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H. K. HINES, D.D.

MISSIONARY HISTORY

OF THE

PACIFIC NORTHWEST,

Containing the Wonderful Story

OF

JASON LEE,

With Sketches of Many of His Co-laborers

ALL ILLUSTRATING

Life on the Plains and in the Mountains

IN PIONEER DAYS.

By H. K. HINES, D. D.

ILLUSTRATED.

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INTRODUCTORY.

IN presenting this "Missionary History of the Pacific Northwest" to the reading public the writer has but a few introductory observations to make.

This work is not the result of a hasty impulse, nor was it called forth by any desire to serve personal , sectional, or sectarian aims. For forty-six years the author has been personally connected with the work of the Church in the Pacific Northwest, and more or less intimately associated with nearly every prominent actor in the history which he has endeavored faithfully to record. Through that association, in his early life, the purpose which he is now endeavoring to fulfill in this volume was formed in his mind, and he has studied characters and events in the light of that purpose from the beginning. His own work as a minister has led him along every watercourse, over every trail, through every mountain fastness, into every desert solitude over which the great pioneers whose going antedated his own coming by but a few years ever passed or entered. On the grounds they consecrated, and amid the very scenes of their trials and their triumphs, he has tried to reproduce the very atmosphere and spirit in which the work here recorded was wrought. He has not attempted to disguise his appreciation of the men, nor his admiration of the work they performed, who prepared the way of the Lord and made straight in this desert a highway for our God. Surely unless a writer has breathed the atmosphere and felt the spirit that inspired the makers of history he cannot justly interpret the history they made.

True history is not merely the faithful record of a series of events, however accurately names and dates and even incidents may be written down, but it is a true putting on the printed page of the philosophy that gave character to the lives that generated the activities and framed the facts that in their logical relations and results formed what we know as history. The writer believes that he understands that philosophy as it relates to the really great personalities that gave form and color to the religious and intellectual life of the old Oregon from the beginning of its history until that life crystalized into the great commonwealths that now shed such lustre on those who were really their founders.

It has not been the intention of the writer to follow and describe the incidents of personal life more than was necessary to place before an intelligent mind the true sequence and relation of things. The field was so wide, the actors so numerous, the events of such grave import both to the Church and the Nation, that no other course could be adopted.

It chanced that more than in any other part of the world the "Missionary History of the Pacific Northwest" was its civil history also for the first decade and a half after the American people began settlement in it. This was not so much because it was the intention or desire of the missionaries to have it so as from the necessity of the position in which they were providentially placed. The larger number of the missionaries were laymen, civilians, not clergymen, whose interest in the country was that of settlers as well as missionaries. Nearly all the family life—the home life—of the American population up to the autumn of 1843 was connected with the missions in some form, and hence the necessity that the missionaries should be in appearance, what they inevitably were in fact, the movers in the initiative efforts to secure some form of government for the protection of the virginal commonwealth. Not to have done so would have been treason to their Americanism, and have fatal-ly imperiled every interest that as missionaries they were in the country to serve. As all this will appear clearly in the progress of the history it needs only this introductory mention here.

Perhaps the author should call special introductory attention to those portions of the book that discuss the relation of the missions to the great public and national questions that were adjusted in the occupancy of the Pacific Northwest by the American people, and resulted in its final habilitation as a distinctly and emphatically American commonwealth. This is a phase of history that has been largely overlooked or ignored by those who have written from the standpoint of the civilian purely. But no story of this most interesting and vital period of Oregon history that leaves this out of its account can satisfactorily explain what it professes to chronicle.

While the preparation of this history has been a work of great and long continued labor, it has been to its author one of great pleasure. It has brought him into communion with a large body of the greatest men who ever put an artist hand on the magnificent superstructure of our Pacific civilization. It has brought his own heart under the splendid thrall of the great characters and the great incidents and facts on which that civilization was built.

The authorities consulted, the documents read, and the opinions studied in the preparation of this work have been so numerous that the author cannot attempt to enumerate them. It is proper, however, that he say that the original journals, letters, and other manuscripts of Jason Lee, together with many letters of Daniel Lee and Cyrus Shepard, the three men who were by two years the first representatives of American Christianity and civilization west of the Rocky Mountains, have thrown much light on portions of the history of Oregon from 1834 to 1844 that could never have been had elsewhere, and to them he is greatly indebted.

With gratitude to a gracious God for the years and strength necessary to complete this labor of love just when the Great Pacific Northwest is entering an epoch of development and expansion such as it has never known before, but which could never have come to it without that which came before it, the author submits this record of the life, labors and achievements of those true Pioneers of the splendid Christian civilization of to-day to the kindly and gracious appreciation of the generation which has entered so happily into the inheritance those departed heroes won for them out of the wilderness by the western seas, feeling that

> "Bliss was it at this dawn to be alive,
> But to be young were very heaven."

H. K. HINES.

Portland, Oregon, February, 1899.

Dedication.

To the Pioneer Ministry of the Pacific Northwest with most
of whom it has been his happiness and honor
to be associated for nearly

Fifty Years

in those labors that for Heroism, Devotion and great results
have had few parallels in the History of the Church,

This Volume

is affectionately dedicated by

The Author.

I.

PRELIMINARY.

THE OLD OREGON.

> "Where rolls the Oregon,
> And hears no sound save his own dashings."
> —THANATOPSIS.

WHEN Bryant, in 1817, almost before the dew of his youth had dropped from his eyelids, wrote the words the reader has just perused, Oregon was a myth, a fable, a mystery. The name itself had owned a place in geographical nomenclature less than half a century. Its origin, derivation, or meaning, was unknown. It simply lay, an almost meaningless cognomen over a vast stretch of unhistoried country west of the "Stony Mountains," and reaching to the tides of the great ocean whose watery waves themselves were only marked as yet by the wayward keels of adventurous discoverers whose weird and romancing narrations had only served to make the country more shadowy. and the seas and mountains that girted it more gloomy and defiant.

Hemmed in on the one hand by mountains tipped with the clouds of the sky, white with the snows that ages could not melt, and on the other by the gray and desolate ocean whose width measured nearly half way round the globe, "Oregon" seemed a fit symbol of a remoteness and inaccessibility where, if anywhere, he who would find a place where the "dead" are not might hope to find it. The poet's type of solitude and inaccessibility was well chosen. To statesmanship, commerce, and even to Christianity itself it was an unknown region. Only poetry could weave the witchery of its strange spell of flowing speech about it, albeit its very spell was itself as mysterious as the land of which it sung. But poets are often discoverers, discerning the real beyond the ideal, and leading the feet of those who do not sing, but rather march in the paths the singer discovers and the prophet foretells to the realization of the ideal of which they sang and prophesied.

"Oregon." Whence came the name?

The readers of this volume need not fear that they will be led through dry chronologies or cosmogonies, or be tortured with riddles of speech or doubtful guesses about aboriginal names and races. It is well, however, that a few initial facts and incidents be stated in this "Preliminary" chapter, that are so connected with the theatre on which, or in relation to which, the events hereafter to be set forth took place, that the reader can only understand them in the light of their physical and historic settings. Only thus can they take in the wonderful story itself. So we ask whence the name?

In 1766-68 Captain Jonathan Carver, of Connecticut, who had won some fame in the war against France in which England had wrested from her a part of her American possessions, inspired with zeal to establish English supremacy over the entire northern portion of the American continent, made an exploration of the regions of the upper Mississippi. His intention was to explore the entire breadth of the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in its broadest part, between the 43d and 46th degrees of north latitude. He evidently found the undertaking much greater than he had anticipated, and after spending quite a time about the headwaters of the Mississippi, gathering what information he could from the tribes with whom he came into contact about the country yet to the westward, he returned to the east and published a book descriptive of the lands he had visited. It is due to history that we transcribe the brief passage from his published work in which he uses the word "Oregon," the first time probably that it was ever used in print. In this use he attaches the name to a river instead of a country. The reference is as follows:

"From these natives [called by him Nandowessies, Assinapoils, and the Killislioners,] together with my own observations, I have learned that the four most capital rivers of North America—the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, the River Bourbon, and the Oregon, or River of the West, have their sources in the same neighborhood. The waters of the three former are within thirty miles of each other; the latter known as rather farther west. This shows that these parts are the highest in North America; and it is an instance not to be paralleled in the other three-quarters of the world, that four rivers of such magnitude should take their rise together, and each, after running separate courses, discharge their waters into different oceans at a distance of 2000 miles from their sources."

This, embracing all that Carver said respecting Oregon, or the "Great River of the West," served to fix the name for the vast region west of the Rocky Mountains lying between the 42d degree of north latitude and 54° 40′, and including all of the present states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and no inconsiderable part of the state of Montana. Carver gives no account of the origin of the name, and no authority for its use, and up to this date no research has been able to discover either. There is little doubt but it was invented by Carver, and has no historic or scientific significance whatever, except as it is associated with the mystical "Great

River of the West," and from that passed to represent the vast country through which it was supposed to flow. Bryant at last made it classic in Thanatopsis.

Geographically the Oregon of the period covered by the history contained in this volume was bounded on the north by what was then known as the "Russian Possessions," on the east by the Rocky Mountains, on the south by Mexico, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean, and included an area of not less than 1,000,000 square miles; or over twenty states each as large as New York. Its magnificent size was rivaled by its vast and towering mountain ranges, the length and grandeur of its rivers, and the wonderful bays and straits and sounds projecting inland from the ocean, in some instances 200 miles. Its sea coast, trending north west from the Mexican line, is closely pressed in all its course by what is known as the Coast Range of Mountains. With an average altitude of perhaps 4000 feet, this range has many summits reaching 8,000, and, in its northern extension, near the Straits of Fuca, some reaching 10,000. This range has a width of not far from forty miles. It then subsides, and a series of valleys not far from fifty miles wide supervene between it and the greater Cascade Range. The greater of these are the valley, or basin, of Puget Sound, which practically extends from the Straits of Fuca, on the 48° of latitude southward to the Columbia River, a distance of 200 miles, and abutting directly on the Columbia against the valley of the Willamette, 150 miles long on the south. Sloping ruggedly up from the eastern borders of these valleys the Cascade Mountains reach an altitude of 10,000 feet, with great snowy peaks rising from 3,000 to 6,000 feet higher. There is hardly a spot in any of these great valleys from which from one to six of these wonderful peaks cannot be seen. This range is about 50 miles wide.

Eastward of the Cascade Range is a vast, rolling, almost mountainous plateau, destitue of timber, and reaching north and south from the old Mexican boundary to the northern line of the old Oregon, on an average 150 miles wide from east to west. This is broken in places by lateral spurs projecting on either side from the Cascade Mountains on the west and the Blue Mountains on the east, but nowhere losing its characteristic identity for a length of 500 miles. This plateau is deeply seamed by the gorges through which flow several rivers, both from the north and south, into the great Columbia, which cuts the plateau and both the Cascade and Coast Ranges of Mountains from east to west just about in the middle of their reaches from north to south.

East of the Blue Mountains, which are about thirty miles wide, the great valley of the Snake River, in which lies the greater part of the State of Idaho, sweeps still eastward to the very foot of the Rocky Mountains. This river, after it has cloven its way through the Blue Mountains, unites with the main Columbia, which has swept down from the north and east for fifteen hundred miles, and together they constitute the second greatest river-flow in the United States of America. It is second only in length. In magnificence of scenery, in clearness and purity of water, in value as a channel of inter-continental commerce, in the extent and richness of its fisheries, it is clearly first in America, if not in the world. It drains 700,000 square miles of territory, including nearly all the large agricultural areas of the old Oregon. The only exception to this is the country west of the Cascade Mountains and north of the Columbia begirting Puget Sound, which among the bays and ocean inlets of the world has the same pre-eminence that the Columbia has among the rivers.

This vast region, thus generally outlined to the eye of the attentive reader, is that where the events and histories which are to be chronicled in this volume were laid by Providence. Its valleys and river banks, its plains and mountain fastnesses were the homes and haunts of the aboriginal tribes in whose behalf the work herein described was undertaken.

At the period when our history begins these tribes were as much a myth and a mystery as was the land they inhabited. But we can neither describe the work attempted for them, nor characterize the workmen that attempted it, without some description of the tribes themselves, even though that description be short and its data largely traditional. Without a written language of any kind, unless it was the use of the rudest and most barbarous symbols, they have passed away and left no recorded history. Without architecture, except that which exhausted its genius in the construction of skin wigwams or bark lodges, they have died and left no monuments. No form of civilization had ever been brought them from without, and they had evolved none out of themselves. If their ancestors ever had any they had utterly lost it out of their life and out of the tendencies of their life. So far as we know the Indian of 1830 on the Pacific Coast was the living petrifaction of his remotest fathers. He slept in the same smoky wigwam. He hunted with the same sinewed bow. As to progress, the ages of God had been thrown away upon him. Such he was when he first came to the observation of civilized and christianized man; of the man of progress, who had not, like himself, thrown away the chance that God had given him. With some distinctions and differences, as the various tribes and clans were found in the lowlands of the ocean shore and the lower rivers, or on the high uplands of the interior plateau, or on the dry and cinerous plains that lie brazen and fruitless far towards the Rocky Mountains, this was the general state of the, perhaps, forty or fifty thousand Indians that inhabited the Oregon of 1830. On the lowlands, in the soft, humid climate of the coast and lower valleys, they were dull and indolent and filthy. On the interior plateau, where the altitude is from 500 to 2,000 feet above the sea, and the atmosphere is as clear as the sky is cloudless, and the very air he breathed is a thrilling tonic in the veins, where his life was that of a trained equestrian from his very birth, he was alert, active, observant, with keen perceptions and often a splendid physical endowment. On the fruitless and desolate lava-plains of the further interior, where the climate was more rigorous and the earth yielded but little for his sustenance, his life was a continued struggle for the smallest supply of the poorest food, such as haw-berries, crickets, grasshoppers, or almost any living thing that crawled across his path. Hence he was crafty, cruel, murderous.

There was really no nationality among them. They were tribes, or clans, only. It is only by the most elastic figure of speech that we can speak of an "Indian Nation." There was no common language. Each clan had its dialect. Not until the whites of the Hudson's Bay Company invented a "jargon," compounded of Indian sounds, French or English words intermixed and varied in terminations and accent and emphasis, exceedingly limited in its vocabulary, and taught it by their own use of it in their intercourse with all the tribes, was there any means of communicating intelligently with them. Even then the means were very imperfect, and the thought necessarily very restricted.

Whether these people were numerous, whether there was in them any impulse of progress, or whether they were but few and lacking in those mental and moral yearnings and dissatisfactions which are the subjective basis of all efforts for a larger and better life in any people, nobody knows. Twenty years before, Lewis and Clarke, under the direction of Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States, whose statesmanlike forethought clearly prophesied of what ought to be and was to be on the Oregon shore, had made their unprecedented journey of exploration to the Pacific Coast. Their story, as it was published in 1814, while it increased public interest in the Westland, gave but little real information in regard to the aboriginal tribes. Their daily itinerary, as they pushed further and further into the then unknown, has a certain interest to the reader, but their observations among the people were so transient and fragmentary that when, twenty years later, information preparatory to a different embassy to the tribes through which their journey led was sought, little indeed could be obtained. Their geographical observations were largely confined to the immediate valleys of the Missouri and Columbia. These observations were intelligent and trustworthy, and they fixed the descriptive geography, and made the nomenclature of the immediate vicinity of the rivers whose courses they traversed with a good degree of fidelity and judgment. As the tribes of the lower Columbia regions, among whom they spent the winter of 1805 and 1806 were those among whom the first missionary work west of the Rocky Mountains was begun nearly a quarter of a century later, it seems proper to append a brief account of them from the published journal of the expedition. It says:

"The natives who inhabit this fertile region are very numerous. The Wapatoo Inlet extends three hundred yards wide for ten or twelve miles, when it receives the waters of a small creek whose sources are not far from those of the Killimuck [Tillamook] river. On that creek reside the Clack-Star nation, a people of 1,200 souls, who subsist on fish and wapatoo, and who trade by means of the Killimuck river with that nation on the coast. Lower down the Inlet towards the Columbia is the tribe called the Cathlocumup. On the sluice which connects the Inlet with the Multnomah [Willamette] are the tribes Cathlanahqua and Cathlacomatup, and on Wapato [Sauvies] Island, Clannaminamum and Clahnaquah. Immediately opposite, on the north side of the Columbia, are the Quathlapotles and the Shotos. All these tribes, as well as the Cathlahaws, who live on the lower river, and have an old village on Deer Island, may be considered parts of the great Multnomah Nation which had its principal residence on Wapato Island, near the mouth of the larger river, to which they gave their name, [Multnomah, or now Willamette]. Forty miles above its junction with the Columbia it receives the waters of the Clackamas, a river that may be traced through a wooded and fertile country to its source in Mount Jefferson, almost to the foot of which it is navigable for canoes. A nation of the same name resides in eleven villages on its borders. They live chiefly on grass and roots, which abound in the Clackamas and along its banks, though they sometimes descend to the Columbia to gather wapato, when they cannot be distinguished by dress or manners or language from the tribes of the Multnomah. Two days journey from the Columbia, or about forty miles, are the falls of the Multnomah.

At this place are the permanent residences of the Cashooks and the Chahewahs, two tribes who are attracted to that place by the fish. * * * These falls are occasioned by the passage of a high range of mountains, beyond which the country stretches into a high, level plain, wholly destitute of timber. As far as the Indians with whom we conversed, had ever penetrated that country, it was inhabited by a nation called Callepoewah, a very numerous people, whose villages, nearly forty in number, are scattered along each side of the Multnomah (Willamette) which furnishes them their subsistence—fish, and the roots along its banks."

Obvious as it is in the light of later knowledge that their personal observations were limited, and the information given them by the Indians very imperfect, yet history must forever give them the honor of precedence in opening the way for the footsteps of civilization whose coming lingered long behind them, but came at last in the tracks of their brave venture.

These clans of the lowlands, as before intimated, were not of promising character mentally, morally or physically. They lacked virility. There was no spirit of passion, of lofty conquest in them. Lacking these they lacked everything that could fit them for the pursuits of civilization, and much more for the warfare that is not alone against flesh and blood but against the rulers of the darkness of the world.

Eastward of the Cascade mountains the case was different. The tribes were large. The modes of life among them were more elevated. There was more individual virility; much more national spirit. They rode on horseback; very centaurs streaming over the open plains in chase or war. The Klickitats, the Wascos, the Yakimas, the Walla Wallas, the Cayuses, the Nez Perces, all more or less bound together by a community of blood, a homogeneity of pursuits, and all dwelling in a vast region of the same general climatic productions, and with fewer dialects in their speech, they presented a character of more strength, and hence of more hopefulness. Yet they were, from these very facts, more intractable, and when Lewis and Clarke passed down the Columbia through the vast plains on whose margins they inhabited they saw and heard comparatively little of them.

Such were the mythical regions, and such the not less mythical people that inhabited them, at the end of the first quarter of the 19th century. The two great events that had set slightly ajar both the western and the eastern doors of access to these regions and these people were the discovery of the Columbia river in 1792 by Captain Robert Gray, of Boston, and the tracing of that same river's course by Lewis and Clarke in 1805 from the mountain springs on the summit of the American continent to where the crystal drops that burst from beneath the everwasting yet never dissolving glaciers nearly two thousand miles away, mingled with the briny tide that on that special day bore the keel of Gray's good ship Columbia. The American Flag thus floated in by the sea, and thus marched down by land, consecrated every league of the mighty river's flood to an Anglo-American civilization of which they were the providential prophets and forerunners. Strangely enough the eyes of the Spaniard and the Briton, as they sailed by the mouth of the "Great River of the West" were holden that they could not see it. Strangely enough, the Briton and the Russian and even the Frenchman were turned aside from the springs that fountain the mighty river, and led down roaring torrents through cloven mountains to inhospitable coasts. Strangely enough some propitious angel touched the eyes of the Americans, Gray and Clarke and Lewis, and they saw, and entered in.

Still there was an interregnum in unified, concentrated, decisive action. Moving figures, half mythical, half real, climbed the mountains or trailed through the forests, or shot down the rivers in flashing canoes. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the movement thickens, quickens, and finally the mightiest forces that God has set in the human soul for all that is thrilling and beneficent in human progress in every line of that progress, are set to a work that had no limit of purpose but the limit of man's possibility of moral, social, intellectual, and spiritual elevation.

How these potencies were planted in the "Old Oregon;" how they wrought and evangelized and civilized until they created the "New Oregon," is what we are to see in the story that follows:

II.

THE OPENING VISION.

The heavens were opened, and I saw visions of God.
—EZEKIEL.

THE first half of the present century may be said to date the beginning of the modern missionary movement. For ages there had been little aggressiveness in the Church. Religion was worship, not work. Piety had degenerated into monkish cloistering, or, if sometimes it had other impulse, it exhausted itself in swinging censers and mumbling rituals. Meanwhile the myriads of humanity swept by the doors of church and convent and cathedral to death. The priests were brutish and the people loved to have it so.

Wesley and his small though gallant and devoted corps of helpers, had stirred up a deeper spirituality of life and a holier zeal of endeavor in England, and their influence had reached across the Atlantic and kindled answering zeal in America, but that zeal had expended its force mostly along the Atlantic seaboard. A few adventurous spirits, chosen out of the more robust and determined of the Atlantic pioneers, had scaled the Alleganies and planted far advanced outposts in the valleys of the Ohio and the Holston, but the men were few and their means limited, and, besides, the fulness of the times had not yet come. The Church was waiting on Providence.

As the years grew on Methodism in America began to accrete and consolidate her potent individvidualism into a compact and powerful organism. She did this under a magnificent leadership. Scarcely Loyola himself had greater ecclesiastical generalship, or a loftier spirit of consecration to his ideal work than had Asbury. His lieutenants were like him, or they soon ceased to be his lieutenants. With a statesman's mental grasp and a warrior's imperious will he was the man for the hour and the crisis of Methodism. With himself, under the great "Captain of our Salvation," as leader and commander of the people, and such men as Jesse Lee, Freeborn Garrettson and William McKendre, followed later by Elijah Hedding, Nathan Bangs and Wilbur Fisk and their hundred equals to carry out his orders on the field, there could be no want of wisdom in design or vigor in execution. But the face of the Church was toward the east. Judson had burst ajar the gates of Burmah, Cox had opened the western door of the Dark Continent, and the churches were preparing to carry another crusade over the plains of the Orient. There was, it must be confessed, a splendid inspiration in the thought that Bethlehem's Star should rise again on India's sky out of the western horizon. No wonder that, for a time, the Church forgot the west, and even the American Church thought and prophesied only of "Africa's sunny fountains and India's coral strands." But God never forgets. His needy children are in His heart and thought forevermore; and in His own good time He will give their need a voice that will awaken His people to deliver and save the perishing. So, suddenly, out of the Rocky Mountains, He peals a call that faces the Church westward as well as eastward. It was on this wise:

From the Mississippi to the western sea there stretched a wild and weird unknown. Dim rumors of its great mountains and broad valleys, teeming with a wild and savage life, had crept a little eastward of the Missippi, but had hardly reached the ear of the Church in her places of power and authority in the cities of the Atlantic. Whether the wild tribes of that vast western region had any idea of God or any susceptibility of progress, none knew; scarcely any inquired. But God has ways to make the church hear when His time has come. "The man of Macedonia" can ever make his "Come over and help us" audible when God bids him speak.

Up among the springs that fountain the Columbia, in one of the smiling valleys of the great mountains, in 1832 the chiefs of the Flat Head Indians are in serious council. They are not painted as for war, nor armed as for the chase. A look of deep reflection is on the faces of the old men; of listening inquiry on those of the younger. They were rehearsing in each other's ears a strange story that wandering trappers had brought to their wigwams. It was the story of the white man's worship; of the book that told him of God and immortality, and of the presence and power of the Great Spirit. The Indian is a worshipper—feeling after God in his dim way, if haply he may find Him; and such a story must needs find and hold his heart.

Through many such councils, in the simple and sincere way of these untaught children of nature, this investigation continued. The conclusion reached was, if there were such treasures even far away they must find them. They selected one of their old sachems, and with him a trusted brave of full years, and two young and daring men, and with the benedictions of those they left behind them the four went out on their sublime search.

How often we are taught that God's messengers are not all commissioned from the schools of the prophets. He has all seasons and all instrumentalities for His own. The heart of humanity beats round the world, and God can touch that heart anywhere with a thrill of His own inspiration. His providences are beyond our ken, and His kingdom is advanced by means all His own. This was never more wonderfully seen than in the manner in which the Church was first made aware that the great tribes of this far west were repeating the vision and mission of the Magi:—they "saw His star in the east and came to worship Him."

In 1832 St. Louis was a hamlet of the far frontier. It was the resort of hunters and trappers, where they came to dispose of their furs and peltries, and whence they went again to seek other treasures of the forest and mountains. Many weeks after the Indian council among the mountains four Indians walked stealthily down its streets, looking everywhere as for a hidden treasure. Finally they appealed to General William Clarke, of whose name the two older of the company had heard a quarter of a century before, away up in their far mountain home, when he and General Meriweather Lewis had passed through the mountains on their way to the western sea. To him they stated the object of their search. They were received kindly, amply supplied with blankets and ornaments, but neither General Clarke nor anybody in that Roman Catholic frontier town gave them any satisfaction as to the object of their embassy. They waited until their heart became weary, and two of their number had died, and then the remaining two prepared to go back to their distant people with their tale of disappointment.

The Indian is ceremonious, and these desired and were granted a farewell leave-taking in the rooms of General Clarke's Indian agency, hung and carpeted with robes and furs from the forest. This was their farewell speech, as well as an Indian's rugged and stormy eloquence can be interpreted into English.

"We came to you over a trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friend of our fathers who have all gone the long way. We came with our eyes partly opened for more light for our people who sit in darkness. We go back with our eyes closed. How can we go back blind to our blind people? We made our way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands that we might carry back much to them. We go back with empty and broken arms. The two fathers who came with us—the braves of many winters and wars—we leave here asleep by your great wigwam. They were tired in their journey of many moons, and their moccasins were worn out.

Our people sent us to get the white man's Book of Heaven. You took us where they worship the Great Spirit with candles, but the Book was not there. You showed us the images of good spirits, and pictures of the good land beyond, but the Book was not among them to tell us the way. You made our feet heavy with burdens of gifts, and our moccasins will grow old with carrying them, but the Book is not among them. We are going back the long, sad trail to our people. When we tell them, after one more snow, in the big counsel, that we did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men, nor by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. Our people will die in darkness, and they will go on the long path to other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them, and no Book of Heaven to make the way plain. We have no more words."

There is a sad, wild pathos in that speech. Few like it have ever been heard. It seems the wail of a heart broken in sorrow for a lost hope. As soon as these sad words had fallen from the lips of the speaker, these red men turned away westward towards their home and people bearing to them only the grief of a great disappointment. Only one lived to reach his people. Possibly we can imagine the sadness of his reception and the grief of his people as he rehearsed the failure of his mission and told where he had left his companions in silence and death.

But was this mission of these children of the mountains a failure? To them individually, yes; but to the American Church, to the Pacific coast, and especially to Methodism, no.

A few months had passed after the return of the Indian messengers to their people, when, through the instrumentality of Mr. George Catlin, their story was published in the newspapers, and it was soon read in all the cities and villages of the land. Its publication in the Christian Advocate and Journal thrilled the heart of the Methodist Episcopal Church as it had never been thrilled before. Instead of the Church seeking the heathen the heathen were seeking the Church.

On the 20th of March, 1833, Rev. Wilbur Fisk, D.D., placed a communication before the Missionary Board upon the subject of a mission to the Flathead Indians, to be established at once. The Board immediately proceeded so far as to order the Secretary, Rev. Nathan Bangs, D. D., to confer with the Bishops and others in relation to the Flatheads. On the 17th day of April, Bishop Emory communicated to the Board the fact that he had consulted with the war department of the national government and had learned that that department had no knowledge of any such tribe. Still he thought that the inquiry should not be given up without consulting with General Clarke, as it was through him, professedly, that the call for the Book of Heaven had come to the ears of the Church. Through that correspondence some very interesting reports of that tribe and some related and adjacent tribes were communicated to the Board. These had their effect, and the Board immediately resolved to proceed at once to establish "a mission among the Indians west of the Rocky Mountains."

Among the ablest, as they were the most earnest of the advocates of this proposition were Dr. Wilbur Fisk and Dr. Nathan Bangs. Dr. Bangs was the first Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church which had been in existence only a few years, and up to this time had established only a single foreign mission, that of Liberia, on the western coast of Africa, and to which Melville B. Cox, of Maine, had been appointed. Dr. Bangs gave not only the influence of his position to the proposed plan but the full power of his trained pen and voice. Dr. Fisk was at that time the most potent personality in the Church. He was educated, eloquent, devoted, and stood at the head of the educational work of the Church. Up to the present day Methodism has produced few equal and none superior to Dr. Fisk. His powerful and eloquent appeals in the pulpits of New England and New York, and also through the press, which, even at that early day, was beginning to sway a mighty power over the thought and life of Methodism, bore the Church right onward to the conclusion that it was her imperative duty to send the message of hope and salvation to the red men of the distant west who had so plaintively called for it, as she had but just sent it to the black men on the coast of Africa. The conclusion was heroic, and in it Methodism began to gird herself for her march of conquest round the world.

When this conclusion was reached it was largely an abstraction to the general church and the public mind. A mission was to be established, but there was no missionary. "Who will go for us?" became immediately the paramount question. A great hour had come and the man for the hour was wanted.

The Church turned at once to Dr. Fisk as the man almost certain to voice the Divine selection.

The reasons for that confidence were apparent. His judgments were discriminating and his intuitions clear. His zeal for her was consuming, but it was evenly tempered with discretion. His opportunity for forming reliable opinions of men and means was unrivaled. As principal of Wilbraham Academy he had under his training many young men of brilliant talents and devoted piety, coupled with lofty aspirations for themselves and the Church and cause they served. Among them were Jefferson Hascal, David Patten, Moses Hill, Miner Raymond, Osmon C. Baker, and last but not least, Jason Lee. It was natural that, when Dr. Fisk was expected to find the fitting instrument for this great missionary undertaking, he should seek that instrument among those of whom he knew so much and in whom he confided so fully. His answer was explicit: "I know but one man, JASON LEE." This selection was prompt and emphatic, and received such a warm approval from the authorities of the Church wherever Mr. Lee was known, that it was not long before the whole question was settled, and, on the 17th of July, 1833, Mr. Lee was officially designated as the leader of the great missionary adventure. But before we take up the story of his work our readers will desire to know more of the workman himself.

III.

THE INSTRUMENTS CHOSEN.

I have chosen you and ordained you that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit remain.

—JESUS.

JASON LEE came of an honorable and Christian, if not of a distinguished parentage. His father, Daniel Lee, was born in Connecticut when that State was a wilderness.. Near by, in a log cabin, embowered in the deep woods, was born his mother, Sarah Whitaker. It is related that as the infant Sarah lay in her cradle while the cabin door stood open one bright spring day, a huge bear rushed through the open room. Mr. Whitaker, a man of great strength, grappled with the bear and threw him to the ground, calling on his wife to shoot him, but she, in the excitement of the moment, was unable to do so, and Mr. Whitaker, disengaging himself from the embrace of the shaggy monster, seized the gun, and as bruin was climbing a tree near the house brought him down with a fatal shot. Amid the scenes and wrestlings of such a pioneer life, and with all the hardihood of body and independence of mind they develope, the parents of Jason Lee had their childhood, youth, and early married life. After their marriage, Mr. Daniel Lee and his excellent Christian wife remained in their native State for almost fifteen years, and then removed to Rutland, Vermont; and thence, after a few years, joined the band of hardy New Englanders that had settled Stanstead, in Canada East, about the beginning of the year 1800. Here, amidst the hardships and toils of pioneer life, at fifty years of age, Mr. Daniel Lee gave his heart to God, and after two years of singular devotion to the Divine service, was called to the rest of the just. His death threw upon Mrs. Lee the care of her large family of children. The country was new. Her means were limited. Still, with the goodness of the saint and the resolution of the heroine, she toiled on, striving to give her children a substantial education, and thus prepare them for wider fields of usefulness than she had trodden. The success of her pious endeavors, as well as the vindication of her grand womanhood and motherhood, are seen in the honorable and useful record that not a few of her descendants have made for the name of Lee.

Of this parentage Jason Lee was born in Stanstead in 1803. His early training, under the strenuous exactions of a life in the wilderness, was of the kind that builds a sturdy and independent manhood, physically and mentally; though it is not necessary for the purposes of our history to relate its incidents.

From the settlement of Canada East until 1820, religious privileges were few, and the work of the Christian ministry scarcely known. Suddenly "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" was heard. Hick, a Wesleyan minister, burst unannounced into the forest settlement and startled its dwellers by his clarion call to repentance. His ministry was able, and laid the foundation for that decided and fruitful Christian life for which the Methodism of Stanstead and all Lower Canada soon became famous. He was followed by Pope, and after him came Turner; names redolent of goodness and faith, the fragrant memory of which is yet rehearsed in the traditions of Canada Methodism. A wonderful revival of religion was enjoyed under the labors of these devoted and godly men.

While this revival was in full progress Jason Lee came down from the pineries of the north, where he had been employed, and was astonished to find that all things had become new about his old home. Old faces wore a new glory, old friends spoke a new tongue. The song of the revel and the shout of the fray had given place to the hymns of Zion and the praises of the sanctuary. These, however, found no sympathetic response in his heart. Still his was too true and manly a heart not to be moved and it was also too true and manly to be moved by mere impulse. Action, with him, was always considerate, deliberate, decided. Measuring and weighing the question that he felt he must now decide, for some time he stood apart, his mind gradually inclining in its most intelligent convictions to the side of Christianity. On a Sabbath, while returning home from church in company with his nephew, afterwards Rev. Daniel Lee, his companion and coadjutor in the Oregon Mission, the latter spoke to him about the salvation of his soul. He was answered only by a silent tongue and downcast eye; most impressive of all answers. Returning to the church again in the evening, while the people were engaged in a prayer meeting, he stood up in their midst and announced his firmly formed resolve to be a Christian. All hearts thrilled as his tall form, six feet and three inches in height, the very impersonation of manhood and strength, rose in their midst and he began to speak. His own emotions were deep, and tears flowed freely as he uttered the vows that gave to Christ's grace a new and rare trophy; to evangelical christianity one of her most apostolic servants.

Jason Lee was converted in the twenty-third year of his age. For two or three years thereafter he continued at his accustomed manual toil, while all the time the thought was growing upon him that God had other business for him to do. When this thought had become so deeply a consciousness that to longer resist it was to fight against God, he laid down the implements of labor, and in the autumn of 1827 entered the Wesleyan Academy, at Wilbraham, Massachusetts.

This institution was then under the presidency of Dr. Wilbur Fisk. Mr. Lee entered the institution in company with a class of young men of rare genius and talent, some of whose names have already been mentioned. His most intimate friend in school and ever thereafter was Osmon C. Baker. Years afterward, when this friend had become one of the most revered Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Jason Lee had gone up to even a higher place than that in the Kingdom of God, Mr. Baker drew the following picture of the man and his work while in school:

"He was a large, athletic young man, six feet and three inches in height, with a fully developed frame, and a constitution of iron. His piety was deep and uniform, and his life, in a very uncommon degree, pure and exemplary. In those days of extensive and powerful revivals, I used to observe with what confidence and satisfaction seekers of religion would place themselves under his instruction. They regarded him as a righteous man, whose prayer availed much, and when there were indications that the Holy Spirit was moving on the heart of a sinner within the circle of his acquaintances, his warm christian heart would incite him to constant labor until deliverance was proclaimed to the captive."

So highly did Dr. Fisk estimate the character and talents of Mr. Lee that, on the organization of an important class of these promising young gentlemen in the academy he put them under his care, knowing that his energy and stability qualified him to govern well, and his solid talents to thoroughly instruct those committed to his care.

Before and during his residence at Wilbraham Mr. Lee's mind had been deeply impressed with the feeling that the work and duty of his life would be to live and labor for the Indian tribes. This feeling remained after his return to Stanstead, and while he was engaged in teaching in the Stanstead Academy. Himself and Osmon C. Baker had almost formed plans for united labor in Pagan lands. Under date of March, 1831, he wrote to Mr. Baker as follows:

"I have not forgotten the red men of the west, though I am not yet among them. O, that I had some one like yourself to go with me, and help me in the arduous work, with whom I could hold sweet converse. Or could I be assured that I should, in a few years, embrace you in the wilds, and have you for a companon as long as the good Lord should have need of us in the forests, I could cheerfully forego all the pleasure I receive from the society of friends here, tear myself from the embrace of my nearest and dearest relatives, and go (as John before our Lord) and prepare the way before you. But I am building castles in the air. No! no! that I fear can never be. Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done."

After Mr. Lee's return to Canada he engaged in the active work of the Gospel ministry under the direction of the Wesleyan missionaries in his native town and towns adjacent, and among those with whom his boyhood and youth had been spent. His life work was gradually opening before him, and he was preparing himself to enter in. His studies were earnestly prosecuted, and, amidst the hard work of an incipient ministerial career, and the toil necessary to sustain himself in it, his whole being was broadening for the coming responsibility.

He had offered his services to the Wesleyan Missionary Society of London as a missionary among the Indians of Canada, and when the spring of 1833 came he was waiting anxiously the result of his application. Richard Watson was then secretary of that society, and his death, occurring during the pendency of Mr. Lee's application, so deranged and impeded its business that his application was not acted upon. But, suddenly, another call, from another part of the world, heralded in the manner already recorded, thrilled the heart of the church, and all, Mr. Lee included, paused to listen.

While waiting and wondering whereunto this strange thing would grow, Mr. Lee received a communication from Dr. Fisk relative to his undertaking the establishment of a mission among the people whose strange call had thus awakened the church. Mr. Lee, after due consideration, consented to the proposition of Dr. Fisk, provided he could honorably detach himself from the service of the Wesleyan Board to which he had already offered himself. In due time all these arrangements were satisfactorily made.

The circumstances under which this appointment was made were highly creditable to Mr. Lee. When he was chosen he was not a minister, not even a member, of the church whose herald beyond the mountains he was to become, but was connected with the Wesleyan Church of Canada. That he had so impressed himself upon the leading minds of Methodism in the United States at that time as to designate him as the most suitable man to undertake so great a work is remarkable. It must be confessed the qualities requisite for such work combine in very few.

The distance of the proposed site of the mission from civilization; the perilous way of advance to it; the hardships to be endured; all required a strong, stalwart physical manhood. The people among whom the mission was to be founded, their superstitions, old paganism, their warlike character, everything of them and around them required a man of clear insight into character and motives, prompt and decided, yet gentle and winning. The great church of which he was to stand the symbol and representative, required that that representative should fitly indicate her greatness and type her evangelistic fervor. And as the plans of future evangelistic conquest were to be laid on the very ground where these conquests were to be won, a clear, broad intellect, with the forecast of the statesman as well as the fervor of the evangelist, was a prime necessity. That such men as Dr. Bangs and the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, comprising such men as Bishop Hedding, Bishop Roberts, Bishop Soule and Bishop Emory; men of whom it were no disparagement, living or dead, to say that they were the chief glory of our earlier history, should consider these high endowments to be found in a young man of thirty years of age was itself enough to crown that young man with honor. The unanimity with which the church approved the choice thus made was remarkable, and when Jason Lee thus found himself appointed to the unsought field, it was with the deep conviction everywhere prevailing throughout the church that the providential hour had found the providential man.

The appointment of a superintendent for the missions with the full approval of the mind of the church as expressed through the Missionary Board and the Episcopacy, involved the necessity for the appointment of assistants and the adjustmen of the entire autonomy of the work contemplated. The Missionary Board, with the approbation of the Episcopacy, resolved to appoint an additional ministerial missionary, and to associate with the mission two laymen. To the first place Rev. Daniel Lee, a nephew of the superintendent, was appointed. He had been for more than two years a traveling preacher in the New Hampshire Conference, and was an ordained deacon at the time of his appointment to the missionary work. Mr. Jason Lee, as we have seen, was not, at the time of his selection as superintendent of the missions, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, although he was a local preacher in the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Canada. He was, however, admitted into the New England Conference at its session in 1833, ordained deacon and elder, and received from the bishop presiding his official designation as "Missionary to the Flathead Indians."

"The King's business requires haste." After the mission had been resolved upon, and the missionaries selected, all were anxious if not impatient for the opening of its work. On October 10th, 1833, the missionaries met in New York for conference with the Missionary Board, and final preparations for their work. The Board appropriated $3,000 for the outfitting of the mission, and arrangements were made for an early departure of the missionaries for their allotted field. A farewell missionary meeting was held in Forsythe Street Church, in New York, November 20th, 1833, at which Bishop Hedding presided, and Dr. Bangs, Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, Dr. McAuley, of the A. B. C. F. M., and several others made addresses. The presence and addresses of the newly appointed missionaries excited great interest. The people felt that their venture was bold beyond all precedent, for the region where the mission was to be established was then as little known on the Atlantic seaboard as the farther Indies. It was only known that the boldness and bravery of mammon had been foiled in the field to which they were destined; and that they, almost alone, should be able to take and hold that land for Christ, when commercial enterprise, with powder and ball, had not been able to hold it for gain, seemed the very hardihood of human resolve.

The plan adopted by the Missionary Board, with the sanction of Mr. Lee, was for the newly appointed missionaries to travel through the Atlantic cities as far south as Washington for some weeks and present the missionary cause to the churches, and then proceed westward to the frontiers of Missouri and be ready to enter upon their great overland journey to the Rocky Mountains and beyond at the opening of spring. It was also desirable that Mr. Lee should confer with the national authorities in Washington and secure the endorsement of the government in his contemplated settlement in the Indian country; and, as he might enter into the region then in dispute between the United States and Great Britain, but which under the "joint occupancy" treaty between these two powers, was equally open to the citizens of both, he needed also the passport and permit of the government to shield him from interference by the subjects of Great Britain resident or trading there. These plans were carried out by Mr. Lee, and with the full endorsement of the President of the United States, the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of War, he was prepared to go out, not, indeed, knowing entirely whither he went, for the whole land lay before him. The how of the journey was not yet fully determined.

In January, 1834, it became known to the Missionary Board and to Mr. Lee that Captain Nathaniel Wyeth, of Boston, who had visited the Columbia river the preceding year, would dispatch a vessel to that river in the spring and himself would lead a party overland to the same point during the summer. This was a providential opportunity. The outfit designed for the establishment of the mission was forwarded in Captain Wyeth's brig—the Maydacre—and it was determined that Mr. Lee and his company should accompany the overland expedition in the spring. Captain Wyeth, who had visited the Columbia river, and seen the tribes between it and the Missouri the year before, gave such information of the field to be occupied and of the Indians residing in it as greatly to enhance the public interest in the mission itself.

Mr. Cyrus Shepard, of Lynn, Massachusetts, a teacher of excellent qualifications, and a gentleman and Christian of the highest character, was selected by Mr. Lee as one of the laymen to be associated with him in the work of the mission, and his choice was most cordially approved by the Missionary Board.

These preliminaries settled, early in March Mr. Lee left New York for the west. On his route westward his addresses awakened great interest in his mission, especially in Pittsburg and St. Louis, where he remained longer than at other points. From St. Louis he proceeded on horseback, accompanied by his nephew, Daniel Lee, to the western frontier of the State. On reaching the frontier Mr. Lee engaged Mr. P. L. Edwards, of Independence, Missouri, a young gentleman of good ability and character, for service as teacher in the Mission, and a Mr. Walker for other labors, for a year.

IV.

ON THE TRAIL.

> **"We are journeying to a land of which the Lord hath said I will give it Thee."**
>
> —**MOSES.**

IN the spring of 1834 the now flourishing town of Independence, Missouri, was only a small hamlet on the remotest western verge of civilization. It was known chiefly as the point from whence the half-nomadic troopers and voyageurs over the plains and in the Rocky Mountains took their departure for a life of wild adventure, of fierce conflict with savage men and savage nature and savage beasts; and perchance, for an unmarked and unhistoried grave in the deep, wild defiles of the distant mountains. To pass that limit, in most cases, was to die, if not in the literal, yet in the deeper, sadder sense of a life bereaved forever of home and friends and all that makes life worth the living.

The thought that any impulse other than one of sordid gain could ever tempt a human foot adventurously to cross the line beyond which all was darkness, would have startled, if it could have entered into the minds of the bold leaders of travel and trade along the dim trails of these far western wilds. When, therefore, in the early spring, when the new life of the year was bursting out of field and fen in promise for its autumn garners, Jason Lee suddenly appeared amidst the wild troop just preparing for the western march, it was as though a being from an unknown world had stepped out of his unseen realm full in their vision. When, for the first time, his tent was pitched among the lodges of their wild camp, on the night of the 28th of April, 1834, and the sweet song of praise and low voice of prayer trembled through the twilight stillness as hushed music from an unseen minstrel, in many minds a new thought was shaped, into some hearts a new life was projected. To him, also, it could not but be an era hour. The time of preparation, of consideration and decision, was now past. Honorably for himself or innocently before God, he could not now look back. He was now as never before the embodiment and representative of the Church in half a continent. The bark that bore Cæsar and his fortunes bore not half so momentous a burden as the beast that bore Jason Lee and his mission toward and over the Rocky Mountains. Something of this feeling impressed him, as, with the two elected companions of his travel and toil, he bowed in his lowly tent to pray for wisdom and strength and guidance as "he went out not knowing whither he went." His journal gives evidence of this condition of feeling for the days of the preparation, and the quietude of his trust as he records his "thankfulness that he is now on his way to the farthest west."

At that date, now sixty-five years ago, the preparations for a journey across the continent were exceedingly primitive. Horses or mules to ride and pack; with a few, and a very few, conveniences and comforts for the tent or lodge; guns and ammunition for defence and to procure game for food, were the outfit. For the rest, the day must find its own. To this rule there was no exception. Missionary and voyageur were alike. Mr. Lee, according to his expectations, had joined his company with that of Capt. Nathaniel Wythe, and, besides, they would travel in close proximity to Capt. Wm. Sublette, the most renowned and the ablest of all the rangers of the mountains from 1826 to 1836. Thus companioned, on the last day of April, "the train" began to wind its way over the rolling prairie hills that lie south of the Kansas—then known as the Kaw river, passing near the Shawnee Indian Mission, then, and after for many years, under the superintendence of Rev. Thomas Johnson; where Mr. Lee made such observations as his time would allow, the better to prepare himself for his own future work.

There would be much interest in following Mr. Lee daily as his journal records his journey, but we judge it better to reserve the space that would thus be occupied by details of travel for more important matters. A few quotations from his journal at some of the interesting points of his journey, and in its more eventful incidents, will only be given. These will give the reader a clear general impression of what it all was, as well as a true insight into the hardships and struggles of such a journey.

The company of Mr. Wythe numbered not far from two hundred men. Outside of civilization they were a law unto themselves. For them the civil arm had no terrors. The very decalogue seemed to be abrogated. Brave, in the sense of reckless physical hardihood; generous, in the sense of improvident wastefulness, they surely were. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," was the motto which summed the whole philosophy of their life. Of course between them and a man of high Christian feeling, whose soul was bearing the burden of a divine mission, there could be little of affinity. Alike they were men in outward form only. To be under the necessity of a close companionship with such a multitude for five months of tiresome travel, was not the least hardship of his journey. An extract from his journal, under date of Sunday, May 11, 1834, will show something of this trial. They had encamped the night preceeding on the Big Vermilion, in the present State of Kansas. He says:

"Decamped early this morning, but losing the trail, came to a stop about ten o'clock. The day has been spent in a manner not at all congenial with my wishes. Traveling, laboring to take care of the animals by all, cursing, swearing and shooting by the company. Read some of the Psalms and felt that truly my feelings accorded with David's, when he so much longed for the house of God. I have found very little time for reading, writing or meditation since leaving Liberty, for I am so constantly engaged in driving stock, encamping and making preparations for the night, and decamping in the morning. But still we find a few minutes to call our little family together and commend ourselves and our cause in prayer to God."

Some of the perils of the way soon began to be manifest. The whole country from the Missouri River westward was destitute of roads; Indian trails only marking the plains. These more frequently led in wrong than in right directions. Otherwise courses must be taken by compass or by the traveler's knowledge of the natural landmarks of the country. When the first was absent and the second wanting, the traveler was almost certain to be lost in the wilderness of hills; happy if he found his way back to camp, or if the arrow of some treacherous Pawnee did not pierce his side. The day after the record above such an incident of peril occurred to Mr. Lee, with one companion, Mr. Cyrus Shepard. They had left camp early in the morning in pursuit of a stray animal, and in attempting to return were led far astray in a country where a small party was sure to be robbed if not murdered, if discovered by a stronger one of Indians. A good providence, however, did not forsake them, and just before nightfall they were first alarmed by the appearance of a number of horsemen sweeping down upon them from a distant eminence, though greatly relieved to find they were of their own company and able to guide them safely to camp.

From this point the route took the company northwest across Blue River, then over a wide stretch of rolling prairie to and up the Republican Fork of the Kansas, thence over a still more broken and sandy country to the Platte River, which they reached a little below Grand Island. In this vicinity the first buffalo were seen, and from henceforth the meat of these animals was the almost exclusive food of the entire party for many weeks. The missionaries did their part of the hunting, and shared in messes alike with the traders and trappers. Until far up towards the mountains, packing and unpacking, camping and decamping, hunting buffalo and cooking and eating their meat, with occasional visits from some straggling bands of Indians, were the incidents of all the days. At night camp was to be guarded, sentinels paced their vigils, every man slept with his arms within reach prepared for an attack from the Indians, of which they were in constant danger. It was a vigilant, wearisome life; not, however, without its compensations to the missionaries, as a preparation for the self-reliant toil of the future. They were the stronger physically, perhaps morally too, for the strained and tensioned thought and action of these days of danger and toil. In after years the same experiences, with varying incidents, prepared an hundred thousand men and women to found the most vigorous commonwealths of all history on the shores of the Pacific.

The scenery of the route along the middle Platte is very fine. The soft marl hills have been washed and worn by the winds and rain, and chipped and cleft by the frosts of ages until they stand in every fantastic and beautiful form. Castles are imaged in hills as though chiseled by sculptors. The swelling dome, the tall spire, the deep and long corridors, all carry the mind back to days of departed chivalry, and one half expects to see mailed and armored cavaliers emerging from the castle gates to engage in tilts and tournaments for the smiles or hand of some noble lady on the plain beyond. To some of these castled cliffs local names, or names having their origin in some wild adventure or thrilling romance are attached. Such are "Scott's Bluff's." Of the origin of this name Mr. Lee, under date of May 30, 1834, gives the following account, received from the old companions of Scott, when encamped near them. Mr. Scott was the superintendent of Gen. Ashley's fur company in the Rocky Mountains. The exposures, excitements and nervous strain of a life in the mountains proved too severe for his constitution, and at length he was taken delirious somewhere in the Black Hills, far west of this spot. In lucid intervals his thoughts turned homeward, and his heart longed to ease its fevered beatings among his kindred. This desire he expressed, and the company made preparations to convey him to his people. A boat of skins was constructed, and with two men he was launched out on the Platte, and drifted downward, homeward. In rapids the frail boat was upset and lost, and the maniac and his two companions were defenceless on the wild desert. They wandered on, the wild, longing eyes of Scott ever strained in their insatiate searchings for home. The two men at length returned to the company, half famished, and reported Scott as dead. Afterwards his bones and blanket were discovered at the foot of these bluffs. Henceforward they were known among all mountain men as "Scott's Bluffs," and the wild, thrilling story of his life, remembered and rehearsed whenever the voyageur kindled his dim camp fire in the shadow of this, his grand and lasting monument.

This year, and while the missionaries were encamped on Laramie's Fork, Fort Laramie was built by Captain Wm. Sublette. It was on the eastern border of the trapping country, and was intended for a depot for trade and supplies. While writing of the dangers incurred by the trappers in their wild pursuit, Mr. Lee says: "Thus these men incur more danger for a few beaver skins than we do to save souls; and yet some who call themselves Christians would have persuaded us to abandon our enterprise because of the danger attending it. 'Tell it not in Gath.'"

On the 15th of June the company reached the summit ridge of the continent. From Fort Laramie their way led nearly where what afterwards was known as "the Emigrant Road," was made.

Then only dim, uncertain trails marked the earth, and they so crossed and blinded by buffalo paths that they were exceedingly difficult to follow. Game was becoming comparatively scarce, and as a consequence some of the less provident of the company were without food for two days. It was also the most dangerous part of the Indian country, and often at night they lay down to their rest without fire or supper; fearing that a light might betray them to some marauding band. After the rest of a supperless night Mr. Lee records: "Awoke just at daylight after a night's sweet repose and found all safe. Roasted buffalo meat and pure water made our rich repast. Am persuaded that none even in New England, ate a more palatable meal. We feel no want of bread, and I am more healthy than I have been for years." So soon does the flexible human constitution adjust itself to its surroundings, and prove that hardships are seldom more than names. To sleep on a bed of down is a hardship to one whose life has been cast in the sturdy mould of a free, open world. To such the earth is the sweetest, softest bed.

Almost imperceptibly the company wound its way over a gentle ridge, and on the 15th day of June were surprised to find themselves suddenly on a rivulet that trilled away toward the west. The missionary's hope beat high as he stood on that summit and looked away westward toward that enshrouded field which already enshrined his heart. True, only by faith could the darkness be penetrated, or any promise be gathered out of its concealed depths. But faith then, as ever, was the guide of the workers in God's vineyards. And whether it were for his hand to hold the plow that first cleft the untilled sod, and prepare it for the root of the vine, or to do the easier work of gathering the ripe, rich clusters from vines of others' planting, it was all the same. It was God's work, hence his work, and he was content. Content? He was more; he was hopeful, joyous, longing for his field and his toil. When he passed the crest of the mountains he says: "It gives me pleasure to reflect that we are now descending towards the vast Pacific. With the blessing and preservation of the Almighty we shall soon stand upon the shores that have resisted the proud swelling waves of the ocean from time immemorial. O, thou God of Love, give us still Thine aid, for without Thee we can do nothing."

