Chinese at that time few in number, but by influx of workers from our own denser populated part of the country.

White immigration was thereafter agumented in California by the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads, that year completed, and in Oregon by large expenditure of money for railroads by Ben Holladay. In that same year politicians in Oregon, as well as in California, were making campaign against "Chinese cheap labor," among them Grover,<sup>14</sup> then running first time for Governor. Against their assertion that Chinese "add nothing to the wealth of the country," Mr. Scott showed that the aliens had cleared large land areas for crops and were building railroads for use of the white population. Their number on the Pacific Coast—less than forty thousand, and few in Oregon—was, as yet, no menace to the white race and was contributing large capital, by its labor, to the uses of the country. "Every Chinaman leaves the products of his labor, a full equivalent for the wages paid him. He leaves more; he leaves the profit which his employer has made in the cheap labor he has furnished" (July 7, 1869). Often Mr. Scott told the white people that the Pacific Coast was slow in industrial progress because there were not enough workers; that Chinese were not snatching places from white men because they were doing work white men would not do; that the surfeit of white laborers in San Francisco, the center of agitation, did not exist elsewhere and that most of the work to be performed was outside the cities; that the aliens had done much to make Oregon and Washington habitable for white men, especially in clearing land—a work too hard and cheap for white laborers; that they had been employed in this and other activities also because of scarcity and indolence of the whites.

But the Editor was prompt also to say that while Chinese were useful for labor, they could not be received in large numbers into American citizenship; that the two races were antagonistic, ethnically, politically, industrially. He asserted that however much Chinese industry would stimulate growth of the country, it was better to have peace. "They are not an assimilable element and they come in contact with our people in a way which cannot in the large run be favorable either to morals or prosperity. . . . Under this view we have believed it well

<sup>14</sup> LaFayette Grover, Governor of Oregon 1870-77; U. S. Senator 1877-83; born at Bethel, Maine, Nov. 24, 1823; died at Portland May 10, 1911.

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HARVEY W. SCOTT AT 70 YEARS OF AGE





to pass a bill to restrict Chinese immigration" (March 21, 1879). On enactment of the exclusion law in 1882, he said (April 29): "The Pacific States have made a great fight and have won a great victory."

In 1905 Chinese in the Orient boycotted American goods because of the exclusion law and many exporters in the United States urged suspension of the exclusion law. The Chamber of Commerce of Portland recommended admission of a limited number of Chinese annually. This plan Mr. Scott opposed with citations from experience of twenty-five years before. Other matters were to be taken into account, he said, than exports and need of laborers. "We can never expect (August 18, 1905) that our laboring classes will assume any position except of unconquerable antagonism toward the Chinese. The history of every community on the Pacific Coast for the past thirty years proves it."

(July 5, 1905): "No conflict is so cruel as that between antagonistic races. . . . No doubt Chinese laborers in this country would quicken industries now dormant for want of hands to stir them. But how about politics? How about the race conflict? Do you want it? The Oregonian has a memory and it does not."

(July 22, 1905): "The commotion would be so great that it may be doubted whether, on the whole, the progress of the country would not be checked, rather than accelerated, even in an industrial way."

(July 6, 1905): "The Chinese could do a lot of work here, of course—and work a lot of trouble. We want industrial development, but we want peace and must not have race war."

Inasmuch as Mr. Scott's opposition to Chinese expulsion has led some persons to suppose that he also resisted Chinese exclusion, it has seemed to the present writer appropriate to set forth Mr. Scott's attitude on this subject in some detail. The Editor understood the problem as many others did not—its native antipathies, its basic race hatreds. Therefore, he was equipped to deal with the subject according to "first principles" and moral precepts. His course was humane, rational

and consistent and vindicated by subsequent events. It was a very difficult question to handle in the then heated condition of the public mind, especially in 1886 when expulsion was demanded. All are now ready to deprecate assaults upon Chinese but denunciation of such acts twenty-five years ago excited bitterest animosities, with attacks of malignity and folly. The spirit of riot and outrage, of incendiarism, robbery and midnight assault assailed the Chinese during a decade.

## XII "COXEY ARMIES"

The other period of turbulence was that of "Coxey Armies" in March and April, 1894. "Hard times" and the worst stagnation in business the country ever knew, followed the collapse of 1893. Loud clamor went up from the unemployed for work. The noise was heightened by a large element of the thriftless, who having saved nothing from "good times," turned agitators and even vagabonds and called upon government for the means of livelihood. They organized "armies" which set out for Washington, D. C., to lay their "grievances" before Congress and to demand "aid." The movement was started by Jacob S. Coxey, of Massillon, Ohio, and was encouraged by the Populist political party and by many followers of fiat money. Chief of the Coxey demands were free silver coinage and immediate issue of \$500,000,000 greenbacks, unsecured, wherewith to employ the "army" on road building—which, if done, would have plunged the nation into the lowest depths of currency degradation and industrial chaos. The commonweal parties started from many directions and but few reached the National Capital. Coxey himself was arrested there for breaking the rule, "Keep off the grass." The travelers had no means to pay for food, clothing or passage and the mania made them hostile to work; therefore they first imposed themselves on charity and then resorted to thievery and even to capture of railroad trains. Governor Pennoyer of Oregon afforded them sympathy, thereby increasing the local tension. Oregon became a hotbed of Coxey propaganda, and United States officers were called upon to protect railroad traffic from interference.

If the reader has followed the outline of Mr. Scott's personal character and editorial style, as hitherto given, he can foresee, before reaching these lines, the war which the Editor waged upon the Coxe movement. He told the "armies" that their resources were not in government but in their own labors; that they would have to take what employment they could get and at whatever wages and that the government did not owe them better nor any at all; that in Oregon and Washington was place for every efficient man on farm, in garden and orchard and dairy, in mine and forest, on terms that would enable him both to live and to convert the tattered prodigal and aimless vagrant into useful, prosperous and honored citizens; that it was the business of every person to strive to make place for himself instead of to complain, "No man hath hired us"; that the Coxe leaders were professional agitators and the followers deadbeats and prodigals. The "armies" were similar to the "I. W. W." groups of the present day, which have been defying law, order and industry, and laying their grievances to capitalism. Mr. Scott viewed the "Coxeyites" as belonging to the ultra-radical forces of socialism. His disbelief in "community help" for the individual and his faith in personal industry and prudence fired his utterances with a fervor which angered the "Oregon army." A mob of Coxeyites in May, 1894, surrounded The Oregonian building for several hours calling for vengeance. In answer to their plaint, "We are starving in the midst of plenty. Why?" Mr. Scott had answered (April 21, 1894):

"It is easy to tell why. For years there had been plenty of work and high wages. But these men did not make the most of their opportunities. Some of them did not use their opportunities at all. Those who did work worked but fitfully or irregularly and did not save their money. They 'blew it in.' They refused the maxims and the practice of prudence, sobriety and economy. They were careless, pleasure-seeking, improvident. And though they were getting the best wages ever paid, they were dissatisfied and wanted more. Through their unions they forced their demands for wages to a point beyond the power of employers to pay. Their political demagogues told

them they ought to get still more, that they were cheated out of all the benefits of 'protection,' which were intended for them, but had been swallowed up by the bosses. So the 'change' was voted. This produced increased caution and timidity on the part of employers, who feared to continue their business on the old scale, and, in fact, were unable to do so. Then, when employment could no longer be had, great numbers of these men, who had saved nothing, found themselves destitute and forthwith began to accuse and denounce society and government for conditions resulting from their own imprudence. . . . It is not in the power of the national authorities to find remedies for the evils which men bring on themselves through want of forethought and steady industry, through dissipation of time, opportunity and money, through the common modern habit of pushing the demand for wages beyond what employers can possibly afford to pay and compelling establishments to close or greatly reduce their force. . . . They who spend their money in one way or another as fast as they make it, who never postpone present gratification to the expectation and purpose of future advantage, who live in and for the passing day, with little thought of the morrow, and none at all of next year, or of the necessary provision for later life; who have been accustomed to work, when they worked at all, only at such employments and such hours and wages as they could select or dictate; whose lives in many instances have been as profligate as that of the prodigal son, but who have not yet reached the better resolve of repentance and amendment—all such are stranded, of course. These are fit recruits for the armies of vagrancy now pointed toward Washington by the demagogue folly which has long been proclaiming it to be the duty and within the power of Congress to help men by legislation who can be helped only by themselves."

As this quotation describes Mr. Scott's ideas of individual thrift, it has been included here at some length. While there might be an occasional exception to the general rule that a man's success or failure in life is what he himself makes it, Mr. Scott averred that the exceptions could not disprove the rule. With men as a class and with individuals who failed to build a foundation of personal prosperity, he had little or no sympathy. He did feel, however, and most deeply, for children in destitution. Their helplessness was always a source of sadness to him.

In June, 1894, a railroad strike halted Mr. Scott's return from an Eastern trip, at Tacoma, and he had to quit the Northern Pacific Railroad there, and make his way as best he could to Portland. This amused a number of Populist editors and they directed jibes at Mr. Scott, which he answered with the following in *The Oregonian* of July 24:

"Several Populist papers are chuckling and cackling over the fact that some two weeks ago the Editor of *The Oregonian*, then at Puget Sound on business, was stopped at Tacoma by the strike and had to make his way as he could across the country to the Columbia River. Of course the poor milksops do not know how little such an incident disturbs a man who all his life has been accustomed to obstacles, and yet never to allow them to stand in his way. The Editor of *The Oregonian* in pioneer times was accustomed to foot it between Puget Sound and the Columbia and carry his grub and blankets on his back, and to think nothing of it. He and all others at that day went through without complaint conditions a thousand-fold more laborious and difficult than those against which our Populists and anarchists and 'cultus' people generally now protest as intolerable hardship and grinding slavery. Trifling as this particular incident is, it illustrates right well the difference between purposeful energy and poor, pitiful inefficiency. The one does things, the other whines and complains, says it can't, and wants somebody to help, or government to give it a lift."

In December of the same year, when "soup kitchens" were abundant, Mr. Scott had said in his paper: "It is their duty to put their wits and energies at work, to make employment for themselves, not to stand all the day idle offering the excuse that no man has hired us." A critical editor replied that he would like to see what Mr. Scott would do, "out of money and out of work and without friends." To which Mr. Scott answered in *The Oregonian*, December 23, 1894:

"He was in exactly that position in Portland over 40 years ago. But he didn't stand round and whine, nor look for resources in political agitation or bogus money nor join Coxey's army. He struck out for the country, dug a farmer's potatoes, milked the cows and built fences for his food and slept in a shed; got a job of rail-splitting and took his pay in an order for

a pair of cowhide boots; in these boots he trudged afoot to Puget Sound; "rustled" there for three years and raked together \$70, with which he came back to Oregon afoot, to go to school, and managed by close economy to live six months, till, his last dollar having vanished, he bought an ax of Tom Charman, of Oregon City, on credit, made himself a camp on the hill above Oregon City and cut cordwood till he got a little money to pay debts he owed for books and clothes. The next years were spent very much the same way—hard work and hard study, but nothing for beer and tobacco, and no time fooled away listening to political demagogues. All this is very commonplace, but it is recited to show that when the editor of this newspaper talks about hard times, self-help and what men can do, he knows what he is talking about."

### XIII INDIVIDUALISM

None knew better than Mr. Scott the irresistible drift toward substitution of collective function for personal duty. He stemmed the drift as only his strong personality could do, yet not nearly so often as his conscience urged. He insisted that citizens should supply, as far as society could compel them, their own facilities and luxuries for selves and children, without leaning on government. Otherwise character would be impaired and the many would be burdened on the thrifty few, with the former quota fast growing. Always he was urging his readers to employ energies of the self-reliant aforesaid and apply themselves to creative labor, instead of to seek the created wealth of others. Pioneer conditions, he used to say, were a thousand times harder than the later conditions that were called "oppressive" and "grinding" by many a poor man. The contrast between the pioneer era of self-help and the new era of leaning on society he portrayed in the subjoined article, March 1, 1884:

"Our fathers, who settled and subdued the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, pursued the rational and successful way. Each family pushed out for itself, without theories to hamper it. All worked with intelligence and industry, but no one leaned upon another. The theories of modern social science, so-called, fortunately for them and for the country, were unknown. Its jargon had not yet been evolved to mystify the

mind, to darken counsel, to suggest falsely that men might look for resources where no resources are to be found. Our fathers knew that the secret lay in independent energy, in intelligent labor, in the rules of thrift, economy and virtue. They knew that the thing for each family to do was to make a selection of land and establish upon it an independent home. There were no writings of Herbert Spencer or Henry George to perplex them with vain notions of co-operative association or other transcendental nonsense. Enough for each of them to mind his own business, without bothering with co-operation, colony or commonwealth. On those principles of common sense our own state was settled."

### INDIVIDUALISM IN MORALS

It is convenient to discuss the general attitude of Mr. Scott on the large questions involved in "individual responsibility" under two main heads—moral and economic. Under the former are classed his articles on reform, liquor prohibition, temptation and the like; under the latter his varied discussion nowadays presented by "socialization" projects. No subjects received more frequent treatment at his pen than these and none other were challenged more hotly by champions of opposing ideas. They cover the whole period of his activity. They were widely read and applauded; also widely misunderstood and misrepresented.

Starting with the idea that each individual should be held accountable for his own evil conduct and should suffer its consequences, Mr. Scott declared this method the only one fit to fortify the resistant forces of personal character. Only moral strength would withstand temptation and such strength is acquired from resistance. Temptation, therefore, was not to be taken away. "It is poor and impotent method of reforming the world," he remarked September 30, 1887, "to try to put away means of evil from men, instead of teaching men to put evil away from themselves. Temptation exists in forms innumerable and will ever exist, so long as man is man; and our Maker himself appears to have seen no other way to develop a moral nature in man but by setting temptation before him and

bidding him, as he valued life, to triumph over it. . . . The text is, 'Deliver us from evil.' It is a mistaken method of moral work when the text is reversed and men think, by putting temptation out of the way, or by trying to remove from sight things that may be perverted, to make moral character." Again on December 28, 1909: "If any philosopher—or if the philosopher is to be ruled out—if any charlatan or quack can discover a way by which temptation can be resisted or character can be formed except in the presence of temptation, he will be a world's wonder. The problem was beyond Omniscience and Omnipotence."

Drunkards are to blame for their excess, not the person selling the liquor; nor the law which fails to suppress it; drinkers create the saloon by their demand for it. The one way to diminish the liquor traffic is to diminish the demand. Intemperance is in the man, not in the whisky. It is not the fallen woman who is responsible for the social evil, but the men who seek her. It is not the "keeper of the game" who is responsible for the evils of gambling but the persons whose demand creates the game and supports it. It is not the "loan shark" who is responsible for usury but the persons who seek to pay excessive interest. Those who stray from the strict moral code of sex are not to blame other influences than their own weakness. Parents whose children go wrong are to hold responsible nothing else than their own neglect or failure of training. Morally weak persons who fail to hold themselves erect should pay the penalty, either in punishment or elimination. "This poor fellow can't resist the seductions of drink (October 7, 1887); that poor fellow can't resist the seductions of the painted woman; the other poor fellow can't resist the seductions of the gaming table. And all of these poor fellows are a cheap lot, none of them worth saving and the world would be better without them." All this was a grim rule of conduct, yet it accorded, he said, with the world's experience. It did not mean that society was to fail to protect its weak members against the aggressions of the strong. "But it cannot protect the weak against themselves without trenching on the rights of free action (May 24,



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The Oregon country,  
when my father re-  
moved his family to it  
forty-nine years ago,  
embraced the country  
from the summit of  
the Rocky Mountains to  
the Pacific Ocean,  
between the 42d and  
49th parallels of  
latitude. It included  
the whole or three

Facsimile of writing of Harvey W. Scott. From manuscript of an address delivered by Mr. Scott at Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 25, 1901 (Oregon Day). "The Oregon Country, when my father removed his family to it, forty-nine years ago, embraced the country from the summit of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, between the 42d and 49th parallels of latitude. It included the whole of three" states of the present day and large parts of two more.



1904), through which the strong grow stronger and find a freedom that makes life worth living. . . . It remains as heretofore and will be the law of the life of man to the last ages, that those who cannot stand the strain and pressure of moral requirements will perish."

Legislation, he averred, has little effect on morals or character. Rum, brandy, whisky, for example, always will exist. They belong to the domain of human knowledge. To try to suppress the knowledge is absurd. "All that can be done rationally is to teach, or try to teach, the error of misuse of them (May 2, 1909). Restraint of sale is well. Still, however, there must be left some quantity of choice in the use of them—even in the abuse of them. This is absolute. It gives the reason why prohibition never can be enforced." Indians of Oregon, before whites came to the country, knew nothing of alcoholic liquors. "But had they the virtue of 'temperance?' Not at all. Though they never got drunk, temperance was a virtue they did not know. . . . Those who think that by prohibiting liquor they can make men temperate are as absurd as those who suppose that they can make men honest by never trusting them with anything they can steal. Moral strength is created only by allowing liberty of choice between right and wrong; by marking the difference between right use of a thing and actual abuse of it. All other miseries in the world are insignificant as compared with those that attend abuse of the sexual function. But does the genuine reformer endeavor to abolish the sexual relation? Rather does he not insist that one of the chief duties of life is to refrain from abuse of it?" (September 2, 1889.)

Often the critics of Mr. Scott urged that since the law forbids theft and murder, makes their acts crimes and punishes them with severity, the law can also forbid liquor selling, make it a crime, and enforce penalties for its violation. Mr. Scott replied that murder and theft are crimes *per se* and so regarded the world over; but liquor selling is sanctioned by public opinion because men recognize a proper and sober use of liquors. Reform of vice, in the Editor's view, rests with those who have

the training of youth; with those who can exert personal and social influence to put vice under the ban. Virtue must have its growth from within; cannot be enforced from without. Training, if not in the home, is impossible. Mr. Scott deprecated the modern habit of shifting this duty to the state. "All the duties of society (December 11, 1907), all the duties of the State as the authoritative expression of the means and measures necessary for the regulation of society are of little importance in proportion to the duties of parenthood; for everything depends on the watchfulness of parents and on their right care and direction of the children for whom they are responsible."

He always resented ecclesiastical control or discipline of private conduct, resisted the pratings of "pharasaic and charlatan proprietors of civic virtue" and of revivalist reformers, drew distinctions between innocent pleasures (as on Sunday) and theocratic condemnation of such pleasures as vices; decried the efforts of Pinchbeck or Puritan moralists, rebuffed "shrieky preachers" who sought to force their sensational ideas on him or on the public. His was a middle course between the extremes of vice and the extremes of reform, a course which he deemed practicable and therefore sensible.

#### INDIVIDUALISM IN INDUSTRY

Most important of all parental teaching for the youth is that of work and concentration, wrote the Editor often. Industry is first among the influences of right living. Constant labor, applied to intelligent purpose, opens the way to good practices and closes the paths of evil; also it trains to self-denial and self-control. "This self-denial of which so many are impatient (April 7, 1899) is no new doctrine; it contains a universal principle that can never be suspended; the exercise of it is, always has been, always must be, a fundamental condition of success in human life."

Mr. Scott was ever driving home the lesson that there is no considerable success without great labor and they who decline the labor have no right to expect the results that come only through labor. Young people are not to shun even drudgery,

for it is the price of success and worth the price. "Voluntary hard labor has always had a hard name among those not willing to undergo it (April 7, 1899). 'Improbis' it was called far back—an expression not translatable as applied to labor, in accord with the ideas of the modern world. It is common enough to say that success is not worth such extreme effort; which would be true enough, if only material objects were considered, but the full exercise of every man's powers is due to himself and due to the world, subordinate always to the rule of right. The one thing that needs iteration is that no success can rightfully be effected without payment of the price for it in labor and conduct." Moreover, "the young man who is to get on in the world (September 6, 1904) needs to work the most days and the most hours he can—not the fewest. There never will be reversal nor suspension of this rule. The few who observe it will get on, will get ahead. The many who neglect it will be servants while they live." Men's duty seldom permits them to choose their occupations. If every man could have the work he delights in doing, much work would go undone. Labor is the only means to happiness; efforts to escape it end miserably; physical comfort does not always lead to virtue; there is no reward for idlers; economy is a very great revenue; government can do little to "help" its people or provide them work; no man need suffer poverty in the bountiful opportunities Oregon affords; self-help is the only means of escape from the wages system—such were frequent themes in Mr. Scott's editorial discussions.

No rules for getting on in the world are worth much, beyond the rules that inculcate the homely and steady virtues. "All else will be controlled largely by circumstance (January 28, 1910). A man of fair abilities, good judgment and powers of unceasing application, may become moderately successful in any line of effort to which he turns his attention. But sobriety, prudence, industry and judgment must attend him every day of his life." A year earlier, January 7, 1909: "Attention to business, whether it be sweeping out and making fires in a little store or shop or helping to load coal on a freight engine, will land one

at the top—but the three simple words at the beginning of the sentence cover a multitude of things that the average boy slights as not worth bothering himself about.” As for college education: “Everything is in the man; little in the school (July 5, 1909). If it is in the man it will work its way out—school or no school. Talent is irrepressible. It will find its way. If it hasn’t energy to find its way, it will accomplish little from all the boosting it may receive.” Thus the Editor summarized his slight faith in “easy” education. Again: “Boys and girls! You’ve got to work, and your school will help mighty little. The less help you have the stronger you’ll be—if there’s anything in you. If there’s nothing in you, the game isn’t worth the candle. But you must try.”

Mr. Scott’s own rule of life, his own self-examination and fortitude of character are indicated in this analysis of what true worth is, as distinguished from wealth or station or intellectual capacity (April 7, 1899):

“A man’s greatness lies not in wealth or station, as the vulgar believe, nor yet in intellectual capacity, which often is associated with the meanest character, the most abject servility to those in high places and arrogance to the poor and lowly; but a man’s true greatness lies in the consciousness of an honest purpose in life, founded on a just estimate of himself and everything else, on frequent self-examination—for Socrates has not been superseded on this topic nor ever will be—and on a steady obedience to the rule that he knows to be right, without troubling himself very much about what others may think or say or whether they do or do not do that which he thinks and says and does. The prime principle in man’s constitution is the social; but independent character is the rational check upon its tendency to deception, error and success.”

Devotion to truth was a vital corollary to his moral theorem of industry. “The straight path,” he often said, “is the old and only way.” On March 25, 1905: “The only security one has, or can have, when he enters the world of activity and of strife and struggles with it, is in keeping faith with his ideals. Starvation, with virtue, after all, is not likely to happen. But shame, failure, vexation, disappointment, remorse and death

are the proper consequences of life, without ideals of virtue and duty. There are resources in decency and virtue and right living, that are sure. To these resources, loose, vicious and idle lives never can pretend. If the straight way is not the primrose path, it certainly is the only safe one."

#### XIV SOCIALISM: ANALYSIS OF ITS DOCTRINES

The motives spurring the Editor against the oncoming hosts of paternalism already have been outlined in this article. He thought the rising power of collectivism and communism, unless checked by later forces, ultimately would submerge the energetic, the thrifty members of society. Immediately it was bringing vastly extended functions of government, multiplied office-holders and "free" enjoyments for the masses that pay little or no part of the expense in taxes and that control taxation through non-propertied suffrage. Socialism, he defined as the negation of all private property, since equality is the essence of all its doctrines; as "the growing disposition to substitute communism for individualism, an increasing desire to use the State as a vehicle for support of the thriftless, by levying upon the accumulation of the thrifty; an increasing antagonism to the man who through patience, energy and self-denial, accumulates, and an increasing encouragement to the incompetent to rely upon society as a whole for sustenance and even entertainment" (April 15, 1901). Again: "It implies that industry, prudence, temperance and thrift should divide their earnings with indolence, stupidity, imprudence, intemperance and consequent poverty" (March 10, 1892). Once more: "It means that the state, or the community in general, is to be the collective owner of all the instruments of production and transport—by instruments meaning all things requisite, including land, to produce and to circulate commodities. That is to say, the state is to own all things which economists call capital—all the land, all factories, workshops, warehouses, machinery, plant, appliances, railways, rolling stock, ships, etc." (July 9, 1895).

This definition excited hostile criticism of varied degree from socialists, who would flood the editorial table with copious let-

ters defining socialism each for himself. "Every writer," replied Mr. Scott (April 15, 1901), "has his own definition. Some go no farther than general opposition to private ownership of land and productive plants. Some go so far as the platform of the Social Democratic Party in 1900, which demands public ownership not only of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, water works, gas and electric plants and public utilities generally, but also of all mines, oil and gas wells. Some advocate community ownership of all desirable things, including women." Mr. Scott admitted that the negation of the idea of private property is not the intent of socialism, but averred that such would be the logical and inevitable result, because no property could be used as a private source of income and because personal goods would soon wear out and could not be renewed, since the state would possess the means of production. Hence, there would be no way to acquire property beyond the barest means and needs of living and no person could have more or better things than his neighbor. "It is astonishing that this scheme to narrow human life to one type, and that the poorest, should have any support at all. It would be useless for anyone to make effort, for he would have nothing to gain for himself and nothing to leave to descendants" (November 22, 1904). Once when a socialist writer called civilization a "monstrous disease," Mr. Scott retorted (December 17, 1907): "It may be supposed the writer never saw uncivilized conditions, such, for example, as those in which the tribes of Clatsop and Puget Sound lived, in the former day. That state of life seemed to be a real disease."

#### SPREAD OF GOVERNMENTAL FUNCTION

We cannot epitomize the whole range of argument which Mr. Scott employed against socialism, nor does space permit. His articles on this ramified subject cover more than thirty years. He knew he could stop the then forward march of the idea not at all nor retard it even slightly. It would have to run its course, he said. In concrete practice, Mr. Scott resisted the idea in its continuous enlargement of governmental function. He declared that public ownership of complicated utilities, such as lighting



plants, street car lines, would prove more costly than in private hands under government regulation; that extension of higher education to make it "free" and "easy" injured the recipients of its so-called benefits, absolved parents from their due obligations and youth from helpful striving; that "free" libraries, hospitals and many other "free" luxuries fostered official extravagance bred officials and taxed the most energetic citizens for benefit of those of lesser merit; that worst of all it taught the habit of "lying down on the government" and "making the state pay." "Government cannot compel the energetic few to do very much for the improvident many" (June 7, 1909). "If pushed very far, the result will be continual and rapid diminution of the energetic few and increase of the improvident many." Again on June 20, 1904: "The dream of 'social justice' never will do anything for him who depends on it. He should quit that dream, take the first job he can get and stick to it till he can make it the stepping stone to another and better. Then he will find no theory of 'social justice' of any interest to him." An earlier article, November 18, 1889, remarked: "No man has ever yet risen to prosperity by croaking and grumbling and spending his time in trying to discover reasons for the supposition that society is organized to keep him down." As for spread of governmental function (February 1, 1901): "Nobody can look out for himself any more. He is no longer able to cut his beard without superintendence by the state or to buy butter for his table or to protect his fruit from winged or creeping pests or his flocks from wild beasts. No one now thinks of doing anything for his own education; and the citizen puts up an incessant demand for enlargement of the functions of the state in all conceivable ways, so he may 'get a job,' in which the duty is but nominal and the salary secure." The great source of trouble was too much ignorant and irresponsible voting of taxes and governmental extravagance by citizens who did not feel the burdens thereby imposed on property. For this reason—and this reason chiefly—Mr. Scott stood opposed to woman suffrage—which would double, or more than double, he said, this sort of voters. Government and property, he asserted, were too much harassed by such voters already.

### SINGLE TAX ON LAND

Land socialism—"single tax"—Mr. Scott treated in ways similar to other doctrines of communism, as a scheme of its advocates to prey upon propertied neighbors through authority of government. His writings on this subject extended over twenty-four years. They contain the full argument against the theories of Henry George and his later followers. A characteristic excerpt of his criticism is the following (July 20, 1909):

"Our Henry George apostles or disciples, the single-taxers, who call themselves the landless poor, will not rush off into any of the new districts, where land is offered practically free and settle down and work in solitude and contentment, as others did aforetime to establish themselves and their families. No, indeed! They wish to seize the fruits of the labor and privation and waiting and life-long effort and industry of others—by throwing all taxes on land values and making the land obtained by the pioneers, through their early efforts and life-long constancy—valueless to them. Here, in the new aspect are the modern Huns and Vandals. \* \* \* These people don't wish to work, are unwilling to work, as others have done aforetime. They think it easier and therefore preferable to prey on society and rob others—covering their operations with assertions of justice and forms of law."

### XV EVILS OF LARGE WEALTH

Evils of excessive wealth, glaring as they were and intolerable, were not to be remedied, said Mr. Scott, by the socialistic regime. He considered the propaganda formidable chiefly as "part of the attack on vast evils that must be cured or abated" (November 12, 1906). Not forever would the people allow themselves to be plundered by trust combinations. "Such transactions in themselves and in their results, are all immoral. They are on a level with the transactions of the slave trade; and their fortunes have the same basis (April 7, 1905)." It was a lazy complacency which assumed that the masses of the

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GEORGE H. WILLIAMS AND HARVEY W. SCOTT  
AT LEWIS AND CLARK FAIR GROUNDS AT PORTLAND IN MAY, 1904. JUDGE  
WILLIAMS WAS 81 YEARS OF AGE, MR. SCOTT 66 YEARS



people should submit to these exactions and yield to the "stream of tendency." Colossal combinations organized for such business are inconsistent with principles of social and individual freedom. "Our people will not believe that the long upward struggle of the civilized world for centuries, tending ever to greater freedom of the individual, larger sense of personal dignity and independence, is to be arrested now or to end now in the economic overlordship of a few and the contented acceptance by all the rest, of such favors in the form of charities or educational endowments as these few may see fit to bestow." July 18, 1903.) And the system of perpetuating vast fortunes by inheritance made the evils worse. These estates should be broken up, he said, not be permitted to solidify into permanent institutions. The power of transmitting such estates was sure to be limited. And there should be abolition of protective tariff—greatest agency of special privilege; also close regulation of avenues of transport and carriage. Socialism or social democracy was unthinkable, as a remedy. It would be inconsistent with individual freedom and personal dignity; an economic impossibility; a despotism. "Great wealth" could be regulated under existing institutions and forms of law. The whole system of private property should not be destroyed in the effort to eradicate the parasite.

#### XVI THE "OREGON SYSTEM"

In 1904 the initiative and referendum became operative in Oregon and in 1905 the direct primary. The method of direct legislation and direct nomination became known as the "Oregon system." In successive elections the "system" was actively employed. Mr. Scott was its boldest critic. He was widely urged to turn the system to his own use to elect himself United States Senator in 1906-08. These urgings were so numerous and came from such substantial sources that they convinced his friends he could make a successful contest for the office. But they could not move him to approve the system; it was destructive of party and of the representative and cohesive forces of government. He would not pose as a seeker of any

office, however high, against his convictions. He predicted that the system would break up the Republican party then dominant in registration by large majority and would elect Democrats to the chief offices. His predictions were amply verified, for Oregon has two Democratic Senators at the National Capitol and a Democratic Governor, whereas Republican registered voters have outnumbered Democratic in the state during eight years past by more than three to one. He asserted that the "Oregon system" was reversion to pure democracy and destructive of the centralizing and nationalizing institutions of representative government.

Mr. Scott directed his heaviest batteries against "Statement One"—a pledge required of candidates for the Legislature, binding them to elect the "people's choice" for United States Senator, of the general election. The Editor scored this pledge as disruptive of party, as an instrument of petty factionalism, and false pretenses, as a "trap" to force Republican Legislators to elect Democratic Senators against their own political convictions and against heavy Republican majorities on national issues. By this "trap" Mr. Chamberlain was elected Senator in 1909 and Mr. Lane in 1913, both Democrats. "Statement One" is now eliminated by amendment to the national constitution for election of Senators by popular vote—which Mr. Scott often urged both as an escape from Oregon's troublesome method and from the evil methods in other states. "The election should be placed by the constitution directly in the hands of the people of each of the states, without intervention of the Legislature thereof (January 27, 1908). It is one of the absolute needs of our government." Statement One certainly proved itself a destructive instrument to Republican unity and a boon to Democrats.

As for direct primaries, Mr. Scott conceded their benefits in eradicating the "boss" and the "machine" convention, but held up the evils—such as, loss of leadership of strongest men, plurality rule of parties and their resultant disintegration; elimination of purposeful party effort; false registration of members of party; spites and revenges of factionalism; bold

self-seeking of candidates for office. Mr. Scott's remedy was an adjustment between the old and the new systems—party conventions prior to primaries, the platform and candidates of the former to be submitted to the latter. This plan he was urging at the time of his death. It was rejected in the subsequent election by defeat of the convention candidates. It may be remarked in passing that even the original advocates of direct primaries in Oregon are not all favorable to continuance of the system. They admit the unsatisfactory results and now urge "preference voting," whereby primaries would be abolished and nominations and elections consolidated.

Mr. Scott objected not so much to the referendum as to the initiative. Both, he pointed out, were designed for occasional or emergency use, but the initiative had opened the way to innovators, faddists and agitators, who took the opportunity to inflict their notions upon legislation at every election. The initiative, open as in Oregon to such small percentage of electors, was leading to visionary extremes and—what was most serious—to unequal taxation. It was a menace to political peace and security which could not be long tolerated by conservative elements of the people. It was supplanting representative government—the best known method of democratic cohesion and safest means of protection for property. It was superseding the old Oregon constitution—a wisely framed instrument. It was reverting to "pure democracy" which history had proved inferior to republican form of government. "Representative government is the only barrier between anarchy and despotic monarchy. The whole people cannot take the time nor give themselves the trouble to examine every subject or every question. The Polish Diet or Parliament consisted of 70,000 Knights on horseback. There was no sufficient concentration of authority. The consequence, needless to say, is that Poland as a nation, long ago ceased to exist. It was the same in Ireland. There was no concentration, no centralization of authority, under representative government. There was too much 'primary law.' Ireland, therefore, is not a nation, except in aspiration, forever unrealizable." An-

other excerpt, June 5, 1908: "The popular initiative, so-called, is not a proceeding of representative government. On the contrary, its distinct purpose is to substitute direct government by democracy, for representative or republican government. One of its evils is that it affords no opportunity for discussion, amendment, or modification of its propositions before their final adoption." Party, in the Editor's view, was the most perfect method of carrying out the popular will. "No man, in a democracy, ever yet succeeded in any wide field of political endeavor except through the agency of party. . . . It is common with young persons to lay claim to non-partisan independence. The notion seldom, perhaps never, holds them through life. Experience in the long run, dissipates the view and judgment prescribes a more effective course of action." (June 29, 1907.) At this time it was a political fad of many to decry party and assert "independence." The large revolt from the Republican party was made even more disastrous by the scattering influence of direct primaries. The "Oregon system," the Editor thought, might have protracted duration, but he felt certain that experience with it would convince the public of need of modification so as to preserve the representative system of lawmaking and of party organization.

"Though The Oregonian does not expect the initiative and referendum to be abandoned wholly, it does expect considerable modification of them in time, because such modification will become absolutely necessary to relieve the strain put on our system of government by this fantastical method." (July 21, 1909.)

Ought citizens, he asked, who would defend the orderly progress of society, be thus compelled to stand guard to prevent ravishment of the constitution and the laws by groups of hobbyists and utopists who have nothing to do but sharpen their knives against society and its rational peace?

"Democracy nowhere yet has ever succeeded except through representative methods. In this way only can it bring its best men forward. Democracy makes the greatest of its mistakes when it sets aside the representative principle. It deprives itself



of its most potent method of action. It cuts off deliberation. It makes democracy merely a turbulent mob." (October 24, 1909.) "Radical and revolutionary methods, reversing first principles of government and opposed to human experience through methods of innovation, are not methods of reform." (July 6, 1909.) "The whole of this modern scheme of setting aside constitution and laws and of forcing legislation without debate or opportunity of amendment, turns out badly because it gives the cranks of the country an opportunity which they have not self-restraint to forego." (Feb. 18, 1908.) "To say this is not to dispute nor to question the right of the people to self-government. But all cannot study all questions. Modern life depends on adjustment of the results of experience, or science, in innumerable departments, to new and growing needs. Here now is the opportunity, here is the need of representative government as never before. The people are to rule but they should delegate their power to those whom they deem the most competent to do the things wanted. Only thus can they get results. Representatives betray the people less than many suppose. There is danger of such betrayal, undoubtedly, for the representative may not be much wiser than his constituency nor always honest. But the people ought to be able to protect themselves by exercise of care in the selection of their representatives." (May 16, 1909.) "In all this there is no distrust of the people. On the contrary, it is simple insistence that the people have the right to the best service that their deliberation and their suffrage can command." (Sept. 10, 1909.)

Direct primaries, said the Editor, negated the representative method in party and election, just as the initiative and referendum did in legislation. Though not so fundamentally dangerous they made their evil seen in destruction of rational political effort and of deliberation; in spites and revenges of factionalism; in elimination of men of character, independence, distinction, and ability; in election of men of ambitious mediocrity, who never could obtain consideration under any system that was representative. "Under restraints of the party system, there never could have been such profligacy in the Legisla-

ture, such excesses in the appropriation bills, such creation of additional and useless offices and increase of salaries as are witnessed now." (Feb. 20, 1909.) The new system repudiated leadership, threw leadership to the winds. "It suppresses every man who occupies a place of influence in parties—especially in the majority party. The object is to get rid of all men of energy and talents; and it succeeds; to cast out and trample down every man who has superior powers of persuasion and combination." (April 6, 1909.) "The attempt to make party nominations without some guide to representative party action always will be a blunder." (Sept. 14, 1909.)

Mr. Scott fought the onward rush of the "system" with the old-time courage that had served him against many another movement. But this was a struggle which he knew he would not live to see won. His life span was too short. But with the vision of a prophet he looked forward to a time when, after the strife's fury and passion had spent, the foundation principle of republican government would again prove itself triumphant.

#### XVII LOCAL CONTROVERSIES: RAILROAD DISPUTES

As aggressive editor and leader of public opinion, Mr. Scott found himself forced into many local political contests in the course of his long life. He entered these struggles not at all with belligerent desires, but because he had to uphold principles and policies, many of them of national scope, against persons who were setting up local opposition. His attitude on home political issues was always conditioned by the nationwide interest, when he thought that interest involved. This method of his was often misconstrued and falsely represented. On the issue of sound money, for example, he attacked friend and foe without quarter, unceasingly and everywhere, in local and general elections, who advocated "fiat money." And it is probable that many of his enemies took up the silver idea in personal antagonism to Mr. Scott.

Early railroad projects in Oregon engendered political feuds of very bitter intensity. First of these was the fight between

the East Side and the West Side companies (Willamette Valley) in 1869-70. Mr. Scott took no part in the political fight, urged both projects as needed by the public, but recognized the East Side company (Ben Holladay's<sup>15</sup>) as equipped with funds to build, whereas, the West Side company (Joseph Gaston's) had little or no financial backing. In 1870 occurred the fight to determine whether the southern connections of Holladay's road should be via Rogue River or via Eastern and Southern Oregon from Eugene. On account of the large interests of Rogue River, which otherwise would have no railroad connection, the line was routed that way through influence of Senator George H. Williams. Mr. Scott supported the policy of Senator Williams. The Oregon Legislature, by joint resolution in September, 1870, demanded the Rogue River route.<sup>16</sup>

A longer contest was that over the Northern Pacific land grant in Washington Territory, lasting a decade after 1877. The Northern Pacific had located its route to Puget Sound and claimed, under act of Congress, its land grant thither, to be earned by construction of its line. Financial difficulties delayed construction; meanwhile enemies of the road, supposed to be prompted by rival Union Pacific interests, were clamoring for completion of the Northern Pacific, otherwise, they demanded that its land grant be forfeited and a substitute grant be allowed for a rival route connecting the Columbia River with the Union Pacific at Salt Lake. This competing effort was headed by Senator Mitchell and W. W. Chapman.<sup>17</sup> But the Northern Pacific was too strong in Congress to be dislodged. Mr. Scott contended that the Northern Pacific should be afforded every advantage to complete its road (at one time the company agreed to build the Columbia River route); that the people of Oregon should not quarrel over two

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<sup>15</sup> Ben Holladay opened the first period of railroad construction in Oregon in 1869. He was succeeded in 1876 by Henry Villard. Holladay came to Oregon in 1868; died at Portland July 8, 1887. "Holladay's Addition," in Portland, was named for him.

<sup>16</sup> Session laws for 1870, pp. 170-80.

<sup>17</sup> William Williams Chapman, born at Clarksburg, Va., Aug. 11, 1808; died at Portland Oct. 18, 1892. Came to Oregon 1847, to Portland 1849, in which year he became one of the proprietors of Portland townsite and one of its most energetic citizens.

railroads when they had neither, but should help the one offering them the more practicable and the earlier connections; that the Northern Pacific was that one; that, moreover, its interests were those of the North, as Oregon's were; that while Oregon needed the Union Pacific, too, it should not play the uncertainty of that route against the certainty offered by the Northern line. Subsequent events sustained this view; the Northern Pacific was opened to Portland in 1883, and the rival Union Pacific the next year.

#### MORTGAGE TAX

Taxation of credits was an active issue in Oregon during the decade 1883-93. During most of the period the state was struggling with a law taxing mortgages. This law (enacted 1882; repealed 1893) attempted to tax land mortgages at the same rate as the land, in their proportions of value. It had disastrous effect on credit, made high rates of interest, withheld capital from the state and imposed undue taxes on debt-free land owners. These evils were foretold by Mr. Scott before enactment of the law and he finally saw public sentiment change to hostility toward such tax. Of similar sort was the popular fallacy after the Civil War, of demanding taxation of government bonds. Mr. Scott combatted this idea frequently.

#### HIGH COST LIVING

It also fell to his lot, in the last five years of his life, to combat popular fallacies of "high prices." "Cost of living" greatly increased, following high tide of prosperity in 1900-05. Among the causes ascribed was large gold production. In Mr. Scott's view, the chief cause was enlargement or excess of credit; with credit reformed, after the inflation period, prices would fall. A second influence making high prices, he said, was extravagance in government, following socialistic demands for wider governmental activities. A third was shortage of food-production, due to overplus of population outside such duties, chiefly in cities. "Let those who complain about high

2009.



A GLIMPSE OF HARVEY W. SCOTT'S LARGE LIBRARY IN HIS HOME AT PORTLAND. HE BEGAN GATHERING BOOKS IN HIS YOUTH AND CONTINUED THE HABIT THROUGHOUT HIS LIFE. HE ACQUIRED BOOKS NOT FOR MERE COLLECTION BUT FOR READING AND REFERENCE IN HIS WRITING



prices of the necessaries of life get into the country and raise wheat and pigs and potatoes. Then they, too, will want high prices for everything that grows out of the soil." (June 6, 1909.) A fourth was general organization of means of distribution yielding excessive profits. A fifth was the general extravagance of living, use of costly food and clothing and luxurious habits. "They say the times are changed, and we can get all these things and must have them. Very well, then; but don't complain about the increased cost of living." (December 20, 1909.) The Editor took such occasions to recall his readers to economical ways of life, telling them simplicity would reduce the high cost of living. "Population has outrun the proportional production of food. Food comes from the land and men and women don't like to work on the farm." (December 2, 1909.)

#### XVIII ETHICS OF JOURNALISM

Mr. Scott wrote on the ethical and moral side of many activities; nor did he neglect that side of his profession. And in an exposition of his opinions, it may be in keeping to note his cardinal ideas on the work of an editor or newspaper publisher. He called himself editor rather than journalist, for the latter name affected refinements that were alien to his character. His conception of an editor or publisher was one who was free from all alliances, political and commercial, that might trammel his service to the public as purveyor of intelligence. With such alliances, the publisher or editor could not command the public confidence nor exercise the influence on public opinion that a newspaper must have to be a virile force in a community. Independence, he said, is required of a newspaper, by the public, probably more than any other business. In 1909, when Mr. Scott declined the Mexican ambassadorship, tendered by President Taft, he was asked his reasons by a newspaper reporter in an Eastern city. He replied:

"I did not wish to tangle my newspaper with politics. . . . I am convinced that the ownership or editorship of a news-

paper is incompatible with political ambition. The people will not tolerate the idea of a man's pushing himself through his own paper, and they are right about that. The publisher who would produce a newspaper which has lasting character and influence must have an absolutely free hand. His independence must be maintained. He must stay out of associations that take from his newspaper interest. . . . The object and purpose of a newspaper is full and independent publicity and a person interested in other lines of business, in railroads, banks, manufacturing or anything of an industrial character, would better stay out of the newspaper business. If a man is engaged in the industries I have named, and also owns a newspaper, he is constantly beset by his associates to keep out of print this or that article of news or to shade news so it will not be unfavorable to the particular business in which friendly parties or associates are interested. They will ask that the matter which might be annoying or unfavorable, be suppressed or that it be presented in a way that will not carry the whole truth. . . . The long and short of it is that the newspaper publisher must not have friends who have such a hold on him that his independence is endangered."