In the capitol at Washington there is a fine allegorical fresco which pictures the Pioneers of the Pacific States as they reach the crests of the Rocky Mountains, and under it the motto:—

> **"The Spirit grows with its alloted space.**
> **The mind is narrowed in a narrow sphere."**

In this fresco Jason Lee might well appear as its most regnant and impressive figure, as the first of the real Pioneers of the Pacific to enter the wider sphere of the vast west and occupy it for civilization and Christianity.

Here they were not without incidents of a novel and exciting character. Two hunters were lost in the mountains for days. The whole company wandered over the dreary desert plains between the summit ridge and Green River, until their animals were nearly famished for forage, and themselves for food. The occasion was this:

Annually all the companies and free trappers of the mountains gathered at some place, in midsummer, for trade and recreation. The place selected was called "Rendezvous." From the Colorado of the South to the Red River of the North they came, the leaders for counsel and to mature plans for the future, and the men to purchase outfits for another fall and winter's hunt, or, what seemed more imperative to a trapper's nature, a month's carousal in the utter abandon of drunkenness and lust. Not knowing where the rendezvous was to be this year, the company was wandering in search of it. After many days search it was found at last on Ham's Fork, a stream that rises in the high mountains dividing the waters flowing to the Pacific through the Gulf of California, and those losing themselves in the Great Salt Lake.

Into this fierce, swaying throng of several hundred men, wild with the untamed passions of the human heart, uncontrolled by any law but appetite, cultured to a desperate recklessness by the perils of Indian warfare, and rendered the bolder in their vice by the rivalry of their savage companionship, the company emerged from its thousand miles of lonely travel at noon of the twentieth day of June. Threats of violence to the missionaries had been freely uttered. Capt. Wythe communicated these threats to Mr. Lee, with the advice to be on his guard and give no occasion of difficulty, but if any did occur to show no symptoms of fear. For this advice Mr. Lee expressed his obligation, but informed the Captain that he feared no man, and had no apprehension of any difficulty with or annoyance from any. He went immediately, in the calm, unassumed self-possession of one who is too brave either to do or submit to a wrong, to the lodges of the leaders, sought an introduction to those who had threatened him and his company, conversed with them about the perils of their mountain life, and after a few hours association with them returned to his own camp, having so awakened their respect that all were ready to serve him or his cause in any way in their power.

His splendid physical proportions elicited the admiration and respect of those who estimated men by their pounds avoirdupoise, and his calm and fearless bearing impressed those who had yet some lingering recollection that there is such a thing as moral and mental manhood with his superiority over them.

Mr. Townshend, a scientific gentleman traveling with the expedition, says of Mr. Lee in his own journal:—

"Mr. Lee is a great favorite with the men, deservedly so, and there are probably few persons to whose preaching they would have listened with so much complaisance. I have often been amused and pleased by Mr. Lee's manner of reproving them for the coarseness and profanity of expression among them. The reproof, though decided, clear and strong, is always characterized by the mildness and affectionate manner peculiar to the man, and although the good effect of the advice may not be discernable, yet it is always treated with respect, and its utility acknowledged."

An incident occurred here, which, to Mr. Lee, augured hopefully for his mission. A company of Nez Perce Indians from the Columbia River, under the lead of a young chief, Ish-hol-hol-hoats-hoats, long and universally known and respected among the people of the Columbia Valley as "Lawyer," being informed of the object of his visit to the country, waited upon him in a body, greeted him cordially by shaking of hands, and by signs made him understand that he would be gladly welcomed in their country as a teacher of religion.

The missionaries remained at Rendezvous until the 2d day of July, when they again began their westward march. All the Indians bade them farewell with the utmost cordiality. The Flatheads from the north and the Nez Perces from the west each expressed a desire for the location of his mission among their people.

Mr. Lee was much affected by this parting scene. It fanned the missionary fire already kindled in his heart, and lifted him above any weak regrets for past sacrifices or abandoned joys. He was clearly in the way of Providence, and never turned a longing eye to any other path.

Quickly the company moved out of the noise and confusion of rendezvous, and was soon winding through the defiles of Bear River Mountains. On the fifth of July they emerged upon the grassy meadows of that stream, having already left far behind them the dark forests and glittering glaciers of the Rocky Mountains, in sight of which they had been traveling so long.

The piney crests of distant mountains darkening behind the bold and rocky foothills, the meadow-vales whose green is beautifully interlaced with the silver threads of meandering rivulets, all covered and canopied with a sky whose cerulean is seldom dimmed by cloud or mist, was the charming picture through whose golden paths they traveled; thinking meanwhile, of Heber's poetic limning of a like, though far Orient scene:—

> "Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

It requires no vivid fancy to believe that the deeper his paths penetrated this world before untrodden by any of Christ's annointed heralds the more he felt the burden and the honor Christ and his Church had laid on him in making him the first to bear the standard of Calvary through these dark skies to its perpetual planting on the shores of the western ocean. Our pen kindles with the enthusiasm of eulogy, but we restrain it to the sober tracings of history.

On the tenth day of July they passed over the western rim of the Great Basin, and for the first time encamped on waters that reached the Pacific through the channel of the Columbia. Three days after they reached Snake River near the mouth of the Portneuf, and for a few days rested their journeyings while Capt. Wythe began the erection of a trading post at that point which he called Fort Hall. Here it became necessary to remain sufficiently long to procure and prepare provisions sufficiently to last the entire company for a journey of six or seven hundred miles. Westward the country afforded few spoils for the rifle, hence little food for the traveler. For two weeks they remained, the hunters gathering meat; Mr. Lee fevered and restless with longings to be gone. His anxiety preyed upon his health, and for the first time in the journey he speaks of being sick. His comfort, as he lay there in his tent, alone in his pain, was from the Bible and Mrs. Judson's Memoirs. He was so far recovered by Sunday, July 27th, that he was able to improve the first opportunity he had had to preach since leaving the frontiers of civilization. As this was the first sermon ever preached west of the Rocky Mountains it has great historic interest. Mr. Lee's own simple and unadorned account of it, as I find it in his journal, will fix the scene and some of its surroundings in the mind. Under date of Sunday, July 27, 1834, he writes:—

"Repaired to the grove about half past three for public worship, which is the first we have had since we started. By request of Captain McKay, a respectable number of our company, and nearly all of his, consisting of Indians, half-breeds, Frenchmen, &c., few of whom could understand the services, had gathered; and all were extremely attentive. I gave a short discourse from 1st Cor., x: 21, "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." O that I could address the Indians in their own language!"

Scarcely were these scenes over when a tragic incident occured throwing a short-lived solemnity over the entire camp. Two of Capt. McKay's men engaged in a horse race, and when in full speed another horseman ran in before them, and the three rushed together in a fearful collision. One was killed, and at twelve o'clock on Monday Mr. Lee performed his burial services, reading a Psalm and the Order for the Burial of the Dead. His journal says: "All the men from both camps attended the funeral, and appeared very solemn. The Canadians put a cross upon his breast and a cross was erected at his grave." Thus, in this desert, then so covered with loneliness and solitude, death was claiming his own; and thus, too, the gospel lifted up in this darkness the light of life and immortality. It were an apostolic distinction for any one to be permitted to flash the first rays of that light into the night that never till then had been broken by promise of a morning. That distinction forever honors the name of Jason Lee.

The company was just entering on the most trying part of the journey. Westward stretched the gray sage deserts of Snake River almost to the foothills of the Blue Mountains. The river itself is often locked in deep rents in the black basalt, or if flowing through the dry plain seems powerless to add even a green leaf to the cheerless desolation. Few of human kind ever dwelt there, and those few the most degraded that wear the human form, In leaving this place and pursuing the westward journey it became necessary to change their companionship, and the missionaries associated themselves with the company of Mr. T. McKay. A pleasing incident, also, here occurred, which is noted by Mr. Lee, with especial satisfaction. With Mr. McKay were Indians from the Columbia. When they learned who the missionaries were, and what was their purpose in the country, they came voluntarily and presented him with two fine horses, expressing much gratification that there was a prospect of his stopping permanently in their country.

On the third day of August they were prepared to leave Fort Hall and move forward. It was Sabbath. Instead of the sanctuaries of home, with their songs and blessings, their sanctuary was a wide, open world, and their worship the unuttered outflow of love and gratitude to God, while wearily winding their way through the basaltic gorges that rend the plain south of Snake River. Was such worship less acceptable? And was the calm serenity following less an answer to the prayers which there ascended unspoken to God?

So sterile was the land through which they traveled in all that could support life, that the company was compelled to deflect southward into what is known as the Goose Creek Mountains, dividing Salt Lake Valley from that of Snake River, in search of game. For some days the whole company ranged the mountains without success, and the missionaries were dependent on the generosity of Capt. McKay and his Indians for food, which "the Indian women would bring and putting it down return without saying a word, as they can speak no language that we understood. Mr. Lee says:—

> "My ardent soul longs to be sounding salvation in the ears of these red men. I trust I shall yet see many of them rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. Lord hasten the hour, and thou shalt have all the praise."

After a weary and fruitless search for game, the party reached Snake River again a few miles above "Salmon Falls," where they were able to obtain salmon for food.

On the dreary desert of Snake River occurred the anniversary of Mr. Lee's departure from his native home and the associations of his boyhood for the long and perilous journey yet far from being ended. His reference to it in his journal shows how deeply susceptible was his heart to the fine sentiments of the son, the brother, and the friend. He says:—

> "I saw five brothers and four sisters, their husbands, their wives; nephews, nieces, friends and companions of my youth grouped together to take the parting hand with one whose face they had but the slightest expectation of seeing again. The parting hand was extended, it was grasped, tear after tear in quick succession dropped from the affected eye, followed by streams flowing down the sorrowful cheek. I turned my back upon the group and hurried me away, and for what? For riches? honor? power? fame? O, thou searcher of hearts, thou knowest. A year has passed, and I have not yet reached the field of my labors. O, how I long to erect the standard of my Master in these regions, which Satan has so long claimed for his own."

Another week of travel, when each day repeated the preceeding and every other, brought the party where they began to enter the outlying spurs of the Blue Mountains. Another week placed them on the westward summits of this range, and overlooking the valley of the Walla Walla, which he had been looking forward to as a possible location for his missionary station. The valleys of Powder River and Grand Ronde, through which this part of the journey led, now the peaceful homes of a thriving rural population, were then only the occasional resort of the Indian tribes whose permanent home lay westward of the mountain ranges. Beautiful they were, even then, lying in the yellow sunshine of a summer day, like a golden jewel in the evergreen setting of the mountains. The most sanguine outlook over the coming years could scarcely have revealed to the eye of this pioneer missionary the fact that within one generation these valleys would have been comprised in a Presiding Elder's district and in charge of the man destined to write the history of his own life and work. So rapidly does time wheel its revolutions; does providence work its marvelous changes.

On the first day of September the company emerged from the Blue Mountains, and before night of the next day had passed over the sixty miles of valley between their point of egress and Fort Walla Walla and the Columbia River.

Here the question of the ultimate location of his mission began to assume practical form. Should it be seaward or among the powerful tribes of the interior? His observations were evidently careful and his preliminary decisions sagacious. He was yet more than three hundred miles from the sea, yet he was where centered the trade and travel of the interior, and surrounded by a large Indian population. He saw that for an interior work this was the favored spot. His views in this regard were afterward those of the far-seeing Whitman, for it was near this place that he established his mission, and where his murder by the very Indians for whom he toiled made Waiiletpu forever historic in the annals of heroic and tragic fame.

Coming to no definite conclusion, but carefully noting the advantages and disadvantages of the place for his work, he prepared to move forward, and, after having disposed of his animals, the company took passage on the barges of the Hudson's Bay Company, and on the fourth of September, launched out on the crystal bosom of the broad Columbia for a novel and exciting voyage of two hundred and fifty miles to Fort Vancouver, the headquarters of the company west of the Rocky Mountains. This voyage at that day and thus, was attended with no little fatigue and danger. The river, though broad and grand, is in many places a rushing, roaring rapid. These were all run in safety until the "Great Dalles" were reached, where a portage was made. Here the river for fifteen miles, is a succession of magnificent rapids, low cataracts and narrow, sinuous channels. About midway the entire Columbia—and it is one of the mightest rivers of the globe—is crowded over to the southern shore through a passage not more than fifty yards in width, between perfectly naked and perpendicular walls of basalt. Just beyond, in olive and green, smoothly and resistless is gliding the grand flow a mile in width, then plunging over a rugged wall of trap blocks reaching from shore to shore. Higher up the stream is always fretted and tormented by the obstructions of its bed. Not even Niagara has a grander expression of power, and only the Columbia can round such lines of grace as are made by these waters, rasped to spray, reposing in limpid sheets, or shot up in misty fountains edged with rainbows as they strike some basaltic hexagon rising in midstream to oppose their flow.

The passage of these rapids when only the ashen oar and the human arm contended with their fury was always fearfully perilous, and many a sad tale of wreck and disaster and death lingers in the legends of the old voyageurs; a race now long since departed, only in some lingering relict whose stalwart form has defied the storms of fourscore winters. In later years the emigrant, after safely leading wife and family over the wild mountains and across the dreary deserts has buried wife and children and his own heart in these fearful and stormy depths.

These perils safely passed, on the eighth day of September, they erected their tents where "Dalles City" is now located, just where the river sweeps out of the dry and rugged interior, and enters the timbered but still more rugged band of the Cascade Mountains. They were detained four days by the characteristic winds of that locality. On the sixteenth they passed the great Cascades of the Columbia in safety, and struck the ebb and flow of the ocean tides. At three o'clock of the 17th the prows of their barges touched the gravelly beach at "Fort Vancouver," and the long wearisome journey to "The Oregon" was ended. For nearly five months he had been on his way to these far depths of darkness, ever panting with desire to lift the luminous standard of the cross in the dark heavens of Oregon. We who, later and under more favorable circumstances, have traveled the same weary road, can better appreciate the trials and perils of the noble pioneer missionary than can those whose knowledge of them has been gained from the stories of the romancer, or even the delineations of the historian, in the pleasant quiet of cushioned and cultured ease.

V.

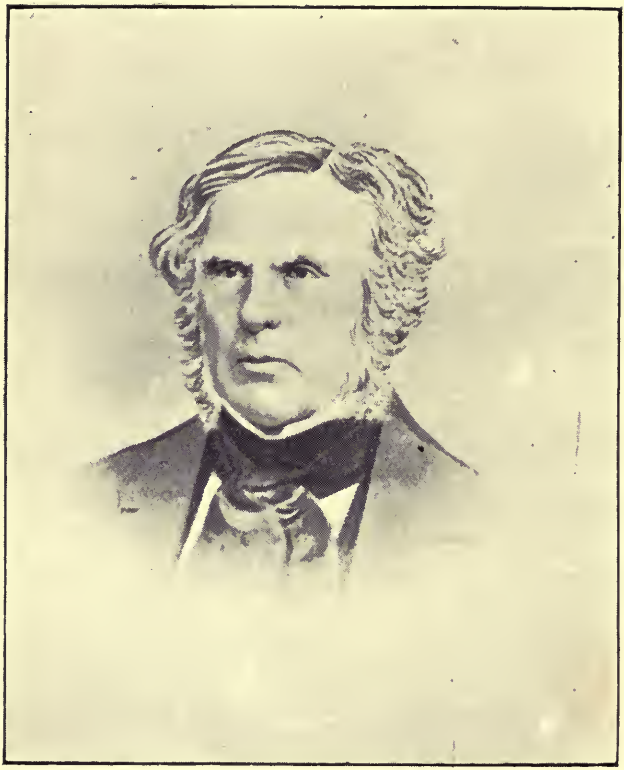
THE FIELD CHOSEN.

"Lift up your eyes and look upon the Fields, for they are white already to the Harvest".

—JESUS.

THE long, trying journey of Mr. Lee and his companions across the wilderness was ended, and they were within the limits of their appointed field of toil. The whole land was before them, and there was no Lot to divide its inheritance with them. Had there been the work would have been easier and the problem that confronted them less difficult to solve. The great question to be decided was the precise location of their mission. Information was to be obtained and explorations made preparatory to this decision. The country was so large and the sources of information so limited that this was no easy task. Yet time was passing; winter would soon be upon them, and they felt the most anxious solicitude to enter upon the real work for which alone they were in the country before it came. While all felt this solicitude, and most earnestly co-operated with him, yet Mr. Lee, as the responsible superintendent of the work, felt the exigent pressure of the occasion much more severely than did his co-laborers. He must decide at last, and they were only to help him in carrying out that decision.

There were no sources of information but his own observations, and the voluntary communications of the gentlemen connected with the Hudson's Bay Company, of whom, for the time being, he and his companions were guests. His plans and purposes were so very different from any conception of theirs as to what the residence of white men among Indian tribes was for that he felt little dependence could be placed on their judgment in the premises, even conceding their kindly feeling towards his professed work—not altogether an easy concession. What to them, and for the purpose for which they were here, as trappers and hunters, might appear as a desirable location, to him and for his purpose might be the most undesirable. A people among whom he might hope to plant a vigorous and permanent Christian work; a people strong and virile enough to give promise of the endurance and ultimate fruitage of the seed he should plant in their hearts, was his first want. But this was not all. Mr. Lee had the prescience of a statesman as well as the zeal of an apostle. He could not but see that future national history was to date from him and from his work. Christianity, too, in him and by him was setting up Im-



DR. JOHN McLOUGHLIN.

manuel's claim to half a continent. And, while in this large sense he was the voice of another Forerunner proclaiming in the wilderness the coming Lord, in a special sense a great Church had intrusted to him her work and fame as the most regnant evangelic force of Christendom in a region larger than forty Palestines, and which, in him, she was pre-empting as her's and her Lord's. What wonder, then, that a decision thus fraught with immeasurable consequences appalled him, or that he should write in his dairy as he contemplated it:—

> "Could I know the identical spot the Lord designs for it, be it even a thousand miles in the interior, it would be a matter of rejoicing. O, my God, direct us to the place where we may best glorify Thee, and be most useful to these degraded red men."

Dr. McLoughlin, the superintendent of the interests of the Hudson's Bay Company west of the Rocky Mountains, resident at Vancouver, expressed great interest in the question that was so absorbing the attention of Mr. Lee. He was a very intelligent and able man, a giant both in body and mind. Though his opinions had great weight with Mr. Lee, they were not decisive. He listened, meditated, but, remembering that Dr. McLoughlin was the embodiment and representative of a great foreign commercial corporation antagonistic in its very elements to all the purposes for which his work stood, he left the decision to Providence and further information he personally should secure. Though he was too wise to give those about him any sign of the ground of this hesitancy, it is obvious from his journal that he felt from the first that he must not place his mission where the direct and constant and possibly jealous surveilance of those connected with this antagonistic force would be over him and his work. Still he spent some days in the examination of different locations in the neighborhood of Vancouver, but could find no place that, even aside from its objectionable nearness to the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company, offered the proper advantages.

Which way should he now turn? Eastward were the large nomadic tribes of the interior, inhabiting a beautiful country and enjoying a delightful climate. Northward the tribes of Puget Sound were located, dwelling on the Cowlitz and Nesqually plains, and girting all the borders of that inland sea with their camp-fires. Southward were the tribes of the Willamette. The latter were the most accessible. Their home was not far from the great Columbia, the port to which all vessels visiting the great northwest coast turned their prows.

It lay, also, south of the Columbia, and Mr. Lee was not unaware of the facts of the diplomatic controversy between Great Britain and the United States on the boundary question, and knew that it was not likely that any diplomatic stupidity on the part of the United States would surrender the country south of that river to the English. Therefore, after mature deliberation he decided to explore the Willamette.

The governor and gentlemen of the Hudson Bay Company offered him every possible facility for this work. They provided him boats, boatmen, and provisions for his journey. On the 19th of September, 1834, accompanied by Daniel Lee, he left the fort and dropped down the Columbia to the vicinity of the brig May Dacre, which had brought their missionary outfit around Cape Horn, and now lay anchored near the lower mouth of the Willamette. They spent a few days in this vicinity, examining some locations for a mission, and then proceeded up the Willamette River, the wilderness of whose banks had never been disturbed by the sound of an axe. The survey of the country was very laborious. Prairies were to be crossed, forests and thickets were to be penetrated, rivers to be forded, and all to be done under the disadvantages which entire ignorance of the country imposed.

On the 22nd of September we find them on what is one of the most beautiful and productive agricultural sections of Oregon, near where the Hudson's Bay Company had colonized quite a number of its superanuated servants, mostly Canadian Frenchmen, and hence this region was called "French Prairie." Their examination of this region was thorough, and yet Mr. Lee could come to no definate conclusion, and on the 25th he returned as far as the Falls of the Willamette, where Oregon City now stands, and made some examinations in that vicinity, but without decisive result. Returning to Vancouver he writes: "After mature deliberation on the subject of a location for our mission, and earnest prayer for divine guidance, I have nearly concluded to go to the Willamette." This was on Saturday. On Sabbath Mr. Lee preached twice at the Fort to a congregation in which were mingled the highest intelligence and the deepest ignorance. American, English, Scotch, French, Irish, Japanese. Kanakas, Halfbreeds and Indians were intermixed in the motly group. With exception of the discourse of Mr. Lee at Fort Hall, already mentioned, these were the first gospel sermons these solitudes ever heard. The congregation itself was a type of the gospels broadly human mission. The preacher was, for the time, and before this strange assembly, the incarnation of gospel message and purpose. The scene had a strange significance—an uncomprehended import. It was the introduction of a new force; a moral and spiritual force; into the elements that had hitherto given mold and character to Oregon, ever since, to civilized knowledge, there had been an Oregon. The auditors little appreciated it. To them it was only an incident to vary the hitherto unbroken monotony of trade and revel, of revel and trade, which had swung their wearing alternations until even savage and sordid hearts resented them. Even the preacher could hardly have augued the future of which this hour was the morning star.

With the Sabbath all doubt and hesitancy passed from the mind of Mr. Lee, and on Monday morning earnest preparations were begun for the removal to the Willamette. Again the characteristic kindness of Dr. McLoughlin was manifested in providing and manning a boat for the journey. Mr. Lee makes the following entry in his diary, which the justice of history requires should have a prominent record on this page.

"After dinner embarked in one of the Company's boats, kindly manned for us by Dr. McLoughlin, who has treated us with the utmost attention, politeness and liberality. The gentlemen of the Fort accompanied us to the boat, and most heartily wished us great success in our enterprise."

In addition to other tokens of substantial kindness Dr. McLoughlin loaned to Mr. Lee eight or ten cows, a very valuable accession to the comforts of the lonely band when they should become established in their work.

The greatness of these acts of kindness will not be understood without considering that it was easily within the power of the Hudson's Bay Company to put such impediments in the way of Mr. Lee as would almost certainly render his work a failure, and even his stay in the country impossible. Doubtless the devout reader will discover in these things evidences of a gracious supervision and direction, and adore the Great Disposer of hearts for His intervention, while yet he pays a grateful tribute to the memory of the human instrument of heaven's kindly work.

In the thoughts and feelings of Mr. Lee in regard to the location of the mission, which we have endeavored faithfully to interpret above, there is apparent some element of doubt as to the true intentions of Dr. McLoughlin towards the mission, also of suspicion of the motives that induced that gentleman to give the advice he did. Some writers, in late years, have ascribed all Dr. McLoughlin's advice to sinster motives. Nothing, we think, could be more unjust. Fidelity to the truth of history requires that we should let Dr. McLoughlin speak for himself. Those who were acquainted with him personally, as well as those who, without prejudice, have studied his character historically, must know that he was a man of great candor and clear judgement. The reasons for the advice he gave Mr. Lee he himself deliberately stated in a manuscript found among his papers after his death. The statement is as follows:

> "In 1834 Messrs. Jason and Daniel Lee, and Messrs. Walker and P. L. Edwards came with Mr. Wyeth to establish a mission in the Flathead country. I observed to them that it was too dangerous for them to establish a mission; that to do good to the Indians they must establish themselves where they could collect them around them; teach them first to cultivate the ground and live more comfortably than they do by hunting, and as they do this teach them religion; that the Willamette afforded them a fine field; that they ought to go there and they would get the same assistance as the settlers. They followed my advice and went to the Willamette."

What the decision that took Mr. Lee and his mission to the center of the Willamette valley really portended for the future of the history of the Church and the natives on the Pacific Coast can only be understood by understanding the relation of the field he occupied to the whole Pacific Northwest. He was too foresighted a man not to have foreseen, even in that early day, what has come to be solid fact long ago. It was no accident, nor yet was it any influence that Dr. McLoughlin or any other man or men had over him that determined his choice. It was his own clear and comprehensive statesmanship. Mr. Lee was not a man of hasty impulse. He was a man of careful thought; reticent in expression, but of prompt decision and vigorous action when his problem was thought out. Difficulties and toil were nothing to him. Ends were all. These clearly discerned, plain or rough, easy or difficult the way to them it were all the same. This nature did not play him false in the selection of the site of his mission.

Let the reader remember that on his journey into Oregon he had come down the great valley of the Snake River and that of the Columbia through the heart of what is now known as the "Inland Empire." He had studied the vast region west of the South Pass with the experienced eye of the traveler and with the anxiety of the missionary of the Cross looking for the place—the one place—where he might best set up his banners in the name of God. He passed over the very spot called Waiiletpu, where two years later, Dr. Whitman established his fated mission. He took careful note of the relations of the great Columbia valley to all the western slope of the continent for more than a thousand miles inland. He conversed with mountain men; rovers in the hills and on the plains whether of American or British companies. He met the Indians from the North and the South. When, at length, he had passed the barriers of all the mountain ranges, and at the foot of the great Cascades of the Columbia felt the throb and beat of the tides of the Pacific, more than a hundred miles from the sea, and saw before him and around him the mighty valley through which that matchless river rolled, he saw at once that he was in the heart of the land that must hold the future of the Pacific Empire. Reaching Vancouver where, from south and north and from east and west the great arable sweeps of land focus and centralize on this great river, he found his own conclusions vindicated by the example and advice of the head of one of the most astute and successful mercantile and commercial companies that was ever organized on the American continent, the Hudson's Bay Company. All that remained for him to do was to fix on the single spot in all that central region where he might inaugurate the work he had come to perform. Only a few days travel was necessary, so patent were the conditions to an eye so clear as his.

The reader is already advised that he made that selection very near where now stands the beautiful capital of the State of Oregon. It was at that time a solitude of unrivaled beauty. Go where the traveler may, he can find no spot on earth more beautiful than the Valley of the Willamette. As it lay in those old days, could there have been found an Adam and an Eve fresh from the Creator's hand, it might well have been mistaken for the olden Eden of the plains of the Euphrates. The river that rolled through its heart was clearer and purer than "Siloa's brook." Its plains, bathed in the soft sunlight of the September mornings and evenings were like the goodliest vales of which poets have sung. Its distant broidery of mountains, green-sloped and snow-crowned, hold within their God-wrought framing a relief picture of plain and woodland, of river and rivulet, of hill and valley, a hundred miles wide and a hundred and fifty long for which earth holds few, if any parallels. Jason Lee was not made of that insensitive stuff that could not feel, nor of that stony sightlessness that could not see that God had made and kindled all that glory for a wonderful destiny of power and prosperity. He saw it clearly. He comprehended it perfectly. He began at once to build for it.

It was the 29th of September 1834 when Mr. Lee took final leave of Vancouver, and floated rapidly down the broad Columbia towards the lower mouth of the Willamette. Captain Wyeth's brig lay just within the mouth, a little back of "Warrior's Point," where that adventurous trader had located a farm and erected a trading post on what is now known as Sauvie's Island. On the next day receiving a load of mission goods from the vessel, in company with Rev. D. Lee and Mr. P. L. Edwards he moved slowly up the Willamette and at night encamped on its bank. The quiet hour at the camp-fire was one of meditation and prayer. "O my God go with us," he prayed, "for if thy presence go not with us we cannot go up hence." Another day was spent toiling slowly up the heavy current of the river, through an unbroken wilderness, among high hills, dark with fir and cedar, and at night the camp-fire was again kindled about three miles above the site of the present City of Portland. The next morning an Indian village at the Falls of the Willamette was reached, and Indian help procured to make the portage of one mile. A wilder, more picturesque scene than the Willamette Falls then was it would be hard to imagine. Great basaltic abutments guard its either side. From their summits tall firs nod to the breeze. Overhanging willows dip their leafy cups into the crystal waters. The river above quietly seeks its foam-cut channel through the rocks, then ripples, bubbles, rushes, and leaps into a seething white cauldron below, gliding timidly out again and on to the tide of the sea. The curling smoke of the wigwams on either side rose noiselessly through the branches of the tall firs and floated away to the sky. Nature, serene, and untouched by art for all its ages, is slumbering in its dream, now first disturbed by the echoing foot-fall of coming change. It was a weary rest that sealed the eyelids of the missionary when the day's toil was done. Yet it was rest, though he found it "difficult to find a place to sleep except on small stones." On Monday, October 6th, the journey was completed, and a little before dark the party landed on the eastern bank of the river, on a beautiful prairie, and encamped on the selected ground of their toil.

The place chosen was just above the settlement of the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, on French Prairie, and considering the ignorance of the party in relation to the pecularities of different sections of the country, well chosen. They had reached it late in advancing autumn, were in an untried climate, and first of all must provide a shelter that would stand to them instead of home; little like, though it would be, that old remembered spot. They were their own axemen, carpenters, railmakers, oxdrivers, housewives, everything that the ever changing exigencies of the day required. Their work was interluded by religious services on Sunday, October 19, when Mr. Lee preached at the residence of a Mr. "Gervais" to a congregation of French, half-casts and Indians, few of whom understood anything he said. Five weeks of such labor passed. The rainy season had fairly begun. Partially sheltered by a small tent at night they were only poorly prepared for the day. The first week of November the logs of their house were up, a part of the roof on, and their goods moved into it. The house was of unhewn logs, 32 by 18 feet, and one story high. Even before it was completed Mr. Lee opened his direct missionary work by receiving Indian children into the family for the organization of a school, and to impart to them their first lessons of Christian faith.

VI

THE OPENING WORK.

"The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.' "—ISAIAH.

THE winter of 1834 and '35 was mainly and necessarily spent in preparation for the future. Beyond all people Indians are improvident for themselves, and consequently unable, even if willing, to supply the wants of others. Everything depended therefore on the strength of their own arm, and courage of their own will. Still amidst the toil of the month Mr. Lee found time and occasion to visit Vancouver, where on the 14th of December he preached, and baptised four adults and seventeen children. Undoubtedly these were the first that, on Oregon soil, were consecrated to God by the rite of holy baptism. The gentlemen of the Fort indicated their friendship for Mr. Lee and the mission by handing him a voluntary contribution of twenty dollars for its benefit.

With the opening spring the necessity for manual labor was no less urgent. Ground was to be fenced and broken, seed sown, and finally the harvest to be garnered. In the midst of this manual toil, some part of every day was employed in teaching the Indians, the children especially, and the Sabbaths were all diligently used for religious worship. Their services were established first at the house of Mr. Joseph Gervais, though afterwards removed to the mission station near by. The principal attendants were French and half-casts, children of the retired servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. Over the French, who were mostly from Canada, Mr. Lee had great influence, which he held to an unwonted degree until he finally left the country, notwithstanding the subsequent advent of Roman Catholic priests among them.

All that could be done during these months of preparation in the work of instructing the Indians was done. In March the mission school was confided to the faithful hands of Mr. Cyrus Shepard, who had spent the winter at Vancouver teaching the children belonging to the Fort. By midsummer the school appeared well established, when an incident occured which indicated at once the slight hold the mission had on the Indian mind, and the personal peril of the missionaries themselves in the prosecution of their peaceful work.

An Indian boy by the name of Ken-o-teesh was received in the school in April, and died the following August. The brother of Ken-o-teesh resolved to revenge his death by taking the life of Daniel Lee and Cyrus Shepard. He visited the mission, armed for the purpose, and remained over night seeking the opportunity to glut his barbarous appetite for blood. An Indian friendly to the missionaries had accompanied him to the mission and by his constant vigilence prevented his accomplishing his design. Not satisfied, however, without blood, soon after he left the mission premises he fell upon a small band of unarmed Indians and savagely murdered several of them.

Ill health, arising doubtless from the malaria from the newly turned prairie, interferred with the labors of the missionaries, and converted the mission into a hospital, so that Mr. Daniel Lee was compelled to seek relief in a voyage to the Sandwich Islands, and Mr. Edwards having left the service of the mission, only Jason Lee and Cyrus Shepard remained for the winter of 1835 and '36.

It was in 1835 that Rev. Samuel Parker visited Oregon in the service of A. B. F. M. with a view to the establishment of missionsamong the Indians west of the Rocky Mountains by the Board. He was a remarkably intelligent and comprehensive observer, and on his return to the east made a very able and important report to the Board that had sent him out. Later he published a book entitled, "Exploring Tour Beyond the Rocky Mountains," on the whole the most valuable and scientific account of the country published up to that time. Mr. Parker visited the Methodist Mission on the Willamette on the 26th of November, 1835. The account of his visit, giving as it does, the impressions of one eminently qualified to judge of the character of such work, is well worth transcribing on this page. It is as follows:

"Near the upper settlement the Methodist Church of the United States has established a mission among the Calapooah Indians, of whom there are but few remaining. Rev. Messrs. Jason Lee and Daniel Lee are the ordained missionaries, and Mr. Shepard teacher.

"Their principal mode of instruction for the present, is by means of schools. They have at this time Indian children in their school, supported in their family, and the prospect of obtaining others as fast as they can accomodate them. Their facilities for providing for their school are good, having an opportunity to cultivate as much excellent land as they desire, and to raise the necessaries of life in great abundance, with little more labor than what the scholars can perform, for their support. The missionaries have an additional opportunity of usefulness, which is to establish a Christian influence in these infant settlements. Mr. J. Lee preaches to them on the Sabbath, and they have a very interesting Sabbath school among the half-breed children. These children generally have fair complexions, active minds, and make a fine appearance. The prospect is that this mission may lay a foundation for extensive usefulness. There is yet one important desideratum—the missionaries have no wives. Christian white women are very much needed to exert an influence over Indian females. The female character must be elevated, and until this is done but little is accomplished, and females can have access to, and influence over females in many departments of instruction, to much better advantage than men. And the model which is furnished by an intelligent and pious family circle, is that kind of practical instruction, whether at home or abroad, which never fails to recommend the Gospel."

Mr. Parker remained with our missionaries only a couple of days, and they chanced to be at a time when a strange epidemic was raging among the Indian children at the mission, and during his brief stay several of them died.

It was a great relief and encouragement to Mr. Lee and his lonely company to have the visit and encouragement of this accomplished and Christian man, and indefatigable and intelligent explorer, and the benediction of his presence and prayers remained long after he had gone.

Notwithstanding the somewhat discouraging influences that surrounded the mission on account of the prevalent sickness spoken of, at the close of the year the school had so increased as to require a large addition to its accommodations. The children made rapid progress in the branches taught them, and manifested a very general ambition to lay aside habits of barbarism and adopt the manners of civilization.

And the mission had also at this time so impressed the gentlemen of Hudson's Bay Company then in the country, its influence was so marked for good on the retired servants of the company, that Dr. McLoughlin and other officers of the company at Vancouver voluntarily forwarded to Mr. Lee the generous donation of one hundred and fifty dollars under cover of the following note:

Fort Vancouver, 1st March, 1836.

"The Rev. Jason Lee,
Dear Sir:

I do myself the pleasure to hand you the enclosed subscription, which the gentlemen who have signed it request you will do them the favor to accept for the use of the mission; and they pray our Heavenly Father, without whose assistance we can do nothing, that of his infinite mercy he will vouchsafe to bless and prosper your pious endeavors, and believe me to be, with esteem and regard, your sincere well-wisher and humble servant.

JOHN McLOUGHLIN.

The personal character of those who contributed this sum and the terms in which their communication was made sufficiently indicate the favorable impression the work of the mission was making on their minds. None of these gentlemen were members of the community to which Mr. Lee belonged, and all of them were British subjects. Hence all the prejudices of country and even of religious affiliation stood to the disadvantage of the cause they so generously and delicately served on this occasion. It was one of those acts that redeem humanity from many surmises of utter selfishness, and deserved, as it received, the grateful acknowledgements of those in whose aid it was performed.

New as was the country, and distant from civilization, yet occasional episodes of thrilling interest were sometimes enacted with the wandering ones, who, either for crime or adventure, had strayed into those wild retreats. Many loved sons of New England mothers found lonely and unsculptured sepulture at the foot of some mountain, or by some rushing rivulet in this far-away clime, a prodigal, dying at last, only to feel when dying how fearful was the end of his wasted life. Mr. Lee was called to visit the death bed of such an one, Mr. G. Sargeant, a native of New England. As he entered the room the dying man told him, with horror in his tones, what a life of wickedness he had lived, and what a death of dispair he was dying. The memory of the Churches and Christianity of his native New England was upon his heart, while though sadly and unwillingly far away from them he was ending a miserable career. Mr. Lee pointed his dying eye to "The Lamb of God," and commended his soul to the mercy of the Divine Redeemer in humble, earnest prayer. Responding a deep, and apparently sincere "amen," he ceased at once to breathe.

The year 1836 was closing. On the last day of December it was found that added to the miscellaneous labors of preaching the Gospel among the roving tribes and in the scattered settlements of French and half-breeds the mission had under instruction twenty-five children. By their own labor the missionaries had raised enough food to sustain themselves and the school for the following year.

It is well to pause here and note that this manual labor was a severe tax on the time and strength of the missionaries. To Mr. Jason Lee, as superintendent, all looked to set an example of industry in whatever department the call of the hour required effort. That example was never wanting. He proved himself the careful and competent superintendent, as well as the earnest and hard-working laborer, and the consecrated minister.

Now occured an event in which Mr. Lee and his coadjutors stepped boldly out to the front to shield the Indian tribes and all others in the country from a swift and terrible destruction. Two men had entered into an engagement to begin the manufacture of ardent spirits, and had already begun work by procuring apparatus for that purpose. It would not only have been destruction to the mission, but probably death to the missionaries. The gentlemen of the mission addressed to Young and Carmichael, the persons engaged in the criminal purpose, a bold but dignified and decided protest. They reminded them that they were violating the laws of the United States, endangering the lives of the people, and ended by promising to pay them what they had already expended if they would only desist from their purpose. Young and Carmichael replied endeavoring to extenuate their purpose, alleging the tyranny of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the obstacles thrown by that company in the way of all business enterprises but their own, but finally agreed to abandon the undertaking, declining, however, to receive any compensation for their outlay. No other influence but that of the missionaries could have secured the country at that time from the blighting curse of rum.

In connection with the incident just recorded it seems proper at this point to relate another that still more strongly illustrates the strength and influence the mission had attained in the brief time it had existed.

With all the personal friendship of Dr. McLoughlin for Mr. Lee, and the constant favors that as a man he was conferring upon the mission, in his relation to both as head of the Hudson's Bay Company, he was compelled to be governed by the rules and policy of the company he served. Some of these rules bore hardly on all who were not connected with that great company, and though originally adopted to shield the company from all business competition, their application was just as burdensome to the poor settlers in the country and to the missionaries as they would have been to business enterprises. Among these rules was this: All the cattle in the country belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company, and the policy of the company forbade the selling of any to any one. They would loan cows to the settlers, including the missionaries, but they must be returned with all of their increase. All felt that this state of things could not be endured. The mission, with Jason Lee at its head as Dr. McLoughlin was at the head of the Hudson's Bay Company, was the only body that could step forward, either for its own liberation or the liberation of the few settlers of the country from what they all felt to be a tyranny. Mr. Lee in his direct, plain way, proposed the organization of a company for the purpose of sending to California and purchasing a band of neat cattle for the settlers and the mission. The few settlers responded to the plan to the extent of their ability. For the most part the subscriptions of the settlers were paid in service in going to California, obtaining, and driving the cattle to the Willamette, a distance of about 600 miles. The enterprise was entirely successful. The expedition was put under the care of Mr. Ewing Young, with Mr. P. L. Edwards of the original missionary force as treasurer. In a few weeks it returned with six hundred head of cattle which were distributed among the settlers according to the terms of the compact. The justice of history cannot be preserved without saying at this point, that while, as the head of the Hudson's Bay Company Dr. McLoughlin rigorously executed the rules of that corporation in all respects, yet he not only did not oppose this enterprise of Mr. Lee, but he became personally a subscriber to the stock of the cattle company to a considerable extent, and practically all the money used on the occasion came from the mission through Mr. Lee and from Dr. McLoughlin. This was the beginning of the end of Hudson's Bay dominance in Oregon, but as the "Relations of the missions and the Hudson's Bay Company" are to be discussed in a subsequent chapter, no more need be said about it now.

Another incident closely associated with the preceeding, and showing in a still wider sense the attention the mission as the center and organizer of whatever American sentiment existed in the country was attracting, was this: At the close of 1836 Mr. William A. Slacum, United States naval agent, on a special mission to the coast, arrived in the Columbia on the brig Loriot, and was anchored near the mouth of the Willamette, when plans were being made for the importation of the cattle. His position as a representative of the United States government gave him great influence. He seemed every way to deserve it. He visited nearly every house in the community, took an account of the produce of their farms and the number of the inhabitants and interested himself in every way in the American settlement and in the mission as its center. When the company that was sent to California for the cattle was ready to go he made the generous offer to convey them to San Francisco in his brig free of expense, except for board, which offer was of course gratefully accepted, and thus easily and speedily they were conveyed to their destination.

As Mr. Slacum was taking leave of the country he was accompanied by Mr. Jason Lee as far as Vancouver. As he was leaving the mission, which he mainly made his headquarters while in the country, a letter signed by the missionaries, commendatory of his course while in the country, was put into his hands. At his last interview with Mr. Lee at Vancouver, just before the sailing of his vessel, he put into Mr. Lee's hand the following letter, most appreciative of the work of the mission and most honorable to himself as a gentleman and an American:—

"American Brig Loriot, off the Wallamet,
18th January, 1837.

My Dear Sirs:

I have much pleasure in acknowledging your kind favor of the 16th, and I beg leave to thank you for the expression of regard contained therein. It was indeed a source of regret that I could continue no longer at your mission on the banks of the Wallamet, for the visit was to me one of exceeding interest. On my return to the civilized parts of our country I shall not hesitate to express my humble opinion that you have already effected a great public good by practically showing that the Indians west of the Rock Mountains are capable of the union of mental and physical discipline, as taught at your establishment. For I have seen with my own eyes children who, two years ago, were roaming in their own native wilds in a state of savage barbarism, now being brought within the knowledge of moral and religious instruction, becoming useful members of society by being taught the most useful of all arts, agriculture, and all this without the slightest compulsion.

As an evidence of my good will towards the laudable efforts you are making in this remote quarter, debarred of almost every comfort, deprived of the association of kindred, and of home, I beg you to accept herewith the sum of fifty dollars, only regretting my means at present will not allow me to add more. I pray you to accept, my dears sirs, the assurances of the unfeigned regard of

Your friend and obedient servant,
WM. A. SLACUM, U.S.N.

When Mr. Slacum was preparing to leave the country a petition was drawn up and signed by the Americans in the Willamette, and, at the close of 1836, that meant little more than the members of the Methodist Mission there; and several of the French and Canadians, asking the United States government to recognize them, and to extend over the country the protection of its laws. This was put into the hands of Mr. Slacum. That gentleman made a very able and exhaustive report to the State Department, especially careful in its study of the condition, business and methods of the Hudson's Bay Company all over the Pacific Northwest. His visit and reports undoubtedly had a very favorable influence on the sentiments and action of the government relating to Oregon.

We will now return to the relation of the general course of the work in the mission itself.

When Mr. Lee was on his journey to Oregon in 1834 he traveled, as our readers will remember, in company with some of the Cayuse and Walla Walla Indians between Fort Hall and Walla Walla. Among these Indians was a Cayuse by the name of We-lap-tu-lekt, who became deeply interested in the purpose of Mr. Lee's mission. Finding that he had decided to remain in the Willamette instead of returning to Walla Walla to establish the mission, in July, 1836, Welaptulekt brought two of his sons to the mission school to be educated. He was so well pleased with what he saw and heard there that he returned at once to his country and removed his entire family and settled them near the mission. His children entered the school and made rapid advancement. This was hailed as an omen of good by the missionaries, as it showed that the leaven of their work was operating far beyond the limits of their own mission. But this was quickly all changed. Two of Welaptulekt's children died, another was taken with a burning fever, and Welaptulekt's superstitious fears were all aroused. He fled with his family from what a few weeks before he had sought as an asylum of life and hope for him and his, but which had proved the house of death to them. Before he had proceeded far the other child died, and wrapping its form in a blanket he hastened still more rapidly up the Columbia, sounding the death wail through the night and over the wave.

This incident had a widespread effect. It reached with disastrous force the Indian mind, for two hundred miles around. That mind had, in its deep superstition, a basis of suspicion and fear already laid, and such an event only too strongly aroused that suspicion. Why should the neighborhood of the mission be so fatal? Why, in the presence of the missionaries should the Indian race fade and die? What fearful "medicine" was there in the white man's shadow that, as it rested on the Indian's path, poisoned his steps? The Indian was never a reasoner. He knows literally nothing of any law of ratiocination. What he sees that is good, according to his idea of good, is the effect of "good medicine." He stops not to ask the why or the wherefore.

One of the most difficult works that ever grace performed is to lift an Indian out of his old superstitions and paganism so as to enthrone a Christian reason in his dark mind. His nature has run in ruts of darkness for ages how long? The world and even the church never allows Christianity and Christian agencies half enough time for their work. They are childish in their demand for "immediate results." The Church certainly ought to be able to "wait," for she has the heritage of the ages.

It is not surprising that this unfortunate conclusion of the attempts of an Indian father to educate his children and prepare them for a life of civilization should exert such deep and widespread apprehension among the Indians. It was much more difficult after this to procure children for the school than it had been. Still the prospects of the mission were far from being discouraging. Indeed they were so much the reverse of this that Mr. Lee had already written to the Board at home, urgently requesting reinforcements to be sent forward. The Board had responded by the appointment of eight persons, including a physician, as assistant missionaries, and dispatching them from Boston in July of 1836. This reinforcement included also five ladies, and as they were, next to Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spaulding, of the mission of the American Board of the interior, the pioneers of their sex in the christianization of Oregon, it is proper their names should be here recorded. They were Mrs. Dr. E. White, Mrs. Alanson Beers, Miss Anna Maria

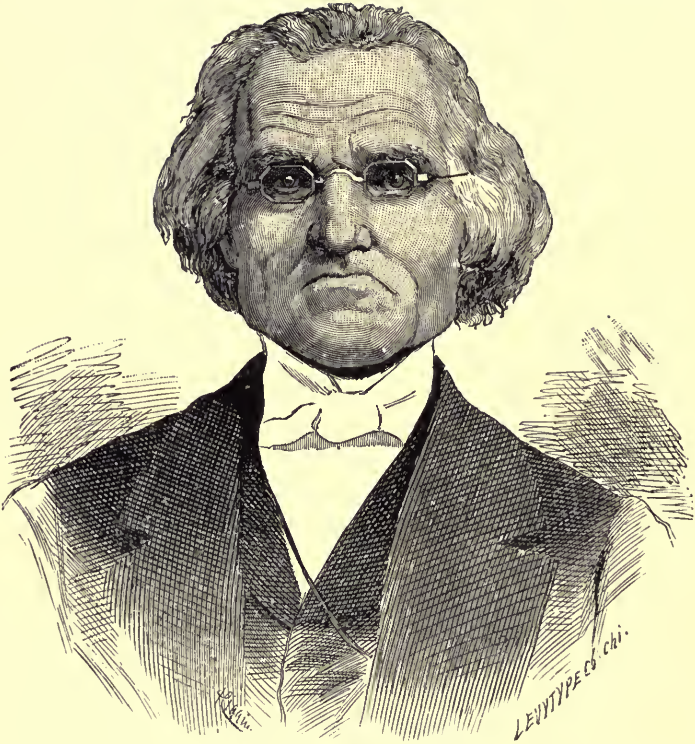
Pittman, Miss Susan Downing and Miss Elvira Johnson. This company reached Oregon in May, 1837, having been only two months less than a year from Boston. How they were welcomed by the missionaries, especially as they were hereafter to have their lone mission home lighted up by the presence of educated and Christian females, may be imagined.

The work of the mission was at once enlarged. Discharged by the opportune arrival of the lay helpers from the great burden of domestic care and manual labor heretofore necessary, Mr. Lee was henceforth able to devote more time to the strictly spiritual department of the mission. Still, lest those unacquainted with Indian character should be mislead, and so underestimate the manual part of mission work, it is proper to note that in all successful Indian missions the plow and the gospel go together. It is harder to teach an Indian to work than it is to teach him to worship. He is indolent except in war and in the chase, and he has been taught that work is for the slaves and women. So while Mr. Lee was holding the plow, driving the oxen,or hewing the beam, he was breaking down the old prejudices of the Indian mind against work, and really every time he turned a furrow of the prairie sod he was driving a not less needed plowshare through the stubborn moral soil that surrounded him.

Little could be done comparatively in any Indian mission for the improvement of the adults. Some of the more amiable and capable will give good response to effort, but for the most part the mental and moral accretions of years of vicious and barbarous life are too thoroughly hardened into their very being to be materially modified by civilizing or even Christianizing influences. In some cases the sinister comparison between the intelligence, refinement and comfort of a state of civilization, and the ignorance, barbarism and degradation of their own condition seems to repel from the former, and with a scornful contempt of change they proudly choose the old traditions of their race, and wrap themselves in even a gloomier barbarism. The school, where the young can be withdrawn from contact with barbarism, where they can have the example of Christian life, as well as the teaching of letters and science, is the absolute need and the only hope. Very early did this conclusion force itself on the clear perception of Mr. Lee, and the mission school became the chief object of solicitude at the station. Under the general supervision of Mr. Lee Mr. Cyrus Shepard had the special oversight of the children. A truer missionary never wrought in any field than Cyrus Shepard. The school under his management was an eminent success, and the glory and the life of the Oregon mission. The scholars made very rapid advancement in the English language, and in the elements of science, and many of them gave good evidence of conversion in the virtues and tempers of a daily Chirstian life. At this midsummer about forty were in attendance, and the outlook was exceedingly encouraging.

During vacation Mr. Lee and his faithful teacher and friend, Cyrus Shepard, and their wives, took two missionary tours among the scattering Indian bands inhabiting the upper valley of the Willamette and that region of the coast known as Tillamook Plains. These journeys occupied the whole of the month of August, and were variegated by the pleasantest and most romantic scenery, the finest prairie encampments, and then by the most precipitous and mountainous ascents and descents over the whole Coast Range of Mountains to the sea. Much of the country traversed, then untouched by the hand of improvement, is now the most charming rural home-world of Oregon. The silence that then reigned unbroken except by the voices of savages and wild beasts, has long since heard the echo of the church bell, the call to college and seminary halls, the tread of trade, the rushing to and fro of the ponderous engine, as all the busy ways of civilized industry have been opened on the old desolations. Their labor among the scattered clans probably produced little permanent fruit further than to direct the attention of the younger of them to the possibility of a better state. Yet even this possibility seems, in the logic of the Indian, to be only for the white race not for them, or for their children.

September, 1837, was signalized by the arrival at the mission station of another reinforcement, consiting of Rev. David Leslie and wife, Rev. H. K. W. Perkins and Miss Margaret Smith. This was a very important accession to the force of the mission. Mr. Leslie was a minister of experience, having for a number of years held important positions in the New England Conference, and was well qualified by general culture and the stability and integrity of his character to support and strengthen the work of the mission. Mr. Perkins was a younger man, of singular devotion to the work to which he had been appointed, and with a spirit of enthusiasm which pushed him forward in his work, and often rendered that work more than ordinarily successful. It was that character of reinforcement which the mission greatly need-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REV. DAVID LESLIE.

ed. The secular department was already better provided for than the ministerial; Jason and Daniel Lee being all the ministers connected with it. So late in the autumn, however, did Mr. Leslie and Mr. Perkins reach the country that it was impracticable to establish any other station until the storms of the winter had passed. In preparation, however, for such enlargement of the work at an early day, Mr. Lee undertook a very difficult and laborious journey to the country of the Umpquas, two hundred miles to the south, and reported to contain several thousand Indians accessible to missionary effort.

This journey was performed in the middle of the winter. The streams were swollen by long continued rains. The narrow trails through morass and wilderness were often nearly impassable. Though the Indian tribes through which he traveled were not hostile, yet they could offer very few of even the necessaries of life to alleviate his discomforts. On reaching Fort Umpqua, then a trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, he found the condition of the country such that it appeared impracticable to pursue his explorations further, but he secured much encouraging information in regard to the tribes of the valley and coast. So difficult and laborious was his journey that it consumed nearly two months, he reaching the station on the Wallamette on his return on the 11th day of March, 1838.

The time had now evidently come for an enlargement of the field of the mission. There were now four ministers connected with it, and their services were not all needed on the Willamette station. After a thorough canvass of the present wants and future possibilities of various sections of the country, the superintendent determined, in accordance with the unanimous advice of the missionaries, clerical and lay, to establish the new station eastward of the Cascade Mountains, and fixed upon a point near The Dalles of the Columbia, among the Wasco Indians, as the one having most present importance and future prospect in its favor.

In this decision was again evinced the statesman like grasp and forecast of Mr. Lee's mind. He already held the center of the lower country. Dr. Whitman, of the A. B. C. F. M., had located three hundred miles eastward. Mr. Lee determined to now occupy a point where all the converging lines of travel from the eastward meet to pass the barriers of the Cascade Mountains to reach the valley of the lower Columbia and the Willamette. This place was then known as Wascopam. It was on the south bank of the Columbia, about three miles below the lower end of that narrow, rock-bound channel known as La Dalles, and was a place of most picturesque scenery. The present city of "The Dalles" is located on the ground chosen for the mission.

The new mission determined upon, the superintendent designated Rev. Daniel Lee and Rev. H. K. W. Perkins as the missionaries. Mr. Lee was cool, deliberate, cautious and prudent though persistent and determined. Mr. Perkins was enthusiastic, hopeful, full of fiery zeal, and had intense spirituality. Together there was the daring and impetuosity of assault and the hardness and stability of defence. Both were deeply and unwaveringly pious. Had the number from whom to choose been much greater, the superintendent could not have found two men better adapted to such a work or more completely complemental of each other.

Mr. Lee and Mr. Perkins left the mission on the Willamette on the 14th of March, 1838, for the new station. They embarked in two canoes, with a cargo of supplies, and passing down the Willamette about sixty miles and then up the Columbia about seventy-five, reached Wascopam safely on the 22d, and immediately began their work, holding meetings with the Indians, and teaching them as well as they were able in the limited and unelastic "jargon" which was then used as the medium of communication with the natives, the first principles of saving truth. The story of the work in this field will be recorded in a later chapter.

VII.

AN EPOCH OF HISTORY.

"A new heaven and a new earth."

—JOHN.

AT this time, outside of the mission, there was no society in Oregon. Those who made any pretension to a life above that of the savages were mostly Canadian Fench, who, by long residence among the Indians had become in habit and life very like those they had so long associated with. They lived in the camp and on the trail, and the one had been a scene of barbarity and the other of carousal. They were living in a sort of concubinage with Indian women whom they took to their homes or cast away at pleasure. It is difficult to depict to those who have never seen any of this character of life its utter degradation of thought and feeling and action. Standing in the midst of this degradation the mission family, consisting of seven males and five females, was a world to itself, and a new world to those who surrounded them. In the mission house there were books, intelligence, refined speech and cultured manners. In short, there were civilization and Christianity.

Outside there were no books, little intelligence, coarse speech, barbarism and paganism. This band of twelve two thousand miles away from the nearest echo of the church bell reminds one of that other and earlier band of like number who took the banner of the Crucified fresh from the pierced hand of the cross and went forth to the conquest of the world. This twelve bore a kindred banner and had come forth to a kindred conquest. Their faith in the "Captain of their Salvation" was hardly less radical than that of the first disciples. Their isolation was even more complete. The earlier stood where deep philosphies and trained thought could weigh in intellectual scales the message brought them from Zion. These stood where stolid ignorance, incapable of weighing argument or appreciating culture heard their message with listless indifference. Theirs was the more hopeless mission. The eulogies we pronounce on the old apostleship that carried the gospel into Macedonia are but the just tribute we should pay that not less self-denying apostleship that planted the Gospel first in Oregon.

On the arrival of the "elect ladies" at the mission the influence of its work began perceptibly to broaden. The old truth, uttered in the very infancy of our race, "It is not good for the man to be alone," was founded in the order of a divine philosophy. It is as true in missions among heathen and barbarous tribes as anywhere in life. After opportunities of wide observation running through near half a century among Indian missions, Protestant and Catholic, the writer is prepared to say that any mission that leaves out the family is an assured failure.

The necessity of the presence of Christian womanhood and wifehood to the ultimate success of missionary work among the barbarous peoples to whom he was sent was clear to Mr. Lee and his coworkers from the beginning. It was also clear to the Missionary Board under whose direction they labored. But they were to enter into an absolutely unknown land, and simple prudence required that they should come alone, although it was well understood that at as early a day as Providence should seem to dictate Christian ladies should join them in their distant field. They came not too soon nor too many. They were not too soon to relieve the missionaries from the cares of domestic toil that necessarily required their attention, nor too many for the influence of the mission among the surrounding people.

Sabbath, the 16th day of July, 1837, was a day that dated an epoch not only in the work of the mission, but in the history of the Pacific Coast as well. Near the mission house, on the margin of a most beautiful prairie, stood one of those groves of small fir trees, with some interspersing oaks, that impart such romantic loveliness to the plains of the Willamette. It had been carefully prepared and seated for the small congregation that was expected to join in the first public sacramental service ever held west of the Rocky Mountains, and to witness the marriage of Mr. Cyrus Shepard and Miss Susan Downing, a lady of culture and high Christian character, who had left her fine New England home to join her affianced husband in the deep wilderness of Oregon, and with him there to dedicate her life to missionary service. The day was one of Oregon's loveliest. The cloudless sky, with a clear blue seen nowhere but on the Pacific Coast, bent from horizon to horizon, a canopy of glory over the scene. A gentle sea-breeze just rustled the evergreen branches of the firs which distilled a sweet, odorous welcome to the little band that were quietly gathering for fellowship and worship under their cool shadows. Seven men and five women came from the mission house. A few white men, who, some chance day, had strayed down from the mountains or floated up from the sea, led by curiosity or prompted by the Good

Spirit, found their way to the shadowy sanctuary. Besides the five from the mission house there was not another white woman within two hundred and fifty miles, and but two others west of the Rocky Mountains. The mission school of thirty or forty Indian children was there. Around the outskirts of the little audience a fringe of the dusky daughters of the forest, with scarlet shawls about their shoulders, with beaded leggings and moccasins, stood or reclined, a suggestive and romantic framework for the little group of civilized and Christian life within the circle. The Canadian-Frenchmen of the settlement, with their Indian companions and half-caste children, in decent attire, and with timid decorousness, occupied seats with the Americans. Few such congregations were ever gathered.

When all were seated Mr. Jason Lee arose and in his composed, impressive way announced Addison's beautiful hymn of gratitude:—

"When all thy mercies, O! my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

It may well be thought that this beautiful and soulful hymn was sang that morning in that Oregon grove "with the Spirit and with the understanding also."

Mr. Lee then "fervently addressed the Throne of Grace, while every knee bent in the attitude of supplication and many prayers went up as a memorial before God."

Mr. Lee then arose and addressed the audience as follows:—

"My Beloved Friends and Neighbors. More than two years have passed since God, in his providence, cast my lot among you. During this period I have addressed you many times and on various subjects, and I trust that you bear me witness this day that I have never, in any one instance, advised you to that which is wrong, but that I have, on all occasions, urged you to "cease to do evil and learn to do well." I have frequently spoken to you, in no measured terms, upon the subject of the holy institution of marriage, and endeavored to impress you with the importance of that duty. It is an old saying, and a true one, that example speaks louder than precept, and I have long been convinced that if we would have others practice what we recommend, circumstances being equal, we must set them the example. And now, my friends, I intend to give you unequivocal proof that I am willing in this respect at least to practice what I have so often commended to you."

Mr. Lee then stepped forward and led Miss Anna Maria Pittman to the altar, where Rev. Daniel Lee, according to the ordinance of God, pronounced them husband and wife, "for better or for worse, till death them should part." A pleased and gratified surprise was depicted on every countenace, for, with the exception of Daniel Lee, not one of all the company had the slightest intimation that this union, which all desired to see, would ever be consummated. Cyrus Shepard then led Miss Downing forward and they also were united in marriage by Jason Lee. Then Mr. Charles Roe and Miss Nancy, an Indian maiden of the Callapooia tribe, were also married, after which Mr. Lee preached a sermon of great power and pathos from Numbers x: 29, "Come then with us and we will do thee good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel." All were greatly moved, and even the furrowed cheeks of some of the old French mountaineers, who did not understand the language spoken by the preacher, were washed with tears.

Mr. Lee then read the Rules of the Methodist Episcopal Society, after which he baptized the young man just married, and received him into the church. The Lord's Supper was then administered. It was a thrilling hour, Mr. Lee says: "I have seldom known the presence of the Lord more sensibly and powerfuly manifested. A young man from New York, who had been brought up a Quaker, and who had for some months given good evidence that he was converted and had been for some time earnestly praying that his duty in regard to baptism might be made plain to him, came forward and begged to be baptised and received into the church, that he might have the privilege of partaking of the Lord's Supper." This was Mr. Webley Hauxhurst, who is well known in the annals of Oregon Methodism as the first white man converted west of the Rocky Mountains, and the first name recorded on the illustrious list of those uniting with the church on the Pacific Coast. It was a great honor, and Mr. Hauxhurst carried it worthily until, fifty years thereafter, he passed to the Church Triumphant in Heaven. The exercises closed with a Love Feast, and, in addition to the Christian testimony given by every member of the church in the Willamette Valley at that time, several of the Canadians, Roman Catholics, spoke of their past wickedness penitently, and expressed a purpose to lead Christian lives and save their souls.

Undoubtedly this day must be counted as the date of the real founding of the Christian Church in its visible, outward form in Oregon. The Gospel was preached, baptism and the Lord's Supper celebrated, three couples were married according to the rites of the church, and two persons—Webley Hauxhurst and Charles Roe—were received and recorded as accepted members of the mystical body of which Christ is the head. These were all first acts of their kind in Oregon, and it would undoubtedly be historically accurate to say that the church was first organized on the Pacific Coast on the 16th day of July, 1837. That day dates an epoch.

VIII.

LEE'S RETURN TO THE EAST.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless return again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him."—PSALMIST.

THREE full years had now passed since Jason Lee and his earliest coadjutors began their missionary work in Oregon. Amidst difficulties that would have daunted any but the bravest of men, and perils that would have frightened any but the most resolute and determined from the field, they had crossed the continent, selected the site of their stations, built houses, fenced and cultivated farms and thoroughly entrenched Christianity in the very center of the country. They had not only planted a Church but an empire, an everlasting kingdom. The questions they had been obliged to determine were of the broadest and weightiest character. After history has shown them to have been so wisely determined that these men, and especially Mr. Lee, with whom was the final determination in all cases, takes his place among the wisest master builders of Methodism any where between the seas.

With the opening of 1838 it appeared evident that the rapidly changing circumstances of the country and the new and opening fields for work among the Indians demanded an increase of laborers far beyond any previous reinforcement. There was also in all minds a clear conviction that some great forward movement of civilization to occupy Oregon was in the thoughts and on the tongues of statesmen and diplomats. Great nations were awakening to the greatness of the land beyond the mountains. The few God-commissioned men who had led the advance of civilization and religion into the wilderness were feeling stirring within them that prophecy with which God touches the souls of his agents when He has for them mighty preparations for mighty events which His providences "half conceals, half discloses." At several meetings of the missionaries this subject had awakened absorbing interest. It was ever recurring to them. They were moved to a common conclusion. Mr. Lee himself listened, meditated, communed with God, put his soul in accord with what might prove to be God's purpose, and waited for the sure call. Almost from the beginning of the of the discussion, which followed immediately upon the pregnant events recorded in the last chapter, his coadjutors were unanimously of the opinion that it was the duty of Mr. Lee himself to return to the United States and lay the work of the mission and the condition of the country before the Missionary Board and the Church at large, and ask the needed aid. There were then in the field with him all those who accompanied him to the coast in 1834, namely, Rev. Daniel Lee, Cyrus Shepard and P. L Edwards, and in addition to these Rev. David Leslie, Rev. H. K. W. Perkins, Dr. Elijah White, Mr. Alanson Beers, and Mr. W. H. Willson, not to mention the wives of these men, who, in devotion, intelligence and careful judgment, were the noble equals of their husbands. When the reader remembered who these men and women were, and calls to mind the long and noble service they rendered to Oregon in the after years, he will feel that such advice from such a council must sound in the heart of such a man as Jason Lee like the voice of God.

Still Mr. Lee did not respond hastily to that decision. He was here in charge of great interests. A great church had set him a sentinel on her most advanced outpost. No small consideration could justify him in leaving it in charge of another. He was a man who was always married to his work. His devotion to it was more steadfast than that of lover to his affianced. Besides he knew the perils of that "great and terrible wilderness" that must be crossed, and even his daring spirit did not covet the months of weariness and exposure needful for the journey. He says in his journal: "I endeavored to persuade myself that it was not duty to go, and tried to compose my mind to represent the circumstances and wants of the mission by writing." But the conviction grew upon his mind that the judgment of his co-laborers indicated a Providential though unwelcome duty. That word, duty, could by him be responded to only by obedience. So he said: "I prepared to leave home and wife and friends and retrace my steps to the land of civilization." One can hear the pathetic heart-beats of the great missionary when this hard compulsion of duty was upon him, as he reads these words.

March was advancing, and but a few days remained for preparations for the journey, but such men have always staff in hand and sandals on their feet when their names are called.

At this point occurred one of those great episodes that identify and reveal the potent forces that underlie and give character to history. Without attention to these such forces are not capable of historic description. It was as follows:

After Mr. Lee had determined to return to the United States the American citizens resident in the Willamette Valley, and such of the Canadians as desired to become citizens, met together in a "mass meeting," at the mission to formulate a memorial to be forwarded by his hand, "To the Honorable, the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America." It was prepared by Jason Lee and P. L. Edwards, doubtless assisted by David Leslie. It was a paper remarkable for its patriotism, its clear and long-sighted statesmanship, and the literary ability that characterized it. It was signed by every male member of the mission at the Willamette station, ten in number; by seventeen American citizens, nearly all that were in the country, and by nine French Canadians who desired to become citizens of the United States. This constituted about three-fourths of all the white male inhabitants of the Willamette Valley at that time. The memorial was committed to the hands of Mr. Lee for safe carriage to Washington and delivery to Congress. So intimately were the missionary work and American interests in Oregon interwoven that this great State paper must find a place in the annals of missionary history on this coast. We quote as follows:—

"The undersigned, settlers of the Columbia River, beg leave to represent to your honorable body that the settlement, begun in 1832, has hitherto prospered beyond the most sanguine expectations of its first projectors. The products of our fields have amply justified the most flattering descriptions of the fertility of the soil, while the facilities which it affords for raising cattle are, perhaps, exceeded by those of no country in North America. The people of the United States, we believe, are not generally apprised of the extent of valuable country west of the Rocky Mountains. A large portion of the territory from the Columbia River south to the boundary line between the United States and the Mexican Republic, and extending from the coast of the Pacific about 250 or 300 miles to the interior, is either well supplied with timber or adapted to pasturage or agriculture. The fertile valleys of the Willamette and Umpqua are varied with prairies and woodland, and intersected by abundant lateral streams, presenting facilities for machinery. Perhaps no country of the same latitude is found with a climate so mild. The winter rains, it is true, are an objection, but they are generally preferred to the snows and intense cold which prevail in the northern parts of the United States. The ground is seldom covered with snow, nor does it ever remain but a few hours.

We need hardly allude to the commercial advantages of the territory. Its happy position for trade with China, India and the western coast of America will be readily recognized. The growing importance, however, of the islands of the Pacific is not so generally known and appreciated. As these islands progress in civilization their demands for the produce of more northern climates will increase. Nor can any country supply them with beef, flour, etc., on terms so advantageous as this. A very successful effort has recently been made at the Sandwich Islands in the cultivation of coffee and sugar cane. A colony here will, in time, thence easily derive these articles and other tropical products in exchange for the products of their own labor. We have briefly alluded to the natural resources of the country, and to its external relations. They are, in our opinion, strong inducements for the government of the United States to take formal and speedy possession. We urge this step as promising to the general interests of the nation. But the advantages it may confer upon us and the evils it may avert from our prosperity, are incalculable.

Our social intercourse has thus far been prosecuted with reference to the feelings of dependence on the Hudson's Bay Company, and to their moral influence . Under this state of things we have thus far prospered, but we cannot hope that it will continue. The agricultural and other resources of the country cannot fail to induce emigration and commerce. As our settlement begins to draw its supplies through other channels, the feeling of dependence upon the Hudson's Bay Company, which we have alluded to as one of the safeguards of our social intercourse, will begin to diminish. We are anxious when we imagine what will be, what must be, the condition of so mixed a community, free from all legal restraint, and superior to that moral influence which has hitherto been the pledge of our safety.

Our interests are identical with those of the country of our adoption. We flatter ourselves that we are the germ of a great state, and are anxious to give an early tone to the moral and intellectual character of its citizens. We are fully aware, too, that the destines of our posterity will be intimately affected by the character of those who emigrate to this country. The territory must populate. The congress of the United States must say by whom. The natural resourses of the country, with a well judged civil code, will invite a good community. But a good community will hardly emigrate to a country which promises no protection to life or property. Inquiries have already been submitted to some of us for information of the country. In return we can only speak of a country highly favored by nature. We can boast of no civil code. We can promise no protection but the ultimate result of self-defense. By whom then, shall our country be populated? By the reckless and unprincipled adventurer, and not by the hardy and enterprising pioneer of the west. By the Botany Bay refugee, by the renegade of civilization from the Rocky Mountains, by the profligate, deserted seamen from Polynesia, and the unprincipled sharpers from South America. Well are we assured that it will cost the government of the United States more to reduce elements of discord to social order, than to promote our permanent peace and prosperity by a timely action of congress. Nor can we suppose that so vicious a population could be relied on in case of a rupture between the United States and any other power.

Our intercourse with the natives among us, guided by the same influence which has promoted harmony among ourselves, has been generally pacific. But the same causes which will interrupt harmony among ourselves, will also interrupt our friendly relations with the natives. It is, therefore, of primary importance, both to them and to us, that the government should take energetic measures to secure the execution of all laws affecting Indian trade and the intercourse of white men and

Indians. We have thus briefly shown that the security of our persons and our property, the hopes and destinies of our children are involved in the objects of our petition. We do not presume to suggest the manner in which the country should be occupied by the government, nor the extent to which our settlement should be encouraged. We confide in the wisdom of our national legislators, and leave the subject to their candid deliberations; and your petitioners will ever pray.

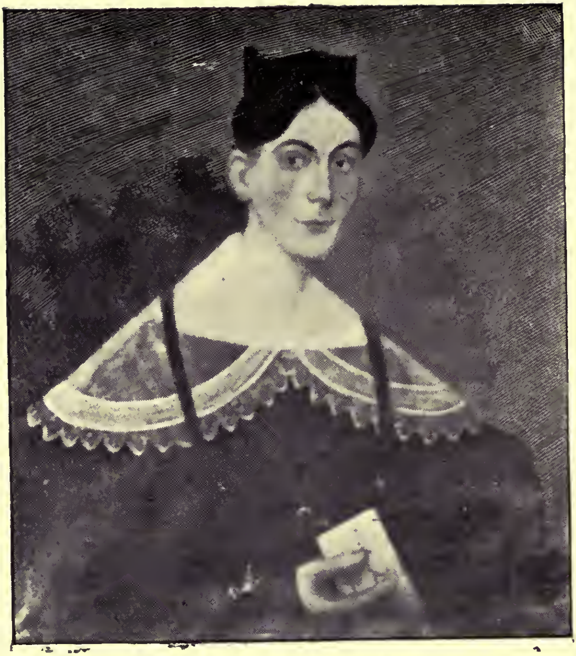
J. L. WHITCOMB,
And thirty-five others.

March 16, 1838.

This memorial was safely taken to its destination by Mr. Lee and presented to the Senate through Senator Linn of Missouri, one of the ablest and most steadfast friends that Oregon had in Congress, January 28, 1839. Within ten days Mr. Linn presented a bill establishing a Territory north of latitude 42° and west of the Rocky Mountains to be called Oregon Territory; authorizing the erection of a fort on the Columbia River, and the occupation of the country by the military force of the United States; establishing a port of entry, and requiring that the country should then be held subject to the revenue laws of the United States; with an appropriation of $50,000 for the opening of the work.

This action, led by the Methodist missionaries, and wholly dependent on their influence for its effect on Congress and the public mind occurred when there were only two male missionaries of the American Board west of the Rocky Mountains, namely, Dr. Whitman and H. H. Spaulding. They were from 250 to 350 miles in the interior, entirely out of the reach of what little American sentiment and settlement there were in the country. The Roman Catholic missionaries had not yet reached Oregon. No more important and eminent milestone was ever set in Oregon history than was set in this "Memorial." Its second paragraph—that relating to trade with China, India, and the Islands of the Pacific would almost seem to have been written under prophetic inspiration in 1838 which is finding its wonderful fulfillment in 1898. Can it be that the men who framed it heard the guns of Dewey at Manilla through the sixty years that intervened? Surely there was a wonderful prescience in the minds that conceived this masterful memorial.

When all the arrangements for his going were completed and Mr. Lee was about to depart he reviews, in his journal, the experiences of his life to some extent, and especially gives some very tender and touching references to those of eight months that had passed since his marriage with Miss Pittman. Though so utterly isolated from the great world of social life they were supremely happy in each others society, as well as perfectly united in the great work in which they were engaged. His wife bore an honored, even a historic name, in Methodistism. When she surrendered that for "Lee" she blended the history of central with the chivalry of both Atlantic and Pacific Methodism. Eastern reminiscences, when Jesse Lee, the man on horseback, became the avaunt courier of a vital faith in New England became renewed and present history when Jason Lee repeated, with even a sublimer daring, the consecration of the earlier in that of the later Lee in the newer New England beyond the Rocky Mountains. Well did she deserve the honor of her own, and the added honor of that greater name which she now wore so worthily. When it became fixed that, in his mind, imperative duty demanded the separation she said:—"I will not take it upon me to advise either way, and I will not put myself in the way of the performance of your duty. If you feel that it is your duty to go, go, for I did not marry you to hinder, but rather to aid you in the performance of your duty." Under the circumstances braver words were never uttered. Braver became the soul that received them because of the bravery of the heart that prompted them.



MRS. ANNA M. PITTMAN LEE.

Mrs. Lee was a woman of fine literary attainments, as well as of high natural ability and deep Christian devotion. She was also a poet of no mean taste and culture. Among all the noble women who, in the various missions, came to Oregon before 1840, she was undoubtedly first in natural and spiritual adaptation to such work as they had all undertaken. Just before Mr. Lee said the farewell to her on the morning of the 25th of March, she put into his hand the following words tenderly expressive of her love and also of her devotion:

"Must my dear companion leave me,
Sad and lonely here to dwell?
If tis duty thus that calls thee,
Shall I keep thee? no; farewell!
Though my heart aches
As I bid thee thus farewell.

Go then, loved one, God go with thee
To protect and save from harm:—
Though thou dost remove far from me
Thou art safe beneath His arm.
Go in peace then,
Let thy soul feel no alarm.

Go, thy Savior will go with thee,
All thy footsteps to attend;
Though you may feel anxious for me,
Thine and mine he will defend;
Fear not husband,
God thy Father is, and Friend.

Go and seek for fellow laborers;
  Tell them that the field is white;
God will show them gracious favors
    While they teach the sons of night.
      Bid them hasten
Here to bring the gospel light.

Though thy journey may seem dreary
  While removed from her you love;
Though you often may be weary,
  Look for comfort from above.
      God will bless you,
And your journey prosperous prove.

Farewell husband! while you leave me
  Tears of sorrow oft will flow;
Day and night will I pray for thee
  While through dangers you may go.
      Oh remember
Her who loves you much. Adieu.

Anna Maria Lee.

Jason Lee."

Ruskin has said, "No man's armor is thoroughly braced to his heart unless a woman's hand has braced it." Such an armor as Jason Lee wore, braced of such a heroine as the one who wrote these lines, must have made that soldier of the cross thrice a hero as he went forth on his God-directed mission.

The journey eastward which Mr. Lee had now undertaken was over the same trail, substantially, that he had traveled westward four years before.

To give any circumstantial account of the journey would therefore be unnecessary. A few of its incidents, as they stand in some way connected with his work, and hence with the missionary history of the Northwest, may be noted.

From the mission station on the Willamette to the station of Daniel Lee and H. K. W. Perkins at Wascopam, now known as "The Dalles," on the Columbia river was about 150 miles. This distance was made in canoes; first down the Willamette fifty miles and then up the Columbia one hundred. This took the travelers entirely through the great timber belt of the Cascade Mountains to the open country eastward of them. Though now so easily passed, it was then always attended with difficulty, not to say peril. The winds of the Columbia are often furious, and a canoe is driven as a feather before them. Two long portages were to be made, involving the labor of carrying both canoes and lading from one to two miles by land. The Indians were not all or always to be trusted. They were passing, also, the stormiest belt of the Pacific coast, where the tall mountains gathered around their sides the darkest of the clouds and wrung out of them snow and rain in white sheets or driving torrents. All these incidents they encountered, but on the 7th of March reached Wascopam in safety, and on the 8th, which was Sunday, Mr. Lee preached to more than an hundred Indians in the "Chinook Jargon" which was then interpreted first into the Klickitat and then into the Nez Perce tongue.

Two days spent in the counsel and encouragement of the missionaries at this station and in preparations for the further journey, he left the mission on horseback for Walla Walla, a distance of 150 miles, reaching that place on the evening of the thirteenth, and on the next day reached Waiiletpu, the mission station of Dr. Marcus Whitman, of the A. B. C. F. M. Board. He paused here a few days to investigate the character and work of this mission, as well as to visit that of Rev. H. H. Spaulding, of the same Board at Lapwai, one hundred miles to the northeast.

At Waiiletpu the two men, Mr. Lee and Dr. Marcus Whitman, then acting, and destined in the early future to act great historic parts in early Oregon history, met for the first time. In many respects they were singularly alike; brave, determinaed, self-possessed, sagacious. Mr. Lee had preceeded Dr. Whitman across the continent by two years, and so was the true pioneer of Christianity and civilization. Dr. Whitman had gone as far westward as Green River in 1835, and then returned to the east for other helpers in the work he intended to begin the following year. In 1836 himself, with his newly wedded wife, and Rev. H. H. Spaulding and his wife, with W. H. Gray, a young unmarried man, crossed the continent on the trail Mr. Lee and his co-laborers had traveled in 1834 and established themselves, as we have seen, at Waiiletpu and Lapwai. While Dr. Whitman and Mr. Spaulding were on the way overland with their wives, in answer to the call of Mr. Lee several devoted women were passing around Cape Horn to link their destiny with that of their manly brothers of the Methodist Missions in the work of Oregon's redemption. The place of their meeting had its significance. As he was entering the country in 1834 Mr. Lee had debated whether to occupy the country nearer the seaboard with his mission, or to establish it here on this very ground. His statesmanlike judgment had finally and rightfully decided for the former, thus entrenching his church in the center of power before the people thronged around them. Dr. Whitman took the latter, not so much from choice perhaps as from the necessity forced upon him by the earlier occupancy of the former by Mr. Lee. There was a very romance in the meeting of these two rare men here and thus, and a thrilling interest in their fellowship as they surveyed the broad empire of darkness that they, almost alone, had come to conquer. Would either or both see the banners of victory? They could ask, but providence concealed in mercy the bitterness and struggles and blood of the battle, and gave them only to see, by faith, somewhere and sometime, the certain victory. A little over two years this mission had been established, and being, as it was, a legitimate outgrowth of the same causes that brought Mr. Lee and his coadjutors to Oregon, an account of it, and its tragic close, will be given elsewhere.

In visiting this mission and Mr. Spaulding's three weeks were spent, and on the 7th day of April he was prepared to leave Walla Walla, and on the 12th finally took leave of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and Mr. Spaulding, kneeling on the bank of a small stream receiving their benedictions and encouraged by their prayers. One is reminded of that prayer by the sea shore when Paul took leave of the elders of Ephesus, "and they fell on his neck and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words he had spoken that they should see his face no more." Thus Christianity re-enacts its most thrilling deeds forever.

Mr. Lee turned "pensively" away from this lone altar of prayer, to look up the near heights of the

Blue mountains, which were passed in two days march, and they reached Grande Ronde valley, then a wonder of uncultured beauty, now a greater wonder of cultivated loveliness.

The usual incidents of pioneer journeying only occured until the Sabbath the 3rd of June, when they were encamped on Snake River, a few miles above Fort Boise, where Mr. Lee preached first in English, then again in French, and a third time in English, and baptized the son of Mr. Thomas McKay, Donald. In all his journey thus was he "sowing beside all waters." The integrity of his purpose, and the bravery with which he could and did stand up for right when surrounded by wrong was evidenced the very next Sabbath, when without apparent necessity the captain of the company with which he traveled gave orders to strike the tents and move forward. His expostulations and reproofs were sharp and pointed. He told the company that they had sufficient evidence that they made during the week, as many miles by resting on the Sabbath as by traveling. That their "excuse was a paltry one, and insufficient to justify the wanton wounding of the feelings of their friends, and certainly would not suffice at the bar of God." Having said this he went to his tent "and while pouring out his complaint before God, heard the order given not to move camp."

To those acquainted with the utter irreligion of the mountain men of 1838 the above facts will very strikingly evince the moral power of Mr. Lee's mind over all classes with which he associated.

As on the outward journey four years before, they depended for food on the certainness of their aim with the rifle. They had just entered the range of the buffalo and antelope, and for a time fared sumptuously every day, an experience by no means constant with them. He records some of his own personal participations in the chase of the buffalo, a thing once so common, now unknown on the plains of Snake River. He proved himself the peer of trained huntsmen in the swift pursuit and successful onslaught.

On the 16th of June they reached Fort Hall, where they remained until the 21st. Here on his outward journey he had preached the first sermon ever heard west of the Rocky Mountains, and again the company and the people of the Fort were called together, and Mr. Lee "gave one faithful warning to these people, many of whom had never heard a sermon before, and some of whom would never hear another." It was an hour of great darkness, this, in which Mr. Lee lifted thus up the Light of the world. The great mountain shadows were but faint symbols of the darker shadows of sin that lay on the hearts of those to whom he spake.

On the 28th of June the company encamped on the water of Bear River, and Mr. Lee made a record in his journal which so opens his heart and unfolds the promptings of his life that it is fitting it should be transcribed on this page:—

"This day I am 35 years of age. I cannot but reflect that I have now arrived at what is called the meridian of life, and that my sun is beginning to decline toward the western horizon. Thirty-five years, and how little have I done to benefit mankind! How long shall I be permitted to labor? Can I expect to see as many more years? No! My sun is in all probability several degrees beyond the meridian already, and a few more years, perhaps days, may find me numbered with the silent sleepers of the valley. Well, be it so; but let me have grace to improve my remaining days, be they many or few, to the glory of God, and I need have no uneasiness about it. The Judge of all the earth will do right."

There speaks the Christian and the apostle. The life and spirit of him who would not build on another's foundation were renewed in the 19th century and in the wilds of America.

On the next day Mr. Lee received from Capt. McKay his three sons to be taken to the United States to study for some years.

This is an incident that has received several false settings in stories and romances that have been miscalled history. It belongs to the conscientious historian to state facts, and to give honor to whom honor is due. The fact is, briefly as it can well be stated, this:

When Mr. Lee first crossed the continent in 1834, he and his companions made the most of their journey from Fort Hall in company with Mr. McKay and his band of hunters. They became well acquainted, and were intimate friends. On arriving at Vancouver, Mr. Lee almost immediately visited Mr. McKay's place on the west bank of the Willamette, a few miles above where that river enters the Columbia. They remained intimate friends, and Mr. Lee won the utmost confidence of Mr. McKay, so that, when he decided in the spring of 1838, to return to the States for his reinforcements, he again traveled eastward in Mr. McKay's campany, and, as noted just above, baptised his infant son, Donald, and here, on Bear River, as Mr. McKay was to turn away southward on a hunting expedition for the summer, he took charge of the three sons of the old mountaineer, as had been agreed upon as soon as it was known that Mr. Lee was to return to the east. Mr. Lee's entry in his journal, under date of June 29, 1838, is:—

> "Mr. McKay, accompanied us to Bear River, dined with us, and took his leave of us and his three sons who are going to the United States to study for some years under my care."

Mr. Lee took them to New York, made an arrangement with the Missionary Board of the M. E. Church to advance the pay for their schooling, himself becoming responsible in behalf of Mr. McKay for its repayment to the Board, and then entered them in the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, Massachusetts, where he himself had been educated under Dr. Fisk. At least one of them, the late Dr. W. C. McKay, entered the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, afterwards under the same arrangement, in accordance with Mr. Lee's engagement with Mr. McKay. In addition to this general statement, I find Mr. Lee recording in his journal, under date of June 27, 1843, the following:—

"I improved the time in writing to Mr. T. McKay, who, having been pressed for means, has neglected to pay the money our Missionary Board paid for the education of his sons. If that money is not paid I shall feel that I have been shamefully abused in that business."

The last sentence refers to the fact that Mr. Lee himself was responsible to the Board for its payment. It is proper to say that Mr. McKay did subsequently pay it.

The need of this detailed statement of this incident is in the fact that whatever credit there is in the thing done, and it was certainly a creditable and magnanimous one, has been by many writers of "romance" rather than history, persistently misappropriated to the honor of Dr. Whitman, when, in fact, neither Dr. Whitman nor the American Board had anything to do with it. Many about the old Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, and the University at Middletown have called to mind the intelligent half-caste, Wm. C. McKay, who became an edcuated physician, and an important personal force in the history of Oregon from the time of his return as an educated American to his native place until his death as an honored citizen in 1894. It was Mr. Lee's influence that led Mr. McKay at the first to send his sons to an American school instead of to an English or Canadian. It was an important act, as showing the commanding influence that Mr. Lee had gained over one of the most forceful elements of the mixed society of Oregon at that time; as Mr. McKay was very intimately associated with Dr. McLoughlin, the ruling power of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Pacific Coast.

The company with which Mr. Lee had traveled up to this time expected to find the "Rendezvous" of the fur traders of the mountains on Horse Creek. It was not there, and all his companions were about to leave him . He had learned that it was to be held on the Po Po Agio, 200 miles further on through the most dangerous and difficult portion of the mountains. It was so difficult and dangerous that even old mountaineers resolved not to venture. But Mr. Lee was on a mission of duty that took in all the perils of the way to reach it. He startled the company by telling them that he should go on, even if he had to go alone. This resolve led others to decide, and finally nearly the whole company attended him, and they reached Rendezvous on the 8th of July. The great camp was on an island in the Po Po Agio, a branch of Wind River, on the eastern slope of the mountains, where the American companies and the independent traders had met for the last Rendezvous they ever held in the Rocky Mountains.

He met here "five male and four female missionaries of the A. B. C. F. M., going to reinforce the small band on the banks of the Columbia." They joined in a prayer meeting here in the mountains, more than a thousand miles from church or congregation of worshipers.

A few days of rest, filled nevertheless with preparations for further journeying, and in writing letters to absent friends, especially to one, whose eye, alas! would never read another line of human tracing, with a tear in his eye, and a sadness in his heart for which he could not account, he joined the company bound eastward, and resumed his journey down the eastern slope of the mountains. No special incident marked the way, and on the 1st of September he reached the Shawnee mission near Westport, Missouri, then under the superintendence of Rev. Thomas Johnson. He began to think the trials of his way were passed. Late at night, however, after he had retired to his room, and while he was offering up his evening devotions, his door was unexpectedly alarmed. On opening it an unknown messenger put into his hands a package of letters and immediately retired. They were from Oregon, and one bore a black seal, a fearful omen to his eye. He broke it with a trembling hand only to read in the first line that his Anna Maria and her infant son were numbered with the dead. All the light seemed to go out of his life in a moment. It seemed only shadow; dark, unrelieved, blinding shadow all around. The griefs of such great natures are terrible. As in their work and their joy they are beyond contemporary recognition and sympathy, so in their sorrows they are alone. This had come upon him when he was literally alone; alone with God. The night was spent most mournfully; but in its darkness the strong soul had received greater strength from its wrestling with self and sorrow and God. In the morning his dark brow had a deeper shade, his eye told a tale of nightly weeping, but his calmed spirit breathed out its wealth of trust. For the few days he remained at this place his meek, chastened spirituality, his lofty faith in God, his manly bearing in his sorrows, won all minds, and all gave him the throne of the good, great man in their hearts.

At this point it seems proper that we leave Mr. Lee in his loneliness and bereavement and returning to his distant, and now even more dearly beloved Oregon, resume the thread of history there.

* * *

IX.

THE WORK IN OREGON.

"For unto you is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake."

—PAUL

THOUGH Mr. Lee was himself absent from Oregon, his work there was still going on. The example of his personal consecration had inspired those who were associated with him there, and they were resolved that the interests he had left in their hands should not suffer in the absence of the master. He had committed the mission to the superintendency of Rev. David Leslie during his absence. In every way the choice was a suitable one. Mr. Leslie was a man of good ability, of considerable culture, of clear judgment, of great stability of character, and had had considerable experience as a pastor in charge of important fields in New England before his appointment as missionary to Oregon. The carefulness of his supervision of every interest committed to him thoroughly vindicated the sagacity of Mr. Lee in his selection for that important post.

Mr. Lee had started eastward early in the spring. The missionaries remaining on the banks of the

Willamette and at The Dalles steadily and successfully pursued their labors in teaching the Indian children in the schools, and in preaching the Gospel to the adults as they were able to gain access to them in their camps and on the trail. Every thing seemed full of promise for the future of the mission. But amidst these promising labors the darkness of a great sorrow sabled the skies of June. It came as a night in the midst of a day—as December frosts amid the vernal blossoms. Mrs. Lee and her infant son of only a few days' age, were laid together in one grave by that little band of sisters and brothers while Mr. Lee was yet in the Rocky Mountains pursuing his way in quest of other workers in the field thus suddenly bereft of one of the noblest missionaries that ever tried to lead heathen souls to God. Short as was her missionary career, and as suddenly ended, it was long enough to date an era in Oregon history, and her death was romantic enough to surround her name with an interest that can never surround another. On a green oak knoll, about a mile east of the capital of Oregon, in what is known as the "Lee Mission Cemetery," stands a marble slab, now grayed by the battering storms of more than sixty winters, on which is chiseled this inscription:

Beneath this Sod
The first ever broken in Oregon
For the reception of a
White Mother and Child
Lie the remains
OF
ANNA MARIA PITTMAN
WIFE OF
REV. JASON LEE,
AND HER INFANT SON.
She sailed from New York in July, 1836:
Landed in Oregon, June, 1837:
Was married July 16, 1837,
AND DIED
June 26, 1838.
Aged 36 years.

This is a brief record, but what a record it is. No more noble, accomplished and devoted missionary of the Cross ever entered on the work of evangelization on the Pacific Coast. Her understanding was naturally clear, and her literary attainments of most respectable order. Her piety was uniform, and her courage resplendent. Her ideals of life, while lofty, were not visionary. Providence gave her in many respects first historic place among her many noble sisters who count it honor to themselves to have been permitted to stand second to her. She was the first American woman to be married to an American man west of the Rocky Mountains, thus consecrating a great land that had been destitute of the very idea of civilized home-life for all its ages, to the sacredness of the home-altar and the home-love. Then, as though providence meant forever to keep her name without a rival in the sacred home-thought of the land she had thus consecrated, she was given the distinction of being the first American wife and the first American mother in all that vast land to consecrate the dust of the sepulchre to the blessed hope of the "Resurrection of the Just." Thus God crowned her with the laurels of everlasting remembrance in the field of gracious recognition where there can be no competition, and we only "think God's thoughts after him" when we write her thus first of all the resplendent sisterhood of missionary life in Oregon who wrought with her and after her for the same Christian ends.

"God buries His workmen but carries on His work." There could have been no sadder group of Christian workers than the little band of missionaries on the banks of the Willamette that bore the precious remains of Mrs. Lee to her burial that sunny day in June. Nor was there ever a more devoted and faithful one. While yet their streaming eyes were looking at the departing chariot of her ascension they took up the work her nerveless hands had dropped and went forward to complete the task she had so well begun. With an earnest prayer for the support and guidance of the far distant hero of this glorified heroine, they turned to their accumulated task.

The reader has noted in the course of the preceeding narrative that, besides the first mission located on the banks of the Willamette, only one more had been established up to this time the one at Wascopam, which Mr. Lee had visited on his way to the east. As this was undoubtedly the most successful of all the Indian missions established under Mr. Lee's superintendency, it appears proper to give a somewhat distinct and connected history of it.

Its location removed it almost entirely from contact with such straggling whites as were already beginning to stray over the country of the Willamette, and hence they felt less of the degrading influence that resulted from association with those who "feared not God nor regarded man," but cared only to gratify their own vicious appetites and brutal passions. And, besides, the Indians native to the region east of the Cascade Mountains were of a higher order of intellectual life, with a stronger physical manhood, than those of the region nearer the coast. This gave the mission, for a few years, the most open and fairest field in which to demonstrate the power of Christianity over humanity in its most uninstructed forms. Let us see how it vindicated its gracious pretensions.

The work of Messrs. Lee and Perkins in establishing themselves in the place selected was very arduous. They had reached the ground on the 22d of March, 1838. About the 1st of April a house was begun. They had no help but the Indians, who assisted in cutting the logs of which it was to be built, and bringing them to the spot. Before April was past Mr. Perkins went to the Willamette station for his wife, and returned with her on the 5th day of May. The summer required several trips to Vancouver and the Willamette for supplies, all of which were made by the laborious and dangerous mode of canoeing. One was made to Walla Walla by land to obtain horses, and another to Willamette by land over a most intricate and difficult mountain trail, passing to the north of Mount Hood through near a hundred miles of the densest forest on the continent, for cattle for the mission. The incidents of some of these trips were romantic enough to furnish suitable material for stories such as Bonneville and Astoria, if they had an Irving to weave them into literature, but our space does not permit us to recount them.

In the month of August the lonely missionaries at The Dalles were cheered by the arrival of Rev. David Leslie, who, it will be remembered, was then in charge of the Oregon Mission, accompanied with Mrs. White and her babe, the first white male child born in Oregon. When this cheering visit of a few days was over they re-embarked in their canoe for the Willamette. They had to pass the dangerous rapids of the Cascades. As they were passing the lower rapids they ran among the breakers; their canoe filled and was instantly capsized, plunging them all into the lashed and foaming river. Mr. Leslie, though unable to swim, seized hold of Mrs. White with one hand and threw his other arm over the canoe. An Indian on the other side of the canoe seized the hand thrown over it, and in this way they floated through the rapids and down the river a mile when they succeeded in reaching the shore. In capsizing the canoe had covered the baggage and also the infant of Mrs. White. On reaching the shore they found that the body of the infant had become entangled in the baggage so that it had not sunk in the river, but its pure spirit had fled. Some friendly Indians from the interior on their way to Vancouver, came immediately to the assistance of the distressed party, and conveyed them in their canoes rapidly to Vancouver, about forty miles, when the gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company and their ladies administered every relief possible. Such were the difficulties and trials under which our missionaries prosecuted their work.

We have spoken of the mission at The Dalles as the must successful one among the Indians of Oregon. It seems proper to give some brief statement in regard to the tribes and clans among which it was located. The location of the mission was really on the border land between the Walla Walla's on the east, whose nearest villages were at the mouth of the Des Chutes River and about the head of The Dalles proper, and were called Tekin and Wiam. The Chinooks occupied villages on the north bank of the Columbia at the Long Narrows, and still further to the north and west were the Klickitats. On the south, about twenty-five miles distant, was the village of Tilhanne, where a band of the Walla Wallas resided. At and above the mission station the Wascoes resided. The actual field of labor with the missionaries extended from the Cascades to the Des Chutes River, about fifty miles, and from Tilhanne on the south to the Klickitats on the north. These localities embraced about 2,000 Indians. Besides these many of the Cayuses and Yakimas were constantly passing and repassing, thus opening avenues of communication with the interior for a hundred miles in each direction. No mission could have been more favorably located for widespread influence.

During the winter of 1839-40 a wonderful religious excitement spread through this entire field. It began suddenly, even when Mr. Lee and Mr. Perkins were feeling much discouraged with the prospects of the work. But a little before many of the Indians were cherishing feelings of hostility towards the whites, and the missionaries even felt their lives in danger, and had bought several muskets and ammunition for their defence. Almost at the very outset the number of earnest inquirers was so great that all business was laid aside but that of teaching the way of life to those dark-minded Indian people. The largest rooms were crowded. Many incidents of thrilling interest are related of this revival. One man, known as "Boston," because his head was not flattened, of great influence among his people, said to Mr. Perkins, "I cannot sleep. When I go home and lie down I think of your teaching, and I cannot sleep. I sleep little, and then I dream that I am in your meeting, and my heart is all the time talking over what you say. My heart was formerly asleep, but now I see that it is awake." He and his wife and daughter were converted and became active Christians.

Mr. Daniel Lee gives the following as one of the prayers of one of these so recently instructed in the first principles of the kingdom of God:—

"O, thou great God on high, we now pray to thee. Our fathers knew thee not, they died in darkness, but we have heard of thee; now we see a little. Truly we are wretched. Our hearts are blind—dark as night—our ears are closed. Our hearts are bad, full of evil, nothing good. Truly we pray now to thee. O, make us good. Put away our bad hearts. Give thy Holy Spirit to make our hearts soft. O make our hearts good—all good—always good. Now we desire thee, O come into our hearts—now come. Jesus Christ, thy son, died for us; O Jesus, wash our hearts. Behold and bless."

Surely the spirit of a genuine contrition and a genuine faith is in this prayer.

The work extended for fifty miles up and down the Columbia River, and continued for many months; indeed until nearly all the Indians had been reached by it. Perhaps it reached its culmination at a camp meeting held near the mission house in October of 1841. The place where it was held was not far from the site of the present Dalles Academy. The tents of the missionaries were pitched near the base of the rocky precipice a little south of the Academy, and the wigwams of the Indians in a semi-circular form before them to the north. These were large tenements, each one accommodating thirty or forty people, and were about 40 in number. About 1200 Indians were in attendance. The meeting began on Monday and continued over the following Sabbath. The whole round of scripture truth was presented to the people. Many professed the new life. On Sabbath one hundred and fifty were baptised by Rev. Jason Lee; four or five hundred partook of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, amidst tokens of spiritual interest and appreciation often lacking in more cultured congregations. Probably when the meeting closed on Monday, and the Indians returned to their several homes, not less than five hundred were giving evidence of having passed from death to life, according to their best conception of the spiritual birth; and the writer believes they were mostly sincere and their experience real. Perhaps never, among a heathen people, was the power and glory of the Gospel more clearly demonstrated. With many of the converts of this wonderful revival the writer has been personally acquainted, and some even as this is written, in 1898, fifty-seven years after, are holding "the beginning of their confidence steadfast unto the end." Notwithstanding within ten years the greater part of the results of this work seemed to be dissipated and the mission itself was given up, the causes are easy to find outside of the oft-asserted superficiality of the work itself. Some of these will be shown before we close our history of the "Indian Missions" of Oregon.

Among the Indians converted at this meeting was one young man who was baptized by Mr. Lee and received the name of William McKendree. His acquaintance with the whites in connection with the work of the missionaries among his own people, the Wascopams, awakened in his mind a great desire to know more of them. When Captain John C. Fremont visited the Pacific Coast in the autumn of 1843, on his second exploring expedition, he stopped for quite a length of time with the missionaries, Lee and Perkins, at The Dalles. His return eastward took a wide circle to the south, during which he crossed the Sierra Nevadas into the Sacramento Valley in the middle of the winter of 1843-'44. His journey was one of the most perilous and difficult ever performed in America. At his own request, and on the recommendation of Daniel Lee, William McKendree enlisted in the service of Captain Fremont, and bravely endured all the hardships of the journey to the Sacramento, and the following summer to St. Louis. He attended Capt. Fremont to Washington, and in the summer of 1845 returned overland with the emigration of that year to Oregon. In

1856 the writer of this volume, being appointed the first resident pastor at The Dalles in the domestic work, became intimately acquainted with him. He was then a stable, intelligent, trustworthy man, living with his own people, about a mile from the river landing. Later he removed to the Warm Springs Reservation with his tribe, about a hundred miles south of his former home. He chose to be with his own people. On the reservation he maintained a christian character, and about 1894 he died as the Christian dies. His conversion was clear, his life exemplary and humble. He was but one of the fruits of the great revival among the Indians at The Dalles at the time of which we write. The writer has personally known, since 1870, at least a score who were yet steadfast in the faith and experience of the Gospel.

In this manner the work of God went on at The Dalles station and among the Indian villages on the Columbia under the care of Rev. D. Lee and Rev. H. K. W. Perkins through 1839 and the early part of 1840. Its results seemed fully to justify the judgment of the whole force in the Methodist missions under the inspiration of which Mr. Jason Lee was then in the east for the purpose of procuring reinforcements for the work. Truly "the harvest was plenteous but the laborers were few."

These "few" greatly rejoiced in the hope that, in a short time "the Lord of the harvest would send forth more laborers into his harvest." Until they came the few already on the field must wait and work.

But the spirit of revival was not confined to the station at The Dalles. At the Willamette station the closing months of 1838 and the opening ones of 1839 were marked by one of the most remarkable seasons of revival among the small number of whites who had, from various sources, gathered into the country, and the Indian children of the school at the Willamette station that was ever recorded. Rev. D. Leslie had charge of the work at that place, but was very efficiently aided by Rev. Mr. Perkins who was then on a visit to the lower country from his station at The Dalles, as also by all the lay members of the mission. The work commenced with a love feast held on the morning of Sabbath, December 30, at which were present all the missionaries, one American settler residing a few miles from the mission, and all the children of the mission school. It was the first love-feast in which they had ever participated. Mr. Leslie gave them a simple and touching account of the origin of "Feasts of Charity" among the primitive Christians; the renewal of the custom among the Moravians after the reformation; its adoption by Wesley, and its blessed effects among Christians to the present day. The children were much interested, and manifested great emotion. At the evening service Mr. Perkins preached from "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God," when an opportunity was given for all who desired to be the sons of God to express that desire. Two Americans, all that were present, and one French Canadian immediately rose. Monday night a watch-night service was held. Among the attendants was an American from New Hampshire, another who had been in the Rocky Mountains as a trapper, and a native of Liverpool, England, composing, with a notable exception, all the whites in the vicinity out side of the servants, active and retired, of the Hudson's Bay Company. That exception was a man who had once been a professor of religion in Massachusetts, but had become hardened in sin during his journey to Oregon, and in his residence here. He and one of the men named above had been warm friends and companions, but were now sworn, deadly enemies, and in a county where there was no law, every man was his own avenger. All expected that when these two men met blood would flow, for among the old mountaineers blood was as cheap as water. After a desperate struggle one of these men laid his enmity and his heart at the foot of the cross. The other, sullen and determined, lingered among the hills a few miles away, and across the Willamette, brooding alone over his supposed wrongs and meditating acts of blood. A mutual friend of these two men, who had also been converted at the meeting, sought him out and persuaded him to so far defer his purpose of revenge as to accompany him to the mission and see the wondrous work of God. He came and seated himself in one part of the motley group, consisting of whites, half-castes, Hawaiians, Indians—almost a repetition of the gathering at Jerusalem—while his once friend, but late sworn foe sat in another. Still they had not met face to face. While the meeting was progressing a dark cloud sat on his brow, but whether it boded repentance or revenge and blood none could tell. Presently he was seen to sink to his knees, and immediately some of the missionaries kneeled by his side directing his thoughts and faith to "the Lamb of God." An hour passed while a soul was struggling with its God, when he arose to his feet. His late enemy was standing a few feet from him, and as their eyes met, the whole assembly was hushed into silence. They each seemed to tremble a moment, and then rushed into each other's arms and with words of confession and tears of contrition besought each other's pardon. They were made "one in Christ Jesus." Thus, and thus only, Christianity ruled the lawless elements of early Oregon life.

But this revival was not confined to the few whites of the country. The youth of the school shared largely in it. The most of these youths had received English names, and can be known in a narrative of the mission only by them. Among them were a few whose names should have special notice. One of these was Elijah Hedding. When Mr. Lee was on his way to Oregon in 1834 he became acquainted with the most renowned chief the Walla Walla Indians ever had, Peu-peu-mox-mox, or The Yellow Serpent, and traveled in his company through what is now one of the most thrifty parts of the State of Oregon, Grande Ronde Valley.

With Peu-peu-mox-mox was his son, then a mere lad, but the pride of the chieftain's heart. This chief desired Mr. Lee to locate among his people, but as soon as he found that the mission was established in the Willamette, though it was three hundred miles away, he took his son and consigned him to the care of the mission, returning himself to his people. During the revival Elijah was converted, and while he remained with the mission lived a most exemplary life, and improved rapidly in his English education. After returning to his own people, however, he lapsed measurably into the habits of his earlier life, but at the camp meeting at The Dalles, he was again renewed in Christian experience and life.

The fame of his father had reached even to California. He was known among the Indians to be dreaded for his prowess in war; among the whites for his ability and eloquence. On the reception of a message from Captain Sutter, requesting him to come with his braves and hunters into the Sacramento Valley, he left Walla Walla accompanied by his son and many of his people, and traveled six hundred miles to comply with this friendly request. While there, Elijah, who being able to talk good English, was much with the whites, was at Sutter's Fort one day in his father's absence. Some cattle had been gathered by the chief and some of his men, and among them a few claimed by some of the whites, who demanded of Elijah their instant return. The reply was "I have spoken in favor of their return, but my father is chief, and he is now absent." This answer was noble and Christian, but the angry attitude and words of the whites satisfied Elijah that they designed to take his life. Calmly he said: "If I am to die, give me time to pray." He dropped upon his knees and while in an attitude of prayer a white man shot him dead. His father returned to his people with a sad heart and a dark brow. Is it a great wonder that, seven years later, when the Indian wars of Oregon were raging, Peu-peu-mox-mox was one of the most dreaded foes of the whites?

The most important and successful work of the mission so far as the Indians were concerned, was done through the school. This was under the care of Cyrus Shepard.

Mr. Shepard was Mr. Lee's own selection for this very work, and accompanied him on his journey to the country in 1834. He was a teacher by profession before he entered the mission work. His religious character was cast in the finest mould. No man ever entered a mission field more fittingly adapted to the work before him that Cyrus Shepard. After Mr. Lee had been selected as the superintendent of the mission he made diligent inquiry for the right man for the position of missionary teacher, and, from the multitude suggested he selected Mr. Shepard, who was at the time a teacher in the City of Lynn, Massachusetts. Accepting the position offered him he entered heart and soul into the missionary work, winning the love of all who were associated with him, and the touching affection of the Indian children who were under his care.

At the same time in which Jason Lee was married to Miss Anna Maria Pittman, as before recorded, Mr. Shepard was married to Miss Susan Downing, of Lynn, Massachusetts, who had sailed in company with Miss Pittman around Cape Horn in 1836 to engage in the mission work in Oregon. Miss Downing was also every way suited to the place she was called to fill. She was engaged to Mr. Shepard before his leaving the States for Oregon in 1834, and so has the distinction of being the first woman who deliberately planned to identify her life with the missionary work in Oregon. She was a sister of Rev. Joshua W. Downing, one of the most brilliant and devoted young ministers that ever entered the New England Conference, who died when pastor of Broomfield Street Church, Boston, at 27 years of age. Nearly three years had passed since their marriage, in which both had justified by their work the faith Mr. Lee and the church had reposed in them.