A newspaper that sells its support or favor to a candidate for an issue for money, Mr. Scott declared, corruptly bargains away its independence, lowers the tone of journalism, and injures the public service. A successful newspaper must be independent of political party, yet use a political party, on occasion, for carrying an important issue. As an auxiliary to schemes of capitalists a newspaper becomes disreputable and never succeeds. "Money may be at command in abundance, but invariably it is found that money can't make such a newspaper 'go' (April 22, 1905)." And on December 27, 1897: "The true newspaper, that earns its support in a legitimate way, whose business is conducted for its own sake alone, that never hires itself out to anybody for any purpose, accepts no subsidies, gratuities or bribes, but holds fast at all times to the principles and practices of honorable journalism, can alone command confidence." Once more, March 15, 1879: "A great journal is a universal news gatherer, a universal truth teller. It cannot afford to have any aims which are inconsistent with its telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, let the truth wound or help whom it may."



Guided by these ideas, it may be seen that Mr. Scott was devoted wholly to the newspaper business and to none other even in slightest measure. This policy was the source of his influence. He was able to fight silver coinage in 1896 with success because he and the newspaper of which he was editor were free; otherwise he could not have made the fight, for it diminished greatly the business of the newspaper and made heavy losses. "It is an organ of intelligence (September 20, 1883), rather than of personal opinion that it is of the greatest importance that the press should be free." Mr. Scott realized fully that "old style" journalism was passing—opinion journalism, of Greeley's, Dana's, Watterson's—and that the "neutral" was taking its place; the kind that informs and entertains and lets the reader draw his own conclusions. The "fighting newspaper" was disappearing, he said. Mr. Scott made the confession although his was the "fighting" kind. "Journalism is a progressive science that must adapt itself to form and fashion and spirit, like everything else" (January 13, 1908.)

Ideals should not blind an editor or a publisher to practical needs of journalism as a business; in fact, the ideal newspaper was not practicable nor attainable. "It would be high-priced; it would have, therefore, but few readers; it would not have money enough to get the news, pay its writers and do its work. Advertisements are the basis of all modern journalism and the best newspapers are those which have greatest income from advertisements." (October 24, 1906.) Therefore money-making must be the first object—yet legitimate money-making. Such revenue must come from advertisements and they should be of the right kind. A newspaper cannot be run for sentimental or theoretical purpose, yet cannot wholly ignore requirements of the public in that direction. A judicious newspaperman continually adjusts his course between the two necessities. And in matter of news, the editor is dependent on public desires; he cannot follow his own volitions in publishing daily events. A strong newspaper must cover all news, within decent limits, that varied classes of readers demand, even including prize fight "stories." That is to say, the press is

controlled by public taste and can influence public taste only in small degree. "It is not wholly a missionary enterprise nor a pursuit of martyrdom. The editor cannot afford to make up a paper solely for his own reading or to be read in heaven, and he is subject to the influence of the common observation that the mass of readers have not the habit of thought or of mental application to read of those things that tax the powers of the mind, or that bring any real benefit." (January 14, 1881.)

Newspaper work is, therefore, a business of complications and adjustments. The editor or publisher who abides by his ideals as closely as possible, and yet conducts a strong newspaper is very rare. The success of Mr. Scott was a measure of his greatness of mind and purpose. It was his fortune to have the co-operation of two able partners, Henry W. Corbett,<sup>18</sup> who during many years was a large shareholder in the business, and Henry L. Pittock, who later acquired Mr. Corbett's share and became controlling owner. Without this support Mr. Scott knew his long success as editor of *The Oregonian* would have been impossible; and he valued above all other energies in the upbuilding of *The Oregonian* those of Mr. Pittock as publisher and manager of the business, without whom, as he often said, *The Oregonian* would have been insignificant or would have succumbed.

#### XIX CONCLUSION

This brings to the conclusion of this article, but by no means to the end of the subject. For the topics that could be discussed here, of the newspaper work of Mr. Scott, would expand to any length. He gave his writing all the energies of his life and the output was extremely varied in its subject matter, large in its aggregate. Much of importance has been omitted from mention here, yet the foregoing outline follows the main currents of his editorial activity. It was Mr. Scott's lifelong desire—and the wish was one of pioneer sentiment—to serve the people of the Pacific Northwest always with the best thought that was his to give and to have a place, after he was gone, in the appreciation of his readers.

<sup>18</sup> Henry Winslow Corbett, born Westboro, Mass., Feb. 18, 1827; died Portland March 31, 1903. United States Senator 1867-73. President Lewis and Clark Exposition 1902-3.

## HARVEY W. SCOTT

*By* William P. Perkins

Now rests the hand that held the trenchant pen,  
While from the hearts alike of friend and foe  
Spring words of tribute—words that fire the soul  
With deep determination so to live  
As he has lived, to die as he has died,  
In all the glory of his master mind,  
Effulgent to the end, without regret,  
Serene in faith, that in that upper world  
What here seem shadows, there will glow with light,  
And all life's mysteries will stand revealed.  
My brothers, it is good to live—to feel  
Within our coursing veins the fire of life—  
But, better still, to die, if, when we go,  
In farmhouse, miner's hut, and city street,  
Men speak our names in praise, because we strove  
Not for ourselves, but for our fellow man.  
And he who lived, think not of him as gone,  
But rather that his spirit lives and moves  
Among us yet, still urging us to strive  
For high achievement, for the pregnant life  
That comes to him who toils. In years to come,  
More lasting than the deeply graven stone  
Upread above the portals of the pile  
That, rising heavenward, his labor marks,  
Will be the influence of his strong life  
That strove for right, that yielded not to wrong.  
And oft at night, amid the flaring lights  
And swiftly-moving presses' mighty roar,  
When eager, sweating men shall proudly toil  
To give the world his living monument,  
All spent with mighty task, someone will say:  
"The Master would have had it thus"; and so  
Shall labor on in love, with high desire  
To render his full mead of tribute sure.  
We cannot choose the page; for life's brief span  
Marks not the end. The glowing pen may rust  
And echo only answer to our call;  
But still his soul lives on, and all the good  
He did on earth shall multiply for aye.  
Step up, bold spirit, you have heard the Voice  
That stirred your soul as with a martial strain;  
Well done, brave Patriot, rest you here a while.

Salem, Oregon, August 12, 1910.

## TRIBUTES TO MR. SCOTT'S ACHIEVEMENTS IN JOURNALISM

Newspaper editors, throughout the United States, after Mr. Scott's death, August 7, 1910, published tributes to his career in journalism. These appreciations show the universal admiration with which fellow members of the craft regarded him. So numerous were these expressions that their reprint would require a publication of large dimensions. A few of them are subjoined to show the widespread sentiment as to the Oregon Editor.

New York Tribune: Mr. Scott was an editor who put his personality into the journal which he directed and made it a force to be reckoned with in Oregon life. He was a builder and a counsellor whose services will be greatly missed.

American Review of Reviews: In the death of Harvey W. Scott, American journalism lost one of its ablest and most virile leaders.

Brooklyn Eagle: The journalism of the Pacific Coast has had no superior and probably no equal to him. The journalism of the United States has had few who were more successful and none who were more respected.

New York Editor and Publisher: He left a splendid legacy of ideals to the profession of journalism. He made the Portland Oregonian one of the great newspapers of the nation.

Indianapolis Star: The newspaper profession never had a finer, braver, truer toiler in its ranks. To its duties he brought full knowledge of the lore of antiquity, profound mastery of history, intimate acquaintance with the best literature of all ages and a style whose simplicity, sublimity and cogency are matched only in the highest models.

Baltimore News: He was one of the big men of the West. The esteem in which he was held, the character of the paper he built up, amply testify to the fact that he fully measured up to the occasion.

Chicago Record-Herald: A real and vigorous personality has disappeared from the stage of independent courageous journalism and national thought.

**Indianapolis News:** Mr. Scott made his city known by reason of the force, intelligence and political sense which he put into his paper.

**Minneapolis Tribune:** To the Oregon country Mr. Scott consecrated his life. All the states and cities he saw grow up in it owe a debt to his labors and his ideals. He built up a giant newspaper to be its servant in all honest service.

**Providence Journal:** Harvey W. Scott was one of America's great editors and one of its leading citizens. By sheer force of his personality and his powerful pen he made himself the leading figure of the Pacific Coast.

**Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat-Chronicle:** His force of character, independence of opinion and courage as the director of a great journal made him a power in the public affairs of the country.

**Boston Transcript:** The death of Harvey W. Scott removes one of the vigorous personalities of Pacific Coast journalism.

**Hartford Courant:** Harvey W. Scott was one of the strong men of the Pacific Slope. His paper was built up by him to be a mighty power and the reason for its influence was the belief the readers had in the sincerity and wisdom of its managing spirit.

**Detroit News:** To the newspaper readers of Oregon, Washington and northern California, Mr. Scott was what Greeley and Dana were to Easterners a generation ago.

**Omaha Bee:** He was a virile, vigorous, dominant personality. In the national councils of newspaperdom he stood high and he leaves a clean, enduring monument in his personal example as well as public service.

**St. Paul Pioneer Press:** He left his personal impress upon every feature of his paper long after the complex system of modern newspaper work had made it impossible for any one man to supervise personally all the details of the daily work.

**Springfield (Mass.) Union:** His paper has been representative of the highest ideals of the Pacific Coastland—clean, able and independent.

**Minneapolis Journal:** His battle against free silver in 1896 was typical. It was the greatest tribute ever paid to the educational power of a free newspaper.

Peoria (Ill.) Transcript: He made his newspaper the most powerful on the Pacific Coast.

Peoria (Ill.) Journal: He fully deserves the honors that Oregon will give him.

Atlanta Constitution: His death removes one of the greatest American journalists, belonging to the school of Greeley, Raymond and the elder Bennett.

Buffalo Express: Perhaps his most notable achievement of politics was the holding of Oregon to the gold standard when all the remainder of the West was crazy for free silver.

Philadelphia Ledger: The death of the venerable Harvey W. Scott removes one of the most picturesque and by all odds the most forceful figure in Pacific Coast journalism.

Boston Herald: The ablest, most independent and most widely quoted of Pacific Coast journals, for many years, has been the Portland Oregonian. The man, Harvey W. Scott, who has been responsible for this supremacy, has just died.

Pacific Christian Advocate (Methodist): Oregon has lost its most noted and influential citizen. His influence must continue to be one of the most potent forces ever exercised on this Coast.

Portland Journal: In intellect, journalism has known few men of equal mould.

Portland Catholic Sentinel: The Northwest loses one of its most commanding figures. Mr. Scott was one of the last survivors of the old guard that worked and protested against the commercializing process in the daily press.

Melville E. Stone, General Manager Associated Press: The most efficient American editor of the last quarter of a century.

Tacoma Tribune: He enforced respect for his paper and its policies by the sincere and dignified manner in which his enunciations were put forth.

Tacoma Ledger: No other man has exerted an influence equal to that of Harvey W. Scott in upbuilding of the Pacific Northwest. His many years of service as editor of a great newspaper have left a lasting impression on our institutions.

Bellingham American: Mr. Scott was a great man in all the senses of greatness.



HARVEY W. SCOTT'S HOME AT PORTLAND, CORNER TWELFTH AND MORRISON STREETS.  
HE LIVED ON THIS CORNER NEARLY 40 YEARS





Tacoma Herald: Few men have swayed the public mind over as large an area as did Harvey Scott and none has maintained a dominance through so long a period by the exercise of purely intellectual force.

Tacoma News: For some thirty years he was the unquestioned oracle of a domain that embraced all of Oregon with numerous outposts extending as far north as British Columbia, deep into California, and into the Rocky Mountain region.

Portland Spectator: Oregon has lost its greatest citizen.

Pasadena Star: The Pacific Coast has lost its most conspicuous journalistic figure. He gave his paper a national reputation.

Sacramento Bee: He was one of the most remarkable men of the Pacific Coast. His newspaper became known all over the Union as a leading journal.

Spokane Herald: The Northwest has lost one of the most powerful editors whom American journalism has known.

Spokane Chronicle: He earned a place among the most honored and most useful pioneers of the great Northwest.

Spokane Spokesman-Review: He was a mighty pioneer in molding the thought, the institutions, the career of the Pacific Northwest in its plastic time.

Seattle Times: Mr. Scott was one of the greatest editors America has ever produced.

Seattle Post-Intelligencer: The country has lost the last of its great personal editors.

Seattle Patriarch: His spirit will remain with us as a beacon light, solacing the old with fond memories and stimulating the youth by the inspiration of his worthy example.

Seattle Coast: A forceful, honest, fearless pen he wielded. Beloved by friends and feared by foes he lived. Honored and respected by all he died.

Seattle Register: The immense influence of his newspaper over a large section of the country was due to Mr. Scott's wonderful command of language and the forceful and incisive logic of his editorials.

Boise Statesman: He was one of those rugged natures that are typical of the West. He was a soldier in the army of the common good and was always found in the smoke and grime of battle.

Butte News: If the history of American journalism is ever written, Harvey Scott will form the subject of a most interesting chapter.

Los Angeles Times: When Harvey W. Scott passed away one of the great lights of journalism went out. He was a great editor in every sense of the word.

San Francisco Argonaut: Mr. Scott won and held leadership in the intellectual and moral life of Oregon by a fortified wisdom and by an unshrinking courage. His was the journalism of social responsibility, and of the spirit of statecraft.

Idaho Falls Register: He rose to the top as one of the ablest and foremost journalists of the world.

Salt Lake Republican: No other editorial writer in the West, and few, indeed, in the whole country, have been read so closely as Harvey Scott.

Salt Lake News: American journalism has lost one of its most brilliant lights. The Oregonian is a monument to his character.

Salt Lake Telegram: His voice has been the most potent ever raised within her (Oregon's) borders. He has done more to shape the character of the state than any other man.

Salt Lake Tribune: Mr. Scott made himself a power on the West Coast. The whole country will feel poorer because he is dead.





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LETTER BY DANIEL H. LOWNSDALE TO  
SAMUEL R. THURSTON, FIRST TER-  
RITORIAL DELEGATE FROM  
OREGON TO CONGRESS

*Introduction by Clarence B. Bagley*

In December, 1912, the writer spent several days in the rooms of the Oregon Historical Society, in Portland, examining old manuscripts and newspapers. The collection belonging to that Society is large and of historic value that but few even of its own members appreciate.

From 1852 to 1860 our family lived in and near Salem, it being the capital of Oregon Territory, where nearly all the notable people of those early days congregated at some time of the year; thus their faces and reputations were familiar to me. The reading of these letters and documents bearing dates of more than sixty years ago from Joseph Lane, James W. Nesmith, Asahel Bush, Matthew P. Deady, et al., brought to my mind hundreds of incidents of my childhood when these men and their contemporaries controlled affairs in Old Oregon.

Among these papers and documents were several from Daniel H. Lownsdale to Samuel R. Thurston, Oregon's first delegate in Congress. The document presented herewith in the Quarterly is unsigned, but while reading it the handwriting seemed familiar and after a careful comparison with letters and documents signed by Mr. Lownsdale, Mr. George H. Himes and I, both, by the way, expert in deciphering poor chirography and in the recognition of individual penmanship, unhesitatingly pronounced it the work of Mr. Lownsdale.

The paper throws many sidelights upon incidents and conditions existing in those early days and has the greatest value because of the prominence of the writer.

In a recent letter to me from Mr. Himes, he says:—

“The Diary of Hon. Samuel R. Thurston, beginning November 29, 1849, and ending on August 28, 1850, relating to his official duties in Washington, D. C., as Delegate in Congress from Oregon Territory, together with a large number of letters received by him, principally from his constituents, were secured from the daughters of Mr. A. W. Stowell, whose wife was a daughter of Mr. Thurston. Mr. and Mrs. Stowell died several years since.

“My acquaintance with Mr. Stowell began fully thirty years ago, but no reference was ever made to the Thurston material until about 1903; then, learning that he had it in his custody, I urged him to give it to the Oregon Historical Society, which he promised to do in the near future. But he failed to do so during his lifetime. Then I took the matter up with his brother and through his influence with his nieces the material was finally secured. I have the diary partly copied. It ought to go into the Quarterly before long.”

The rivalries and disputes between the Americans and the representatives of the Hudson's Bay Company and between the missionaries belonging to the several church organizations began in the late thirties, and are familiar to all students of Oregon history.

A large American Exploring Expedition visited and surveyed Puget Sound and lower Columbia River waters in 1840-41, with Lieut. Charles Wilkes at its head. Either he or one of his trusted lieutenants visited all the American settlements on both sides of the Cascade mountains and an exhaustive report of the expedition was later printed by the United States Government. Wilkes was in frequent consultation with the missionaries and the leading men among the settlers, and later became the object of most acrimonious criticisms, charging him with disloyalty to American interests and unwarranted friendship toward the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company.

For many years it has been a puzzle to me as to the reason for this antagonism toward Captain Wilkes, as it has ever seemed to me that he exercised good judgment and sound discretion at all times in his visits to the Oregon people. The tone of this document is unfriendly to the extreme of bitterness, which seems to have been caused by the report he made about the difficulties and dangers attendant upon the navigation of the Columbia river. There were "townsite boomers" in those days as well as at the present time, and Mr. Lownsdale was easily their leader at that time.

Daniel H. Lownsdale was a native of Kentucky and a descendant of an old southern family. For a time he lived in Indiana, then went to Georgia, and in 1845 came to Oregon. In his early manhood he acquired a liberal education and then widened his knowledge and broadened his views by devoting two years to travel and study in Great Britain and Continental Europe.

The first to lay claim to land on the site of Portland was William Overton, of whom little is known. A. L. Lovejoy is credited with being the first to entertain the idea of making a city there. He came to Oregon in 1842, and in 1843 or 1844 acquired an interest in Overton's claim. Francis W. Pettygrove, who later founded Port Townsend, Washington, soon acquired the remainder of Overton's interest, and Lovejoy and Pettygrove began work on the embryo city. Its boundaries were surveyed, a log cabin was put up in 1844, and in 1845 the original plat of sixteen blocks was laid off. Overton's cabin, put up in 1843, was merely a shed, open in front.

Oregon City was the first place selected as a townsite in Oregon. In 1843 Linn City was founded by Robert Moore on the west bank of the Willamette, opposite Oregon City; and Hugh Burns soon after laid off a town below Linn City and called it Multnomah. In 1843 M. M. McCarver, who founded Burlington in Iowa, Sacramento in California, and Tacoma in Washington, together with Peter H. Burnett selected a site a few miles below Portland and called it Linnton, in remembrance of Senator Linn, of Missouri, one of Oregon's earliest and most influential friends during its formative period. In

1846 Captain Nathaniel Crosby laid off Milton at the mouth of Willamette Slough opposite the north end of Sauvie's Island, and about the same time Capt. H. M. Knighton founded St. Helens, still further down the river. In 1847 Lot Whitcomb laid off Milwaukie, which indeed was a rival to Portland for many years. In the same year James Johns founded St. Johns, near the confluence of the Willamette and Columbia rivers. Sometime prior to 1850 "Pacific City, Lewis County, Oregon," was laid off by Elijah White and he sold lots there. One of his printed deeds is among the papers of the Oregon Historical Society. Later, Rainier was established on the west bank of the Columbia, and in 1870 the land ring of the Northern Pacific Railway Company founded its first "Pacific Terminus" on the east bank of the river nearly opposite its earlier rival, Rainier. They called their bantling Kalama, which, by the way, was the name of a native of the Sandwich Islands that the Hudson's Bay Company brought over to work for it in the later thirties. Early in the game of founding cities Astoria and Pacific City were earnest rivals and for years made faces at each other across the broad waters of Columbia's mouth. All of these embryo cities from the ocean to the Falls of the Willamette were equally affected by Wilkes' report, and they seem to have made common cause against its author.

Mr. Lownsdale "took up" a claim back from the river, and at the same time recognizing the value of the water front purchased Pettygrove's interests. A few months prior to the date of the document under discussion, Stephen Coffin, W. W. Chapman and D. H. Lownsdale became the sole owners of the claim and the three set to work methodically to make Portland a city. They combined large capital for those early days. They were able men, of wide experience, and were courageous and energetic, as, indeed, were nearly all of the pioneers of that period.

In passing, I may call attention to the references to Doctor Whitman in several places in the document. Those interested in the "Whitman Myth" will find much to attract their attention in that connection.



It would not be a matter of surprise if the publication of this paper should revive many topics for discussion among those interested in the history of Old Oregon.

### SUPPLEMENTARY INTRODUCTORY NOTE

By the Editor of *The Quarterly*

The first strong impulse with a document like the Lownsdale letter is to withhold it from publication. But it is a document contemporary with the public affairs with which it has to do; and, moreover, it is in a large measure representative of the views of those in the ascendant at the time. While it is utterly worthless as a clear source of abstract facts, it cannot be discredited as an expression of the deeper feelings and of the attitude of probably a majority of the Oregon community of the later forties. Every statement in it contains an element of perverting prejudice, yet it is explicit and it tells what must largely have been believed and acted upon at the time. It is saturated with poison but it contains what was no doubt in the thought and hearts of the majority that elected Samuel R. Thurston as Oregon's first delegate to Congress. It interprets the first insurgency of the Oregon demos. It is the first function of history to understand, so if Oregon history of that time and throughout is to be fully understood, this letter of Daniel H. Lownsdale is an absolutely indispensable source.

It will be noted that the writer presents it virtually as the brief of the American interests when vital conflicting claims between settlers of American antecedents and those of British antecedents were about to be brought to an issue before Congress. This Lownsdale letter was calculated to serve the needs of Thurston as he struggled to realize the purposes for which he had been sent to Washington. Its resumé of the course of events through which the Oregon situation had been evolved was just what Thurston had to have in hand as his residence in and acquaintance with Oregon had been very brief. The document reflects the basis of the attitude of the dominant party in the first great marshalling of forces in Oregon's political history.

Portland, August 10th, 1849.

Dear Sir: Since your departure, I have been writing and know not whether I shall have time to finish all I had intended and even what I have has been written without proper revision

and is very imperfect, and perhaps may not, without a great deal of trouble in preparing it for the press, answer much purpose,—but if it does no more than give you some of the facts of vital importance to know, it will have accomplished something,—but it all resolves itself into this, that the Hudson's Bay interest will represent itself ably, no doubt, during the next two years and you cannot too scrupulously watch the American interest, and the treaty gives ample scope for them to have their rights and also a few which should be turned over to Americans. As an advocate of holding treaties sacred, I should give it as my desire to see the treaty fulfilled but at the same time where there is any matter left to legislate on, that the American rights should be attended to, and if necessary to comply with the treaty that British claimants should be paid by the United States Government and not give away individual rights to fill the stipulations of treaties. This appears to be the aim of the British interests here; instead of throwing themselves on the liberality of their own government, they think they should seize all in their power and thereby wrong individual citizens of what they have a right to expect from our own government. Instead of their surrendering anything which a preference as an American, they should be entitled to, the government should give the American the preference and if the government is indebted to the Hudson's Bay Company, let them be paid out of the public treasury and not from the dearly earned interest of individuals. I allude particularly to the interests of the settlements on land claims and the choice of locations on which a grant or pre-emption may be anticipated. There has been various instances of American settlers actually having been driven from their settlements by force and their houses pulled down and at other times burned; and other times on refusal to relinquish their improvements have been put in prison by this same Hudson's Bay Company. Now if an American has any preference on American territory, why should these men be allowed to hold in defiance of that preference?

From the wording of the Organic Act (latter clause of the 14th section: "But all laws heretofore passed in said territory, making grants of land or otherwise affecting or incumbering the title to lands shall and are hereby declared null and void," etc.) by Congress, that body may have had this thing in view; but our best judges have given it as worded thus from the grants by the territorial compact or old organic law of this territory. It is clear if the latter has been the cause of this clause being inserted; but that body has taken the same im-

pression as is generally taken by many here. That it is the fact that the old organic law gave grants of land, this same thing is plainly the opinion expressed in the memorial to Congress of 1846; but notwithstanding the English-Scotch memorial of '46, notwithstanding many of our wise men at home and our most wise congress should be of this opinion if you or they look again you will not find any grant given by that old instrument. It makes certain rules by which any man shall be governed who was then holding or wishing to hold a claim of land in this territory; and not *granting* either *formally* or *informally* any right to the soil whatever; but laid down the rules as above described to keep down strife among the settlers with each other, but at the same time leaving to the anticipation of what every American citizen has an *undoubted* right to expect from our mother government—a donation of land,—and this too in preference to any occupant of any other nation. If the former has been the cause of these words of the organic act of Congress for this territory, then have they taken the right view of the case; for by the old organic law the preference has been in favor of the foreigner,—not as it was dared to be openly expected by the then *two-fold* character given to that instrument, but by the bribery of these monsters who have dealt in this manner up to the present in Oregon, to the advantage of their masters, the H. B. Co. and foreigners.

A law, however, that has in view justice to Americans settled in this country cannot give a more just bearing to donations or pre-emptions than this same old organic law, for the simple reason that by this they would secure their claims as they have laid them; yet it needs considerable qualifications to prevent foreigners and those who have not been at any trouble to settle and improve the country from sharing with those who have a right to their choice and inalienable right to what their toil and privations necessarily borne by the first settlers. I know of no better mode of a donation law than the following which I extract from a letter from one of my friends in Missouri; in which he shows the clear necessity of framing the law with an eye to the rights of the Americans composed of farmers, mechanics and professional men, all of which it takes to make a community, and when you fall short of meeting this community (and not individuals) you fall short of the spirit of every vital interest of any country in its settlement. There is one thing, however, which should be kept in view. That is, a course to prevent speculators from retarding those settlements; therefore, the more simple, plain and de-

cisive the law can be worded the better. I will here quote his wording, not as *your* criterion, but it is not amiss to hear all that can be said on any subject.

Said he, "I think the wording of any donation or pre-emption law for Oregon should be in these words, namely, (in the body). "Every American citizen who has settled permanently in Oregon territory previously to the proclamation of Joseph Lane, the governor of this territory, declaring the laws of the United States in force in the said territory, shall be entitled to a grant of 640 acres of land, laid out as described in the organic law or compact adopted by the people of Oregon territory on the twenty-sixth day of July, A. D. 1845, with these qualifications; the said donation or pre-emption as above described shall be to the American citizens who have been the actual settlers or purchasers from the first settler the improvements made on the before described donation or pre-emption, who has continued to reside in this territory for the term of three years and occupied the same and cultivated the soil during that time; and in all cases giving the preference in location to the oldest occupancy as before described having made permanent improvements or purchased the same from the original or assignee of the original settlement; and continued his occupancy as assignee or purchaser of the former settler or settlers original; in person; or if a mechanic or professional man continuing to reside in the territory by cultivation by himself or hired hand or hands, so to occupy; but this, however, shall not entitle any to hold but one such location or claim, entitling him to a donation or pre-emption. No non-resident living in any other place than this territory shall be allowed a location or claim entitling him to a donation or pre-emption in preference to a resident citizen. But in all cases the actual possessor and settler, original or purchaser of the same from the original, or his assignee, shall be entitled to the preference in location and donation, or pre-emption, on which he or his legal predecessors had selected and improved. Nothing, however, in the foregoing shall be construed as to give any legal claimant as before described a right to lay his claim on lands covered by another previously laid and occupied as before described but in all cases the oldest occupant and claimant shall have the preference if he has continued to occupy as before described; and be it further enacted that any widow, old maid or young girl over the age of ——— shall be entitled to the same donation as before described if such shall occupy previous to the proclamation or shall have resided in this territory three years or con-

tinue to do so after moving into the same and shall have descended from a free white citizen of the United States, and otherwise be governed by the general stipulation for males."

These wordings may be a little imperfect but I think, except the definition of age and the requiring a proper surveyor to lay out such claims and report to the proper surveyor-general, where they are situated, etc., the majority of the people's case would be heard and their rights respected.

The custom house location is another matter which the people are interested in. All the objections to the matter being easily disposed of, are, the assertions of the Hudson's Bay Company and their clique who, if they cannot run the trade into the mouth of Clamet river, they will endeavor to gull the people and Congress with an assertion that Tongue Point Chanell [sic] and the mouth of the Willamette are impracticable and stop the trade anywhere but where the people need it, and although the Tongue Point bar and the mouth of the Willamette always afford as much water as the mouth of the Mississippi, they plead it is useless to be at the convenience of having trade in our vicinity but put as many trammels on it as if we were obliged to cut our own throats because they wished our death and could not otherwise kill us. It is well known that at the mouth of the Willamette (on the narrow bar of thirty yards) there is never less than 12 feet water at low tide and low water, and that the tide rises at that place to the height of four feet and yet it is impossible, as James Douglas, Ogden and Doct. McLaughlin says, to have the trade come so near the settlements as Portland.

The obstruction to any depth of water necessary to vessels of any size would be but a trifling matter to remove and in the only month that we have low water in the Willamette during the year we would be relieved from paying tribute in a useless expense where the country profited by this, is but a speck compared with the upper country, but not so bad, Johnny Bull, we will not take your advice, nor take your medicine. At any season of the year except when we have had but little rain in the fall season; at full tide we have 17 feet of water at present and of course every inch the bar is taken off will add to the depth of water (which is a sand bar) but during the month of November we sometimes have but 16 feet, but this is even more than the highest tide gives the mouth of the Mississippi by one foot.

The history of no country now in existence is of more importance at the present to the world at large than that of Oregon

Territory. Up to the present it has been enveloped in mystery and kept, as the fern among the towering fir groves, shut out from the sunlight, and in this enchanted condition, for purposes best known to those who have not only fattened from this seclusion but also gives ground to suppose that there are sinister motives for the future. At the discovery of the mouth of the Columbia river by Captain Gray who entered its mouth and ascended to where Astoria is now situated, in the year 1792, there was no white settlements on this, nor its tributaries. After this discovery and report by Captain Gray, the Hudson's Bay Company by their agent, Mr. McKinzie, conceived the idea of converting the trade of this coast by a chain of trading posts to the Atlantic and reported accordingly, the probable interest it might make to the English crown by giving the United charter to the Hudson's Bay Company and the North-west Fur Company and we will see how far their designs have been carried out before we come to the present date.

In the year 1808 John Jacob Astor, after hearing the report of Lewis and Clark, came to the conclusion to settle a trading post at this point and sent by land a company of men while his ship *Tonquin* sailed around by sea, to their destination, where they arrived, the *Tonquin* entering the mouth and ascending to the station at Astoria, 1811. During the short period of two years, Astor's establishment flourished amazingly, and, as requested by the energetic traveler, McKinzie, the Hudson's Bay Company forced their way westward and commenced their course of opposition to the Americans, and in 1813 a British brig entered and captured his station, and in 1814 built a fort at the place now known by the name of Fort George and retained the same until the present, notwithstanding the required relinquishing the country by treaty; they did indeed give up the site of Astoria but retained their hold at Fort George when the treaty required the surrender of the trade of the whole country on its former footing to the Americans.

Thus, cramped by the Hudson's Bay Company and a continuation of their posts up the river, the company continued virtually to hold possession of the whole Columbia valley, on the east and west of the Cascade mountains, Astor relinquished the trade and, although in direct opposition to justice, England virtually, by the Hudson's Bay Company, possessed what treaty had guaranteed to the American citizen. They entered Oregon territory in the year 1810; still continuing westward 1812 they made another fort still lower on the Columbia, thence down to Walla Walla in 1811 and where Vancouver now stands,

1825, thus completing their chain, with that at Fort George, to the Pacific. After having the run of the whole fur trade of this immense valley and its productions, from the Indian manufacture of skins and in their fisheries until the year 1842 when they became alarmed about the prospect of the country's being peopled by Americans under the treaty as conveying it from its original claimants the Spanish. In 1843, Doctor McLoughlin received orders, as the governor of the western branch of this company, to dispatch agents to Fort Hall and order them to stop the emigration who had come on that far, and if possible prevent them from crossing the Blue Mountains. This can perhaps at this date be denied by the managers of this band of friends to the American interest, but I will just cite you to proof of the fact; to Mr. McKinlay of the Hudson's Bay Company, to Mr. Spalding and Eells, missionaries, who were there and know the particulars; and if that lamented friend, Marcus Whitman, had not since been murdered as well as his papers burned we should have had that evidence which they feared to face. When Whitman, who piloted the emigration of 1843, arrived at Fort Hall, the difficulties of the journey was offered as an objection to their continuing on their journey; next the danger of Indians; and when they found these men could not be deterred by any other mode they threatened to bar them by the Hudson's Bay Company having possession of the country and would not allow them to settle without coming under their rule. Whitman being a well informed man at once told the emigrants they should have no difficulty as they were making assertions which they could not carry out. Some, however, were deterred, and (by this stratagem being presented to them). The great traveler Hastings (Hastings is now in California at the present and takes sides with the Indians, who have murdered many of the citizens of Oregon, and when those who had relations thus murdered has made exertions to bring them to a summary justice, he has tried to keep the Indians from being detected and has ever acted in unison with the Hudson's Bay Company against the Americans in Oregon, and not only a splendid description of California given but some say a little golden influence also, several were induced to turn to California. Nevertheless, Whitman succeeded in bringing several to the west of the Blue Mountains, and from thence many into the Willamette valley. On their arriving, they found the best portions selected by the Hudson's Bay Company and several trading posts, and one place in particularly the Willamette Falls, where some ar-

rangements for manufacturing flour and cutting lumber, etc., had been made, and for fear the American government should not recognize their right to take up the lands, Doct. McLaughlin, or Hudson's Bay Company, for the whole of the company's business to this day is under his control, fell upon a plan of adapting himself to the circumstances and give it out he was going to become an American citizen; and accordingly, to carry out his plan of proceeding profitably, looked out who was the most influential among the Americans and make them his tools for operation in his new course. Accordingly selected for his purpose a lawyer, a general, a judge, and some former legislators. These he first made his servants by taking advantage of their needy condition after their long journey, letting them have goods to the amount of from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars on a credit, and continued to let them have goods as they wished at any time. The next thing to be done was to set two or three of these men to writing a description of the country as given by them, or him, and colored everything to their notion. Four years previous to this settlement in 1843, a few of the rocky mountain trappers had worked themselves down into the westward of the blue mountains and commenced farming on a small scale, and hunted and trapped at intervals; and kept up a half-Indian, half-farmer trade with the Hudson's Bay Company. A Mr. Griffin, also a missionary, had settled in the Tuality plains during the year 1838 as a missionary, and had intercourse with the same and was well acquainted with the proceedings of those of the American navy who had visited Fort Vancouver. Through him and some seven of the trappers in the same section of the country, I obtained my information with regard to their reception and treatment at the fort. As is usual, they have evinced great hospitality to the American officers, and made every show of kind feeling for their country. After this course of treatment, it may be well understood how it has been possible to so corrupt the reports to our government, respecting the mouth of the Columbia and other matters vitally affecting the interests of this territory. After enjoying a week of leisure and living well, and not infrequently a "*spre*" in which a free use of the wine and brandy was common, it softened the heart and opened the disposition to get written statements from the honourable governor of the Hudson's Bay Company of all the particulars of the trade, navigation and history of events connected with the country, and such, I venture the assertion, from good authority, are the reports sent to Congress as being his official productions



and research. It is a well known fact that the description of places and circumstances correspond at least, with what they have made it, and particularly the mouth of the Columbia, "a nest of dangers." Their leaders even refer to Wilkes' reports with great satisfaction, although at the same time charge him with having but little "brave seamanship." See the Oregon Spectator where Doct McLaughlin and Douglas over the signature of Truth Teller give their views (in Vol. 1, No. 26), or rather their report to the world. But now comes the secret: It is well known that their plans and management have always been to keep out the American *trade*, and thereby always have the Americans under their management in *trade*, and this is what made the "nest of dangers" at the mouth of the Columbia, and now for facts: first, whether it was manufactured for the benefit of their plans or not, such is the fact, that there is an old chart which has been put into the hands of such strangers as intended sailing to the mouth of Columbia river, by the Hudson's Bay Company's agent at Honolulu, which has falsely marked on it the bearings of the various bars, breakers, channels, etc., and woeful experience has told these same strangers that there was marked for the channel places where no ship could ever have run without falling into their "nest of dangers," and further that one of these charts has been in the hands of Nathaniel Crosby, Jr. (the only man who has entirely succeeded in any great degree to develop the facts.) This same Nathaniel Crosby has been engaged in the Sandwich Islands and California trade from this place for the space of four years, making a voyage to and from each of these places to Portland about once every 2 months, and without a single accident in passing out and into the mouth of the Columbia river—and further gives it as a fact from the depth of water, the width of channel and everything connected with the passage to be as easy to pass as any entrance in the United States, and this you will see by looking over Crosby's chart made from the year 1845 up to the present.

The ship *Main* was an example of the effects of the Hudson's Bay agents' advice, etc., [?] at Honolulu for by this chart as before described the master sailed. And now for the proceedings of the Naval officers' reports and proceedings during their stay in Oregon.

In 1841, I believe in August, having previously got an old chart from the Company's agent at Honolulu, Lieutenant Wilkes made an attempt to come into the river and his reports will show the result. Feeling chagrined that he should

have lost this old vessel taken during the last war with Great Britain, and fearing to have his "seamanship" and other matters appear very slack, it can easily be accounted for by our knowing the circumstances from good authority, why his reports have made the mouth of the Columbia out in accordance with the Doctor-Governor, and Sir Edward Belcher's reports "the nest of dangers." And before leaving this subject, will just say that since August, 1848, the operations of the golden region of California, we have been without any stationed pilot at the mouth; and that during that time we have had thirty-one departures and 28 arrivals, and not a single (up to August 1849) accident of a serious nature happened; and seven of these arrivals by entire strangers, one of which was the steam propeller Massachusetts drawing 17 feet water, which not only came and departed but ascended as far as Portland and took in a cargo of lumber. And also that these vessels running in and out have done this without having any pilot to direct their course, which thing is certified by Crosby and others who have been constantly in the trade, and all corroborate the statement that with an efficient stationed pilot there would be no necessity for more disasters there than any other entrance in the United States. But to the reception and treatment, etc., of our *officers* and their *reports* after the disastrous wreck of the Peacock. The then Commodore Wilkes was insisted to go up the river to Vancouver, where the principal trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company is situated, and to which post there has been a messenger sent from Fort George giving intelligence of the wreck and probability of the officers visiting the Doctor and Governor. About the middle of the month of August, accordingly, a canoe, with supplies and formal invitation to come up and spend the leisure time at Vancouver, our officers, Wilkes at their head, started the next day up the Columbia. Arrived within 80 rods of the fort when they were saluted for effect by the guns of the fort (for this and the rest of the forts have bastions and artillery mounted.) This, however, being only intended to pay *respect* to the *American Flag*, the naval *officers* of that proud republic felt a little raised by the token of respect received from these haughty *Aristocrats*. The boat's crew was ordered to pitch the markee on the green and make ready for their dinner, but at this moment a gray headed, stout built, athletic appearing personage, bearing in his left hand a snuff box and in his right an oaken cane, his manner being on the whole affable yet to an acute observer it was manifest he felt his *aristocratic dignity* and at the same time

seemed to consider he should approach Americans with American freedom and ease—on his left hand was a somewhat short but corpulent man a pace in rear of the former and off to the right, and several paces in rear, a slender dark complected individual, whose keen eye appeared to scan the group of Americans with scrutiny,—but as the leader came up and commenced the harangue the other two appeared to divide to right and left, and face inwards to the speaker—commenced with these words, “Ye are Americans, I suppose. I am——,” etc., etc., soon showing by his dialect that he had known in his younger days the “Highlands of auld Scotland” and with the affability, mixed with hasty blustering words often repeated, as if to give them their proper place and bearing, he greeted the American camp, taking off his hat at the same time, to give effect, but immediately placing it on his head again. With all his native warmth he offered the young Americans the accommodations and any assistance the fort and company could render. A little fired with the affable manner in which they had been offered and the desire to obtain what information they might be able to obtain, after a short consultation on the retiring of mine host, a messenger was dispatched to the elevated steps to notify him of their acceptance, not, however, until some canvass. Lieutenant Wilkes asked the younger officers in consultation if they were satisfied to accept the hospitalities which had been offered in this characteristic manner. All assented but one, Mr. ——, about 20 years of age, usually taciturn and rarely offering but little objections to the apparent wishes or his fellows. He arose from his seat on a small box containing some spirituous liquors, which had been brought from the wreck and, gracefully bowing towards the senior officers, at the same time saying in a clear but not loud voice, “Sir and gentlemen: I am sorry at any time to differ in the slightest degree from your wishes or sentiment, but in this I do here see some ground to differ in opinion with you, wherein I feel called upon by my sense of duty to object to receiving these hospitalities in the manner in which they are offered. Do not mistake my words as being opposed to the receipt or reciprocation but I am opposed to laying myself under obligations to any nation or their representatives whereby the weakness of my nature and the very feeling which makes me willing to receive these kind demonstrations of hospitality, unhinges my efficiency as an officer of the United States, from reporting the facts which may exist in the relations we bear as a government to that of Great Britain, of whose interests this same

Hudson's Bay Company are the representatives. This is what is meant by the presents forbidden to be accepted by any officers of our government, spoken of in the constitution, but if I could be certain these kindnesses should cease with the offering and receiving in person should be accomplished, I should have no objection but I know by all precepts and example this will not be the case to the letter." The speaker resumed his seat, and in a jocular manner one of a more lively temperament replied, "Well, Charles, we will give you the task of making out the reports, while we drink the champagne and by this we will accomplish the wishes of our government and use up John Bull's wine at the same time." The witty saying raised a smile of approbation on the lip of the Co. and of satisfied resignation on the countenance of the former speaker, the question being carried to accept; and all repaired to the fort inside the walls or pickets where the lively jokes and yarns passed for several days in succession. To still add to the comforts and convenience of the party, runners were started to various sections of the country where the company's bands of horses ran to bring in such as were sprightly and fit for the saddle. Various excursions were proposed and made to the various places giving a pleasant view and convenient ride. Until late in the Fall, these amusements and hospitable recreations and enjoyments, such as now, in this country, although there were a few Americans here, there were none able to compete with their neighbors in kind treatment of their countrymen; consequently, the vital influence, or any description of this country which would have any bearing upon American interest, prejudicial to John Bull, was impossible.

All appeared to go off well until just before the gallant company should leave for their destination, join the exploring squadron and proceed with their discoveries. But during the time this party remained, the same before mentioned Mr. —, who objected to receiving their hospitalities, had kept a journal of all he had seen and heard, but not taking the Scotch version of it, but according to facts. Now it was a void of some three months in the chain of official reports which would make a gap in the connected chain of glory to which our Commodore aspired. He now commenced making some arrangements for recording the facts, and, naturally enough the questions regarding the locality and internal, as well as external, situation of business and prospects of the country should be put to his honor, the Doctor, Governor, who, with his clerks, was ready to give all answers and descriptions in writing, a copy of which

was invariably kept, to answer the purposes of negotiations hereafter to be made by the British government, and, accordingly, copied and forwarded to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. These written answers to questions and descriptions of places so well agree with what has been published and referred to in common conversation, shows how well these answers and descriptions suited their purposes. After examination of these subjects so ably described by the Doctor, this was the course pursued: to save time for recreation and give a proper bearing to all the interests concerned, the famed explorer thought it the shortest and easiest mode to make these written reports (as the clerk and Mr. — can testify) by the famed doctor and Governor was signed and countersigned as the true reports. You can see how effectual they have answered the purpose—as you can see from the orders given to the Commander of the Squadron in the bay of San Francisco in dispatches sent by the Collector destined for the mouth of Columbia river, requiring him to convey the collector to be landed in Latitude 42, the mouth of the Clamett, and furnish an escort to convey him to Oregon City. Just see the order to the Com. as aforesaid, and which would have been much easier to have been accomplished from Sutter's fort on the Sacramento.

But to my history again, and beginning where I left the company having, after they could not prevent the emigration of 1843 from coming into the territory, they fell into this managing course of turning circumstances to good account by the influence of the writings and action of the lawyer, the judge and the general with their helpers, the former legislators. Several letters were accordingly written home and not a few with the Governor-Doctor's name couched in them; as a specimen of aristocratic Republican and Scotch Democracy; in such a jumble that I for one came to the conclusion that our people had been humbugged, or I had formed but a slight idea of how these Hudson's Bay managers were, but finally thought I was perhaps prejudiced against them and had taken a former view through colored glasses. But the result of all told a different tale, for these men, first employed by the company, had each also a private interest to serve and accordingly when they came in contact with each other one by one fell off, and, like the noted Catholic priest, Humbolt, told on the rest, and as soon as one was found to think more of the *American* interest than the *company's*, they were not only denounced by the fraternity, but the account from the Hudson's Bay Company was presented showing their indebtedness, with a polite note ap-

pended, saying "We are in much need of the 1500 dollars (or greater sum, as it might be)." And now comes the tug of war, and a man in their service (I do not mean industrial) must become a good Christian, of the Jesuit order, before he could receive any of these favors (formerly carelessly bestowed) as the former Governor and Doctor knew best how to use such being of the same persuasion himself. This is not fancy, for in reality the only ones who were trusted with their business and who had labored for them for years joined the Catholic Jesuits.

At the first establishment of a temporary government, the way was prepared by these leaders to let in the English subject with the American citizen on an equal footing, so far as word was concerned, and having our principal men broken into their service and so very tractable that for the first two years they took by storm all the fortification of American principle. The year forty-five, however, brought a large emigration and with that crowd many who were aware of the difficulties they had to encounter, but these same men only opened the way for greater struggles. At the opening of the second session of that after the Organic Law was formed, being in the fall of '46, the former controlling influence presented itself in the councils of the territory; first in this shape, that the prospects being good for the difficulties having been settled between the two nations as was represented by treaty—least by trickery former legislation, the company would suffer by any action, therefore, proposed an adjournment to await the extension of jurisdiction of the United States. As all legislation was in their favor formerly and any alteration would likely result to their injury; accordingly, Robert Newell, the American who was known to be a professed Hudson's Bay man of the first water, put in motion, but awful to tell the thing would not work as they expected, and a rally of all the troops made to secure their success; but all in vain—they now fell back onto the old expedient of using (not the Irish blarney) but Scotch affability on such as resisted their wishes—but it is as awful to tell as in the first instance. There was a majority fell victims to their wiles. One had looked at a claim of land adjoining Fort Vancouver that pleased him and which he wished to record as an American citizen. But Mr. Douglas, now governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, peremptorily ordered him not to do it, and this stirred the American's feelings so that he had declared vengeance against them and dared say so out of Douglas' presence; but now this would come in good play;

accordingly a letter was dispatched to the Colonel, stating that "we have concluded to move our lines that you can have the claim of land where you desired and I herewith send you the field notes of the survey made by your brother who has surveyed forty of our claims in this vicinity and you have our consent to have it recorded in the books of the territory." (See the record of Dec., 1846, made in the name of this Colonel, Sir-named Lawrence Hall, and with regard to these claims surveyed by them his brother can testify.) Being spoken to by the Colonel on the subject, he read the quotation above. The gilded bait was taken and ere the session closed we found him at the head of a committee to draft a memorial to Congress from this legislature, and with his own pen writing the preamble and leading paragraph of the memorial, as follows, "We, your memorialists, are Scotch, English, French and Americans," and after another preliminary remark, continued, "We would respectfully ask your honorable body to grant us our lands as we have laid them, having laid them in accordance with the *Organic Law*." Here would just say I think this is misunderstood by many as giving a grant of land when if you will look at them it is only a requisition of the territory of any person holding or wishing to hold a claim. Thus was one allured. Another, who liked to toss the brandy bottle, was glad to receive their aid to pass a liquor law, and for and in consideration of which Hudson's Bay Company be the only speculators in liquor. See the liquor license law of 1846. Importers paid no duties but the manufacturer paid \$100 for the privilege to make, as they should be charged no duty for importing it but he that distilled should pay his \$100 license for their benefit. Another wished to have the company enjoy all the privileges we enjoyed as American citizens, and privileged to throw reservoirs across public roads and prevent them from going to the only public mill then in the territory that could grind any quantity of wheat, &c. And during the action of that body the mill had a notice posted on the door and other places near but after their friends that fit to leave *this public* mill as it had ever been before, was opposed to grinding the wheat of the people without they would sell 70 lbs. wheat for about 60 cents and buy flour at three dols. per hundred. McLaughlin's, or, as it was then called, by themselves, H. B. Co. mill, never ground for the people, yet advertised during the time of debate on obstructing the road the member from Vancouver said this H. B. Co. mill was a public mill. By the next day, however, they refused to grind for ind. To conclude the proceedings of

the legislature of '46 and up to the present: there has been but little change until the extension of jurisdiction when the company became sheared of a portion of their power, particularly those of the Hudson's Bay Company's servants, who, with their half-breed people, were barred from voting. This, however, being the last struggle, they got up a plan to split the American interest and throw in by their exertions one as a delegate who would be under obligations to them, and so have an advocate to their interest.

I will return to the history of the doctor and the company's history as far back as '45. On the arrival of the emigration of '45, those leading the caravan, being twenty in number, landed in boats from Walla Walla, sending their cattle down by land. When they arrived at the fort on the 23rd of September, they were asked into the doctor's reception room where they were questioned closely as to the numbers of emigration and probable expectation of donations of land, and in short all that could give him any clue to his best future course. After he had all the information he could get the next thing was to act according to his interest. In his characteristic manner he observed, speaking very fast, "a host of you Americans coming, ha! glad to see it! Am going to take the oath of allegiance! Am going to leave Hudson's Bay Company, move to the falls. Have bought out the store and mills at the falls of Willamette—going to move next week." After we had heard all that he had to say, left for the Willamette valley, ruminating on the doctor's fanciful Americanism. He, however, did not move to the falls until about the time the bulk of the emigration came in, when he took possession of the store, mill and claim and settled himself as the sole proprietor of Oregon City station and mills, apparently entire owner, but from the moves with regard to ownership as a chess player he changed his position as to the trading post mill &c. as follows: In 1845, Doctor McLaughlin was owner of the trading post, mills and claim; in the summer of 1846, the company owned all; during the session of the legislature in December, 1846, John McLaughlin owned the mills and claim, but the Hudson's Bay Company re-purchased their trading post again. To explain this, you will only have to refer to the propositions of the treaty to see his moves and you find it corresponds with his and their changes. These propositions, unfortunately for them, were as often published as the substance of the treaty expected; when the first definition of the treaty came to hand, after he



had thrown all into the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company (published in a dispatch from the consul at Tepic, the descriptions of the articles or substances being kept from the public for fear of the cause of the transfer of property had to be made before it could be seen); the purport of the treaty was to give sixteen miles square to the Hudson's Bay Company at each trading post, but during the session of the legislature in Dec. '46 the company's express was brought over the mountains, bringing the true treaty. But he was again foiled, if he could not have time to make the papers correspond with the treaty before publication—therefore, although the members of that body insisted to have the favor of looking at the papers brought by the express, not a single individual American could get that favor, nor did any publication show the treaty, until an American vessel brought files by sea, and in the debate concerning the removal of the reservoir, the member from Vancouver cited in evidence of the facts necessary to carry their point "the Hudson's Bay Company's mill (not Doctor McLaughlin's) is a public mill." But the treaty came three days after this, and the mill and claim of land with that splendid water power belonged to John McLoughlin. And the member from Lewis, alias Doct. Tolmie of the Hudson's Bay Company's *chief clerk*, fell from his post, and now after the true definition of the treaty giving special privileges to the Puget Sound Agricultural Society, he *fell into the management and head* of the said society but yet *returned* not only to his station in fort Nisqually but continues to this day, as does Doctor McLaughlin, the chief governor of the Hudson's Bay Company's business as effectually as they ever did, and although the said John McLaughlin and said Tolmie have said to change positions, and intend to profit by the treaty after their avowal of their intentions to apply and take the oath of allegiance to the United States, I should not be surprised if they refuse. And the said McLaughlin is selling lots to the people of the United States, and he at the same time a subject of Great Britain—the facts have so often been talked over with their admission of these facts, it is useless to refer to individual testimony, for they are notorious. How it is that they are permitted to have such a hold on our government that they should be permitted even to the throwing houses down and putting the American occupant into prison is a mystery that is hard to solve—and it says not a little of the forbearance of an American people, particularly of those in Oregon.

I will now return to the history of the country in general from forty-three. After the company found Doctor Whitman opposed the doctrine that the Hudson's Bay Company had or dared to hold possession of Oregon, it now was their policy to get him from among the Indians that they might use them as they had been used by Great Britain during the revolution and last war, as a check to what they thought dangerous to their interest, i.e., settling Oregon by Americans or to assist in a war, if thought expedient, against the United States. Accordingly the Indians were encouraged in anything that seemed like opposition to his plans. Doctor Whitman was advised to sell his station and abandon the missionary enterprise. This he, however, refused to comply with; then to further annoy the settlers the prospect of an outbreak of the Indians, (Many times have we heard this assertion made as if by prophecy that in case the United States gave no land to all that then had the right of suffrage (including half-breeds and British subjects) they would massacre all the whites in Oregon as the Indians should join the half-breeds and make it an easy matter to subdue them,) at any time any of the plans which had been laid were thwarted, particularly those kind of petty thievings and robberies of emigrants on their journey through the different tribes east of the Cascade mountains,—and the matter always known to the Hudson's Bay Company, who, although they said they could not prevent such occurrences, encouraged such acts by paying for the articles of which the Americans were robbed, and exacted from those Americans the amount of the goods so purchased of the Indians, at least what they said they had paid to the Indians to release the goods. It is also notorious that they, the H. B. Co., have always possessed entire sway over the Indians and that they represented to the Indians that the "King George people" (as termed the H. B. Co. by the Com.) were not friends of the "Bostons" (the name by which the Americans were called,) and that they were not one people, and when they offended the "Bostons", the "King George people" were not "*sylex*" (Indian word of Chinook language,) or displeased, and would not "*mamoke sylex*," that is to go to war with the *Siwash* (or Indians,) but if the *Siwash Cochshut icht King George Tilicum, capshawalla ictas King George hias sylex mamoke poo* (or if any Indian should do harm to the persons or property of the Hudson's Bay Company's people they would go to war with and shoot everyone that were guilty.) To explain more fully here what I mean I will just relate a conversation between the

Chief of the Walla Wallas with Mr. McBane [McBean] on this subject during the late Cayuse war, in presence of the Commissary General, one of the commissioners to treat with the Indians, the Ordinance master of the regiment, and a Lieutenant of the army as they called at Fort Walla Walla on their march to Wayalatpu. After Mr. McBane, through the interpreter, had labored some time to keep the impression on the chief that they (the H. B. Co.) had nothing to do with the war and that they only should consider the Americans their enemies, and at the same time they were friends to both Americans and Indians—After this harangue to the chief who sat as it were ruminating for several seconds, after the cessation of McBane, in rather a spirited manner, he replied to McBane in these words, “We (the Indians) have always been told by you this same thing, but I cannot understand what you say—you say you and the Americans are not friends—you say you and the Indians are friends—you say you and the Americans are not friends, and you say you are not afraid of the Americans—and you say you are afraid of the Americans—you have always told us that King George was master of all the white people in this country and when we come to you for powder and balls you tell us you cannot let us have it because you are afraid the Boston Tyee (American chief) will be mad and how is this? I do not understand it that you shall be afraid of the Bostons if you are masters? And how is it if you are not friends of the Bostons you will not let us have powder and lead? For you always bought what the Indians ‘capswalla’ (stole) from the Bostons and told us the Americans had come here to capswalla our lands and horses and kill us. I do not understand your talk.” (Explanatory to this I will just refer to a law being enacted called the Organic law that was framed by the people in Oregon, assuming that all in the territory should be mutually protected and benefited by this compact and all bound to support the laws enacted by this compact, and a law under this compact at the time of a declaration of war against the Cayuse Indians was made, forbidding the Indians in the territory being furnished with powder and lead. This brought the Indians and their former allies in contact, and this was the matter which brought out the former advice and connivance of the H. B. Co. out), but their opposition to the furnishing the Indians held a two-fold interest at stake,—first, the trade, and, second, the destruction of American influence with the tribes.

All things continued much in the same channel until the year 1847 when it appeared evident something was wrong. As Humbolt said would be, there appeared various priests mixed with the American congregation,—some from Canada, others from France and as they were in the foremost companies, had time to spread out among the Indians before the whole of the emigration got into the Willamette valley. Either from former arrangement as explained by Humbolt, or some other view, the Hudson's Bay Company's managers at Fort Hall and Fort Walla Walla (being near Whitman's) made a proposal to that lamented victim to buy him out and let the Catholic Jesuits have it. This was refused by Whitman. They then advised him to leave or the Indians would murder him. He yet refused to abandon. The priests then, through the influence of Mr. McBane, chief clerk at the fort, bought and obtained the privilege of settling for the priests in the Cayuse nation near the Uvilla river, at the foot of the Blue Mountains, and within a short distance of Whitman's; and commenced giving lectures to the Indians on religious matters, and at the same time told the Indians that Doct. Whitman was a heretic and bad man and ought not to live. This fired their minds and anything which formerly appeared to them mysterious was turned into the works of the Devil, and particularly his giving medicine in sickness. They represented it as dangerous and that the Indians were punished by the Great Spirit in heaven with the diseases which had, that fall, been brought with the emigration, such as measles and whooping cough, and it was sent to punish them for obeying the American doctor and he should have said he would poison all the Indians when they came to him for medicine, and that the Americans only came into their country to steal and take their land and horses and cattle. To conclude the whole from good evidence, considerable of which has been published in the Oregon-American, the aim appeared to remove the American and plant the Jesuits in their stead and we will find how it resulted, when the history of only about three months will show that Doctor Whitman was murdered with his whole family and a number of Americans who had stopped for the season at and near his place, together with various robberies and such deeds of barbarism even in the presence and sanction of the bishop and priests who yet remained at his station. These deeds that were done are here too horrid to appear before the public, not as a truth that should not be told, but deeds of the most atrocious nature, to be committed by those Indians on the persons of the young

females taken prisoners and reserved from slaughter only to glut their brutal passions, and that with the sanction and advice of these same Jesuitical priests and bishop.

But let us go on with our history: After these were slaughtered like so many sheep, some of which as though it was intended to torture them, others shot down as beeves, and the women such as were reserved being most of them of single females under 25 years of age were divided out and the most shocking course of prostitution forced upon them, one of which was taken to the bishop and deposited. When the man who brought her there (being a chief man among the Indians) asked the bishop how he should proceed to make her submit to him, when he, the bishop, could coolly give directions on which the Indian dragged her off to his lodge, and she crying with supplication entreaties that she might be spared this dreadful task, but, no, he, the bishop, in an angry manner bid her to go off with this Indian and not to come back to him again without having submitted to his will. This and many other such horrible deeds were committed could be related, but I will not here take the time as the most have been published in the Oregon American.

The legislature met shortly after and on the receipt of the news declared war against the Cayuse Indians, and passed the law forbidding any trading establishment or individual from trading powder and lead to the Indians, but in the face of the territory P. Skeen Ogden, the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and mock governor at Vancouver, passed up the river into the country of the Indians who had become our enemies and sold a considerable quantity of powder and balls, and as had always been their practice when they robbed the Americans, they took the prisoners (after having become tired of their brutal sports) to Walla Walla to sell them and their booty taken at the same time, and receive from him at Walla Walla powder, lead and guns in exchange. So far as the return of children to parents, brothers to sister, and property of the rightful owners, it was well enough; but this conniving at such deeds and always having done the same thing, when the Indians were always subservious to their wishes and further, this at the same time when all were pledged mutually to protect each other. War now having been declared made them agreeable to all the laws of nations, part and parcel of the American side of the question. Now see how far they went with their former agreement of alliance.

Commissioners were appointed by the legislative body who had declared war to negotiate a loan of one hundred thousand dollars from the Hudson's Bay Company,—being the only chance of the kind in Oregon—to carry on the war but will you be surprised when I say they refused to loan; but be not surprised they would not let it go, yet had abundance and to spare; neither would they let a single man in their employ go to the campaign, but, in everything, opposed the going to war. Doctor McLaughlin being the controlling genius of all the French and half-breeds forbid them to go, but this stirred up the American feelings a little and after he saw the Americans were determined to avenge what had been done by these merciless bands and what was being said about the part the Jesuits had taken in the case, he called Peter H. Burnett, one of his counsellors, and advised with him what should be done; he being not only acquainted with the American character but also hearing, as he was an American, what *they* said about it, and as a good Christian of the same order with himself and the priests, he wished his advice. His advice was: if you can let a few go, I can fix it so as to have its effect, and they stay as long as will give the coloring to it, as being favorable to the American cause, and after a service of about two months they can return home, and I will do the same myself, for you know it is necessary for me to not lose my American character.

In accordance, Captain Thos. McKay was ordered by the doctor to raise a company of men and make as great a show as possible from among the French Catholics and volunteers for but two months, for it will take you about three weeks to march there at this season of the year and three weeks to come back and unless you get into close quarters you can evade the fighting our Indians; and this will entitle the Catholics to have their land donated to them whether they are citizens or not.

“Yes,” says Peter H. Burnett, “and I will go out home and make a hue and cry and make believe I shall go to war too.” And sure enough he did for at that time there was a man left by Colonel Gillam to take up a list of a company in Tuality plains and Burnett took occasion to make a fiery speech and proposed to march at once but never would agree to put his name on the list. (That would bind him.) Yet 45 others did and he, with about fifteen of the company, started to go to the rendezvous at Portland when, (whether by design to frustrate the meeting of the company or whether it was through fear to face the foe, we cannot say, but one thing is certain,

Peter H. Burnett and his particular friends never went) ready to leave the plains there was a report started saying the Cayuse Indians had come to the settlement and were at a certain Indian lodge in the plains and wonderful to say they met at the lodge on the morning the troops were to leave Portland for the up country and found one crippled old woman, two small children and an old Indian man, but this answered the purpose for which it was got up, and out of 45 men twenty-eight met at rendezvous, the rest following Burnett twenty miles the other way to take by storm this Indian camp as before described. Thus he foiled this part of the army, at least as far as the 17 men which were reported as defaulters. The balance, 28, left for the Cayuse country in boats and arrived and was reported at The Dalles to Col. Gill[i]am ready for service. The band, at first published in the Spectator (being edited at that time by a member of the Jesuit order) numbered a full company of 67 rank and file, but when they appeared had to gather some three of the *cultas* or trifling Americans to make their number thirty who did advance with the rest of the army to Wayalatpu. To suit everything to their wishes, the Hudson's Bay Company advised what should be done in the progress of the war (this suited them.) They quickly answered the governor, who by the by, except being an entire peace man, was not disposed to bear the insult on the American people without summarily punishing it. But at this time all were poor and had their families to supply in a new country and not the means to be spared for an emergency like the present and but few individuals could contribute means to sustain the territory. A few, however, did contribute out of their scanty means enough to fit out and provision the army of about four hundred for a short time.

The Hudson's Bay Company still held out against the will of the people and they having almost all the moneyed business in the country under their control gave them an influence on the war that perhaps can now be traced to its defeat, for by the moves of that party to have a controlling influence they plead that there was danger of having the whole of the tribes on this side of the mountains join against us and thereby endanger the families of those engaged against the murderers murdered in their absence until they succeeded in getting our leaders to give way to their direction, which was to appoint commissioners to treat with other tribes in the vicinity of the Cayuse nation which gave them the advantage by the necessity for their servants or men who were under their control

to act as interpreters or literally those commissioners. Accordingly, Robert Newell being well qualified for the purpose, being acquainted with the Indian character and a firm Hudson's Bay man, could rule the interpreters as he pleased, and to cap the whole with the pointed sheaf, there must be two interpreters and they of the doctor's profession, indeed one of them his own wife's son and the other being his servant.

In the only engagement which took place after the arrival of McKay's company, one of these was sent for by the commissioners, who were in advance of the main body, and asked to interpret for them, to speak with one of the enemy who had come up to talk and draw the attention of the main force in front while the Indians were flanking us on right and left. The commissioners asked what this Indian wanted. The interpreter replied that the Indians said they did not want to fight but wished to be friends. (At this same time the Indians were advancing in the shape of a half moon and in numbers sufficient to encompass our lines.) The commissioners again said that the interpreter desired for no firing, that the Indians were friendly. Orders were given accordingly by the commissioners not to fire. Thus stood the Americans, while the interpreter continued to talk with the Indians until they were entirely flanked and the Indians closed the entire circle of our lines. As soon as the decoy had galloped out of our reach he fired the signal gun for the attack. Now it was too late to do anything without breaking and facing from the center outwards, which was done, and the Indians retreated, not until they had surrounded some eight or nine of our men and, as they had taken ravines on either side of us and come up within gunshot, they had the advantage of being covered from us by the banks of the ravines, until forced from them by a charge when they fled and being mounted on fleet horses they easily got out of our reach. Thus was our first engagement with the Cayuses, while these friends of the doctor were managers. After arriving at Wayalatpu, these same commissioners and interpreters kept us 8 days waiting within twenty-five miles of the Indians while they treated and talked with other tribes who were camped with the Cayuses and had daily intercourse; and yet the murderers of our friends within twenty-five miles, their numbers not exceeding ours and they having to take care of some twenty thousand head of horses and cattle—while before us lay bleaching the bones of Whitman, wife, family and many of other Americans who had shared the same fate and yet, the commissioners must hold the hands of those who had come



to avenge the blood of the innocent, and they in one short day's march. Thus the H. B. Co. held the cords of vengeance for the purpose of letting these murderers have time to run off their stock, women and children, and these alone knew our horses were not fleet enough to overtake them. After the ninth day had passed and they had ample time to clear with the stock and families, the commissioners proclaimed a treaty with the Nez Perce tribe and started home satisfied. The troop rallied and on marching to where they had camped during the 8 days while they drove off their stock, but behold they had departed and without any hope of overtaking them. In following them to Snake river about sixty miles found they had crossed and left the side of the river we occupied in charge of a few Indians who professed friendship. They, as always had been the case when any of the Indians fell into our hands, professed friendship and through the interpreter they made the shift to get away and afterwards we could hear of these same being our most inveterate enemies. With but little success ended the campaign of '47 and '48 with the Cayuses, but not with the Hudson's Bay Company and the Jesuits, not that I intend to make a crusade against them or any other denomination, but as the Doctor, the Scotch-English-American, has called them to his aid, I just intend to speak of none who had kept hands off in the struggle between Americans and English, or Hudson's Bay interest in Oregon, but if they will put themselves in the way they must hear what an American Oregonian has to say in the cause of the free-born American principles. Shortly after the return of the commissioners from the Cayuse country, one of the Jesuit priests went to the Fort Vancouver and bought several boxes of guns and two thousand pounds of lead and one thousand pounds of powder and shipped them secretly, as they thought, up the Columbia in the direction of the Cayuse country, but our boatmen, being more honest than they suspected, instead of landing them as directed two miles below the fort at The Dalles, or Wascopum, where the priest had built a new station, carried the arms and ammunition to the fort at Wascopum; there gave information to the officers of the fort who immediately seized them. It then appeared that the priests before described had continued to occupy the stations made among the Indians, notwithstanding the governor had ordered them not to remain among the Indians. The Doctor in the Free Press, a newspaper, published in Oregon City, informed the people that the ammunition was intended for the Flatheads and not the Cayuses, but it is

certain it had to pass the country inhabited by the Cayuses who at this time were scarce of this useful ingredient of war and blood shed and how easy to capture it and supply themselves with more ammunition than could be procured by the Americans during the whole war without impressment and then have a protest entered in writing. This same thing was done during the before-named war by the before-named Hudson's Bay Company as can be proven by Major Lee who acted as officer of impressment, when at the same time this company claimed to be American in feeling and intend to become citizens of a country against whom they would enter a protest. They even went so far at Vancouver as to erect bastions and mount batteries (see Douglas' letter to Governor Abernathy in Vol 2, No. 26, Oregon Spectator) to prevent impressment of goods, etc., as it was expected to be needful to supply the army and still they hang on for donations of land in preference to these who bared their own arm and exposed themselves to face the ruthless massacre! caused by whom? Not by Americans, but rumor pretty well backed by facts that it was those who had always made it appear that the Americans came here to rob the Indians of their lands and kill them. The American trappers can answer this question. Up to the present the moneyed power in Oregon has been in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company. None can tell but them who have seen the influence brought to bear can form the slightest idea of its bearing. Not a merchant dared put his head into Oregon without the expectation of losing everything, unless he fell into the track marked out by the Company; not an officer dared act independent in his course, but he had all the opposition could be thrown in his way (and men cannot live on the wind and could buy but little until latterly of any but the company and when he was disposed to act independent he could buy nothing he wanted from them). And no mechanic could get the raw material from them to carry on their trade and nothing was brought by anyone else to supply them. As if they had consulted their wishes, none of our merchants brought anything like woolen goods—all had to be bought of them, when they pleased to sell them, but in no case could a man buy anything which was not kept by other merchants if they knew the man to be of American principle. Everything has been written and said to kill the country in a commercial view with American merchants and as if by magic almost all the American merchants, as well as our government officers, have fallen into the train and such a description of the trade and navigation,

etc., as cannot best astonish those disconnected with them; and future generations will laugh at the idea of our people at home being so easily humbugged and we submit to this so tamely. Just now to think that a country capable of sustaining comfortably without even removing a stick of timber except for roads and fencing, etc., at least four millions of people west of the Blue Mountains, and then not one-fifth of the land suitable for cultivation by clearing, spoken of; and having a river affording at the lowest water three fathoms water for one hundred and twenty miles into this and no more pretty streams to navigate, thence spreading east, north and south in streams navigable for small vessels for hundreds of miles into various sections of these fertile plains—an entrance from the Pacific with five fathoms water at any tide and three quarters of a mile of beating channel in any port; as good water power in almost all sections of the country as the world can boast of; a climate so mild that grass grows green and abundant during the whole year; a country where stock of every description flourish well, healthy and salubrious of climate; soil growing any of the grasses; growing wheat more prolific than any of the states; and yet the Hudson's Bay Company would have it this country is worthless and no trade can be carried on to any extent. I will ask if any country on the globe can, with only our small population, load in and out more vessels than we, even at a more advanced age, being now only six years since the first emigrants came here in 1843. Thirty-one cargoes of produce and lumber have left Oregon by American traders within twelve months, and four or five by the Hudson's Bay Company, and yet there is ready for shipment perhaps one-fourth as many more for which vessels have not been possible to be obtained to keep down the supply, and still the word "no trade from Oregon worth attention" sounds in my ears. We do indeed see some sign that the doctor's people being not disposed to believe his assertions for lately the Barque Morning Star of Havre (the same that brought in the priests and nuns of 1847) bringing several priests, and gives the intelligence that six more emigrant vessels all consigned to the doctor for the Catholic mission, bringing 400 emigrants, and one hundred and fifty priests and nuns. (Well we will have priests and women. Who are these? Are they those Humbolt prophesied of two years ago, or are they a new stock for Hudson's Bay Company, independent?) I will now refer you to what moves have been made during the last year and what the bent of Hudson's Bayism is now taking. During the last year up to

the arrival of Governor Lane on the 1st of March last they had continued to work their usual games of trying to get the Catholic Church in supremacy. This I do not object so much to, for I am always glad to see the churches keep pace with each other and thereby one keep the other in check, but whenever one gets the ascendancy it then becomes dangerous to itself and the government and, in short, to religious as well as civil liberty. This makes perhaps the influence of the Hudson's Bay Company at this time able to yet struggle with free principles and trade and they mutually will assist each other by degrees to overturn our government if permitted to receive the help of the United States in their designs. If they obtain what they aim for at present to receive every privilege of native born citizens and at the same time go so far as to enter a *protest*, as to a foreign nation, to impressment where necessary, and to arm and mount forts with cannon avowedly to prevent the government from taking what they had a just right to have taken from them. As public supplies when they professed to be part and parcel of this government, and then share lands with us and take the first choice themselves—it is preposterous. Hear what Peter S. Ogden says about the influence the Hudson's Bay Company has over the Indians among whom they planted the priests previous to Whitman's murder, when speaking of the purchase of the prisoners from the Indians, but as I have before said this has too often been manifest when among the Indians their property was safe and they (the Indians), well, all tell you that the Hudson's Bay Company had always told them that the Bostons came to steal their lands and horses and kill them and have always encouraged their robbery of the Americans, buying what they took from the Americans and thus encouraged them to do so again, for the sake of the price of what they took. But hear what he says about the purchase of the prisoners—"But the mead of praise is not due to me alone. I was only a mere acting agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, for, without its *powerful aid and influence*, nothing could have been effected, and to them the praise is due." (See Oregon Spectator, Vol. 3, No. 1.) It sickens my very heart when I think of the weak condition of Oregon at the time of the declaration of war with the Cayuses and yet they, after having encouraged all the continued robberies and finally these murders, eleven in number, and they with their powerful influence used for what?—for safety for Oregonian Americans? No! But to pull us down and give them a chance of a final grasp of this territory. But to continue our history at the proclama-

tion of Governor Lane: As usual and with their effrontery everything that could be done in paying attention to him and the other publick officers was done, every stratagem to interest him in his course of action as governor in a manner to suit their views among the rest the asking leave to permit the priest who had been detected in taking powder and lead to the Indians, petitioned him to permit him to take and carry the same to the Indians. This much he granted them, but how much farther I know not, but I rather think that his as well as the rest of the publick officers might have sense enough to see that Doctor McLaughlin and those he can ride are not the majority of the people of Oregon. The prospect at present shows their representatives elected to serve them intend to *report* matters as they *are* to the mother country and if their aim (the publick officers) is to come here to speculate on the trade of Oregon instead of administering the laws, that they (the people's representatives) will permit them so to do, but they (the representatives) will not take the trouble to ask Doctor Mc— to give them a copy for their reports, and yet we have some who think this lumber business should be kept out of the hands of our officers. "No odds *where* they got the money," and others say "Judges and collectors buying claims of land might meet a claimant on the bench and in the custom house;" others again say "If I was collector and had only to make my return once and a while I should not feel fearful to undertake the paying \$15,000 dollars for a half of one and to spend twice as much in building steam saw-mills particularly when in six months the duties collected would pay the whole." But then, people will talk, and a man may be a 'man for a' that'." After the Hudson's Bay Company found the officers expected they would be looked to and not *them* they thought their only chance was to render it impossible for us to send a man as delegate to Congress in whom we could confide and if we did they would dog and harrass such an one as they have ever done who would not carry their opinions foremost and particularly if he carried any documents with him bearing on the settlement of matters against them; in some of these cases of previous occurrence shows how well they have carried out their plans, for in the year '45 when Doctor White was known (by Hudson's Bay Company or Doctor Mc—) to have papers from the legislature favorable to the American side of the question he was assailed on the way and his papers demanded. (I do not say whether he was safely clear of the same influence himself, but he gave them not up.) But this was the

course taken by their managers. They blustered and frightened some; others they persuaded; and others perhaps bribed—I cannot say; but this much I do know that the same body that sent dispatches by him also ordered his acts as illegal and not warranted, and sent these latter documents on as a rebutter against all his papers proposed. Another man was advised to go to Washington by the governor to represent to the Congress the situation of matters in 1847, but when it was found he was expected to lay some grave things before Congress “such a sputter as would have astonished the natives,” and nothing could be satisfactorily passed through the legislature against him; the only plan was now to frighten him; or in the failure to do this to bribe him into the service of the H. B. C. The former failed and the latter must now be tried, but horrible, the bait was not swallowed. He had been offered a bribe by the H. B. Co. agent to give it as his legal decision that H. B. Co. should be entitled by treaty to more than the American minister would allow. This H. B. Co. man was a Mr. Sanders and by his maneuvers no doubt things were kept unsettled for a time; and now if they shall let the present delegate go without attempting to render all his influence powerless or to set on foot anything that would get things fairly understood (for we fear nothing at the hands of justice as our enlightened Congress will act free of the H. B. Co. influence). I say I shall be surprised and almost thunderstruck. But this cannot be, for Hugh Burns and various other foreigners and Jesuits were figuring largely during the election and since the election they thought at one time that they had in a manner succeeded by getting themselves into notice by placing the name of our upright and worthy citizen, Judge Lancaster, who was then in California, before the publick as a candidate for delegate—unknown to him and without his consent, as favorable to that party. This they did, not that they wished to elect him, but this knowledge of his upright character and splendid talents, if taken up by the Americans, would warrant the idea of his being elected; and if so they would be defeated in their favorite scheme of getting in one of tried faith to the Doctor’s cause, and as the case now stood Lancaster being from home and none of the Americans had no vouchers for his leaving California not even if elected whether he would accept, they knew this would make strong opposition to being served as Burnett had in his judgeship in California and leave us without a delegate.

To explain the matter more fully I will just give the journal of the Doctor's, not as published by him but as related by one present and the after acts proved he gave the matters pretty fair. Met the Doctor, his Highness the Bishop, his Honor Douglas, his thickness Peter Skeen Ogden, his Laqueys Switzer and Burns, with a few others too tedious to mention. The Doctor presiding with general consent and without a division, thus commenced the proceedings:

Doctor: "Mr. Burns shut that door—we—we don't want—don't want people to hear what we talk about."

Burns: "The door is shut, Doctor, and by the Lord Jasus if the first bloody American shows his pate in *rache*, ile make him think it was Patrick Obrine had struck him."

Doct.: "Now, now, gentlemen, I have—have thot best to ask—to ask what it is best to do—to do—about this election—this election. We have some grave questions to be settled with this prating American government and also with bloody *Hooshers* in Oregon, and I should like to hear—to hear what you all will recommend."

Douglas: "We have but little to settle with the American government except what few definitions are necessary to be made to the treaty and there is but little hope of our getting a delegate from Oregon at present. Our people are leaving us every day and of them that can be made to take the oath of intention are not enough to elect Meek, and no other man ought to be sent by us for he has nothing to lose as an American and all to gain by serving us but at present I do not see how he is to be elected. I think however, that our agent, Mr. Sanders, will succeed in smoothing some one's conscience, whose opinion will be taken by the American Government, and we shall have a fair decision. That flare-up of Thornton's however may make it necessary to get hold of some other person beside Sanders for he will be watched by these cunning Americans."

Doctor: "'Twont do—'twont do. Must have some body as delegate from here—must have somebody to see our claims independent of the treaty—independent of the treaty—and that must be attended to by the next session or we won't have a foot of land but what the treaty gives us. These grants have to come through Congress and these Democrats can't be humbugged as easy as one or two individuals."

Ogden: "I think the doctor is right but then the company has great influence and our agents will be busy enough to have considerable bearing on these things among our Americans."

Douglas: "I see the doctor is right and in our situation at present requires us to have an advocate there who could be managed by our agents, and Meek is the only man who is out as a candidate who could be managed. But how to have him elected is the mystery."

Doctor: "Let's see—let's see—Bishop, how many people have we that can be made to take the oath of intention? This gives them privilege to vote if they never mature this intention."

Bishop: "How many sir? I can safely say, sir, all, but stop! Part of them will leave for California, and—well I will just count my diocese. In Champoeg country there will be after striking of one-third who will likely go to California, leaving one hundred and five voters. From Vancouver and Nisqually inclusive seventy-three and at the falls of Willamette thirty-seven and I think twelve that are scattered through other counties, making in all 227 votes and with what influence these can have on those who are unsuspecting I think for our people who may count 250 and I must say they must support the man who we know to be our friend."

Doctor: "That will do—that'l do—that'l do—this—this with what Mr. Ogden, he being an American and Mr. Douglas being a Church of England man can get will make our number pretty powerful and you know I have lead by the nose many of these boasted Democrats whenever I wanted their help."

Douglas: "Yes, your ideas are good but it will require a good deal of management. They now have their officers here and the course that should be taken more effectually, secure the help of those who they can influence is to get into their good graces as much as possible and endeavor to impress on them the necessity of electing Meek and then make an assault on the American strength by splitting their votes on various candidates. This will weaken them and give us a chance for success."

Doctor: "Very good plan—very good plan—very good plan, Mr. Douglas, and in addition to what you have said take care to salute the governor from these batteries we built about the commencement of the Cayuse war to fight of the American's Colonel—that hotheaded colonel we handled so well at Waiilatpu when he would have been onto the Indians so snugly if we hadn't had our good friend Bob Newell and the interpreters there to hold him back. We will now use these batteries on their new governor's vanity and perhaps do as much good in this way as they did on Governor Abernathy's peace feelings during the war with the Cayuses."



(Rap-rap-rap at the door.)

"Mr. Burns, see who that is that has any business with me at this time of night."

(Mr. Burns goes to the hall door and returns.)

Burns: "It is Mr. Newell. Shall I tell him to come in?"

Doctor: "Yes, yes."

(Enter Robert Newell, in familiar manner.)

Doctor: "Well, well, I'm astonished! But I've often heard it said 'speak of the devil and his imps will appear.' I was just speaking about you. What news?"

Newell: "Nothing of much importance, except I want to see the Governor and if possible get him to go with me up the Columbia. Some of our Indians are down and say the Americans are up there buying horses and horses have become scarce and I want a few before the troops come on to speculate on out of Mr. Quartermaster before it is too late."

Doctor: "Capital! capital! Just what I want—good operation. Well, Robert, I will go with you in the morning to see the Governor and persuade him he ought to see the Indians and if he is not made of better democracy than Wilkes

(NOTE—From the above abrupt ending it is evident that a part of the manuscript is missing.)

# JOURNAL OF E. WILLARD SMITH WHILE WITH THE FUR TRADERS, VASQUEZ AND SUB- LETTE, IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN REGION, 1839-1840

## CONTRIBUTOR'S NOTE

Mr. E. Willard Smith was an architect and civil engineer. He was born at Albany, N. Y., in 1814, and died at Washington, D. C. He married Miss Charlotte Lansing, of Lansing, Mich. This interesting account of his expedition to the Rocky Mountain region was copied from a manuscript belonging to his daughter Margaret, who married Edwin Forest Norvell, son of Senator John Norvell of Michigan, and was obtained through the courtesy of her daughter, Mrs. E. Oliver Belt, of Washington, D. C.

J. NEILSON BARRY,  
Barrycrest, Spokane.

## INTRODUCTION

The journal printed below throws new light on the fur trading situation in the Rocky Mountains in its waning stages. It touches on the human, or possibly better designated inhuman, rather than on the economic aspects of the operations of those engaged in the business. Specifically it is a realistic account of the incidents experienced on one of the later expeditions setting out from St. Louis to the Rocky Mountain posts and rendezvous. Some eleven months were used in making the trip out and back, from early August, 1839, to July 3, 1840.

The expedition was probably capitalized by one of the most distinguished of the Rocky Mountain fur traders, William L. Sublette. He was one of the young men in the employ of William H. Ashley when the Rocky Mountain Fur Company was organized in 1822. Among those who began their careers with Sublette were Jedediah S. Smith, David E. Jackson, Rob-

ert Campbell, James Bridger and Thomas Fitzpatrick. William L. and his brother, Milton G. soon rose to prominence and took charge of independent enterprises. William's partner in this undertaking was Vasquez, who seems to have been more active in personally conducting the expedition which Sublette had probably the larger share in fitting out.

Their post was located on the upper South Fork of the Platte. Its site was about fifty miles north of that of the present city of Denver.

In the immediate neighborhood there were three other fur trading forts. Lupton's was above and St. Vrain's and the other were below. All were within a day's journey of Long's Peak.

Colonel H. M. Chittenden seems to have had no data at hand bearing upon the operations in this vicinity, while writing his "American Fur Trade in the Far West." He is aware only of the bare fact of the existence of these posts.

The expedition which E. Willard Smith, the author of this journal, accompanied had probably proceeded up the Missouri River from St. Louis by boat to Independence. From that point it set out equipped, as the journal describes, following the Santa Fe Trail for some four hundred miles to the ford of the Arkansas, the Cimarron crossing; thence its route was along the mountain branch of the Santa Fe Trail, on the north bank of the Arkansas, to Bent's Fort. They of the Sublette and Vasquez party overtake and pass Lupton's company of a character similar to their own and having a destination separated only four or five miles from theirs. But Lupton's oxen were not as fleet as Vasquez's mules.

Bent's Fort marked a turning point in their course. They had traveled westward some 530 miles from Independence. A ten days' march northward was still ahead of them to reach their fort on the South Fork. Bent's Fort which they were passing was so situated as to be in touch both with the Santa Fe trade and with that of the mountains. Chittenden speaks of this post as "the great cross roads station of the Southwest. The north and south route between the Platte River

country and Santa Fe, and the east and west route up the Arkansas and into the mountains, found this their most natural trading point."

Bent and St. Vrain, the firm owning Bent's Fort and St. Vrain's to the north, is mentioned by Chittenden as the chief competitor of the American Fur Company at this time. But of Vasquez and Sublette's operations his sources seem to have afforded him no information as he is certain only of the mere fact of the existence of their fort.

Turning now to the contents of the journal, we are given a very clear picture of the face of the country traversed on this northward stretch and of the Indians encountered and game found. After tarrying only three days near the middle of September at the Vasquez and Sublette fort the expedition was on its way westward across the Rocky Mountains. Its route crossed the Cache a la Poudre and the upper North Fork of the Platte and traversed the new or North Park of the northwestern portion of the present state of Colorado and the northeastern corner of Utah. The pass used is some two hundred miles southeast of South Pass.

The ultimate destination of the expedition and proposed winter quarters was Brown's Hole. This is an amphitheater-shaped basin where the Green River emerges from the Wind River Mountains. The "Snake River" mentioned is a small tributary of the Green.

The narrative indicates that horse-stealing by both renegade whites and by the Sioux Indians, and the retaliations, developed a veritable reign of terror in the early winter of 1839-40 in this Rocky Mountain fastness. At any rate the fear of attempted retaliation by the whole force of the Sioux nation caused a change of plans and the Vasquez-Sublette party instead of remaining at Brown's Hole all winter essayed a mid-winter return across the mountains to its fort on the South Fork of the Platte. After all but two of their horses had perished and they had been compelled to scaffold their collection of beaver skins, they reached the upper North Fork of the Platte, still one hundred and fifty miles from the shelter of their fort and a

new outfit of horses. From this encampment Smith and two companions venture to penetrate the wintry wilderness ahead to secure from the fort the necessary horses with which to convey the party and its collection of furs to the fort. Insuperable difficulties of travel and signs of proximity of large bands of Indians ahead of them bring dismay. They return to the encampment and a more successful venture is made by their leading trader, Biggs. Resupplied with horses, and their packs of beaver brought up, they were on their way to the South Fork about the middle of April. From their fort the trip to St. Louis was made in a "Mackinaw" boat.

There are interesting references to the I. R. Walker, who as assistant to Captain Bonneville had in 1833 penetrated from the Great Salt Lake to California. Smith mentions him as commissioned to guide another party to California. It is said of him that he "requested the epitaph on his tombstone record the fact that he discovered the Yosemite wonderland."

There are also interesting references to the natural wonders that have since been included in the Yellowstone National Park.

## JOURNAL

August 6th, 1839. Left Independence. The party at starting consisted of thirty-two persons under the command of Messrs. Vasquez and Sublette. There were four wagons loaded with goods, to be used in the Indian trade, drawn by six mules each. The drivers accompanied the wagons, the rest of the party riding on mules. These men were French, American, Spanish and half breeds.

After leaving the boundary line of Missouri State we lost all traces of civilization. The soil appeared to be very fertile for about one hundred miles, being well watered by streams running south into the Arkansas. On the banks of these streams were many dense groves, while the intervening country consisted of prairies. The grove on the last stream we met with was called Council Grove, one hundred miles from the state

line, which place we reached on the 15th of August. It had formerly been a favorite place for the Indian council fires.