As 1839 drew towards its close Mr. Shepard's health began to decline, and under most pathetically painful conditions he was prostrated with disease. On the 1st day of January, 1840, his pure spirit went forth to its crowning of immortality. Read in the light of their own feelings the loss within six months of Mrs. Lee and Mr. Shepard was irreparable to the missionaries. It left the band sorely stricken, yet strongly upheld by the hand that had so grievously smitten.

God never forgets. He always cares for His own. When Mr. Shepard was taken away it was feared that the school at the mission would be almost, if not entirely broken up. Providentially however, Mr. Wm. Geiger, a Presbyterian, on his way to California, consented to remain at the Willamette station and took charge of the school. Under his care it prospered until the arrival of the great reinforcement six months after the death of Mr. Shepard.

The missionaries in the field had already been apprised of the sailing of the Lausanne from New York with Mr. Lee and the great reinforcement to the mission on board, and were anxiously awaiting their arrival. A few incidents illustrating the progress and character of the work in the field and the devotion of the workmen may suitably close this chapter.

To provide for the forty or fifty persons, including the Indian children in the school, dependent on the mission involved a vast amount of manual labor. A large farm was to be cultivated, herds were to be gathered and cared for, and everything under conditions that exacted the utmost patience and greatest disinterestedness. To get the wheat floured for bread was no small task. The mill was twelve miles away, and the wheat was to be transported on packhorses. A pair of large saddle-bags made of elk skins were suspended over the saddle, and a sack of wheat holding a bushel and a half put into each side, and all lashed firmly to the horse with a stout rope. Often, especially during the rainy season, flour ran short, and then boiled wheat was its substitute. Up to this time no wheeled vehicles were in the country except such as were manufactured by the missionaries themselves out of pieces of logs for wheels and fir poles for axles, and constructed with such tools as an ax, an auger, and a shaving knife. They were fastened and ironed by rawhide thongs, very much like the vehicles of three thousand years ago on the plains of Thibet. They were waiting for the wagons that were coming by and by.

At the mission in the interior at The Dalles there were no cows for milk and no cattle for beef. It was of course necessary to obtain them. When Mr. Lee came into the country in 1834 he had driven some American cows and horses as far as Walla

Walla; the first to be brought across the Rocky Mountains; but he had made an exchange of them at that place with the Hudson's Bay Company for other cattle and horses to be put in their place in the Willamette Valley if he should locate there, or he was to be compensated for them at the value of the ordinary stock in the country. It was only possible, therefore, that the cattle needed should be driven from the Willamette station to The Dalles, across the Cascade Mountains, a distance of about 125 miles. Mr. Daniel Lee, with his accustomed determination and activity, resolved to go himself to procure them. There was only a dim old Indian trail through the great forests over the rugged mountains, across deep gorges that cut the mighty slopes thousands of feet deep between Mount Hood and the Columbia. Collecting twenty horses for riding and packing, and procuring the services of three Indians, he set out on the 3rd day of September, 1838. In three miles the party entered the mountains. They encamped the second night not long after crossing "White Creek," now Hood River, a few miles below where it flows out from beneath the glaciers of Mt. Hood, from the volcanic ashes of which it takes the color that gave it its old name, near, indeed probably at what is now known as the "Elk beds," on the carriage road of to-day from the Columbia to Mount Hood. From this point pressing closely up towards the snow line on the north side of the mighty peak, they pushed on to the west through a region of dense forests absolutely indescribable, hacking and hewing a way through fallen timber and interlacing vine-maples, "devil's bush" shrubs, laurels, alders, and every conceivable growth that darkens this apparently endless wilderness into an almost midnight gloom, for seven days, when they found their supply of food, which consisted of dried salmon, dried lamprey eels and a little bread, entirely exhausted. All traces of a trail had disappeared, and they were completely lost in the great and terrible wilderness.

One who has not passed through these jungles can form no conception of them. One who has cannot describe them. The writer himself has been lost in these very mountain wilds, not twenty miles from where this company was lost, when it took him with four strong and intelligent white men with axes and compass three days to find and make a way for three miles; and one good white man is worth a dozen Indians in such a place and in such an emergency.

The situation of the company was desperate. Their food was gone, and there is no game in these dark depths. A poor, tired out horse had to be killed. What was not eaten for supper and breakfast, was dried over a fire and packed on another poor famished horse which himself seemed appointed to the same igominious end in a very short time, and struggled on. Just as the last of the "dried horse" was eaten the party reached an Indian village on the Clackamas River, where they obtained a supply of salmon. Haggard and starved, their horses hardly able to walk, here they rested for a day and then moved on, and on Monday, September 17th, fourteen days from the time they had left The Dalles, they reached the mission station, the only haven of rest for the weary and way-worn, save Vancouver, west of the Cascade Mountains.

Nine days were spent in rest and recuperation, when, on September 27th, with fourteen head of cattle, they started for The Dalles. A good Indian guide and two white men were engaged on the return trip, and, without much difficulty they reached The Dalles on the 5th of October.

In stating the incidents and developing the philosophy of history it is worth while to take note of their beginnings. While the chief object of the establishment of the Oregon mission was the salvation of the Indians, it early began to be apparent that God had other and broader views than man had, and that He was trending incidents towards their accomplishment. He had led the missionaries to "set up a tabernacle in the wilderness" to which they hoped to lead the few thousands of Indians that were gasping out the last breaths of their life in the shadowing sorrows of doom. He intended that that Tabernacle should become a Temple to which he would lead the crowning race of human kind for sanctuary. When, therefore, the first Anglo-Saxon bowed at its altar and laid thereon the sacrifice of his heart of fire, an era was marked on the page of Providence which we do well to note.

As 1836 was passing into its last days there were many cheering evidences that the work of the missionaries was "not in vain in the Lord." On about the 1st day of January, 1837, Mr. Webley Hauxhurst, a native of Long Island, N. Y., who had been strangely led so many thousand miles from his birth place into the most unknown regions of America, came to the mission house, where he was welcomed, as were all comers, to its hospitality. It was the evening of the class meeting. He was invited to be present. His attention was arrested by the seriousness of the Indian children at family prayers. In a letter dated January 13, 1837, he expresses his feeling and convictions as follows:—

"I am thankful that my business led me week before last to your house. I learned more in that week than in 31 years before. When I saw the Indian children praying and worshiping God, I thought it was high time for me, who had lived thirty-one years in sin, without once praying for my own soul, and being in your class meeting and hearing you ask questions and telling your feelings, what could I answer? I felt like a person lost forever!" Mr. Daniel Lee says: "He was indeed truly alive to his danger. We pointed him to Jesus, to whom he looked, and ere long found peace to his troubled soul.. Great was our joy over this event. "We thanked God and took courage."

Mr. Hauxhurst lived a Christian life until the 16th day of July, 1837, when, as we have stated in a previous chapter, he sought Christian baptism, united with the Methodist Episcopal Church; being the first white man converted and received into the church on the Pacific Coast. He lived near where Salem now is. For many years he was a trustee of the "Oregon Institute," and afterwards of the "Willamette University." He lived a Godly life, and only a few years ago, when he had numbered fifty years as a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Oregon, he went home to the skies, the "first fruit" from among the whites of the Oregon harvest.

These are only incidents, many parallels of which might be selected as occurring during all the decade that followed the establishment of the first mission in 1834, and were a very indispensable part of the work of the men who were the true builders of the now beautiful Christian civilization of the Northwest Coast.

X.

MR. LEE IN THE EAST.

"The harvest truly is plenteous but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."—JESUS.

AT the close of chapter eight we left Mr. Lee in his room at the Shawnee Mission with his heart bowed and broken by the intelligence that had just come to him, that the beloved wife whom he had left among the pagans of Oregon only a few short months before was sleeping in death on the banks of the far Willamette. Though the one he loved only less than he loved his God had thus been taken from him his duty and his mission remained to him. With men whose lives are dominated by a faith such as his with every burden borne and every trial endured there comes strength for heavier burdens and faith that can endure greater trials. It was so with him. With imperial courage he rose from his knees where he had long wrestled with God for present grace and future guidance, purified, exalted, strengthened to go on in his work. He did not turn backward, but "steadily set his face" forward. Paul never more truly said of himself "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself so that I may finish my course with joy and the ministry I have received of the Lord Jesus," than did Jason Lee, nor were Paul's trials and afflictions greater than his. He immediately prepared to leave the place where such a shadow had fallen on his heart.

He had been much assisted and much comforted while here by Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Johnson, who had charge of the Shawnee Indian mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church. They had formed pleasant Christian relations four years before when Mr. Lee was on his way to establish his Oregon mission. They met then as strangers, but they met now as brothers beloved, and it was a gracious Providence that the express that bore the sad news of the death of his wife did not reach Mr. Lee until he was in the sweet shelter of this Christian home; the first that he had seen in many weary months.

It is well that we give the tribute of a line to Mr. Johnson and his wife, for this was not the first nor the last time that they contributed by their Christian hospitality and kindness to the comfort and encouragement of those who have acted some parts in the work of the missions in Oregon.

Mr. Johnson was superintendent of the Shawnee Indian Mission established by the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1829. He was a good specimen of the old-time Methodist preacher, with a large, stalwart body, a well stored mind and a kind and benevolent heart, and Mrs. Johnson was a fit companion for such a man in such a work. Fourteen years after the sad night in which Mr. Lee was called to such sorrow in his home the writer, then on his way to Oregon to engage in the same work Mr. Lee had established, stood with Mr. and Mrs. Johnson in the same room that Mr. Lee had occupied that night and listened to the story of that sadly thrilling scene from their lips. What added to the mournful interest of that hour was the fact that then, in the writer's camp, not half a mile away was the only daughter of Jason Lee, then a girl of ten years of age, on her way back to Oregon, the land of her father's love, and for which, as will be seen, his very life was given, the land where her mother's dust was then peacefully sleeping in the grave.

Mr. Johnson was a southern man with the strong predilections of southern character. He remained superintendent of the Shawnee Mission through all the stormy times of border warfare through which Kansas passed prior to the great rebellion. When that occurred he proclaimed himself for the old Union. During the guerilla warfare of that period and region he was shot by the southern guerrillas, it is said, while standing unarmed in his own door. Johnson County, Kansas, is named for him.

Here, just in the center of the territory of the United States, and yet just west of the then frontier of its settlements, Mr. Lee rose up from the vigils of his sorrow and took his way on the remaining 2,000 miles of his journey to New York. He was still accompanied by his five Indian boys, three of whom, it will be remembered, he had in care for education in the east, and two of whom were members of his mission school and expected to return with him when he should return to his work in Oregon. Whenever he appeared his coming excited the greatest interest, and Oregon and Jason Lee and his Indian Mission became the theme of the pulpit, the press and the parlor. St. Louis, although accustomed to the tales of the trappers and hunters of the mountains, listened to the story of Mr. Lee and his Indian boys with a new realization of the possibilities that clustered about the Indian character, and admiration for the man who had dedicated his life among them to something loftier than the purchase of furs or the gratification of debased passions. They had seen Mr. Lee when, four years before, he was on his way into the deep wilderness, and were rejoiced to welcome his return to civilization with tangible evidence that his work was not in vain.

At Alton in Illinois, not far from St. Louis, the Illinois Conference was holding its session, and Mr Lee passed on to that from St. Louis. He entered the conference room unannounced, accompanied by the five Indian boys, or rather young men, His appearance was like an apparition. Every other thought vanished in the presence of this great pioneer. The venerable bishop who presided in the body stepped down from the chair and embraced Mr. Lee and one of his Indian boys. Lee was the hero of the hour, not because he claimed that honor, but because all freely felt that he deserved it as one of the greatest and truest missionaries of the cross.

From Alton he went on to Peoria, Illinois. Here he delivered a lecture for the purpose of a-awakening a spirit of emigration to Oregon. The result of it was the organization of the First American Company, not missionaries, which crossed the continent for the declared purpose of becoming permanant settlers in the country. Thus Lee had rolled another stone into the first foundations of American civilized life on the Pacific Coast. Among them one especially deserves a brief notice. It was Robert Shortess.

In the movements begun before Mr. Lee had left Oregon to attract the attention of the government to the value of Oregon as well as to enlist emigration to it Mr. Shortess entered with great zeal and intelligence as soon as he arrived in the Willamette settlements. Being a man of extensive reading and inflexible purpose, he was well fitted to lead the thought and action of such a community as was then in Oregon. He came to the country a skeptic as to religion, though a thoroughly upright and reliable man. Yet the result of his association with the missionaries and his observations of their work soon overcame his skepticism, and in January 1841 he communicated to Mr. Lee by letter the following:

"Walamet, Jan. 12, 1841.

Having so far recovered my strength as to be able to ride to this place in two days, I arrived in the same state of feeling as when you visited me. My mind was full of enmity against God and man. The world appeared to me a vast desert in which was nothing desirable. Life seemed a curse, and I had no hope beyond it. Although weary of skepticism, I felt no disposition to believe in God, or in His word; at least not until I had again investigated the whole subject. But through his mercy, and the prayers and exhortations of my friends here, my mind became powerfully exercised, and unbelief began to give way. I made an effort to believe in God. I called on his name, and I soon found a degree of peace of mind and love to him and all mankind, which I had never known before. I thank God through our Lord Jesus Christ for his mercy to sinners, of whom I am chief.

Yours, etc.,
ROBERT SHORTESS."

So widely and strongly did the influence of Mr. Lee and his work extend.

Impelled by the purpose for which he had endured the hard journey of so many months Mr. Lee hastened forward to meet the Missionary Board. He reached New York about the 1st of November, and soon after laid before the Missionary Board his views as to the enlargement of missionary operations in Oregon. He pleaded for additional help, both in the secular and ministerial capacity. The evident integrity of his character, as well as the fact of his thorough acquaintance with the condition of the country and race for which he pleaded, more than satisfied the Board of the correctness of his views. They not only seconded them, but went beyond his asking. His appearance and statements stirred a deep enthusiasm in the Board which soon communicated itself to the whole church. The general enthusiasm reacted again upon the Board and it was finally decided to send to Oregon the largest body of missionaries, ministers and laymen, that ever embarked in one expedition, furnished with whatever was believed would aid them in establishing and enlarging the operations already so auspiciously begun in Oregon. Dr. Bangs was still corresponding secretary of the Missionary Society, though Dr. Fisk had died while Mr. Lee was on his journey to New York. Mr. Lee was patiently heard in full and repeated statements of the needs of the mission, and the condition and prospects of Oregon. Mr. Lee's plea was largely for laymen with families, that they might become settlers of the country, as well as serve the missionary work among the Indians, though he asked that but two ministers with families should be appointed. So decisively, however, had his representations influenced the Board that it decided to send five ministers with families, and in the several secular departments and as teachers twenty-one, making thirty-one adult persons, or thirty-three including Mr. and Mrs. Lee. To these were found to be added eighteen children, when the party was organized a few months later, making a total of fifty-one persons the Missionary Board now resolved to put into the missionary field of Oregon. This decision met the hearty concurrence of the whole church, and the Board and Mr. Lee immediately proceeded to the preliminary preparations for the departure of the expedition for its distant field.

Mr. Lee devoted the winter of 1838 and the summer of 1839 to traveling and delivering missionary addresses in the cities and larger towns of the Atlantic states. He was accompanied in his journeys by the two Indian boys, Wm. Brooks and Thomas Adams, brought with him from his missionary school in Oregon, whose presence and intelligent speeches added greatly to the popular enthusiasm. Lee's appeals were irresistible. The fire of his zeal caught on the altars of the church everywhere. Oregon and the Oregon Mission fired the heart of the church as no mission ever did before. The age of apostolic fervor seemed to have returned, and Lee was in the eye of the church like the great Apostle to the Gentiles building on no other man's foundation. The thought of distant wilds, where uncounted red men waited and longed for deliverance from the darkness of heathenism that had wrapped all their race for all these ages became an ever present vision to the church of the United States. "Come over and help us," wailed out of their darkness over the mountains and over the sea. To "go" became the passionate impulse of hundreds of God-touched hearts. "Here am I, send me," came to Lee and the Missionary Board from west and east, from south and north. Poverty donated its littles; wealth gave its "gold, frankincese and myrrh." The ordinary worship of the churches everywhere in song and prayer and sermon had the ring and spirit of the great commission, "Go ye into all the world." It was a grand stirring, a glorious awakening. Its uses to the church itself at home, and its influence on the destiny of one of the fairest of lands were immeasurable.

That much of this came out of the faith of the church in the character and ability of the founder of the mission is too evident to need remark. A weak man, weak in intellect and uncertain in purpose, could never have drawn out and moulded these forces of Christian faith and impulse. Such forces do not respond to weakness; they answer only to strenth. The culture of Boston responded; the pride of New York cast its jewels into the treasury. The staid sobriety of Philadelphia wept and shouted and gave. Baltimore out did the renown of her ancient missionary fame. Lee, erst the lumberman of Canada, later the pioneer missionary who had dipped his banner in the spray of the Pacific was the hero of the hour.

This work continued with increasing interest and fervor during all the summer of 1839. Wm. Brooks, one of the Indian boys who accompanied

Mr. Lee across the mountains, soon after their arrival in the States had been converted, and in his broken English emulated the strength of Lee's fiery utterances. On one occasion he said: "One thing I must have put in paper, that you white men no more sell Indians rum. He make it heself. he must drink it heself." Then with a half-quizical, half-solemn look, he exclaimed, "These Yankees!" The audience was electrified, and the Indian orator left the platform amid the applause of his hearers. A lady was once asking him about the process of flattening the head among the Indians, and rallying him somewhat on the curiosity of the fashion. William replied, "All people have his fashion. The Chinese make little his foot. Indian make flat his head. You," looking at her waist and putting his hands to his, "make small here." She at once decided if his head was flat, his wit was sharp. William had fine promise, and was greatly beloved by Mr. Lee, who anticipated much good as likely to result from his labors among the Indians when he returned to Oregon. But this expectation was doomed to be cut off. He was taken sick in New York City. Mr. Lee watched over him with the care of a father. To him a little before he died he said: "I want to go home." "What home?" said Mr. Lee; "your home in Oregon?" "No; my heavenly home." His body was buried near the Bedford Street M. E. Church, in the City of New York. And thus, while Oregon was consecrated in the deepest affection of the heart of the great missionary as the scene of his chosen toil and the sepulchre of his beloved companion, the ties of his spiritual fatherhood were being linked with other only less loved dust that once enshrined a dark pagan soul, then the redeemed and purified spirit of a child of Oregon, then a glorified saint in the Kingdom of God.

From the inception of the mission in 1833 the scheme of labor outlined in the plans of the missionary society was extraordinary and involved great expense. But both its character and its extent were opportune. The church itself needed arousing. The world needed saving, and the church was doing little to that end. In 1832 Melville B. Cox had been sent to Africa; sole representative of Methodist evangelism among the pagan and heathen nations. Even under the inspiration of that mission and the fame of that missionary, in 1833 only $17,097 had been raised by the Methodist Episcopal Church to sustain missionary operations. But this new call, to which the church responded by sending Jason Lee and Daniel Lee and Cyrus Shepard to the Indians of

Oregon, raised the amount in 1834 to $35,700. Referring to this Dr. Nathan Bangs, then secretary of the Methodist Society, said:—

"The projection of this important mission had a most happy effect upon the missionary cause generally. As the entire funds of this society up to this time had not exceeded $18,000 a year, and as this mission must necessarily cost considerable, with a view to augment the pecuniary resources of the society a loud call was made through the columns of the Christian Advocate and Journal on the friends of the missions to come up to the help of the Lord in this emergency, and to assist in the benevolent work. The Messrs. Lee were instructed, while remaining in the civilized world, to travel as extensively as possible, hold missionary meetings, and take up collections. The Flathead Mission, as it was then called, seemed to possess a charm around which then clustered the warm affections of the friends of missionary enterprise, and special donations for the "Flatheads" were sent to the treasury with cheering liberality and avidity. So true it is that those who aim at great things, if they do not fully realize their hopes, will yet accomplish much."

If this was true in the inception of the mission in 1834, it was true in a much larger and more emphatic sense in this great expansion of the work in 1839. So rapidly had it grown, and so completely had it been fixed in the public mind that it had the character of a national propagandism on the shores of the Pacific as well as that of a religious evangelism among the Indian tribes, that general public sentiment approved it as heartily as did the faith of the church. This view was never obscured by Mr. Lee. He had begun its publication in his missionary correspondence two years before. He urged it in his speeches and correspondence now. He visited Washington, consulted with the President of the United States, the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of War, and Senators and Representatives.

The memorial prepared by himself, P. L. Edwards and David Leslie just before he had left the mission station for the United States had been conveyed by him to the hands of Senator Linn, of Missouri, the most ardent supporter of Oregon interests in the Senate, and by him presented to that body, whereupon Hon. Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, wrote to Mr. Lee desiring further information concerning the country, its population, the classes composing it, and the purposes of the mission. Lee replied from Middletown, Connecticut, January 16, 1839.

His reply was frank and full in regard to the objects of the mission, and its plan of work. He then enlarges the scope of his statement, and produces a paper of the greatest historical importance, as it, with the memorial which had just been presented to the Senate by Senator Linn, gave a clear and decided trend to all subsequent action of the government in relation to Oregon. As it is as much a part, and even a more important part, of the missionary history of the Pacific Northwest as any incidents occurring on the soil of the Northwest, it must needs find record here. It was as follows:

"It is believed that if the government of the United States takes such measures in respect to this territory as will secure the rights of the settlers, most of those who are now attached to the mission will remain as permanent settlers in the country after the mission may no longer need their services. Hence it may be safely assumed that ours, in connection with the other settlers already there, is the commencement of a permanent settlement of the country. In view of this, it will be readily seen that we need two things at the hands of government for our protection and prosperity.

First, We need a guaranty from government that the possession of the land we take up and the improvements we make upon it will be assured to us. These settlements will greatly increase the value of the government domain in that country, should the Indian title ever be extinguished. And we cannot but expect therefore that those who have been pioneers in this arduous work will be liberally dealt with in this matter.

Secondly. We need the authority and protection of the government and laws of the United States to regulate the intercourse of the settlers with each other, protect them against the peculations and aggressions of the Indians, and to protect the Indians against the aggressions of the white settlers.

To secure these objects it is not supposed that much of a military force will be necessary. If a suitable person should be sent out as a magistrate and governor of the Territory, the settlers would sustain his authority. In proof of this it is only necessary to say that almost all the settlers in the Willamette Valley have signed a memorial to Congress, praying that body to extend the United States government over the Territory. * * * * You are aware, sir, that there is no law in that country to protect or control American citizens. And to whom shall we look, to whom can we look, for the establishment of wholesome laws to regulate our infant but rising settlements but to the Congress of our own beloved country? The country will be settled, and that speedily, from some quarter, and it depends very much upon the speedy action of Congress what that population shall be, and what shall be the fate of the Indian tribes in that territory. It may be thought that Oregon is of but little importance; but, rely upon it, there is the germ of a great state. We are resolved to do what we can to benefit the country, but we throw ourselves upon you for protection."

Such was the impression made by Mr. Lee upon the Congress, the President and his cabinet, and such the estimate they placed upon the expedition he was organizing as an instrument in the Americanization of the Pacific coast that the government, out of the "secret service fund," assisted in its outfit and expenses to the amount of $5,000.

This could only have been justified because of the vital relations of the mission to the settlement of the greatest international question that our government was then considering, namely, what is diplomatically known as the "Oregon Question."

The completed plans of the Missionary Board involved the dispatch of a large vessel, fitted up for the accommodation of more than fifty persons, by the way of some of the South American ports, Cape Horn, and the Sandwich Islands, for the Columbia River. These plans involved so great an amount of business that summer had gone and autumn was far advanced before the great missionary expedition was ready to sail. The ship Lausanne, Spaulding, master, which had been chartered by the Missionary Board, was the vessel selected to bear the missionaries to their field of toil. Early in October it was announced that the time for the final leave taking had come. Those of the company whose relatives were in the west or south, or in the interior, had already said the good-bye to them, but their stay of several months in New York City had begotten other friendships not less sweet, scarcely less tender than those of consanguinity, and as the hour drew near that was to give the last wrench to the snapping cords that bound them all to home altars and home loves, the effort grew harder. The cords tugged stronger at the heart, and it was at last with a cry of despair that they were wrenched asunder. Oregon, now so near to New York in thought and time, was then the most distant spot of earth. Oregon, now the home of one of the most thrifty communities of the continent, was then a "wilderness and a solitary place,"—a "habitation of dragons." Oregon, now answering from her thousand hillsides the church-bell calls to worship, then echoed from the same hillsides the savage whoop and fiendish yell of untamed savageness. What wonder then, as the hour that had been so looked forward to by so many as to be rainbowed by a kind of martyr triumph, drew near, and proved to be an hour of long, voluntary expatriation, an immurement in a living grave, where unseen life would struggle with a darkness no eye could penetrate, some souls relented in their holy purpose. Did not even some of Israel under the very shadow of the pillar of cloud, in the very glory of the pillar of fire, look longingly back to the Egypt of the old bondage? Is it strange that faith should sometimes falter where very sight has failed? But it was only a momentary faltering. Not one finally drew back from the sacrifice.

When the missionary expedition was nearly ready to sail Mr. Jason Lee had been married to Miss Lucy Thompson, of Barre, Vermont, a lady of the most exalted character and the finest intellectual qualifications to sustain and comfort him in the great work to which he was returning.

The departure of these missionaries was a memorable event in the annals of Methodism. To them and to their friends their separation from the civilized world seemed to be utter and final. No one to-day can realize how utter it was. The writer was then a child. An elder brother and his family were among the devoted few that were thus expatriating themselves from home and country. He well remembers how, in that soft October day, when it was understood that these missionaries would sail away for their dark and distant field, he leaned against his mother's side, in the rural home in Oswego County, New York, and listened to her as she softly told of the holy mission on which they were going, and then how his heart throbbed and thrilled as she sung with tears in her eyes but triumph in her heart, Heber's grand missionary hymn:—

"Shall we, whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high:
  Shall we to men benighted the lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation! the joyful sound proclaim.
  Till Earth's remotest nation has learned Messiah's name."

Out of that hour, by the voice of that mother in that song, the young heart of the writer felt the first inspiration that, at last, thirteen years after, identified him with the larger work in that same Oregon to which they were destined.

On the evening of the 3rd day of October, 1839, the Missionary Society, as the representative of the whole Methodist Episcopal Church, held a "Farewell Meeting of the Mission Family for Oregon" in the Green Street Methodist Church, in the City of New York. That family consisted of Rev. Jason Lee and wife, of the New England Conference; Rev. J. H. Frost, wife and one child, of the New York Conference; Rev. Gustavus Hines, wife and child, of the Genesse Conference; Rev. W. H. Kone and wife, North Carolina Conference; Rev. Alvan F. Waller, wife and two children, Genesse Conference; Rev. J. P. Richmond, M. D., wife and four children, Illinois Conference; Mr. Ira L. Babcock, physician, wife and one child, New York; Mr. George Abernethy, missionary steward, wife and two children, New York; Mr. W. W. Raymond and wife, farmer; New York; Mr. H. B. Brewer and wife, farmer; Mr. L. H. Judson, wife and three children, cabinet maker; Mr. J. L. Parrish, blacksmith, wife and three children; Mr. James Olley, carpenter, and wife; Mr. Hamilton Campbell, carpenter, wife and child; Miss

C. A. Clark, teacher; Miss Maria T. Ware, teacher; Miss Elmira Phillips, teacher; Miss Almira Phillips, teacher; Miss Orpha Lankton, stewardess, and Thomas Adams, Indian boy.

A more impressive service was never held in New York. It was presided over by Rev. Nathan Bangs, D. D., Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, and G. P. Disosway was the secretary. An address was delivered by Rev. Robert Alder, D. D., of London, one of the most eminent ministers of his day. Several of the missionaries also addressed the meeting. The whole "Missionary Family" was introduced; and the chairman delivered to them the final farewell charge of the church under whose auspices they were going forth on their resplendent mission.

On the 9th day of October the Lausanne was announced as ready for sea. Her anchors were lifted, her sails were spread to the breeze, and she turned her prow away from the gilded towers of New York, away from the golden shores of New Jersey, out into the deep, far sea.

Once fairly on the voyage there was little of incident to require historic mention. There was one event, however, that had such an important bearing on the future history of Oregon, and was such an index of the broad views and purposes of the superintendent as well as of the body of the mission and of the church that sent them out, that it must not be passed by unnoticed.

The first "Centennial Celebration" of the existence of Methodism in the world occurred on October 25th, 1839. Of course this floating body of Methodist missionaries prepared to observe it with due religious festivities and commemorations. Rev. Gustavus Hines was appointed to preach the sermon, and a subscription was made of $650 for the cause of education in Oregon. The sermon was founded on Zachariah xiv: 6-7-8:—

> "And it shall come to pass in that day that the light shall not be clear nor dark; but it shall be one day which shall be known to the Lord, not day nor night; but it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light. And it shall be in that day that living waters shall go out from Jerusalem; half of them towards the former sea and half of them towards the hinder sea; in summer and in winter shall it be."

With this celebration and subscription was laid the first foundation for the educational work which has done so much in the after years to give character to the civilization of the Pacific Coast. Already the vision of these nation-builders was sweeping a broader horizon than the one that hung so low and dark over the destiny of the Indian race.

Precisely two months from the date of the departure from New York the Lausanne entered the harbor of Rio Janeiro, where the missionary band were welcomed to the Christian hospitality of the families of Rev. Justin Spaulding and Rev, D. P. Kidder, then representing the Methodist Episcopal Church in missionary work in Brazil. A few days of rest, of bodily and mental recuperation, and on the 14th the Lausanne swept out of the harbor of Rio Janiero and turned southward towards the stormy headlands of Cape Horn. So violent did they find these storms that they were driven southward three hundred miles, where on the 27th of January, they passed the longitude of the Atlantic and entered the Pacific ocean, but it was not until the 5th of February they found themselves off the Straits of Magellan. A little more than two weeks thereafter their anchors were cast in the harbor of Valpariso.

They left Valpariso on the 23d of February and steered through the wide wastes of the South Pacific towards the Sandwich Islands, and on the 8th of April sighted the Island of Maui, and on the 11th cast anchor in the bay of Honolulu. A residence of nearly three weeks at Honolulu was improved by the missionaries in making themselves familiar with the missionary work among the Hawaiians, and in visiting scenes of interest in the island. But they were becoming impatient at the length of the voyage, and the more especially as their next harbor would be the mouth of the Columbia River.

On the 28th of April the voyage was resumed, and on the 21st of May Capes Disappointment and Adams appeared above the eastern horizon, and preparations were immediately made for crossing the bar, then an object of terror to navigators, and, being so little known, justly so. Over a smooth sea the Lausanne swept into the mouth of the Columbia, and before nightfall cast anchor in Baker's Bay.

Though we have swept over the broad seas they traversed in a few sentences, we must not forget that our missionary company was more than seven months in making the voyage. In a sense they were months of ease, in another sense of burden. To Mr. Lee especially they brought a heavy responsibility. The seven months of such forced intimacy involved a severe trial of the personal authority and influence of the superintendent, as well as gave him an opportunity to become acquainted with the characteristics of all the members of the mission. It is no slight praise to say of Mr. Lee that he came out of this trial with personal influence not diminished, and with personal character exalted in the eyes of his associates. He delivered a series of lectures on the missionary work in Oregon on shipboard which proved of great interest, and prepared the minds of the missionaries for the work to which they had destined themselves. Still it was not without fear of the effect that the sight of the unfathomed degradation of the tribes of Oregon would have on the minds of many that he contemplated the hour when that degradation would first be seen in the nearness of personal contact instead of in the distance of meditation. So when the Lausanne cast her anchor under the shadows of the dark evergreens of Oregon he felt that all with him were entering a crisis in their faith and work from which they would come forth crystallized into the hardness and beauty of good Christian workers, or shattered in faith and broken in purpose, to spend a little time in unsuc successful and repining struggle, and then, acknowledging themselves unequal to the hour, to give up the contest, leaving Oregon and her tribes to their fate. He had passed that crisis. His hour of temptation in the wilderness had already gone. Theirs was now coming—had come.

When the Lausanne, as she seemed to pause a moment on the bar of the river, looked into the mouth of the Columbia, one of the most wonderful scenes of beauty and sublimity on the whole earth burst on the vision of the company that trod her decks. Behind them was the illimitable sea. Before them the broad, bay-like expanse of the Columbia swept eastward until its silver sheen blended, thirty miles away, with the evergreen borderings of the dark mountains. An hundred miles further east towered the snowy crest of Mount Hood, seeming to rest against the blue sky, pure as an angel's robe. Northward the bold battlements of Cape Disappointment pushed defiantly out into the spray of the sea. Southward the headlands of Tillamook lifted a frowning face over the beating surf. Sweeping eastward, a mountain framework of near an hundred miles in length locked in rocky arms the panorama of sunshine and shadow, of river and hill, where here the river of most stupendous scenery on the western continent pours itself, through its grandest vista, into the bosom of the Pacific.

The ship had been at anchor but a few hours before a canoe was descried floating down the bay, and in a short time Rev. Daniel Lee, the nephew, companion and confidant of Jason, ascended the gunwale and stood on the deck. More than two years before these men had separated on the banks of the Columbia, the one to cross the continent and then return by the way of Cape Horn; the other to contine his labor among the dark tribes of Oregon. They embraced each other and wept in the transport of a renewed union.

Not long did the missionaries linger, but as rapidly as possible made their way up the river for one hundred miles, and on the first day of June, 1840, they finally debarked at Vancouver, where they were welcomed by Governor McLoughlin to the hospitalities of the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company as long as they should find it necessary to remain. The long voyage was over. A kind providence had watched over ship and people. All had been preserved, and in good health landed thus in the center of their field of toil. The praises they sung, the thanksgivings they offered were sincere and heartfelt.

MRS. H. CAMPBELL.
Only Survivor of the "Great Reinforcement."

XI.

THE NEW ERA.

"Instead of the thorn, shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar, shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."—ISAIAH.

THE great reinforcement was now in the field towards which it had been sailing for over seven months since the Lausanne spread her canvass off the capes of New Jersey. Its members were prepared and anxious to enter on the work to which the church had assigned them. The entire force now attached to the mission in the several departments to which they had been assigned by the Missionary Board, was as follows:

Ministers: Jason Lee, Daniel Lee, David Leslie, H. K. W. Perkins, G. Hines, A. F. Waller, J. L. Frost, W. W. Kone and J. P. Richmond. In the secular department Dr. Elijah White, Ira L. Babcock, George Abernethy, H. B. Brewer, L. H. Judson, J. L. Parrish, James Olley, Hamilton Campbell, Alanson Beers, W. H. Willson and W. W. Raymond. Teachers: Miss Margaret Smith, Miss Chloe A. Clark, Miss Almira Phillips, Miss Elmira Phelps, with Miss Orpha Lankton as stewardess.

All of the ministers, and all in the secular departments except W. H. Willson had families. Together they constituted a missionary force of forty one adults, and in the several families there were not far from fifty children. Thus in a little over five years the mission planted by Mr. Jason Lee with two helpers in the autumn of 1834, had expanded to this imposing colony of most pronounced American life in the very heart of Oregon. What this meant for the future history of this coast will appear as our story progresses, but it is proper here that we remark that philosophers and historians have always recognized the fashioning influence of first settlers on the character and destiny of communities. Original impulses are long continued like the characteristics and propensities which parenthood bestows upon the unborn child. The prevalent influence of the thought and sentiment of New England morality and civilization is accounted for by the character of her homes and schools and pulpits in that old day when the Pilgrims found and asserted on her bleak December shores "Freedom to worship God." Because of them she has held on her way to her high place in the confidence and trust of the nation and the respect of the whole world. And it is a strange, or, at least, a somewhat peculiar phenomenon, that the blood of New England, flowing squarely westward through New York, Ohio and Illinois, was that which beat in the heart of every one of these missionaries of the cross and of the new civilization, with, perhaps, a single exception, who were thus banded together on that 1st day of June, 1840, on the emerald banks of the Columbia in the heart of the "Pacific Northwest."

On the 13th of June all the missionaries met at Vancouver for a general consultation on the condition and wants of the field and to fix the stations of the newly arrived reinforcements. After due consideration the appointments of the nine ministers now connected with the mission were fixed as follows:

Jason Lee, Superintendent.

Nesqually, situated near the head of Puget Sound, J. P. Richmond.

Clatsop, near the mouth of the Columbia River, J. H. Frost.

Umpqua, Gustavus Hines, W. W. Kone.

The Dalles, Daniel Lee, H. K. W. Perkins.

Willamette Station, David Leslie.

Willamette Falls, Alvan F. Waller, but he was to remain at the Willamette station for some months to assist in some mechanical work.

W. H. Willson, of the secular department, was assigned to Nesqually to assist Mr. Richmond; H. B. Brewer, to The Dalles as farmer, and Dr. Babcock to the same place as physician, and all the rest of the mechanics and farmers, with Dr. White as physician, to the central station at the "Old Mission." Miss Clark was assigned to Nesqually as teacher. The remainder of the teachers were also retained at the "Mission School." George Abernethy, as steward, and Miss Lankton, as stewardess, were also required at the same point. Thus before the middle of June all the preliminary arrangements for the extension of the mission were completed and the several members of the mission were scattering east and west, north and south, to enter upon the fields assigned them.

The new fields that it was proposed by these appointments to occupy, namely, Umpqua, Nesqually and Clatsop, had been selected by Mr. Lee before he left for the east in 1838. He had visited them, and finding that they were the centers of large Indian populations, as well as promising to be central to the white populations that he clearly foresaw would, within a few years, supersede the Indian race, fixed upon them as suitable for occupancy when he had more laborers at his command. That time had now come, and he made the appointments accordingly.

In another day the missionaries were scattered abroad. None of them could start, however, like the rough, brave riders of Asbury's cavalry, with saddle and pack-horse, over traveled highways and plain trails through peopled valleys and into thriving and populous villages and cities near and far. Their mode of conveyance was the canoe, its pathway the mighty river's flood, the dashing torrents foam, or anon the swinging surf that beat upon the ocean's shore. This was the most uncertain, precarious, laborious intinerancy a Methodist preacher ever attempted. Now dashing down foaming and eddying cascades, where the wrong scant of an Indian's paddle-blade by a single inch would shoot the canoe like a catapult against some beetling crag or submerged rock; now wading up the ice-cold stream and wearily tugging at the cordel-rope for hours to make a single mile, or now pulling at the paddle hour after hour to cross miles of river or bay against wind and tides was the most real and least ideal of any itinerancy ever attempted. Nightfalls found no house or home; only a camp under a fir tree, or in the lee of some great basaltic cliff. No gathered congregation, large or small, to welcome the weary itinerant to the cheer of a hand-shake or the restful influence of worshipful song and Christian communion; only the still, awful quietude of mighty forests, or the more awful solicitude of the mighty plain. Only this. And this is not an imaginary painting, but the description of real chapters in the lives of those who planted Christianity and civilization in the Pacific Northwest. It was to such a life as this that these missionaries from New England, New York, Ohio and Illinois were now being introduced as they turned away from that conference at Vancouver on the 15th day of June, 1840, to do the work the church had commissioned them to do.

The places to which these missionaries were appointed stretched over a region two hundred miles from east to west, and three hundred from north to south, The isolation of each station from all others was almost complete, as it required days and often weeks of the most perilous and lonely travel to pass from one to another. Only people who "count not their lives dear unto themselves so that they may finish their course with joy," ever do such work in such a cause.

When that part of the company destined for work at the "Old Mission" station and school, accompanied by those who had been appointed to the Umpqua region, reached the station they found it poorly prepared to shelter so large an accession of numbers. It was evident that enlarged quarters must be at once provided, and the plans of work in every way be greatly extended. The improvements in the shape of buildings were not valuable, except as they served a temporary purpose, and it was resolved to remove the station to a more eligible site a few miles further to the south. But while this work was going on, and necessarily employed all the force of the mission, the work of the school, and efforts to instruct and elevate the Indians kept even pace with it.

As soon as Mr. Lee had reached the country with the great reinforcement it became apparent to him that great changes had taken place in the Indian population during the two years of his absence. While the numbers of the whites in the country had not increased the number of Indians had greatly decreased. Such discouraging reports were borne to him of the condition and number, as well as of the character of the Indians in the Umpqua region to which he had appointed Mr. Hines and Mr. Kone, that he resolved to accompany Mr. Hines in a tour of observation among them before establishing the mission. Accordingly, on the 18th of August, 1840, these men, with an Indian guide, left the mission station mounted on horses, with their baggage packed on other horses, and started southward over what is now one of the most beautiful and productive agricultural regions of America. As this tour will give our readers a good idea of the character of the work necessary to be done to lay the foundations of our now fine civilization on this coast, as well as some insight into the purposes and life of the men the church had selected to do it, we will give something of its incidents as well as record its results.

At noon of the first day they reached the place known by the Indians from time immemorial as "Chemekete," meaning "here we rest," where a small tributary stream empties into the Willamette from the east, on which the mission was then erecting mills; hence named "Mill Creek." Near it was also already planned to erect the"Indian Manual Labor School." The wisdom which selected this location is now apparent from the fact that the entire space of perhaps three-fourths of a mile between where the mill and school were located is now occupied by the most populous part of the capital of Oregon.

During the next and the following days the whole upper Willamette Valley was traversed. It was then in all the robes of its native loveliness. Its prairies were unkempt, its groves of oak, pine and fir untouched by the woodman's axe. The deer drank untroubled at its fountains. It was then, it is now a land of witching loveliness.

On the 21st they crossed what was known as Elk Mountain, dividing the waters of the Willamette from those of the Umpqua River, and on the next day reached the latter opposite the Hudson's Bay fort, or trading post, of the same name.

This fort was then in the charge of a Frenchman by the name of Goniea, a member of an honorable family in Montreal. His love for the life of an adventurer, however, was greater than his attachment to family and home, and he was spending his life here in the pursuit of the chase and the excesses of the carousal.

To carry out the purposes of this missionary reconnaisance it was necessary for the two missionaries to visit the coast at the mouth of the Umpqua River, for there resided the greater part of the Indians. But this was a journey by no means destitute of dangers. The Umpquas were noted for treachery. They were the most savage of savages. No unprotected or incautious party of whites passed through their territory without leaving heavy tribute of plunder, and often only by the sacrifice of some of their lives. Goniea, warned them of the hazard of two men going among them alone on any errand at any time. Now it was especially dangerous. There were whispers of blood abroad in the air. After much solicitation he consented that his Indian wife, a relative of the chief of the band they designed to visit, should accompany them as interpreter, remarking as the arrangement was consummated, "Now the danger is little; before it was great."

Here, exchanging horses for a canoe, they launched out on the swift current of the Umpqua, and accompanied by another canoe containing nine Indians floated down towards the sea. The river is crowded between high mountains, and it was only after considerable search they found level ground enough between the river and the mountains for the night's camp. Here, in a wilderness of majestic firs, in the deep gorges of Southern Oregon, surrounded only by Indians, these two missionaries of the cross pitched their scant tent for the night, ate their frugal meal of roasted salmon and bread, and after conversing as they were able through the interpreter, with their red companions in regard to God and Christ and Heaven, wrapped themselves in their blankets for the night's repose.

At noon of the following day they arrived at the mouth of the river. Here were living about two hundred Indians, residing in three villages, a short distance separated from each other. The tent of the missionaries was pitched about a half mile from the larger village. The Indians received them in that sullen silence so characteristic of their nature. For a length of time not a visitor from the Indian camps appeared. The prospect was dark indeed. Mr. Lee sent an embassy to the chiefs asking a conference, and in response three chiefs and fifty-five Indian warriors, soon arrived at the tent of the missionaries, and seating themselves in a semicircle in its front, informed them, through the interpreter, that they were "ready to hear what they had to say."

Mr. Lee then addressed them formally, telling them whence he had come, and the object of his visit; how long it took to perform the voyage from his native land; that the missionaries had many friends at home who desired them not to come, but that a sense of duty had brought them to their land to tell them of the Lord Jesus Christ. He also informed them that he had heard many things about themselves and had now come to see whether these things were so. He concluded by asking if they approved of their visit and were willing to be instructed.

After a few minutes consultation among themselves the chiefs, one after another arose, and advancing within a few feet of Mr. Lee addressed him with all the vehemence and violence of Indian oratory, in substance as follows:

"Great Chief: We are very much pleased with our country. We love this world, and desire to live a long while in it. We very much desire to become old men before we die. It is true we have killed many people, but we have never killed any but bad people. Many lies have been told about us. We have been called a bad people, and we are glad you have come to see us for yourselves. All the white men we have seen before came to get our beavers; none ever came to instruct us. We are glad to see you. We want to throw away our bad things and become good."

By Mr. Lee's request Mr. Hines, who was a large man, and a fine singer, stepped out into the circle and sung Heber's Missionary Hymn, the Indians giving the most fixed attention until its close, when all bowed in prayer while Mr. Lee invoked the favor of Heaven upon the enterprise, and the mercy of God on the outcast red men around him. A talk explaining the great facts of creation and redemption was then delivered, after which the Indians, with words of satisfaction with the things they had now heard for the first time, dispersed to their camps. At dusk they returned again, and around a large fire which lighted up the forest, received another lesson of instruction from the word of God, and then, at a late hour scattered away.

The appearances were peaceful, and the missionaries, without much apprehension, lay down to repose. There were three, however, who read more clearly than they the treacherous character of the red hordes around them. These were the Indian wife of Goniea, her brother, and another Indian who had been some time with the whites. Detecting under the guise of good professions, intentions of blood, they prepared themselves as well as they were able to prevent it. They kept a large fire burning in front of the tent all night, neither of them taking a moment's sleep. It afterwards appeared that all night long treacherous savages were lurking around the tent waiting for a moment of darkness to attack and plunder it, and probably destroy the inmates. The faithful guardianship of this Indian woman had saved them. These Indians had before and have often after, proved themselves capable of any duplicity, and some among the very chiefs who welcomed the missionaries that day with honied words were famous and foremost in the massacres of from ten to fifteen years later.

The next day after addressing the Indians again, and receiving assurances that if a missionary were sent them they would treat him well, and listen to his teaching, our pioneers prepared to depart, much against the expressed wish of the Indians, but urged thereto by the faithful Mrs. Goniea. At evening of the second day they arrived again at the Fort, where the full extent of their peril the night they spent on the coast was made known to them by Mrs. Goniea.

They continued their tour of observation through all the scattered bands of the Umpqua Valley for a hundred miles from the sea. The Indians were few and scattered, degraded and cruel. They were also evidently dying away as a people without hope and without remedy. Though a mission might save individuals, yet as a people they could not be saved. "There is no work in the grave." They were darkly, terribly, certainly doomed. It was an unwelcome truth, yet none the less a truth. After a thorough exploration of the country, and considerate and prayerful weighing of the pros and cons of a mission among the Umpquas, this record was made by our missionaries: "Under the impression that the doom of extinction is suspended over this wretched race, and that the hand of Providence is removing them to give place to a people more worthy of this beautiful and fertile country, we arrived at our encampment, and found ourselves again on the great California trail."

The purpose of establishing a mission on the Umpqua was abandoned. Providence had interdicted, and in a way not to be mistaken, had said, "this is not the time when, and these are not the people among whom my Kingdom shall be set up in these verdant vales."

On the 4th of September this perilous reconnaisance ended by the return of the missionaries to the headquarters of the mission on the Willamette.

It proved not less difficult, thought it was less dangerous, for those stationed at Nesqually and at Clatsop to make their way to the places where they were to begin their work, than it was for Messrs. Lee and Hines to accomplish this tour to the Umpquas. That of Mr. Richmond and his family, with Mr. Willson and Miss Clark as helpers, was especially trying, as there was nowhere on the coast a more difficult passage to make in those early days than that between the Columbia River and Puget Sound. But, with perseverance, the short journey was made in a long time, and they began their work near the Hudson's Bay Fort, Nesqually, but not under conditions that had much promise of success. And the same might be said of the work of Mr. Frost at Clatsop. The devotion that assayed the work was heroic, and worthy of all praise, but the people among whom it was assayed were among the least responsive to civilizing and Christian feeling and thought that could be found on the face of the earth. And there were other and external conditions that rendered it evident soon after the work was begun that for the Indians the results could not be large nor permanent. As some of these will appear elsewhere, it is not needful to discuss them at this point. The general fact, however, should here be frankly stated, that while the field to be cultivated was large territorially, and its wants immeasurable, there was in the minds of the recent arrivals a disappointment as to the prospects of any great success in the special work they came to perform, namely, the conversion and salvation of the Indian people. Nor was Mr. Lee, and those who had been his earlier helpers, less disappointed than they. For this there was a sufficient reason, clear to Mr. Lee and those who had been with him from the opening of the mission, but not at all clear to those who had just arrived. This, perhaps, is the proper place to state what that reason was.

During the two years that had elapsed since Mr. Lee had left the country for the States, great changes had occurred in Oregon. The Indian race was melting away. Where two years before were populous villages there were now but scattered wigwams. The change was appalling to the superintendent, and it cast a gloom over every mind. All were unprepared for the unwelcome shadow. Still every one took up his work as he best could, hoping that, in some way, Providence would roll back and away the clouds that obscured the future and make the very darkness comprehend the light kindled within it. At all events they could wait on God.

Besides the establishment of the new stations at Nesqually and Clatsop there was little to mark in the progress of the work, except that, on the decision not to establish the mission at Umpqua, Mr. Kone was assigned to the Clatsop station, with Mr. Frost, and Mr. Hines was appointed in charge of the "Indian Manual Labor School."

In February, 1841, Mrs. Leslie, wife of Rev. David Leslie, who had been in Oregon between four and five years, and had been a faithful and devoted missionary, passed over to the better land. She had suffered long and much, with a patience and submission most lovely, and died among those for whom she had forsaken all a bright witness to the faith of the Gospel. She left behind her her husband and five daughters, two of whom had been born in Oregon. Her memory as one of the early missionaries, and one of the most accomplished by nature and grace, is still precious to the church which she helped to plant in the land where her dust slumbers away the years. The early life of Mrs. Leslie was amidst the best and most cultivated associations of New England Methodism, and hers was a nature promptly and generously to respond to such influences. She was a sister of the mother of Bradford K. Pierce, D.D., for many years one of the most eminent preachers and writers of Boston, and had much of the loftiness of character and beauty of life that distinguished that eminent divine. Never a lovlier and nobler band of Christian women entered any mission field than that whose lives of devotion blessed and whose death sanctified the missionary era of the Pacific Northwest. Not least nor least lovely among them was Mrs. Leslie.

The annual meeting of the mission was held at the Manual Labor School on Monday, May 10, 1841. The appointments made were:—

Jason Lee, superintendent.
Mission Manual Labor School, Gustavus Hines.
Willamette Settlement, David Leslie.
Willamette Falls, Alvan F. Waller.
Chinook, W. W. Kone, J. H. Frost.
Nesqually, J. P. Richmond.
The Dalles, Daniel Lee, H. K. W. Perkins.

The laymen were distributed among the several stations as before.

The work of the missionaries in their several fields during the year that had now passed since the arrival of the large reinforcement had not been marked by any special advance, nor yet by any great decline. In the Willamette Valley, including Willamette Falls, there was a small increase of the white population and hence more attention was given to labor in their behalf than had been given before. At the same time in a steady and mysterious way the Indian population was diminishing. Around the other stations, namely, The Dalles, Nesqually and Clatsop, there was little change in any way. There can be no doubt but the missionaries were self-denying, devoted in their work, and truly religious in their lives, yet all can see that with the small and rapidly diminishing number of Indians remaining in the country, their work lacked the inspiration of a great hope, and they were forever faced by the certainty that the people for whom they had adventured this mission of love were destined to cease to be before time enough had elapsed to put even a fragament of them far on the way to a larger life. It is hard to keep work up to the inspiration of a calling, a vocation, under such conditions, and only the most self-resourceful and prophetic souls can do it. To others it is a plod, a drudgery, to be abandoned and turned away from whenever the opportune excuse is furnished.

During this year, 1841, some changes were made that had such a bearing on the future history of the country that they require special mention. One was the removal of the "Indian Manual Labor School" from the old mission station to "Chemekete," near where the mission mills had been erected, and the erection of a dwelling house not far from the school. This involved, of course, the removal of the entire missionary center from the place which Mr. Lee had chosen for the mission farm at the first, about ten miles southward. The mill, the Labor School building, and the residence were the first buildings erected in Chemekete, which is now Salem, the Capital of the State. They were all built by the mission under the direction of Mr. Lee, and they marked a distinct advance in the condition, prospects and even expectations of those who were giving direction to the work of the church in Oregon. They were all of a character and style to indicate that those who designed them felt assured that the country was passing out of the old era of wigwams and cabins and entering the new era of painted homes and belfried school houses. These improving changes, however, were all in and about the stations at Chemekete and Willamette Falls, as these were the centers about which gathered nearly all the white American society to be found west of the Rocky Mountains, except that in the isolated homes of the missionaries in the strictly Indian work. No one of these was within a hundred miles of this center.

While it will not be practicable to follow the entire personnel of the mission much further, it is proper that we should note the changes that had occurred in it up to this time. Rev. David Leslie this year was left without assignment to a specific mission as it was necessary for him to make some suitable provision for his five motherless girls, left to his sole care by the death of his wife, in a land where there was so little with which to care for such a precious charge. He had been a faithful and intelligent worker from his coming to the country in 1837, and for the two years that Mr. Lee was out of the country had charge of the entire mission work This responsibility he met intelligently and faithfully. He still remained a member of the mission, however, enjoying all the rights and privileges of that relation, and doing all the work he could among Indians and whites.

Dr. Elijah White had been discharged from the mission and returned to his old home in New York. Mrs. Shepard, the widow of Cyrus Shepard, had become the wife of Mr. J. L. Whitcomb, Miss Almira Phelps, one of the teachers, of Mr. Joseph Holman, and Miss Orpha Lankton, stewardess, of Mr. David Carter.

The amount of labor, exposure and danger in carrying on the work at the different stations, and in traveling between them and the depot of supplies at the old mission, seems in these days of rapid passenger transit and lightning expresses, absolutely incredible. That our readers may understand it as well as possible, we will give an instance or two that will be a sufficient illustration of it.

At the close of the annual meeting of the mission in 1842, Mr. Daniel Lee, who had been in attendance upon the meeting at the Willamette station, prepared to return to his own work at The Dalles. The distance was about 150 miles; fifty down the Willamette River and one hundred up the Columbia. We will let him tell the story in his own way. He says:—

"The meeting ended, we were ready to return to the several posts assigned us. Mr. Carter had been been hired several months at my station, and now returned with me, taking his newly married lady with him. Taking an affectionate leave of our friends at the station, we manned our canoes and hastened on our way. The Columbia was at its highest and the current very strong, and the sun poured its scalding rays upon us. The labor, risk and anxiety in passing the Cascades were immense. The canoes had to be unloaded and reloaded not less than six times. In passing the canoe up the bad water two men are in it, one at the stern and the other at the bow, having strong poles to keep it off the rocks, and a rope is fastened to the head fifty yards long, which is manned by four or five men, and thus it is drawn up. But now, as it sometimes happens, we capsized one of our canoes and damaged it on the rocks. We soon, however, repaired the breach and moved on again. But with the Cascades we did not leave all our dangers, and Mrs. Lee particularly suffered much from fear. The winds were boisterous and the waves were high, and at one time we were compelled to land to escape the fury of the blast and avoid being dashed upon the rocks ahead, but we escaped with only a wetting.

Saturday, June 5th, we came in sight of the station at dusk, but the current was too strong for us to attempt the ascent with our cargoes without daylight. We now went ashore and encamped. After making all sung, Mrs. Lee and myself went on in our now light canoe, while Mr. and Mrs. Carter remained in camp, and reached our house before 12 o'clock the next day."

The other incident, though occurring a year later, illustrates the same class of experiences, and hence is introduced here. They were both only the common experiences of the missionary workers in the Pacific Northwest during the whole period of the strictly missionary history. It occurs in the journal of Mr. G. Hines, and is as follows:—

"December 7, 1842. Left the Willamette for Vancouver for the purpose of procuring supplies for the Oregon Mission School, accompanied by five Indian boys. Proceeded on horseback about twenty-five miles to a place on the Willamette now called by the French "La Butte," this being the most convenient place to land our supplies. Here, after having slept beneath the spreading branches of a large fir tree, we took the canoe which is kept by the mission above the falls of the Willamette for the purpose of transporting goods up and down the river, and proceeded to "Tumwater," that is, the Falls. We left our canoe above the portage, and taking a boat provided for us by Mr. Abernethy, the mission steward, we continued on about fifteen miles and encamped one hour after sundown, having rowed our canoe and boat thirty-five miles.

The night was very cold, but collecting a large quantity of fuel we were able to keep up a good fire during the night, and in this manner kept ourselves comfortably warm. Started the next morning as soon as it was day, and though for six miles we had to contend with the strong current of the Columbia, we arrived at Vancouver at 2 o'clock P. M. * * * * * *

On Monday morning, December 11th, having completed my business, and prepared to return, we proceeded to our boat and found the Columbia River filled with ice. The weather had been increasingly cold, and the ice came down the river in large fields, and threatened to put a stop for the time being to the navigation of the stream. However, it had not yet become very hard, and though there was some danger in the attempt, we launched forth into the stream, and breaking our way through the ice with our poles we at length succeeded in getting safely into the mouth of the Willamette. This river being clear from ice, we proceeded up about seven miles, and encamped under a high bluff, which sheltered us from the piercing winds from the northeast. The ground being frozen, the weather exceedingly cold, and withal a scarcity of bedding, I took the following precaution to insure a comfortable night. I built a large fire where I designed to make my bed, and, after the earth became thoroughly dried and warmed, I removed the fire a little distance, and plucking some fir boughs threw them upon the heated earth; then spreading my buffalo skin upon the boughs, and with a couple of blankets over me, slept comfortably during the night.

Next day at noon we arrived at the Falls, and on Wednesday, the 13th, made our portage. At 2 P. M. we proceeded up the rapids above the falls, which at that season of the year are very difficult of ascent. They are ascended by cordelling, and it is frequently necessary to work for hours in the water among the rocks in order to get up one boat load. We succeeded, however, with much toiling and a severe wetting in reaching the deep water above the rapids without any serious accident, and at night encamped seven miles above the Falls in a dense forest of fir trees. I had preserved a few matches from getting wet, and succeeded after a while in striking up a good fire. I cooked me a supper of fresh salmon, not forgetting to make a good cup of tea, and after partaking of my humble repast from my ground table with that peculiar relish which good health and hard work always gives to wholesome food, and offering up a tribute of thanksgiving to Providence for the blessings of the past, and invoking a continuance of his favors, I spread my skins and blankets upon the ground and reclined myself to rest. * * * * *

On Thursday, the 14th, arrived safely at "La Butte," and landed our goods. I sent back the Indian boys to the Falls with the canoe to get a load of salmon and molasses, remaining myself with the goods over night, and sleeping between two large roots of a fir tree. On Friday, according to agreement, a team was sent to meet me at the Butte, to receive the goods, and a horse to convey me home, where I arrived safely at 9 o'clock in the evening, after an absence of eight days."

These incidents are given because they are such as every member of the Oregon Mission was passing through continually from the time Jason Lee pitched his missionary tabernacle in the wilderness for nearly twenty years. No reader can understand the difficulties that encompassed the missionary work on the Northwest coast with out the relation of some of them.

We have called the time covered by this chapter, namely, from June, 1840, to the early part of 1842, "The New Era," because there were in it so many facts and incidents that marked an essential change from the conditions that attended the work of the mission from 1834, when it was first established, to 1840, when the great reinforcement arrived. Up to 1840 it had been entirely an Indian mission. After that date it began to take on the character of an American colony, though it did not lay aside its missionary character or purposes. This change could not be avoided, and it ought not to have been even if it could have been. It inhered in the very character of the agencies the church had chosen to publish the Gospel evangel on these shores. It was a part of the inevitable outcome of the entrance of such a band of educated religious life as that which the Methodist Episcopal Church put on this coast, with orders to take and hold the land for the free Christianity of America. If they came to convert Indians they came as well to plant the seed of Anglo-Saxon civilization in the soil of the decayed and decaying paganisms of the departing times. If the church at home did not understand this part of the work of the mission she had planted by the western seas, and even if some of the men and women who came to plant that mission did not understand it, God understood it, and graciously gave to the church and her appointed agencies their opportunity. When this "era" began there was not an American dwelling north of the Columbia River. From the Columbia River southward to Mexico there was scarcely one except the cabins of the few missionaries in the Willamette Valley. This most beautiful and fruitful of lands was waiting God's best planting of a "right seed."

When, on the 15th day of June, 1840, Jason Lee. as superintendent of the mission, announced the name of J. P. Richmond to establish a mission at Nesqually, he named the first American man and family to become a resident north of the Columbia River. In connection with the appointment of Dr. Richmond as missionary, Mr. W. H. Willson was appointed in the secular department and Miss Chloe A. Clark as teacher of the mission school. Before June, 1840, was passed they had made their way from Vancouver down the Columbia and up the Cowlitz River in canoes as far as the Cowlitz could be ascended thus, and then on horses over a rough pack trail to a point within half a mile of the old Hudson's Bay Fort called Nesqually, and about the same distance from the shore of Puget Sound, where they had soon erected a house and established themselves in the work to which they had been appointed. Soon after they were settled in their house, Mr. W. H. Willson and Miss Clark were married by Dr. Richmond; the first couple married in what is now the State of Washington. On the 28th of February, 1842, the first American child was born to Mr. and Mrs. Richmond, a son, concerning whom the following registry was entered by the father in the family register in the Bible at the time of his baptism:

"Francis Richmond, son of John P. Richmond and his wife, America, was born at Puget Sound, near Nesqually, Oregon Territory, on the 28th of February, Anno Domini 1842, and was baptized by the Rev. Jason Lee, superintendent of the Oregon Missions."

Dr. Richmond was an educated and able man. He graduated as M. D. in Philadelphia about 1830, and afterwards entered the Methodist ministry and was stationed in Jacksonville, Illinois, when he was appointed "Missionary to Oregon." in 1839. He went to Puget Sound, intending to make that region his home for life, but ill health and family circumstances required otherwise, and after four years he found it necessary to return to Illinois. He died in Manitoba a few years ago, over 80 years of age. He antedated all other American settlers north of the Columbia by five years. He, in conjunction with Mr. Willson and Miss Clark, introduced "The New Era" north of the Columbia River.

XII.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

"Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said: The morning cometh, and also the night; if ye will inquire, inquire ye; return, come."

—ISAIAH.

IN all human history periods of transition from the old to the new are filled with great conflicts. The old, however bad it was, and however desirable it is to make it give place to the better new, holds with a grasp of fearful tenacity on the power it had, even if it were only to use that power for tyranny and destruction. When did ever barbarism give place to civilization without warfare? When did ever paganism surrender to Christianity until it had made martyrs of Christians? When was ever any part of the earth itself brought out of its age-long conditions of mere savage occupancy, and subdued to the esthetic ideals and needs of cultivated and refined life, unless it breathed out of its own broken breast miasms and deaths into the very nostrils of those who would robe its own deformity and ruggedness with the beauty of culture and the fruitfulness of harvests? The primal divine direction to "cultivate and subdue "the earth seemed to hint at a struggle to be endured with all the exigencies of defeats and deaths involved in it, before God's ideal for this physical world should be wrought to the perfection of its pattern by the hand of the human artizan. This is well, but, though it may be heroically endured, and bravely carried to its consummation, there is a sadness in martyrdom that awakens the profoundest sympathy of these who gather up the ashes of the martyrs, and weave the laurels of their faint praise above the fragrant urns that bear the precious dust. These principles never found more marked exemplification, or, we may say, more pathetically glorious exemplification, than in the story of the missionary Christianity of the Pacific Coast, of which story Jason Lee is the illuminated center whence the lustre streams over every page.

It will be remembered that in 1839, when Mr. Lee was preparing to return to Oregon with the great reinforcement, he had wedded Miss Lucy Thompson, of Barre, Vermont. She was a lady of rare moral and intellectual endowment, finely educated, and every way qualified to cheer the heart and sustain the hands of the great missionary in his dangerous and self-denying toils. A happier union never made two hearts one. During the two years and a half that she was connected with the missionary family she won by the purity of her life, the intelligence and refinement of her conversation, her sincere and unaffected devotion to the work of the mission, the highest consideration. But suddenly, unexpectedly, on the 20th day of March, 1842, she passed from the "home below to the home in heaven."

Her sickness was brief and not considered danger, though attended with a cough and expectoration. On Saturday, March 20, she coughed. Mr. Lee, who was standing by her side, raised her head upon his arm. One gasp and all was over. A sadder husband, a sadder group, never surrounded a missionary's death bed. When, a few hours later, they laid away her remains by the side of his former companion, they laid away the casket that had borne one of the purest gems that ever blazed on the dark night of Oregon. As Mr. Lee, folding the infant daughter, then but three weeks old, to his heart, turned away from that grave under the oaks of "Lee Mission Cemetery," another golden strand was braided into the chain that would bind his heart forever to the vales and skies of Oregon.

Let us open, now, gently, the door to the inner tabernacle of his heart, for the world and the church, and even Oregon herself has never known this man in the wholeness of his great heart and life.

In writing to his nephew, Rev. Daniel Lee, he gives this beautiful and touching record of his emotions:—

"I feel like one upon a lofty eminence, who, while he looks upward has no fear, but as he turns his eyes downward realizes an indescribable shrinking back from the gloomy prospect beneath. Is it possible that another sod in Oregon covers the remains of another companion, who was dearer to me than life? I awake as from a dream, but alas! all I see, all I hear, and especially what I feel, conspire to dispel the illusion, and compel me to give my reluctant consent to the overwhelming reality. Well, thank God, the joys and glories of heaven will soon be reality.

> **Let sickness blast, let death devour,**
> **If heaven must recompense our pains.**
> **Perish the grass and fade the flower,**
> **If firm the truth of God remains.**

To his steadfast friend and beloved brother, Rev. O. C. Baker, afterwards Bishop, he wrote:

"My Dear Brother: May heaven long save you from the pangs I feel. But in the midst of all I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice, that my companions are where they can never suffer and that I too shall join them in that glorious realm. I sometimes contemplate myself occupying an enviable position; the spirits of two beloved companions awaiting my arrival, ready to welcome me to that bright abode where those hearts which always beat in unison, and those hands which never touched a discordant string on earth, will unite and engage with celestial ecstacy in the glorious employments of those around the throne. Do not contemplate your old friend as disconsolate and disheartened. No, my brother, discouraged I am not, in heaviness I cannot be while the grace of God, as hitherto, bears me entirely above my trials. I feel that it would be a sin to waste my energies in fruitless grief, and I am aware that it is the grace of God in me that preserves me from it. Glory to God in the highest! I can exult in the midst of the furnace. 'One like unto the Son of Man' is with me, and I expect to come forth without the smell of fire upon my garments."

One cannot but be reminded as he lingers over such scenes of bereavement so heroically endured, of that other great missionary who did most to open the vast Burman empire to Christianity, Dr. Judson, who, at this very time in Moulmein, and at every point where he could gain access by the grace of God, was laying the foundations of Christ's kingdom in the old Asia as was Jason Lee in the new America of the Pacific Coast. The one was not more consecrated than the other. They were kindred in their work, kindred in their bereavements, and kindred in their triumphs. Both labored in the hard and obscure periods of the first beginnings. But the lives they lived and the memories of such dead as they left in Burma and in Oregon will never cease to nerve missionary endeavor. The sufferings they endured will prove as fruitful of blessing as the toils they performed. Each said more than once:

"So have we buried her, up and depart
To life and to duty with undismayed heart"

While, as the years passed by the prospects of ultimate success in establishing a permanent Christian work among the Indians seemed to diminish, mainly because the Indians themselves were diminishing, in other, and really more important aspects, the work of the mission was greatly enlarging. With the spring of 1842 it began to be clearly seen by the more discerning members of the mission, and especially by Mr. Lee, that they were on the beginning of a new order of life on the coast, and that they must adjust their plans and work to that new order. All did not see this and some could not at all reconcile it to their feelings. Nevertheless Providence moved on in its own way and nothing remained for those who were in the field but to take hold of God's purpose as events disclosed it and work in harmony with it, or to abandon the field into which, if they had not been providentially thrust, they had obtruded themselves.

First in importance, as it was first in time in the year, was the action of a meeting called by Jason Lee at his house in Chemekete on the 17th day of January, 1842, to take into consideration the establishment of an educational institution for the benefit of the white population of the country.

This meeting was called for consultation and after a full and free discussion of the condition and prospects of the country, a committee was appointed consisting of Rev. David Leslie, Rev. Gustavus Hines, and Dr. Ira L. Babcock, to prepare business for another meeting, to be held at the "Old Mission," on the first day of February. This meeting was held as appointed in the original Mission House erected by Mr. Lee in 1834, and was attended by the friends of education in the country excepting those who were too remote to be able to reach the place. After another full and able discussion of every aspect of the question as it would affect the Indian missions, and as it related to the future good of the great Oregon that was surely to be, it was unanimously resolved to proceed with the enterprise. A board of nine trustees, consisting of Rev. Jason Lee, Rev. David Leslie, Rev. Gustavus Hines, Rev. J. L. Parrish, Rev. L. H. Judson, Mr. George Abernethy, Mr. H. Campbell, Mr. Alanson Beers and Dr. Ira L. Babcock, was appointed to carry the resolution of the meeting into effect. By a vote of the meeting the school was to be known as the "Oregon Institute."

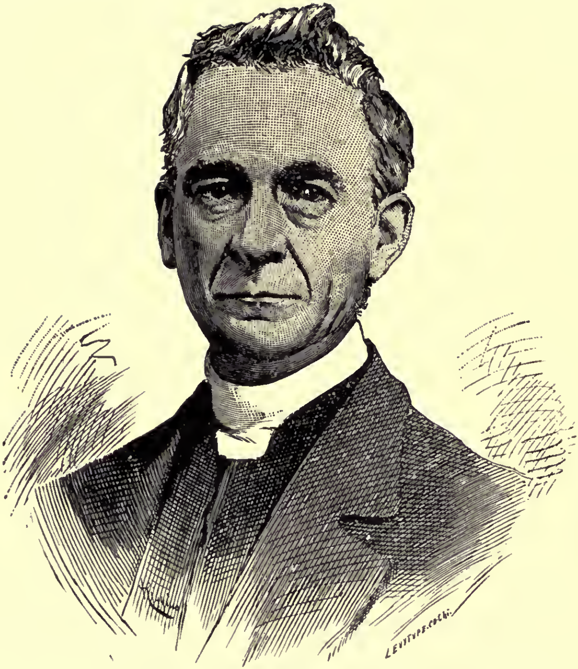
As we shall, in a subsequent chapter, give a connected history of the institution thus resolved upon, we do no more at this point than to identify as to time and place this most important movement with the action and personnel of the Oregon Mission. This action, it is true, was not taken officially by the Mission as such, but by the members of the Mission in their individual capacity as men and citizens, in view of a great and imperative need of the country as a rapidly forming civic community. If it appears, as it certainly does, that it was the almost exclusive action of the members of the Methodist Mission, it was simply because at that time that Mission comprised nearly all the American citizens of the country. Undoubtedly this action of these men, with its implications of faith in what was, to their view, near at hand of the growth and development of Oregon into an important civic state, was one of the most significant and potent facts in the first decade of her history. This was early in 1842, and before the end of that year the action of that body of men was known in all the Atlantic States, and Oregon began to rise on the horizon of public thought as sure to be one of the future American commonwealths of the Pacific coast. In all the east the eyes of the intending emigrants began to turn inquiringly toward that far Pacific land that so recently had received the largest missionary band that had ever sailed out of any port, who had gone, in its own intent, to missionize the Indian tribes, but whom Providence had set so speedily to founding churches and schools for Americans, and building an empire for freemen.

While the members of the Mission were engaged in this important work as men and citizens, they were not forgetting their calling as missionaries. The Indian School had always and at every station been the chief care and hope of all the members of the Mission. It had remained up to this time at the old station. But with the removal of the headquarters of the Mission to Chemekete it became clear that the school itself must be removed. Plans were therefore formed for the erection of a building to be called "The Indian Manual Labor School," at that place. The location selected was one of the most beautiful in the Willamette Valley, which is but saying it was one of the most beautiful in the world, for the Willamette is the very "vale of beauty." It commanded a wide landscape of entrancing loveliness, changing from the most graceful forms of rounded hills and swelling ranges orcharded by venerable oaks, among which occasional tall firs lifted their evergreen spires, and beyond and dominating all the vast mountain ranges domed with the white summits where the snows of ages lay.

Mr. Lee's plans for the building were generous, and accordingly the building which he erected, costing $10,000, was for many years the most sightly and imposing on the coast. This action in connection with the "Manual Labor School" indicated a strong purpose of prosecuting the work among the Indians in the only way it seemed possible to reach them beneficially, by connecting industrial occupations with intellectual culture and religious training in one system, and gathering the youth of both sexes away from the barbaric contaminations of the camps and trails. It was a great and noble effort to stay the tide of destruction that was setting in upon the red men of the Willamette Valley, and showed the splendid steadfastness of Mr. Lee and his co-laborers to the original purpose for which the church had commissioned them at the first; the instruction and elevation of the Indian people. As soon as the building was in a suitable condition for occupancy the school was removed to it, and, with Gustavus Hines as its superintendent, opened its work with much promise of a successful career.

Another most important initial work was performed in 1842 that must have proper record at this time.

In the adjustment of the missionaries at the annual meeting at Vancouver on the arrival of the great reinforcement in June of 1840, Mr. Lee had left Rev. Alvan F. Waller for a time to assist in the construction of a mill at Chemekete. Later in the season, however, he appointed him to labor for the Indians at Willamette Falls and vicinity. Here, and on the Clackamas, a few miles away, were congregated one of the largest communities of Indians then to be found west of the Cascade Mountains. They were drawn thither by the fact that this was one of the finest fishing stations on the coast, and hence they could easily obtain an abundance of their favorite food, the royal salmon. Mr. Waller, who was a man of singular promptness and energy, repaired at once to his assigned field, and immediately began the construction of a residence only a few rods from the bank of the cataract. Although Dr. McLoughlin, for the Hudson's Bay Company, had built a small cabin a few years before for the storage of the goods of the traders in their passing up and down the river in canoes, this residence of Mr. Waller was the first residence built in what was then known as "The Falls Settlement," known now as Oregon City, the Lowell of the Pacific coast. Mr. Waller was always disposed to put his work together for permanence, and accordingly he planned and constructed a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REV. A. F. WALLER.

house of such size and convenience that for a quarter of a century it stood as one of the chief residences of Oregon City, which by that time had grown to be a city of no mean pretensions. Here, as in nearly every place where Mr. Lee established a mission station, the mission became the nucleus around which soon began to grow up a community of white people, and the work of the missionary of necessity was divided between the Indians and the whites. They were not faithless to the former, because true faithfulness to the Indians required that the whites among them should be made and kept if possible good examples of Christian character and life.

In the autumn of 1842 Mr. Waller found such a community of whites gathered about him that he entered upon the work of erecting a church. Up to this time there had been no building erected and dedicated to Christian worship on the Pacific coast. "The groves were God's first temples," and so they were the first temples of the missionaries who first occupied this great coast for Immanuel. In connection with all the mission stations there were rooms used for school and worship, and services had been held in the cabins of white settlers and in the rude lodges of the Indians, but to Mr. Waller belongs the honor of erecting the first church, a veritable tabernacle in the wilderness, for the worship of God.

The original subscription book, in the hand writing of Mr. Waller, yellow with age, in words as follows, now lies before the writer:

"Willamette Falls, December 21, 1842.

We, the subscribers, do hereby agree to pay on demand the several sums set opposite our respective names for the purpose of erecting a Chapel for the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church at the Willamette Falls, said house or chapel to be built as soon as possible, and held in trust for said M. E. Church by a committee of five, to be elected annually by the society and stated hearers of the congregation at a meeting for that purpose, till a lawful corporation can be had and proper trustees appointed to hold said house, premises, &c.

Said committee for the present year to be Geo. Abernethy, Robert Shortess, David Carter, A. F. Waller and C. Rogers, who shall have charge of the building of said chapel and to whom said subscriptions shall be paid, said house to be frame, etc., and of such size as the committee shall judge proper, considering the amount of the subscription.

A. F. Waller	$ 50 00
George Abernethy	100 00
A. E. Wilson	30 00
Robert Shortess	30 00
L. H. Judson	50 00
Elijah White	50 00
James R. Robb	30 00
Jas. O'Neil	10 00
S. Smith	25 00
John McCard	20 00
Wm. Perry	10 00

John Dabenbis, three day's work.
Joseph Yatter, two day's work.

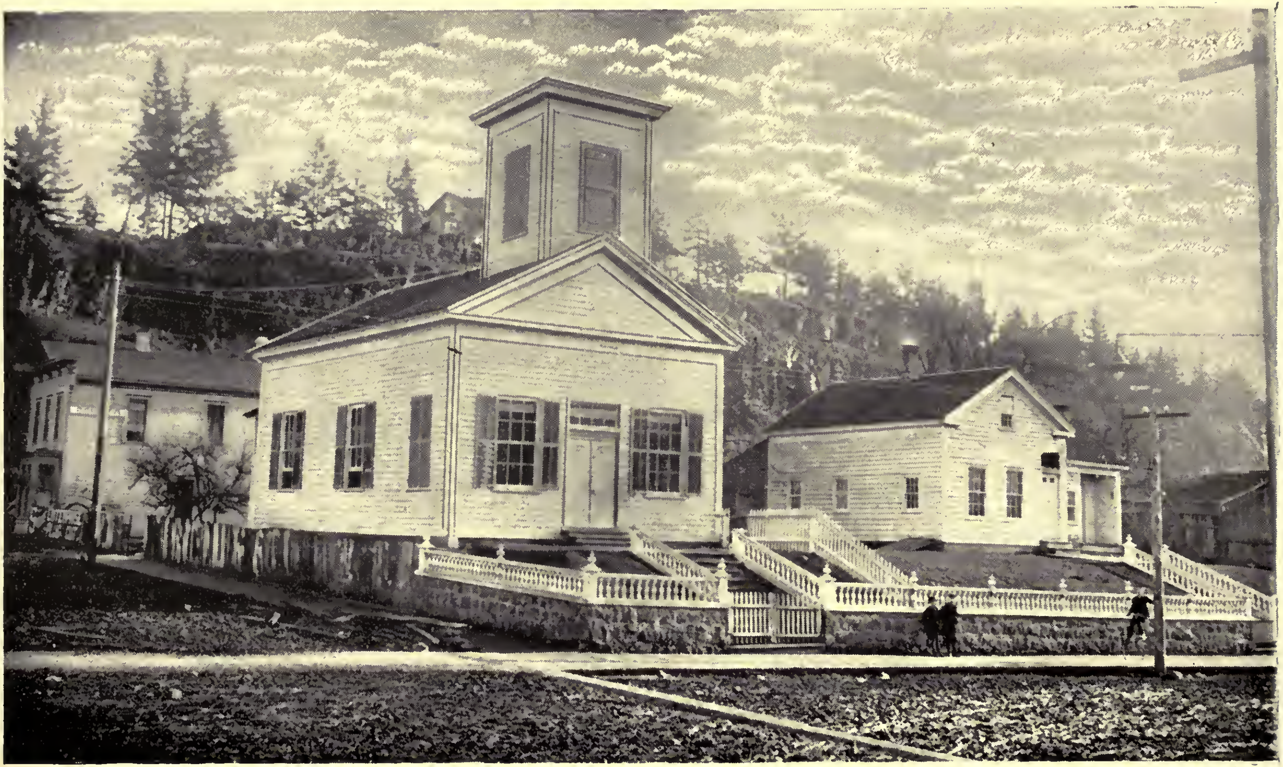
W. H. Gray	25 00
Jason Lee	50 00
J. L. Parrish	50 00
L. J. Hubbard	20 00
Wm. C. Sutton	20 00
W. A. Pheiffer	25 00
David Leslie	50 00
G. W. LeBreton	20 00
W. H. Willson	50 00
J. E. Long	10 00
N. R. Stoughton	10 00
S. C. Pomeroy	12 00
John Force	100 00
A. Beers	10 00

The house was immediately begun under the direction of the committee of five, and so far completed as to be opened duly for public worship in 1844 by Rev. G. Hines. It was a plain, neat structure, as the engraving on another page will indicate.

The erection of this church by Mr. Waller was an unmistakable indication of the rapidly changing conditions of the country. It was not built as a church for the Indian mission work specifically, but for the religious instruction and edification of the white population that now began to flow into the country with considerable rapidity. Only a few weeks before Mr. Waller began his work in this enterprise an immigration of 137 persons, including some families, had reached "The Falls," quite a number of whom had settled there. This immigration was led by Dr. Elijah White, of whom mention has been made as previously connected with the mission, and who, after his return to the States, had been called to Washington by Senator Linn and on his recommendation appointed sub-Indian Agent to the Indians of Oregon. Its coming about doubled the number of Americans in the country. It was felt that this was but the vanguard of a mighty army of coming people,

> "The first low wash of waves
> Where soon would roll a human sea,"

and the trustworthy prescience of the far-sighted Waller began to prepare for what he foresaw was sure to come to pass. The movement at Chemekete for the "Oregon Institute," and this at Willamette Falls for a Christian church, were the dawn of a day whose light would soon flood all the land. They made 1842 an epochal date in the history of Oregon.



FIRST CHURCH ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

XIII.

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth though it be tried with fire may be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.—PETER.

DURING the closing months of 1842 there had been many and ominous rumors of Indian hostilities quivering in the air. The numbers and influence of the whites had so largely increased in the country that the jealousy of the Indians had been awakened and a dumb prophecy of the impending ruin of their own race seemed ever present with them. The immigration previously spoken of, of men, women and children, with horses and cattle, and all the appliances of civilized life, had marched down through the Indian country east of the Cascade Mountains during the autumn, and spread itself over the beautiful plains of the Willamette, where the smoke of the settler's cabin was fast taking the place of that of the Indian wigwam. Especially in the interior among the Cayuses and Walla Wallas, through whose territory the immigration had passed, direful rumors were spread. Among these Indians Dr. Whitman's mission was located. Many of the immigrants had called at his station at Waiiletpu, on the Walla Walla River, and soon after they had passed, accompanied with a guide whom he had engaged out of the immigrants just arrived, he had himself started for the east. It was easy for the Indians to connect his going east with a purpose that to them boded disaster, and he had scarcely left on his eastward journey before angry threatenings were heard against him and against all the Americans in the country, among the tribes for whom he had especially labored. These threats soon ripened into hostile actions. His home was invaded, and the danger became so great that Mrs. Whitman found it prudent to seek an asylum during his absence among the Methodist missionaries at The Dalles and on the Willamette. The two mission stations of the American Board among the Nez Perces and Spokanes did not seem to offer her safe refuge, as they were within the circle of constant intercourse with the Cayuses and the Walla Wallas and greatly under the influence of these tribes. Other circumstances made the times extremely perilous. The Roman Catholic missionaries, all of whom were foreigners, and made no concealment of their opposition to all the American missionaries and all the American people, with a zeal and a spirit that a better cause might well emulate, were pushing their propagandism to the very doors of the Protestant temples, and by the manner and spirit, if not in the purpose of their work, stimulating and fostering the suspicions and fortifying the hostile feelings of the already excited Indians. The attitude of the Hudson's Bay Company towards the missions at this time had necessarily greatly changed from what it was from 1834, when Jason Lee began his work, and 1836, when Dr. Whitman began his. Then it was one of active friendship and support to them both. Now its active friendship and support were given to the Roman Catholics. Its members, like the Romish priests, were not Americans, although they were mostly of the Saxon blood. Still their preponderance of influence was now against the Protestant and American cause, and in favor of the Catholic and anti-American. All these causes and influences combined to make this period one of the most threatening and critical through which the people and the missions representing American ideas and American Protestantism on the Pacific Coast ever passed.

Looking back from this time with our knowledge of the feebleness of the missions and the small number of American people on the coast, together with the strength of the Indian tribes at that time, and their intense jealousy and excitement, and considering the influences that seemed to urge them on, it seems a gracious, almost a miraculous Providence that all were not swept from the face of the earth.

Comparatively feeble as were the Indians in the Willamette Valley, the excitement among the Cayuses and Walla Wallas communicated itself to them, and the missionaries and settlers in the valley were greatly and justly alarmed. Mr. Lee and the leading members of the Mission were looked to as the ones who, if anybody, could do something to assuage the excitement and avert the danger. They were especially fearful about the station at The Dalles of the Columbia. The station was peculiarly and dangerously isolated. The Indians among whom it was located had always been among the most treacherous and bloodthirsty of any with whom the trappers and traders had been obliged to contend. The old voyageurs of the Northwest Company and of the Hudson's Bay Company were always compelled to bear their burdens in one hand while they held their rifles in the other ready for instant use, as they went to and fro on their errands of barter. Never until the missionaries under the lead of Jason Lee had entered the country and begun their teaching among the

Indians had travelers dared to pass these gates of the Columbia without armed bands to defend them, and even then they paid a heavy tribute of plunder and blood to the savage guardians of these rocky passes. The strongest expeditions were sometimes defeated and it required all the skill and bravery of such daring and disciplined mountaineers as Ross, McDougal, McClellan or McKay to insure a safe passage through the robber bands of Wishram. Dr. McLoughlin himself said to Mr. Lee: "Before you came to the country we could not send a boat past The Dalles without an armed guard of sixty men. Now we go up singly and no one is robbed." With that genius for perceiving the great strategic points from whence his work would produce greatest results, Mr. Lee had chosen this very post, and these very Indians as the place and the people where to establish his second mission station on the coast.

Knowing the former bad character of these Indians, Mr. Lee could not but feel great concern lest the rumors of impending hostilities were well founded, and feared that the blow of death might suddenly fall upon the few missionaries at that exposed post. This, as well as the duties and cares of his superintendency, determined Mr. Lee to visit that post and see if he could not be instrumental in removing the excitement of the Indians and thus avert the doom that many thought menaced all the missionaries and all the American settlements. It was already the dead of winter, and the journey itself was one of great peril and hardship, but Mr. Lee was not a man to think of personal danger or hardship when great interests were to be served or great causes advanced. A few extracts from the journal of Mr. Lee on the occasion of this tour will give the reader of to-day some insight into the conditions of that olden time when Mr. Lee and his coadjutors were laying "the foundations of many generations" in the struggles, conflicts and perils of their day. He left his home in the parsonage at Chemekete at noon of January 23, 1843, with his camping outfit of blankets, tent and food for the journey in a small wagon, hoping before nightfall to embark in a small canoe on the Willamette River at La Butte with a crew of four Indians. Though La Butte was but a few miles from his starting place, it was afternoon of the third day before his Indian crew were ready and he could push out on the rushing flood of the Willamette. With the usual incidents of a canoe voyage in rain and snow on a high, roaring river, with exposed camps at night on the wet ground he found himself with his Indian crew of four men prepared to leave Vancouver for The Dalles at 12 o'clock on the 27th of January. He says:

"We started with the prospect of a beautiful afternoon, but the wind soon increased and we found hard tugging to pass the point at the head of Vancouver prairie. Encouraged the men to toil on if possible as far as the mill. A dark cloud appeared and we were soon being drenched with rain, but all became fair again by the time we had reached the mill, where we increased our load by the addition of four bushels of wheat which I had been requested to bring up to The Dalles station for seed. Took a cold bite in the canoe (and cold indeed it was), and pushed on, and we encamped about ten miles above Vancouver just as night was closing around us. After the tent was erected I arranged all the baggage in it so as to secure it from the water. I prepared tea, took supper and had prayer, my four men, as is their custom morning and evening, following me in intercession. I read for some time by the light of the camp fire, and then, commending myself to His care who slumbereth not, composed myself to sleep in a comfortable frame of mind.

Saturday, January 28. We arose early, commended ourselves to God around our "family altar," and begun to load our canoe, when the wind increased so that we decided it was too high for us to pass a rocky point that was not far above us, so we spread our tent again and sat down to await the abatement of the wind. The rain began to fall, then an inch of snow, then again hard rain with high wind, until it was too late to move camp, and we began to make preparations to remain where we were over the Sabbath, though I had hoped to spend that blessed day with our brethren at The Dalles.

Sunday, 29th. Spent the day in reading, meditation and prayer. My soul seemed to press hard after God. Without the special anointing of the Holy Ghost, we labor in vain and spend our strength for naught.

Monday, 30th. Rose early, gave ourselves to God, and started under favorable circumstances. The river was perfectly smooth and partially covered with newly formed ice. Passed Cape Horn with no wind. Landed soon after and took a cold breakfast, and were soon on our way again. Came on well to the rapid water below the Cascades. Walked nearly two miles with the snow a foot deep. The Indians proposed camping. I left it with them, but the bank was so high and the wood so far away that they concluded to proceed. We soon landed again to camp, but the snow was so deep and everything so unpropitious that we concluded to push on. Took hold of the tow rope and labored hard, it being sunset and the prospect of a good camp very small. Just at dusk we succeeded in landing at the Cascades; snow deep, no wood within twenty rods, and the north wind strong and cold. Left the crew to discharge the load of the canoe, and went in search of wood. After long groping in the woods found the butt of a fir tree five feet long and one foot in diameter, but so heavy that I could not carry it. Sought after something to make a withe and at length succeeded. By this I dragged it down the hill, and we soon had an 'Indian fire.' Put up the tent, which broke the wind a little, and prepared and took supper. All seemed cheerful. By splitting small pieces from the log of wood we managed to keep a small fire until bed time. The Indians dried their mats, and at my suggestion arranged the baggage between the tent and a great rock so as to break off the wind, and lay down to rest. Poor fellows; they had but a blanket each. I gave them one and an old oil cloth, which was all I could spare. No complaining, but a little joking about one 'Indian fire.' They had toiled hard all day, and gladly would I have seen them more comfortable for the night.

Tuesday, January 30. Started early for the upper end of the portage, a distance of a mile, to procure men to assist in carrying the canoe. Found two Indian houses, six or seven men and a few boys, who came willingly to our help. There being a crust on the snow, but not strong enough to bear us, it was thought best to drag the canoe, which they did the whole distance. We carried all the load across the portage. I paid the Indians double the usual prices on account of the snow. At the request of my men I exchanged flour for dried salmon, as the Indians love that better than anything else.

Finding the wind too high to venture out on the river I visited the Indians in their homes. * * * Got most of them into one house and gave them a warm talk about their spiritual and material state. I had great feeling for them, and some seemed to feel a little for themselves. Snow fell rapidly towards evening. Fearing a stormy night, my Indians asked permission to go to the house to sleep, which I readily granted, and accordingly they left me to myself as soon as prayers were over.

Wednesday, January 31. Snow fell several inches during the night and continued to fall in the morning. The river was full of snow and occasional heavy gusts of wind down stream. Breakfast and prayers over, we transferred our luggage to the canoe and set forward, but with poor prospects of making a good day's journey. It is slow getting off in such stormy mornings, but at half-past nine we were under way. * * * * * We frequently passed through patches of snow and broken ice which greatly retarded our speed. Our breeze soon increased to a gale, which rendered our condition perilous. The river soon became dreadfuly agitated, and our situation became more and more dangerous. The wind was on our quarter, and, with our blanket-sail, which we had rigged early in the day, we were able to drive before the waves except when we were retarded by the islands of floating snow and ice. To land was impossible. By laying as closely to the wind as possible we could just clear the rugged points of ice which had formed out from the shore, and the rocky bluffs which rose in awful sublimity over our heads. In this perilous condition, by exerting ourselves to the utmost with our paddles, we could just keep before the waves so as to prevent their breaking over our quarter, as long as we had clear sailing. But we soon encountered a dense mass of snow and ice. The waves began to break over our boat, and the man at the stern sang out lustily, "Pull away!" as our only hope of safety. We saw a mountain wave coming, but could not escape it entirely. It broke over our quarter and nearly engulfed the man at the helm, and left a great quantity of water thick with snow and ice in our canoe. Fortunately we were soon through the snow, and were able to clear a point of rocks which we were in imminent danger of being dashed upon. Beyond this the waves were not so high, and we passed on until near dark before we could find a place where we could land and encamp for the night. The snow was twelve inches deep, which we removed with our paddles, made a fire, and with some difficulty procured wood enough for the night. After supper the Indians talked over our dangers. The man at the stern of the canoe said if he had been afraid of the water when it dashed upon him, and not looked well to the canoe, it would have been upset and all plunged into the river. Perhaps the Indians would have gained the shore, but that I was too heavily clothed and would soon have gone down. This was a very reasonable conclusion, and when in the midst of our danger I realized that it was very probable that I should be plunged into the furious element that seemed to be sporting itself with our frail vessel, and if that should be the case there was no hope for my escape. But I was fully composed and able to stay myself entirely on the Lord. But I see He has more work, or more sufferings, for me. Well, all I ask is to be able to fulfill my day.

Thursday, February 1. Started about 9 o'clock and reached Wascopam before night. Found the members of the mission all well. Mrs. Dr. Whitman was with them. I was very glad to meet her again, as I had not seen her since I called upon them on my journey to the States, in 1838, but was sorry to find her in poor health. Met the brethren and sisters in class, and had a comfortable and profitable time. All seemed resolved to be faithful unto death, and were looking with pleasing expectation to that home where they shall receive the crown of Life."

Can the records of missionary devotion in any country or in any age show braver and more self-denying toil than this? In the snows and storms of midwinter, with but four Indian companions, a hundred and fifty miles down and up great rivers broken by falls and cascades, swept by wintry tempests, with icy currents a mile wide, rushing through great mountain ranges whose pinnacles are wrapped in never-melting ice, no civilized man dwelling at but two points in all that gloomy distance, did this man make this perilous voyage on his mission of love and help to the most degraded of earth. Adventure has no more thrilling story, piety no diviner devotion, and courage no more magnificent daring than were displayed by this man here and in all his story of missionary life. Ten years after this wonderful voyage the writer began his travels over the same rivers and over the same mountain trails that Lee thus traveled. Even then it was changed, but he always passed on his ways with an unspeakable reverence in his heart for the life so much greater than his own that opened to all other feet the way to the mighty westland. Since Lee marched across the continent in 1834, "any man can march to the sea now."

Mr. Lee remained at The Dalles for about two weeks, attending carefully to the interests that brought him here.

The chief object of Mr. Lee's journey to The Dalles at this time being to allay, if possible, the warlike excitement among the Cayuse and Walla

Walla Indians. He had caused the fact of his intended visit to be communicated to Peu-peu-mox-mox, the great Walla Walla chieftain, with an intimation that he would be glad to meet him at The Dalles to consult with him about the difficulties between the whites and the Indians, and the talk of war that was agitating the whole country. They were well acquainted with each other, and the chief had full confidence in the word and judgment of the missionary. As stated elsewhere, the son of Peu-peu-mox-mox had been brought to the mission school by his father, where he had been instructed in the elements of an English education, as well as in the principles of the Christian life, and had received the name of Elijah Hedding; after that most eminent bishop who had been a chief instrument in founding and sustaining the Oregon mission. As the Walla Wallas were deeply involved with the Cayuses in the warlike rumors, the chief, who was himself at that time disposed to be a friend of the whites, came down to meet Mr. Lee with a company of his warriors, and confer with him on the subjects that were alarming both the whites and Indians in all the country. He was especially anxious to learn of Mr. Lee whether the whites wished peace or war, and particularly urgent to know what effect the coming of so many white people into the country would have upon the Indians. Peu-peu-mox-mox, otherwise known as "Yellow Serpent," had the instincts of a statesman, and Mr. Lee knew he could be addressed as such. Very frankly Mr. Lee said to him and his warriors, as I quote from his journal:—

"That will depend largely upon yourselves. If you imitate our industry and adopt our habits your poverty will soon disappear, and your people will have things as well as we. Our hands are our wealth, and you and your people have hands as well as we, and you only need to use them properly in order to gain property."

This, Mr. Lee further says:—

"I illustrated this by showing them that Americans who passed through their country entirely destitute would by their industry upon the Willamette in a few years have horses and cattle and houses and other property, the fruits of their own labors."

They wanted to know if Dr. White, the Indian agent who had but recently visited them at Walla Walla, intended to give them any thing. Mr. Lee told them that "to be always looking for gifts was a sure sign of laziness, for the industrious would rather labor and earn a thing than to beg it."

After several conversations, in all of which Mr. Lee was frank, though kind and sympathizing, Peu-peu-mox-mox and his people departed for their own place at Walla Walla, more than one hundred miles from The Dalles.

Without doubt this perilous winter journey of Mr. Lee had very much to do in calming the fears of the Indians at this most critical time the Americans in the country ever saw. They were so few that an Indian outbreak, such as was threatened at this time, would easily have swept them all from the face of the earth. No other American in the country had the influence Mr. Lee had among the Indians, and his courage and sagacity were equal to any emergency that came to him.

In order to keep the order, relations and continuity of history clearly in the reader's mind, it is needful to say here that this visit of Mr. Lee to The Dalles, and his conference with Peu-peu-mox-mox occurred when Dr. Whitman, of the mission of Waiiletpu, was absent on his journey to the States, and when Mrs. Whitman had been compelled to leave that mission for her own personal safety, and was spending her time with the missionaries of the Methodist Church at The Dalles. Practically the work of the mission at Waiiletpu was suspended for nearly a year for these reasons and in this way. A further account of these incidents in their relation to that mission will be given hereafter.

During the journey of Mr. Lee occurred an incident whose after results so illustrates his faithfulness and the greatness of his influence over the Indian mind that it should have a brief record. After preaching to the Indians, and praying with them he then gave them small books or papers, as tokens of his interest in them, and sometimes copies of the New Testament. The incident was related by Rev. E. R. Geary, D.D., one of the most eminent Presbyterian ministers ever in Oregon, the brother of General Geary, who won high honor at the storming of Lookout Mountain, and we give it to our readers in his own words, in a letter communicated to Mr. F. H. Grubbs, the son-in-law of Jason Lee, many years after the incident occurred:

"In the summer of 1860 I and my party were mercifully preserved from the wreck of a sail boat on the Columbia River, about twenty miles east of The Dalles. After hours of toil and danger we reached the north bank, wet and worn, and entered the lodge of an Indian.

He was in feeble health, but impressively venerable in appearance. Our misfortune seemed to arouse all his energies. It being important that I should reach The Dalles that night, he immediately sent out several young Indians to bring in and prepare us horses. Being told that I was Superintendent of Indian Affairs, he said he had heard of me, and that I was God's man; he was glad to see me. He then (we spoke in the Jargon), said that we both had one God; that he talked with that

God every day. I was at once impressed with his fervor and earnestness. Who told you, said I, of the great God you worship every day? The priest, was his reply; and immediately hurrying to the corner of the lodge he drew out a carefully folded buffalo robe from beneath a number of other packages. Within this was a dressed deer skin, then that of a badger, then a piece of bright blue cloth enwrapping a small book. Holding it up, he exclaimed, "This is God's book; the priest gave it to me." I of course concluded him to be a Catholic, and that the book was a volume of devotion. On opening the book, however, I was surprised to find it one of the early publications of the American Sunday School Union. He evidently thought it the Bible, and I did nothing to destroy the innocent illusion. I now asked the name of the priest. His prompt reply was "Jason Lee." Light at once broke on the mystery. "Many years before," he told me, "he had heard Jason Lee talk first to the Indians and then to God"—that is, I suppose, preach and pray, and he had talked to that God ever since.

The book was restored to its wrappings and place. To the Indian it seemed a "holy of holies."

That night, beneath a bright moon, we started on our cayuses, convoyed by Elippama, the Indian's name, over the rugged and dangerous trail, on the north bank of the Columbia, and arrived at The Dalles safely about 2 o'clock in the morning.

Elippama, a trait seldom paralleled in an Indian, was very reluctant to accept remuneration, saying that he wanted no pay; that his heart was to help us in our trouble.

The horses were, however, loaded back with flour, and a sack of that Indian luxury, sugar, for which, on a fair representation of the case, the government paid without a question.

The next spring I had prepared a small present for my benefactor, but learned that he had died of consumption during the winter.

Elippama lives in my memory as a beautiful example of simple faith and Christian kindness, that would have adorned the highest civilization.

Is he not now one, not the least brilliant, of the stars in the crown of the venerable Lee?"

On the 14th of February Mr. Lee found his work at The Dalles so done that he was ready to retrace his way down the Columbia. The snow was two feet deep, but the river was open and at dark he and his four Indians again pushed their frail canoe out on the mighty river. The journey downward was but a repetition of that coming up. Through rain and sleet and snow, now windbound at some great rocky headland and compelled to encamp in the deep snow and the biting cold, dragging their canoe at times over snowy crust and icy floe, they toiled onward and at dark on the night of February 7th their canoe touched the shore at Vancouver. He was received by Dr. McLoughlin with his usual kindness and hospitality, but was scarcely seated before the Doctor inquired, "Have you heard of the dreadful disaster?" With a heart almost standing still Mr. Lee replied: "I have heard of no recent disaster. What is it, pray?" Dr. Mc-

Loughlin replied: "Mr. Rogers, Mrs. Rogers and her sister, also Esquire Crocker and two Indians, all went over the Falls of the Willamette and are drowned!" The facts of the "dreadful disaster" thus announced to Mr.Lee were as follows:

On Thursday, February 2, 1843, Mr. Cornelius Rogers, who had formerly been connected with the mission of Dr. Whitman at Waiiletpu, left the Willamette settlement with his wife, who was the eldest daughter of Rev. David Leslie, and her little sister Aurelia, to remove to "The Falls," where they intended to reside permanently. With them in a large canoe belonging to the Mission were Mr. W. W. Raymond, a member of the Mission residing at Clatsop; Dr. Elijah White, sub-agent of Indian affairs in Oregon; Nathanial Crocker, Esq., late of Lansingville, N. Y., and five Indians assisting in paddling the canoe. They passed safely from the Mission to the head of the rapids above the Falls. At this place canoes were let down the swift current a few rods above the cataract around a point of rock by a rope, below which they were brought to the shore by the side of a large log, where all passengers got off to make the short portage on foot. Mr. Raymond and three Indians were on shore letting the canoe, with all the others on board, down beyond the rock. As the canoe swung to the side of the log Dr. White immediately stepped upon the log, but as he did so the rapid current caught the bow of the canoe, which was up the stream, and swung the canoe outward with a force that drew Mr. Raymond and the three Indians into the river. They were obliged to let go of the rope. It was just above the brink of the cataract, where the river makes a sheer leap of twenty-feet into a seething cauldron walled in by perpendicular basaltic rocks at least thirty feet high. In an instant the canoe made the dreadful plunge. A wild wail of despair was heard as the doomed victims were buried in the unfathomed depths.

When it was remembered that the entire Oregon community at that time comprised only a few dozen souls, and that this dreadful disaster took out of that small number four of the most influential and useful members of it in an instant, the shock to the people of Oregon will be realized. There was a romance preceding the tragedy and made a part of it, that was particularly thrilling. Mr. Rogers had been one of the most useful members of the mission of Dr. Whitman, but becoming discouraged with the condition of the mission, and seeing no prospect for its future success, he asked and obtained his discharge from it, and removed to the Willamette to make a home under its more promising auspices. Only the September before Rev. David Leslie, with his family of five motherless girls, had taken passage on the brig Chenamas for the Sandwich Islands, and perhaps to the United States, that he might put his daughters in school. Mr. Rogers accompanied him and his family to the mouth of the Columbia River in the brig. When the vessel was about ready to sail the marriage of Mr. Rogers with Satira, the eldest of the five girls, was solemnized on board the ship by Dr. J. P. Richmond, and it was arranged that Mr. Rogers and his wife should take back the two younger daughters of Mr. Leslie and care for them until the father could make further provision for them. In pursuance of these noble purposes Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, who was one of the most beloved members of the "Oregon Mission Family," and her youngest sister, Aurelia, took this fatal voyage, and thus sadly their hopes and the high expectations of their friends for them perished. The event spread a pall over the whole land and it was long before the sad shadow was lifted. Only a few months before Mr. and Mrs. Lee and Rev. Harvey Clark and wife had narrowly escaped the same fate at the same place. Exposure to such dangers was constant. Nearly all traveling, as the reader has seen, was done in canoes on these rapid rivers, filled with cascades, broken by falls, and often walled by basaltic cliffs hundreds of feet high. No such dangerous itinerancy was ever known elsewhere in Methodism.

Mr. Lee arrived at the Mission station at Chemekete to find an inexpressible sadness and gloom over all hearts and all faces. With the discouragements that rested upon the work among the Indians, the departure of some of those who had been longest and most faithful in the field, the rumors of war that had agitated the minds of the few people of the country. and the awful death of the company at the Falls, it does not appear strange that all should feel that "clouds and darkness are round about" the ways of God. Nothing but the most steadfast faith could keep its poise in such an hour. This Mr. Lee had, and so among the dismayed he was undiscouraged, for he was of that nature that "converses unshaken with what the stoutest warriors have trembled to think upon."

The changed conditions resulting from the amalgamation of the considerable immigration of 1842 with the American Society which had preceded it began plainly to be observed in the summer of 1843. Methods and objects of work began to take on new aspects. As an illustration: On the 12th day of July the first camp meeting held for the benefit of white people west of the Rocky Mountains, was begun. It was held on Tualatin Plains, one of the most beautiful sections of the Territory, not far from where the town of Hillsboro now is. There was but one tent on the ground, and that was pitched between three trees, "two of which were towering firs, and the other a stately oak, fit emblems," said G. Hines, writing to the Missionary Board, "of the majesty and power of the truths proclaimed beneath their wide spread branches." The first day of the meeting there were but fourteen persons present, and the text of the preacher, Jason Lee, was, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them." On Sabbath the number present on the ground was about sixty, nineteen of whom were not professors of religion. Before the exercises of that day had closed sixteen of these were rejoicing in a belief of sins forgiven, and joining in the praises of God for salvation. Among them were several who had been rangers and trappers in the Rocky Mountains. Among these was one whose name was to become linked with Oregon history in many ways, and who had been especially distinguished for bold and fearless adventures among the Indians in the Rocky Moun tains for many years, but who, in 1840, had found his way down from the mountains and taken up his residence on one of the beautiful plains of the lower Willamette Valley. In the midst of the gracious excitement of the hour, turning to the missionaries he joyfully exclaimed: "Tell everybody you see that Joseph Meek, that old Rocky Mountain sinner, has turned to the Lord." If subsequently he did not prove faithful to the purpose and profession of that day, it marked the hallowed power that rested on the spot and people, and doubtless also the loftiest tide of spiritual life that ever touched the soul of J. L. Meek. The ministers present at the meeting were Jason Lee, H. K. W. Perkins, G. Hines, A. F. Waller and David Leslie, of the Methodist Mission, and Harvey Clark, a Presbyterian. Probably few meetingjs ever held have produced a more marked effect in proportion to the members present, or the population represented in them than this. The men who held it have all long since gone to meet

"On the eternal camping-ground,"

and probably but a single person is now living who was present on that occasion. That one is a noble Christian lady, Mrs. Ann Edwards, of Newberg, Oregon, who is now in the first splendor of the yellow autumn of a lovely Christian life, and is believed to be the first white female born in the old Oregon who is now living. She was born in 1840, and her mother, Mrs. Baldra, was one of the converts of that "first camp-meeting" under the oaks and firs of Tualatin Plains. The camp meeting and her mother's conversion at it, are almost the first distinct memory of Mrs. Edward's life. It is not only her first, but her most cherished memory. Thus the deeds of these pioneer missionaries in that far back day, and among the few of that day in Oregon, are perpetuated in the very region where they endured so much and wrought so well. They have all passed into the life beyond, and have long been resting from their labors, but "their works do follow them."

* * *

XIV.

CLOUDS AND DARKNESS.

"Clouds and darkness are around about him."
—DAVID.