On the night of the 15th we had a very severe rain, which was a pleasant introduction to a life on the prairies. Our food consisted of bacon and bread baked in a frying pan. The two gentlemen who had command of the party were old Indian traders, having followed this mode of life for more than ten years, there were also with us Mr. Thompson who had a trading post on the western side of the mountains, and two half breeds employed as hunters. One of them was a son of Captain Clarke, the great Western traveler and companion of Lewis. He had received an education in Europe during seven years.

16th August. Today we saw several antelopes.

17th August. We came in sight of the Arkansas River, quite a large stream about two hundred yards wide. The banks were low and sandy, with a few scattered trees. We continued to travel along its banks for several days at a short distance from the stream. There were a large species of spider whose bite was mortal. We had several moonlight nights to cheer the guard.

21st. Some of the party killed two antelope, an old and a young one, which were prepared for dinner. We found them not very palatable, but still acceptable after having lived so long on bacon alone, our stock of flour being exhausted some days previous. The meat resembles venison somewhat, though not equal to it in flavor. This animal is smaller than the common deer, which it very much resembles in color and quality of hair, but its horns are different, being smaller and less branching. It is very fleet, even more so than a deer, and requires a very swift horse to overtake it. Their great watchfulness renders it difficult to approach them.

On this same day we saw seven buffaloes as we were preparing dinner. The sight of them quite enlivened the party, who were most of them strangers to a life in the prairies. Mr. Sublette gave chase to one of them, being mounted on a horse trained for the purpose, and fired several times without effect.

22nd. At noon we saw a large herd of two or three hundred buffalo cows. Some of the hunters gave chase, but returned unsuccessful. Several of them were thrown from their horses, and severely injured, as they were riding over a village of prairie dogs, the horses' feet sinking into the holes. We suffered much today from want of water. Saw also the first village of prairie dogs, which was quite a curiosity. One of the dogs was killed and eaten. They look somewhat like a squirrel, being nearly the same size. Sometimes the same hole is occupied by an owl, rattlesnake and prairie dog. Today the grass begins to be short, and there is little dew. Before the dew has been so heavy as to wet us thoroughly during the night. No buffalo meat today. At evening two of the party went out to hunt and shot a bull, being much pleased with their success. They thought they heard the Indians whoop, but it was nothing more than the howling of wolves. Bulls at this season are poor and unfit to eat. They are therefore rarely killed when cows are to be obtained.

August 23rd. Today all the hunters started after buffalo, and we anxiously awaited their return. Took breakfast this morning at day break, somewhat out of the usual course. We generally arose at break of day, traveled till ten or eleven, then encamped and cooked our breakfast. We then continued our journey till within an hour of sunset, when we encamped for the night, prepared our supper and picketed the horses. This is done by tying a rope, eighteen or twenty feet long, to a horse's neck, and attaching to it a stake driven into the ground, which allows them to feed, without permitting them to wander off. We stand guard by turns at night, each one being on duty three hours. After the night arrangements were made we spread our blankets and courted sleep which speedily came after the fatigues of the day. The canopy of heaven was our only covering. There was a severe storm during the night.

At noon of the 23rd the hunters returned with meat, having killed three cows. All turned cooks, and ate voraciously of the first buffalo meat we had tasted. I think with most others who have eaten it, that it is preferable to any other meat. We saw

several thousand buffalo today, two or three herds containing about three hundred. All feel in good spirits although the water is extremely bad, indeed we have had good water but twice since we started. Towards evening we passed a great number of buffaloes, the prairie being actually alive with them. They extended probably about four miles, and numbered nearly two hundred thousand. We were amazed with a scene so new to us, so strange to one accustomed to cities and civilization.

24th. Today we saw nearly as many buffaloes as yesterday. So many are not generally met at this season so far East. We are now about three hundred miles from Independence. We had grown weary with the monotony of traveling till we met buffalo, but the excitement of hunting soon revived us.

26th. We have met with nothing very interesting today, but have seen a great many buffaloes, and at evening encamped on the banks of the Arkansas. The river here is pretty wide, but not more than two or three feet deep. We shall now continue to travel along the Arkansas for ten or twelve days. The river here is the boundary between Mexico and Missouri Territory.

26th. A pleasant day, but the evenings are becoming cool. We are not as much troubled with mosquitoes as for several nights previously. This has been a long day's journey. We now live on buffalo meat altogether, which requires very little salt. Our party now consists of thirty-six persons, having been joined by four on the sixteenth.

27th. Another pleasant day. We are getting along rapidly, traveling about twenty-five miles a day. Our hunters go out again today for meat. There are two ways of hunting buffaloes. One called *approaching*, the other *running*. When a hunter *approaches* he puts on a white blanket coat and a white cap, so as to resemble a white wolf as much as possible, and crawls on his hands and knees towards the buffalo, until he gets within one hundred and fifty yards, then sinks his knife in the ground, lies prostrate, rests his gun on his knife, and fires at the animal. It generally requires more than one shot to kill a buffalo, even if he should be shot through the heart. The way of hunting



by *running* is on horseback. The man mounts a fleet horse trained for the purpose, rides full speed toward the herd, and fires a light fowling piece, which he carries in one hand, while he guides the horse with the other. The moment the hunter fires his piece, the horse springs out of the reach of the buffalo to escape injury from the infuriated animal. This is the most exciting method of hunting, but it is attended with considerable danger, the horse being liable to stumble over the rough ground. The Indians prefer this mode of hunting, substituting the bow and arrow for the gun. This weapon they use with such dexterity as to shoot an arrow entirely through the animal, piercing the ground on the opposite side. It is very difficult for a bullet, at the regular shooting distance to pass through the body. We saw ten antelopes today. Every night we have a grand concert of wolves, relieved occasionally by the bellowing of buffalo bulls.

During the last week we passed several places where men belonging to former parties had been killed by the Indians. The other day we passed a place where Mr. Vasquez had a narrow escape. He and one of his men started for his fort in advance of the party. The man being taken sick, he left him on an island in the Arkansas. He then went back for medicine, having to travel a day and a half. While returning he was chased by a party of Indians on foot, who overtook him while he stopped to drink, and were at his side before he could mount his horse. He presented the muzzle of his gun, and the Indians stepped back, allowing him time to mount his horse, which taking fright, ran away with him. The Indians gave up the pursuit. They were a party of Pawnees. The part of the road we are now traveling runs through the general war ground of the different tribes of Indians.

28th. Nothing very remarkable today. The weather still continues pleasant.

29th. Nothing interesting today. Buffalo have been very scarce for several days. The hunters went out this afternoon and could get nothing but antelope meat, which afforded us a good meal as we were hungry.

30th. We still travel as usual. We had been expecting to overtake Mr. Lupton every day. He is a mountain trader, on his way to the trading post on the river Platte. We overtook him today about noon. His party had stopped to eat dinner and allow their animals to feed. He had six wagons drawn by oxen. They had started about twelve days before us. He mistook us for Indians as we approached, and was somewhat alarmed. We saw three deer today on an island, one of them a buck was very large.

31st. This is the last day of August and of summer. We saw six elk today, one of them being an old one, was quite large. Mr. Lupton encamped with us today as well as last night. He is trying to keep in company with us, but probably will not succeed, as our mules can travel much faster than his oxen. We had a buffalo hunt today. Our men killed one. Mr. Lupton's men another. It is a fine sight to see them *running* a large herd. This is Saturday. It is difficult to mark the Sabbath as there are no church bells to remind us of it.

September 1st. Today we came in sight of what is called *Big Timber*, sixty miles from *Bent's Fort* on the Arkansas. We had no fresh buffalo meat today, and there are no buffalo to be seen.

2nd. Today we left *Big Timber* at noon. The prairie here is more rolling and sandy than we have seen it before. We had a view of the mountains this afternoon, but they are still one hundred and fifty miles distant. We are enabled to see this great distance on account of the clearness of the atmosphere. There is no dew at night, the atmosphere being very dry and clear. The weather is very warm. No fresh meat today. Buffalo is very scarce.

3rd. Today we passed *Bent's Fort* which looks quite like a military fortification. It is constructed of mud bricks after the Spanish fashion, and is quite durable. Mr. Bent had seventy horses stolen from the fort this summer by a party of the Comanche Indians, nine in number. There was a party of these Indians, consisting of three thousand lodges, a few miles distant.

4th. Today we passed a Spanish fort about two miles from Bent's. It is also built of mud, and inhabited by a few Spanish and French. They procure flour from Towse [Taos], a town in Mexico, eight days' travel from this place. They raise a small quantity of corn for their own use. We still continue along the Arkansas River. Last night we saw the northern lights very plainly. Three of our party have now left to go in advance to the fort on the Platte.

5th. Today we came in sight of *Pike's Peak*, which can be seen at a very great distance. It has snow on its summit at present. We have had no fresh meat today. The soil along the river is very sandy. We still continue on its banks. The ground here is covered with prickly pears. There is a shrub growing here called *grease wood*. It is peculiar to this country. The Indians use it for making arrows. It is very heavy and stiff, and burns quickly. There is also here a plant called *Spanish soap plant*. The Mexicans use the root as a substitute for soap. We have been obliged to eat bacon today as the stock of buffalo meat is exhausted.

6th. Today our hunters killed two buck deer. They tasted very well. We still keep approaching the mountains, which have a very fine appearance. The Peak is very high, it was discovered by General Pike when in company with Major Long on his expedition to the mountains. Pike and his party were taken prisoners at this mountain by the Mexicans. One of his companions was kept four years in prison.

7th. We have been going uphill all day and have reached some high ground, which gives us a splendid view of the plain below. We can see at least eighty miles in either direction except where the mountains bound our view at the distance of forty miles. We ate our dinner beside a stream called *Fontaine qui bouille*, boiling spring, called so on account of the manner in which it boils from the mountains. We found a great quantity of wild plums on the banks of this stream and saw signs of grizzly bears in this vicinity. This is a famous resort in the winter for the Arapahoos and Shian Indians. The traders have houses here for trading with them in the winter.

8th. Today we saw a few scattering buffaloes, we had not seen any in some time, and, with the exception of a little venison, had been living on bacon. Towards evening the hunters came in with some bull's meat, which made our supper, although rather unpalatable. We had a very severe storm of wind and rain last night. The wind is always strong on these plains, like a gale at sea. It is almost impossible to travel here in winter.

9th. Today we met several large herds of buffalo, and the hunters succeeded in getting some good meat, which was quite an agreeable change. We all ate voraciously. It would astonish the inhabitants of the city to drop in upon us at some of our meals, after we had been on short allowance for two or three days. It is incredible what a large quantity of buffalo meat a man can eat without injury.

10th. Today and yesterday we passed through some strips of pine timber, the first I have seen in this part of the country. It is quite a relief after seeing nothing but cottonwood along the prairie streams. As we were about encamping for the night we saw some Indians, who proved to be Arapahoos. One of them immediately galloped off to their village, as their large encampments are called which was about five miles distant, and informed the others that we were in the vicinity. At dusk twenty-two, most of them chiefs, came out to see us. They were all fine looking fellows, rather lighter colored than our Eastern Indians. Two or three squaws accompanied them, pretty good looking. The chiefs seated themselves around the fire, forming a ring with Mr. Vasquez, and commenced smoking their long pipes, which they passed around several times, every one smoking out of the same pipe. They were all well acquainted with Mr. Vasquez, and remained with him two or three hours. Before leaving we presented them with some tobacco and knives. Among their number was one Shian and one Blackfoot.

11th. Nothing new today. We expect to reach the fort soon. We are still eating bull's meat.

12th. Living nearly the same as yesterday and traveling pretty fast. Almost out of provisions. In the evening we arrived at the Platte river and encamped.

13th. Today about four o'clock we passed *Mr. Lupton's Fort*. A little after five we reached the fort of Messrs. Sublette and Vasquez, the place of our destination. Our arrival caused considerable stir among the inmates. A great many free trappers are here at present. The fort is quite a nice place, situated on the South Fork of the River Platte. It is built of *adobies*, or Spanish bricks, made of clay baked in the sun. This is the Mexican plan of building houses, and, as the atmosphere is very dry, and there is little rain, the buildings are quite durable. This fort is opposite Long's Peak, and about twenty miles distant. We slept all night at the fort and supped on some very good meat. This is the first time I have slept under cover for thirty-seven days.

14th. Today I moved my quarters to Mr. Thompson's camp, a mile and a half from the fort, and shall remain with him till we start to cross the mountains, which will be in a few days. There are a few lodges of the Shian Indians near us. We have smoked with and embraced two today.

15th. We are still at the camp. Nothing remarkable has happened. The men at the fort have been carousing, etc., having got drunk on alcohol. There are about twelve lodges of Shians encamped at the fort who have been trading with the whites. They had a scalp dance in the fort today, dancing by the music of an instrument resembling the tambourine. They were armed with short bows, about three feet long.

16th. Today we left our encampment, and started to cross the mountains. Our party consisted of eight men, two squaws and three children. One of the squaws belonged to Mr. Thompson, the other to Mr. Craig. They are partners, and have a trading fort at *Brown's Hole*, a valley on the west of the mountains.

17th. One of our mules was nearly drowned today in crossing the stream, a branch of the River Platte. It was with great

difficulty that he was extricated from his perilous situation. The middle of the day is quite warm now, but the mornings and the evenings are cool.

18th. We encamped last night on a small stream *cache la Poudre*, called so because powder was hidden there some time since. Our camp was just at the foot of the mountain, in a very pleasant place. During the day we passed several pools and creeks, the water of which were impregnated with saltpetre.

19th. Today we began to travel among the hills at the foot of the mountains. The change is very pleasant after the prairies in hot weather. One soon becomes tired of traveling over a prairie, all is so monotonous. The road we are traveling now is surrounded by hills piled on hills, with mountains in the background. The water in all the small streams is very good and cold.

20th. Today the road became more rough. We had some very high and steep hills to climb. One would scarcely think from their appearance that a horse could ascend them, but we crossed without any great difficulty. Messrs. Thompson and Craig went before us and killed three buffaloes. Before this we had plenty of fat venison. In the afternoon they killed three deer. At night it was quite cold and frosty.

21st. Today it is quite cold. We have been climbing more hills. At noon the hunters came to us, having killed six buffaloes and a calf. We saw a great many buffalo today. We are encamped in a beautiful valley. It is probably more than sixty miles long, as far as the eye can reach. The view from the surrounding mountains is grand. The valley is surrounded by high hills, with mountains in the back ground. Large herds of buffalo are scattered over it. There is a large stream flowing through it, called Laramie's Fork, tributary to the North Fork of the Platte. It has several small streams flowing into it. The timber on all these hills and mountains is yellow pine, some of it being quite large. In this plain there is a very large rock, composed of red sandstone and resembling a chimney. It is situated on a fork of the Laramie called *Chimney Fork*.

22nd. Nothing remarkable today except beautiful scenery. We travel more than twenty miles a day. The weather is very pleasant, quite warm at noon while it freezes hard at night.

23d. This morning the road was very rough. At noon we entered a very large valley, called *the Park*, at the entrance of which we crossed the North Fork of the River Platte, a very fine stream. We saw a great number of buffalo today, probably about two thousand.

24th. Today we are still traveling in *the park* and surrounded by herds of buffalo. The weather is still pleasant and we have moonlight nights. It is so cold at night that the water freezes. A beaver was caught this morning in a trap set last night by one of the party.

25th. Today we have had a very rough road to travel over, and at evening encamped on a ridge called *The Divide*. It divides the water of the Atlantic from the Pacific, and extends a great distance north and south. On the west side of it are the head waters of the Columbia and the Colorado of the West, the former emptying into the Pacific, and the latter into the Gulf of California. On the east side are the head waters of the Missouri and its tributaries, and also the Arkansas. We had a slight shower in the evening. We have seen no buffalo today.

26th. Today we have traveled only fifteen miles. The scenery is very rough. We saw only a few bulls and no cows. Nearly all the hills and valleys, since we came among the mountains, are covered with wild sage or wormwood, which grows in stiff bushes, seven or eight feet high. The stalks are as large as a man's arm. There are a great many black currants among the mountains, also plums and sarvis [service] and hawthorn berries.

27th. Today we have traveled about twenty miles. The weather still continues very pleasant. At evening just before we encamped for the night we passed a place where the Whites had encamped a few days previous, for the purpose of killing buffalo and drying the meat. From the signs around us, we thought they must have had a fight with the Indians, prob-

ably Sioux. We saw the skeletons of four horses killed in the fight. The Whites had thrown up a breastwork of logs for a defence. Tonight we put our horses in an old horse-pen we found at our camping place, which is on Snake River, a tributary of the Colorado of the West.

28th. Today we had a good road and got along well. We are still on Snake River. No buffalo have been seen, but the hunters killed an elk out of a herd of about twelve. The meat resembles venison very much in taste, though not quite so tender.

29th. Today we left Snake River and about noon found Indian signs. We supposed there must have been about forty Indians, probably a war party of Sioux, that had passed but two or three hours previous to our coming. If they had seen us we must have had a fight.

30th. Yesterday afternoon my horse gave out and I was obliged to lead him three miles. The day was quite warm and we suffered very much from want of water. We encamped at some sulphur springs. The hunters shot an old buffalo. Today I was obliged to walk and let my horse run loose. I was afraid that he would be unable to travel all day, even in this way. My boots were torn to pieces and I could procure no moccasins. I traveled forty miles in this way over a very rough road, covered with prickly pears. My feet were very much blistered. The day was very warm. After traveling forty miles without water I lost sight of the party who were in advance of me. As it was growing dark and my feet pained me very much, I concluded to stop for the night and encamp by myself on a stream called the *Vermilion* that we had just reached. I did so and remained there all night alone. I have never suffered so much from thirst as I did this day.

October 1st. I left my lonely camp early and walked rapidly over the gravel and prickly pears that lay in my path, not expecting to see my companions until I arrived at *Brown's Hole*, but after traveling two miles I discovered them encamped by a small lake in a valley. My pleasure can be easily imagined. They were just eating breakfast of which I partook with de-



light, having eaten nothing the day before. At evening we arrived at *Brown's Hole*, our place of destination. This is a valley on Green River in which is a fort.

October 2nd. Today I heard from Kit Carson the particulars of the fight at the breastworks at Snake River, referred to a few days since. It appears that the party was composed of seven whites and two squaws who had come there from *Brown's Hole* for the purpose of killing buffalo and drying the meat. They had been there several days and had dried a large quantity of meat when they were attacked by a party of Sioux, about twenty in number. The attack was made toward morning while it was yet dark. The Indians fired principally at one man, named Spillers, as he lay asleep outside of the horse-pen, and they pierced him with five balls without wounding anyone else. This awakened the rest of the men, and they began to strengthen a horse-pen they had made of logs, to form it into a breastwork. They digged some holes in the ground for the men to stand in, so as to protect them as much as possible. As soon as it became light, they commenced firing at the Indians, of whom they killed and wounded several. After exchanging several shots the principal Indian chief rode up toward them and made offers of peace. One of the white men went out, and induced him with several others to come toward them, when they were within shooting distance, he fell back behind some trees, and gave the signal to his companions, who fired and killed the head chief. The Indians kept up a firing for a short time and then retreated. When the chief was shot he jumped up and fell down, the others were very much excited, and raved and tore around. He was a distinguished chief.

October 3rd. Still at the fort which is situated in a small valley surrounded by mountains, on Green River, a tributary of the Colorado. This is quite a stream, about three hundred yards wide. It runs through a narrow passage or canyon in the mountains, the rocks forming a perpendicular wall on each side five hundred feet high.

October 6th. We had a snow storm today. It fell about six inches deep. I had intended to go to Fort Hall, a fort belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, situated at the head waters of the Columbia, but the party disappointed me.

10th. I have been at the fort since my first arrival, nothing of importance has occurred. The weather is still very pleasant. Today we started for a buffalo hunt, to make dried meat. There were about thirty in the party, about half of them being squaws, wives of the white trappers. We had sixty horses with us. We were ten days in reaching the buffalo herds, although we met a few scattered animals the second day. We made our first camp for drying meat on Snake River, at the mouth of a creek called Muddy. We had stormy weather for several days, and after remaining at this encampment for three days, we moved farther down the river where we remained several days. During the whole time we were out we killed one hundred buffalo and dried their meat. Some of the party had also killed six grizzly bears quite near the camp. The hunters gave me one of the skins of a beautiful grizzly brown color, and some of the meat very much like pork.

November 1st. We arrived at the fort the first of November, and remained there until the eighth. On the evening of the first there were one hundred and fifty head of horses stolen from the vicinity of the fort by a party of Sioux, as we afterwards learned. This was very unexpected as the trappers and Snake Indians had been in the habit of letting their horses run loose in this vicinity, unattended by a guard, as the place was unknown to any of the hostile Indians. This event caused considerable commotion at the fort, and they determined to fit out a war party to go in search of the stolen horses, but next morning this project was abandoned. A party of twelve men went over to Fort Hall, belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, and stole several horses from that company, notwithstanding they had been very well treated by the man who had charge of the fort. On their return they stopped at a small encampment of Snake Indians, consisting of three lodges. One of them belonged to a very old man who invited them to

eat with him and treated them with great hospitality. At evening the whites proceeded on their journey taking with them all the old Indian's horses. On returning to Green River, the trappers remaining at the fort expressed their displeasure so strongly at this act of unparalleled meanness that they were obliged to leave the party and go to a trading post of the Eutaw Indians. The whites in the valley, fearing that the Snake Indians might retaliate upon them for the loss of their horses pursued the thieves and compelled them to restore the stolen property.

8th. We moved up the river a short distance to a log cabin, built by some young men, who had come to the mountains last spring, intending to remain there until the following spring.

December 17th. There are here now, and have been for some time, about twenty lodges of Indians of the Snake tribe. They call themselves Shoshonies. We obtained a few skins from them in exchange for trinkets. They are very good looking Indians. The men are generally tall and slightly made, the women short and stout. There is a large salt lake in the mountains about four days travel from Brown's Hole. This lake is a hundred miles long from north to south and thirty miles wide. There are islands in the midst of it which have never been explored. These islands have high hills and are well wooded. The water of the lake is very strongly impregnated with salt. Salt of the best quality is found crystalized along the shores in great abundance. There are several fresh water streams running into this lake, one of which is Great Bear River. The surrounding country is rocky and gravelly, and there is considerable timber around the lake. There is also a salt creek near it, the water of which is very similar, where the Indians find beautiful salt. There are a great many salt springs in this vicinity.

Near the headwaters of the Missouri is a valley filled with mounds, emitting smoke and vapor, the ground composing this valley is very soft, so much so that a horse will sink to his girths in the ground.

On the west side of the mountains, are streams that seem to ebb and flow like the tide. In the mornings their banks are overflowing, at noon they are perfectly dry, the next morning flowing again.

The country around the headwaters of the Yellowstone, a tributary of the Missouri, abounds in natural curiosities. There are volcanoes, volcanic productions and carbonated springs. Mr. Vasquez told me that he went to the top of one of these volcanoes, the crater of which was filled with pure water, forming quite a large lake.

There is a story told by an Arapahoo chief of a petrified buffalo standing in the lake on the east side of the mountains. It was in a perfect state of preservation, and they worship it as a great medicine or charm. There are also moccasin and buffalo tracks in the solid rock along the shore of the lake. Nothing would induce this Indian to tell where this sacred buffalo is to be found. Great presents were offered to him in vain.

There is a party, going in boats from this valley in the spring down Grand River, on the Colorado of the West, to California. They will be led by Mr. Walker who was with Bonneville in the mountains. They intend trapping for beaver on the way.

The weather in this valley is extremely pleasant this winter, with scarcely any snow. It is as warm in the middle of the day as in June in New York, the latitude of the place is supposed to be forty-two degrees.

We intended to spend the winter in the valley of Brown's Hole, but soon had reason to fear an attack from the Sioux. The party before mentioned, who had lost their chief in an encounter with some whites, had returned to their principal tribe and intended coming in numbers to attack us in the spring.

We therefore thought it unsafe to remain until then, but were fearful of crossing the mountains during the winter, a thing never before attempted. But some men arrived at our encampment from the fort on the South Fork and assured us that there was no snow in the mountain passes. Then we con-

cluded to leave the valley immediately, and to re-cross the mountains, preferring the probability of the danger thus before us to the almost certain contest with the Indians.

We left the valley of Brown's Hole on the twenty-fourth of January, 1840, to return to the trading post on the South Fork of the Platte. The weather when we started, as for some time previous, was warm and pleasant. Our party consisted of twenty persons, fourteen men, four squaws, wives of the trappers, and two children. There were two traders in the company, one, Mr. Biggs, who was a trader for Sublette and Vasques, the other, Mr. Baker, a trader for Bent and St. Varian [St. Vrain]. There were also three free trappers. The others were men hired to the two traders.

On the 26th of January we met a party of Eutaw Indians who had been out hunting buffalo. These Indians are the best marksmen in the mountains, and are armed with good rifles.

On the 27th of January we arrived at Snake River and remained there four days. While there the snow fell two feet deep. We had three Indian lodges with us, in which we slept at night.

On the 2nd of February we encamped at a creek called *Muddy*. We found considerable difficulty in traveling through the snow during the day. Our hunters killed some buffalo today and provided us with fresh meat.

On the 4th the snow became very deep, and in a few days we found ourselves surrounded by snow six feet deep, and no buffalo to be seen, our stock of provisions was nearly exhausted.

On the 17th of February we encamped on a high hill, and one of the horses gave out, being unable to carry the load any farther. Here we encountered one of the most severe storms I ever witnessed. Considerable snow fell, and the wind blew for two nights and a day. During the night one of the lodges blew down, and its occupants were obliged to remove to one of the others to prevent being frozen. We started with thirty-nine horses and mules, all in good order. Some of them were now dying daily for want of food and water. We traveled

but three or four miles a day, on account of the depth of snow. By this time many of us were on foot and were obliged to go before and break the way for the horses.

Our provisions were being exhausted, we were obliged to eat the horses as they died. In this way we lived fifteen days, eating a few dogs in the meantime. In a few days we were all on foot. We suffered greatly from want of wood. There was no timber to be seen on our route. We were obliged to burn a shrub called sage, a species of wormwood, which one could only obtain in quantities sufficient to keep up a fire for an hour in the evening. We obtained no water except by melting snow.

During this time we had some very severe storms of wind and snow. Often one or two of the lodges were thrown down in the night. We were now obliged to make a scaffold of some trees which we found, and leave our beaver skins on it, with all the furs we had collected. It was made sufficiently high to prevent the bears from reaching it. We were unable to carry them farther, as so few horses remained. All had died except two, and they were so weak as to be almost unable to drag the tents.

On the 23rd our hunters killed a buffalo which was very poor, the meat, however, was very pleasant to us, after having lived so long on poor horse meat.

On the 24th the hunters killed three fat buffalo, which was the first fat meat we had seen for twenty days. All ate a large quantity of the raw tallow, having been rendered voracious by our wretched food and near approach to starvation. On the afternoon of this day we encamped on the North Fork of the River Platte, which here runs through a small valley surrounded by mountains. At this place there was scarcely any snow to be seen, and the weather is quite warm. We were still one hundred and fifty miles from the trading fort. This valley was filled with herds of buffalo.

After remaining here four days, three of us started on the 29th of February to go to the fort for horses. We traveled until noon the first day without finding any snow. In the

afternoon we met pretty deep snow, and towards night it was two feet deep, covered with a very hard crust. We found it very difficult traveling, but went, notwithstanding, fifteen miles that day. About dark we stopped on the summit of a hill which was bare, the wind having blown the snow off. At this place we could find nothing with which to build a fire to warm ourselves. We were very wet, having traveled through the snow all day. We were obliged to lie down on the bare ground, with only a blanket apiece to cover us, and were unable to sleep from the severe cold. Next morning we started by daylight and found the snow deeper than the day before, the crust was hard but not sufficiently so to bear one, which made walking very fatiguing. Notwithstanding the difficulty we traveled fifteen miles that day. At sundown we came in sight of a stream, the banks of which were covered with timber. We hoped to spend a comfortable night beside a large fire but were again disappointed. Before we had proceeded many steps we saw Indian tracks in the snow, which could have been made but a few hours previous. We judged from the number of these tracks that there must have been a large party of Indians.

One of my companions had traveled this same route before with two others, and at this same place had been attacked by a large party of Sioux. One of his companions was killed, while the others were robbed of everything and obliged to walk a hundred and fifty miles to reach a trading post.

My companions being both afraid to proceed, we were obliged to return to our party on the North Fork of the Platte. We concluded to return that same night, although very much fatigued. We were near what was called Medicine Bow Butte, which takes its name from a stream running at its base, called Medicine Bow Creek. We traveled all night and stopped just as daylight was appearing, made a fire and rested half an hour. The next night we found ourselves quite near the encampment on the Platte.

Our party was very much disappointed to see us return. Four days afterwards Mr. Biggs and a half breed started for the fort by another route, where there was very little snow, and

no danger of meeting Indians. They took a horse with them to carry their blankets and provisions.

In the meantime the party on the Platte were hunting daily, and supplied themselves abundantly with provisions.

After waiting thirty days for the return of Mr. Biggs with horses, we began to be fearful that he had been murdered by the Indians, but on the forty-second day from the time of his starting, just as we had given up all hope of seeing him, he and Mr. Vasquez arrived, bringing with them horses sufficient to carry the furs, but not enough to furnish saddle-horses for all the party, consequently some were obliged to walk. They also brought some men with them, increasing our number to twenty-two.

Mr. Biggs immediately started to return for the beaver that had been left some distance back, and was absent five days.

When Mr. Biggs started for the fort in search of horses we built a fort of logs on the Platte to protect us from Indians. We now left this fort on the 14th of April on our way to the fort on the South Fork.

On the 16th we ate dinner at the Medicine Bow Creek, and on the 19th arrived at Laramie Fork, a tributary of the Platte. At the junction of this stream with the North Fork of the River Platte the American Fur Company have a large trading fort, called Fort Laramie. We saw a great many buffalo every day as we passed along.

On the 22nd we met a small party of Arapahoo Indians coming to visit their friends the Shoshonies, or Snake Indians.

On the 24th of April, in the afternoon, we crossed the South Fork of the Platte with considerable difficulty, as the water was very high. After traveling six miles we arrived at the Fort of Sublette and Vasquez. We remained at the fort nearly two days.

April 26th we started in a mackinaw boat, which had been made at the fort at the foot of the mountains. This boat was thirty-six feet long and eight feet wide. We had seven hundred buffalo robes on board and four hundred buffalo tongues. There were seven of us in company. The water of this river,



the South Fork of the Platte, was very shallow and we proceeded with difficulty, getting on sand bars every few minutes. We were obliged to wade and push the boat along most of the way for about three hundred miles, which we were forty-nine days traveling. We had to unload the boat several times a day when it was aground, which was very hard work.

May 8th. We saw the body of a Shoshonie squaw which had been placed on a scaffold in the top of a large tree on the bank of the river. This is the usual manner of disposing of the dead among these Indians.

On the 9th, 10th and 11th the wind blew violently, accompanied with heavy rain. We were unable to proceed. On the eleventh three Shian Indians came to us. They belonged to a party which had been out catching wild horses. They had succeeded in taking two hundred. One hundred of them had died in a very severe storm a few days previous. The method adopted by the Indians for catching them is as follows: An Indian mounts a fleet horse, having a rope twenty feet long, with a noose at the end, fastened to his saddle. He rides close to the animal he wishes to catch, and throws the noose, or lasso, over its head. The horse finding the noose over his head, jumps, which chokes him and causes him to stop. As we found no buffalo, we had eaten all of the four hundred tongues we had brought.

On the 12th we killed the first buffalo we had seen since we left the fort.

On the 13th we arrived at the camp of the Shian Indians, the party mentioned before. They consisted of twenty-five men and boys and one squaw. They were headed by a chief called the Yellow Wolf. His brother was of the party having a name which signified in the Indian language Many Crows. We gave them some spirits, in exchange for a little meat, on which they became very much intoxicated.

On the 14th and for many days after we saw a great many dead buffalo calves strewed along the banks of the river. They were about a week old and must have been killed by some dis-

ease raging among them, as the wolves would not touch them, although here in great numbers. There were probably two thousands of these calves.

On the 18th it stormed all day and night. Toward evening we saw about three hundred wild horses, who came quite near us. We have seen several large herds of buffalo for several days past.

June 12th. We arrived at the fork of the Platte. The water in the North Fork of the Platte was pretty high, and we were able to proceed quite rapidly. We sometimes traveled fifty miles a day. The main Platte is very wide, and has many islands in it, which were covered with roses as we passed them. In one place this river is four miles wide. One of its islands is one hundred miles long. The country from the forks of the Platte to the Missouri is claimed principally by the Pawnee Indians.

June 14th. We met five buffalo, the last we saw, as we left the country in which they range.

18th. In the morning we arrived at a Pawnee village. It consists of a hundred and fifty lodges, made of poles covered with mud. Each lodge contains three or four families. This village is situated on the south bank of the river. These Indians raise excellent corn. The squaws perform all the labor in the fields. We gave them some dried meat in exchange for corn. This was the first vegetable food we had eaten in eleven months.

19th. We were obliged to lay by on account of a violent wind. At night we were much annoyed by mosquitoes.

20th. We passed the Loup Fork and also Shell Creek.

21st. We passed Horse Creek, a large stream coming in from the north, also Saline, a large stream from the south. The scenery here is very different from that farther up the river. The banks of the Platte from the foot of the mountains to this place have been low and sandy, with scarcely any trees on the banks, but here the river has bluff banks thickly covered with timber. There is a village of Pawnees, called the Pawnee Loups, on the Loup Fork. The Pawnees have their heads

shaved closely, with the exception of the scalping tuft in the middle, which gives them a very savage appearance. The river below the Loup Fork is much narrower than above. We are now in the country of the Otoe Indians.

On the evening of the 21st we arrived at a missionary station, about fifteen miles from the mouth of the River Platte. There are about twenty Otoe lodges near the missionary station. These lodges are built of mud, in the same manner as the Pawnees. We went up to the missionary houses, expecting to find some whites, and were much disappointed at finding them deserted, the missionaries having removed to another place.

June 22nd. This morning we arrived at the mouth of the river Platte. The Missouri, where we entered it, is rather narrow. This is about eleven hundred miles from St. Louis. In the afternoon we stopped at a log house on the bank of the river. Here we saw the first whites who had gladdened our eyes since leaving the mountains. They were at first afraid of us. At this place was a small encampment of Pottawattamie Indians. They had been drunk a few days before, and several were killed in a fight. This is the part of the country to which they had been removed. The banks of the Missouri here are quite hilly. Some of the shores are composed of limestone.

23rd. In the evening we arrived at a settlement, where we procured some fresh meat, bread and coffee. This place was in the Iowa country and we saw several Indians of that tribe.

24th. We stopped at another settlement in the State of Missouri, in Buchanan county. On the south side of the river is Missouri Territory, and on the north the state of Missouri. We saw some Sacks and Fox Indians today. We now traveled rapidly, sometimes eighty miles a day.

July 3rd. We arrived at St. Louis, having come two thousand miles from the mountains in sixty-nine days.

When traveling down the River Platte in our mackinaw boat, as before stated, we often ran aground on sand bars, and were obliged to unload the boat to lighten, push it off the bar, and then reload. This occurred several times in the course of each day, and of course kept us wading in the water most

of the time. We seldom found it more than waist deep. One afternoon we tied up our boat about four o'clock, as was our custom, to hunt buffaloes, as we were in want of provisions. This would give us time to kill, and get the meat to the boat before dark. It was usual for one of the party to remain with the boat while the rest went to hunt. This afternoon it was my turn to remain, which I accordingly did, and the rest of the party went off about three miles from the boat in search of game. This was rather a dangerous practice, as we were in the Pawnee country, and very much exposed. The day was quite pleasant with a strong breeze, and I was lounging on the piles of furs in the boat, with my coat off. Alongside of me lay a fine buffalo robe, that was damp, exposed to the sun to dry. The wind blew it off into the river. I jumped off the boat into the stream, ran down some distance so as to get beyond the floating robe, which was rapidly going down the stream, and jumped into the river, which I supposed was not more than waist deep, but very much to my surprise, I found the water over my head. This was an awkward predicament, for I could not swim, but my presence of mind did not forsake me, I knew sufficient of the theory of swimming to keep perfectly still, conscious that if I did so, I would float, and the result proved that I was right. As I before stated, the current was quite swift, and I was carried down stream rapidly. Finding that I floated, I paddled with my hands, keeping them under water, and found that I could swim quite readily, I paddled out toward the robe, and secured it with some difficulty, as it had become partly soaked with water and was quite heavy. At last I succeeded in dragging it on shore, and crawled out of the water well saturated, and feeling most grateful for my deliverance. It was rather a lonely adventure, as all my companions were several miles distant. On their return they congratulated me on my narrow escape.

As we were coming down the River Platte, and had nearly gotten out of the range of buffaloes, which they frequent, it occurred to me that, as I had not yet killed any, I should try what I could do. On my journey out across the plains, I had

broken my rifle, and had substituted a fusee, or short gun, from which we fire balls. This was a very rude specimen of fire arm, and of very little use for hunting, but useful in case of an attack from Indians.

This afternoon we had, as usual, tied up our boat and the hunter, Mr. Shabenare, went out a short distance from the river bank to shoot a buffalo for his meat. At the time there were several large buffalo bulls near us. After killing one we assisted the hunters in butchering it, and in carrying portions of the meat to the boat. It was at this time that I concluded to try my luck, so taking up my gun, which was loaded, and slinging my powder horn and pouch on my shoulder, I started off toward the range of low hills running parallel to the shore and about a quarter of a mile distant. Several bulls were grazing quietly at the foot of these hills. I intended to walk up stealthily to within five hundred yards of one of the largest and then crawl up to within one hundred and twenty yards of him before I fired. For unless you approach as near as that to them your ball takes no effect. I had reached to within five hundred yards of him when he noticed me and becoming alarmed started off up the hill on a run. It was a damper on my prospects, for they run quite fast, generally as fast as a horse can trot, but as he had to run up hill, I thought I would give chase, and I accordingly did so, and after running a short time I found that I gained upon him and felt quite encouraged.

After running him about a mile and a half I came to a valley where I found several buffaloes grazing. The bull I was chasing finding these buffaloes quietly grazing, stopped also and began to eat grass. Finding him so quiet I also stopped to rest for a minute. I examined my gun and found the priming all right. I then approached cautiously to within fifty feet of him, which I could not have done if he had not been very tired from the long chase up hill. I then kneeled down and resting my ramrod upon the ground to support the gun took deliberate aim at his heart and fired. He jumped

at me with great ferocity, but I sprang on one side and avoided him. The ball had evidently taken effect.

I loaded the second time and approached somewhat nearer, to within about forty feet of him and took deliberate aim in the same manner and fired. The second ball also took effect and seemed to weaken him. He jumped at me again with the same ferocity, and I avoided him in the same way. After loading my piece the third time I found that my powder was exhausted and that this must be my last shot.

I approached to within the same distance and took aim and fired in the same manner as before. Again he jumped at me ferociously and then laid down panting and apparently in great pain. Having no powder my gun was now useless. I did not like the idea of losing my game after all the trouble I had had with him, I therefore determined to try my knife, which was a butcher knife six inches long, I crawled up cautiously toward his hind legs and attempted to cut his hamstrings with my knife thereby disabling him so that I could stab him. I had no sooner cut through the thick skin of his leg when smarting with pain the infuriated animal arose and plunged at me and would probably have killed me if it had not been for the miraculous arrival of our bull dog Turk. I had left him at the boat asleep, but finding that I had gone he followed me and arrived at the spot just in time to take the bull by the nose and prevent his injuring me. I now despaired of being able to secure my game. I took my powder horn and shook it in desperation and succeeded in obtaining enough powder from it for half a charge, with this I loaded my gun, using grass for wadding around my bullet instead of patches, as these as well as my stock of powder had become exhausted. The bull was now lying down with his head erect, and panting violently. I walked up to him, and putting the muzzle of my gun to his mouth, I fired down his throat. This was too much for him and he rolled over in his last struggle. I jumped upon him and stabbed him several times in the heart.

It had now grown dark. A large circle of white wolves had formed around and were yelling in a most hideous

manner, old Turk keeping them at bay. I cut out the tongue of the bull, and part of his meat and prepared to return to the boat, but on looking about I was at a loss which way to go, in the confusion and excitement I had forgotten from which direction I had come. I chose my direction and after a walk of about twenty minutes came to the river, much to my relief. I was again at a loss which way to go to find the boat, but finally walked down the stream, and in half an hour reached the boat, at which I was very much rejoiced. My companions had become very much alarmed at my absence, but knew not where I had gone. We were in the Pawnee country and I was liable to meet some of them at any time and I was without ammunition or any means of defending myself. Old Turk after fighting the wolves off until he could eat some of the bull, returned, and was ever after considered the Lion of the party. Thus ended my first and my last buffalo hunt.

# JOURNAL OF JOHN WORK'S SNAKE COUNTRY EXPEDITION OF 1830-31

SECOND HALF

Editorial Notes by T. C. Elliott

This Quarterly printed in Vol. XIII., No. 4 the first installment of the journal of John Work, a trader of the Hudson's Bay Company, covering his trapping expedition to the Snake Country in the year 1830-31, with an editor's introduction; the second and final installment is now presented. The original of the first part of this journal was found in London but curiously enough this latter half comes from quite another source, namely from the family papers of the late William Fraser Tolmie of Victoria, B. C.; Dr. Tolmie married one of the daughters of John Work. No opportunity has been afforded for the writer of these notes to compare his copy with the original but some few apparent errors, chiefly in proper names, cannot affect its general reliability.

We left Mr. Work with his large party of trappers and their families on the 18th of March, 1831, at the Portneuf river in Southern Idaho, probably not far east of the present city of Pocatello; we now resume our acquaintance with him April 21st, a month later, on the upper waters of the Bannock river, south of the Portneuf. After very successful trapping here he follows down Snake river past American Falls to Raft river (Mr. Work designates this stream both as Raft and as Roche-Rock-river, but evidently it was the former), and ascending that river to one of its sources he crosses the divide to the plain at the north end of Great Salt Lake. He was then not far from Kelton, Utah, a place which held prominence for a time after the completion of the Central Pacific Railway as the eastern terminus of the stage lines from Walla Walla, which was one of the regular lines of travel for people going East from Oregon and Washington. This stage line crosses the Snake river below Salmon Falls.

Mr. Work then proceeds westward across the divide to the waters of the Humboldt river (called by him Ogden's river)



and for more than a month is upon the waters of the Humboldt flowing west and south and of the Bruneau and Owyhee flowing north, in northern Nevada. Late in June he turns north across Eastern Oregon by way of Malheur lake, Silvies river and the John Day river to his starting point at Fort Nez Perce at the mouth of the Walla Walla river. But little attempt will be made at long range to trace the itinerary closely. On this his first expedition into this region Mr. Work followed closely the track of his worthy predecessor, Peter Skene Ogden, in 1828-29, whose journals published in volumes X and XI of this Quarterly are now the more intelligible.

Thursday, April 21st, 1831.

Stormy, raw, cold weather.

Moved camp, and marched 10 miles S. E. up the river.<sup>1</sup>

The river here is a narrow deep stream with steep clayey banks which have some willows growing upon them, and appear well adapted for beaver, a good many marks of which are to be seen. This little stream is not known ever to have been hunted by whites. Just above our last encampment it spreads into a kind of swamp which was probably taken by the hunters to be its source. The valley through which the river runs here is pretty wide, and seems to have been but a very short time free of snow, the mountains on each side of it have still a considerable depth upon them, and banks of it remain in sundry places along the shores of the river. The valley seems to produce little else but wormwood. There is a little coarse, dry grass in some points along the river. Owing to the unusual lateness of the spring the young grass is barely beginning to shoot up so that our horses, lean as they are, can gather very little to eat, which is much against them and also retards our progress as it is out of power to make such day's journeys as we would wish. Some of the people went in pursuit of buffalo but with little success. Nearly all the people set their traps, only two beaver were taken. Two of the men, A. Findlay and A. Hoole, who went after buffalo

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<sup>1</sup> Bannock river.

towards the mountains discovered a party of 14 Blackfoot with 8 or 10 horses. The Indians immediately fled, and the men foolishly pursued them some distance before they returned to the camp. On their arrival a party immediately went in pursuit of them but could not overtake them. They had got across the mountain notwithstanding the depth of the snow. F. Payette and 4 or 5 of the half breeds ascended the mountains after them but it was too late to continue the pursuit and they returned. A mare and colt which they left in their hurry was brought to the camp. There were the tracks of some women and children with the party. It is conjectured that the horses were stolen from the Snakes and that the women and children were also of that nation and made slaves of by the Blackfeet. They threw away several cords in their haste. A. Letender, who was up the river setting his traps, saw three Blackfeet with a horse, they immediately went off. P. Brinn and L. Kanottan saw and pursued another party of 5 men, two of them in their haste to escape them threw away their robes and cords. It is to be regretted that the two men who saw the party with the horses did not come to apprise us at the camp immediately and the whole party with their horses would probably have been taken.