WITH all the evidences of enlargement in the work and purposes of the Mission noted in the last chapter, there were causes at work as early as the close of 1842, which, to many minds, boded disaster to its interests, and to all indicated a rapidly approaching and radical change in its scope and work. These causes were operating on both sides of the continent; in the minds and convictions of the church in the east, and here in the body of the Mission itself. Nor was this all. White faces were taking the place of red. The Missionary Board and the church at home felt that they were waiting long for the conversion of the Indian tribes. A number of the missionaries in the field felt that their work here was not producing the effects among the Indians that they anticipated, and were unwilling to work longer without more decisive and tangible evidences of success. Of course the dissatisfaction of those in the field soon communicated itself to members of the Missionary

Board, and increased the unrest there. These causes had been operating to a greater or less extent from the arrival of the "great reinforcement" in 1840, and as they reached a point that culminated in a great change in 1844, it is well that we consider them here.

First, it is to be observed that from the spring of 1838 to that of 1843, changes that have hardly a parallel in the history of races had occurred in the Willamette Valley. There the Indian race had practically melted away. Those for whom Mr. Lee and his co-laborers had come to labor, and if need be to die, had themselves died, and left him and his helpers standing in the ashes of the harvest field swept as by fire.

The changes were sudden and mighty. The vast number of natives seen by Lewis and Clarke along the shores of the Columbia and the Willamette had disappeared before the glance of coming civilization like frost before the sun. That they were here, that they had been here for ages, is incontestable. The evidences were everywhere. The deposits of their ancient camps, huge shell heaps the refuse of their kitchens, pestles and mortars. arrow heads and many other stone implements found everywhere from sea coast to mountain peaks, on bays and in deep forests overgrown by trees centuries old, in alluvial banks that it took ages for rivers and seas to build, are among the indubitable records that demonstrate it. These tribes or nations were innumerable, and distinctly marked in mental and physical characteristics and tongues. Most had evidently perished, but those that remained retained their old distinctions even when nations had degenerated into tribes, tribes to clans and clans had dwindled to families. The language of one tribe or clan could not be understood by another, though their rude dwellings were separated only by a river's flow. Without a literature or a language that could be made the vehicle of a literature, they were as a body incompetent to receive and assimilate mentally and spiritually a lettered faith.

Obvious as these facts were to the more discerning of the missionaries, they were not so to all. Nor were they understood by the churches and the Missionary Board. They had them to learn, and it was a rude, hard lesson that they had to master. The two great missionary societies of America had to learn it. They did not learn it willingly. It stumbled their enthusiasts. It discredited the visions of the dreamers. Perhaps they could not, Certainly it was not until the men who had been God's foremost providences in solving the mighty riddle that men three thousand miles away could not solve had been made martyrs for a failure to do the impossible or to avert the inevitable that they began to understand that there was an element in such problems that cannot be solved by an accountant's figures in a missionary office in New York or Boston, or by figures of rhetoric on a missionary platform by eloquent orators and fervid declaimers. Five years are nothing in a missionary field, ten years are nothing, twenty years were needed before the first term in the mighty equasion could be discovered, and that could only be discerned by the men in close personal wrestle with the question on the field where the problem was to be wrought out, if it were ever solved at all. These men could never tell all they knew; could never reveal all they feared or felt. Could Judson tell the church at home all the struggles, all the heartaches that made him an old man at thirty-five in the jungles of Burma? Could Whitman reveal all the direful apprehensions that shadowed his heart and the heart of his noble wife as he saw his best work trampled to ashes before his eyes, and felt the ever increasing menace that boded personal destruction darkening over him? Could Lee be expected to publish to the world what with most heart-breaking anguish he saw and felt of the irresponsive natures of the people for whose salvation he was pouring out the sacrifice and love of his great nature and longing, the richest treasures of his heart, a costly offering on the altar of their redemption? No! they could not; they ought not. They could do and die and leave no sign of fear. They were men to be trusted, and in proportion as they were trusted in the field into which the church had been but the voice of God's providence in thrusting them, the cause that had been committed to them at the first was vindicated at the last.

There was another occasion of dissatisfaction, though it grew largely out of the same general condition that produced the former. In the opinion of some the mission was encumbered by too much secular business. Mills, farms, stock, and stores seemed to them as proper to be connected with a mission only under the pressure of absolute necessity, and that as soon as that necessity was over they should be separated from all such association. Thus, whatever there was of difficulty in the situation found its way to the Missionary Board either by the ex-parte representations of some who had left the field, or by communications from some in the field.

Whether these representations were designed to do so or not, they all inevitably reacted against the position and authority of the superintendent. His own time was necessarily largely occupied with the care of the business interests of the mission, and in these interests so many individuals were involved that it was impossible that every one should find every thing was done according to his own views of the best or the expedient. Those who advocated the policy of closing up the secular department of the mission immediately at whatever sacrifice, and making it, as they were accustomed to say, "a purely spiritual work," complained of the superintendent because he could not act according to their views. Whatever would have been his opinion and course if the question had been the establishment of a mission in 1843, in the then current conditions in Oregon, the question was a very different one when it related to a mission established in 1834, and compelled by the conditions of the country to adopt a policy that necessarily involved the establishment of every branch of business needful to its own preservation and comfort. It was an arrangement, too, deliberately confirmed by the Missionary Board in 1839, when that body sent out the "great reinforcement" furnished with every facility for self-support in their work in the very way that they carried it onward. This missionary company, which was also with the full knowledge of the Board and by the privity and support of the general government an American colony as well, was furnished with machinery for both flouring and saw mills, with merchandise for its own needs, and with everything that would make it able to sustain itself both as a mission and a colony whether it had the active support of the Hudson's Bay Company, the only ones in the country who had mills and merchandise and the etceteras of civilized comfort to furnish even a single wayfarer with any comfort, or not. The arrangement was the only thing that rendered it possible for that first body of American people to fix themselves in the country even for a temporary sojourn, and the most important single act ever performed affecting the future American history of the Northwest Coast was the establishment of the mission on this independent basis by the Missionary Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church under the advice and management of Jason Lee in 1839. It was the legitimate and logical outcome of his appointment in 1833 as superintendent of the first mission west of the Rocky Mountains. However, had he believed it desirable to make the modifications that some of his fellow laborers in the field so urgently demanded it was impossible to do so immediately in the condition of the country at that time. Besides no one could tell what a few months or a few years would bring forth, and it was only wisdom and prudence to wait for the guidings of providence.

Of course the departure of several of the members of the mission for the east, the complaints of others, the decline of the Indian work, and added to all this the knowledge that the church in the east, and even the Missionary Board, were impatient that a nation had not "been born in a day" into Christian life and civilization out of the lowest degradation and the deepest ignorance, was a great burden and trial to the heart of the superintendent. Still his own faith did not waver nor his zeal decline. We find him saying on August 12, 1843 in a letter to the Board:—

"With all the discouragements which I encounter, I feel it to be a duty to God and the Board to say that my interest in the Oregon Mission is not in the least abated, and unless compelled to do so I could no more abandon it now than I could the first day I laid myself on the missionary altar. Oregon is still of infinite importance as a field for missionary operations among the Indians."

Two months later, with more comprehensiveness and emphasis than in the previous letter he says in another to the Board:—

"On one point I have not the shadow of a doubt, namely, that the growth and spread, the rise, glory and triumph of Methodism in the Willamette Valley are destined to be commensurate with the growth, rise and prosperity of our now infant but flourishing and rapidly increasing settlements. Such is the adaptation of Oregon soil to the genius of Methodism, and such the fruit she has already produced in this country, that I am persuaded that she is destined to flourish here in spite of all the chilling blasts of adversity that can blow against her. I cannot conclude without saying that there is the best state of feeling among our people that has existed since our arrival in 1840; and the emigrants are perfectly surprised to see the religious state of this country."

These were splendid and confident words and they were justified. A great change had come over the country and the mission in a few weeks. Those members of the mission whose complaints had been the loudest, and who by feeble health or constitutional inadaptibility to the work in such a field as Oregon, had, at their own request, been discharged by the superintendent and returned to the east. They had done what they could, and had no purpose of being unfaithful; but the work of such a mission in such a region as Oregon was too hard and difficult for them, and both the superintendent and the Board for that reason approved their retirement. This had been a relief, for though their departure had decreased the number of the missionaries it left a much higher average of ability to work in the field.

Besides this, a very large immigration, not much less than 1,000 people, with flocks and herds and other material possessions, was at this moment entering Oregon from the States, and was spreading itself over the Willamette Valley. Among them were many Christian famililes, several Methodist local preachers, and a large number of educated and aspiring men of the various professions.

The influence of these facts on the mission in Oregon was very cheering, and if the Missionary Board had been in Oregon instead of New York, where it could have felt the influence of these facts, the history of missionary work in Oregon would have been a very different one from that we shall need to record in some subsequent pages. But New York was six months away, and hence, practically the Board was always acting on a state of facts that had entirely passed away before they were called to act upon them.

Here, indeed, was the occasion, if not the cause of an apparent conflict of action between the Missionary Board and the Oregon Mission. They could not see alike because their points of view were so widely separated. Interchanges of opinion and statements of facts could pass between the parties but once a year. If complaints against the policy of the superintendent were sent to the Board from Oregon it was a year and a half after they were written before the Board could inform him of them and obtain his reply to them. They had emphatically to "walk by faith and not by sight." After the Board had taken action on any given subject relating to the Mission, even if it was of the most radical character, no change could be made to harmonize the mission with that action for many months. Hence it is no wonder that the Board and the mission seemed often at cross purposes when they were really one in intention.

Mr. Lee was fully intent on fulfilling the vision that had long ago come to him of an American civilization spreading itself down the western slopes of the continent, over all the broad reaches of fertile lands that looked towards the Pacific. He saw how the means and energy that providence had put within his command under the Missionary Board should be used to secure that fulfillment. But to many people in the far east it looked nothing better than a waste of men and treasures. Nor, as we have observed, did all the men about him see with his vision. Not many men can read the future in the horizon of to-day, and those who can, are, may be, impractical dreamers. Dullness

REV. GEORGE GARY,
Superintendent of the Oregon Mission.

and shortness of vision in others often stumbles and destroys the wisest plans of the prescient and discerning. It is so in the nation. It is so in the church. It has been so in all human history. It was so in the Oregon Mission. It was so in the Missionary Board.

This state of things culminated, of course, in such a want of harmony that on the 19th day of July, 1843, the Missionary Board recommended to the Bishop having charge of Foreign Missions the appointment of an agent to proceed to Oregon and examine into the condition and prospects of the Mission, or, if he chose that, the appointment of a new superintendent. Not long thereafter it was announced that Rev. George Gary, of the Black River Conference, in the northern part of the State of New York, had been appointed by Bishop Hedding to supersede Mr. Lee as superintendent of the Oregon Mission.

If this was to be done at all it is probable that the whole church might have been canvassed and no man have been found more worthy of the high trust that was thus conferred upon him than was George Gary. He was already past middle age. His powers had ripened on the broadest field of experience afforded by the church next to the Episcopacy itself, and for that he had received in some

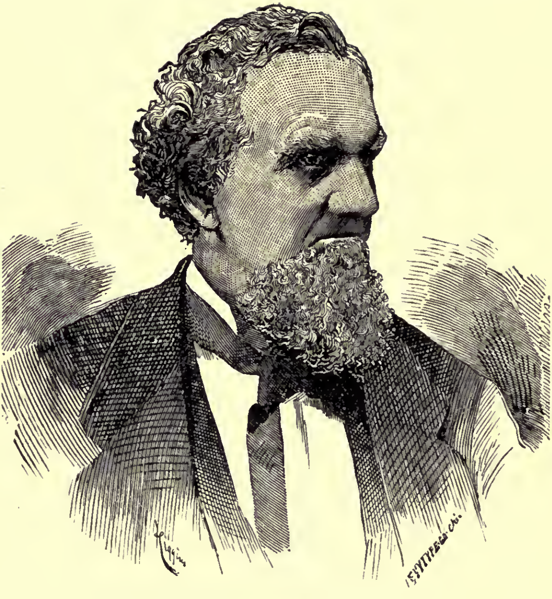
General Conferences a large support. He was a presiding elder at twenty-four years of age, and on responsible districts he had spent the most of his ministerial life. All the knowledge that a clear headed and pure hearted man could gain on such fields as he had wrought to fit him for such an untried field as Oregon presented he had secured. He was a preacher and orator of transcendent ability, an administrator of decision and acumen, and a Christian of the most approved Johannian type. When his appointment was announced the whole church felt that her interests, the work of the mission, and the reputation and interests of the men whose personal and ecclesiastical destiny was put into his hands were safe. It was a great faith, but he was worthy of it.

Mr. Gary was given plenipotentiary powers in regard to all the interests of the mission, and even the destiny of the missionaries themselves. To effectiveness of administration this was necessary. Oregon was a half year's journey from New York. Consultation with the Bishops of the Missionary Board was impossible. Of course he was thoroughly cognizant of the views entertained by them, but he was bound by these views no further than they would exert a moral influence over him, Certainly this would be considerable even if not controlling, and it is only reasonable to suppose that he left New York thinking their thoughts after them. With these vast powers confided to him, with the unbounded confidence of the church to sustain him, he left New York for Oregon by the way of Cape Horn in the autumn of 1843, to enter on the delicate and difficult work of the readjustment and reorganization of the "Oregon Mission." While he is performing his six months voyage we will resume the story of events in Oregon.

XV.

LEE RETURNS TO THE EAST.

WHILE the events recorded at the close of the last chapter were occurring in New York, Mr. Lee and his companions and helpers were carrying forward the real work of the mission as best they could in Oregon. Only a single one of the stations among the Indians had been abandoned. After most faithful efforts on the part of Dr. Richmond and Mr. W. H. Willson and his wife, with all the encouragement the superintendent could give them, it was decided that such were the characteristics of the Indians, and such the influences arrayed against its success by the Roman Catholic missionaries, supported by the contiguous post of the Hudson's Bay Company, that Nesqually, on Puget Sound, should be given up. It was accordingly abandoned. Dr. Richmond and his family had embarked for the States, and Mr. and Mrs. Willson had returned to the Willamette station, where it was believed they could be much more usefully employed. In the Willamette Valley Mr. Waller was yet at The Falls, laboriously employed in the construction of the new church, in preaching to the



REV. J. L. PARRISH.

whites of the growing settlement and in visiting and instructing the Indians along the Willamette and Clackamas rivers. At Chemekete, where the superintendent resided, Mr. Hines was conducting the Indian Manual Labor School and preaching as occasion offered to the whites there and at the "Old Mission." At The Dalles—Wascopam—Mr. Daniel Lee and H. K. W. Perkins were prosecuting their work in their usual energetic and successful manner among the Indian clans residing along the Columbia from the Cascades eastward for a hundred miles. They were ably sustained in their work by Mr. H. B. Brewer, who had charge of the mission farm and all the secular interests of the mission. At Clatsop Rev. J. H. Frost was just closing up his work and following his former associate in it, Rev. W. W. Kone, eastward, and Rev. J. L. Parrish was entering on the charge of the mission at that place. In the secular department, W. W. Raymond and family were at Clatsop, George Abernethy had charge of the Mission Store at The Falls, Hamilton Campbell was at Chemekete usefully employed in connection with the mills, school and other secular interests, as were also W. H. Willson and L. H. Judson, while H. B. Brewer, the only remaining layman who had come to the country under appointment of the Missionary Board, was, as we have stated, connected with the work at The Dalles. Dr. Ira L. Babcock had taken his family to the Sandwich Islands for the benefit of their health, and Rev. James Olley had been drowned in the Willamette River, a few miles above Chemekete, on the 11th of December, 1842. Mr. Olley was a local preacher, a carpenter by trade, who came out with the company of 1839, and had served the mission faithfully and well. The sad manner of his death cast a gloom over the missionary band and the little American community surrounding it. His widow, a most amiable and devoted Christian lady, afterwards became the wife of Rev. David Leslie, and to a beautiful old age illustrated the christian character and life in the society of the capital of Oregon.

During the spring of 1843 Rev. David Leslie who had been absent some months at the Sandwich Islands for the purpose of putting his daughters in school, returned to his work in the mission. The elder of the two found the climate debilitating to her and soon entered a rapid decline, and during the month of October she peacefully passed away and her remains were buried in the cemetery of the Sandwich Island Mission. Thus within a few months three of the five daughters of this devoted missionary, under most afflictive circumstances, had been called away, but still with a characteristic steadfastness the father continued his missionary work among the broken tribes and scattered whites of Oregon. Braver work never man did.

Rev. Daniel Lee, with his family, on the 14th of August, had embarked for Boston. His missionary career was of a most devoted and honorable character. He was the nephew of Jason Lee, and a little more than three years his junior. Daniel was a member of the New England Conference when his uncle was appointed missionary to Oregon, and was chosen by the latter to accompany him on his journey to that then utterly unknown region and assist him in the great, though unknown work that he had been appointed to undertake. Young, strong, courageous, indomitable and practical, no better helper could have been selected. He was a great admirer of the character and abilities of his uncle, and having been associated with him through all their early manhood, not only did not hesitate to unite his destinies with those of the man he so much loved and revered, but rejoiced in the opportunity of doing so. The reader has seen him appear so often and in such important and valuable services in the preceding pages that it is not necessary to lengthen remarks concerning his work in Oregon. The mission at Wascopam which was under his superintendence from its establishment in 1838 to the time he left the country in 1843, was the most successful of all the Methodist Indian Missions. Although Mr. Lee from the beginning had the very zealous and pious help of Mr. Perkins, and subsequently of Mr. Brewer, and the wives of all of them, yet he was the responsible head of the mission, and in all respects showed himself equal to the demands of the work. After leaving Oregon he spent some time in New England in the regular work of the conference, and then located and removed to Ohio, subsequently to Caldwell, Kansas, and afterwards to Oklahama, where he died about 1895. He was a pioneer essentially and constitutionally. To the last of his life he cherished a deep interest in the work he did so much to found in Oregon, and longed in his old age to visit the scenes of his early exposures and trials. His memory should be sacredly cherished by the land for which he toiled so earnestly and faithfully.

In the autumn of 1843 Mr. Jason Lee decided that the changed condition of the country, as we have noted in the preceding chapter, necessitated such modifications in the work of the mission that he would not only be justified in returning to the States to represent the situation before the Missionary Board, but that it was his duty to do so.

Besides he had become aware in some way of the fact that the Board did not comprehend the true relation of the mission to the settlement of the country, nor understand the vital importance of continuing unchanged the policy that had been so deliberately adopted, at least until the history of Oregon had more clearly developed itself. To explain these questions by letter so that the Board would understand them as he did, he feared could not be done. Besides he was exceedingly sensitive to all questions of personal honor, and any intimation of a wrong, or even an unwise use of the means the Missionary Board had committed to his care was enough to make him journey round the world to rectify it. Considering the state of things here, and the ability of the men who would be left to care for it, he felt that the work in Oregon would take no harm during his absence.

About the 1st of November it was announced that the English bark Columbia was about to sail from Vancouver for the Sandwich Islands, and Mr. Lee engaged passage on her for himself, his little daughter, and Rev. G. Hines and wife, who had taken the charge of Mr. Lee's daughter from the time of her mother's death, when the child was but three weeks old, and with whom Mr. Lee had also made his residence from about the same time.

Their intention was to take the first opportunity at the Islands to proceed to the east. Before embarking Mr. Lee appointed Rev. David Leslie superintendent of the Mission. The ship crossed the bar of the Columbia and took her course for the harbor of Honolulu on the 3d day of February, 1844.

On the departure of Mr. Lee the work in the mission was adjusted as follows: David Leslie, superintendent, and preacher for the Willamette settlement; Alvan F. Waller, Willamette Falls, and missionary to the Indians in that vicinity; H. K. W. Perkins, Wascopam; J. L. Parrish, Clatsop. The last two were the only exclusive Indian station now occupied. The laymen were distributed among the several stations according to the needs of the work and were all usefully employed.

The voyage to Honolulu occupied twenty-five days. Just before they arrived intelligence reached the Islands that Rev. George Gary had been appointed to supersede Mr. Lee as Superintendent of the Oregon Mission, and that he was expected at the Islands in a few weeks on his way to Oregon. This intelligence was communicated to Mr. Lee by Dr. Ira L. Babcock, who had been in Honolulu for a few months. This intelligence caused both Mr. Lee and Mr. Hines to hesitate whether to proceed on their voyage or remain until Mr. Gary's arrival, or return to Oregon and await his arrival there. As no opportunity to proceed together on the voyage was likely to occur for some months, and a small Hawaiian schooner would sail the next day for Mazatlan, on the coast of Mexico, they finally decided that Mr. Lee would take the schooner for Mexico and thence find his way to New York, and Mr. Hines and family, including the little daughter of Mr. Lee, would take the brig Chenamus, which was soon to sail, and return to Oregon.

This was a great trial to Mr. Lee. This daughter he looked upon as his earthly all. Mrs. Hines had received the child at the death of its mother to care for her as long as Mr. Lee should desire. His friend, and the foster-father of his daughter, Mr. Hines, makes this affecting reference to the separation of the father and the child on this "Isle of the sea":

"Mr. Lee looked on this, his only child, as his earthly all, and no personal consideration would have induced him to leave her in the care of others on an island in the Pacific ocean, and perform a hazardous journey to the other side of the globe, with but little prospect of ever again beholding his beloved daughter. But with a heart as affectionate as ever beat in the breast of a man Mr. Lee never allowed his personal feelings to control his action when they opposed themselves to the call of duty. In his opinion it was the voice of duty that called him to tear himself from all he held dear on earth, and return to his native land. Accordingly on the 28th of February, after tenderly committing his motherless child to the care of the writer and his compaion he was conducted to the "Hoaikaika," and was soon wafted from the shores of Hawaii towards the Mexican coast."

According to arrangement with Mr. Lee, Mr. Hines and family, and Dr. I. L. Babcock and family, who were returning to Oregon to resume their places in the mission, left Honolulu on the 3rd of April on the Chenamus, and after a voyage of twenty days entered the mouth of the Columbia River, and soon thereafter reached "The Falls," which by this time began to be known as "Oregon City," and resumed their missionary work.

On the 6th of April Mr. Lee landed at San Blas, on the coast of Mexico, and immediately pursued his journey towards New York. His route was by diligence via Guadalajarra to the City of Mexico, and thence by the same conveyance to Vera Cruz. The relations between the United States and Mexico were strained on account of the agitation in reference to the annexation of Texas to the United States, and at Guadalajarra all Mr. Lee's letters and papers were taken from him and the Mexican authorities threatened to imprison him, but he was finally permitted to proceed on his journey. From Vera Cruz he took the packet for New Orleans, and thence by steamboat to Pittsburgh, by stage across the Allegheny Mountains, and arrived in New York on the 27th day of May, 1844. He found the General Conference in session, and in the midst of the great debate on the Bishop Andrew case. All minds were filled with that and for the time would open to nothing else. No meeting of the Missionary Board could be had to take up the business of the Oregon Mission, but at a meeting for another purpose the Board requested Mr. Lee to proceed to Washington and before the Departments, the President, and the members of Congress, attend to the interests of the mission claims in Oregon and to other important interests relating to the Territory that had been intrusted to him.

The reception of Mr. Lee at Washington was of the most cordial character. The President and all officers of the government gave him assurances that the affairs of Oregon stood in good case before Congress and were sure to have favorable action at no remote date. He writes, however:

"The annexation of Texas to the Union was the all-absorbing question the latter part of the session. It was the administration's hobby, but it has failed. War with Mexico was anticipated if Texas was annexed, and great preparations were made, which have brought lasting anathemas upon the

President. An Oregon bill will probably pass next session, but if not next session, the settlers of Oregon may rest assured that one will pass soon. It cannot be put off much longer. This is conceded even by the opposition."

Mr. Lee's visit to Washington occupied the last half of June. It will be remembered that this was during the last year of the administration of Mr. Tyler, and just when the two great political parties of the nation were aligning themselves for the conflict of the coming autumn. One, preparatory to the final battle, was blazoning on its banners in reference to the Oregon question, "Fifty-four-forty or fight!" Near this legend the same party had set the "Lone Star" of Texas. These were the signs by which that party swept the country in the elections of 1844. In the midst of the excitement preceding the election Mr. Lee's presence in Washington, with his standing as the actual pioneer of American settlement in Oregon, and his great ability in influencing the minds of others, was a very potent power for the good of Oregon, and he did not hesitate to wield all the power he possessed for the land that he loved so well.

On his return to New York the last of June, Mr. Lee sought the earliest opportunity to meet the Missionary Board in order to set before it all the facts in regard to the condition of the Oregon Mission. He faced a strong prejudice against the Mission and against himself as its superintendent. The reasons for this prejudice have been so stated in a previous chapter that nothing further need be said of them here. Still it should be said that not one of them touched the integrity or personal character of Mr. Lee. They were beyond suspicion. They related wholly to the wisdom of his administration of the secular affairs of the Mission, and, as stated in a former chapter, they grew out of the changed conditions of the country and the complaints of dissatisfied and returning missionaries. With but little knowledge of facts as to the country, and on the exparte statements that were made to the Board, that body took the extreme step of displacing Mr. Lee and of instructing the newly appointed superintendent to reverse the plans of the former in the administration of the great interests he had been the founder of on the Northwest coast. Of course the suspicion of intentional injustice or wrong to Mr. Lee on the part of the Missionary Board could not be entertained for a moment. If there was an error in their action it arose from the causes specified.

Mr. Lee met the Missionary Board on the 1st day of July, 1844. Dr. George Peck, was in the chair. Charles Pittman was corresponding secretary. A body of eminent ministers and laymen constituted the Board, among whom, and present at the meeting, appears the name of William Roberts, of New Jersey, a name that will appear on many a page in many an important connection with subsequent Oregon history. It would not be just to the Missionary Board, nor just to the Missionary History of the Pacific Northwest, nor yet to Mr. Lee as the pioneer of that history, if we did not give at least some extracts from the address of Mr. Lee before the Board at that time. It lies in its original manuscript in Mr. Lee's own handwriting, yellow with its fifty-five years of age, before the writer, and in that form he quotes from it in excerpts. Dr. Pittman, the corresponding secretary of the Missionary Society, stated that the meeting had been called to offer Mr. Lee an opportunity of making a statement in reference to the Oregon Mission. Mr. Lee said:—

"I desire to express my gratitude to God for His protection, and for guiding me once more to a civilized land, and for permitting me to meet again with this Board. From what I have heard since my arrival in this city I am satisfied that it is necessary for me to give the Board all the information in my power in regard to the Oregon Mission. I will state, briefly, some of the reasons which induced my return from Oregon.

First, the Mission has obtained possession of a large tract of land in connection with its work, and, as a large emigration was pouring into that country I believed it a duty to the Board to immediately petition the government of the United States to secure to the Missionary Society the right of possession. I believed if I went to Washington I could present the claims of the Society in such a manner as would make a favorable impression on Congress and the national authorities. In my recent visit to the federal city I saw and conversed with the President, with heads of Departments, Secretaries and members of the House of Representatives, and gave them my views in regard to these and other matters in Oregon, and, I think, made a most favorable impression on all. Although nothing could be effected as yet in a legal way, I have no doubt but the claims of the Society will be favorably considered. Col. Benton and others said that our claims were reasonable and just, and that at a suitable time Congress must be memorialized, a case made out and submitted to that body. I had heard that it was in contemplation by the Board to send a special agent to Oregon to examine into the condition and affairs of the Mission, and my impression was that he would probably cross the mountains. I believed that, availing myself of the offered opportunity I could reach home previous to the agent's departure if one was appointed, and by giving to the Board a detailed statement of events and of the affairs of the Mission as might save the expense of sending the contemplated agent.

Third, I had become fully satisfied that the Board had had such representations made to them that it was my duty to appear before them, and so far as was in my power to correct these erroneous statements in regard to the condition of things in the Mission.

Affairs in Oregon and in the Mission have greatly changed since I had the happiness of meeting the Board last. First the Indians upon the Willamette River have diminished in a surprising degree. Secondly, the white population has greatly increased.

When the Board sent out its large reinforcement the object was that Methodism should spread throughout Oregon. For what purpose else did it send out so large a number of laymen? If it had been only to form one or two stations among the Indians it would seem to me that both the Board and myself as their agent must have taken leave of our senses."

Mr. Lee discusses in a very particular way whatever special complaints had been made to the Board about the administration of the affairs of the Mission. He clearly shows that they were made under misapprehension of fact, and that the policy adopted by the Superintendent was the only one that promised that large success that the Board and all the friends of the Mission desired to see achieved. In regard to the relation of the mission to the early immigrants, he makes this statement:

"Without our mission they could not have remained in the country, and they knew it. They told me when I arrived in the country the last time [in 1840, with the great reinforcement], that they should have left the country unless I had taken out supplies and saved them from succumbing to the Hudson's Bay Company. We have been the means of the conversion of 'Rocky Mountain men' who had been in the mountains for ten or fifteen years, and spent every cent in drink, and we have persuaded the people who were living in concubinage to marry. They now are making a handsome living and are industrious and Christian men and women. Never since the world was made has a settlement of such men been so benefited by Christian influence as has the Oregon settlement. Blood-thirsty men have been prevented from annihilating the Indians. I have a paper handed me just as I left, signed by all who saw it but one, a stranger, which abundantly confirms all that I have said."

It is hardly necessary to quote from the address of Mr. Lee at greater length, as many of the facts described by him have already been treated of in the progress of this history. His personal vindication was complete, and the Board was fully satisfied that he had served the church and the missionary cause in Oregon with great devotion and faithfulness. The Board saw the difficulties that had encompassed his work much more clearly than ever before, and had such a statement of them been before the body before the appointment of Mr. Gary no such action would ever have been taken. But it was not, and while expressing undiminished confidence in Mr. Lee, it was too late to recall its action, although Mr. Lee was yet recognized as "Missionary to Oregon."

It would hardly be proper to close this chapter in the history of Oregon Missions without saying that it was but the natural and inevitable result that Mr. Lee as superintendent of the mission, should have to bear all the blame of what seemed to the church a failure. Still it was not a failure, and nobody was to blame for the existence of the conditions that made it appear so. It was a providence that was preparing the Great West for a greater good. When thousands of Indians were roaming over the fair prairies and through the green and fragrant mountains of the Willamette five years before, what human prescience could foretell that in that brief space their camp fires would be extinguished, their trails obliterated, and only a few degraded bands, eaten by disease, disheartened and disconsolate and almost longing for the time to come for them all to join their departed fathers in the "happy hunting grounds" their pagan faith pictured beyond the river, would be all that remained of those thousands. And then there was another fact that had been hidden behind a providential veil, a fact not less strange than the others, that as the echo of the departing foot steps of the Indian race died away the ringing tread of a coming people full of all that is mighty in mind and vital in faith would resound through the land. Lee, almost alone of all the men about him, caught the gleam of the banners of the "Avaunt Couriers" of that coming host on the eastern heights as they began to descend towards the vales. God had been making his preparations in these changes, sad as they were passing as battles are sad, but glorious in their outcome of religion and civilization as battles are glorious when they bring freedom to man. We can see it now. In 1844 the Missionary Board, four thousand miles away from the field of God's great Providences, did not, perhaps could not see it.

XVI.

DEATH OF JASON LEE.

"I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the Faith."—PAUL.

AT the conclusion of his conferences with the Missionary Board, Mr. Lee turned aside to rest his body and his heart among his own beloved kindred, and in the circles of the friendships of his early life, whence he had gone out eleven years before on his great mission amidst their tears and with their benedictions.

On his way he attended the session of the New Hampshire Conference and also of the New England of which he was a member. He was received by his conference with great honor and earnestly besought to receive an appointment within its bounds, but his heart was in Oregon, and at his own request he was appointed "Agent of the Oregon Institute." He then visited Wilbraham, Massachusetts, where he had pursued his studies under Dr. Fisk, and held a public service in the interests of the Oregon Mission. From this point he proceeded toward Standstead, and on his way visited Daniel Lee, his nephew, and his trusted and faithful helper in the wilds of the farthest west for ten years, who was then pastor at North Haverhill, New Hampshire. After such a reunion as the reader may imagine but we cannot describe between these fellow pioneers who together had opened the way for civilization to the shores of the Pacific, he passed onward to the home of his youth and the scene of his conversion, designing to spend a few weeks in rest and then to return to the field that he loved better than all others beyond the Rocky Mountains.

He came to his friends for rest just as the early autumn frosts were tinging the northern forests with the prophecy of nearing winter. They detected, too, the seering leaf in his pale brow that betokened what they shrank from believing that the autumn of his life had come. He sought rest. On the bosom of an elder sister, who had been to him both mother and sister for many years of his early life, his throbing head and aching heart found repose. He went abroad no more.

Mr. Lee ascended the pulpit for the last time in November, 1844, in his native town of Stanstead, among his friends and relatives, and not far from the place where he experienced the "new celestial birth." He was pale and feeble. His tall form appeared even taller in his emaciation. He preached, as he always preached, the Gospel, plain, unadorned, mighty; "the power of God unto salvation." The Gospel had to him no other meaning, and its preaching no other end. It seemed a strange providence that this man, who had thrice crossed the continent from ocean to ocean when to cross it was to expose one's self to daily peril of death from savage foes, who had been the chief instrument of pre-empting half a continent for Immanuel, who had sailed over all the seas of the western hemisphere on the same mission, doing in ten years the work of a long life time, should close his ministry in the shadows of his native hills, and the dying echo of his message should fall on the same ears that heard its opening call. Yet so it was. That cold November day, though it sent its chill through his enfeebled body, could not chill the ardor of his soul. He was never more alive to God, alive to the salvation of souls, and alive to Oregon than he was that day.

Reluctantly did Mr. Lee submit to the conviction that his work was done. With every evanescent flash of the expiring embers of life, Oregon again arose on the horizon of his mind, and for the moment her vales and hills filled all the field of his vision. To reach Oregon, to live, if live he could, with and for her; to die, if die he must, under her peaceful skies, and lay his dust at last where for so long had been his heart, was the measure of his earthly desires. The mental and moral outgrowths of his best life had taken root in Oregon, and if it were only to water and enrich the soil where they were planted with his tears and his ashes, this last possible office he prayed with a great desire to be permitted to perform. Nor did he forget where, beneath the oaks of the lovely vale of the Willamette, rested the weary dust of his two beloved companions, the heroic sharers of his exile and his toil. And as a last reason, appealing to the deepest, loveliest nature of humanity, the ties of his fatherhood had been stretched across a continent, the only being calling him father yet remaining near the shores of the Pacific. How could he die and she far away? Had not duty dealt hardly with him already in calling him away almost before even his countenance could be impressed on her memory? Must he now die and she only know of him as father through traditions rehearsed in her ear? That he reluctantly submitted to that conviction is not wonderful; nor that his brave soul struggled to pluck a few more years from the grave, to add another chapter to the history of a life scarcely past meridian years. But it was all in vain.

The last time probably that his name was signed by his own hand to a letter was on the 8th day of February, 1845, four days more than a month before his death. The letter was directed to Rev. G. Hines, long his friend and the appointed guardian of his child. The letter was written by another, though signed by his own hand. In it he said:—

"I think I mentioned in my last that I was afflicted with a severe cold. No remedial aid I could procure has been able to remove it, and unless some favorable change occurs soon it is my deliberate conviction that it will prove fatal. Should such a favorable change take place I may advise you to be looking out for me coming around Cape Horn, or threading my way up the Willamette in a canoe as I used to do. But if I never make my appearance what shall I say concerning the 'dear little one.' Let her have if possible a first-rate education, but above all do not neglect her religious education. Dear Brother and Sister Hines, I must hold you responsible, under God, to train that child for heaven.

I remain your affectionate friend and brother,
JASON LEE.

He longed to return to Oregon to pick up again such threads as he might of the old life, yet he was calm, knowing what betided but not fearing it; steady, noble, a warrior figure to the last, dying as those who loved him might have wished to see him die. On the 12th day of March, 1845, at 41 years of age, he was absent from the body

LUCY A. LEE GRUBBS.
Only Daughter of Jason Lee.

but present with the Lord. He was absent but accounted for. He was with the heroes.

Here it is proper to say that the daughter of Jason Lee and Lucy Thompson, into whose deep eyes he never looked after he laid her in the arms of her devoted foster-mother on that "lone isle of the sea," lived to become one of the most accomplished graduates of the Willamette University, the school her father founded as the "Oregon Institute," and then the most successful preceptress that institution ever had. Then in her full orbed, majestic womanhood she lay down to rest by her mother's side in "Lee Mission Cemetery," at Salem, Oregon, the old Chemekete, a spot consecrated by the sacred dust of more of the pioneer heroes and heroines of American civilization and American Christianity than sleep anywhere else by the shores of the western sea. In the cemetery at Stanstead, in Lower Canada, there reposes precious dust that Oregon covets as her own, that it might sleep with this. Surely the hero should rest by the side of the heroines.

XVII.

LEE'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

"When God moulds a prophet He places him for a while in the wilderness so that he may be framed after vastness of His own heart."

"He shall come back on his own track, and by his scarce cold camp
There shall He meet the roaring street, the derrick and the stamp:
For He must blaze a nations way, with hatchet and with brand,
Till on his last won wilderness an empire's bulwarks stand."
—Rudyard Kipling.

PROVIDENTIALLY the history of the missionary work in Oregon from the time of its inception in the mind of the American Church in 1833 to the time of his departure from Oregon in 1843, accreted about the name of Jason Lee. By the very same providence whatever there was of civil history in the same field and time gathered about the missionary work of which he was the center. The current incidents connected with his personal association with that work in fields broader and more important than those occupied by any other man have been discussed in the foregoing pages. It is only the justice of history, however, before we dismiss his name from the story of the work that others took up as he laid it down, that we give a clear and connected view of his dominant place in the history of the Northwest during that era that did most to determine its final civil relations, and, as well, the ultimate character of its intellectual and social and religious life. Our readers cannot have failed to discern the general trend of his strongly marked characteristics as they have traced him in his journey in 1834 as the true "Path finder" for civilization through the 2,000 miles of mountain wilderness that lay between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean. They have seen these same characteristics magnified as he toiled on, out of sight of the world, among the most wretched and degraded human beings that Christianity ever ventured the experiment of a gracious renewal upon, for four solitary years, until his faithful work had brought in to that people some dawning hope of a better life. Still more strikingly were these qualities shown in his retracement of the weary pilgrimage of 1834 over the Rocky Mountains in 1838, to find and bring more laborers for the rescue and salvation of the wretched tribes for whose sake he had come at the first. Yet more was his character and force honored by the intelligence with which he organized, and the fidelity and faithfulness with which he conducted the great reinforcement through that trying sea voyage half way round the world in the ship Lausanne, in 1839-1840. Lastly they have seen these characteristics lifted to the acme of sublime action in the last great journey that he undertook for his mission, and the Oregon he had adopted as his own through the bandits of Mexico and by the sinuous and treacherous paths along which he labored his way to New York in 1844. Though these characteristics have been observed by our readers they should have a clearer historic setting.

Mr. Lee's nature was cast in an opulent mould. Physically he was an imposing personality. Six feet and four inches in height, well and symmetrically developed, his appearance gave the world assurance of a man. His complexion was almost blond, his hair light, and his eyes grayish-blue; a marked Anglo-Saxon combination, and he was full of the strong and virile elements of that race. Of course this had much to do with what he accomplished, and rendered it possible for him to hold the supreme place he did hold in fashioning the history of the early Oregon, and hence the Oregon of all history. There is yet another fact that has escaped its proper statement, if, indeed, it has not had misstatements in many places, that greatly influenced the results of his relation to the country and society where he wrought so faithfully and effectually. It was this: Though born in Canada, he was a thorough American. We mean by this that he was not only an American citizen, and as such entitled to all the franchises of that citizenship, but American in the broadest and most patriotic sense. His birthplace was but a few miles across the line from Vermont. His parents were thorough New Englanders, who had themselves heired the longest and purest lineage of Puritan blood. He had but to step across the line into the United States to enter into the citizenship that was his by birthright. Beyond this right was the fact that the most fashioning years of his early manhood were spent in school at Wilbraham, in Massachusetts, under the tutelage of one of the most patriotic of Americans, Dr. Wilbur Fisk, and in the close companionship of Osmon C. Baker and many others like him, all Americans of the Americans. No man ever had better title to whatever credit the trusts of high friendships or the rights and franchises of citizenships could give him, than Jason Lee. All that made and moulded him, blood, education, life-work, were American, and made him the fit representative of the most intense American ecclesiasticism on the continent in the great work of his life in Oregon. This plain and emphatic statement of facts in regard to his civil position, and his loyalty and love for American institutions is made, in a manner, necessary because some recent writers, conversant only with the fact that his birthplace was in Canada, seem to have tried to discount his fame and detract from the credit due to his work because, as they have often repeated, "he was a Canadian." Our readers will see that, in the sense in which they make this statement, there is no foundation for it in fact. In any sense in which he was a Canadian there is absolutely nothing that derogates from his thorough Americanism, and hence nothing that can impeach the claim here made of his premiership in the plans and work that made Oregon the solid, intense, patriotic American commonwealth she has been ever since she left the fashioning hands of Mr. Lee.

Mr. Lee was a man of firm faith, great courage, and sustained and persevering action.

His whole life is a commentary on this statement. These basal moral elements of greatness abounded in his nature. His faith was radical. It did not rest on a visionary hope that happy incidents or accidents would intervene in his favor at fortunate times, but in a just appreciation of personal confidence in the government of God.

Hence the consciousness of danger never operated as a deterrent to his work.

> "His hand the good man fastens on the skies:—
> Then bids earth roll nor feels her idle whirl."

So Jason Lee fixed his hand on the skies, and that grip of trust was never shaken loose for a moment during all the conflicts and dangers of his way.

He never wearied in his good doing. Such a thing as faltering never entered into his mind. This is one of the true tests of greatness. This is the faith that overcometh. His work itself never failed to meet any just expectations. The Indian tribes for whom he wrought faded away and perished out of sight, but he had so done his work that on the very foundations where he had laid it at the first it stood ready for the higher and the stronger life that so unexpectedly soon took the place of the vanished Indian life. This was evidence of his forecast of events that surprised him only in the quickness of their coming. As early as January, 1837, he wrote the corresponding secretary of the Missionary Board, "I am fully of the opinion that this country will settle ere long, and if you can send us a few good, pious settlers you will aid essentially in laying a good foundation for the time to come, and confer an incalculable benefit upon the people which will be felt by generations yet unborn. Pious men we want and must have to superintend our labor, but they are not to be had here at present."

What prescience was here. Less than a decade justified his prophecy. His statesmanlike comprehension of the then conditions, was fully evinced in the selection of the strategic centers of his work. To name the missionary stations that Mr. Lee selected from whence to work outwardly and touch all the land is to name as many of the controlling centers of education, religion, and trade in the Pacific Northwest to-day, as he established missionary stations. See: They were Salem, now the beautiful and cultured capital of Oregon. Oregon City, the most magnificent water power of half a continent, now practically a part of Portland, the finest city on the coast. The Dalles, the very key and entrepot of the great Inland Empire that comprises two-thirds of the States of Oregon and Washington, and all of Idaho. Astoria, which guards the entrance and exit of the Columbia River Valley, at the mouth of the river itself; and Nesqually, now practically Tacoma, the marvelous creation of genius conspiring with destiny on the sea-deep waters of Puget Sound. No other missionaries on this coast ever approached him in that clear foresight. Though he was before them he had chosen but one station when they appeared upon the ground and chose their fields. Even the keen sighted Jesuit priests under the direction of such astute and diplomatic leaders as De Smet, Blanchet and Brouillette, and they rated among the ablest men ever on the coast, did not begin to equal his grasp of the great future. Nor did the able and devoted men who came out under the direction of the American Board in 1836, two years after Mr. Lee, namely, Dr. Marcus Whitman, Rev. H. H. Spaulding and Mr. W. H. Gray, nor those who later became their earnest associates. As the bearing of these facts and events on the history of the missionary work, and of Oregon itself will be observed further on in this work, they need not be further discussed at this point.

Jason Lee, better than any other man of his time, comprehended the true missionary idea. Intensely religious, he was also intensely practical. The stern struggles of his early manhood had taught him that this is a hard world to conquer. Mere pietism, enthusiasm, zeal, he found could not subdue the world to righteousness. His faith was in the magic of work as an instrument for the accomplishment of the immeasurable ends of God in the bringing in of "the new heaven and the new earth." Many in the church could not understand his policy. They wanted only "the gospel," or, as they were wont to say, a "purely spiritual work." They did not realize that God's days of accomplishment have all had their ages of preparation. That his great, strong, conquering peoples were all once small, weak and often apparently beaten. That the baptism of suffering and of conflict always came to man or nation before the baptism of power; before the baptism of the spirit. And they failed to understand that "the word of this salvation" had its conquering tongues in every age of its progress. And another principle of its advancement had failed to catch their attention, namely, that its divine commission, "Go ye into all the world," was not to a man, or to a minister only, but to the church as such in her whole manhood, her whole womanhood, and even to her whole childhood.. That it had in it the colonization, the expansion idea. That beyond the voice of the minister in the enunciation of the Word there must be the life of the living manhood in all possible practical exemplifications of the law of the divine life. That the gospel on the lips of the minister must be illustrated and exemplified behind the plow, at the blazing forges and the ringing anvils, at the bench and at the shuttle, everywhere that life finds lawful use for itself, or the night-dark perceptions of pagan nations can never form an idea of its real character and power. Jason Lee comprehended this from the first, and in this he was wiser than his masters, and wiser than many of those who were incidentally associated with him in the field in which he wrought.

To-day, in the light of the missionary experience of an added half-century in India, China, Africa, all over the world, and especially in that great Pacific Empire where he sought to unfold the philosophy of his high conceptions of the co-ordinance of Christianity and free civilization, his then misunderstood and undervalued philosophy has become the ruling principle of Christian progress. Does not this place him among the very leaders of the true missionary concept?

It was the great merit of Mr. Lee to comprehend the terms of the great problem of Christian civilization which he was chosen to work out on the Pacific coast as a Christian and a missionary of the most manly type, and also as a statesman capable of founding empires. He could weigh circumstances, generalize facts, and foresee conclusions. If those who had committed to his hands the trust of founding the Christian commonwealth of the Pacific coast had not been separated from him by so great a distance, or if they had not lost their own judicial balance, and had left him to work out the problem of his mission in the way he had planned and toward which he was working the history which we have to record would have been a very different one. We do not at all impeach their purposes, but they could not understand that Lee on the ground, though but a single man, was far more likly to apprehend the case than any number of men 4,000 miles away. And so it proved a great misfortune that the votes of good men in the Missionary Board, given in comparative ignorance of the conditions of the distant problem on which they were voting, were put into the scale against the sword and courage and judgment of Lee when he was on the field, and thoroughly informed concerning what they were comparatively ignorant of.

But it must be remembered that all this occurred in the very beginning of the misionary work of Methodism in such distant fields. Nor must it be forgotten that we are estimating a character and a work in the light of a history already made; a pioneer character in a field of Christian achievement, which, since his day, has lifted many a man to greatness who followed in the footsteps of his great example, and vindicated missions and missionaries as the most potential instruments of human advancement. There was, in this first great missionary movement of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which Mr. Lee was the eminent type, the very spirit that makes for the ultimate practical realization of the universal brotherhood of man. It was only a specific unfoldment of a genuine fact announced in that briefest of all definitions of the design and means of human redemption in the words, "The Son of Man is come to save that which was lost." The Son of a whole humanity, He came to save a whole humanity. It is the faith and purpose of Christendom borne into the heart of the New Regeneration when the "Son of Man" came. This is why Christianity became the germinal force of the world's civilization. It goes before. It is the pioneer. Governments may forget or overlook it, but Christianity never can. To forget or overlook it would be to unmissionize her own being. What she carries to all are the liberties she has achieved for herself. She carries them into the world's great waste of darkness and captivity, in the best symbols and types of her most exalted life, the product of her own truest spirit. Her missionaries are her princes and princesses; carrying to their yet unenfranchised brothers of other lands not teaching and preaching and rituals and baptisms only, but refined, virtuous and cultivated civic life; and with a free brother's pure heart and a strong brother's helpful hand proffering them to all in the name of Christianity as freely as flowed the Christ-blood for the life of them all. Of this class we have said Jason Lee was the pioneer in Methodist history. We do not forget Melville B. Cox, whose name will rise to the memory of every one at all read in Methodist history when this statement is made. Cox was a splendid prophecy of things that might be but never were. In character he was a hero, in purpose he had a large comprehension, and in consecration he was divine. Africa was his chosen field. He entered it with courage and begun his work with a large faith on the 9th day of March, 1833. Four months and twelve days thereafter he was sleeping in death amidst the plans of his field. His dying cry: "Let a thousand die before Africa be given up!" became the inspiration of heroic purpose all about the altars of Methodism. Lee had barely time to hear this thrilling shout of battle and of victory from the eastern continent before he began his march towards the western shores to become in fact what Cox was in his splendid purpose, the first of the great company of Methodist Apostleship to set the stamp of his life as well as shed the glory of his death on the story of her missionary work. It was only twenty-nine days after Cox had died in Africa that Jason Lee left his home on the work of preparing for his mission in Oregon.

There never was but one name that could, by any possibility, be made to enter the lists with Lee for foremost place in the true story of Oregon's evangelization and civilization. That was the name of Dr. Marcus Whitman. In a subsequent chapter on the "Missions of the American Board," we shall give what we believe to be a fair and appreciative account of this noble missionary and splendid man.

Mr. Lee and Dr. Whitman had a strangely common cast of life. They were both of thorough New England ancestry. The parents of both left New England about the same time, Mr. Lee's removing northward into Canada, and Dr. Whitman's westward into Central New York, both then—about 1800—almost unbroken wildernesses. The fathers of both died when they were children and they were left to the care of widowed mothers. Both went into Massachusetts for education, the first at Wilbraham, the other at Plainfield. Both spent some of the early years of his professional life in Canada, the one as a minister and the other as a physician. Both passed through the early discipline of hard toil on the farm and in the forests and lumber mills. With this common training, and the not less strangely similar tendencies of their life, they were now put, by a somewhat singular providence, into different relations to the field where they were both to do the great work of their lives.

The Missionary Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church, under which Mr. Lee was to go to the west, immediately established and equipped a full-orbed mission, shipped an abundant supply of goods in the bark "May Dacre" for the Columbia River to sustain it, and Mr. Lee and his companions were on the way to meet them by land before the snows of the spring of 1834 had melted from the New England hills.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, instead of organizing a mission, appointed Rev. Samuel Parker and Messrs Dunbar and Allis as a commission to go and "explore the country." They went westward as far as St. Louis, but Lee and his helpers were far on their way towards the distant mountains, and Mr. Parker returned to his home in central New York. The next summer, 1835, Dr. Whitman joined Mr. Parker and proceeded as far west as Green River, and then returned to the east to recommend the establishment of a mission, and Mr. Parker continued his explorations, returning home via the

Sandwich Islands and Cape Horn in 1836. In the autumn of 1836, just two years after Mr. Lee had fully entered on his work in Oregon, Dr. Whitman entered upon his, though their missions were established two hundred and fifty miles apart; Mr. Lee's in the heart of the Willamette and Dr. Whitman's at Waiiletpu, far in the interior. As we have seen before, these men, so very like each other, did not meet until April of 1838.

Unquestionably their views in relation to the interests of Oregon, and the means proper to be adopted in order to secure them were in remarkable harmony. How far this resulted from their mental and moral similitude, or how far from consultation with each other, it is perhaps impossible to determine. Probably there was something of both in the case, yet there was this difference. Lee, as the pioneer, having precedence of Whitman by two years, first gave form and expression to the action desired by the national government, and, as representing much the largest missionary influence in Oregon, probably the most determining expression. Every essential principal that found place in the memorials and petitions sent from Oregon to Congress, or to the executive of the United States, up to the time of the final adjustment of the diplomatic struggle between the

United States and Great Britain, in 1846, is found in the memorial drawn by Mr. Lee and Mr. Edwards in March of 1838. This memorial was in the possession of Mr. Lee, who was on his way to Washington with it when he first met Dr. Whitman, in April of 1838, at Waiiletpu. Tracing the logical line of cause and result it seems clear that this memorial was the subject of conversation between Mr. Lee and Dr. Whitman during the time that Mr. Lee spent with Dr. Whitman and the missions under his charge when on his way to the United States with the memorial, namely, from the 14th of March to the 12th of April, 1838. It could not have been otherwise. These kindred souls could not have been in close and confidential communication on the very field for which they were planning so wisely and patriotically, and for which either or both were ready to sacrifice life itself, without this. The record in Mr. Lee's journal of the dates named clearly show this. Their first meeting is thus described:—

> "Dr. Whitman came and conducted us to the house. Mrs. Whitman met us at the door and I soon found myself seated and engaged in earnest and familiar conversation as if we were old acquaintances."

This was Saturday. On Sabbath, the 15th of April, Mr. Lee said: "I had a very interesting time preaching to the Indians while the Doctor interpreted."

Mrs. Whitman, in writing to her parents after this visit of Mr. Lee to the mission of Dr. Whitman, and speaking of an Indian called Umtippe, who was in a decline, said:

> "Last Saturday he came here on purpose to spend the Sabbath; said he had recently three fainting turns, and that he felt he should not live a great while. * * * Sabbath morn, after the morning worship (Mr. Lee was here and preached and husband interpreted), he (Umtippe) said: The truth never appeared to cheer him before. Always, when he had attended worship, his mind had been on those about him, but now it had been on what was said to him." Mrs. Whitman said: "Mr. Lee has spent much time with us, and we have been greatly refreshed by his prayers and conversation."

Thus, from the record made by Mr. Lee and also by that made by Mrs. Whitman, the fact appears that these two men were in long consultation and close and friendly communion, sanctified and made more trustful and confiding by prayer, on the great questions with which their names were destined to have such a magnificent historic connection. But the initiative was plainly with Lee, because the very instrument that gave potential form to the great policy that finally wrought so much for Oregon, had been in Lee's possession, signed and ready for presentation to the government, for weeks before they met. This meeting and conference occurred when Dr. Whitman had been on his mission station less than a year and a half, and when Lee was hundreds of miles on his way to lay the document before Congress and the President.

From that conference Mr. Lee pushed forward on that eastward journey which has already been followed by our readers. He discharged the great trust the people of Oregon had committed to him, as he discharged every trust, with truest fidelity.

Twenty-six months later, at the head of the "great reinforcement," he was again in Oregon, and now with a broader and mightier initiative in his hand. Dr. Whitman was still in his place; still faithful, as he also ever was. Still both were intent on their pious and patriotic purpose. Later Dr. Whitman was in Washington urging the same things that Lee had urged before him. On the 22d day of June, 1844, a very important letter, with a synopsis of a bill that Dr. Whitman suggested as desirable for Congress to pass, was received at the War Department in Washington. And now appears another strange coincidence. Two weeks before that letter was received by the War Department Jason Lee was in Washington in person urging on the President, on the Secretaries of War and of State, and on Senators and Representatives the very things that were presented in substance in the letter and the synopsis of a bill forwarded by Dr. Whitman . He was there when they came, and for a number of days thereafter, and he was there with the influence of a formal resolution of the Missionary Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church to sustain and reinforce all that he personally could do for the end so much desired. Thus, while these two great missionary statesmen held common sentiments and sought the same action in regard to the great Northwest, Lee, who was by two years first in the field, and who stood at the head of much the largest and most central and influential missionary and American community on the coast, clearly was the most influential personality in shaping the results that history records for the Pacific Northwest. "To this complexion we must come at last." Lee, as the "Foreloper," guided by the marks he set on the mountain peaks the tide of population that soon began to chafe against the barriers which he had been the first to scale. De Tocqueville had but just marked the facing westward of the conquering race of earth, and, in this most majestic and impressive sentence had put his concept of its conditions and its destiny on his brilliant page: "This gradual and continuous progress of the European race towards the Rocky

Mountains has the solemnity of a providential event; it is like a deluge of men rising unabatedly and daily driven onward by the hand of God." He conceived accurately. It was a providential event. Nor was Lee less the providential leader of the providential movement than was the movement itself providential. In it was the force of a "divine thrusting on," the mighty though silent genesis of a sure coming kingdom that would march out of the old times and old traditions by companies and regiments and armies following the lead of this grim and stalwart leader of men,—this founder of civilizations. He was only a missionary, it is true, but it was in that fact that resided his power to accomplish what God wanted done on the Pacific Coast. It was only another manifestation of God's way of subduing all things unto himself, and making the new heaven and the new earth of a free Christianized civilization. Gladstone, with his deep Christian vision, penetrated this secret of God's ways when he said, "It is the wretched missionaries that we have to follow into Central Africa, and we have not men enough to send to govern these places."

What he said of Central Africa is the simple fact everywhere. Missionaries go into savage regions in advance of soldiers or travelers. All through Africa, China, India, America, the missionary is the pathfinder. Merchants follow, then governments find their pretexts. Cecil Rhodes is not the real founder of Rhodesia. It is Moffat and Livingston. Everywhere the blazoned trail of the missionary becomes the highway of the emigrant, the roadbed of the Pullman, and the line of the telegraph. So the footprints of Lee were the guide of all who came after him through the weary wastes of the continent. And having thus pioneered the way, Lee and his company gave those original impulses to the moral and intellectual life of Oregon which have held that life through all the story of the commonwealth.

Jason Lee's work can never die. Its influence will flow on "through channels measureless by men" forever. His place as first and most influential in determining the course of history in the Northwest can never be successfully contested. Careful and candid historians on a survey of the whole field of the decade from 1834 to 1844, that really decided the character and position of Oregon, both in the elements of its intellectual and social life and in its relation to the United States cannot fail to see that he was first in every movement that determined that history. It was a great struggle, and great and good men were in various ways agents in it and even martyrs to it. Yet the splendid eulogy of Napier on Ridge from the field on which he had gloriously died, befits Lee best of all: "None died on that field with more glory than he. Yet many died and there was much glory."

A man who stands, as this man stands, at the beginning of a state or nation, and is the moulding and fashioning influence of that beginning, occupies an eminence that no other one can ever attain.

* * *

XVIII.

INDIAN MISSIONS CLOSED.

WHEN Mr. Lee left Oregon in the autumn of 1844 he left the mission in the care of Rev, David Leslie as superintendent. After his departure from Honolulu for Mexico on his way to the United States, Mr. Hines and Dr. Babcock took the first opportunity that offered to return to Oregon and resume their places in the Mission.

They arrived in the Columbia River on the 23d day of April, 1844, and a few days thereafter the annual meeting of the Mission occurred. Pending the arrival of Mr. Gary, the newly appointed superintendent, the work of the missionaries was arranged as follows: David Leslie, Superintendent; to supply the Willamette settlement with preaching. Gustavus Hines was appointed to Oregon City, as the Willamette Falls was now called, and Tualatin Plains. A. F. Waller was to preach to the Indians along the Willamette River. H. K. W. Perkins was to remain at The Dalles; and J. L. Parrish to supply Clatsop Plains. This, with the Mission School and the various secular departments constituted the Oregon Mission when Mr.

Gary arrived at Oregon City on the first day of June, 1844.

As the Mission had now come to a new initial, and was about to pass under an administration whose acts were to be in a great measure different from, if not contrary to, the order under the administration of Mr. Lee, it is proper that we give some statement of its condition as the old regime went out and the new came in. To make the condition plain a few facts should be recorded.

Let it be first observed that when Mr. Lee was appointed to the mission in 1833 it was with no thought in his mind or the mind of the church, that his appointment meant anything more than a purely Indian mission. Indeed this was the case for at least two years after he had established himself on the Willamette, and at least two reinforcements had come to him. He thought of nothing and planned for nothing beyond this. The conception began to dawn on his mind with and after the arrival of the reinforcement of 1837, that, whatever he and the Missionary Board believed and planned at the beginning, God had a better and greater design in the planting of the Mission when and where it was planted than that. This is shown in the tenor of all his reports to the Board, and especially in his preparations for his journey across the plains in 1838, under what he calls "the inconceivably delicate circumstances" attending his separation from his companion and his work, because he despaired of making the condition of the country and the real state and relations of the Mission understood by letters. What would have been concluded from these circumstances was made absolutely certain by the "memorial" which he bore to Congress, which has been already given to the reader. He saw what was near: the speedy extinction of the Indian tribes; the sure and swift coming of an American population to occupy the splendid country from which the Indians were departing; and for the very purpose of preparing for that sure coming he took upon himself that most self-denying and dangerous journey. What he communicated to the Missionary Board carried it to the same conclusion. It did more; it carried the government of the United States to the same belief, so that it co-operated with him in his plans to an extent hitherto unprecedented in all its relations with missionary operations; not as co-operating in and sustaining a religious propagandism only, but as aiding to establish a purely American sentiment and settlement in a valuable country over which an un-American power was endeavoring to extend its authority. With his plans thus far sanctioned and successfully initiated in the country itself in the summer of 1840, another phase of their development appeared.

The field of operations was greatly enlarged. New missionary stations were selected, one of the most significant of which was Nesqually, on the borders of Puget Sound, north of the Columbia River, the only part of Oregon believed by the British residents on the coast indisputably sure of falling into the possession of Great Britain, and the only part for which that government ever asserted any real claim. It meant something to plant an American Mission on those splendid seas and in this debated land. With this enlargement the personnel of the two stations heretofore occupied—the Willamette and The Dalles—was greatly strengthened, so that, by the 4th of July, 1840, Lee's army of occupation was fixed in the great strategic centers of the Northwest.

Lee's dispositions were admirable, not only with respect to what remained of the Indian tribes, but also to the field which his sagacity had selected as the sure heart of the coming empire of the Northwest. Before 1842 the results that he foresaw in 1837 began to accrete about his work. Enough whites were in the country and almost entirely gathered about his great central station on the

Willamette, to make government a necessity; and thus in eight years his Indian Mission had graduated into a civil commonwealth; waiting and longing for the government of the United States to spread over the weakness of the infant State the aegis of her protective power.

At this time this was the status of the work as a Mission: There were three exclusively Indian mission stations, namely, The Dalles, Nesqually, and Clatsop; beside which one man was employed traveling at large among the Indians on the Willamette river. Chemekete, now Salem, and the Willamette Falls, now Oregon City, were rapidly developing into exclusively white works. The Mission stations by priority of occupation, held the acknowledged right to what a few years later was made a legal right by Congress, a mile square of land at each mission station; or, one covering the site of the old mission, one the site of the present city of Salem, one at Clackamas, the present "Gladstone Park," one the site of the present city of The Dalles, one at Clatsop, the most popular seaside resort in the Northwest, one at Nesqually, near the present city of Tacoma, on Puget Sound, and Oregon City. All these points were occupied as mission stations, and fell clearly within the provisions of the law of Congress regulating such claims by mission stations when that law was passed a short time subsequently.

The clerical members of the mission were Rev. G. Gary, Rev. David Leslie, Rev. A. F. Waller, Rev. G. Hines, Rev. H. K. W. Perkins, besides whom Rev. J. L. Parrish, a local preacher, was employed in ministerial service. The lay members were George Abernethy, mission steward at Oregon City; H. B. Brewer, farmer at The Dalles; W. W. Raymond, farmer at Clatsop; Hamilton Campbell, mechanic at Chemekete; and Ira L. Babcock, physician. The Indian Manual Labor School was also in operation in the fine edifice that had been erected for it by Mr. Lee. This was the condition of the mission as a whole when Mr. Gary reached Oregon City and took charge of it on the 1st day of June, 1844.

As we have said in a former chapter, the Missionary Board had put into the hands of Mr. Gary plenary powers as to all matters connected with the Mission. Whether it should be continued on its former basis, or should adopt entirely different principles of administration, was for him to determine. Within a week after his arrival he summoned the members of the mission to meet at the Manual Labor School for consultation in regard to the interests involved. The meeting began on the morning of the 7th of June, and, such was the interest evolved that it continued in session all night. Two conclusions were reached by the Superintendent at this meeting and announced, namely, first, that all the mission claims should be disposed of with the exception of those at Chemekete and The Dalles, and the Indian missions abandoned except at these two places, and the mill and stock and other mission property should be sold. Second, that the laymen connected with the missions should be dismissed, and the Superintendent would pay their expenses home if they wished to go, or, if they desired to remain in the country, pay them an equivalent of their passage home in such property as the Mission possessed in Oregon. This was an entirely honorable proposition towards the laymen, and all but one—Dr. I. L. Babcock—chose to remain in the country, and property to the amount of $800 to $1,000 was disbursed to each family. This action left quite a number of the very best and most influential families of Oregon's pioneers as permanent residents of the country, among whom was the family of George Abernethy, whose place in the building of Oregon will be more fully identified further on in our history. These were all the questions determined at this meeting. The appointments of the preachers to ministerial and missionary labors made before his arrival were confirmed by Mr. Gary. It was also judged improper to discontinue the Indian mission at The Dalles, and consequently Mr. H. B. Brewer, the layman in charge of the mission farm at that place, was retained in the service of the mission.

On the 26th of June another meeting of the missionaries was called by Mr. Gary to consider matters relating to the Indian Mission Manual Labor School. He had decided to close the school and dispose of the property connected with it.

This school had been the very heart and hope of the Oregon Mission so far as the Indians were concerned. It was established before Mr. Lee had his mission house completed in the autumn of 1834. Under the care of Cyrus Shepard and others it had accomplished much good for the Indians during the ten years that had elapsed since its organization. Of course as the Indians in the immediate vicinity of the school diminished in numbers the attendance upon the school decreased, and, in Mr. Gary's opinion, did not at the present time justify its continuance. This view of Mr. Gary's was not by any means unanimously sustained bv the members of the mission. Some of the oldest and most steadfast and capable of the missionaries opposed it. Notable among these was Mr. Waller among the ministers and Mr. Willson among the laymen. But it was in harmony with the "policy" the Missionary Board had adopted, and Mr. Gary decided to adhere to that policy, close the school, and dispose of the property connected with it. The property consisted of the Manual Labor School building, which cost the mission $10,000, and a square mile of land, which, as before stated, covered the most valuable part of the present city of Salem. The capitol building of the State of Oregon now stands very near the center of the claim known as the "Mission claim."

It is a very interesting fact to note here, parenthetically, that, on the very day this resolve was announced by Mr. Gary at Salem, Mr. Lee was in Washington City under direction of the Missionary Board in New York, pressing upon the attention of the President and the Secretaries of State and of War, together with that of Senators and Representatives in Congress the recognition of the right of the mission to the very tracts of land that were thus being transferred by Mr. Gary from the Mission in Oregon. From all he received assurances that they considered the claim just, and it would certainly be recognized by the government. No stronger vindication of the wisdom of the general policy and purpose of Mr. Lee's administration could possibly be made than is made in this incident. In the present day of telegraphs and lightning expresses no such faux-pas could possibly be perpetrated.

With the decision to dispose of the property of the school the question of how it should be done became a vital one.

Certainly Mr. Gary meant to be true to Methodism in the adjustments he made of all these questions, as he saw them with less than one month's residence in the country, and with the prepossessions of mind received before he left New York. He could not have intended otherwise. His plan therefore contemplated such an arrangement as might yet leave the property in such stead as to make it administer to the future advancement of the church in Oregon. So his mind turned from the Manual Labor School to the "Oregon Institute," and he resolved, if he found it practicable, at a low price to transfer the property to the trustees of that institution. As a subsequent chapter will be devoted to the early history of that institution, it is only needful to say here that the trustees of the "Oregon Institute" had succeeded in erecting a building at an expense of about $4,000 at a point about three miles north of the Labor School, but had not opened a school in it when Mr. Gary came to the resolution spoken of above. The site of the Labor School was far more eligible than that of the Institute, and the land claim of the mission was considered at that time far the most valuable in Oregon, unless it might have been the Oregon City claim. Mr. Gary proposed to turn it over to the trustees of the institute for the nominal sum of $4,000, less than half that it had cost the Missionary Society to erect the building only three years before. Having an opportunity to dispose of their property for $3,000, the trustees of the Institute accepted the offer of Mr. Gary, and the Oregon Mission Manual Labor School and the square mile of land connected with it became the property of the Oregon Institute. We are here only showing the disposition made by Mr. Gary of the property holdings of the Missionary Board through the mission established by Mr. Lee up to the time of his supersedure in the superintendency of the Oregon Indian Missions by the Board in the appointment of George Gary.

There remained now but two mission stations with property claims and interests to be adjusted. One was Oregon City and the other The Dalles. At Oregon City the Mission as such deemed it wisest not to file any claim as against that of Dr.

John McLoughlin, Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Vancouver, who had made some movement towards the occupation of that valuable property before the mission was established. Perhaps all in the country at that time, Mr. Lee included, did not consider the claim of Dr. McLoughlin, as a British subject and the head of a great British corporation, such a claim as would be recognized in law when the government of the United States should extend its jurisdiction over the country, which they believed it was sure to do in a short time. Mr. Lee, however, believing that there were equities if not law in Dr. McLoughlin's favor, forbore action in the premises and obtained what property the mission held in Oregon City proper by quit claim from Dr. McLoughlin. The mission work at this general point was mostly done on the west side of the river at The Falls, and at the villages on the Clackamas where "Gladstone Park" is now situated, and where the Mission had a farm, and a claim of a square mile of land. This stood in exactly the same relation to the Board as did the claim at The Dalles and at Salem.

It is proper that we say here that much controversy arose at Oregon City through the fact that Rev. A. F. Waller filed a claim in his own behalf on the land to which Dr. McLoughlin was also laying claim, on the ground that the latter, being a British subject, could not obtain title under the land laws of the United States. With this the Mission, as such, had no connection whatever, and hence this history does not deal with the question further than to say that Mr. Waller's claim lapsed by his removal from Oregon City, if he did not previously withdraw it, before the United States extended jurisdiction over Oregon. Congress afterwards passed a law ignoring the claim of Dr. McLoughlin, and setting apart the Oregon City claim for the endowment of a university for Oregon. Later the legislature of Oregon, satisfied that equity demanded that action, confirmed the land to the estate of Dr. McLoughlin; not, however, until after the death of that noble pioneer.

There remained yet the mission at The Dalles, called originally Wascopam, to be disposed of. This has been the most successful of the Methodist missions so far as their relations to the Indian population was concerned. It lay east of the Cascade Mountains, and entirely removed from the encroachments of white settlement. Aside from those connected with the missions and the Hudson's Bay posts, there was not a white man resident between the Cascade and Rocky Mountains in 1844, and the Indians seemed determined to resist their coming on any other pretext. The selection of the location at this place was made with rare judgment. The mission buildings were admirably located, and the cultivated farm of the mission covered the finest residence portion of the present city of The Dalles, while the land claim of one mile square embraced nearly all of the land now occupied by this beautiful and prosperous city. It was the one location on the Columbia river east of the Cascade Mountains for a distance of half a thousand miles, where nature had clearly predestined that coming civilization should build a mart of commerce and of culture. The Hudson's Bay Company had passed it by for a quarter of a century. The missionaries of the American Board, Whitman, Spaulding and Gray, passed it by in 1836, before the mission of Mr. Lee was at all prepared to establish a station east of the mountains. As soon as that were possible, in 1837, Mr. Lee occupied this gateway of the great "Inland Empire." In view of these facts this mission to the Indians was continued.

While these changes were being made in Oregon, and on the very days that they were being consummated by Mr. Gary, Mr. Lee was before the Missionary Board in New York explaining the value of the property that the mission had acquired in Oregon, and expressing the opinion that it was even then worth nearly enough to compensate the Board for all the expense it had incurred in establishing and maintaining the mission up to that time. That amounted, as stated by the secretary of the Board, Dr. Charles Pittman, to $100,000. In this estimate of Mr. Lee the land was not included, and Mr. Lee said, in regard to the probability of securing title to that, "from the President down all acknowledge that the Mission is entitled to that." These claims Mr. Lee considered then worth $40,000, at which estimate, if realized, the Board would have been more than reimbursed for all its expenditures for the mission.

The amount of outlay seemed large, very large, to the Board. But when we take Mr. Lee's explanations into view we can readily understand that the church, up to that time, had established no mission that it was so difficult and expensive to maintain as was the mission in Oregon. While speaking on this subject before the Missionary Board on the 1st of July, 1844, Mr. Lee said:—

"This apparently enormous expenditure was in a great measure owing to the immense distance, the transportation there, the extra expense of outfit, the return of missionaries, the freight of goods, &c., &c. The distance between this country and

Oregon is the great vortex that has swallowed up $40,000 of this money."

The reader will remember that he is reading words spoken about Oregon fifty-five years ago. Interchanges between New York and the Columbia River could only be made once a year, and then by pack horses 2,000 miles or by sail around Cape Horn, a voyage of eight months. The Missionary Board had made but a single experiment in establishing a foreign mission before this one, and that was Liberia, on the west coast of Africa, within comparatively easy reach of New York. It can hardly be accounted a wonder, therefore, with the Board in New York and Mr. Lee in Oregon, two thousand miles away from the nearest mail line, and compelled to avail themselves of any chance and fugitive sailor or mountaineer who might be crossing the mountains or the sea to convey letters and papers between the two, they should fail to understand the questions involved in the administration alike. Not only in war and in the courses of diplomacy do great events turn on what appear to be slight incidents, but the same is true in the more elevated fields of religious strategy and work. Perhaps this was never more fully shown than in the case of Lee and the Oregon Mission.

With the change that had been effected there was little to be done in the field in Oregon but for the laborers in it to go forward in the ordinary courses of work and wait for results. These it was yet impossible to calculate. While the course of the superintendent in thus summarily closing all these operations of the mission that related to property, and endeavoring to make them all of a purely spiritual character doubtless met with general approval, or at least did not meet with disapproval, it was not by some of the most astute and far seeing believed to be altogether of promising augury for the future. They appreciated, better than Mr. Gary, who had been in the country but a few weeks, possibly could, that Oregon was now passing through a period of transition. They saw that the forms of its civil life were on the eve of some radical and far reaching change. Just what that change might be they could not surely tell, but they believed that it would soon pass out of its long continued doubtful relations to the United States government and become an integral part of the American Union. With this change it seemed but reasonable to them to suppose that the mission itself would naturally and easily take on the ordinary habit of the Methodist autonomy, and in a few years what had come into its possession by the very necessary conditions of its existence as an Indian mission would become a source of incalculable aid in the ultimate prosecution of the work of the church in Oregon. They clung to the Indians and the Indian missions with the tenacity with which faithful men cling to the work in which they have invested the love of their heart and the strength of their life.

Mr. Gary had reached the mission station at Oregon City, where Mr. Hines was stationed, and where the mission store under the direction of George Abernethy, the steward of the Mission, was located, on the 1st day of June. Before the 1st of August all these far reaching changes had been made. Very soon thereafter Rev. H. K. W. Perkins, who had succeeded Daniel Lee in charge of the Indian Mission at The Dalles, returned to his old home in New England, leaving in the field in the regular ministry only George Gary, David Leslie, A. F. Waller and G. Hines. Mr. Waller was appointed in charge of The Dalles station to succeed Mr. Perkins, Mr. Leslie had charge of the Willamette settlements, and Mr. Hines of Oregon City and Tualatin Plains. Mr. Gary, the Superintendent, and his wife, resided with Mr. Hines at Oregon City, bestowing his missionary labors where need most required in the whole field. As with this notice Rev. H. K. W. Perkin's name disappears from the record of Oregon missionary work, it is due that a brief note of his personal character and work in the mission should be given.

Like nearly all who participated in the earliest missionary work in Oregon, Mr. Perkins was of pure New England blood. He was born in Penobscott, Maine, November 21, 1812. He was educated at Kent's Hill Seminary, entered the itinerancy in the New England Conference, and in 1836 was chosen as a missionary to Oregon, arriving in the Columbia River about the first of September, 1837. Early in March ensuing the establishment of a new mission at "Wascopam"—The Dalles—was determined on and Mr. Perkins was appointed to its service. Something of his work there has been noted previously in this volume, and will not be recounted. This was the only station that Mr. Perkins occupied in Oregon and here he evinced his zeal and devotion in a remarkable degree. His piety was deep, almost mystical in character. Some dicuments from his pen in the hands of the writer show him to have had consilerable literary culture, and to rank as a writer among the first of the several excellent writers who graced the ranks of the early Methodist missionaries in Oregon. After his return to the east he traveled as a minister in Maine several years, then removed to Massachusetts, where he labored independently, mostly in Boston and vicinity, until his death in Somerville, Massachusetts, April 16, 1884. His work in Oregon among the Indians was probably more successful than that of any other man connected with the Methodist Missions. It extended from the mouth of the Columbia River to far above The Dalles, and was pursued with a heroism that was admirable. His name deserves a high place in the records of the Oregon Mission.

No further changes occurred in the mission requiring special notice until August of 1845. Mr. Gary at this time began to feel that the work for which he came to Oregon was accomplished, and an opportunity for a passage to Boston occurring, he seriously entertained the purpose of returning home. Besides he thought one man could be spared from the work of the mission. He therefore proposed to Mr. Hines that one of the two should return to the east at that time, and left it to the latter to decide which it should be, proposing, if Mr. Hines should remain to leave the superintendency of the mission with him. Owing to the fact, however that the daughter of Mr. Lee remained in his care, and that Mr. Lee himself was in the east and there was no certainty that he

REV. GUSTAVUS HINES.

would ever return to Oregon, Mr. Hines and his family felt it a duty to take this opportunity of returning the beloved daughter to the embrace of her devoted and noble father. Accordingly they returned to the eastern states and Mr. Gary remained in Oregon. Here occurred again a strange illustration of the wide separation between the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards at that time. Mr. Hines with his family, including Mr. Lee's daughter, did not leave the mouth of the Columbia River until the 13th day of September. Mr. Lee had then been quietly sleeping in his honored grave six months and one day, and yet no information of his death had been received in Oregon. Mr. Hines and family returned by the way of China and the Cape of Good Hope, reaching New York on the 4th day of May, 1846, when, for the first time, they learned that the daughter had come only to find the long-sleeping dust of her father; and to know him only in the faintest memories of very early childhood.

By the same ship that took Mr. Hines from the country Mr. Gary forwarded communications to the Board at New York requesting the appointment of a successor in the superintendency of the Mission, as he desired to return to the States as early as the Board could dispense with his services in Oregon. Pending the appointment, and in pursuance of the policy he had adopted on his arrival in the country, he entered into negotiations with Dr. Whitman, of the American Board, for the transfer of the station at The Dalles to that Board, and the consequent withdrawal of the Methodist Board from all the region east of the Cascade Mountains. This, as our readers have already seen, was the last, as it had always been the most successful, of the Indian missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Oregon. Rev. A. F. Waller, a most resolute and persevering man, was in charge, and the farm was under the superintendence of Mr. H. B. Brewer, a man of excellent judgment and well balanced character. The proposition of Mr. Gary to Dr. Whitman was to give the station and all the interests of the Methodist Episcopal Church in it to the American Board, and the Doctor was to pay for some fixtures, tools, stock, etc., which amounted to $600. All the rights of the mission, possessory and prospective, to the land claim of 640 acres under the Provisional government or that of the United States, were quit claimed to the American Board without any consideration. Both Mr. Brewer and Mr. Waller strongly opposed the transfer, but it was agreed to by Mr. Gary and Dr. Whitman and both prepared to carry it into effect.

Meantime the Bishop having charge of foreign missions had appointed Rev. William Roberts, of the New Jersey Conference, superintendent of the Oregon Mission, who, accomanied by Rev. James H. Wilbur, of the Black River Conference, sailed from New York on the 27th day of November, 1846, for the work which they were appointed. They arrived in June, 1847. In July Mr. and Mrs. Gary took their departure for the eastern states, and, on his departure Mr. Roberts took charge of the Mission as Superintendent. As the actual transfer of the premises of the Mission at The Dalles had not been made, in August Mr. Roberts and Dr. Whitman met at that station for the conclusion of the contract made by Mr. Gary. Mr. Waller and Mr. Brewer had not changed their minds in regard to the unwisdom of the disposition of the mission made by Mr. Gary. After patient consideration Mr. Roberts evidently sympathized with their views, but he did not feel at liberty to undo what Mr. Gary, no doubt under the advice of the Missionary Board, had done. Accordingly in September, 1847, Mr. Perrin Whitman, a nephew of Dr. Whitman, and Mr. Alanson Hinman took charge of the mission premises and property for Dr. Whitman and the American Board, and Mr. Waller and Mr. Brewer and their families removed to the Willamette. Thus the last Indian mission established by Jason Lee in Oregon was discontinued; and in their place was instituted a work connected with the white race that was now fast supplanting them on the fields of their former possessions. The brief space of but fourteen years had passed since Mr. Lee had entered that field, then populous with Indian tribes. Practically west of the Cascade Mountains the tribes had disappeared. Lee himself had gone home to his immortal crowning. East of the Cascade Mountains the Indians were yet roaming in nearly their old numbers. Few whites except the missionaries of the American Board were yet domiciled there. But everywhere among these tribes there was an ominous fear; a furtive, watchful, apprehensive, shivering glance of their dark vision as it swept the dreaded and stormy horizon of decaying hope as it shut down close to their eye. Within three months of the time Mr. Roberts and Dr. Whitman met at The Dalles every Indian mission east of the Cascade Mountains was to be closed with a shock that made all Oregon, indeed all American Christianity tremble. That story is for another chapter. It seems, however, proper at this point to consider briefly some characteristics of the Indian race that account, so far as that people are concerned, for the inevitable results that are here recorded. While we do not believe that because a mere material casuistry calls these missions a failure they were such, we do believe that, as a race, the Indians have furnished the least hopeful field for permanent religious culture the church has ever experimented. Our views have come from a wide personal contact with them, among many tribes, for more than forty years.

There appears, in fact, no political instinct in the Indian race. The civic idea is hardly observable among them. In the history of the world there have been few peoples so destitute of those ideas that make for power and organizing progress. How unlike our Aryan forefathers. They were virile, resourceful, prolific. They outgrew the boundaries of their primitive home. They pushed into Western Europe and the British isles. Thus that race spread itself. It founded cities and built commonwealths. It ordained worship. It banded individuals into fraternities, and yet left to the individual his own selfhood. It made confederacies. It caused the wilderness to blossom and deserts to rejoice.

Our American Indian race did none of these things. Deserts remained Sahara's for all the untold ages of their barbaric occupancy. They lacked the revolt of genius against stupidity, of ambition against the gross limitations of sensualism. No stranger ethnic anomaly ever dropped into the flow of human history. We note the fact, as, in one aspect, explaining the strange outcome of one of the most romantically conceived and vigorously and self-denyingly prosecuted missionary movements of modern times; a movement that seemed to leave the people for whom it was designed in ruins, but left a splendid residuum of civilization and Christian life for the sturdier race that so speedily came after them.

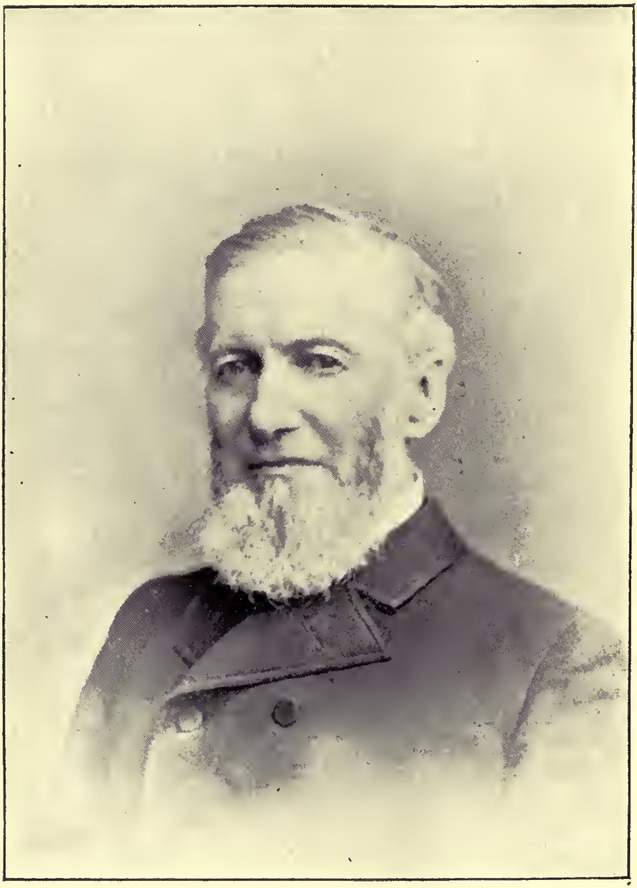
XIX.

MISSION TRAGEDIES.

WE have spoken in the former chapter of the appointment of Rev. William Roberts as Superintendent of the Oregon Mission to succeed Mr. Gary, and of his assumption of that office on the departure of the latter in July, 1847.

The new Superintendent was a man of many endowments and special qualifications for the work to which he had been assigned by the church. He was born in Burlington, New Jersey, in 1812, and his early life was spent in close touch with those opportunities for improvement that would naturally come with the associations of metropolitan life. He was admitted on trial in the Philadelphia Conference in 1834, and stationed in St. George's Church in Philadelphia, associated with Henry White, R. Gerry and Thomas McCarrol in a city circuit. His appointments from that time onward to 1846 were mostly in Philadelphia, Newark and Jersey City, in New Jersey. In these places he maintained a very high standard of pulpit power, and was clearly marked for future eminence in his calling. He was the associate and friend of such men as McClintock, Floy, Perry and Pittman. In 1846, while the latter was secretary of the Missionary Board, Mr. Roberts was selected to take charge of the Oregon Mission as superintendent. He was thirty-four years of age; a very Chesterfield in appearance and manners, and yet as affable and approachable to the lowly as to the exalted. In the pulpit his elocution was nearly faultless. and his sermons were thoroughly evangelical and charmingly eloquent. He was energetic in execution. Though not a large man, and yet not a small one, physically, when he entered upon his work here his figure and poise drew the instant attention of the passer by, and introduced him to the favorable regards of the people at once. He had need of all his attainments and abilities, however, for he was following Lee and Gary and he must be capable and strong who could go where and as they had set the pace of the journey.

The circumstances under which he entered on the superintendency were of the most favorable character. He had himself been a member of the Missionary Board, and had studied the missionary question from that standpoint. He was the intimate personal friend of Secretary Pittman. He had known Jason Lee, and entertained him in his own home in Patterson, New Jersey, in 1839, and



REV. WILLIAM ROBERTS,
Superintendent of Oregon Mission.

was present as a member of the Board in July, 1844, when Mr. Lee gave his statement of the condition of the mission before that body as noted in a previous chapter. Therefore if he could not take charge of the affairs of the mission and conduct them successfully no one should be expected to do so.

Mr. Roberts sailed from New York around Cape Horn, November 27, 1846, under instructions to stop in California for a month or two, and explore that country in view of the establishment of missions there. He was accompanied on the voyage by Rev. J. H. Wilbur, who had also been appointed a missionary to Oregon on the recommendation of Mr. Gary. They reached San Francisco on the 24th of April, 1847, and remained in California six weeks, visiting San Jose, Monterey, and several other points, and organized the Methodist Episcopal Church in San Francisco; undoubtedly the first Methodist Church ever organized south of the Willamette Valley on the Pacific Coast. On the 29th day of June, 1847, Mr. Roberts arrived in Oregon, and in July he took charge of the Mission on the departure of Mr. George Gary for the east.

Within a month, as we have noted in the previous chapter, after Mr. Roberts entered on his work he was at The Dalles of the Columbia adjust-ing the affairs of the mission at that place. Parties of immigrants were arriving from the east, nearly all of whom called for supplies, as they had exhausted their stock of provisions on their long journey. On Sabbath, the 22d day of August, a party of ten called at the station desiring to make some purchases, and were directed by Mr. Brewer to a good camping place a mile or so from the house, with the promise that what they needed should be furnished them in the morning. On Sunday night they admitted some lewd Indian women to their camp, who, on leaving, stole three sacks of clothing. This enraged the Americans, and when, on Monday, innocent Indians—among whom was a son of Equator, the chief of the Wasco tribe, visited their camp—they took a rifle from him, and from others three horses. These Indians had done no harm, and were greatly incensed at the conduct of the whites. Equator, being immediately informed of what had happened, declared that he would have back the property of his son and his people at all hazards. Mr. Waller endeavored to persuade him to trust the settlement of the matter with the missionaries, but he was determined to vindicate his own rights and the rights of his people. With fifteen of his warriors he surrounded the Americans, who had moved down near the mission house, and began taking back the property which the whites had taken from the Indians. A man by the name of Shepherd drew his gun and shot Equator through the heart. Two Indians immediately shot Shepherd. Two more white men and one Indian were wounded. Equator leaned on Mr. Waller's breast and died. The Indians were crazed with excitement. A chief had been slain. A white chief's blood must pay for his. The white men fled to the mountains. For a while the blood of Mr. Waller seemed likely to be the price the Indians would exact for that of Equator. A wounded white man was concealed in the house of the missionaries. Mr. Roberts, who had been a witness of the terrible scene, at the earliest opportunity took him away privately to the Willamette, procured the services of Mr. George Abernethy, who was then Governor of Oregon, and returning with him to The Dalles succeeded in allaying the excitement by a liberal payment of goods to the Indians. Thus, after much difficulty and at the entire expense of the mission, the danger of an immediate massacre that would have involved the mission and gone far beyond it was averted by the prompt action of Mr. Roberts in his capacity of Superintendent of the Mission.

The entire force of the Methodist Mission was soon concentrated in the Willamette Valley, and its members were steadily engaged in the several departments of work. There had been many disquieting rumors of impending Indian troubles east of the Cascade Mountains, especially among the Cayuses, among whom the Mission of Dr. Whitman was located. From their somewhat violent and intractable disposition, excited by several unfortunate circumstances connected with that mission in the past, many of the calmest and most observant of the people of the country had been led to believe that it was slumbering on a volcano that might at any moment break forth and destroy it. It was hoped however that the plans of Dr. Whitman to remove his mission to The Dalles in the following spring might avert the threatening disaster. Suddenly, however, on the 29th day of November 1847, the very Indians for whom that noble missionary and his wife had lived and labored for eleven years, broke forth in murderous fury and smote them both down in death, and annihilated in a moment the mission they had planted in Christian love and sustained with unfaltering and heroic devotion for the salvation of the very ones who had bcome their murderers. The story of this most terrible incident in the missionary history of the Northwest belongs to another chapter on "The Missions of the American Board" later on, and is referred to here only for continuity of narration in the history of the Methodist Missions; as, of course, they were profoundly affected by it.

The whole country east and west of the mountains was shocked. The great interior tribes were reported as rising for a war of extermination against all the Americans. Oregon had only a "Provisional Government,' without exchequer or any means of providing one. Though it was American territory, and had an American population now numbering perhaps three thousand, with an additional white population of nearly half as many more of mixed nationalities, its government was simply provisional and men of every nation were admitted to equal franchise under it. There was no sign or semblance of national authority within it or of national protection over it. To be sure the American population had borne the spirit of American citizenship across the great deserts or around Cape Horn, but the government itself had given them but the slightest aid. It had left them, apparently, to build out of their own hearts and lives such a commonwealth as they might. Most of them were young adventurers, seeking such open doors as the Pilgrims found in New England; or the western pioneers found in Kentucky and Ohio, through which they might step upon a career that would give them honor and place and riches in some future day that they thought would come to the Pacific coast. They were poor. They had no money and they had come to a country where wheat in the bin and orders on stores were legal tender. A mule and a rifle were their only personal property, and the dust of two thousand miles trailing their only real estate. Hardihood of body and a certain keen perception and self-poised intelligence that the experiences of the journey had imparted to them were their capital for the upbuilding of a free commonwealth that, by and by, they would offer back to the Great Republic as one of the "bright particular stars" that would grace the banner of Liberty. Resourceful enough to win their way to this land of promise, it might be expected that they would be brave and patriotic enough to defend what they had so hardly won.

Immediately after the massacre of Dr. Whitman and the destruction of his mission at Waiiletpu it became evident that an Indian war was inevitable. To permit that bloody deed to go unavenged would be to subject the whole land to a like dreadful fate. The Provisional Legislature met almost immediately, and among the measures it was thought necessary to adopt in the distressing emergency was the sending, by a special messenger, of information of the awful event, and of the defenceless and imperiled condition of the country to the government at Washintgon. The Provisional government had no resources. There was almost literally no money in the country. The only avenue through which the means necessary could be secured seemed to be the Methodist Mission. It was one of those trying conditions that come to men and communities when great things are to be done without some means of doing them. The journey was a perilous one across the continent in the winter on horseback, through hostile savages, over snowy mountains, but a man who had spent twenty years in the mountains over which lay the trails that must be traveled was ready to assay the dangerous undertaking if the means to defray the necessary expenses could be provided. He was a member of the Provisional Legislature; a Virginian by birth, but a mountaineer from his boyhood, with Sublette and Bridges and Smith and others of their kith in the far, deep, fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains. His name was Joseph L. Meek, and this one bold and manly offering of himself as a messenger in this momentous crisis in Oregon history would, if he had done no other acts to deserve it, place his name among the honored brave of the Pacific Northwest.

There is a strange kinship between the missionary and the mountaineer. They are built on the same original model. The man who would search the longest and the most daringly for the grizzly bear in his den or the lion in his lair as a mountaineer, would hunt the longest for the lost soul of the worst sinner as a missionary. The man who as a missionary will penetrate the farthest forests among the most degraded of men to set up the banners of his loved Christ and bring men to it, as a mountaineer will find the dimmest trails of the wild beasts and follow them to their wildest lairs, or climb the highest and stormiest peaks for outlook, and swim the coldest, iciest rivers to find the ashes of his camp-fire. There was no spot the true missionaries of the Northwest loved better than the camp of the mountaineer, where he was always welcome to the softest blanket and the juciest roast, unless it were the altar of his own campmeeting, where he could welcome the brother of his heart from the mountain camp not only to the most nutritious viands, but to that Bread and water which giveth Life to the world.

Finding no other means of raising the amount required to meet the expenses of the proposed messenger, application was made to Mr. Roberts who, as Superintendent of the Mission, it was thought, might have the ability and the disposition to come to the rescue of the people in this emergency. In simple and plain terms Mr. Roberts thus refers to this incident:—

"During the winter of 1847 and 1848 the legislature was called together to devise means for carrying on the war. Money was needed to send a messenger to Washington. The Superintendent of the Methodist Mission was applied to for $1,500 to aid in the emergency. Jesse Applegate (noble man that he was and is), was the commissioner. I furnished the funds. These were trust funds and not my own money, and there was no security; none whatever. It took some courage to handle the money then, for we lived by faith largely in those days."

It was not within the power of any other man or men in the country at that time to meet that great emergency, but Mr. Roberts and the Methodist Mission. Indeed, since the mission was organized in 1834 until then there had been no center around which an American community could accrete, and no financial resources that could have formed and held the fragmentary and moneyless emigrants into a community with germs of solidarity within it but the Methodist Mission.

The story of the Indian war that began with the massacre of Dr. Whitman does not enter into the scope of our history. Of course the agitation of the country in consequence of it, and the withdrawal of several hundred volunteers from the settlements of the Willamette, greatly affected all the work of the missionaries.. Yet they prosecuted it as best they could. Their presence among the people, and their hearty support of the action of the Governor, Mr. George Abernethy, in the dire crisis that was now upon the Territory, gave courage and hope to the imperiled families who were left largely without means of defence in the absence of the husbands and brothers of so many households on the far-away field of strife. There was an appalling sense of danger pervading especially the settlements in the upper portions of the Willamette Valley, which were open to the incursions of the Indians from east of the Cascade Mountains over the numerous passes and trails from that region westward through the mountains. The people thus exposed needed and secured the constant and intelligent leadership of such men as Roberts and Wilbur, of Waller and Leslie, of Parrish and Helm, and such laymen as Abernethy and Brewer, of Holman and Willson, and many others, who, like these. were able to lead the faith of the endangered to confidence and rest.

This condition continued through all the year 1848, and the effects of it went much further forward in the history of the church on the coast. It was really a most exigent era in the history of Oregon in all respects, though its story belongs to the general rather than to the missionary history of the country.

XX.

MISSION CONFERENCE ORGANIZED.

UP to the General Conference of 1848, Oregon had been considered a foreign mission and administered as such. During the session of that body in May of that year in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania an order was passed authorizing the Board of Bishops to organize, during the quadrennium, an "Oregon and California Mission Conference." Its boundaries were supposed to include all the United States territory west of the Rocky Mountains and extending coastwise from the southern line of British America southward to the northern line of Mexico. Geographically it included all of the present States of California, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and a large part of Montana. Actually it only included a few settlements in the Willamette Valley, and three or four specified points in California.

In the spring of 1849 Bishop Waugh, to whom the Episcopal supervision of the work had been committed, wrote a very minute letter of "Instructions" to Rev. William Roberts, the Superintendent of the Mission Conference, directing its organization under the rule adopted by the General Conference. In conformity with these instructions as many of those who were entitled to a place on the roll of the conference and were within reach, gathered in the chapel of the Oregon Institute in Salem on the 5th day of September, 1849, for its organization in due and proper form. When the roll of the Conference was made up it was found that William Roberts of the New Jersey Conference, David Leslie of the Providence Conference, Alvan F. Waller of the Genesse Conference, James H. Wilbur of the Black River Conference, Isaac Owen of the Indiana Conference, and William Taylor of the Baltimore Conference, constituted the "Oregon and California Mission Conference;" two in California and four in Oregon. Will the reader scan that list again? It is short; six names only. Measured by numbers it is one of the smallest lists that ever stood for an organized conference in Methodism. Measured by character, by ability, by power to accomplish, it is one of the mightiest lists that ever stood at the head of church or empire between the eastern and western seas. Culture, eloquence, solid judgment, perseverance, bold and intense evangelism, true statesmanship were as fully represented in the character and lives of these six men as in the lives of any other six men whose association at the beginning of an era of which they were the type in the history of Methodism. All are historic. One, at least, became the widest and best known evangelist of the church of Christ in all its ages, and is lingering yet, just fifty years since the date of this gathering, so insignificant in numbers, yet so august in the power and prophecy of their personalities and purposes, under the golden skies of that same California where his tall manhood began its resplendent career. One dislikes to turn away from the transfiguring retrospect, for it so warms the heart to count one's self in the genealogy of such a magnificent fatherhood.

This was the list of membership. But Owen and Taylor were not present, as their work was in California, nearly a thousand miles distant from the seat of the conference.

On the organization of the Conference with William Roberts in the chair, James H. Wilbur was elected secretary. William Helm, a located elder from the Kentucky Conference, was readmitted. J. L. Parrish, who had been received on trial in the Genesse Conference in 1848, was recognized as a probationer in the Conference, and J. E. Parrott, John McKinney and James O. Raynor were admitted on trial.

The statistics reported to the conference were as follows: Oregon City, 30 members and 6 probationers; Salem circuit,109 members and 25 probationers; Clatsop, 8 members and 1 probationer; an aggregate of 348 members and 6 probationers. Fourteen local preachers were reported, and a missionary collection of $141 had been taken. There were 3 churches; one at Oregon City, one at Salem, and one on Yamhill circuit. There were 9 Sabbath schools, with 261 scholars. These constituted the totals of Methodist Episcopal statistics on the Pacific Coast on the 5th day of September, 1849. No reports were made from California. Three subjects of interest as furnishing a clue to the thought of the body in regard to the future of the work of the church on the coast were acted upon, namely, a movement towards the self-support of the church; the organization of a Missionary Society, and the adoption of the "Oregon Institute" as the educational institution of the body. Thus these men of large purposes and clear and far outlook began at this very first session of the Mission Conference to outline work for the ages. The body remained in session three days, and on the 8th of September adjourned with the announcement of the appointments by Superintendent Roberts:

Oregon and California Mission Conference: William Roberts, Superintendent.

Oregon City and Portland: J. H. Wilbur, J. L. Parrish.

Salem Circuit: Wm. Helm, J. O. Raynor, David Leslie, supernumerary.

Yamhill: John McKinney, C. O. Hosford, supply.

Mary's River: A. F. Waller, J. E. Parrott.

Astoria and Clatsop: To be supplied.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco: William Taylor.

Sacramento and Culloma Mills and Stockton: Isaac Owen, one to be supplied.

Pueblo, San Jose and Santa Cruz: To be supplied.

It had now been but fourteen years since Mr. Lee had established his mission among the Indians of the Willamette. The church at home expected that this would remain an Indian mission indefinitely. It did not enter into their thought that in so brief a time missionary work among the Indians here would cease, and the entire force of the church would be directed towards the establishment of a Christian state where only Indians had lived before. They could not have believed, for history had never seen it done, that a nation, at one stride, would step over two thousand miles of pathless wilderness and establish itself on the thither side of the globe. And it could not have been done had not the church herself been greater than she knew. The results of her work had been far beyond the measure of her purpose when she sent forth Lee in 1834. When in 1849 the twelve men named above went forth at the behest of the church to inaugurate the new order they were but following the legitimate and logical ways of God's providence in His great work of the world's redemption.

The work of the conference year thus entered upon was marked by no incidents requiring special statement. The Indian war that began with the massacre of Dr. Whitman and the destruction of his mission, known as the Cayuse war, had closed, and the volunteers had returned to their homes in the Willamette Valley. It was hoped that a quietude more favorable to Christian work would succeed the public excitement attendant on the prosecution of the war. But this hope was soon dissipated. Scarcely had the war ceased when it became known in Oregon that gold had been discovered in California, and stories of the fabulous wealth of the mines stirred the people to an excitement far beyond any that attended the progress of the war. Everything else was forgotten. Harvests were left unreaped and fallows unseeded. Flocks and herds were permitted to wander at will. The Willamette Valley was almost deserted by the men. People and pastors sometimes left together for the fields of gold. It was a vast hegira. The men of the north poured themselves in a living torrent into the bosom of the south. There was the land of promise, and there was rising the golden age.

Under such conditions there could be little progress in the work of the church, however faithful pastors and people might be. So when the "Oregon and California Mission Conference" met in Oregon City the 4th day of September, 1850, there was reported an increase of only 47 members and 20 probationers as the numerical results of the work of the whole conference for a year in Oregon. California, from which no report had been made the preceding year, now reported 350 members. Mr. Owen and Mr. Taylor were again absent, but made report of their work by letter. At the calling of the roll only William Roberts, David Leslie, A. F. Waller, J. H. Wilbur and William Helm were present. Indeed these were all the members of the conference in Oregon, Owen and Taylor being as before in California. But it immediately appeared that a great enlargement of the work was to be initiated at this session of the body. Superintendent Roberts announced that Francis S. Hoyt, of the New Jersey Conference, had been appointed to take charge of the Oregon Institute, and Edward Bannister, of the Oneida Conference, had also been assigned to the charge of an educational institution to be established in California. Samuel D. Simonds had also been sent forawrd for the general work in California, and Nehemiah Doane, who had been received on trial in the Genesse Conference in 1849, and ordained deacon and elder under the missionary rule, was then en route to take charge of the Oregon Institute until the arrival of Mr. Hoyt. In addition to these accessions I. McElroy, of the Southeast Indiana Conference, and James Corwin of the Indiana Conference, located elders, were readmitted. Matthew Lasciter was admitted on trial. At the close of the Conference session the Superintendent announced the following appointments:

Oregon District—William Roberts, P. E.

Oregon City and the Columbia River—James H. Wilbur and J. O. Raynor.

Salem—A. F. Waller, David Leslie, sup.; Waller to visit the Indians at The Dalles.

Mary's River—William Helm.

Yamhill—I. McElroy.

Umpqua—To be supplied.

Astoria and Clatsop—C. O. Hosford.

Oregon Institute—F. S. Hoyt and Nehemiah Doane.

California District—I. Owen, P. E.

San Francisco and Happy Valley—William Taylor.

Stockton—J. Corwin.

Stockton Circuit—To be supplied.

San Jose—To be supplied.

Sacramento—S. D. Simonds.

El Dorado—M. Lasciter.

Edward Bannister, Literary Institution.

With this increased ministerial force the work of the church was pressed forward with more vigor. Still the draft upon the population of Oregon made by the discovery of the mines of California had not been returned, and nearly all the emigration over the plains had been diverted to that country, so that no great advancement in church work or in the country itself, could be expected. There was nothing to do but wait; that most difficult thing that ever comes to active and resolute men to do. Thus waiting the time came for the third session of the Mission Conference. It was held in the Oregon Institute, commencing on the 3d day of September, 1851, William Roberts, Superintendent. Several important accessions to the list of preachers had been made during the year. John Flinn had come from the Maine Conference, C. S. Kingsley. from the Michigan Conference, with Luther T. Woodward and John W. Miller, probationers, from Indiana, for the work in Oregon; with D. A. Dryden, A. L. S. Bateman and M. C. Briggs for the work in California.

New educational enterprises had this year been inaugurated in both Oregon and California; in Oregon at Portland, and in California at Sacramento, with N. Doane at the head of the first, and E. Bannister of the second. The reports of membership at this conference showed a very marked increase during the year. In Oregon there were 475 members and 170 probationers; in California 534 members and 198 probationers; an addition of nearly one hundred per cent. to the reports of the preceding year. This showed that the causes that had retarded the work in Oregon for the two preceding years were passing away, and with their passing she was putting on new strength for wider and more successful enterprise.

The General Conference met in Boston in May, 1852. Among its acts was one authorizing the Bishops to organize two annual conferences on the

Pacific Coast, one to be called the Oregon and the other the California Conference. It was expected that a Bishop would visit the country in the autumn of 1852 for that purpose, but, as no intelligence that such would be the case reached the Superintendent, the Mission Conference assembled for its fourth session in Portland on the 2d day of September, 1852. This was the last session of the "Oregon and California Mission Conference." It had been from its organization under the superintendency of William Roberts. His superintendency was of a very laborious and responsible character. His journeys were long and dangerous. Yet he never faltered in his work. During the four years of his superintendency he visited California each year, held an annual meeting of the preachers there, traveled very widely, and was entirely responsible for the appointments there as well as in Oregon.

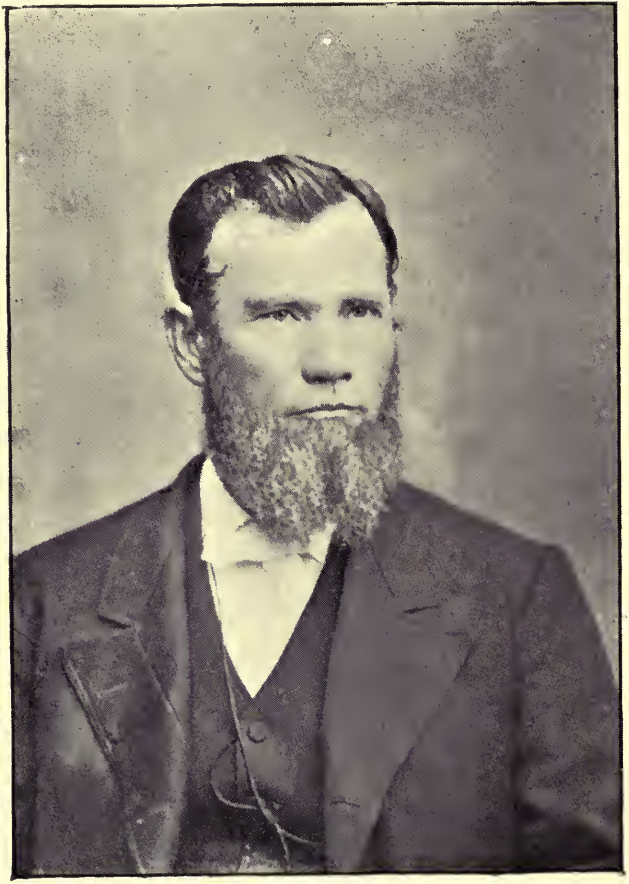
Before the session of the Conference at Portland three more men were added to the list of its membership, namely, Thomas H. Pearne, I. Dillon and P. G. Buchanan. Two of them were destined to great eminence in the history of Methodism on the northwest coast. Mr. Buchanan early removed to California and so severed his connection with the work in Oregon. As it was confidently expected that this would be the last session of the Mission Conference, the body did not enter upon much business, but awaited the arrival of a Bishop, which event was to date another epoch in Methodist history in the Northwest—indeed in the entire United States.

XXI.