Friday, April 22nd.

Cloudy, cold weather, some heavy rain and sleet in the night and fore part of the day.

Did not move camp. The people visited their traps and set some more. Twenty-five beaver and one otter were taken. There is the appearance of a good many beaver.

Saturday, April 23rd.

Stormy, cold weather.

Moved camp 5 miles farther up the river in order to find some feeding for the horses, and even here the grass is very indifferent and scarcely any of it. Though there are few buffalo to be seen now they have been very numerous here a short time ago and eat up the most of what little grass was. The men

visited their traps and took 33 beaver. The river here divides into two forks and falls in from the other rivers and the Costen from the south. The former is that which the Indians represented to be richest in beaver. We are mortified to find that as far as the men proceeded up it it is choked up with snow except in small spots here and there, and the valleys through which it runs, though of considerable extent, still covered with snow to a considerable depth in places 3 to 4 feet deep and farther up probably much deeper. The men who went farther up the south branch 15 and 20 miles suppose they have reached its head, a kind of swamp; here though the valley is larger than in the other branch yet the snow lies equally deep, and farther on through a fine valley appears still deep. The wormwood is covered with the snow. In this state of the snow we can neither trap these little rivers in the mountains nor attempt to cross the mountains without the risk of losing some of our horses from the depth of snow and want of food. The only step we can take now is to abandon this road and seek another pass more practicable. It would take too much time to wait till the snow melts. Thus are the prospects of the little hunt which we expected to make of 600 or 700 beaver in this quarter blasted. The unprecedented lateness of the spring is greatly against our operations. The oldest hands even in the severest winters never witnessed the season so late. The men saw some buffalo on the verge of the snow, probably they had been driven there by the Blackfeet Indians whom we found here. The people killed some of the buffalo but they were so lean that they were scarcely eatable. Three of the men drew a herd of bulls into a bank of snow yesterday and killed 16 of them.

Sunday, April 24th.

Frost in the morning, clear, cold weather for the season during the day.

The men visited their traps, 14 beaver were taken. The water is rising, which is against the trappers. Two of the men saw 6 Blackfeet Indians high up the river yesterday,

they made to the mountains. Some were prowling about our camp last night the tracks of two who passed close to in the night were observed this morning.

Monday, April 25th.

Cloudy, cold weather.

Returned down the river to near our encampment of the 20th. The people visited the traps but only one beaver was taken. The water in this little river rose several feet in the night. Though only a day's journey from our encampment of this morning there is a material difference in the appearance of the country. Vegetation has here made considerable progress, and we found pretty good feeding for our horses.

Tuesday, April 26th.

Rained the greater part of the day, bright in the morning but heavy towards evening.

Moved camp and marched 10 miles S. W. across a point to Snake river. Here we had the satisfaction to find excellent feeding for our horses. One beaver was taken in the morning. The men were out in different directions setting their traps. Some buffalo were seen and two or three of them were killed in the plains, they are still very lean. The hunters observed the fresh tracks of some parties of Blackfeet, and thought they saw one on horseback. One of the party had a few horses with them which they had probably stolen from the Snakes.

Wednesday, April 27th.

Heavy rain in the night, and stormy with rain all day.

The unfavorable weather deterred us from raising camp. The people revisited their traps, and set some more. Twenty beaver were taken, 16 of them in a small rivulet towards the foot of the mountains, which appear never to have been trapped nor even known notwithstanding parties of trappers having so frequently passed this road. C. Plant, M. Plant, Bt. Dubrille and J. Desland found it yesterday.

Thursday, April 28th.

Cloudy, fair weather.

Moved camp and proceeded 6 miles down Snake river to near the American falls, here we had good feeding for the horses. All hands out visiting and setting their traps. Twenty-two beaver and two otter were taken, 11 of the beaver from the little creek in the plains. Below the rapids there is some little appearance of beaver notwithstanding the Americans<sup>1</sup> passed this way last fall. Some of our hunters had trapped big river down to near the falls early in the spring.

Friday, April 29th.

Stormy weather, very heavy rain mixed with hail and sleet.

The unfavorable weather deterred us from moving camp but it did not prevent the people from visiting their traps and setting several more. 19 beaver were taken.

Saturday, April 30th.

Heavy overcast weather with some rain in the morning. Cloudy, fine weather afternoon.

The unfavorable appearance of the weather in the morning prevented us from raising camp. The men visited their traps, and took 50 beaver in a small creek called the big storm river. This little stream appears to have been hunted by the Americans last fall, yet there are marks of beaver being still pretty numerous. Several of the people's horses became jaded and gave up by the way, some had to be left behind, and it was dark by the time others reached the encampment. The poor horses are still so lean and weak that they are unable to bear any kind of a hard day's work. They are in much want of a week's repose and good feeding, but the lateness of the season will not admit of our allowing them so much.

Sunday, May 1st, 1831.

Heavy, cloudy weather, some showers in the afternoon.

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<sup>1</sup> See note on page 370, Vol. XIII.

Moved camp and proceeded 12 miles S. by W. across a point to the little creek<sup>1</sup> where the people have their traps set near the mountains, the road, though a little hilly, was good, considerable patches of snow occupying the north side of the little hills and the bottoms of the deep gullies. This little river is a narrow deep stream resembling the river Bannock, running between steep clayey banks. Where we are encamped is at the entrance of the mountains, the valley is not wide and no wood but some willows on the banks of the river. There is pretty good feeding here for the horses, but farther up the valley, where the snow has but lately disappeared, the men represent the grass as very indifferent, in many places scarcely any. All hands visited their traps, 65 beaver and 1 otter were brought to the camp, but the greater part of them were taken yesterday and left in cache. The traps this morning did not yield according to expectation.

Monday, May 2nd.

Cloudy, fine weather, some showers in the afternoon.

Did not move camp in order to allow the horses to feed, pretty good grass being at this place, and to allow the men time to take up their traps before we descend again to the Snake river. Some of the people have been up this river as far as there is any wood or beaver. 11 beaver were taken. Some of the men set their traps in the big river.

Tuesday, May 3rd.

Cloudy, fine, warm weather forenoon; stormy with thunder and some rain towards evening.

Moved camps, and proceeded 10 miles S. W. to the Snake river, where we encamped among hills on the small crawfish river. The road very hilly and fatiguing on the horses, many of whom were much fatigued on making the encampment. They were recompensed by excellent grazing. The men were on ahead setting their traps. 12 beaver and 1 otter were taken.

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<sup>1</sup> Rock Creek.

Wednesday, May 4th.

Cloudy, stormy weather.

Marched 10 miles W. S. W. to Raft river which we fell upon 10 or 15 miles from its junction with Snake river. The road good but very hilly the forepart of the journey. Raft river is now very high and muddy owing to the melting of the snow. There are some appearance of beaver in it though this part of it was hunted by the Americans last fall. The men visited and changed their traps. 11 beaver were taken. Some tracks of buffalo were seen on the opposite side of Snake river, and the tracks of some herds ascending the river. We have, if possible, to procure a stock of provisions as we have a long way to march through a country nearly destitute of animals of any kind, and this is the last place where we are likely to find any buffalo.

Thursday, May 5th.

Cloudy, stormy weather, thunder and some very heavy rain towards morning.

Marched 5 miles south up the river, when we encamped, and sent the most of the people after a large herd of buffalo which was discovered feeding in the mountain. Our horses have improved a little and are now able to catch them. The buffalo are beginning to get a little older, and though scarcely the appearance of fat is to be found on the meat, is tolerably palatable. The people visited their traps in the morning, 14 beaver were taken. Gave orders for the people not to go ahead lest they would disturb the buffalo and drive them farther off.

Friday, May 6th.

Cloudy, fine weather.

Did not move camp in order to allow the people to dry the meat which was killed yesterday. The buffalo are so lean now that they scarcely yield as much dry meat, and of an inferior quality, as one would do in the fall or early part of the winter. 5 beaver were taken.

Saturday, May 7th.

Cloudy, fine weather.

Marched 12 miles south up the river. The road good, but very indifferent feeding for the horses. A number of the people went after a herd of buffalo which was grazing on the opposite side of the river, and killed several, the meat of which the women are now busy drying. It is fortunate we find buffalo here as it saves us the trouble of going a long day's march to the Eastward, to a place out into the plains called the Fountain where buffalo are always said to be found. It would lose at least three days going to this plain. I had some trouble in preventing some of the men from running ahead of the camp with their traps and raising the animals. Some of them want no provisions themselves and are indifferent whether others have it in their power to get any or not. By missing the opportunity of collecting a little provisions now the people would be obliged to eat several of their horses before reaching the Fort,<sup>1</sup> as animals of any kind are uncertain. ( ? ) beaver were taken.

Sunday, May 8th.

Cloudy, fine weather.

Marched 12 miles south up the river. The road still good, but grass for the horses very indifferent. A number of the people went in pursuit of a large herd of buffalo which was feeding on the opposite shore of the river, and killed a number of them, the meat of which is now being dried. Blackfeet are still following our camp. Two of the young men, who went out into the plain yesterday to discover buffalo, saw them, but were not sure, on account of the haze, whether it was men or antelopes. Two of the men who went back this morning for some traps which they had (left) behind saw the Indians coming to our camp after all the people had left it some time. ( ? ) beaver were taken.

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<sup>1</sup> Fort Nez Perce.



Monday, May 9th.

Fine weather.

Did not move camp in order to give the people time to kill some more buffalo. Some large herds were found at the foot of the mountains on this side of the river, a number of whom were killed. The most of the people have now nearly enough provisions, what little a few of the people still want we expect to find as we advance up the river. Some marks of Blackfeet were seen near the camp this morning. In the morning the buffalo were observed flying from the mountains to the eastward, and it is conjectured they were disturbed by a band of those marauders.

Tuesday, May 10th.

Unpleasant, stormy weather.

Raised camp, and proceeded 10 miles south up the river, the Roche,<sup>1</sup> where it becomes confined in a narrow valley. Here we found good feeding for the horses. No buffalo to be seen today until towards evening when a small band were observed in the mountain. Some of the people went after them, but only one was killed. One of the men, M. Plante, who went after the buffaloes was behind the others when returning and discovered a Blackfoot Indian on horseback and fired upon him but missed. The Indian made off towards the mountain, when five other Blackfeet were observed afoot. These scamps are still following us seeking an opportunity to steal.

Wednesday, May 11th.

Cloudy, rather cold weather.

Marched 10 miles S. S. W. up the river, the road good. We deviated a little from our straight road today in order to send off a party of our men to hunt in another direction tomorrow. The people visited some traps which were set yesterday and took 6 beaver. No buffalo nor the marks of any to be seen today.

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<sup>1</sup> Must refer to branch of Raft, not Rock river.

Thursday, May 12th.

Fine weather in the morning, but heavy rain and snow and very cold afterwards.

Raised camp and marched 10 miles across the mountains, and encamped on a small rivulet of snow water. The head of Raft river appears in a deep valley to the west of us. The road on the mountains hilly and rugged and some places stony, and in places very boggy. The snow still lies in banks of considerable depth, and appears but very recently to have disappeared off most of the ground. The grass is barely beginning to spring up except on small spots exposed to the south, which has been some time clear of snow, where vegetation has made some progress. From the very ruggedness of the road and the badness of the weather this was a harassing day both on horses and people. For want of water we could not encamp sooner. In order that we may make a better I separated a party this morning and sent 8 men, viz. C. Plante (who is in charge of the party), J. Deslard, F. Champagne, L. Rondeau, L. Quenstall, A. Dumarais, Bt. Dubrielle and A. Longtin to hunt to the Westward on the heads of small rivers which run into Snake river and on the Eastern fork of Sandwich Island River,<sup>1</sup> while I with the remainder of the party proceed to the southward to Ogden's river, and then to the head of Sandwich Island river.

Plante was directed to push on and make a good encampment today so that he might get out of the reach of the Blackfeet who are still following our track, but instead of doing so some of the people who went in pursuit of a horse that followed the party found the encampment only a few miles from our last night's station. If they push on they will in a short time be out of the reach of the Blackfeet.

Friday, May 13th.

Raw, cold weather, froze keen in the night.

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<sup>1</sup> Owyhee river.

Marched 15 miles S. E. to the entrance to the plain<sup>1</sup> of Great Salt Lake. The road very hilly and rugged, numerous gullies to pass, several of which are still full of snow, through which the horses sometimes with difficulty dragged themselves. Nearly all this day's journey through the mountains the snow has but recently disappeared even in patches, and the grass is still so imbedded with water that the horses nearly bog in it. Except a few spots here and there the grass is barely beginning to shoot up, and in many places vegetation is not yet commenced. Where we are encamped there is a little grass for the horses.

This was a fatiguing day on both men and horses, many of the latter with difficulty reached the encampment.

Saturday, May 14th.

Cloudy, cold weather.

Marched 12 miles S. along the foot of the mountains, and encamped on a small river on Mr. Ogden's usual road to Ogden's river. The road today was good and pretty level though intersected by several gullies, some of which are still full of snow. The mountains to the West are still partially covered with snow, and appear very rugged. To the eastward lies the great plain thickly studded with clumps of hills. About this neighborhood we expected to find some buffalo, and that such of the people as are short of provisions would furnish themselves with some more, but not the mark of a buffalo is to be seen. There are a good many antelopes in the plains and some black-tail chevereau.

Sunday, May 15th.

Cloudy, fine weather. The air rather cool in the neighborhood of the snow-clad mountains.

Proceeded on our journey 8 miles south, when we encamped on a small rivulet which barely yields sufficient water for the horses. No water being found near was the cause of our putting up so early at this place. The road lay along the foot of the mountains, and though hilly was good. It was

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<sup>1</sup> Near to Kelton, Utah.

intersected by several gullies, some of which are still full of snow. Large hills and points of mountains lay below us and the plains than yesterday. Found an old Snake Indian woman who said her people were encamped near some of the people; also found three men of the same nation with horses. These people seldom venture from the mountains, they are now employed collecting roots, none of them have yet ventured to our camp.

Monday, May 16th.

Cloudy, cool weather in the morning, fine weather afterwards.

Continued our route 13 miles south to what is called the Fountain, which is a small spring of indifferent brackish water in the plain where the soil is mixed with saline matter. Not only water is scarce here but there is very little grass for our horses. The road though hilly is pretty good, it lay down a deep gully and over several hills before we reached the plain. Ranges of mountains covered with snow ran to the westward, besides the plain is studded with detached hills, several of which are still covered with snow. On reaching the plain it appears to be eastward like an immense lake with black, rocky hills, here and there like islands large tracts of the plain appear perfectly white and destitute of any kind of vegetation it is said to be composed of white clay. A small lake appears in it at some distance. To the South E. is the Utah lake and river, to the southward the ( ? ) is said to be destitute of water for a long way, yet snow-capped mountains appear in that direction. We found a few Snake Indians encamped here, and a party of 20 men visited us from farther out in the plain. Some leather and other trifles were traded from them by the people.

Tuesday, May 17th.

Fine weather.

Continued our march 10 miles W. S. W. to small rivulet of indifferent brackish water which winds through a salt, marshy valley. There is pretty good feeding for the horses.

The road pretty good and level though there are detached hills on each side of us. The rivulet is lost in the plain a little below our encampment.

Wednesday, May 18th.

Fine, warm weather.

Proceeded 7 miles W. S. W. up the little rivulet, which continues of the same appearance and about the same size. We encamped early on account of no water being to be found farther on. Tomorrow we have a very long encampment to make.

Thursday, May 19th.

Cloudy, fine, warm weather.

Continued our journey at an early hour and marched 25 miles S. S. W. to a range of mountains which we crossed, and then across a plain to a small rivulet which we found unexpectedly in the middle of it. The road good but hilly crossing the mountains. Not a drop of water to be had all the way. We found water near two hours march sooner than we expected, yet several of the horses were much jaded, some of them nearly giving up. That and the dirt were more oppressive upon them than the distance they came. The mountains round this valley<sup>1</sup> and plain are not very high, yet in places still covered with snow. The track of elk, black-tail deer are seen in the mountains but could not be approached. Cabins ( ? ) are seen in the plains, but all very shy. The hunters saw some Indians; the naked wretches fled to the mountains. None of them visited our camp.

Friday, May 20th.

Fine, warm weather.

Continued our course 12 miles S. S. W. across the plain where we encamped on a small stream of brackish water which runs through salt marsh, and in a short distance is lost in the plain.

Saturday, May 21st.

Fine weather, a thunder storm and a little rain.

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<sup>1</sup> Grouse Creek Valley.

Proceeded on our journey 16 miles W. S. W. over a rough, stony though not high mountain, and then across a plain to a lake, where we had the satisfaction to find good water. The road over the mountains stony and rugged, but across the plain very good. A range of high mountains covered with snow appear ahead of us. Some antelopes are seen in the plains, but no appearance of any other animals.

Sunday, May 22nd.

Sultry, warm weather.

Marched 20 miles W. N. W. to the W. end of a steep snowy mountain, there we encamped in a small creek which rises from the mountain, the waters of which are lost in the plains below. This morning we left Mr. Ogden's track to Ogden's river in hopes to reach the river sooner and fall upon it a few day's march higher up than the usual route. Our road good, lay through an extensive plain. From the heat of the day and the distance marched the horses were much jaded and the people fatigued on nearing the encampment. However, we have good water and excellent feeding for the horses. Several naked starved looking Indians visited the camp. We have been seeing the tracks of these people every day, but seldom any of them venture to approach us.

Monday, May 23rd.

Warm weather.

Continued our journey at an early hour and marched 16 miles W. N. W. through a small defile across the end of the mountain and down a plain to the E. fork of Ogden's<sup>1</sup> river. This branch river runs through a low part of the plain which is now a swamp owing to the height of the water, the river having overflowed its banks. Several of the people were ahead both up and down the river with their traps. No vestiges of beaver are to be seen on the fork where we are encamped, though some of the people ascended it to near the mountains. In the middle or principal fork the water is so high that the river can only be approached in places the banks

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<sup>1</sup> Humboldt.

being overflowed and the low ground in its neighborhood inundated it is difficult to discern any marks of beaver, nevertheless, several traps were set at a venture.

Tuesday, May 24th.

Warm, sultry weather.

Marched 15 miles W. N. W. across the plain to the middle fork of the river. We had some difficulty crossing the E. fork, several of the horses bogged in its swampy banks. The road across the plain pretty good; the low ground through which the river runs is nearly all flooded. The river here has a good deal of willows on its banks. Only three beaver were taken. The people begin to apprehend there are but few beaver in the river, and from the height of the water these few cannot be taken. This part of the river was hunted two years ago by a party of hunters which Mr. Ogden sent this way, they found a good many beaver and supposed the river was not clean trapped.

Wednesday, May 25th.

Overcast, thunder and heavy rain afternoon.

Proceeded 10 miles up the river which here runs from N. to S., the road good, the banks of the river everywhere overflowed. Four beaver and 1 otter were taken. The part of the river we passed today is well-wooded with willows, and appears well-adapted for beaver, yet few appear to be in it. A party of Indians visited our camp this morning and exchanged two horses with the people. Some of the people were out hunting. F. Payette and L. Kanotti killed each an antelope. These are the only animals to be seen here, and they are so shy that it is difficult to kill any of them. Several of the people are getting short of provisions, and not finding beaver here as was expected is discouraging the people.

Thursday, May 26th.

Overcast weather, blowing fresh.

Did not raise camp in order to allow our horse to feed and repose a little, of which they are in much want, they have been nearly 16 days without one day's rest, they are all very

lean and many of them much jaded. I was still expecting to find some beaver that we might allow the horses to recruit a little and hunt at the same time, and was induced to push on even to the injury to some of the horses. The people visited their traps but only four beaver were taken. Those who went farther up the river bring no better accounts of the appearance of beaver. The water is falling a little above. A party of Snake Indians visited us. They inform us that there are a few small streams in the mountains where there are a few beaver.

Friday, May 27th.

Cloudy, fine weather.

Continued our journey 12 miles up the river to a small branch which falls in from the north, the main stream running here from the west. The head of this small fork is close to the head of the Big Stone<sup>1</sup> river which falls into Snake river. The road pretty good till we reached the fork, where, on account of the water, it is a perfect bog and we had much difficulty in crossing it, several of the horses bogged and some of the things were wet. 4 beaver were taken. No better signs of beaver. Some of the people were hunting antelopes, which are the only animals to be seen here, but only one was killed.

Saturday, May 28th.

Stormy, cold weather.

Proceeded on our journey 16 miles up the river west to above where it is enclosed between steep, rocky hills. The road part of the way very hilly and rugged and so stony that the horses ran much risk of breaking their legs. Here we found a place where the river is fordable. The water has subsided a little within these few days. During this day's march the river is well wooded with poplar and willows, yet there is very little appearance of beaver, only three were taken today. Four of the young men who left the camp on the 25th arrived in the evening. They struck across the country to the W.

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<sup>1</sup> Probably Salmon river.



fork of the river which they ascend to the mountains, and did not find a mark of a beaver to induce them to put a trap in the wet. That branch, like the one we are on, has overflowed its banks. The young men on the way here passed two small streams which run towards Snake river.

Sunday, May 29th.

Stormy, raw, cold weather.

Crossed the river in the morning and proceeded across the mountains 10 miles S. S. W. to a small stream which falls into Bruneau river. The road hilly and rugged and very swampy on the banks of the little river which we crossed. There is still a good deal of snow in large banks in the mountains, it appears not to have been long since it disappeared in the valleys as the grass is still very short and vegetation but little advanced. A few of the people who imagined the river was not fordable above remained at a narrow part in the rocks yesterday evening and made a bridge by felling trees so that they fell across the river over which they carried their baggage but in crossing their horses one belonging to G. R. Rocque was drowned.

Monday, May 30th.

Mild weather in the morning, which was succeeded by a violent thunder storm which continued a considerable time. Stormy, cold weather during the remainder of the day. The unfavorable weather deterred us from raising camp.

Thursday, May 31st.

Stormy, cold weather, some showers in the morning, and a heavy snow storm in the evening, keen frost last night.

Continued our journey 13 miles across the mountains to a small stream which we suppose falls into Sandwich Island river. The road very hilly and rugged, being over a number of deep gullies. There is also a good deal of snow on the mountains, some bars of which we had to cross. The country has a bare appearance. Not an animal except a chance antelope to be seen.

Friday, June 1st.

Keen frost in the night, stormy, cold weather during the day.

Continued our route 12 miles W. across the mountains and down into the valley where a number of small branches fell in from the mountains and formed the head of the E. fork of Sandwich Island river. This little valley is about 20 miles long and 15 wide. A small fork falls in from the S., 2 from the eastward, one from the W., all of which form one stream which runs to the N. W. through a narrow channel bordered by steep, impassable rocks. The different forks in the valley have some willows on the banks and seem well adapted for beaver, yet the men who have been out in every direction setting the traps complain that the marks of beaver are scarce. The water has been lately very high and all the plain overflowed, though this valley has not been known ever to have been hunted, but is now subsiding. To the southward there is a small height of land which separates the waters of this river from a fork of Ogden's river, to the westward there is a high rugged mountain covered with snow. Our road today was very rugged and hilly, and in many places boggy, the snow having but very recently gone off the ground, indeed, we passed over several banks of it.

Saturday, June 1st.

Fine weather.

We are like to be devoured by mosquitoes. Did not raise camp that we might see what beaver might be taken. The people visited and changed their traps. Only 12 beaver were taken, which is nothing for the number of traps, 150, which were in the water, and what is worse the men complain there is little signs of any more worth while being got. Several of the people were out hunting, but with little success, which I regret as provisions are getting pretty scarce in the camp. Not an animal to be seen but antelopes and but few of them, and even these are so shy that it is difficult to approach them. There are some cranes in the valley but almost as difficult to

be got at as the antelopes. The hunters observe the tracks of some sheep in the mountains, but they appear to have been driven off by some straggling Indians whose tracks are seen. Altogether this is a very poor country. Owing to the lateness of the Spring the Indians who frequent these parts to collect roots have not yet assembled so that even a few roots, bad as they are, are not to be got to assist those who are scarce of food.

Sunday, June 3rd.

Cloudy, fine weather.

Continued our journey 12 miles S. S. W. to a branch of Ogden's river where it issues from a steep, snow covered mountain. This stream is well wooded with poplar and willows, and appears well adapted for beaver, yet the people found only one solitary lodge in it and scarcely a mark of beaver either old or new, though they examined it for a considerable distance. One man set a few traps. Seven of the men: A. Findlay, P. Findlay, M. Findlay, M. Plante, A. Plante, Bt. Gardipie and Soteaux St. Germain, separated from the party this morning in order to proceed down the river, if practicable and thence by the usual road to the fort by Snake river, and endeavor to pick up a few beaver by the way, but principally to procure some animals to subsist on. These men are all half Indians, some of them with large families, and placing too much reliance on their capacity as hunters did not take so much precaution as the other men to provide a stock of food previous to leaving the buffalo, they are, therefore, now entirely out of provisions, and it is expected they will have a little chance of killing antelopes and cheveau when only a few than when the camp is all together. 7 beaver were taken this morning, making 19 in all in this valley where we expected to make a good hunt.

Monday, June 4th.

Very stormy, cold weather.

Crossed the mountains a distance of 18 miles S. S. W. to a small stream which falls into the W. branch of Sandwich

Island river. The road very hilly and rugged and in places stony; we had several banks of snow to pass. The road was in places nearly barred with burnt fallen wood. The little fork, where we are encamped, is well wooded with poplar and willows, yet only in two places are the marks of beaver to be seen. Some of them men have proceeded on to the main branch and set 22 traps where they saw the appearance of some beaver.

Tuesday, June 5th.

Stormy, cold weather.

Continued our route 9 miles S. S. W. to the main branch of the river, road hilly and rugged. Crossed a small stream with a number of hot springs on its banks, some of them near a boiling temperature. The river here has been lately very high, and overflowed its banks, but the waters are subsiding, and river about 10 yards wide. Have fallen a good deal. The traps which were set yesterday produced only 6 beaver. This seems to be a miserably poor country, not even an antelope to be seen on the plains. The tracks of some sheep are to be seen on the mountains, but they are so shy there is no approaching them. Some Indians visited our camp this morning and traded a few roots, but the quantity was very small.

Wednesday, June 6th.

Stormy, cold weather.

Did not raise camp. The men out in different directions with their traps. Those which were in the water yesterday provided 14 beaver. The men begin to have a little more expectations. The Indians stole two traps in the night, one from Kanota and one from A. Hoole. There is no means of pursuing or finding out the thief as they ran to the mountains. There is no doubt they came to attempt stealing the horses, but not finding an opportunity they fell in with and carried off the traps.

Thursday, June 7th.

Still raw, cold weather, blowing fresh.

Did not raise camp. 10 beaver were taken. Some of the people went with the traps to some small streams which fell in from the eastward which was not hunted by Mr. Ogden's people when they hunted here two years ago. They saw the appearance of a few beaver.

Friday, June 8th.

Weather mild these three days past.

Moved a few miles down the river to a better situation for the horses and where we will be a little nearer the people with their traps. 17 beaver were taken. Some of the people moved their traps a little farther down the river. The road is very hilly, rugged and stony. Some Indians visited our camp this morning with a few roots.

Saturday, June 9th.

Did not raise camp. The people visited and changed their traps. 7 beaver were taken. Some of the men have not returned from the traps.

Sunday, June 10th.

Cloudy, cold weather. Did not move camp. 18 beaver were taken. 2 traps stolen from Pichetto. The men who went farthest down the river returned and report that there are but small signs of beaver. Those from the forks to the eastward say there are a few there. Some Indians visited us with a few roots to trade. Miserably poor as these wretches are and the small quantity of roots they bring yet it provides several people with a meal occasionally which is very acceptable to them as provisions previous to the late supply of beaver was becoming very scarce among us.

Monday, June 11th.

Warm, fine weather.

Did not move camp. Several beaver were taken. There is still a chance beaver in the little forks to the eastward and down the river towards the rocks where the river bears so rapidly that no beaver are to be found, but not enough to employ all the people or worth while to delay for the season being so far advanced. We, therefore, intend to move up the river tomorrow and hunt the head of it.

Tuesday, June 12th.

Cloudy, sultry weather in the morning, which was succeeded by thunder and heavy rain and hail, raw, cold weather afternoon.

Raised camp and moved 7 miles up the river, where we had to encamp with the bad weather. 6 beaver were taken, two traps stolen from Pichette and 1 from Royer.

Wednesday, June 13th.

Overcast, blowing fresh towards evening.

Proceeded up the river<sup>1</sup> 11 miles S. S. W. to opposite a branch which falls in from the eastward. Here the trappers with Mr. Ogden crossed the mountains from Ogden's river to this plain two years ago. I meant to have taken the same road but have altered the plan by its being represented to me that several days will be saved and some bad stony road avoided by crossing the mountains farther to the southward, and falling upon Ogden river farther down. In this part of the river we will miss the few beaver to be expected. Some of the men visited the head of the river to the mountain, and two forks that fall in from the eastward to near the same, and though they are well-wooded and apparently well adapted for beaver, yet scarcely a mark of them is to be seen.

Thursday, June 14th.

Fair weather.

Continued our journey 18 miles across the mountains, viz.: S. W. 9 miles to the top of the mountains and S. 9 miles down the S. side of the mountains, the road hilly and uneven and in places stony. The mountains, though not high, have still

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<sup>1</sup> Head of Owyhee river.

patches of snow here and there upon them. Some of the people are out hunting but without success. A chance antelope is the only animal to be seen, and these are so shy that it is very difficult to approach them. The hunters saw three Indians, and the men who were on discovery yesterday saw some more, and their tracks are to be seen in every direction, yet none of them visit our camp.

Friday, June 15th.

Fine, warm weather.

Did not raise camp on account of one of the women being brought to bed. Some of the people were out hunting but without success.

Saturday, June 16th.

Fine weather.

Continued our route 12 miles S. over a number of hills and valleys to a small river where we encamped for the night. The road good, but here and there stony and generally gravelly and hard, which much wears down the horses' hoofs and renders their feet sore. These nights past we have had sharp frost, but here the weather is sultry, and we are annoyed with mosquitoes, which will neither give ourselves peace nor allow the poor horses to feed.

Sunday, June 17th.

Fine, warm weather.

Marched 21 miles S. S. W. along the side of an extensive plain to near Ogden's river. The plain here is partially overflowed and become a swamp, we can scarcely find a spot to encamp. Among the lodges the horses are nearly bogging, and to mend the matter we are like to be devoured by innumerable swarms of mosquitoes which do not allow us a moment's tranquillity, and so torment the horses that notwithstanding their long day's march they cannot feed. All hands are ahead of the camp with their traps, but found the river so high, having overflowed its banks, that they could not approach it except in chance places. Three of the men set 9 traps, which were all that could be put in the water. I much regret finding

the river so high that it cannot be hunted as the people's last reliance was upon the few beaver which they expected to take in it in order to make up the hunt, but, more particularly, for food. The most of them are becoming very scarce of provisions, and they have now no other recourse but to kill horses. Some of the people nearly devoured their horses crossing the swamp on their way to the camp. They saw a small herd of antelopes in the plain, but they could not be approached. A few wild fowl were killed, of which there a good many in the swamp.

Monday, June 16th.

Cloudy, warm, sultry weather.

Pursued our journey 14 miles S. S. W. and 7 miles W. down the river. Marched longer today than was intended not being able to find a place to encamp in consequence of the swamping of the banks of the river, which are almost everywhere overflowed. The men were sent along the river with their traps, but not one could be set. Only one beaver was taken in the 9 which were set yesterday. It is the opinion of the more experienced hunters that there are a few beaver still in this part of the river, but owing to the height of the water they cannot be taken. People passed twice this way about this season of the year before but never saw the water so high as at present. We expected to have found some Indians here and obtained some eatables from them, either roots or anything or another, but none are to be seen in consequence of the height of the water; they cannot remain on the river but are off to the mountains.

Tuesday, June 19th.

Clear, very warm weather.

Continued our journey 16 miles down the river which here runs to the N. W. The river is still full to the banks and all the low plains overflowed. The men again visited the river but could not put a trap in the water. Both people and horses are like to be devoured by innumerable swarms of mosquitoes and sand flies. The horses cannot feed they are so much



annoyed by them, the banks of the river are so swampy that they bog when they approach to drink.

Wednesday, June 20th.

Overcast, thunder and very heavy rain afternoon.

Continued our journey 19 miles to the N. W. along the river and then to the foot of the mountains, where we found a little water and some grass for the horses. These three days the river runs through an extensive plain, the mountains approach close to it. The farther we descend the river it becomes more difficult to approach on account of its banks being overflowed. Two of the men, J. Toupe and G. Rocque, killed a horse having nothing to eat, the provisions being all done. On leaving the buffalo the people calculated on getting a few beaver and did not lay in such a stock of provisions as they otherwise would have done. This is really a miserable, poor country, not even an antelope to be seen.

Thursday, June 21.

Cloudy, fine weather, blowing fresh in the morning.

Proceeded across the mountain, and then across an extensive plain 20 miles W. to a small fork which falls into Ogden's river. By this route we saved two days' journey besides going round by the river. To our great disappointment and contrary to our expectations we found the little river had overflowed its banks and the plain in its neighborhood in a swamp so that we could not approach it; it is to be apprehended we will have much trouble crossing it. The different parties which formerly passed this way found this little creek with very little water in it. Several of the people were out hunting but did not see an animal. They expected to find some antelopes in the hills.

Friday, June 22nd.

Warm, sultry weather.

Proceeded up the river three miles N. N. W. and succeeded in crossing it by means of a bridge of willows. The river here is narrower but very deep with clayey banks so steep and

soft that the horses could not get out of it were they thrown in to swim across. Too, near this plain its banks were so overflowed that it could not be approached. This was a hard day's work both on people and horses. The horses, as well as people, are like to be devoured by swarms of mosquitoes and gadflies. The river here is well flooded, and seems remarkably well adapted for beaver, yet there is not the least mark of any to be seen in it.

Saturday, June 23rd.

Fine, warm weather.

Continued our journey 15 miles W. N. W. across the plain to the foot of the mountains. We crossed two other forks of the same river we left in the morning, one of them much larger than it, but we found a good ford. Some Indians were seen along the mountains, but they fled on our approach.

Sunday, June 24th.

Clear, fine weather.

Crossed the mountain 19 miles W. N. W. Road very hilly and stony. From the steepness and highness of the mountain and the badness of the road this was a most harassing and fatiguing day on both men and horses. We find tracks of Indians but none of them approach us. The best hunters of the party were out in the mountains, which have still a good deal of snow on them, in quest of sheep, but without success. They saw the tracks of some, but could not find them.

Monday, June 25th.

Clear, warm weather.

Marched seven miles N. N. E. along the foot of the mountain, and 15 miles across the plain to a little river which runs to the southward, and which we found impassable, its banks having been lately overflowed, and remain still like a quagmire. The best hunters are out, but as usual did not see a single animal of any sort. One of the men, P. O'Brien (?), was under the necessity of killing one of his horses to eat. Thus are the people in this miserable country obliged to kill and

feed upon these useful animals, the companions of their labors. We passed a small Indian camp, but the poor, frightened wretches fled on our appearance and concealed themselves among the wormwood. Only two men who were on ahead saw any of them.

Tuesday, June 26th.

Very warm, sultry weather.

Marched five miles N. up the river to a place where we crossed one of its forks with little trouble, but the other which was close, too, was very difficult, the men had to wade across it with the baggage, its banks are like a morass, and several of the horses bogged so that they had to be dragged out. Crossed a plain five miles N. N. W. to another fork, which we crossed without further difficulty than bogging a few of the horses. This was a most harassing and fatiguing day both on men and horses.

Wednesday, June 27th.

Blowing fresh, yet very warm weather.

Continued our march 15 miles N. W. along the foot of the mountains to a small rivulet which falls into the river we passed yesterday. The road good but in places stony and embarrassed with wormwood. The hunters were out today but without success. Two antelopes were seen yesterday, which was a novelty.

Thursday, June 28th.

Very warm weather, though blowing fresh the after part of the day. Proceeded on our journey 23 miles N. W. along the foot of the mountains, crossed the head of the river we left two days ago, and over the hill to a small rivulet, which is said to be a fork of the Owhyhee river. The road good, but in places stony. The hunters were out. F. Payette had the good fortune to kill a male antelope. One of the men saw four sheep on the plain, but did not kill any of them.

Friday, June 29th.

Blowing fresh, which rendered the weather a little cool and pleasant.

Marched 28 miles N. N. W. first across a plain and salt swamp and over a range of hills and across another valley, part of which has the appearance of the bed of a lake, but is quite dry and hard, and encamped near the foot of a mountain covered with snow. The road in some places stony, and from the length of the encampments very fatiguing both on horses and people, neither of which have a moment's quietness either to feed or repose, they are so annoyed with immense swarms of mosquitoes. The hunters were out, but without success. They saw the tracks of some antelopes and sheep. Some Indian tracks were seen, but none of them approach us, some of them had horses.

Saturday, June 30th.

Warm and very sultry in the morning, a breeze of wind afterwards.

Continued our journey along the foot of the mountains<sup>1</sup> 18 miles N. by W., the road good. Passed two small lakes, in one of which the people found a good many eggs. S. Kanota killed an antelope, and F. Payette a young one. A. Letendre had to kill one of his horses to eat.

Sunday, July 1st.

Fine weather.

Our road lay along the foot of the mountains 12 miles N. W. Part of the road very hilly and very stony. The stony road and continual mounting wearing out the horses' hoofs and rendering them lame. Though the mountains in our neighborhood have still patches of snow on them, the little creek where we are encamped barely affords sufficient water for the horses to drink. The hunters killed nothing today. J. Despard killed one of his horses.

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<sup>1</sup> Stein's Mountains.

Monday, July 2nd.

Fine weather.

Continued our journey N. W. 19 miles to Sylvalle's Lake.<sup>1</sup> The road part of the day stony. The lake is unusually high, and the water brackish and so very bad that it is like a vomit to drink it. The hunters were out but without success. There are a number of wild fowl in the lake, but they are so shy that they cannot be approached.

Tuesday, July 3d.

Warm, sultry weather, a thunder storm in the evening.

Our road lay along the lake and across a point to Sylvalle's River<sup>2</sup> in rather a circuitous road, nearly W. N. W. 20 miles. The road good. Some of the men set a few traps, they saw the appearance of a chance beaver.

Wednesday, July 4th.

Very warm, but blowing fresh afternoon.

Continued our journey up the river 15 miles N. N. W. to the first rocks. The horses like to be devoured by gad-flies. F. Payette went to hunt yesterday and returned today with two antelopes. L. Kanota also killed two. The traps which were set yesterday produced four beaver.

Thursday, July 5th.

Very warm weather.

Did not raise camp in order to allow the horses to repose, of which they are in much need, they having marched 19 days successively without stopping a day to rest. They have been becoming lean for some time back and their hoofs are so much worn that some of them are becoming lame. The most of the people set their traps yesterday, 13 beaver were taken. The hunters were out. A. Houle killed a chevereau and the boy, Prevost, an antelope. Four Indians paid us a visit; they had nothing with them to trade; they received a few trifles, and promised to return with some roots to trade.

<sup>1</sup> Malheur Lake.

<sup>2</sup> Silvies' River.

Friday, July 6th.

Fine weather.

Marched about 18 miles N. N. W. across a point, and fell again upon the river, by this road it is shorter than by following all the turns of the river. The people out with the traps, five beaver and one otter taken. In the morning one of the men arrived with a load of young herons, he found a place where they were very numerous. Some more of the people who are short of food immediately went to get a supply. These birds are very fat. Some of the people say they are very good, others say that they are scarcely eatable. Some of the people went off to hunt and have not yet returned.

Fine weather.

Saturday, July 7th.

Continued our journey 20 miles up the river N. N. W. Road stony, hilly and uneven. Five beaver were taken. The hunters arrived. A. Houle killed one elk and three black-tailed chevereau, and the boy, Prevost, one young elk. The men with the camp caught a wounded deer out of the river.

Sunday, July 8th.

Fine weather.

Proceeded up the river 15 miles N. N. W. to the head of the second valley. Three beaver were taken. Some antelopes seen crossing the valley, but none taken.

Monday, July 9th.

Fine, warm weather, blowing fresh afternoon.

Left the river which is enclosed by steep hills, and struck across the hills and fell upon the river at the head of the upper valley at the foot of the mountains, a distance of 13 miles N. W. The road good. The hills we passed in the morning well timbered with lofty pines, the valley is clear of wood except some willows along the different forks of the river. Two hunters were out. A. Hoole killed an antelope, and T. Senatoen a chiveau.

Tuesday, July 10th.

Very warm weather, still a breeze of wind in the afterpart of the day. Crossed the mountains to Day's River,<sup>1</sup> a distance of 22 miles N. W. The road very hilly and steep, particularly the N. side of the mountain. The mountain is thickly wooded with tall pine timber. Both people and horses much fatigued on nearing the camp, part of the road stony. Day's River is well wooded with poplar and willows. Two Indians visited our camp this morning and traded five beaver.

Wednesday, July 11th.

Very warm sultry weather.

Proceeded down the river 16 miles W. Parts of the road hilly and stony and very fatiguing on the horses, several of whom gave up on the way and with difficulty reached the camp. Some of the men set a few traps yesterday and took two beaver this morning.

Thursday, July 12th.

Very warm weather.

Continued our route down the river, which still runs to the westward 11 miles, when we stopped near a camp of Snake Indians who have the river barred across for the purpose of catching salmon. We, with difficulty, obtained a few salmon from them, perhaps enough to give all hands a meal. They are taking very few salmon, and are complaining of being hungry themselves. No roots can be obtained from them, but some of the men traded two or three dogs, but even the few of these animals they have are very lean, a sure sign of a scarcity of food among Indians. We found two horses with these people who were stolen from the men which I left on Snake River in September last. They gave up the horses without hesitation, and said they had received them from another band that are in the mountains with some more horses which were stolen at the same time. It appears from the account that early in the spring some Snakes stole 13 horses from

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<sup>1</sup> John Day river.

these men at the same time, and immediately made their way to this quarter with them. The uncertainty of finding the Indians with the rest of the horses in the mountains, the fatigued state of our horses, the advanced state of the season, and above all the scarcity of food among the people deters me from sending some men in search of those horses. I have offered the Indians a reward if they will go and bring them. I also offered them a little remuneration for the two they had here. Part of the way today the road lay over rugged rocks on the banks of the river, and was very hard on the already wounded feet of the horses. Five beaver were taken in the morning.

Friday, July 13th.

Fine weather.

Did not raise camp in order to repose the horses for a little. Only three or four salmon could be obtained from the Indians. They complain of being starving themselves. One beaver was taken.

Saturday, July 14th.

Cool, pleasant weather.

Continued our journey down the river 25 miles W. The road very hilly and stony. The horses jaded and the people exhausted on reaching the encampment. Only three or four salmon could be obtained from the Indians in the morning before we started.

Sunday, July 15th.

Fine, cool, pleasant weather.

Continued our course W. eight miles down the river to another fork<sup>1</sup> equally as large, which falls in from the N., up which we proceeded seven miles. The road continued hilly and stony. These two days the people found great quantities of currants along the banks of the river.

Monday, July 16th.

Fine weather.

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<sup>1</sup> North fork of John Day river.



Proceeded eight miles N. E. up the river, then we took a northern direction for eleven miles across the mountains, which was here thickly wooded, the road in places very stony and very hilly and uneven, and very fatiguing both on men and horses. The hunters were out, but without success except one deer which F. Payette killed. Unfortunately we have but very indifferent feeding for the horses after the hard day's work.

Tuesday, July 17th.

Fine weather.

Continued our journey across the mountains 25 miles N. W. The country the same in appearance as yesterday until we got out of the woods in the after part of the day, when the road lay over a number of naked stony hills.<sup>1</sup> The length of the day's journey and the badness of the road rendered this a harrassing day both on men and horses. Some fresh tracks of red deer were seen in the course of the day, but they could not be come up with.

Wednesday, July 18th.

Cool in the morning but very sultry, warm weather afterwards.

Proceeded ahead of the camp early in the morning accompanied by seven men and arrived at Fort Nezperces in the afternoon. Mainly through there being soft sand during the heat of the day was excessively oppressive on the horses as well as the riders.

Thursday, July 19th.

Stormy but warm weather.

The different parties who separated from the camp have arrived, Plante and party yesterday, the others some time ago. The party whom I left in September had the misfortune to lose the whole of the horses, nearly 30 in number, early in the spring. They imprudently allowed them to stray a short distance from the camp where there were a few Indians in the evening about sunset. The loss was the result of a great

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<sup>1</sup> Southwest of Pendleton.

degree of negligence on the part of the men. They also put what few skins they had with other articles in cache which the Indians found and carried off, from a pack to a pack and a half of the few beaver they had. The half breeds lost two of the horses by theft, and made but very few skins. Plant and party also found very few beaver, but they lost no horses.

Friday, July 20th.

Fine weather.

The people whom I left two days ago arrived safe. Since our spring journey commenced we have traveled upwards of 1000 miles, and from the height of the water and scarcity of beaver we have very little for the labor and trouble which we experienced. Previous to taking up our winter quarters last fall we traveled upwards of 980 miles, which, with the different moves made during the winter makes better than 2000 miles traveled during our voyage.

Total loss of horses during the voyage, 82, viz.: Stolen by the Blackfeet when P. L. Clay was killed, 3; stolen by the Snake Indians from A. Case and party, 22; stolen by the Snake Indians from my party during winter, 3; stolen by the Snake Indians from the half-breeds in summer after leaving me, 2; died or gave up on the way previous to reaching the three hill plains in the fall, 1 by Toupin, 1 by Dumas, and 3 by the half breeds when they left the party on Salmon River, 5; died or left crossing the plain in the fall, 26; died during the winter, 11; killed for food by A. Carson and party, 3; killed for food by my party during summer, 5; killed for food by C. Plante's party during summer, 1; drowned crossing a river by Royer, 1; total, 82.

## WHY NOT A FOLK FESTIVAL IN THE ROSE FESTIVAL?

The readjusting of the character of the Portland Rose Festival, offers an excellent opportunity for transforming it into a real folk festival for the Pacific Northwest. It would not thus be less a rose festival, for in the rose it has a most appropriate designating symbol—one exquisite in beauty and matchless for its distinctive fitness. This charming emblem would still serve to designate and to decorate, but in making it a folk festival it would become an occasion intent on suggesting through music and pageantry the inmost spirit, power and purpose of the people here.

The festival would become an experience instead of a show. With increased depth and volume of meaning the festival would have perpetual youth and become a joy forever.

In a folk festival the people of the Pacific Northwest obtain a new view of their past-making and their traditions. It would be a medium of culture for all. Out of its past alone can a people obtain an inspiration for genius and future greatness. On the past alone must the enduring achievements of a people be built. Vividly interpreted, that past becomes the vehicle to convey to the social mind and heart its working ideals.

That a folk festival of the right kind is an indispensable factor in the making of a people is suggested by the fact that no great peoples have been without it, and those like the Hebrews and Greeks, whose world contributions have been most illustrious, have had festivals most expressive of their peculiar national genius. And if we care to go farther back we find credited to the folk festival the origin of language, music and poetry—those cultural joy-inspiring powers and possessions that made the race human.

Before Christianity there were the midwinter holidays expressive of the joy of returning warmth and longer days; and Easter, too, celebrating the fresh glow of life in grass and tree; and Thanksgiving and Harvest Home, as a grateful recognition of accumulated Winter store. Christianity could only

enrich the meaning with which these were already fraught. The heart of man of the Western races expresses his responsive glow in them. As a nation, we have our Lincoln and Washington birthdays, our Memorial day and Fourth of July to appeal to the best in us. But in this Pacific Northwest there are traditions peculiar and environment that is unique.

These antecedents and these resources entrusted to us involve rare advantages and responsibilities. A Pacific Northwest folk festival would serve as a conscious, collective and joyful espousal of them. It is only as a community "gets onto itself" by "getting onto" what is significant in its past that it is able "to get onto its job."

This Western land has been the scene of great improvements that have left their impress upon the character of its people and have given them their cue and inspiration and even here and now as great or greater movements are in progress.

The folk festival in illuminating the past, in doing over before our eyes the things that inspire, would give us our bearings and the spirit with which to meet the issues of the present and future. Each dweller within our borders, having experienced such a festival occasion, would return to his little round of duty enlightened and sustained, with a clearer vision of the growing whole of which he is an integral factor. This consciousness would be as an inner well-spring of peace, contentment and joy, giving strength and purpose.

Our history thus utilized would become vital, revealing our essential self as a community. The complex social process in which now we are dazed and confused would become visualized. We could each and all then find our ways and take the courses that lead to the up-building of the community.

In a crude way the following illustrates some of the material from which the Northwest may draw for its folk festival:

First—Did not this realm for centuries lie in the shadow of the unknown, as venturesome European mariners were moving all around it, peering wistfully for the water passage to the Orient?

Second—Was not this "Far West" held up as a prize for some three centuries, and did not valiant representatives of Spain, France, Russia and England enter the lists for the winning of it only to be worsted by those hailing from the most youthful member in the family of nations?

Third—Did we not have set up here a veritable feudal regime for the exploitation of its resources in fur-bearing animals?

Fourth—Of the pioneer era of Oregon too much cannot be made. The pioneer conditions of no other people have so much of the dramatic in them. Those annual incoming migrations at the end of a long Summer's trek across a continental waste always will be surcharged with interest.

Fifth—The long decades, with the problem of remote and virtually inaccessible markets, were periods of blight and the relief afforded by the arrival of the transcontinental railways was most joyful.

Sixth—There has been the unique in the development of our grazing, our grain and our fruit industries that challenges admiration.

Seventh—Now our almost untouched forestry and power resources glitter in the eyes of the people of the Nation at large.

Eighth—Our isolated and remote pioneer situation naturally selected the daring and resolute for our population. This dominant temperament of our people almost inevitably exhibited itself in venturesome social experiments with pure democracy, political equality and along all lines of social betterment legislation.

The above listed epochs indicate poorly some of the incidents and situations that call for the work of the poetic imagination for personification and dramatic setting. Annual folk festivals would become the grand medium for interpreting all and getting all into the consciousness of our people to equip them as masters of their destiny here.

F. G. YOUNG.









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REMINISCENCES OF CAPTAIN  
WILLIAM P. GRAY

*By Fred Lockley*

"My father, W. H. Gray, came to Oregon in 1836," said Captain William P. Gray, of Pasco. "I was born in Oregon City in 1845. My father named me William Polk Gray. I remember when I was about four or five years old some one asked my father what my middle initial stood for. Father said, 'I named him after President Polk. When I named him the president had taken a strong stand on 54-40 or fight. Polk reversed his attitude on that question and I have been sorry I called my boy after him ever since. Sometimes I have a notion to wring the youngster's neck, I am so disgusted with President Polk.' I was about five years old, and when I heard my father say that he sometimes had a notion to wring my neck, it scared me pretty badly. My father was a man who usually meant what he said and always did what he said he was going to do, so every time I saw him look stern I ran like a rabbit and hid, for fear he might be about to wring my neck.

"My father was one of the early day expansionists. He was really the prime mover and originator of the agitation for making Oregon American territory. He got one or two others together and first discussed the advisability of holding the Wolf meeting that led to the movement to organize the provisional government at Champoege on May 2, 1843.

"He was greatly in favor of our owning not only Alaska, but all of Canada. He thought the United States should take in all the continent of North America. When Secretary Seward went up to Alaska he took my father with him, on account of father's familiarity with the Indian customs and languages.

"Father came back from Alaska greatly impressed with Seward's statesmanship. He said Seward was a high type of American. At that time Thomas Nast and others were cartooning Seward and showing Alaska as an iceberg with a solitary polar bear guarding it. I remember hearing father say when some one criticized Seward's purchase of Alaska: 'The only criticism I have to make of Seward's purchase of Alaska is that he didn't also buy British Columbia at the same time.'

"I guess few families are more typically western than our family. My oldest brother, John Henry Dix Gray, was born in 1839 at Lapwai, while father was building the mission buildings there for Dr. Spalding.

"The next child, my sister, Mrs. Caroline A. Kamm, now of Portland, was born at Whitman mission when father was building the flour mill for Dr. Whitman. Father was one of the most resourceful men I ever saw. If he wanted to make something and had no tools, he would make the tools and then go ahead and make what he wanted. After he had built the mill for Dr. Whitman, though he had never in his life attempted making mill stones, he quarried them out successfully, shaped them up and installed them.

"My father's father died when my father was only eight years old. His older brother was a Presbyterian minister. He bound out my father to a cabinet maker.

"The next child to be born was Mary Sophia, who later became Mrs. Frank Tarbell. She also was born at Whitman station, and died in Portland in 1895. Her husband at one time was the treasurer of Washington Territory.

"The next child to be born was Sarah Fidelia, who married Governor Abernethy's son. She was born at Salem when

father was organizing the Oregon Institute. Mr. and Mrs. Abernethy are now living at Forest Grove.

"My father took up a donation land claim where the town of Salem now stands, but traded it to J. L. Parrish for a location on Clatsop Plains not far from Astoria.

"I was the next child to be born, being born in Oregon City in 1845.

"The next child, Albert Williams Gray, was born on their Clatsop Plains farm. He is now captain of a steamboat on the lower Columbia.

"The next boy was Edwin Hall, who died when he was eight years old, and the next child, Truman Powers, died when he was two years old.

"The next child, James T. Gray, now has charge of the Tanana division in Alaska for the Northern Navigation Company. He married General O. O. Howard's daughter, Grace. Their home is near Milwaukie.

"When I was four years old we were living at Clatsop Plains, so my father decided I had better go to school. I had to walk two miles each morning and night to school. My first teacher was Miss Rebecca Ketchum. I went to this school for two or three terms.

"When we were at Clatsop Plains the first Presbyterian church in that whole district was organized at our house. After the church was organized one of the people there donated the ground and my father built the first church in Clatsop county.

"When I was eight years old my parents moved to Astoria. I went to school there to a Scotchman named Sutherland. The only part of the Bible that he knew well was the part where it says, 'If you spare the rod, you will spoil the child.' There was no danger of any of us getting spoiled, for he put in the major part of his time using the rod.

"Our next teacher was Miss Lincoln, who later married Judge A. A. Skinner.

"When I was ten years old, I took my first contract. Father had a theory that it was a pretty good scheme for his boys to

get to work as early as possible and as a matter of fact, we never had much time to get into mischief. General John Adair, the collector of customs, had enough pull to move the custom house and the postoffice to upper Astoria. Lower Astoria had the sawmill, the stores and the bulk of the population.

"Dr. C. J. Trenchard fixed up a subscription paper and I went around to all of the stores and residences of lower Astoria and got the people to agree to pay me to deliver their mail before I said anything to my father about it. I was to go twice a week for the river mail and make two extra trips a month for the steamer mail that came from California and brought the mail from the East. The stores paid from 75 cents to \$1.50 a month, while the private individuals paid 25 to 50 cents a month. I guess that was about the first city mail delivery in Oregon, as that was back in 1855. I started for the mail in the morning, summer and winter, at 5:30 o'clock. It kept me busy until school time distributing it. I often had from twenty-five to forty pounds of mail, and for a ten-year-old boy, climbing around the cliffs, that was a pretty good load. How I used to hate the people who took papers. Some of them took bulky papers, and to bring four or five bulky papers to some one, and only get 25 cents a month for it, I thought was pretty tough. I made from \$30 to \$35 a month. My mother wanted me to save my money. Father said, 'It is Willy's money. Let him spend it as he pleases. He will have to learn for himself.' Peaches in those days were ten cents and oranges 25 cents apiece, and I was the most popular boy in school with all of the big girls. I never was much of a hand at saving, and when a pretty girl or two or three of them wanted oranges, and I had the money, they generally got the oranges.

"When I was 13 years old we moved to British Columbia. This was in 1858. I began working with canoes and bateaux on the Fraser river. A good many people got drowned on the Fraser river, as it is a dangerous stream, but father used to say that danger was all in a day's work, and one must take what comes. We ran from Hope to Yale. Father was an expert woodworker, having learned the cabinet maker's trade, and I worked with him in the building of sloops and river boats.

"In the summer of 1860 we crossed the mountains to the Similkameen river to prospect for gold. We found gold on the south fork. Father built two rockers, and for the next two months we kept busy. At the end of that time our supplies were running very short. I was 13 years old, and father decided I was old enough to assume responsibility, so he sent me to Fort Hope to secure supplies. There was only an Indian trail, but I knew the general direction. I had to ford streams and cross rivers, but I had learned to swim when I was 8 years old, so that didn't bother me. As we were short of provisions, I only took two sandwiches, thinking I could make the 140 miles within two days. I had a good riding horse, and I was going to ride from daylight to dark. I had not gone over 20 miles when a rather hard character in that country called 'Big Jim' met me in the trail. He stopped me and said, 'Have you got anything to eat?' I told him I only had two sandwiches. He said, 'I haven't had anything to eat for two days. Hand me those sandwiches.' I looked at him and concluded that it was safest to give him the sandwiches. He bolted them down, and grumbled because I had no more. He was on his way out to Fort Hope, but his horse was almost worn out. I wanted to go by, but he wouldn't let me. He said, 'Oh, no you don't—we will stay together for company. Your horse is a good deal fresher than mine, and I may need him.'

"As we made our way across a high cliff, his horse lost its balance and fell, striking the rocks more than 200 feet below. He made me get off my horse and mounted mine. We rode and tied from there on in to Fort Hope. It took us four and a half days, and all we had to eat during that time was a fool-hen that he knocked down. My clothes were almost torn to shreds."

"When I got home, I went in the back door. My mother saw me. She raised her hands above her head and said, 'Oh, Willie, what has happened to your father?' I told her my father was all right, but I was nearly starved. I secured two horses and loaded them with bacon and beans, rice and other

supplies, and started back for our camp. When some prospectors in town learned that we were making \$10 a day to the man, they followed me to our camp.

"When I returned father thought that he could strike richer diggings, so he left a man and myself to work with the rockers while he went down to Rock Creek, now the site of Roslyn, B. C. I averaged \$8 a day while father was gone. The bedrock was a white clay. We threw the clay out on the tailings. A few years later some Chinamen came to our old abandoned diggings and made \$15 to \$20 a day apiece from our old clay tailings. The clay had rolled back and forth in our rockers and the gold had stuck to it. When it had weathered and disintegrated the gold was released and the clay washed away in the Chinamen's sluice boxes.

"While father was on his trip he looked over the country, and decided to locate on Asoyoos Lake, at the head of the Okanogan River, across the British Columbia border in American territory. He went back to Fort Hope, and, securing riding horses and pack horses, my father and mother, my two sisters and two brothers and myself started for our new home. This was in October, and winter had begun. We traveled day after day through the rain or snow, camping at night, usually in the snow. Timber was scarce where father had selected his ranch, so we hauled logs down the mountains, split them and built our cabin by standing the split logs on end. We chinked the cracks with moss and mud.

"After looking over the ranch more carefully, father found that it was not as good as he had thought, so he decided to build a boat, go down the Okanogan and Columbia river to Deschutes Falls, now called Celilo, and bring supplies up the river for the miners. We had practically no tools, and of course no nails. We went into the mountains, whipsawed out the lumber, hauled it down to the water, and father, with the help of us boys, built a boat, fastening it together with trunnels or wooden pegs. We could have secured nails possibly, but the freight from Fort Hope was \$1 a pound, and father decided that the wooden pegs would do equally well. We built

a boat 91 feet long with 12-foot beam, drawing empty 12 inches of water. The next thing was caulking her, but I never saw my father stumped yet. He hunted around and found a big patch of wild flax. He had the children pick this and break it to use as oakum to caulk the cracks in the boat. We also hunted all through the timber and found gum in the trees, which we melted up for pitch to be used in the caulking. He had no canvas for sails, so he made some large sweeps. Father christened her the Sarah F. Gray, for my youngest sister. He launched her on May 2, 1861, and started on his trip down the river on May 10.

"To give you an idea of the determination of my father, he sent that boat, without machinery, sails or other equipment except the sweeps, through the Rock Island rapids and through the Priest rapids, both of which he negotiated successfully. He arrived on the Deschutes on May 23. He left me to bring the family down, and I certainly had a very exciting time doing so.

"Father left Asoyoos Lake, at the head of the Okanogan river, with the boat we had built there, for his dangerous trip through the Rock Island rapids and the Priest rapids, on May 10, 1861.

"A. J. Kane had joined our family to go with us from our ranch to The Dalles. My mother, sisters and brothers, with Mr. Kane and myself, started July 4, 1861. The first day out Mr. Kane's horse became restive and threw him against the saddle horn, rupturing him badly. We bound him up, but for the rest of the trip he could hardly ride and was practically helpless. This threw the responsibility of bringing the family through safely on me, but I was 16 years old and felt quite equal to it.

"We swam the Columbia at the mouth of the Okanogan, came through the Grand Coulee and arrived at what is now White Bluffs. We planned to go to The Dalles by way of the Yakima and Simcoe valleys. We crossed the Columbia and camped on the Yakima side. That night a cattleman came to our camp. He said that a man and his wife had just been killed at Moxee Springs the night before and that it would be

almost certain death for us to go by way of the Yakima and Simcoe valleys. We at once recrossed the Columbia and started down the east bank. We camped opposite the mouth of the Yakima.

"During the day we had met a couple of prospectors who warned us to look out for the Indians at the mouth of the Snake river. The Indians had charged them \$20 to take them across in a canoe, while the three horses swam the river.

"That night I staked my riding horse as usual, near camp, and turned the others loose to graze, knowing that they would not wander away. During the night the Snake River Indians drove our horses off. We were stranded with my one saddle horse and no way of continuing our journey unless I could recover the horses. Mr. Kane, the only man in the party, was helpless with his injury. My mother was greatly alarmed, but she realized as I did that the only thing to do was to follow the trail of the stolen horses and try to get them back.

"I followed their trail for 12 miles, when the trail was covered by the tracks of several hundred Indian horses. I followed the new trail to near where Pasco now stands. There was a big Indian camp with many tepees near the river. I rode up to the big tent where I heard the tom-tom and the sound of Indians dancing.

"Some years before General Wright had inflicted severe punishment upon the Indians by killing a large band of their horses. On the spur of the moment I decided to put on a bold front and demand the return of my horses. I rode up to the tent, dismounted, threw the tepee flap back and stepped into the entrance. The Indians stopped dancing and looked intently at me. I talked the Chinook jargon as well as I did English, so I said, 'Some of you Indians have stolen my horses last night. If they are not back in my camp an hour after I get there I'll see that every horse in your band is shot.' There was utter silence.

"I dropped the flap of the tent, mounted my horse and started back for camp. I had not gone far when I heard the thud of running horses. Four Indians were plying the quirt, riding



after me. They were whooping and howling and just before they got to me they divided, two going on each side. I never looked around. One of the Indians rode his horse square across the trail in front of me. I spurred my horse and raised my quirt. The Indian gave way, and I rode on. I knew the Indian character well enough to know that the only way I could carry my bluff out was by appearing perfectly fearless.

"When I got back to camp my mother was crying and said she had been praying for me all the time I was gone. I had started out for the horses without breakfast and had ridden over 30 miles, so I was pretty hungry. As I sat down to my delayed breakfast we heard the thud of running horses and our horses charged into camp covered with lather. I hurried out, caught the horses and staked them, came back, finished my meal and then saddled up, packed the pack horses and went down to the mouth of the Snake river. I again rode up to the large tent, opened the flap and said in Chinook, 'I want one canoe for my women and children to go to Wallula and three canoes to swim my horses across. You have delayed us by driving my horses off, so I want you to hurry.' The Indians looked as impassive as wooden statues. One of the chiefs gave some command to the others. Several of the younger men got up, went down to the water and got out the canoes. My mother and the children got in and the Indians put in our packs to take to Wallula, 11 miles distant. My brother Albert went in one canoe and I went in the other, while one of the Indians went into the third canoe, and we swam our horses across the river. When I got to the other side I said to the Indian in charge, 'How much?' He answered, 'What you think?' I handed him \$5, which he took without a word, got into the canoe and started back. Albert and I rode on toward Wallula, where we arrived at 10 o'clock that night and rejoined the rest of the family.

"Having brought my mother and the children to Wallula, on horseback from Asoyoos Lake, I put them aboard the steamer Tenino in charge of Captain Leonard White, and they proceeded to Portland.

"I stayed at Fort Wallula, living in the adobe fort. I herded stock for J. M. Vansyckle until father returned from the Snake river. Father had gone to Deschutes in the Sarah F. Gray, the boat he had built on the Okanogan, with the idea of securing some machinery for her. He found, however, that he was unable to raise the money to purchase the machinery, so he rigged her with a mast and sail and secured a load for the nearest landing to the newly discovered mines at Oro Fino.

"The nearest point by boat to the new mines was the mouth of the Clearwater, now the site of the city of Lewiston, Idaho. On father's return on board the Sarah F. Gray, I joined him at Wallula and we went to Deschutes, a point which at that time seemed to have the making of a city but which is now merely a memory. I stayed in charge of the boat while father went to Portland to secure a cargo for Lewiston. It was now late in the summer and the rumor had gone about among the merchants that it was impossible to navigate the Snake river, even by small boats. Father was unable to secure a cargo. As you know, my father was a very determined man and if he once set out to do a thing he would not stop short of its accomplishment. He had decided to take a cargo of goods to the mines and if the merchants would not give him the freight, he determined to take a cargo of his own. He mortgaged his horses, his Astoria property and his boat and with the assistance of personal friends who advanced him money, he bought a stock of goods for the mines.

"The goods were shipped to the Cascades, hauled around the Cascades by the portage tramway on the Oregon side, reshipped to The Dalles and from The Dalles hauled to Deschutes by wagon. We were loaded and ready to leave Deschutes in the latter part of August. We arrived at Wallula on September 15. When we got to Wallula our entire crew deserted. They declared it was too dangerous to attempt to navigate the Snake river.

"Father finally secured a new crew of seven men and on September 20, 1861, we left Wallula. It took us three days to reach the mouth of the Snake river, a distance of only 11

miles. The prevailing winds were directly across the current, so that it was necessary for us to cordell the boat almost the entire way.

"Another boy and myself took ropes in a skiff up the stream, found a place where the rope could be made fast. We would then come down stream bringing the rope to our boat where the rope was made fast to the capstan and the rope would be slowly wound up. We had a difficult trip to Lewiston and before we got there my comrade and myself in the skiff had demonstrated that there was not a single rapid in the Snake river that could not be swum. We were both strong swimmers and perfectly at home in the water. Our boat was overturned in the rapids scores of times in cordelling up to Lewiston. Our skiff was small and we had to carry a full coil of rope an inch and a half in diameter as well as a coil of smaller rope and oftentimes when the line was wet we had a bare two inches of free board to go through the rapids in. Not content with being wet all day long and being tipped out of our skiff, Jim Parker, my comrade, and I would dare each other to swim dangerous places in the river.

"Jim Parker was from Parker's Landing where Washougal, Wash., now is, and like myself, was raised on the water. I remember one place in the five mile rapids that was not only very dangerous but it seemed impossible for us to find a place to make a fastening. My father thought we could find some rock in mid-current to which we could attach the rope. I said, 'It can't be done.' Father turned to me and said, 'My son, can't isn't in my dictionary. Anything can be done if you want to do it badly enough.' I told him the rapids were full of whirlpools and that we would certainly be overturned in making the attempt to make a fastening. He said, 'If you are overturned, you and the skiff will both come downstream. You may not come down together, but you will both come down. You will then go back and make another attempt and continue to do so until you have succeeded.

"After that experience there never has been any combination of wood, iron or water that has ever scared me, though I will acknowledge I was scared upon that particular occasion.

"We took the rope up and succeeded in getting a loop over a rock. No sooner had we done so than the skiff was caught, dashed against a rock nearby, overturned and Jim and I were in the water. We went through that rapid at a terrific rate, sometimes under water, sometimes on top. We finally got through, swam to the overturned skiff and succeeded in getting back to the boat. We had fastened a piece of wood to the end of the line so that it floated down the river. We clambered aboard the boat, chilled through and pretty badly scared. Father said, 'Where are you going?' I told him I was going to get some dry clothes on. He said, 'There will be time enough for that when you have gone and secured the end of the line.' So Jim and I got into the skiff again, recovered the end of the line and brought it to the boat.

"It was October 30 when we finally arrived at Lewiston. Many a time on the trip up I had been so worried I didn't know what to do, for fear that we would wreck the Sarah F. Gray, for we took some desperate chances and I knew that if it was wrecked my father would not only lose his boat but he would lose all of his property and be in debt to his friends.

"Provisions were getting short in the mines and father sold his flour for \$25 a sack or 50 cents a pound. Beans also brought 50 cents a pound. Blankets were eagerly bought at \$25 a pair and we sold all of our bacon at 60 cents a pound. Father had made a very profitable voyage and had not only carried out his plan but came out with a handsome profit.

"We left Lewiston on November 2 with several passengers, and came down the river to Deschutes in seven days.

"I spent the winter of 1861-2 in Portland. I attended public school in Portland that winter. The school was located where the Portland Hotel now stands. Professor George F. Boynton was the principal.

"The winter of 1861-62 was one of the most severe the west has ever seen. The Willamette was frozen over at Portland so that teams could cross on the ice between Portland and East Portland, and of course the mule ferry was out of commission. Possibly an adventure I had that winter on the Willam-

ette helped to impress the severity of the winter upon my memory. My brother, J. H. D. Gray, and my cousin, P. C. Schuyler, and myself were skating on the river at what was called Clinton Point in those days. It is just about where the new O.-W. R. & N. steel bridge crosses the river now. We were playing tag and I took a short-cut across the thin ice near an airhole. My skates cut through, tripped me and down I went into the water. The thermometer was standing at about zero. My brother and my cousin could not come near me on account of also breaking through the thin ice. I finally broke the thin ice with my fist until I got to where the ice was so thick I could not break it. My brother and cousin lay down, one holding the other and tying the sleeves of their coats together, threw me one end. I caught the end of the coat sleeve and they pulled me out. The instant the air struck me my clothing froze and by the time I had got to the river bank near Ankeny's dock my trousers were frozen stiff, and when I bent my knees my trousers broke off at the knee. I walked to the corner of Third and B streets (now Burnside), where we lived, and got thawed out.

"Portland in those days was a pretty small town, all of the business being on the streets near the river. Mr. Robert Pittock had a store on First street, between A and B streets (Ankeny and Burnside), where we traded.

"I had to quit school in April of 1862, as father needed my help on the river. We began boating, carrying freight between Deschutes and Wallula, operating our boat by sail. There were several other competing sailboats, steamboats at that time not being very numerous. After making a few trips father decided he would build a steamboat. He picked out Columbus, on the Washington side, a few miles above Celilo, as the best point at which to build his boat. The reason he picked out Columbus was that it was the landing for the entire Klickitat valley, and it was the point through which all of the pine timber growing on the Simcoe mountains came to the river.

"I was sixteen years old at this time and father wanted someone who knew the river and some one whom he could trust

to take charge of the Sarah F. Gray, our sailboat. He put me in charge. In the latter part of June he sold the boat, but the purchasers, Whittingham & Co., of Wallula, stipulated that I must remain in charge of the boat or they would not buy it. Father told them he needed my help to build a boat, but they insisted and told him they would pay me \$150 a month for my services.

"They told me that what they wanted was to make as many trips as possible while the prevailing winds were good. They gave me a mate, two deckhands and a cook. They paid big wages, paying my father \$150 for my services, paying the mate \$90, the cook \$75 and the deckhands \$60 a month each.

"This was the first boat that I ever had command of and you can imagine how anxious I was to make a record. During the month of July I didn't get very much sleep, as I was on deck to take every advantage of the coast breeze which swept up the Columbia. During the month of July I made five round trips between Deschutes and Wallula, which was not only a record up to that time, but has never been broken by sailboats on the river since. I took up from 25 to 28 tons each trip. We had the boat in operation for the full 24 hours each day. Father had sold the boat for \$1200. Not only did I take advantage of the wind by night or day, but I rigged up a water sail to help us drift down the river with the current against the up-river wind. In that one month that boat not only paid the wages of myself and all the crew, but cleared in addition more than the price of the boat.

"To give you an idea of what we did to make five round trips within a month, I not only personally took charge of the boat at every bad rapid we came to, either by day or night, but I crowded on all sail, even when more cautious captains were reefing their sails. Three times during the month I had my main boom carried away. The crew soon were inspired by my enthusiasm and worked just as hard as I did to make a record.

"In the early part of August the coast breeze failed us entirely and we came pretty near making a record for the slowness of a trip. It took us 39 days to make one trip. Father was

anxious for me to join him and hurry forward the work of building the Cascadilla, and after running the sloop for five months the owners laid it up for the rest of the season and I joined father and helped finish the Cascadilla. She was 110 feet long, 18 foot beam and drew 20 inches.

"Our family moved from Portland to The Dalles in the fall of 1862. We lived in The Dalles that winter. Father launched his steamboat, the Cascadilla, in December, 1862. Next spring we took the Cascadilla up to Lewiston, plying on the Clearwater and the Snake rivers. We carried wood from Lapwai and lumber from Asotin to Lewiston.

"That spring father had trouble with A. Kimmell, his purser. He found the purser was not turning in all the money. Father put him off the boat and told him what he thought of men who were crooked. What he told him was plenty. Shortly after the purser had been put ashore, we were laid up cleaning the boilers. The Cascadilla was a half deck boat. Father was lying on his back on a pile of cordwood repairing the steering wheel ropes. I was in the cabin aft. Looking out I saw Kimmell take an axe from the wood block and start towards father, whose head was toward him. Father had both hands in the air splicing a rope. Kimmell drew back the axe and as he brought it down to split father's head open, I jumped for him. I had no time to do anything but to launch myself at him. I struck him like a battering ram in the back and shoulders. The axe's blow was deflected and the axe missed father's head. It also overbalanced Kimmell and he fell overboard. Kimmell, wild with anger, clambered ashore, pulled a pistol from his pocket and began shooting at us. The first shot he fired struck me in the hand, cutting the flesh on my third and fourth fingers. The second shot struck me in the foot. I did the only thing possible under the circumstances. I ran down the gangplank and stooping, I picked up several rocks and threw them at him as I closed in on him. By good fortune I hit him with one of the rocks, in the stomach, and knocked him breathless. He grabbed his stomach with both hands. I closed in on him and hit him in the chin. The blow knocked him down and I

took the pistol away. Some of the crew came ashore, tied him up and turned him over to the authorities at The Dalles.

"Father was always a peaceful man when it came to the law. He said he was able to settle his own troubles. When the trial came, father refused to appear against him, so he was turned loose.

"Kimmell bought a sailboat. It got loose from the bank at Celilo and went over the falls. Kimmell could have gotten ashore, but he had money in the cabin and while trying to recover the money the boat went over the falls and Kimmell was drowned.

"Father sold the Cascadilla in the summer of 1864.

"I went on the river as a cub pilot with Captain Charles Felton on the steamer Yakima. At that time, the steamer Yakima was the most palatial boat on the river. It plied between Celilo and Lewiston. Umatilla Landing, which had been started by Z. F. Moody, was growing rapidly. There was an active demand for lumber which sold for \$55 a thousand. Alonzo Leland, with a man named Atwood, owned a sawmill 10 miles from Asotin. He could find no market for his lumber. It was worth only \$15 per thousand at Lewiston, while if he could deliver his lumber at Umatilla he could readily sell all he could deliver at \$55 a thousand. This market was worth trying for. They tried repeatedly rafting the lumber down the Snake river, but each time the raft was broken up in the rapids, and the lumber was a total loss. As we were going up the river Atwood hailed me from what is now called Atwood's Island. He had landed there with a raft in the attempt to go down the river. We took Mr. Atwood and the crew aboard. We asked him how he had happened to come to grief. Atwood said, 'It is impossible to raft lumber down the Snake. We will have to give it up. We have never succeeded in taking a raft down yet.' He turned to me for confirmation of his statement. I said, 'You can take a raft through all right if you will get the right man.' He said, 'Can you take one down?' I told him that I could. He made no comment of any kind but turned on his heel and went below.



About half an hour later he came up to the pilot house and said, 'I am willing to risk the loss of another raft if you will agree to take it down. If we can once get a raft down the Snake river and get it to Umatilla Landing it will pay for the loss of all the others.' I told him I was willing to take charge of the raft but I doubted whether Captain Felton would let me go. He said he thought he could arrange it with Captain Felton, as he knew him well.

"He said, 'I realize it is dangerous work. Tell me what you are going to charge me.' I told him I would charge \$10 a day while running the raft and \$5 a day for any time we had to lay at the bank. He saw Captain Felton, who came to me and said he was anxious to accommodate Atwood, and he would spare me for a trip.

"Atwood and I went to his mill at Asotin, where he built a raft containing 50,000 feet of lumber. \* \* \* \* \* When we came to the big eddy above Lewiston (where Atwood had always had trouble, and had missed landing at that place with several rafts and as a consequence lost the lumber as there was no market farther down the river), I threw the raft into the center of the eddy. Atwood protested, believing that we certainly would miss the Lewiston landing, but the raft returned up the eddy and shot out towards the Lewiston shore, his face was wreathed with smiles.

"We took on 10,000 additional feet of lumber here. Next morning at 2 o'clock I cast loose and started down the river. Whenever we came to a rapid I sent the raft into the center of the rapid. The rapid would give the raft such impetus that it would carry us through the slack water. Atwood said, 'The very thing we have been trying to avoid—getting the raft in the rapids, seems to be the reason for your success.' We were averaging nine miles an hour. I told him we would get along all right until we came to the Palouse rapids and we were going to have a serious time of it there. The water pours through a narrow chute and empties into the eddy, which boils back toward the current from the south shore.

"When we got to the Palouse rapids I sent the raft into the center of the rapids. The current was so swift it shot us into the eddy. The forward part of the raft went under water and the current from the chute caught the back end of the raft and sent the raft under water. We stayed on the raft until the water was up to our knees. The skiff which he had on the raft started to float off, but I caught the painter and we got aboard the skiff. We brought the skiff over where the raft had been and felt down with the oars but we could not touch the raft.

"We floated down with the current. All I attempted to do was to keep the skiff in its course. Atwood said, 'I knew you couldn't do it. With such rapids as the Palouse it was foolish to expect we could.' I felt pretty serious for I was afraid the eddy had broken the fastenings on the raft and we would soon run into the wreckage of floating boards. About half a mile below the rapids our skiff was suddenly lifted out of the water by the reappearance of the raft. Our skiff and the raft had both gone with the current and, oddly enough, it had appeared directly under us, lifting the skiff out of the water. This may sound 'fishy', but it is a fact.

"You never saw a man more surprised or delighted than Atwood, for the raft was uninjured. As a matter of fact, before leaving, I had taken special pains to see that it was strongly fastened, for I knew what kind of treatment it would get in the rapids.

"We went through the Pine Tree rapids without accident, but a little ways below there we struck a wind strongly upstream, so we had to tie up. Next morning at 3 o'clock, just before daybreak, we started again, arriving at Wallula at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

"The steamer Yakima was just pulling in from below. From Wallula to Umatilla was plain sailing, so I left Atwood to go the rest of the way alone and rejoined the Yakima.

"In the past they had tried to manage the raft by side sweeps, while all I had used had been a steering oar at the rear. Atwood paid me \$20 for carrying the raft successfully through

the rapids. He told me that he would have been just as glad to pay me \$500 if I had asked that much. This was the first lumber raft ever taken down the Snake river, but it was the forerunner of scores of other rafts.

"For this lumber, which was worth only \$900 at Lewiston, he got \$3300 at Umatilla, or in other words, he made a profit of \$2400 on the \$20 investment in my services.

"That, by the way, is a fair sample of my financial ability, but what could you expect of the son of parents who thought so little of money that they made a trip across the desert and gave up all prospect of financial returns, to become missionaries among the Indians with Dr. Whitman? An indifference, too, and a disregard for money is bred in my bone.

"After working for three months as cub pilot with Captain Charles Felton on the steamer Yakima in the upper river, I secured a position as assistant pilot with the O. S. N. Company. I was eighteen years old at the time. That summer—the summer of 1864—the Oregon Steam Navigation Company made an effort to take a steamboat up the Snake river canyon to ply on the upper waters of the Snake between Olds Ferry and Boise. Olds Ferry is just above where the present town of Huntington is located.

"Boise in those days was a wonderfully prosperous mining camp. Olds Ferry was also a good point as most of the emigrants crossed the Snake river by that ferry. The steamer Colonel Wright was selected to make the attempt and Captain Thomas J. Stump was chosen to take her through. I was assigned to her as assistant pilot. Alphonso Boone was the mate. Peter Anderson was the chief engineer. John Anderson was the assistant engineer and my father, W. H. Gray, and J. M. Vansyckle, of Wallula, went along as passengers. We went up the river to about twenty-five miles above Salmon river. In attempting to make a dangerous eddy at this point, the boat was caught in a bad eddy, thrown into the current and upon a sharp rock reef jutting out from the Idaho shore. It carried away eight feet of her bow, keel and sides to the deck. Things looked desperate for a moment. Captain Stump gave an

order from the pilot house to get out a line on shore. You never saw such a universal willingness to get on shore with that line. Every deckhand, the mate, the chief engineer, the fireman and our two passengers, who were standing forward watching the boat, seized the line by both ends, the middle and wherever they could get a hold of it and jumped ashore. The only people left on the boat were Captain Stump and myself in the pilot house, the second engineer, who was below, and old Titus, the cook. Before they could make the line fast the boat was caught by the current and went down the river half a mile. Here Captain Stump succeeded in beaching her. We were joined here by the ambitious line-carriers who walked down the shore to where we were beached.

“Captain Stump set the mate and crew to work to repair the forward bulkhead which had been strained and showed signs of leaking. While the boat was being worked upon, Captain Stump, Mr. Vansyckle, my father and myself crossed the river in a small boat and started to climb the hill in an effort to see what the back country was like. We expected to be back at the boat within two hours, but it was a steady climb of four hours before we reached the crest of the hill. It was just sun-down when we looked over into the beautiful Wallowa Valley. Darkness overtook us before we could go very far down the bluff. The rocky slopes were too dangerous to try in the dark, so we stayed all night long on the side hill without blankets or food. Father was an old campaigner, however, and he showed us how to sleep with our heads downhill resting on a rock. This prevented our working downhill while asleep. Natural inclination is to wiggle forward and the rock at our head prevented us going down hill and we could wiggle all we wanted up hill—we wouldn’t wiggle very far.

“When the bulkhead was finished, we ran back to Lewiston, covering the distance it had taken us four and a half days to come up, in three and a half hours.

“In the summer of 1865, when I was 19 years old, I secured a job as watchman on the steamer John H. Couch, running from Astoria to Portland. I was young and ambitious, and

did not like to complain. I had to sit up all night as watchman, and then was made to work as a deckhand during the day. After a week or so of almost continuous night and day service, I finally rebelled and stretched myself out on the boiler and went to sleep. I was reported for being asleep while on duty. The captain had taken a dislike to me, so when he reported the matter Captain Ainsworth suggested that, in place of firing me, the captain had better take a vacation. It happened that Captain Ainsworth was acquainted with the circumstances through having asked some one else about it. Snow, the mate, was promoted to captain, and I was made mate.

After being the mate of the John H. Couch for a short time, Captain Ainsworth sent for me and told me he wanted me to go on the upper river as a pilot. I could not leave the Couch without securing another man to take my place, so I hired a horse and rode to the Red House tannery near Milwaukie and secured Granville Reed to take my place as mate on the Couch. Later, both Snow and Reed became captains of river steamers and later branch pilots on the lower river between Portland and Astoria. I went to the upper river and acted as pilot on the boats plying between Celilo and Lewiston. I served as pilot on the Nez Perce Chief, the Owyhee, the Tenino, the Webfoot, the Spray, the Yakima and the Okanogan.

"I stayed on the upper river as pilot until 1867, when I was engaged by Colonel R. S. Williamson, of the United States engineers, to act as captain of a sailboat employed by the government in taking a party under Lieutenant W. H. Heuer to make a hydrostatic survey of the Columbia river rapids between Celilo and the mouth of the Snake river. My duty was to navigate the boat, a 40-ton schooner, but at the very first rapids the men engaged in the hydrostatic survey, who were deep water sailors and who were unused to swift water, made so bungling a job of the work that I volunteered to take charge of the small boats in the swift water. I had been so accustomed to being tipped out of the boats and swimming out and taking all sorts of chances that the deep water men were scared nearly to death when I would make straight runs through the rapids or across dangerous places in the river.

"The government paid me \$150 a month in gold. At this time greenbacks were worth 37 cents on the dollar, so I was getting big wages for a boy. We surveyed that year as far as the Umatilla rapids. We did a job that I was proud of, too, for we made an accurate and thorough survey.

"We laid up that winter. Next spring I ran on the U. S. Grant between Astoria and Fort Stevens and Canby, for my brother, J. H. D. Gray, who had shot his ramrod through his hand. An army surgeon named Sternberg, who was stationed at Walla Walla at that time, amputated his hand. There was no necessity whatever for doing so, but it was the easiest way to do it. Sternberg stayed with the army, and under the seniority rule, finally reached the position of chief surgeon.

This accident to my brother incapacitated him for further service on the upper river in the opinion of the authorities of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company. They considered that it required a perfect body as well as mind to guide steamboats safely through the dangerous and intricate channels and rapids. J. H. D. Gray, however, was not the man to give up because of this physical handicap. He secured a contract in a short time to carry government supplies and mail between Astoria and Forts Stevens and Canby, oysters and mail from Shoalwater Bay, and purchased the steamer U. S. Grant for that purpose. Later he purchased the Varuna on Puget Sound and brought her around to Astoria.

"After running the Varuna for a while, I was asked to take charge of the sail boat again and complete the government survey. We spent that summer and finished the survey to the upper end of Hummely rapids near Wallula. When the survey was completed I again went to work for the Oregon Steam Navigation Company on the upper river. After about a year or so on the upper river I went to Astoria, where I ran the Varuna, whose work was to take the mail and supplies to the forts at the mouth of the river. During the time I was there with my brothers, we made private surveys of the bar and piloted ships across the bar. One incident of this time I remember very distinctly. We picked up a brig whose captain

had been in the lighthouse service and who had surveyed the bar.

“The channel was familiar to him but he was unfamiliar with the fact that the channel had changed a week before and that my brother and I had just surveyed the new channel inside the breakers and just outside Sand island. We knew there were six feet here at low water. We started through this new channel with a long tow line on the brig. It was high tide and there was a strong east wind beginning to blow. Knowing it would be impossible to tow the brig up the main channel against the east wind on a strong ebb tide, I signaled to the pilot that I was going across the sands. I squared away for Cape Disappointment. Captain Sherwood, who was in charge of the brig, went down into the cabin, got his rifle and came on deck. He told the pilot that if that crazy fool on board the tug struck the brig on the sands he would never turn another wheel nor wreck another ship. It didn't give me a very comfortable feeling to look across to the brig and see the captain with a rifle trained on me. He kept it pointed at me until we had crossed the sands and run up above Cape Disappointment and were safely anchored in Baker's bay. Then he sent me a handsome apology and complimented me on my seamanship.

“I stayed on the lower river as a captain and pilot until 1873, when I engaged in business in Astoria. In July, 1875, Frank T. Dodge, who had been the purser on the upper river and was later agent of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company at The Dalles and who was later superintendent of the Portland water system, but who was at that time the superintendent of the Willamette Transportation & Locks Company, gave me a job with that company. My run was from Portland to Dayton on the Yamhill. I had charge of the old steamer Beaver, whose machinery had been brought from the Enterprise, which had been wrecked on the Umpqua bar. I later had charge of this same steamer, the Beaver, on the Stikeen river in Alaska. While on the Willamette river run I was captain of the Orient, the Fannie Patton and the Governor Grover, the latter boat running from Portland to Corvallis.

"In 1877 I went to Victoria, B. C., as captain of the Beaver. I took the Beaver from Victoria to Fort Wrangel, Alaska. I ran on the Stikeen river between Fort Wrangel and Telegraph creek, a distance of 165 miles.

"In the spring of 1878 I came back to the upper Columbia as captain of the Annie Faxon. I stayed on the upper river, having charge at different times of the John Gates, the Al-mota, the D. S. Baker, the Spokane and the Harvest Queen. The Harvest Queen had been built at Celilo a short while before. She ran for three years on the upper river and then was taken over the Celilo falls by Captain James W. Troup, now general superintendent of the water lines of the Canadian Pacific. I know this is a feat requiring some skill, as I myself during the extra high water of 1866 took a sail boat over Celilo falls.

"I was married on October 27, 1868, at Portland, Oregon. My wife's name was Oceana Falkland Bush. She was the adopted daughter of Mrs. Hawthorne, of Portland, a pioneer family after whom Hawthorne avenue and Hawthorne Park are named.

"My wife was born on her father's brig, the 'Rising Sun,' just off of the Falkland Islands while on a voyage around the Horn. I met her for the first time at the celebration over the driving of the first spike in the Oregon and California railroad in East Portland, April 16, 1868.

"I came down one trip and was staying at 'Muck-a-Muck' Smith's hotel, 'The Western,' on the corner of First and Morrison. In those days it was a high class hotel. Captain Ainsworth sent a messenger to find me with word to see him at once. The messenger located me at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. I went to see Captain Ainsworth and he offered me a much better position than I had, with a year's contract on a steamer on the upper river. 'You will have to go at once,' he said, 'as the steamer is waiting to make a trip and every day's delay means loss.' I told him that I would take the job, if I could have a couple of days, as I was planning to get married. 'You can have all of the rest of the day to get married in,' he said.



"I went to the river to take the ferry. I happened to meet my wife's adopted mother, who had just come over. I told her that I was going over to see Ocea and asked her to save me the trip by having Ocea get ready as soon as possible, so that we could be married that evening. She said it was impossible. I told her I was used to doing the impossible and I would make all arrangements and be there that evening. The ferry quit running at 8 o'clock. I arranged with them to make an extra trip for us and promised them ten dollars an hour for whatever time it took after 8 o'clock. I hurried down town where I bought a wedding ring, hired the necessary cabs, secured a license, arranged with a preacher to be there and got Bob Bybee to stand up with me as best man. I went out to see how Ocea was getting along. I asked her if she was all ready to be married that night. I never saw any one more surprised. Her mother had thought it was a crazy notion of mine and decided not to tell Ocea anything about it. At first she said she couldn't possibly be married that night, but when I told her that the preacher would be there, the cabs were hired, the ferry would take us over and it would be very awkward to stop the proceedings, she decided we had better be married at once. She got Hannah Stone, who is now Mrs. Dr. Josephi, to act as bridesmaid.

"I had worked all summer at \$150 a month and I never have had any use for money except to spend it. I always look at it in the same light as the manna that the Israelites had in crossing the desert, 'that it will spoil if you keep it.' I gave the preacher twenty dollars for tying the knot. I gave each of the hack men a five dollar tip. I saved enough money to pay our hotel bill and next morning we started at 5 o'clock on the steamer Wilson G. Hunt, for Celilo. When we got to The Dalles, I discovered I had just \$2.50 left. The Umatilla House ran a free bus, but I didn't think it would look well for a newly married couple to go in the free bus, so I called a hackman and when he let us off at the Umatilla house, I gave him the \$2.50. There I was with a new wife and absolutely not a cent in my pocket, but the absence of money has never bothered me any

more than the presence of it, so I signed the register and engaged a room at the Umatilla House for my wife at \$60 a month.

"I at once reported to my steamer and for the next year I plied on the upper river.

"Thirty-three years ago the Northern Pacific R. R. Co. built a transfer boat to carry their cars across the Snake river at Ainsworth. They built a craft 200 feet long with 38 foot beam, having a square bow and stern, with a house 25 feet high and 165 feet long. They called the craft the Frederick Billings. Ten cars could be carried across at one time. Her huge house made her very unwieldy. When she had no load aboard she drew nothing forward and two and a half feet aft. She was a curiosity to all of the pilots and captains on the river. They commented on the ridiculous lines and the unnecessary deck house, 165 feet long. It was the consensus of opinion that it would be impossible to handle her in strong winds. No one was anxious to tackle the job. The very difficulty of handling such a Noah's ark of a boat appealed to me and I applied for the position, and was given the job before I could change my mind.

"The boat took the cars from Ainsworth to South Ainsworth, where the Northern Pacific Snake river bridge is now located, about three miles from Pasco. The Billings had two 20-inch cylinders with a 10-foot stroke, and in spite of her unwieldiness, I have transferred as high as 213 cars in one day. The Snake river bridge was completed in 1884. I took the Billings to Celilo to be overhauled. It was planned to use her between Pasco and Kennewick. They gave me permission to make whatever alterations I thought best, so I had her big deck house cut down and a small house put up just large enough to cover her pipes, boiler and engines.

"While the Frederick Billings was being repaired, I made a recognizance of the Columbia river from the mouth of the Snake river to Rock Island rapids. In my report, which I sent to C. H. Prescott, president of the O. R. & N. Co., I said I thought it was possible to run a boat through the Rock Island

rapids. My report was forwarded to the chief of the board of engineers of the United States army.

"I went up with the Billings and continued to run between Pasco and Kennewick, transferring freight and passenger cars until the Columbia river bridge was completed.

"When I went to Pasco to begin my work there I decided to have a home. D. W. Owen had homesteaded a tract of land where now the city of Pasco is located. He offered to relinquish a fraction containing 19 acres on the bank of the Columbia for \$100. I thought \$100 for 19 acres of sagebrush land was highway robbery, but as I needed some ground for a home, I accepted his offer and built a home. Though I was born in Oregon City and brought up in the West, and though my father was one of the earliest pioneers of Oregon, I had never before owned land. I became quite enthused with the idea of owning land. I secured a relinquishment from Henry Gantenbein of 80 acres, which extended from the river to the railroad section where Pasco is located. I filed a pre-emption upon it. I paid \$2.50 an acre for it and as soon as I had secured the receiver's receipt I platted 50 acres of it as an addition to Pasco.

"I remember they thought it very peculiar to file an addition to Pasco before the plat of Pasco itself was filed. I never was much busier than I was then. I was the local land agent for the Northern Pacific. I had charge of the selling of their lots and acreage. I was county commissioner, I had a dairy with 10 cows, I had 100 hogs, and had over 200 horses, and was feeding over 400 of the Northern Pacific employes. In addition to this I was attending every Republican state convention. My purpose of attending the conventions was to be appointed on the resolutions committee. That was all the office I wanted. Each time I secured the adoption of a resolution demanding of Congress the immediate opening of the Columbia river to unobstructed navigation.

"The railroad wanted to cross my land. I told the graders they could not cross without my permission. They sent their attorney, who told me if I didn't let them cross I would lose my contract for feeding the Northern Pacific employes and

would also lose my position on the transfer boat. I told him where he could go, but it wasn't a health resort that I recommended. In fact, it was a place where the climate was pretty tropical. I demanded \$500 for permission to cross my place. The graders were instructed to go ahead, any way. I took my shotgun and went out and had a little talk with the foreman and he decided not to do anything. He telegraphed to the officials and by return wire they telegraphed they were sending me a draft for \$500. I would have been glad to let them go across, but didn't like the way they went about it.

"By the summer of 1886 I had 45 different kinds of trees growing on my place at Pasco, without irrigation. In addition to a large number of vegetables usually grown in the Northwest, I successfully matured peanuts, cotton and sugar cane. That will give you some idea of the possibility of fruit growing and the growing of vegetables in this district.

"You remember I told you about reporting that I believed the Rock Island rapids could be successfully negotiated? On the strength of my report the O. R. & N. Co. fitted out an expedition consisting of two boats to go as far as the Priest rapids. The Almota and the John Gates were the two boats. The Almota was to accompany the John Gates to Priest rapids and the John Gates was to endeavor to go to the head of navigation on the Columbia, the Almota's part of the contract being to act as tender and carry fuel and extra equipment as far as Priest rapids. C. H. Prescott and some of the other officials of the O. R. & N., as well as General Gibbon, commander of the Department of the Columbia, with his staff and 120 soldiers from Fort Vancouver, were taken along on the trip. The soldiers were to assist the boat in overcoming the rapids by lining the steamer through the rapids. The ascent of Priest Rapids was made without much difficulty. This gave to the steamer John Gates the honor of being the first steamboat to pass over the rapids. The Almota remained below Priest Rapids. The formation of the Rock Island Rapids consists of a number of dangerous reefs through which the current makes short and difficult turns, making navigation of the Rock Island

Rapids a matter requiring care, skill and making the rapids dangerous unless the navigator thoroughly understands his work. After working nearly all day to lay lines to get the boat safely around Hawksbill Point, night overtook them. The line was put ashore and the boat was tied where it was so that it would not lose what way it had already made. The turbulent currents and eddies dashed and pounded the boat all night. It bobbed around as if it were a cork in rough water. The officials of the railroad as well as the military officials didn't get much sleep. Next morning one of the head officials came to the captain of the boat and said: 'Let go your lines and get out of this hell-hole as quickly as you can.' The trip was abandoned and Rock Island Rapids was reported unnavigable.

The steamer John Gates was named after John Gates, the chief engineer of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company. He succeeded Jacob Kamm in that position. He was born in Maine and came to California in 1849. In 1853 he came to Oregon. He is the inventor of the Gates hydraulic steering gear as well as many other valuable inventions. He supervised the building of both the Almota and the John Gates as well as the Harvest Queen, the Henry Villard, the Occident, the Orient, the Hassalo, and many other boats. He started his career in Portland as engineer of a sawmill at the foot of Jefferson street. He died 35 years later while mayor of Portland.

"The Almota was launched at Celilo, September 27, 1876. Captain E. W. Baughman was her first master. Captain Samson was her next commander and he was followed by myself, George Gore and John F. Stump and a number of other well known river captains. The Almota was one of the greatest money makers that ever plied the Columbia. She cleared over \$14,000 on one trip upon one occasion, the bulk of the freight being government supplies to be used by the soldiers under General O. O. Howard, who were engaged in the pursuit of Chief Joseph and his horde of Nez Perces.

"A number of friends of mine from Ellensburg were interested in the development of a mine in the Okanogan district some years ago. They conceived the idea of establishing a

line of communication between Ellensburg and their mine. This required a trip across the mountains from Ellensburg to Wenatchee. They thought if they could haul their supplies to Wenatchee they could put a boat on the river and take their supplies from Wenatchee to the Okanogan much more cheaply by boat than to haul by team. They looked the matter up and found I had reported it feasible to take boats over Priest Rapids, and also Rock Island Rapids. Acting on my report, made some years before to the O. R. & N. Co., they built a boat at Pasco to navigate the Columbia from Point Eaton at the mouth of Johnson's canyon, to the site of their mines in the Okanogan. They secured the services of Captain Jones, a Mississippi steamboat man, to plan and build a boat suitable for use on the upper river.

"Shortly before the boat was completed, I had a talk with him and urged him to make a personal examination of the Rock Island Rapids. He told me he was able to navigate water, no matter how swift it was. However, in a rather lofty way, he consented to go up and look at the rapids before making the trip. He visited the Rock Island Rapids and by a roundabout way he got back to the railroad and went back to the Mississippi. Neither the stockholders of the boat company nor any one else in this part of the country ever saw him again.

"This left the Ellensburg miners in a rather bad way. They were out the expense of the boat and had no one who would tackle the job of operating it. They came to me, but I told them I could not afford to neglect my own interests for the sake of running their boat.

"They put it up to me, however, that it was on the strength of my report the boat had been built, so, to the neglect of my own interests, I agreed to take charge of their steamer, 'The City of Ellensburg,' and demonstrate for them the rapids could be overcome.

"In July, 1888, we left Pasco with 45 tons of freight and several passengers on board for the Okanogan. The steamer was a stern wheeler, 120 feet long, 22 foot beam and drew four feet when loaded.

"After sizing up the boat and its equipment, I didn't blame Captain Jones for disappearing. However, I had promised them to make the attempt, and I did n't intend to back out. You know they say, 'A poor workman always quarrels with his tools,' so I decided to do the best I could under the circumstances.

"At Priest Rapids we attempted to lay a line along the shore and fasten it above the lower riffle and attach it to the boat below. I found we couldn't carry the line clear of submerged reefs. The only thing I could do was to sink a dead man to fasten to, so as to pull the steamer over the lower riffle. To do this it was necessary to lay the line down through a rough channel between the reefs. It was a dangerous proposition, and if the small boat was encumbered with the extra line the probability was that the men who were not experienced would be drowned. I decided to make a test trip. I put men enough in the boat to weigh about the same as a line. I had the mate put out extra boats to pick us up below the rapids if we capsized. Naturally, I didn't tell the crew of the boat I expected to capsize. After completing the placing of the dead man I ordered the crew I had selected into the small boat, telling them I wished to make a trip across the channel to see if there wasn't a better place to ascend on that side. After ordering the men to take their places, I took the bow of the skiff, shoved it into the current, stood on the shore myself, and held to the stern until it swung across the current, and then jumped in and caught up the steering oar. I ordered the men to row hard, and I headed her for the rapids.

"A Dane named C. E. Hanson, who was one of my deckhands, but who has since been made captain of a steamer on the upper Columbia, and who is now in charge of the government work of improving the Okanogan river, gave me a steady and resolute look, braced himself and began to pull at his oar. I had picked out a Frenchman who was used to rafting driftwood, and who I thought had unlimited nerve. He dropped his oar and began praying and crying: 'Frenchy will surely die. He is going over Priest Rapids.' It seems that his

custom had been to let the raft go through by itself and take his skiff around by portage. I was steering. Frenchy had the midship oars, big John Hanson had the after oars, the other two men, who were deckhands, were in the bow of the boat. Hanson pulled out into the current, giving Frenchy, who was kneeling in the bottom of the boat praying, a contemptuous look. We passed over the break and I swung the skiff quartering into the swell. In a moment we were in the midst of the turmoil of waters. Big John kept at the oars, and I watched like a hawk with my steering oar. For a moment the waves were higher than the boat but we went through safely.

"My experiment proved the boat would carry a line through, so we came down with the line and negotiated the Priest Rapids successfully. As we lined the steamer into the rapids the water poured over the buffalo chocks. Next day we arrived at Rock Island Rapids.

"The only point at which Rock Island Rapids is really difficult or dangerous is at Hawksbill Point. It juts into the river at an acute angle from the island, on the left hand side of the island as you go up the river. It required delicate calculation to overcome this difficulty. I put out three lines at the same time. One to line her up and the others to keep her from swinging either way. It took us two hours to pass Hawksbill Point. We had another cluster of reefs near the head of the island to pass. Here the current turns in strongly toward the bluff, 40 feet high, which projects from the mainland on the right hand side at an acute angle. We had no line long enough to fasten to the right point to take us around this bluff. The boat's power was insufficient to hold it in place, let alone making headway across the current. The current drew the boat in at the head. We bucked the current for over an hour without success. I finally decided a desperate remedy must be taken. I threw her head across the current toward the island and swung almost against the island. It was necessary that I should let the stern wheel of the steamer go within four feet of the rocks and directly above them, to get out of the main strength of the current. If the current here was too strong the



boat would go on the rocks, break her wheel, and leave us disabled in the current. For a moment the boat hung where she was. It was a mighty anxious moment for me, for, with all steam on, she seemed only able to hold her own. She was neither going forward nor back, but slowly, inch by inch, she pulled away from the rapids and out into the open river. That was the first time a steamboat had ever been through Rock Island Rapids.

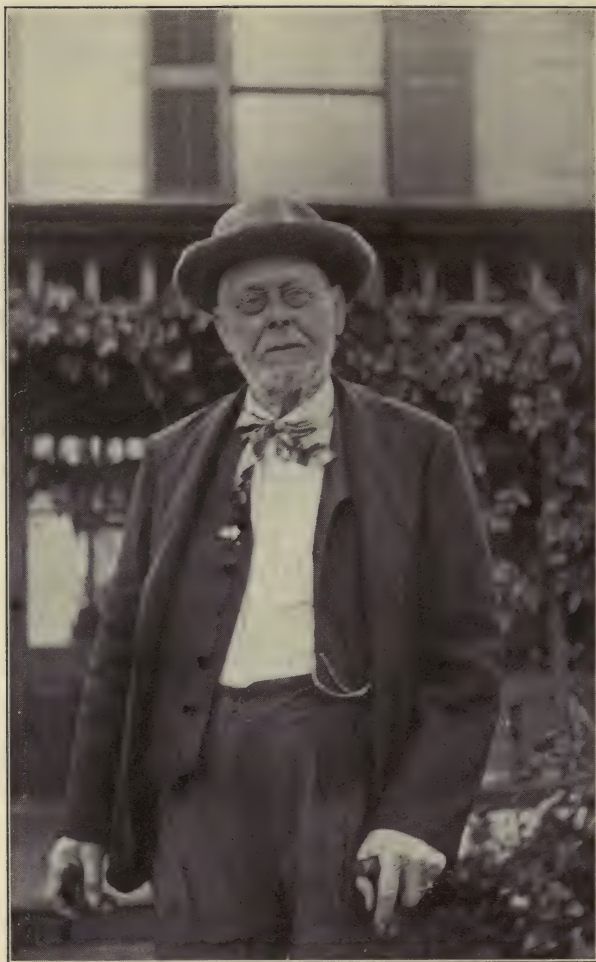
"The president of the company owning the boat was on board. His enthusiasm had ranged from fever heat to zero on most of the rapids. When I swung the boat over in the last effort, he wrung his hands and sobbed, 'You'll wreck her, you'll wreck her sure!' But when we began to gain headway and he was sure we were over Rock Island Rapids, he threw his arms around my neck and yelled, 'You've saved us—I knew you would!' Then I thought, what a narrow line divides failure and success. Failure is 'I told you so'; and success is, 'I knew it!'

"We continued on up the river, gathering driftwood for fuel, using lines to help us over Entiat, Chelan, Methow and other rapids, and ran six miles up the Okanogan river to Lumsden's ford and stuck on the bottom of the river. Then we unloaded freight and passengers and went back through Rock Island and the other rapids to Port Eaton at the mouth of Johnson's canyon, where the people of Ellensburgh had constructed a wagon road to the river in order to avoid the Wenatchee mountain. The road descended to the Columbia river over a cliff where the teamsters were obliged to cut large trees and hitch them by the tops behind the wagons to keep them from sliding on to the teams. The trees were left at the bottom of the cliff, and when the accumulation became so great as to obstruct the way they were burned. The use of the timber for brakes in the manner indicated had denuded the summit of the mountain for quite a distance.

"I made four more trips up and down through Rock Island and the other rapids between Port Eaton and the Okanogan river; but when the water fell Rock Island rapids became im-

passable, and a route was established from above that point to Bridgeport, ten miles above the Okanogan. When the Great Northern Railway was built the lower end of the route was established at Wenatchee and steamboat service has continued there since."





BURR OSBORN

LETTERS BY BURR OSBORN, SURVIVOR OF  
THE HOWISON EXPEDITION  
TO OREGON, 1846

REMINISCENCES OF EXPERIENCES GROWING OUT OF WRECKING  
OF THE UNITED STATES SCHOONER SHARK AT MOUTH  
OF COLUMBIA ON EASTWARD VOYAGE  
OF EXPEDITION

*Edited by George H. Himes*

Since the report of Lieutenant Neil M. Howison, of the United States Sloop of War Shark, was published in The Quarterly for March, 1913, a survivor of that ill-fated vessel has been found in the person of Mr. Burr Osburn. The following letters from him, throwing additional light upon that disaster, together with the naval record of Lieutenant Howison, form a valuable supplement to what has already been published:

Union City, Michigan, Feb. 17, 1913.

Postmaster, Astoria, Ore.

Dear Sir: Would you please hand this letter to some old pioneer that you think might answer it. I would like to know how many inhabitants Astoria has, and I would like a map of the river coast from Astoria down to Clatsop Beach.

In 1846 I belonged to the U. S. S. Shark, and we kedged, sounded and buoyed the channel from Cape Disappointment to Vancouver, and on our return, coming out of the mouth of the river, we were driven with adverse winds upon the breakers, and the quicksands soon put us out of commission. Subsequently, with a great deal of suffering, we landed upon Clatsop Beach without the loss of a single man. Neil M. Howison was commander. After landing at Clatsop Beach we made for Astoria, which had three log houses and one small frame house. There were seventy-six of us sailors besides the officers. Two of the log houses were not occupied; the third one was occupied by the Hudson Fur Company<sup>1</sup> officers. Us sailors occupied

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<sup>1</sup> Hudson's Bay Company.

the two empty houses. The frame house was occupied by a Baptist Missionary.<sup>2</sup> We sailors were soon detailed down the river about one mile to a place called George's Point, where we cut and hauled the logs by hand about a half mile and built a double log house.

I would like to know if any of the remains of that house are extant today. We built a small frame house near the log house. Us sailors named the place "Sharksville." Wonder if any one in Astoria of today ever heard it called "Sharksville?"

Thanking you for any favors you may show in the above matter, I beg to remain, Yours very truly,

BURR OSBORN,

The postmaster of Astoria sent the foregoing letter to Judge J. Q. A. Bowlby, a pioneer of 1852, long a resident of Astoria, who responded to Mr. Osborn's request by sending a number of publications relating to Astoria and vicinity, to which the following reply was received:

Union City, Michigan, March 24th, 1913.

J. Q. A. Bowlby, Esq., Astoria, Oregon,

Dear Sir: On thoroughly examining the chart you recently sent me, I am convinced that we struck the breakers south of the channel, the wind at the time being westerly and on the flood tide. We landed on Clatsop beach several miles down the river from Astoria, between nine and ten o'clock in the evening, the tenth of September, 1846, and our first landing of half of the crew was about daylight. The first fire that was built was made out of the wreck of the sloop of war Peacock, U. S. N. The boats returned for the balance of the crew and landed about four o'clock A. M. Our boats consisted of the Captain's gig, a whale boat, first cutter and launch. The gig was the first boat loaded with the ship papers and the sick with the surgeon. The roll of the vessel brought the flukes of the anchor in contact with the boat and stove her all to pieces, but through the precaution of the captain in ordering all the ends of the running rigging to be thrown overboard, the boat's crew

<sup>2</sup> Rev. Ezra Fisher, who came to Oregon in 1845.

and the sick managed to get hold of a rope and were all saved. During this time, every breaker broke clear over the vessel and continued doing so until ebb tide, when we lowered our other boats without damage.

You inquired where the original Fort Astoria stood. I never heard of but one fort while there, and that was Fort George. Fort George was situated on a point down the river called one mile from the Hudson Bay Company's store house. The location of the store was called <sup>3</sup>Astoria. This store was a log house, and with the two log huts was situated at the junction of the bluff and the incline land running down the river (as I remember, not to exceed five rods from the bluff and the incline). The location of the store and huts remains quite vivid on my mind for the reason that, within a week of our landing at Astoria, three-fourths of the crew were taken down with a fever and the rest of the crew were not much better. In connection with the store that I speak of, the stock consisted of goods thought necessary for the use of the trappers and the Indians, and in the stock was quantities of salts and quinine, so the doctor dosed us with the same for about three weeks, when we began to recuperate. These fevers were probably brought on by the exposure and excitement and sleeping on the ground, also being scantily clad. We subsequently secured clothing from Vancouver. At that time blankets cost \$10 each and other clothing in proportion. The store had what sailors call a medicine chest, and as soon as we got this chest emptied—about the middle of October—we were detailed down the river to Fort George and set to hauling logs from the neighboring forests to build a log house. When the house was completed, we moved in and sent a boat to Vancouver for provisions, that being the nearest place to purchase goods of any kind. The completion of the house brought us well into November, but we had not occupied it long when Captain Howison chartered the <sup>4</sup>Catborough, a schooner of about seventy-five tons burden, belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, commanded by Cap-

<sup>3</sup> Later known as Upper Astoria. At this place Gen. John Adair, the first customs collector of the Port of Astoria, had his residence in 1849-50.

<sup>4</sup> Cadboro.

tain Scarborough. About the latter part of November, we boarded this vessel and sailed for San Francisco. We ran down to Baker's Bay and lay there about six weeks windbound, but eventually arrived in San Francisco, the sixth day of January, 1847.

I have two reasons for giving you so detailed an account of my peregrinations around the mouth of the Columbia River: One is, I have nothing much else to do, only sit by the fire and nurse the "rheumatics" and to muse on past events of my life; and the other is to show you that our time was limited in procuring many land-marks of that country, for our liberty was curtailed to a great extent on account of running a-foul of the Indians.

I never saw or heard of McTavish tombstone nor the Concomly grave. There was a head-board near the large tree, but do not recollect the name. I also forget the officer's name that attended to the store. He was one of the Hudson Bay Company's officials. Never heard of any Fort Astoria; there was, as I have described it, a double log house with the two log huts near by. These three houses, with the missionary's house situated some twenty-five or thirty rods back near the forest, were the only sign of any house that was in this vicinity until we built the log house at Fort George's point, unless it was an Indian tepee east of the store about forty rods.

I am sending you a sketch of Astoria under separate cover, as it looked to me when I was there, and the surroundings. I did not know John Shively or Jim Welch. Your postoffice picture has no resemblance to the Baptist missionary house. His house was about 18x24, one and one-half stories high, without any sort of a veranda or addition.

Point George or Shark's Point was what they called Fort George. The main camp of Indians was back through the forest near the hills, but I never visited their village. The landing place, as I stated before, was at the junction of the bluff and the beginning of the incline, as you will note on the sketch. I do not know of any other survivor of the Shark. I never heard of General Warren. There was a sloop-of-war Warren in San Francisco.



The big pine tree was located about as indicated on the sketch.

Again thanking you for your recent favors, I beg to remain,  
Respectfully,

BURR OSBORN.

Union City, Michigan, March 5th, 1913.

J. Q. A. Bowlby, Esq., Astoria, Oregon,

Dear Sir: Your kind favors of the 25th inst. at hand, and find them very interesting, although it will perhaps be difficult for me to repay you for your kindness. The two letters, chart, postcards and pamphlets, etc., all arrived in good condition.

If you can locate the place where the wreck of the sloop-of-war Peacock drifted ashore on Clatsop Beach, on the south side of the river, you will find where the schooner Shark's crew landed after being wrecked on the breakers, on the south side of the channel. Nearby this landing there was an old shanty, about 12x25 feet, without any floor, where the Shark's crew stopped for two nights. Half of the ship's crew were in their hammocks when she went on the breakers, on the flood tide, which proved that they were thinly clad. All I had on was an undershirt and a pair of drawers. The weather was rainy, so we were soaked with water from nine o'clock on the tenth night of September until the morning of the twelfth, when two Indians put in an appearance and informed the Captain that there was a white man's<sup>5</sup> ranch located inland twenty miles, and that they had cattle. So the captain dispatched the Indians to the ranch with orders to bring in a couple of oxen, for we were in a starving condition. In the evening of September 12th, the oxen arrived, and they were soon slaughtered and laid on some driftwood, and everybody helped himself, and soon about eighty half-starved men, each with a chunk of beef, were roasting it over about as many fires (for there was plenty of wood); some of the men merely warmed their meat, for it had been about fifty-two hours since we had broken our fast.

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<sup>5</sup> Probably Solomon Howard Smith, he being the first white settler in Clatsop County in 1840.

The next morning, the 13th, we started for Astoria, then about twenty miles from the mouth of the river.

This shanty that we stopped in on Clatsop Beach, we learned subsequently had been built by some of Lewis and Clark's men, some forty years previous.<sup>6</sup>

On arriving at Astoria, we found the village situated on a bluff, as near as I can remember about twenty or thirty feet high, and consisted of three log houses and one frame house. The log houses belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company, with their headquarters located at Vancouver, ninety-six miles above the mouth of the river, where they had a large store house and a few dwelling places. There were not many whites there, only what were in the employ of the company. One of the log houses in Astoria was a double one, used by the company as a branch store house and was kept by one man (I forget his name); he received the furs from the trappers and paid for them in dicker, such as guns, traps, ammunition, beads for the Indians, whisky, etc. The other two smaller log houses were for the use of the trappers, when they came in with their furs.

These three log houses were situated within a few rods of the bluff and within a few rods of the landing, the landing being close to the beginning of the bluff, west of the log houses, which were built in a cluster, there soon commenced an incline toward what they called Ft. George, where us boys built the log house and named it Sharksville, after our lost ship. As I remember, after going down this incline from the houses, there was no bluff to speak of, to Ft. George, it being a gravelly beach some of the way. They called it one mile from the stores to Fort George.

The store house was situated east of the other two huts, about three rods, as I remember. The man that kept the store and the missionary were the only white men that I saw there, besides our own crew—do not remember the names of either of these men. As I remember, the missionary lived about

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<sup>6</sup> Near site where Lewis and Clark's men distilled salt from sea water in January, 1805.

thirty rods back of the store near the forest. There was a strip of cleared land, or had been cleared, but grown up to black-berry bushes and brush more or less, about thirty rods wide, beginning about forty rods east of the store and running down to Ft. George.

There was no sign of there ever being any fort anywhere on this strip of land, not even a stockade.<sup>7</sup>

The Shark was 'fore an' aft schooner of about three hundred tons burden. She carried ten carronades and two "Long Toms"—all thirty-two pounders. When she struck the breakers, we threw overboard some of the guns and shot and cut away the masts, to lighten her.

It was told to us that we were sent up there to offset a British man-o'-war. The two governments were trying to settle the boundary line between Washington and the British possessions. At that time it was the cry, "54-40 or fight." But they fought it out in Washington, D. C.

No, I never heard of Concomly's grave, back of the missionary house. There was a monstrous fir pine that had been blown up by the roots, and it looked as if it had been down for many years. Some of the boys measured it and reported that it was twelve feet in diameter at the butt and three hundred and thirty feet in length to where it had been sawed off to make a roadway. It was eighteen inches in diameter where it had been sawed off; so the boys concluded that it must have been about four hundred feet high.

About all the names of places we heard about was Cape Disappointment, Baker's Bay, Clatsop Beach, Astoria, Fort George and the Columbia River. We might have heard of some Indian names, but have forgotten them. The Indians claimed about three hundred "bucks," but us boys were never allowed to mingle with them. Their main settlement was back from the coast; as you know they were the Flathead tribe. Their way of making a flat head was to place the papoose in a box and lash a board over the forehead in a slanting position and keep the papoose there for twelve months. The forehead

<sup>7</sup> The original Fort Astor was destroyed by fire in 1818.

would become flat and the head run up to a peak. The box was fastened to a pole about six feet long, and when they wanted to sit the kid down, they would stand it up against a tree. I am wondering if there is any of this tribe left, and if they still continue this method.

When a lad of seventeen years, I went to sea and sailed around the world twice, and visited the five grand divisions of the world and hundreds of islands. I was in the merchant service, the whaling service, and in the navy, and now in Michigan. I was born near Bridgeport, Conn., the 25th of April, 1826.

Again thanking you for your kind favors and interest you have shown in answering my inquiry, I beg to remain,

Sincerely,

BURR OSBORN.

Upon calling on Judge Bowlby in Astoria September 24th last, he gave me the foregoing correspondence. I then wrote to Mr. Osborn for his portrait, asking a number of questions as to the names of his fellow seamen, to which the following is a response:

Union City, Mich., October 6, 1913.

George H. Himes, Portland Oregon.

Dear Sir: Yours of the 26th inst. at hand, and wish to thank you for enrolling my name as a member of the Pioneer Society, and for your interest in writing.

I remember of several of the Shark's crew cutting their names on some stones above high water mark, but do not remember any of their names—in fact I do not remember many of the names of the Shark's crew; my memory is very poor when it comes to remembering names, and then I was only with the Shark's crew about four months. Captain Neil M. Howison was Lieutenant Commander, First Lieutenant Schank (he was a brother to Ambassador Shank,<sup>8</sup> to Great Britain, a number of years ago), Second Lieutenant Bullock, Dr. Hudson, surgeon. I remember one James McEver, on account of

<sup>8</sup> Doubtless Robert C. Schenck, who was a minister to Brazil in 1851-53, and a general officer in the Union army in 1861-63.

his heading a gang with a crow-bar to break open the "Spirit Room" for whisky, when Captain Howison leveled a six-shooter at his head and told him if he made a single stab he would blow his head off. McEver and his followers claimed they wanted to die happy. Joe Cotton, I remember as being coxswain on the boat that I belonged to, and when the schooner struck the breakers, we were sounding for the channel in a whale boat. I met Cotton some thirty years ago, at a reunion at Grand Rapids; he then lived in Saranac, Michigan, but he is dead now. George Getchel, who was my particular chum, hailed from Belfast, Maine.

The schooner Shark was a U. S. surveying vessel. Like the Peacock, we started out of Baker's Bay with a good favorable breeze, when all of a sudden the wind died out and we drifted on to the breakers. We had sounded and buoyed the channel from Cape Disappointment to Fort Vancouver, kedging the vessel all the way. The Shark drew thirteen feet of water, so that we could not get over the bar at the mouth of the Willamette River until we placed her guns on a lighter. The Shark's crew landed on Clatsop Beach. The first fire we built after landing was out of some of the wreck of the U. S. Sloop-of-War Peacock, that had drifted on the beach.

There were seventy-six men in our crew besides the officers. I have told Mr. Bowlby all I could think of about Astoria, and the river to Vancouver. Vancouver was a Hudson's Bay trading post for furs taken in from the Indians—so was Astoria.

I first met the Shark in Honolulu. I had made the passage from New Zealand to the Sandwich Islands in a whale ship, got stranded in Honolulu and shipped on the Shark, us "Jackies" being informed that we were being sent up to the Oregon territory to settle a dispute about the boundary line between B. C. and Oregon. Great Britain wanted the Columbia River for the boundary, but Uncle Sam said "54-40 or fight," but we did not see any fight with the British for the matter was settled in Washington, D. C., and us "Jackies" were set to work finding the channel of the river to Vancouver to keep us out of mischief, I suppose.

I enjoyed the cards and your interesting letter very much, and thanking you for the same, I remain,

Respectfully,

BURR OSBORN.

In a subsequent letter to me, dated Oct. 13th, Mr. Osborn says: "I remember two more names of the Shark's crew—John Powers and Past Midshipman Gillespie. I did not give you the name under which I enlisted on the Shark. It was John Burr Osborn. The reason for the additional name was that the clerk thought that 'Burr' was a nick-name, and hence added 'John.'"

After securing the foregoing from Mr. Osborn, an attempt was made to obtain a portrait of Lieutenant Howison and an account of his life. To that end a letter was addressed to the Superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis; but as that institution was not established until 1845 the record there was very meagre. Then a letter was sent to Hon. Harry Lane, United States Senator from Oregon, Washington, D. C., and he took the question up with the Bureau of Navigation of the Naval Department and the following was supplied:

#### RECORD OF SERVICE OF THE LATE LIEUTENANT NEIL M. HOWISON, U. S. NAVY

Born in Virginia.

- 1823—Feb. 1. Appointed a midshipman.
- Dec. 6. Ordered to Norfolk to Peacock.
- Dec. 20. Accepted appointed.
- 1827—Oct. 24. To Court Martial, Philadelphia.
- Oct. 27. Leave unlimited.
- 1828—Sept. 5. To the receiving ship, New York.
- Oct. 13. Permission to attend Naval School.
- Oct. 24. Attend examination.
- Dec. 4. Be ready for orders to the expedition.
- 1829—Dec. 23. Be ready for orders to the Brandywine.
- Dec. 26. To the Brandywine as Sailing Master.
- 1830—July 12. Leave unlimited.
- Aug. 20. To the Brandywine.

- 1831—July 19. Warranted to rank from the 23d of March, 1829.
- 1832—July 18. Commissioned as Lieutenant to take rank from the 13th of July, 1832.
- 1834—Feb. 5. Leave three months.
- 1835—Feb. 19. To the Peacock.  
 Mar. 9. Previous order revoked.
- 1836—Mar. 10. To the Grampus.
- 1838—July 11. Leave 3 months.
- 1839—Feb. 26. To Navy Yard at Pensacola.
- 1840—Sept. 24. To the Consort.
- 1841—Aug. 13. Leave 3 months.  
 Dec. 3. Leave 3 months.
- 1842—Apr. 13. To Ordnance Duty.
- 1843—May 1. To Norfolk to apply for a passage to Pacific for duty on that Station.
- 1847—July 22. Returned from Pacific, 1847.  
 Aug. 10. Leave 3 months.  
 Nov. 13. To Naval School.  
 Nov. 23. Previous order revoked.
- 1848—Feb. 23. Died at Fredericksburgh, Va.

# JOURNAL OF ALEXANDER ROSS—SNAKE COUNTRY EXPEDITION, 1824

EDITORIAL NOTES BY T. C. ELLIOTT

Alexander Ross, whose day-to-day experiences in 1824 appear in this journal, did service in many parts of the Old Oregon country. As a member of the Pacific Fur Company he arrived on the Columbia in March, 1811, and assisted in the building of Fort Astoria, and in the fall of the same year assisted in the building of the first Fort Okanogan, at which post he was stationed for several years; from there he made trips south to the Yakima country, west to the summit of the Cascades, north to Thompson river and beyond, and east to the Spokane country. Later, while staff clerk of the Northwest Company at Fort George, he ascended the Willamette, and in 1818 assisted Donald McKenzie in the building of Fort Nez Perce at the mouth of the Walla Walla river, of which fort he was in charge until 1823. That summer he started to cross the mountains and quit the service, the Hudson's Bay Company having succeeded the Northwest Company, but was stopped at Boat Encampment by a letter from Deputy Governor George Simpson, asking him to take charge of the Snake Country Expedition that fall. This appointment he accepted and returned to Spokane House and thence proceeded to the Flathead Post in what is now Montana, where this journal begins. Returning from this expedition he spent the winter at the Flathead Post and in April, 1825, joined Governor Simpson at the mouth of the Spokane river on the way east to the Red River settlements, where he resided until his death in 1856.

Mr. Ross is one of the four writers upon whom we depend for much that is known about the early exploration of and fur trade in this vast Columbia river basin. In 1849, more than twenty years after his active experiences here, he published a book entitled "Adventures of the First Settlers on the Oregon or Columbia River," and in 1855 he put out another book entitled, "Fur Hunters of the Far West." It is related that



Mr. Ross first left his paternal home in Scotland in 1804, from which it may be estimated that he was more than sixty years of age when completing these books, which, from their context, evidently were based upon some journal or memoranda then at hand. There has been and probably always will be a question as to how closely he followed any such original memoranda and how much he drew from memory. The publication of this journal is therefore valuable to the extent that it assists in answering that question, and it should be read in immediate comparison with the first 160 pages of Vol. II. of "Fur Hunters of the Far West," Smith, Elder & Co., London, 1855. It may be noted also that the preface of Mr. Ross' first book was dated in 1846 and that pages 154-5 of Vol. II. of his "Fur Hunters," contains a footnote suggesting that at least a part of it had been written much earlier.

The original of this journal is to be found in the possession of the Hudson's Bay Company at their head office on Lime street, London, but this text has been carefully copied from an original copy belonging to the Ayers Collection in the Newberry Library at Chicago, Ill.; that original copy was made by Miss Agnes C. Laut in preparation for writing her "Conquest of the Great Northwest," and was by her transferred to the Newberry Library. To the writer of these notes, it seems possible that this is not the journal that Mr. Ross had when writing his books and that he had other papers than those formally turned over to the Hudson's Bay Company. This suggestion is based upon the fact that other personal journals have been found among the family archives of contemporaneous fur traders, also upon other deductions. The reader will regret that seemingly Miss Laut did not find it necessary to copy the entire text of the original in the H. B. Co. House at London.

Referring to the journal itself it will be found that from Eddy, in Montana, Mr. Ross' party followed very closely the present route of the Northern Pacific Railway as far as Missoula, which is at the mouth of Hell Gate Canyon and River (Porte d'Infer, as the French half-breeds first

named it) ; thence he proceeded south up the Bitter Root Valley, along the stream which is the original Clark's Fork of the Columbia named by Captain Lewis when at its source in 1805. On a small mountain prairie of the easterly fork of this stream he was snowbound for a month, and that prairie has very properly been known ever since as Ross' Hole. Finally he succeeded in forcing a way across the continental divide by what is now known as the Gibbon Pass (but which Olin D. Wheeler rightly says should be called Clark's Pass), over to Big Hole Prairie, where a monument now stands commemorating the battle between General Gibbon and Chief Joseph during that memorable Nez Perce retreat in 1877. Mr. Ross now crossed the various small source streams of the Big Hole or Wisdom river and passed over the low divide to the Beaverhead, which is another of the sources of Jefferson's Fork of the Missouri. Thence he again crossed the continental divide southwest into Idaho, using perhaps the same pass that Lewis and Clark had in 1805 and was upon the waters of the Lemhi river, and then spent the entire summer and early fall upon the mountain streams of central Idaho, including the Snake river from the Weiser southward a considerable distance. He returned by practically the same route and arrived at Flathead fort the last of November.

As the Lewis and Clark party in 1805-6 traveled over a part of this same route it is very interesting in this connection to compare with the careful and voluminous notes of Dr. Elliott Coues and Mr. Olin D. Wheeler, both of whom personally followed the path of those explorers through these mountains.

But the really beautiful as well as valuable portion of this journal is the brief and vivid picture of the grand assembly of the Indians at their customary council ground, Horse Plains, in December, 1824, and the ceremonial opening of the annual trading period at the Flathead Post, followed by the outfitting of the next Snake Expedition under Mr. Peter Skene Ogden, the brief mention of the holiday season at the fort, and of the closing up and departure of the trader in the spring. Here are facts and figures useful to the writers of poetry and romance, as well as to the historian.

JOURNAL OF ALEXANDER ROSS; SNAKE COUNTRY  
EXPEDITION, 1824

(AS COPIED BY MISS AGNES LAUT IN 1905 FROM ORIGINAL IN HUDSON'S BAY  
COMPANY HOUSE, LONDON, ENGLAND.)

Tuesday, 10th of February.

Our party was as follows:

Thyery Goddin.....	1 gun	3 traps	2 horses	
Joseph Vail.....	1 gun	3 traps	2 horses	
Louis Paul.....	1 gun	3 traps	2 horses	
Francois Faniaint .....	1 gun	3 traps	2 horses	1 lodge
Antoine Sylvaile.....	1 gun	3 traps	2 horses	
Laurent Quintal.....	1 gun	3 traps	2 horses	
Joseph Annance.....	1 gun	3 traps	2 horses	
Jean Bapt Gadaira.....	1 gun	3 traps	2 horses	
Pierre Depot.....	1 gun	3 traps	2 horses	
Francois Rivet, interp...	2 guns	6 traps	15 horses	1 lodge
Alexander Ross.....	1 gun	6 traps	16 horses	1 lodge
	—	—	—	—
11 men	12	33 (?)	50 (?)	3

1824, Feb. 10. Every preparation for the voyage being made I left Flat Head House<sup>1</sup> in the afternoon in order to join the Free Men who were encamped at Prairie de Cheveaux.<sup>2</sup> Joined the Free Men and encamped. Snow 18 inchs deep. Weather cold. General course east, 8 miles. Statement of Free Men Trappers, Snake Country.

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<sup>1</sup> Flathead House or Fort or Post was then located almost exactly at the present railroad station of Eddy (Northern Pacific Ry.), on north bank of Clark Fork River, in Sanders County, Montana; this was about ten miles southeast and further up the river from the site of David Thompson's "Salish House," which was established in 1809 and used by the Northwest Company traders while that company continued in business.

<sup>2</sup> Horse Plains, now designated by the single word "Plains," a famous council ground of the Salish or Flathead Indians; the freemen were probably camped near the railroad station of Weeksville.

	Men	Traps	Guns	Horses	On the Books
Mr. Montour.....	3	15	3	10	2
Vieux Pierre.....	3	15	4	11	3
Martine .....	4	14	5	20	3
Charles Gros Louis.....	3	16	4	10	2
—	—	—	—	—	—
	13	60	16	57 (?)	10
Jacques .....	1	5	3	7	2
Antoine Valles.....	1	7	1	8	2
Clements .....	2	8	2	22	2
Prudhomme .....	2	12	4	10	2
Cadiac .....	4	11	4	7	2
Creverss .....	3	8	3	8	2
Geo. Louis Gros.....	3	12	3	9	2
John Grey.....	2	7	2	7	2
Charles Loyers.....	2	6	2	5	2
Antoin Paget.....	2	12	2	7	2
Robas Cass.....	4	16	4	13	2
Francois .....	2	9	2	11	2
Indian .....	2	9	2	10	2
—	—	—	—	—	—
	43	173 (?)	50	181	34
Engages .....	11	33	12	50	
Total 20 lodges	54	206	62	231	

Many of these people are too old for a long voyage and very indifferent trappers. Iroquois, though good trappers, are very unfit for a Snake voyage, being always at variance with the whites, too fond of trafficking away their goods with the natives. More harm than good to our expedition. 1824, February, Wednesday 11th.

All hands being assembled together and provisions scarce, we lost no time leaving Prairie de Cheveaux. Proceeded till we reached Prairie de Camass<sup>3</sup> and put up for the night. Sev-

<sup>3</sup> Camas Prairie, to the eastward from the Horse Plains; the Indian trail went across the hills by way of this prairie, instead of around by the river as the railroad now runs. This trail is clearly shown on map in Stevens' Report, Pac. Ry. Report, Vol. 12, Part 1, also an engraving showing this prairie.

eral deer seen. Weather cold. Snow 15 inches, wind east. General course east by south, distance 12 miles.

Thursday 12th. Remained in camp on chance of killing deer—people badly off for provisions. Murmuring among the Iroquois, but I could not learn the cause. High wind, heavy snow, wind east.

Friday, 13th. Early this a. m. the Iroquois asked to see their accounts. I showed them article by article and told them their amounts wh. seemed to surprise them not a little. Some time after leaving camp I was told that the worthy Iroquois had remained behind. I therefore went back, and true enough, the whole black squad, Martin excepted, had resolved to leave us, old Pierre at their head! On being asked the cause Pierre spoke at length. The others grumbled, saying the price allowed for their furs was so small in proportion to the exorbitant advance on goods sold them, they were never able to pay their debts much less make money and would not risk their lives any more in the Snake Country. Old Pierre held out that Mr. Ogden last fall promised there would be no more N. W. currency; this they construed to be but paying half for their goods. I told them whatever had been promised would be performed. Although I had balanced their accounts, they could be altered if required. It was at headquarters accounts would be settled. They grumbled and talked, and talked and grumbled and at last consented to proceed. Thinks I to myself—this is the beginning. Having gained the blacks, we followed and camped at the Traverse<sup>4</sup> plain covered with but 10 inches of snow—weather fine, course S. E. Distance 10.

Saturday 14th. Early on our journey except four lodges hunting deer. Proceeded to fork called Riviere aux Marons,<sup>5</sup> where many wild horses are said to be. Our horses are lean. Seeing the Iroquois apart from the whites I suspected plotting and sent for Pierre and Martin. Gave them a memo. im-

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<sup>4</sup> At Perma station of the No. Pac. Ry., where the trail again struck the Flathead River and crossed it; known later as Rivet's Ferry because a son of old Francois Rivet settled there.

<sup>5</sup> A small stream entering the Flathead from the south near McDonald station of the No. Pac. Ry.

porting that N. W. currency was done away with and their accounts would be settled with Quebec currency or sterling. This pleased. All is quiet. S. E.

Sunday 15th. Remained in camp on account of bad weather and for hunters who brought in four wild horses and seven deer. These horses are claimed by the Flathead tribes; those who kill them have to pay four skins Indian currency. Wind high.

Monday 16th. On our journey early. Delayed by a pour, rain, sleet, snow. Passed the Forks, left main branch Flathead River followed up Jacques Fork<sup>6</sup> till we made a small rivulet on the south side which our people named Riviere Maron. Country is pleasant, animals small and lean. Traps produced nothing. Course S. E., distance nine miles.

Tuesday 17th. Left camp early, the people grumbling to remain. Passed three lodges of Tete Pletes. Francois Rivet<sup>7</sup> caught a beaver; but the wolves devoured it, skin and all. Course S. SE., distance twelve miles.

Wednesday 18th. Remained in camp to hunt and refresh horses before entering the mountains. I appointed Vieux Pierre to head the Iroquois, Mr. Montour<sup>8</sup> the Ft. de Prairie<sup>9</sup> Half Breeds, and myself the remainder so the sentiments of the camp may be known by a council: among so many unruly, ill-tongued villains. Four elk and twenty-five small deer brought to camp. Louis killed nine with ten shots.

Friday 20th.<sup>10</sup> Detained in camp by sleet and rain.

Saturday 21st. Antoine Valle's boy died.

Monday 23rd. Passed the defile<sup>11</sup> of the mountains between Jacques and Courtine forks. End of defile had a view of noted place called Hell's Gate, so named from being frequented by

<sup>6</sup> The Jocko, which flows into the Flathead at Dixon, Montana; this stream, so named after Jacques Raphael Finlay, an intelligent half-breed and one of David Thompson's men, in 1809.

<sup>7</sup> Afterward a settler on French Prairie in the Willamette Valley.

<sup>8</sup> Mr. Ross' clerk; doubtful whether the Nicholas Montour of David Thompson's time.

<sup>9</sup> A general term meaning the prairie forts of the company on the Saskatchewan River.

<sup>10</sup> See page 11 of "Fur Hunters."

<sup>11</sup> Coriakan Defile through which the No. Pac. Ry. now passes; the view of Missoula and the Bitter Root Valley is as fine now as it was in 1824.

war parties of young Blackfeet and Piegans. We were met by eight Piegans and a drove of dogs in train with provisions and robes to trade at the Flathead post. At Courtine's Fork, the country opens finely to view clumps of trees and level plains alternately. The freemen in spite of all we could say like a band of wolves seized on the Piegan's load, one a robe, another a piece of fat, a third a cord, a fourth an appichinon, till nothing remained and for a few articles of trash paid in ammunition treble the value. These people put no value on property. It would be better to turn these vagabonds adrift with the Indians and treat them as Indians.

Tuesday 24th. Remained in camp to hunt. Traded seven beaver from the Piegans. As they were going off we saluted them with the brass gun to show them that it at least makes a noise.

Wednesday 25th. Passed Piegan River<sup>12</sup> the war road to this quarter. Here the road divides to the Snake country, one following the Piegan River, the other Courtine's Fork<sup>13</sup> both to the Snakes S. E. We followed the latter, a continuation of S. fork of Flathead River. Elk and small deer in great plenty. Flocks of swans flying about. Was informed that two Iroquois, Laurent and Lazard, had deserted. Assembling a small party, I went in pursuit of the villains. After sixteen miles we came up with them, partly by persuasion, partly by force, brought them along after dark. Old Pierre behaved well. Lazard had disposed of his new rifle and ammunition for a horse. Lazard had sold his lodge. Though encamped in a most dangerous place, not a freeman would guard the horses.

Thursday 26th. The general cry was for remaining to hunt. I assented. It may be asked why I did not command. I answer—to command when we have power of enforcing the command does very well; otherwise, to command is one thing; to obey, another.

Friday 27th. Hunt yesterday, twenty-seven elk, six deer.

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<sup>12</sup> The Hell Gate or Missoula River.

<sup>13</sup> The Bitter Root River of today. Our Clark Fork River was then called the Flathead River clear to Lake Pend d'Oreille, and below that even.

Sunday 28th. All this day in camp to wait those laggard freemen who arrived in the evening and camped on the opposite side of the river to show contrary.

Tuesday March<sup>14</sup>. There fell seven inches of snow; south wind soon dispelled the gloom. This being a good place for horses, we resolved to pass the day to prepare for passing the mountains between head waters of the Flathead and Missouri Rivers. Killed eleven elk, four sheep, seven deer. They're very fat here.

Thursday 11th. Proceeding over slippery stony road, at every bend a romantic scene opens. The river alone prevents the hills embracing. Our road following the river crossing and recrossing. Here a curiosity called the Ram's Horn<sup>15</sup>—out of a large pine five feet from root projects a ram's head, the horns of which are transfixed to the middle. The natives cannot tell when this took place but tradition says when the first hunter passed this way, he shot an arrow at a mountain ram and wounded him; the animal turned on his assailant who jumped behind a tree. The animal missing its aim pierced the tree with his horns and killed himself. The horns are crooked and very large. The tree appears to have grown round the horns. Proceeded over zigzag road.

Monday 15th<sup>16</sup>. Early this morning thirty men, ten boys, fifty horses set off to beat the road through five feet of snow for twelve miles. Late in the evening all hands arrived well pleased with day's work having made three miles. The horses had to be swum through it, in their plunges frequently disappearing altogether. Geese and swan seen in passage north today.

Thursday 18th. This morning sent off forty men with shovels and fifty horses to beat the road. Weather bad with

<sup>14</sup> Now seem to be near the forks of the Bitter Root, above the town of Darby, Ravalli County, Montana.

<sup>15</sup> See pages 18 and 19 of "Fur Hunters"; they follow the trail through the gorge of Ross Fork of the Bitter Root. This Rams Horn tree was a common sight to Montana pioneers who traveled that trail in the fifties and sixties. It is yet known as the Medicine Tree, because so revered by the Indians. The trunk still stands in Sec. 22, Tp. 30 N., R. 20 E., B. M.

<sup>16</sup> He is now in Ross' Hole, his "The Valley of Troubles," as described on page 20 of "Fur Hunters." Lewis and Clark were here September 4, 1805; also consult Pac. Ry. Report, Vol. 12, Part 1, page 169, for description and engraving.



snow and drift, they returned to camp. The crust is eight (?) inches thick lying under two feet of snow. Owing to crust the horses made no headway. There are now eight miles of the road made, oft the prospect is gloomy, people undecided whether to continue or turn back.

Friday 19th. We did not resume our labors today owing to the drift. This country abounds with mountain sheep weighing about seventy pounds. Late today John Grey, a turbulent leader among the Iroquois, came to my lodge as spokesman to inform me he and ten others had resolved to abandon the party and turn back. I asked him why? He said they would lose the spring hunt by remaining here, were tired of so large a band, and did not engage to dig snow and make roads. It told him I was surprised to hear a good quiet honest fellow utter such language, God forgive me for saying so. I said by going back they would lose the whole year's hunt, and here a sudden change in weather would allow us to begin hunting. Danger required us to keep together for safety. John answered he was neither a soldier nor a slave; he was under the control of no man. I told him he was a freeman of good character and to be careful not to stain it. In my heart I thought otherwise. I saw John in his true colors, a turbulent blackguard, a damned rascal. He said fair words were very good but back he would go. "You are no stronger than other men" said I, "stopped you will be! I will stop you," and he said he would like to see the man who could stop him. I said I would stop him. If his party walked off the expedition would fail. Vieux Pierre interrupted by coming in. John went off cursing the large band, the Snake country and the day he came to it! So another day ends.

Saturday 20th. Stormy. John as he swore, did not turn back nor any of his gang. I suspect he is plotting to raise a rebellion. If he succeeds, it will injure our prospects if not stop us altogether.

In the evening the cry of "enemies, enemies, Blackfeet! Piegans" was vociferated in the camp. All hands rushed out when the enemies proved to be six friendly Nez Perces sepa-

rated from their camp on the buffalo ground and in snow shoes made way to us across the mountains. They have been five days on this journey. They told us the Blackfeet and Piegans had stolen horses out of the Flathead and Nez Perces' camp nine different times and they were preaching up (!) peace and good fellowship. The Blackfeet had made a war excursion against the Snakes, killed eight, taken some slaves and many horses. That the buffalo were in great plenty but the snow very deep. The Piegans were seen in seven bands. Cannot these outlandish devils disturbing the peace be annihilated or reduced?

Sunday 21st. Finding John at the head of a party, I sent for the intriguing scamp and agreed with him to hunt me animals, whenever I should want any, from which source his debt of 4,000 livres is to be reduced 400 livres or about twenty beaver. To this he agreed. All quiet once more. It is impossible to proceed without these hunters.

Tuesday 23rd. Early this a. m. thirty persons went on snow shoes across the mountains to the buffalo. I feel anxious, very anxious, at our long delay here. The people grumble much. The sly deep dog Laurent who once already deserted left camp today and turned back. He was off before I had any knowledge of it and told his comrades he was going to the Nez Perces' camp to trade meat, but would come again. Our camp abounds with meat. The dog has no thought of returning unless the Indians cast him out as he deserves. A more discordant, headstrong, ill-designing set of rascals than form this camp God never permitted together in the fur trade.

Wednesday 24th. All quiet in camp today.

Thursday 25th. All the women went off to collect berries.

Sunday 28th. The buffalo hunters came back today, buffalo in plenty; thirty killed, six of the men brought over 140 pounds of dried meat but becoming snow blind could not secure (?) the meat left behind. Grass began to appear through the snow.

Tuesday 30th. A meeting today to decide whether to make the rest of the road or not. It was agreed to wait seven or eight days, another party to go buffalo hunting.

Friday 2nd (April) Today I was surprised by the return of Laurent. He says he went as far as Hell's Gate but finding no beaver came back. The truth is, he saw the Piegans, got a fright and came back.

Monday 5th. Were visited by fifty Nez Perces just arrived from buffalo country loaded with provisions. Our people commenced a trade with them so brisk that hardly a ball was left among the freemen nor a mouthful of provisions amongst the Indians. When these people meet Indians, a frenzy siezes them. What madness in them, and what folly in the company to be furnishing such people with means. It was now we learned the truth of Laurent's trip back. He was sent by the Iroquois to get these Indians to trade with us. This visit has left our people almost naked and cost 100 balls to send our visitors off pleased.

Wednesday 7th. Nez Perces went off.

Friday 9th. After a pause of twenty-six days we shifted quarters two miles ahead.

Saturday 10th. This morning none of the freemen would work on the road except old Pierre, who alone went and alone worked. A novel trick brought about a change. Old Cadiac dit, Grandreau having made a drum and John Grey a fiddle, the people were entertained with a concert of music<sup>17</sup>. Taking advantage of the good humor, I got all to consent to go to the road tomorrow.

Wednesday 14th. This morning on going to my lodge in camp, I could muster only seven persons with twenty horses to finish the last mile of the road. In the evening we raised camp and moved to the foot of the mountain at the source of Flathead River, 345 miles from its joining the Columbia. The river is navigable for 250 miles.

Thursday 15th. This day we passed the defile<sup>18</sup> of the mountains after a most laborious journey both for man and beast. Long before daylight, we were on the road, in order to profit by the hardness of the crust. From the bottom to

<sup>17</sup> The first vaudeville performance in Ravalli County, Montana, of which we have record.

<sup>18</sup> Gibbon's Pass across the continental divide.

the top of the mountain is about one and a half miles. Here is a small creek, the source of the Missouri, in this direction between which and the source of the Flathead River is scarce a mile distant. The creek runs a course nearly S. SE. following the road through the mountain till it joins a principal branch of the Missouri beyond the Grand Prairie<sup>19</sup>. For twelve miles, the road had been made through five feet deep snow but the wind had filled it up again. The last eight miles we had to force our way through snow gullies. At 4 p. m. we encamped on the other side of the defile without loss or accident. Distance today, eighteen miles. This high land is a horn of the Rocky Mountains, called the Blue Mountains. It is the dividing ridge<sup>20</sup> between the Nez Perces and Snake Nations and terminates near the Columbia. The delay has cost loss of one month and to the freemen 1,000 beaver. Two men should winter here and keep the road open at all seasons.

Friday 16th. Encamped here to make lodge poles for the voyage.

Saturday 17th. Proceeded to the main fork<sup>21</sup> of Missouri hobbled our horses and set watch. It was on this flat prairie 400 Piegans came up with Mr. McDonald<sup>22</sup> last fall and a freeman named Thomas Anderson from the east side of the mountains was killed.

Monday 19th. As we are on dangerous ground, I have drawn up the following rules:

- (1) All hands to raise camp together and by call.
- (2) The camp to march as close as possible.
- (3) No person to run ahead.
- (4) No persons to set traps till all hands camp.
- (5) No person to sleep out of camp.

These rules which all agreed to were broken before night.

Wednesday 21st. Thirty beaver today. The freemen will keep no watch on their horses but to tie them and sleep fast.

<sup>19</sup> Big Hole Prairie, Beaverhead County, Montana, well described and illustrated in Stevens' Pac. Ry. Report already cited.

<sup>20</sup> Very nearly correct. The Blue Mountain Range of Eastern Oregon and Washington really is a continuation of the mountain range that crosses Idaho and joins the continental divide at the head of the Bitter Root Valley of Montana.

<sup>21</sup> Meaning the Big Hole or Wisdom River.

<sup>22</sup> Finan McDonald, who led the Snake Expedition in 1823.

Thursday 22nd. Thirty-five beaver taken, six feet left in the trap. Twenty-five traps missing. Boisterous weather today. The freemen left their horses to chance, nor did they collect them during the storm at night.

Discordant people fill up the cup  
Indifference and folly will soon drink it up  
But loss and misfortune must be the lot  
When care and attention are wholly forgot.

Friday 23rd. Bad weather keeps us in camp. That scamp the Salteux and worthless fellow his nephew threaten to leave because I found fault with them for breaking the rules. If they attempt it, I am determined to strip them naked.

Saturday 24th. Crossed beyond the boiling fountain<sup>23</sup>, snow knee deep. We encamp in the spot where the Flathead and Nez Perces fought a battle four years ago. Herds of buffalo grazing here: sixteen killed. The camp is now under guard. Half the people snow blind from the sun glare.

Monday 26th. Crossed to Middle Forks<sup>24</sup> of the Missouri, smaller than the first fork with which it unites ten miles from here. A large herd of buffalo here; upwards of twenty killed, two young calves brought to camp alive. This is a Piegan trail where three years ago, the freemen had battle with the Piegans and a Nez Perces' lad was shot last year.

Tuesday 27th. After camping, we mounted the brass gun and shot it three times for practice.

Wednesday 28th. Forty-four beaver to camp today.

Thursday 29th. Leaving the Missouri, crossed over to the Nez Perces River called the Salmon River<sup>25</sup>. It is a branch of the river on which Lewis and Clarke fell in leaving the Missouri for the Pacific. Followed up the middle fork of Missouri to its source, then ascending a hill fell on the waters of the Salmon. Passed a deserted Piegan camp of thirty-six lodges. This place is rendered immemorial as being the place where

<sup>23</sup> The warm springs near Jackson P. O., Beaverhead County, Montana.

<sup>24</sup> That is, he crossed the low divide to Grasshopper Creek near Bannock; the Beaverhead River would be his Middle Fork of the Missouri.

<sup>25</sup> He has now crossed over to the Lemhi River, a branch of the Salmon River, which flows into the Snake, and is in Idaho. See page 53 of "The Fur Hunters."

about ten Piegans, murderers of our people, were burnt to death. The road in the defile we passed from the Missouri to this river is a Piegan and Blackfoot pass of most dangerous sort for a lurking enemy; and yet all the freemen dispersed by twos and twos. The rules are totally neglected. Here birds are singing and spring smiles. All traps out for the first time since we left the fort.

Friday 30th. Only forty-two beaver. Remain in camp today. Three people slept out in spite of rules and I had to threaten not to give single ball to them if they did not abide by the rules. All promised fair and all is quiet.

May, Saturday 1st. Fifty-five beaver today.

Thursday 6th. On a rough calculation all the beaver in camp amount to 600 skins, one-tenth of our expected returns.

Monday 10th<sup>26</sup>. This morning I proposed that a small party should go on a trip of discovery for beaver across the range of mountains which bounds this river on the west in the hope of finding the headwaters of Reid's River which enters the main Snake River below the fall, on which a post was begun by Mr. McKenzie in 1819. I might say begun by Mr. Reid in 1813. For this trip, I could get only three men.

Tuesday 11th. Took fifty beaver and shifted camp.

Wednesday 12th. Caught fifty beaver. Went up to headwaters of the river. This is the defile where in 1819 died John Day<sup>27</sup>; a little farther on the three knobs so conspicuous for being seen.

Monday 17th<sup>28</sup>. Resolved to make a cache here. Hiding furs in places frequented by Indians is a risky business.

Wednesday 19th. Got a drum made for the use of the camp. It is beat every evening regularly at the watch over the horses and to rouse all hands in the morning.

Wednesday 26th<sup>29</sup>. Again at Canoe Point on Salmon River.

<sup>26</sup> The party is now probably at the junction of the Salmon and the Pahsimari Rivers, in Custer County, Idaho; see page 59 of "The Fur Hunters."

<sup>27</sup> Evidently the John Day of the Astor party, who became a Northwest Company trapper under Donald McKenzie. See page 62 of "Fur Hunters."

<sup>28</sup> Now about to start on a profitless trip across the ridge of Salmon River Range directly west. See page 64 of "Fur Hunters."

<sup>29</sup> The party has returned from the trip to the westward; see page 67 of "Fur Hunters."

Saturday 29th. Crossed over height of land which divides the waters of the Salmon and the Snake descended to Goddin's River<sup>30</sup> named in 1820 by the discoverer Thyery Goddin. The main south branch of the Columbia, the Nez Perces, the main Snake River and Lewis River, are one and the same differently named. I have determined to change my course and steer for the source of the Great Snake River near the Three Pilot Knobs (Three Tetons) a place which abounds both in beaver and Blackfeet. I told the people danger or no danger, beaver was our object and a hunt we must make.

Monday 31st. Left eight to trap Goddin's River and raised camp for head of the Salmon.

Sunday 6th (June). The two men (—————) and Beauchamp who went off yesterday were robbed by the Pie-gans, had a narrow escape with their lives and got back to camp a little after dark having traveled on foot forty miles. On their way to the place to meet our people they discovered a smoke and taking it to be our people advanced within pistol shot when behold it proved to be a camp of Pie-gans. Wheeling, they had hardly time to take shelter among a few willows when they were surrounded by fifteen armed men on horse-back. Placing their horses between themselves and the enemy, our people squatted down to conceal themselves. The Pie-gans advanced within five paces, when our people raising their guns made them fall back. The Indians kept capering and yelling around them cock sure of their prey. The women had also collected on a small eminence to act a willing part, having on their arrow finders and armed with lances. During this time, the two men had crept among the bushes, mud and water a little out of the way and night approaching made their escape leaving behind horses, saddles, traps. They saw the tracks of our people near the Piegan camp and that is all we know of them. We fear they have been discovered but little hope of their escaping as they had little ammunition.

<sup>30</sup> According to Arrowsmith's map this would be Big Lost River, and Day's or McKenzie's River would be either Birch Creek or Little Lost River on present day maps. Ross seems to have ascended Pahsamari River to source and crossed the divide to Birch Creek, where he left his main party and himself made four days' trip to Snake River near St. Anthony's. He is back again on the 6th. See pages 68, 69, 70 of "Fur Hunters."

Coison said the Piegans were the rear guard of a large war party, from the great quantity of baggage, the men not exceeding twenty-five.

I called the camp together and proposed to start with twenty men to find our people and pay the Piegans a visit, the camp to remain till my return. The general opinion overruled my wishes, thinking it safer to move the camp more distant, than go for the men.

Monday 7th. At an early hour saddled our horses. The road proved short to Goddin's River S. W. After letting our horses eat a little, I fitted out a party of twenty men well armed to go in quest of our people. They set off at sunset, old Pierre in command, with orders to find our people and observe peace unless attacked.

Tuesday 8th. All hands in camp; a park enclosed from horses. The big gun mounted and loaded.

Wednesday 9th. Five of the twenty men back tired out; no news.

June 10th, Thursday<sup>31</sup>. All arrived safe this afternoon. The Blackfeet taking to flight. Since they separated from us, the eight trappers had taken fifty-two beaver. The party lost my spyglass.

Friday 11th June. Twelve men fitted out for Henry's Fork to meet at the fork on 25th Sept., our party go up Goddin's River.

Wednesday 16th June. Took twenty-five beaver, the first of our second thousand, low indeed at this advanced season. The signs for beaver are very fine; in one place I counted 148 trees large and small cut down by beaver in the space of 100 yards. Last night eight feet and seven toes left in the traps. Fifteen traps missing, making loss of thirty beaver.

Saturday 19th. Had a fright from the Piegans. This morning when almost all hands were at their traps scattered by ones and twos only ten men left in camp, the Blackfeet to the

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<sup>31</sup> See page 72 of "Fur Hunters," where Mr. Ross misnames the three buttes in the desert southeast of Lost River by calling them the Trois Tetons. He now proceeds up Goddins or Big Lost River to its source and crosses to the source of the Malade or Big Wood River near Ketchum, Idaho, where the next Indian scare occurs. See pages 75-80 of "Fur Hunters."



number of forty all mounted descended at full speed. The trappers were so divided, they could render each other no assistance so they took to their heels among the bushes throwing beaver one way, traps another. Others leaving beaver, horses and traps, took to the rocks for refuge. Two, Jacques and John Grey, were pursued in the open plain. Seeing their horses could not save them, like two heroes wheeled about and rode up to the enemy, who immediately surrounded them. The Piegan chief asked them to exchange guns; but they refused. He then seized Jacques' rifle but Jacques held fast and after a little scuffle jerked it from them saying "If you wish to kill us, kill us at once; but our guns you shall never get while we are alive." The Piegans smiled, shook hands, asked where the camp was and desired to be conducted to it. With pulses beating as if any moment would be their last, Jacques and John advanced with their unwelcome guests to the camp eight miles distant. A little before arriving, Jacques at full speed came in ahead whooping and yelling "the Blackfeet! the Blackfeet!" but did not tell us they were on speaking terms. In an instant the camp was in an uproar. Of the ten men in camp, eight went to drive in the horses. Myself and the others instantly pointed the big gun lighted the match and sent the women away. By this time the party hove in sight but seeing John with them restrained me from firing and I made signs to them to stop. Our horses were secured I then received them coldly well recollecting the circumstances of the two men on the 6th and not doubting it was the same party. All our people except two came in and the camp was in a state of defense. I invited them to a smoke. Their story was: We left our lands in spring as an embassy of peace to the Snakes, but while smoking with them on terms of friendship, they treacherously shot our chief; we resented the insult and killed two of them. We are now on the way to meet our friends the Flat-heads." They said the camp was not far off and the party 100 strong. They denied any knowledge of the 6th inst. After dark they entertained us to music and dancing all of which we could have dispensed with. Our people threw away

thirty-two beaver; twenty were brought in. A strong guard for the horses. All slept armed.

Sunday 20th. Again invited the Piegans to smoke; gave them presents; and told them to set off and play no tricks for we would follow them to their own land to punish them. They saddled horses and sneaked off one by one along the bushes for 400 yards then took to the mountains. The big gun commanded respect.

Monday 21st. Decamped. Found a fresh scalp; sixty-five beaver today.

Thursday 24th. This is the spot where Mr. McKenzie and party fell on this river in spring of 1820 on the way to Ft. Nez Perces.

Saturday 3rd July<sup>32</sup>. We left River Malade and proceeded to the head of Reid's River<sup>33</sup>. In 1813 during the Pacific Fur Company, Mr. Reid with a party of ten men chiefly trappers, wintered here; in spring, they were all cut off by the natives.

After Mr. Reid this river was named. At its mouth an establishment was begun by Donald McKenzie in 1819. It was burned and two men killed. In spring 1820, four men more were destroyed by the natives. This river has already cost the whites sixteen men.

August 24th. Number of miles traversed to date, 1,050; number of horses lost, 18.

Saturday, Sept. 18th<sup>34</sup>. While our people were crossing the height of land, I left the front and taking one man with me ascended the top of a lofty peak situated between the sources of River Malade and Salmon River, whence I had a very extensive view of the surrounding country. Both rivers were distinctly seen. The chain of mountains which for 150 miles separates the waters of the Salmon River from those which enter the Great Snake lie nearly E. W.

<sup>32</sup> Descending the Malade (Big Wood River) to the mouth of Camas Creek, the party turns west across Camas Prairie and the divide to the head of the Boise River; see pages 80-89 of "Fur Hunters."

<sup>33</sup> Consult Irving's "Astoria" for account of the death of Mr. Reed of the Pacific Fur Company.

<sup>34</sup> This journal omits entirely all mention of Mr. Ross from the time he reached the Boise until he returns on September to the rough mountain pass dividing Blaine and Custer Counties, Idaho; for this interim see pages 90-118 of "The Fur Hunters." His lofty peak now mentioned may be Boulder Peak of today, but he named it Mt. Simpson.

Wednesday 6th Oct.<sup>35</sup> Our cache of May is safe. Length of Salmon River covered this year, 100 miles.

Oct. 7th. Beaver taken out of cache, counted and packed and carried along with us.

Tuesday, 12th Oct. This morning after an illness of twenty days during which we carried him on a stretcher died Jean Ba't Boucher, aged 65, an honest man.

Thursday, 14th Oct. Today Pierre and band arrived pillaged and destitute. This conduct has been blamable since they left us. They passed the time with the Indians and neglected their hunts, quarrelled with the Indians at last, were then robbed and left naked on the plains. The loss of twelve out of twenty trappers is no small consideration. With these vagabonds arrived seven American trappers from the Big Horn River but whom I rather take to be spies than trappers. Regarding our deserters of 1822 accounts do not agree. It is evident part of them have reached the American posts on the Yellowstone and Big Horn with much fur. I suspect these Americans have been on the lookout to decoy more. The scalp furs and horses carried last year to Fort des Prairies by the Blackfeet belonged to this establishment. The quarter is swarming with trappers who next season are to penetrate the Snake country with a Major Henry<sup>36</sup> at their head, the same gentleman who fifteen years ago wintered on Snake River. The report of these men on the price of beaver has a very great influence on our trappers. The seven trappers have in two different caches 900 beaver. I made them several propositions but they would not accept lower than \$3 a pound. I did not consider myself authorized to arrange at such prices. The men accompanied us to the Flatheads. There is a leading person with them. They intend following us to the fort.

Saturday 16th. Sent our express to Mr. Ogden at Spokane house.

November 1st, Monday. Got across the divide.

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<sup>35</sup> The party is now back at Canoe Point; see previous note on May 10th. The party sent off on June 11th joins them a little further along on their way to the headwaters of the Missouri.

<sup>36</sup> Major Andrew Henry, the first American trader to cross the continental divide (in fall of 1810), and at this time partner of General Wm. H. Ashley in the fur business. The desertions of the H. B. Co. freemen to the Americans mentioned in this text took place before General Ashley personally ever came to the Rocky Mountains; see page 356 of Vol. 11 of Or. Hist. Quart. for discussion of this.

## FLATHEAD POST, 1825

Alex Ross

1824. November, Friday 26.<sup>37</sup>—From Prairie de Cheveaux myself and party arrived at this place in the afternoon, where terminated our voyage of 10 months to the Snakes. Mr. Ogden<sup>38</sup> and Mr. Dears<sup>39</sup> with people and outfit from Spokane reached this place only a few hours before us. Statement of people both voyages (?)

Engaged party with their families, including gentlemen, and 43 men, 8 women, 16 children. Freemen and trappers with families, 34 men, 8 lads, 22 women and 5 children. Total, 176 souls.

To accommodate people and property we use a row of huts 6 in number, low, linked together under one cover, having the appearance of deserted booths.

Saturday 27. All hands building. Mr. Ogden handed me a letter from the Governor appointing me in charge of this place for the winter. Mr. Ogden takes my place as chief of the Snake expedition.

Monday 29. Kootenais joined Flatheads at Prairie de Cheveaux. Indians are now as follows there:

	Men and				
	Lodges	Lads	Guns	Women	Children
Flatheads .....	42	168	180	70	68
Pend' Orielles .....	34	108	40	68	71
Kouttannais .....	36	114	62	50	48
Nez Perces .....	12	28	20	15	23
Spokanes .....	4	12	6	7	11
	128	430	308	210	221

and 1,850 horses.

<sup>37</sup> From the heading it would appear that Mr. Ross now begins a new part of the journal, covering his residence at Flathead Post or Fort.

<sup>38</sup> Peter Skene Ogden, well known to Oregon pioneers; see Oregon Hist. Quar., Vol. 11, pp. 247-8.

<sup>39</sup> This was Mr. Thomas Dears, who was a clerk of the H. B. Co. on the Columbia at this time.

We sent word to the camp to come and begin trade as follows: First, Flat.; 2d P., etc., as in order above.

Tuesday 30. About 10 o'clock the Flatheads in a body mounted, arrived, chanting the song of peace. At a little distance they halted and saluted the fort with discharges from their guns. We returned the compliment with our brass pounder. The reverberating sound had a fine effect. The head chief advanced and made a fine speech welcoming the white man to these lands, apologizing for having but few beaver. The cavalcade then moved up. The chiefs were invited to the house to smoke. All the women arrived on horseback loaded with provisions and a brisk trade began which lasted till dark. The result was, 324 beaver, 154 bales of meat, 159 buffalo tongues, etc.

December, Wednesday 1. The Pend' Orielles arrived in the manner of those of yesterday and traded as follows: 198 beaver, 8 muskrat, etc.

Received 2000 of the Snake Freeman's<sup>40</sup> beaver today and sent off canoe to Spokane House.

Thursday 2d. Employed with Freeman and Indians all day. At night we had received 2000 more of Snake beaver.

Friday 3d. The Kootenais accompanied by 10 Piegans came up, with the same ceremony and traded as follows: 494 beaver, 509 muskrat, 2 red foxes, 3 mink, etc. The Kootenais do not belong here but are driven from fear of the Piegans and Blackfeet.

The trouble of this part is now over till spring as the Indians have gone home. In all we have traded 1183 beaver, 14 otter, 529 muskrat, 8 fishers, 3 minks, 1 martin, 2 foxes, 11,072 pounds dried meat, etc. (Buffalo meat.)

The trade hardly averages 3 skins per Indian.

Sunday, December 5. Began to equip the Freeman today. Mr. Ogden settling their accounts. Mr. Dears in the Indian shop with Interpreter Rivett, and myself with Mr. McKay<sup>41</sup> in the equipment shop.

<sup>40</sup> That is, the skins taken by the free hunters that were a part of the expedition in distinction from the engaged men or employees of the company.

<sup>41</sup> Probably Mr. Thos. McKay, son of Alex. McKay, of the Pac. Fur Co., whose widow became the wife of Dr. John McLoughlin.

Saturday, December 11. Finished equipping the Snake hunters. Mr. Kittson<sup>42</sup> from the Kootenais arrived..

Monday, 20th. Statement of men under Mr. Ogden to go to the Snake Country: 25 lodges, 2 gentlemen, 2 interpreters, 71 men and lads, 80 guns, 364 beaver traps, 372 horses.

This is the most formidable party that has ever set out for the Snakes. Snake expedition took its departure. Each beaver trap last year in the Snake country averaged 26 beaver. It is expected this hunt will net 14,100 beaver. Mr. Dears goes as far as Prairie de Cheveaux.

Wednesday, 22d. Statement of people at this fort: 2 gentlemen, 14 laborers, 4 women, 7 children. Set the people squaring timber to keep them from plotting mischief.

Saturday 25th. Considerable Indians; the peace pipe kept in motion. All the people a dram.

Sunday 26th. No work today. Ordered the men to dress and keep the Sabbath.

January 1, 1825. At daybreak the men saluted with guns. They were treated to rum and cake, each a pint of rum and a half pound of tobacco.

March 1. Tuesday. The winter trade from December 4 has amounted to 71 beaver, 2 otter, 15 muskrat, 3 foxes, etc.

Saturday, 12 March. <sup>43</sup>After breakfast embarked 4 canoes in sight of 1000 natives for Spokane House. 1644 large beaver, 378 small beaver, 29 otter, 775 muskrats, 9 foxes, 12 fishers, 1 martin, 8 mink, also leather and provisions.

(At Spokane House) Friday, 25th March.—Of all situations<sup>44</sup> chosen in the Indian country. -Spokane House is the most singular: far from water, far from Indians and out of the way. Spokane (Forks) on the west, Kettle Falls on the north Coeur d' Alene on the south, Pend' Oreille on the east would be better.

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<sup>42</sup> William Kittson, who was in charge of the trading post among the Kootenais for many years; he died at Fort Vancouver about 1841. His brother, Norman, was one of the early millionaires of St. Paul, Minn.

<sup>43</sup> The trading post is now left in charge of some half-breed or entirely abandoned until fall, as the Indians spent their summer hunting buffalo.

<sup>44</sup> Mr. Ross indulges in his usual disgust as to the site of Spokane House, which feeling he elaborates at length in his "Fur Hunters." And this post was abandoned the following year for the new one at Kettle Falls, called Fort Colville.

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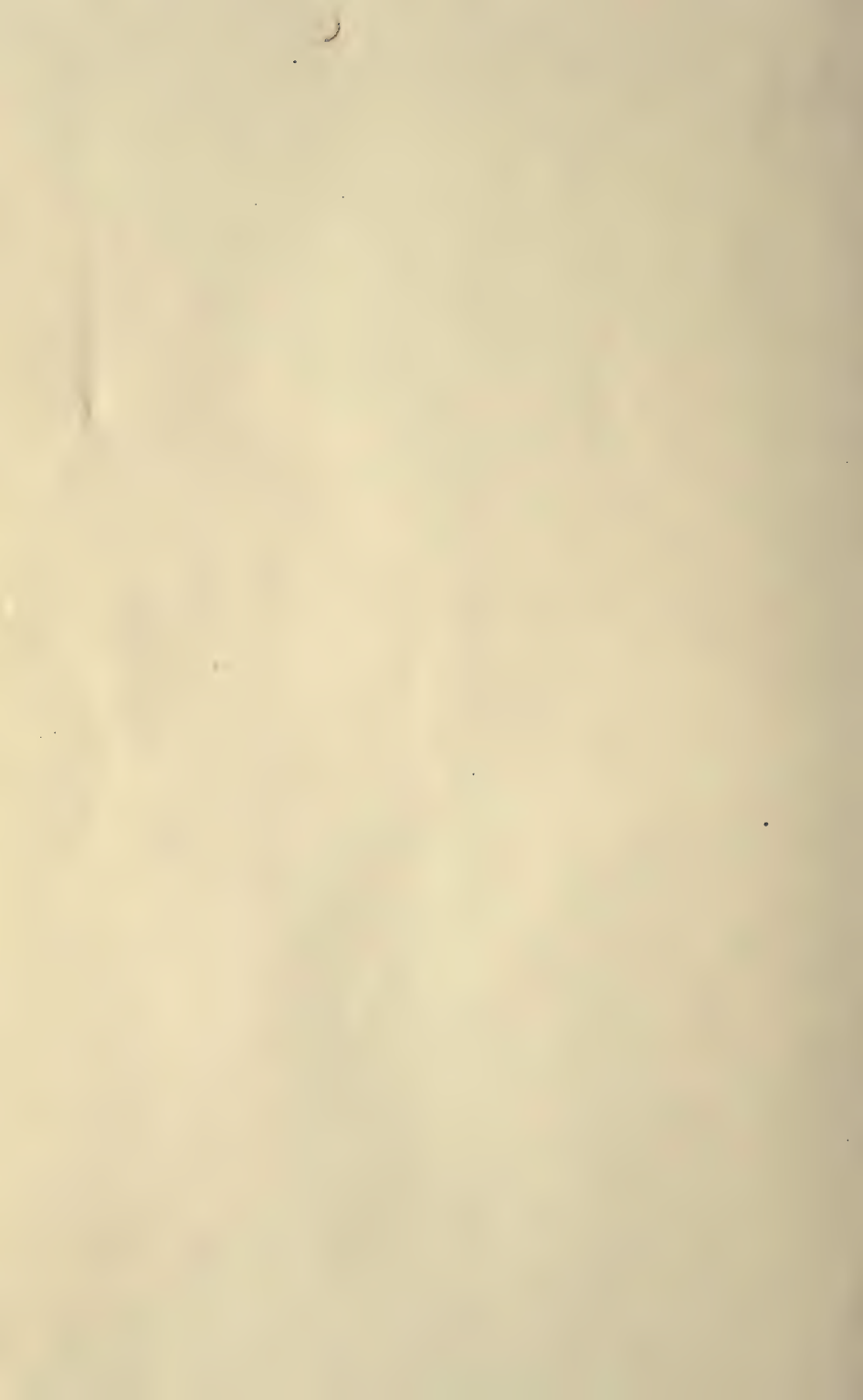


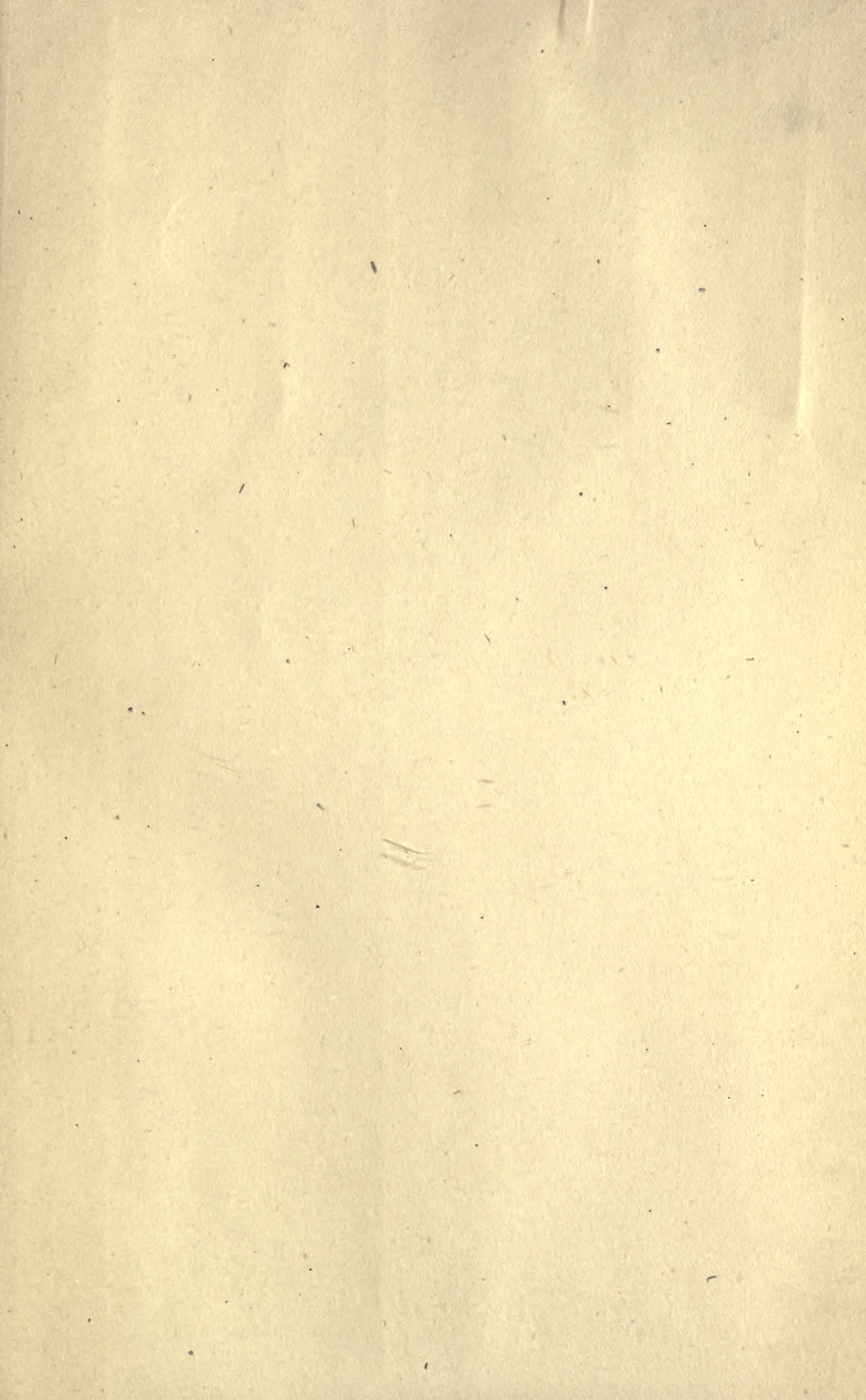














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