OREGON ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

NOT long after the adjournment of the "Mission Conference" noted in the last chapter, it was announced in the country that Bishop Edward R. Ames, who had been elected and ordained Bishop at the General Conference held in Boston, the preceeding May, would reach the coast early in the year, and would organize the Oregon Annual Conference according to the direction of the General Conference, on the 17th day of March, 1853.

Bishop Ames was in every way adapted to impress the people of the Northwest coast. He had a most imposing personality. In size and mein he greatly resembled Bishop Hedding; the first Methodist Bishop the writer ever beheld. More than six feet in height, large in frame, straight and majestic in bearing, moving with a deliberate step, large and thoroughly composed features somewhat darker than those of Hedding, he seemed the very embodiment of physical and intellectual power. His life had been spent in the west, and hundreds of people in Oregon had heard him



REV. T. F. ROYAL.

preach in Indiana, and elsewhere in his extensive missionary journeys through the extreme western states and the Indian territory. He was known not only as a remarkably able preacher, but as an administrator and executor of vast intelligence and force. On his arrival he received not only the cordial welcome of the church and the conference, but his coming was considered a signal historic event, marking the great progress of the coast from the condition of absolute barbarism in which Jason Lee found it only eighteen years before, towards one of high Christian civilization. This it really did. And, when one considers the distance of the country from all centers of population, and the unexampled toil and deprivation that attended a journey to it from the Eastern States, it must be pronounced the most wonderful civil and religious transformation that the world has ever seen in the same period of time. Ames was a man to appreciate such a heroic history. Capable of great things himself and loving to do them, he admired great daring and great doing in others. When, therefore, the conference which stood for a great history already wrought, and a greater still to be wrought, assembled at Salem on the 17th day of March 1853, it was superbly fitting that this great mountainous Bishop should be the first to take the chair of an Annual Conference on the Pacific Coast, whose vast mountains and rivers and plains were so in harmony with his own vast life and thought.

As we are setting a stone of witness here we must cut the names of those who, with Bishop Ames at their head, composed the Royal Brotherhood who led the splendid story of the third great epoch of Methodist history on the coast. Those who answered to their names when the roll was called at the opening of the session were: William Roberts, David Leslie, Alvan F. Waller, James H. Wilbur, William Helm, John Flinn, Francis S. Hoyt, Nehemiah Doane, Calvin S. Kingsley, Thomas H. Pearne, Isaac Dillon, P. G. Buchanan, and Luther T. Woodward. Immediately after the organization of the conference the following names were added to the list by transfer: Harvey K. Hines, Gustavus Hines, Thomas F., Royal Benjamin Close and George M. Berry. Besides these there were on probation in the conference: John W. Miller, Chauncey O. Hosford, Joseph S. Smith, William B. Morse, J. L. Parrish and James O. Raynor. These men constituted the personnel of the Oregon Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at the close of its first session.

The church membership within the conference consisted of 558 in full connection, and 214 persons on probation, and besides these there were 35 local preachers: a total of 807.

The session of the conference was harmonious. A sense of the vast responsibility of its position rested upon it. These were the men to comprehend responsibility and at the same time not to be overwhelmed by it. There was a great intellectual and civil awakening on the coast, and several of the strongest men of the conference had been borne in upon it from important fields in the East to this newer, but more important field in the West. There was not an old man among them. Leslie was the patriarch, and he appeared so more from the trials and afflictions that had prematurely bent his shoulders and whitened his head, than from the weight of years. Besides him none had much more than passed the line of two score years and most were near a decade below it. With Bishop Ames as the "leader and commander"of this vigorous and brave body of men they ought certainly to have been equal to any emergency that men could meet. And they were able.

At the close of the session, after an address to the body of great intellectual and spiritual force, coupled with a far-seeing ecclesiastical statesmanship, the Bishop announced the following appointments.

Willamette District—Thomas H. Pearne, Presiding Elder.

Portland and Portland Academy—H. K. Hines, C. S. Kingsley.

Salem—William Roberts, John Flinn.

Oregon City—P. G. Buchanan.

Chehalim and Tualatin—J. W. Miller.

Yamhill—N. Doane.

Callapooia—A. F. Waller, Isaac Dillon.

Mary's River—L. T. Woodward, C. O. Hosford.

Spencer's Butte—T. F. Royal.

Columbia River—G. M. Berry.

Vancouver, Cascades and Dalles—Gustavus Hines.

McKenzies Fork—E. Garrison.

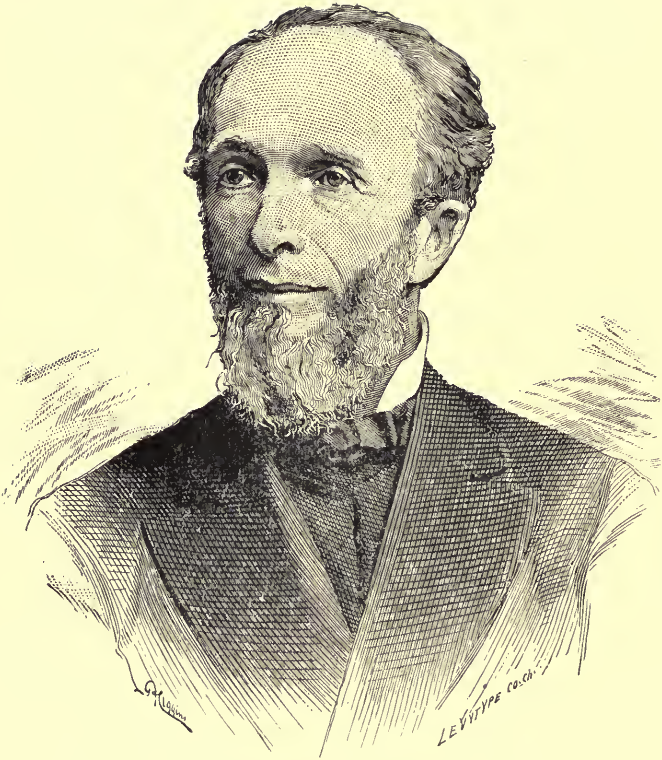
Oregon Institute—F. S. Hoyt, President.

Umqua Mission—J. H. Wilbur, Supt.; J. O. Raynor.

Rogue River—J. S. Smith.

Puget Sound Mission—B. Close, Supt.; W. B. Morse.

More than forty-six years have passed since these appointments were made. Of the twenty-two men whose names were announced at that time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five withdrew from the itinerant ministry subsequently, one, J. S. Smith became a leading lawyer and an able statesman, and subsequently represented the State of Oregon in the Congress of the United States. One, J. O. Raynor, became a chaplain in the army of the United States. The other three became local preachers, one of whom, C. O. Hosford "remains until this day" while E. Garrison and C. S. Kingsley have passed on to their reward. Six, namely, John Flinn, Isaac Dillon, N. Doane, T. F. Royal, J. W. Miller and H. K. Hines have remained steadily and widely connected with the work to which they devoted their youth on the Northwest coast. T. H. Pearne and F. S. Hoyt, honored and revered, have for many years been leading spirits in the Methodism of Ohio. The only remaining one, P. G. Buchanan, was early transferred to the California conference, and we believe is yet identified with the work in that state.

Now Methodism on this coast has passed through three stages in its developement: First, its purely misionary stage reaching from 1834 to 1848. Second, its semi-missionary form, when it had developed into a "Mission Conference" with all the rights and methods of an Annual Conference except that of representation in the General

Conference extending from 1849 to 1853. Third, it had reached the full autonomy of conference rights and privileges, and had taken its place in the records and constitution of the Church as an equal of the other Annual Conferences in dignities and rights and privileges.

The close of the first session of the "Oregon Annual Conference," March 22, 1853, may properly be considered as closing the distinctively missionary history of Methodism in the Northwest. All the Indian work; that in which originated the missionary impulse which led the Church to send Mr. Lee and his co-laborers and their successors into the vast regions, and among the great Indian tribes west of the Rocky Mountains, had been given up. Only nineteen years had passed since that work was established. No more faithful and no more able missionaries ever wrought among any people than those who wrought among the Indian tribes of Oregon. They did their best to save the melancholy remnants of that fated race, but Providence and destiny were stronger than they. It can not be profane to believe that God had larger and better uses for the wonderful land that these tribes had cumbered so long. Its position on the map of the world predetermined its vast relations to the purpose of God in the history that was so soon to be wrought out on the American continent. As the Indian tribes were incompetent for the intellectual and moral work that must needs be done on that shore to fit it for the part it was necessary it should take in the world's evangelization, nothing could follow but their annihilation. This is God's historic order in leading the march of the ages upward towards himself. The present forever owes a vast debt to the future, and the people who will not pay that debt must perish and a people who will must take their place. It is because the old ages did not attempt to liquidate to the ages to come the debt they owed that what remains of them, burned into cinders and trampled into ashes, are being crushed and blown away by the whirlwind march of the newer time and better humanity. China has stood for 4000 years,, There have lived in that empire during its history five trillions of people. What have they done for the upbuilding of mankind, for the betterment of humanity? What a resplendent chance God gave them. He set them up in the world's sunrise. He gave them all time in which to stretch themselves to the altitude and measurement of their opportunity. Recklessly they threw it into the abyss of a bestial, degraded, unimproving life. Their default to the future blots them out of that future of which they might have been the master. Those only, of nations or men, master the future who pay that future the debt they owe it. "The mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind exceeding fine." The belts that drive the grinding-stones stretch out of sight, but beyond our vision they are attached to the great motor of eternal right, and eternal law, and eternal power, and the "mills" are surely "grinding them to powder." If the "cycles of Cathay" could only produce the forms and conditions of life that China has given to the world, such cycles must cease to roll. If the ages of Africa could alone only make the Hottentot or the Bushman, of what use is their continuance? So on the Northwest Coast. The course and growths of a history whose beginnings cannot be discovered had ended only in the production of the degraded tribes among whom the most consecrated and ablest missionary apostleship the Church of Christ had sent out for centuries made almost superhuman efforts to plant the seed of the "eternal life." As a people they gave no fruitful response.

For this reason the Indian missions disappeared from the map of the conference only nineteen years after they were planted. But the very effort to save them, which seemed so signally to have failed, had put and left within the land whence they were departing "a seed of righteousness" for all coming time, the planting of the Lord that he might be glorified.

XXII.

REVIEW OF THE FIELD.

"The field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom.—JESUS.

WHEN the first session of the Oregon Annual Conference adjourned it had mapped out an imperial field for occupancy and cultivation. Constructively the boundaries of the Conference included all of the Territory of Oregon, which then meant all the country now constituting the States of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and all of Montana lying west of the summit of the Rocky Mountains. Actually the work was included in the Willamette Valley, to which, up to that time, nearly all of the settlements were confined. A few hundreds of people had entered the wilderness region north of the Columbia River, and penetrated it to and along the borders of Puget Sound. The same was true of Southern Oregon. The people who had entered these regions, like those who had possessed the Willamette Valley, were not adventurers—they were Pioneers. The difference is almost infinite. The adventurer is a characterless roamer, without a dominant purpose to give tone and fibre to his being, or aim and force to his life. The Pioneer has character, purpose, an ultimate aim, and an intelligent and courageous spirit in its pursuit. The Pioneers of the Old Oregon were the vanguard of

> "A mighty nation moving west,
> With all its sturdy sinews set
> Against the living forests."

They knew what they were. They had measured their powers before they had entered the regions which they had selected as the place where they should plant a commonwealth, formed, as they believed, out of the most strenuous material that America held within her borders, and for a destiny of incomparable greatness. They were not the children and the waifs of the older States, but they were

> "Bearded, Stalwart, Westmost men,
> So tower-like, so gothic built"

that they could win a kingdom out of the forest without the roar of studied battle, but by the wastless vigor of ceaseless and intelligent toil. This was true of the great body of the Pioneer citizenship of the Pacific Coast, but it was pre-eminently true of the Pioneers of the church. The Methodism of Oregon, both in its laity and its ministry, was not built up of neophytes, but of men and women of approved intelligence and solid character, the full peers of any equal body of people found in the church between the seas. Out of the mission founded by Mr. Lee there remained in the country such families as Governor and Mrs. George Abernethy, Dr. and Mrs. Willson, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Parrish, Mrs. Joseph Holman, David Leslie and wife, Alvan F. Waller and wife, Mrs. David Carter, Gustavus Hines and wife, with the daughter of Jason Lee, Miss Lucy A. M. Lee, William Roberts and wife, who, with their families, have had a chief agency in framing and directing the moral and intellectual and even the civil and economic life of the coast up to the present time.

Following these, and coming into the country, most of them, before the organization of the Mission Conference, were such families as that of William Helm, a tried and approved Methodist itinerant of Kentucky, who renewed his earlier Kentucky history by several years heroic and successful pioneer work in Oregon; a profound theologian, a devoted and reverent Christian, and an able man of affairs. And there was Clinton Kelly, unique in personality, strong in natural and cultivated ability, whose life was a perpetual fountain of good doing, and whose own worth and character have been renewed and perpetuated in the life and character of a large family, numbering some of the large minded publicists and professional men of the State. He, too, had been a successful minister in the old Kentucky Conference, but when the Methodist Episcopal Church was broken in sunder over the slavery question in 1844 his loyalty to Methodism, and his loyalty to freedom, led him to guide his household to the far away Oregon, where he could enjoy the one and promote the other. Then there were the Garrisons of Yamhill, the Belknaps and Starrs of Benton, the Howells and Smiths of Marion, the Dennys of Puget Sound, the Pearles of Linn, and numberless others, all types of the most stalwart manhood as well as of the most intelligent and devoted Christian life. They had brought the emotion and sentiment of Kentucky and Tennessee, the far outlook and solid endurance of the prairies of Illinois and Iowa, the cultivation and refinement of New England, New York and Ohio, the keen perception and vigilance of the frontiers of Missouri, and in the fullness of their great powers sat down here in Oregon to build a commonwealth and found a church as mature and strong intellectually and morally at their beginning as were those of the east after fifty years of the work of civil and ecclesiastical artisans upon them. Hundreds and hundreds of men among them, entirely unknown to history save in the grandeur of their aggregated work, were as capable of the highest services of state or church as any of those who were called to render them. Men worthy to be presidents and cabinet ministers, who only lacked the opportunity to become such, drove ox teams from the Missouri to the Columbia. Warriors without a command walked between the plow handles of old Marion, Linn, Yamhill and Lane. Senators without the toga blew the fires of the forges, or plied the rustic industries of village and prairie in Clackamas or Polk or Multnomah. Bishops without the mitres preached sermons fit for metropolitan pulpits, or administered missionary cures in log school-houses and pioneer cabins. Orators and governors pruned fruit yards and planted vineyards in rural precincts. They were the best fruit of this splendid democracy of ours, which, by placing government in the hands of the people, trains thousands of men everywhere for highest service when the emergent hour calls them forth for that service.

While this was true generally as to the society of Oregon, when what we have called specifically "the missionery era" closed with the organization of an Annual Conference, it was peculiarly true of the church and her missionary here. Let the following incident illustrate. The writer was present at a camp-meeting in the center of the Willamette Valley soon after the Annual Conference was organized, at which perhaps a thousand people were gathered. They had come in their ox wagons, just as they had crossed the plains but a year or two before. The legends by which they journeyed had not yet faded from their great white covers. Here was one with "Fifty-four-forty-or-fight" upon it, a suggestive reminiscence from the political contest of 1844. Here was another with "Empire moves westward" largely displayed on its side. Then some one with poetic appreciation of Bryant had adopted for his signet, "Where rolls the Oregon." Not far away, near the tent of a tall Kentuckian stood a wagon with some ox-yokes piled against the tongue, and on its cover in large letters blazed "Oregon and Freedom." The heart of a true, brave man was in that sign. Over yonder not far away was another, rather worn and battered, but on the cover one could read, "Oregon or over Jordan." The presence of this legend at this place was considered conclusive evidence that Oregon had been reached by the bold voyager of the plains, but that the "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood" were yet to be explored.

These people had, many of them, journeyed fifty miles in their ox wagons to find this camp-meeting and to renew here the experiences and rekindle the emotions of the old life beyond the Rocky Mountains. It was the first that many of them had attended since they had made the two thousand miles pilgrimage across the uninhabited plains. The gathering was typical of all church life on the Pacific Coast at that time. There were not many states or territories of the Union that did not make some contribution to it. While probably the western type predominated, there was a strong element of the southern and the eastern. The blending of these into one made the Pacific Coast type; a type that moderates somewhat the impulse and passion of the south; softens the tone and voice of that of the west; takes away something of the affected stateliness and cultured propriety of that of the east, and constitutes a new type; free, forceful, independent, conservatively aggressive, optimistic, having in its movement the swing of conquest and the stride of victory.

Sabbath came on. One of the old missionaries preached at 8 o'clock, a man of splendid physique, with a voice like a trumpet, and capable at times of producing an overwhelming effect by his appeals to the heart and conscience of the hearer. At eleven the Presiding Elder of the Willamette district ascended the stand and delivered one of his great religious orations. At two P. M. one of the younger men who had entered the work in Oregon from Ohio but a few months before, trained in a college, and then trained in actual ministerial work under the tutelage of such men as Finley and Trimble and Granville Moody, was the preacher. At night a still younger man from New York who, notwithstanding his youth, had spent four years in one of the strongest conferences of the church where such men as Fillmore, Chamberlayne, Seager, Carlton and Thomas had been his masters and models, was put on the stand.

The audience was from New England, New York, Ohio, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Wisconsin, Missouri; indeed, from nearly every State in the Union. Not a single person in the audience older than a child had been born west of the Rocky Mountains. Men and women were there who had listened to Hedding, Fisk, Bangs, Maffit, Olin, Bascom, Kavanaugh, Walker, Bigelow, Akers, Cartwright, and numberless others, their peers, The standard of preaching which these mighty men had taught the immigrant Methodists on the camp grounds and in the cities and villages east of the Rocky Mountains was the standard by which they judged the preaching on this occasion.

Groups would gather,and in reminiscent converse make their comparisons, and they were generally not unfavorable to the preachers and discourses on that Willamette camp-ground on that splendid Sabbath in June. And this gathering of preachers and people was only a fair type of what were all the preachers and people that the Methodism of the east had contributed out of its best, freshest, most vigorous life, as the material that was to base her history of the Northwest. A journey across the plains had hardened their sinews, keened their perceptions, broadened their views, and given them a round, full manhood, or a strong, gracious womanhood that even they themselves did not possess when they entered upon it. As battles and marches make warriors, so such experiences and and struggles, such watchful vigils and alert action and prompt decisions as the momentary exigencies and constant perils of that most wonderful journey required, made resourceful and reliable Christian men and women. Nine-tenths of all the people then in the country had passed the way that led to such attainments. And such was the people who were to be built by such a ministry into the foundations of Oregon Methodism.

In estimating the character of the field that had been prepared by the intelligent and devoted toil of the missionaries and the strenuous processes of emigration for the work of the Annual Conference now organized, it is necessary to take into consideration the character and tendencies of the population of Oregon outside of the church. That was no less distinctly marked, in its way, than was the character of the Christian people. The same elements had combined to develop strength and independence and powerful personality in them as in the others. Young men of original force, of high ambition, fretted by the limitations that circumscribed their action and enfeebled their efforts in the east, and aspiring to a career that seemed denied them there, worked their way as ox-drivers or cattle drovers over the plains to find their opportunity in this westernmost west. With a fresh diploma from a school of law, or a new parchment from a medical college, or an A.B. or A.M. degree from Yale or Harvard, they walked the weary two thousand miles that stretched into broad deserts or piled into rocky mountains between the Missouri and the Pacific, to find the scope and verge for the powers they knew themselves possessed of that they could not see in the east. Or, if not thus trained for a professional life, the ambitions of commerce, or the attractions of agriculture, or the hopes of wealth that inspire the miner, nerved hundreds and thousands to the same man-making efforts that the others put forth. Of course all were not of such high morale, but comparatively the feeble, the purposeless, the weak in mind, and the low in nature were few.

Morally in this great outside world, which is the true field of Christian effort, there was much of irreligion, though there was little of infidelity. God and Christ and the Bible were not rejected out of their beliefs though their lives were not made to comport with their faiths. Measurably this may be so with most people; certainly it was so with them. But this writer believes, if a true census of the moral influences that ultimate in a Christian character and an active religious life could be taken it would be found that a larger number of the people who come to this coast under such conditions would be found who finally became truly religious than of any other class of people that American civilization ever saw. The reasons are to his mind obvious, though he cannot trace them here.

In summing up the condition of Oregon Methodism in Oregon when the Oregon and California Mission Conference was organized in 1849, we find that Methodism had, in the Territory, four ministers, 400 members, and but three churches. In

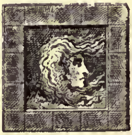
1898, the year of the last reports, she had in the conferences included in the boundaries of the then Oregon, 359 members of the conference, with 49 probationers; 29,343 members and probationers in the church and 221 local preachers; and 477 churches, of the value of $1,038,005, with all other church interests advanced in like proportion. Thus the seed planted by the hand of Jason Lee in 1834, and cultivated by those who succeeded him in the work that he so splendidly inaugurated, has become a magnificent harvest.

The work within the conference had been divided by Bishop Ames into three districts, one covering the Willamette Valley, to which Thomas H. Pearne was appointed Presiding Elder; another Southern Oregon, of which James H. Wilbur was the superintendent; and the other Northern Oregon, to the charge of which Benjamin Close was assigned. In the Northern and Southern Oregon the population was very small and widely scattered, and there were no church organizations of any kind. There were a few Methodists, scattered very widely; for who ever knew anybody brave enough or adventurous enough to go deeper into a wilderness or further onto a desert than Methodist preachers or people? The Northern district included all the country north of the Columbia

River and west of the Cascade Mountains, the identical territory now occupied by the Puget Sound Conference. The Southern district extended from the summit of the Callapooia Mountains to the California line, and was also entirely west of the Cascade Mountains. East of the Cascade Mountains there was no white population, with the exception of a few in a small hamlet of Indian lodges, cloth tents and board shanties on the site of the old mission at The Dalles, where were a few traders with immigrants and Indians, and a few immigrant families who had stopped in the late autumn of the preceding year. All that vast region now covered by the Columbia River and Idaho Conferences was absolutely without white inhabitants.

In comparing the population of the country in the spring of 1853, and more particularly the Methodist population with the number and ability of the preachers appointed by Bishop Ames to the work in the Conference, one is impressed with the thought that Methodism was then especially planning for the future and not simply providing for the present. The whole number of Methodists in the conference would not more than have sufficed for three average charges in the Eastern Conferences. Men of first-class capability were assigned to fields, vast in extent of territory, but with only a few people and no reported church members at all; where there was no parsonage, no church, and almost no means of support. They went without a murmur, they toiled undiscouraged, and they wrought as the master workmen they were. One, a talented though frail young man, with an accomplished wife, moved two hundred and fifty miles with an ox team and set up the banners of the Cross in the deep southern wilderness. The rigors of such an itineracy proving too severe for his frail body, he afterwards located became a leading lawyer, representated his State in the Congress of the United States with great ability; living and dying a noble Christian man. But despite all poverty and all difficulties, nothing could stand still. With the splendid eloquence, the intense spirituality, and the rugged and untiring zeal of Pearne at the head of the central district of the conference every boy was made a man and every man a hero. With the pathos and sympathy, the effective and able generalship and commanding personality of Wilbur in Southern Oregon, almost alone though he was, the mining camps and the isolated farmers and ranchmen were reached and touched and turned into a new life everywhere. Close, in Northern Oregon, had even a more difficult problem than Pearne and Wilbur. His field was a watery one. It could only be traversed in canoes. What people were in it were more scattered and inaccessible. Almost the densest wilderness of the world enveloped Puget Sound. It was a still, lone hunt, man by man, family by family. There were literally no communities. Where the cities of that unrivalled sea now stand, if the solitude of the "continuous woods" had been broken at all, it was only by the Indian's wigwam or the adventurous pioneer's low and lonely log cabin. Only a single name was set with that of Close to the work in Northern Oregon. That was W. B. Morse, a young man whose name soon disappeared from the lists where only the strong and vigorous and indomitable and far-seeing could long remain. It can hardly be said that real work was begun on Puget Sound until a somewhat later day. Mr. Close terminated his work on the district when only a tentative occupancy of two or three points had been made. These were made largely by John F. DeVore, who was transferred from the Rock River to the Oregon Conference by Bishop Ames in the summer of 1853, and who became the actual pioneer and apostle of Puget Sound Methodism, but the history of whose work belongs to a late period.

Such, in a general view, was the field that, in twenty-five years, from a land of darkness and of the shadow of death," a land hidden out of the sight of the civilized world under a pall of age-long pagan darkness, had been prepared by the missionary work of the church for the ultimate and perpetual occupancy of a free Christian civilizaiton. History has no parallel to such missionizing. If the church, in a moment of forgetfulness, was impatient of the work of her heroes that was bringing in this possibility, she has now abundant reason to crown those she could not then understand with her greenest laurels and her highest love.

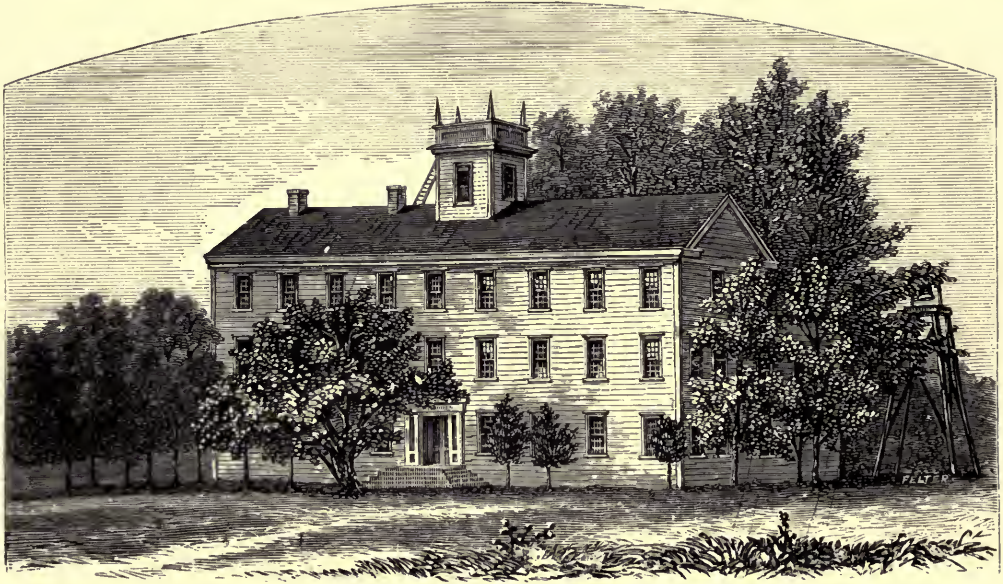


XXIII.

EDUCATIONAL.

And wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times and the strength of salvation.

OUR readers have already seen with what care and interest the work of education was pushed forward among the Indians from the beginning of Mr. Lee's work in the autumn of 1834. He even considered it not only an important, but really the chief instrument in the work he had under taken to do for them. With little hope of any very large benefit coming to the adult Indians individually through the work of the mission, he had great hope that the children could be brought into the school in large numbers and kept there until they had acquired a good education and been well trained in the arts and economies of civilized life. In the progress of our history we have already seen how these expectations were disappointed at the old mission station, and yet how persistently and consistently he clung to them, and how greatly he enlarged the capacity of the school in the erection of the new Manual Labor School building on the removal of the mission from Chemawa



THE OREGON INSTITUTE.

to Chemekete. After the death of Cyrus Shepard, who was chosen by Mr. Lee for that special work before coming to Oregon, the school was well cared for by other teachers, and, at times, seemed to be destined to fulfill the hopes of the superintendent. We have already seen how, despite all the efforts of the superintendent and some of the ablest men in the mission, the door of failure seemed to darken over it because the doom of extinction was darkening over the Indian race. It is not necessary to recapitulate the steps by which, at last, the fine property of the "Indian Manual Labor School"—much the finest in Oregon at that time—passed out of the hands of the Missionary Board by the act of Mr. Gary, and became the possession of the trustees of the "Oregon Institute." This action of Mr. Gary so far as its intentions were concerned, was noble and praiseworthy, however unfortunate it afterwards proved to the Missionary Board and even to the cause of education itself. Had Mr. Lee's purpose been carried out and the grant of the mile square of land held by the mission under the Provisional Government, made by the Government of the United States, as it was made to all missionary stations that had been maintained as such up to the time of the passage of the act by Congress, one can easily see what a magnificent vantage ground both school and church would have held in Oregon. The transfer of the property to the Trustees of the Oregon Institute obliterated the mission, and every claim it had before to an inch of land at Chemekete. The Trustees of the Institute could not acquire title when the mission abandoned theirs, and so, when Congress passed the act granting lands to settlers and to missions, both the Missionary Board and the Trustees of the Institute had no case under the law. It is worthy of repeated remark that the very month this sad work was done at Salem by the new superintendent, Mr. Lee was in the city of Washington using all his influence with the President and members of Congress for the passage of an act to secure the very thing that had thus been made impossible in this case, namely, the confirmation of the title to 640 acres of land at all the mission stations on the coast. What should have been done, and what Mr. Lee intended to do, and what the Missionary Board in New York, after they had met Mr. Lee in June of 1844, also desired to have done, was to continue the Mission Manual Labor School, gathering in all the Indian children possible from near and far, and, while the Manual Labor training system was having a more thorough test, await the action of the government in the passage of a land bill for Oregon; which Mr. Lee was fully assured would be favorable to the rightful claims of the missions. Surely there were no rightly claims to the consideration of the United States government in Oregon, if the work done by Mr. Lee and Dr. Whitman and their associates and companions in opening the great Northwest to American occupancy, and leading the nation to its magnificent heritage on the Pacific shores, had not secured that claim. The whole nation so recognized it. But, in this case, it was lost.

The Trustees of the Oregon Institute took possession of the premises of the Indian Manual Labor School in the summer of 1844, and from that time the latter name was blotted from the current history of Methodism in the Northwest, and the other comes into view as one of the most important factors of the history.

A few weeks after that change was accomplished Gustavus Hines, who, with Alvan F. Waller and others, had yielded rather reluctantly to the purpose of Mr. Gary to dispose of the property in any form, and consented to it at last only when they saw that, if it were not disposed of in this way, it would be in some other less favorable to the interests of Methodism, wrote to the Missionary Board in New York as follows:—

THE OREGON INSTITUTE.

"This institution stands upon an elevated portion of a beautiful plain, surrounded with the most delightful scenery, and at a point which, in some future day is destined to be one of great importance. The building is beautifully proportioned, being seventy-five feet long and forty-eight feet wide, including the wings, and three stories high. When finished it will not only present a fine appearance without, but will be commodious, and well adapted to the purposes intended to be accomplished within. It is already so far advanced that a school is now in successful operation, under the tuition of one well qualified to sustain its interests. Already it numbers more students than did Cazenovia Seminary or the Wilbraham Academy at their commencement, and who can tell but that it may equal, if not surpass both these institutions in importance and usefulness. Though I cannot say that it is the only hope of Oregon, for whether it lives or dies Oregon will yet be redeemed from the remains of Paganism and the gloom of Papal darkness by which she is surrounded; but the sentiment forces itself upon the mind that the subject of the Oregon Institute is vital to the interests of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the Pacific Coast. If it lives it will be a luminary in the moral heaven of Oregon, shedding abroad the light of knowledge long after its founders have ceased to live. But if it dies, our sun is set, and it is impossible to tell what will succeed. Perhaps a long and cheerless night of Papal darkness; but, more probably, others more worthy of the honor than ourselves, will come forth to mould the moral mass to their own liking, and give direction to the literature and religion of Oregon."

This letter was written in the summer of 1844. Perhaps in May of 1845, as the writer well remembers, it appeared in the "Christian Advocate and Journal," and one bright sunny afternoon the paper found its way into an humble rural home in northwestern New York, while he was but a youth, and sitting all alone by the side of his own mother and the mother of the writer, he read it to her listening ears; rather to her listening heart, and they talked of the distant son and brother, so distant that it seemed improbable if not impossible that we should ever look upon his face again. Yet we did, and side by side we wrought for many a year in that same Oregon in the darkness of which he was then so deeply shut in.

In our treatment of the history of the Oregon Institute we do not intend to do more than to give the story of the school as such, and thus bring to view the work of those who so devotedly and successfully wrought within it and for it.

Under the Board of Trustees, upon a lady devolved the honor of opening the Oregon Institute, and conducting the first school of this character on the Pacific Coast. We are glad to make this record. The ladies of the Oregon Mission, the wives and daughters of the missionaries, have never been given the proper credit for the part they bore and the work they did in Oregon. Some writer should enshrine their names and memories in terms as sweet as poetry ever sang or affection ever uttered.

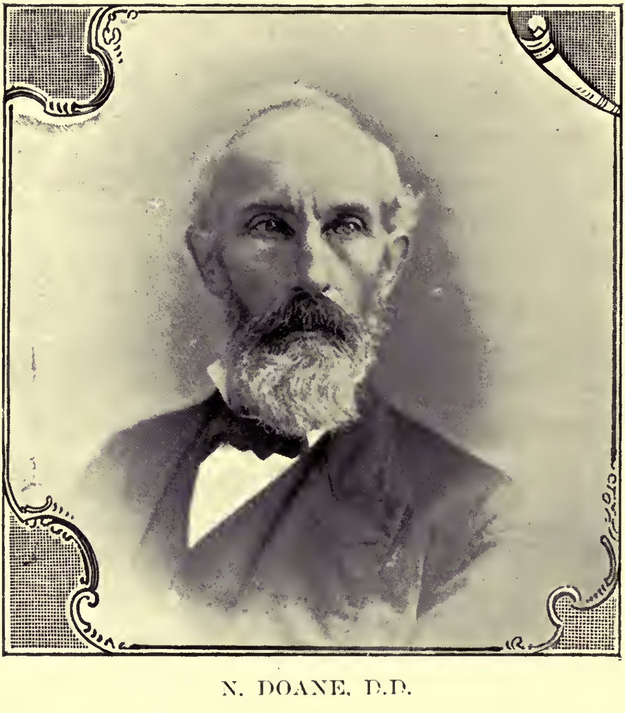
Mrs. C. A. Willson was the lady for whom the distinguished honor of opening the Oregon Institute was reserved.

Mrs. Willson, nee Miss Chloe A. Clark, was a member of the great reinforcement of 1839. She was appointed to the Oregon Mission as a teacher for the children of the missionaries. On her arrival in the country June 1st, 1840, she was assigned to work with Dr. J. P. Richmond at Nesqually, on Puget Sound, where Mr. Willson had charge of the secular affairs of the mission. In a few months Mr. Willson and Miss Clark were married. They remained at Nesqually until the work at that station was abandoned, when they were called by the superintendent to Salem and were employed at that station, Mr. Willson in the secular work and Mrs. Willson in teaching.

Mrs. Willson's work in the school was of an excellent character. The institution took high rank under her care. It was conducted as a boarding school, and the most of the students were from abroad and boarded in the institution. At the close of the first year of the existence of the instituition, an imperative need was felt for enlarged facilities, and especially for an increase of the teaching force. The autumn of 1845 brought a large immigration from the east into the Willamette Valley, mostly composed of families, many of whom had already had educational opportunities in the old states, and great interest was felt by all in the building up of the Institute. Not only so, it became evident to all that the Willamette Valley was to rapidly fill up with population, and that very soon a thoroughly equipped school of an academic grade would be an absolute need. This had become apparent by the close of the first year of the school, but the conditions of the mission, and the circumstances surrounding and shadowing the title of the Institute to the property which it held were such that nothing more could be done than to continue the school under the care of Mrs. Willson, with such help as could be had from the missionaries and immigrants until such future time as some way out of the embarrassments of the situation could be found. One of the difficulties of the situation arose from the fact that the Provisional Government had enacted no laws permitting the incorporation of such bodies as trustees of schools, and hence no purchases could be made nor sales effected, nor any property held by any legal tenure. A more embarrassing situation could hardly be conceived of.

Not much change occurred in the condition or prospects of the institution until 1847, when William Roberts arrived in the country and superseded Mr. Gary as superintendent of the Mission. With him came James H. Wilbur, who soon took charge of the institution under the appointment of Mr. Roberts, and conducted it successfully for perhaps a couple of years.

Meantime the Missionary Society in New York was appealed to for aid in procuring qualified teachers, and also for assistance in the permanent endowment of the school. The Board agreed to send out from time to time, at its own charges, such properly qualified teachers as might be necessary to man the school and sustain the educational department of church work in the Northwest. In compliance with that agreement in the summer of 1849 Rev. Nehemiah Doane, who was at that time a student in the Biblical Institute at Concord, New Hampshire, was invited by the Missionary Board to accept the position of a teacher in the "Oregon Institute." He accepted, and in September, 1849,



N. DOANE, D.D.

was received on trial in the Genesse Annual Conference, ordained Deacon and Elder under the missionary rule, and appointed as "Missionary to Oregon," in view of that position.

Mr. Doane was at this time a student in the Methodist Biblical Institute at Concord, New Hampshire, under the presidency of the renowned John Dempster, and the especial tutelage of Osman C. Baker, afterwards one of the most revered Bishops of the church, and the friend and confidant of Jason Lee when they were fellow students under Dr. Fisk at Wilbraham. Mr. Doane had entered as a student in the Biblical Institute on the first day of its existence in April, 1847, and had steadily pursued his work of preparation for the Christian ministry in the Methodist Episcopal Church until his call to the mission field in Oregon in the summer of 1849. His fitness for the place was most emphatically endorsed by the president and professors of the Biblical Institute. He was the first man ever appointed to the foreign missionary work—as Oregon was then rated as a foreign mission—from any theological school in Methodism. While he was in school an incident occurred which, in its after results, united Mr. Doane's life to Methodist history by a very strong and tender tie. He met by chance a small, somewhat nervous young man, some years younger than himself, struggling with adverse conditions, yet aspiring to a greater and broader life, with whom he fell into conversation. He pressed him most earnestly to set his mark for a thorough collegiate training, including a thological course. It was the first dawning of such a possibility on the mind of the young man, and he resolved then and there to follow the advice thus given. That young man was Charles H. Payne. This is not tradition. The writer, and the whole Oregon Conference heard this statement made with most affecting pathos by Dr. Payne himself, in the presence of the honored instrument of so much good, not more than nine months before his translation to be with God.

Mr. Doane left New York for Oregon on the steamer Empire City on the 16th day of October, 1849, via Panama. On the 4th day of November he preached the first Methodist sermon ever delivered in that city. In the beginning of 1850 he reached the Columbia River, and finding his way to Salem through far more perils and difficulties than one would now meet in traveling round the world, though it was only a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, in the spring of 1850 he took the place for which he had been chosen by the Missionary Board in the "Oregon Institute."

About the same time Mr. Doane took charge of the Institute the Missionary Board entered into correspondenc with Rev. Francis S. Hoyt, a member of the New Jersey Conference and then stationed in Bergen, asking him to consider the question of accepting the principalship of the Oregon Institute, to which Mr. Doane had been appointed as teacher. After due consideration the appointment was accepted, and under the direction of the Board Mr. Hoyt spent a few weeks in farewell visits among his New England friends, and in soliciting contributions of money for the purchase of philosophical and chemical apparatus for use in the Institute. Having been ordained an elder under the missionary rule at the session of the Oneida Conference, he reported to the Board in New York in the first week in September, and soon after sailed from that city in one of the steamers of the Panama line for his allotted field of labor. Besides Mr. Hoyt and his wife, Rev. John Flinn sailed in the same ship for the Oregon work; and M. C. Briggs, S. D. Symonds and wife, and Edward Bannister, with wife and children, for the work in California.

Late in October, 1850, Messrs. Hoyt and Flinn reached Oregon, landing at Portland, then a rustic hamlet of some twenty or thirty habitations, and a few places of business. In the most primitive style of pioneer travel Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt made their way to Salem, and he entered at once on his work as principal of the Institute.

He found the school under management of Mr. Doane in a very satisfactory state, notwithstanding the uncompleted condition of the building and the limited facilities at command for its advancement. The thoroughness of instruction and the precision and order of his work delighted the new principal, and he was greatly pleased with the prospect of having him for an associate in the conduct of the great interest that had been committed to his charge. But this satisfaction was short lived, for plans had already been framed by the Superintendent, William Roberts, in connection with James H. Wilbur, who had charge of the work in Portland, for the erection of an academy in that place, and Mr. Roberts decided to send Mr. Doane immediately to open a school there in preparation for the intended academy. In pursuance of this decision Mr. Doane removed to Portland and opened the first school ever taught in that place. This arrangement was not in harmony with the ideas of Mr. Hoyt, and certainly not in harmony with the interests of the Oregon Institute. which was left by it with an inadequate faculty, and compelled the principal to devote all his energies to mere class work in the school room. Of course it was an advantage to the Portland enterprise, and the school of Mr. Doane in that place furnished an important nucleus around which its supporters could gather and more successfully prosecute their work.

The difficulties that surrounded the educational work of the church in Oregon were, from the beginning, most formidable. They arose from a variety of causes which need to be stated before the reader can understand the heroic struggle which those who had that work in special charge had to make to sustain it all, much more to carry it to any successful results. The necessity for schools was apparent; all could see it and feel it. But how to perform that which it was seen was so vital and imperative was not easily found. As a starting point in the statement the vast extent of the country and the smallness of its population must be observed in connection with each other.

Oregon, which, at the time of the initiation of the educational plans of the church here, was all the Pacific Northwest, meant in fact the country west of the Cascade Mountains, extending from the Straits of Fuca, on the north, to the California line on the south, a distance of 500 miles. Its width was from the ocean to the mountains, about 150 miles. Its population did not exceed 10,000, and they were widely scattered over the plains and through the forests and along the rivers and bays of that immense area. The facilities for intercommunication between the different sections of the country were very limited and poor. Except upon the open prairies, which was far the smaller portion of the country, there were literally no roads; only such trails as none but those who had driven ox teams over the Rocky Mountains would think it possible for a vehicle to pass over. There were no towns. When the Oregon Institute was established two or three only of what are now the great cities were rude hamlets of from one to four hundred people. Portland was an unbroken wilderness. Seattle, Tacoma, Olympia, Albany, Eugene, and all the rest of the present beautiful cities of Oregon and Washington had no existence even in the dreams of dreamers. Oregon City and Salem were hardly more than names. The geographical empire was here, but the empire of people was yet to come. When Mr. Hoyt, the third teacher that took charge of Oregon Institute, found his way from the steamer that landed him on the shores of Oregon to the seat of the educational institution he had come, under the authority of the church, to build up, it was by canoe and ox wagon. Mr. Doane, who had preceded him by about a year, had it even worse than that. And all this was in the most populous and best improved region of the Empire of the Pacific. And that was less than fifty years ago. Within a radius of twenty-five miles from the Institute there could not have resided at that time more than 3,000 people, and within daily reach of the school not more than 1,000. Jacob was small, exceedingly small.

Small and scattered as was this population there were social and economic conditions that increased the difficulties. One was this: The "Land Donation Law," enacted by Congress in 1848, had provided for the donation of 320 acres of land to a single man, or 640 acres to a man and wife—320 to each—on a continuous residence of four years upon it. This provision led to innumerable cases of "love at first sight." Many of them were extreme. Girls of from ten to fifteen years of age were often married to "get the land." The effect of this condition was to take out of the schools nearly all girls of from twelve to twenty years of age, and also all the young men of from eighteen to twenty-five, leaving for students only children. As the schools were entirely dependent upon tuition for their support, they found it exceedingly difficult to maintain even a respectable teaching corps, much less an adequate one. Indeed but for the fact that the schools of the church were under the care of ministers belonging to the Conference, most of whom had wives competent for teaching, and who were always ready to take up the burdens that no one else could be found to bear, they could not have been carried on at all. This was the case at the Oregon Institute, where, first, Mrs. Doane and afterwards Mrs. Hoyt, were the ever ready and abundantly competent helpers of their husbands in all departments of school work whenever the exigencies required that sacrifice.

While this work was going forwards in the Oregon Institute under Mr. Hoyt, other educational enterprises were inaugurated elsewhere. That at Portland under the direction of Mr. Wilbur, with Mr. Doane as teacher, has already been noted. With his accustomed energy, Mr. Wilbur pushed his work forward. He procured of the proprietors of the town site three blocks of land most eligibly located, as a donation. On one of them a good academic building was erected ,and the other two were reserved for future endowment of the school. Portland was yet a hamlet in the forest, but its people had large dreams, which were not all dreams, for its future. The blocks secured were

J. H. WILBUR, D.D.

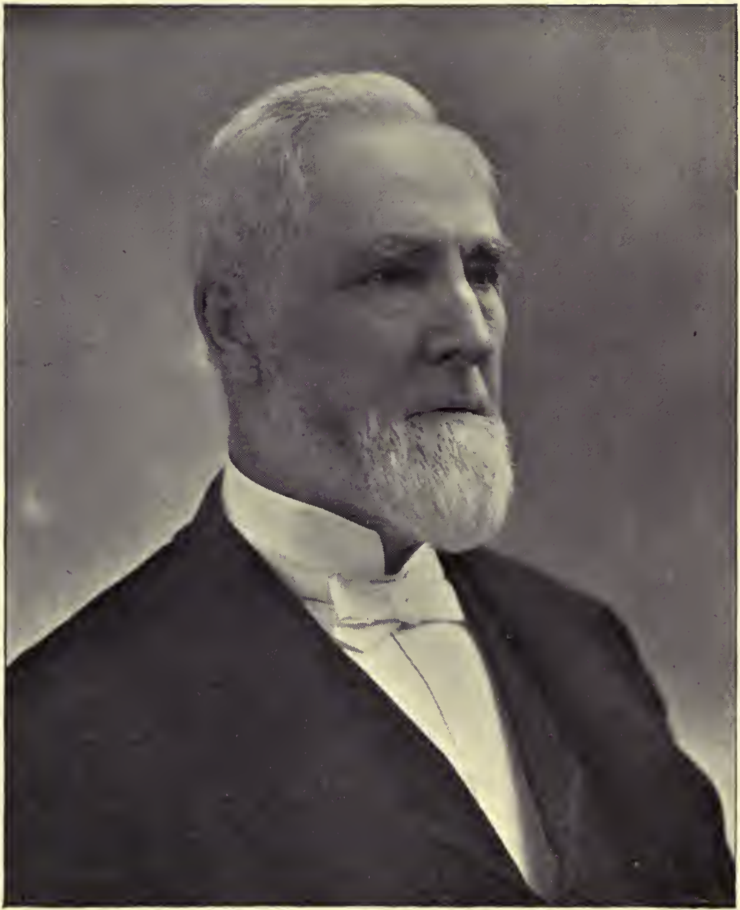
in the midst of great fir trees, far away from the few business houses that stood on the river banks, and it required a vast amount of the hardest kind of work to clear away the timber and prepare the site for occupancy, but such difficulties were nothing to such stalwart pioneers as Wilbur and those associated with him. At the same time this was being done a church was being built by the same indomitable man. He was architect, carpenter, ox-driver, axman, painter, blacksmith and pastor. He begged money and material from door to door. When all other resources were exhausted he called on the Missionary Board in New York for assistance, and that body advanced him $2,000, with which to complete the academy, to be repaid in some better day hereafter. Finally the academy and church were both completed, and church and educational work were put on a solid foundation in Portland. By the close of 1851 this school was in successful operation under the charge of Rev. Calvin S. Kingsley, who had been transferred from Michigan to take charge of it. He was an able man, and an excellent educator, and the school was highly prosperous under his presidency for a number of years.

During all this period of struggle the Oregon Institute, and, succeeding that, the Willamette University, was the leading educational institution of the Pacific Northwest, and Mr. Hoyt, as principal of the one and president of the other, the leading educator in the same field. Few men combine in themselves more of the qualities of a successful college president than did Mr. Hoyt. His scholarship was of the most complete type. His natural abilities were of a very high order. The social elements were delightfully blended in his temperament and life.. His esthetic nature and tastes were refined and elevated. He was capable of long continued and persistent application. His mind was forecastful, and he did not quickly change plans once formed. He held tenaciously to central principles, and ever kept in view ultimate ends. Hopeful and optimistic, he was not visionary and impracticable. He could bear sacrifice and deprivation in the present for the sake of the future. He had ample support in his best nature and work in the nature and work of Mrs. Hoyt who braced his armor as he went forth into the public responsibilities that fully measured all the lengths and breadths of his powers and culture. His subsequent career in other fields of church work fully vindicated the estimate his friends—he had no enemies—put upon his value to the formative interests he served in Oregon through the eventful and struggling decade from 1850 to 1860, and but intensifies to-day the regrets of that long past day when he was removed from their care and guidance. And, in closing this chapter of history relating to one of the most vital interests, if not the most vital interest, of Methodism in the Northwest, we deem it proper to give the following from Mr. Hoyt's own pen written but a few weeks ago, and in view of such use of it as we should see fit to make in this work. It is valuable for appreciative historic statements, and for the deep interest it manifests in the future of the educational work of the coast. After speaking of the constant difficulties attendant on the procuring of suitable teachers for the school, he says:—

"Some of the very competent teachers whose association with us was very helpful were Mrs. Thurston, widow of the delegate Thurston, and afterwards the wife of Gen. William H. Odell, a very noble and accomplished woman, and a very successful teacher; Miss Mary Leslie, afterwards Mrs. Jones; Rev. Isaac Dillon, Miss Plamondon, afterwards Mrs. Dillon; and later (1859-'60) Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur, nephew and niece of Rev. James H. Wilbur; and in 1859-'60, Mr. T. M. Gatch, afterwards the president, and the only gentleman who was a classical scholar, of fine tastes and adequate attainments, who assisted me. From time to time, sometimes for one or more years continuously, Mrs. Hoyt gave me her assistance. When other help failed, she always came to the rescue.

The Board of Trustees of the Oregon Institute, and later the Willamette University, were excellent men, sincere and ardent friends of the institution, and giving to its affairs their best judgment, their personal influence, and much of their valuable time. Those who, owing to their residence in or near Salem, were usually present at the metings of the Board were Revs. A. F. Waller, Wm. Roberts, David Leslie, J. L. Parrish, Gustavus Hines, F. S. Hoyt, and Messrs. Dr. Wm. H. Willson, L. F. Grover, afterwards senator and governor, J. S. Smith, afterwards representative in Congress, and J. H. Moores.

Owing to the fact that Rev. A. F. Waller resided at Salem, and was greatly interested in the prosperity and development of the Institute, he was at an early period appointed financial agent. Under his direction some important improvements were made in the interior of the Institute building. He also, after ample consultation and due authorization by the Trustees, carried forward energetically and patiently the plan of raising a moderate endowment for the Willamette University, the succesor of the Institute. That fund as represented by good notes, signed by responsible parties, bearing 10 per cent. interest, payable annually until maturity, amounted to nearly $20,000 at the time my connection with the University ceased in 1861. It was solemnly agreed among us when the plan was entered upon, and the agreement was understood to be a pledge from which there was to be no departure, that the moneys thus raised should remain inviolate as a permanent fund, the interest of which, solely, should be used to meet deficiencies, (in the income from tuition,) for the payment



F. S. HOYT, D.D.
First President of the Willamette University.

of teachers. And it was a sad day when that agreement was departed from.

The educational plan which was adopted by common consent among the leaders in church and educational movements between '50 and '61, contemplated the establishment in the entire Northwest of one University with academies or seminaries for local advantage and for preparatory schools, at such places as here and there through the whole territory could supply considerable local patronage —enough to ensure their support and permanency. Several academies sprang up under this general plan. In that earlier day Portland was a thriving, promising village, but no one had any conception of its subsequent growth and relative importance. The Oregon Institute and its successor, the Willamette University, being the first school established, and being located, moreover, at the then central point, and at the proposed capital, was naturally thought of as the one to be built up and developed into the hoped-for University.

Had I the chance to address the entire ministry of the M. E. Church in the Northwest, and all the staunch laymen of the church, I would say: Meet and consult freely and fully. Lay aside all local considerations. Determine to the best of your ability the best location for one general school—one great university, which may grow on and on for centuries, and supply every need of the Northwest. As things seem and as they are likely to be for a long series of years, there are a goodly number of places in that vast region which by local patronage aided by the surrounding country, could support an institution as an academy or seminary, but one university; one large, growing university; having general support, will do a hundered fold more for the cause of education than twenty weak, struggling, narrow colleges can do.

We hope that those who labor there now will be wise, ardent and consecrated, and with hearts full of faith and heroism, and with a prophetic eye that sees the possible grandeur and magnificence of the Northwest as it is yet to be, will be one in heart, and untiring in effort, to build up the cause of Christ, and to make and execute wise, broad and enduring plans in the department of education."

Great as were the obstacles in the way of the Oregon Institute, it was not long before the school had so advanced under the direction of Mr. Hoyt and his accomplished and faithful assistants that it was evident that the school should have an enlarged scope, and be prepared to conduct the students applying for it not only through an academic but a college training. So the Board of Trustees appointed a committee to procure from the legislative assembly of 1853 a charter for the "Oregon Institute and University." Subsequently the name of the institution was changed, and an act incorporating the "Willamette University" was passed by the legislature and accepted by the Board, and the school was organized under that name, with Mr. Hoyt as president, yet having appended to it a primary and an intermediate or academic department, all under his direction. The first meeting of the Board of Trustees under the University charter was held March 1st, 1854.

In some respects the enlargement of the scope of the work of the University added to rather than diminished its embarrassment. It rendered a large and more expensive faculty needful without increasing its means of sustaining them. This, indeed, was foreseen, and every effort was made to provide for this contingency, but such was yet the smallness of the population of the country that no very great progress could be made in that direction. In 1853 the white population in all Oregon did not exceed 25,000 souls, and only about half of these were in any sense available as a constituency of the University. These were mostly poor and had just arrived in the country from a journey that had swallowed up whatever resources they had when they started from the old states. This condition of things left the support of the University almost entirely on the hands of those who from the first had been the supporters of the Oregon Institute. These were largely the people who had been connected with the Methodist Mission from 1834 to 1852, together with those ministers and their families who had been transferred to the Oregon Conference after its organization in 1852.

It will be remembered that at the first session of the Oregon Annual Conference Mr. Wilbur was appointed to the charge of Southern Oregon. Among the first things that he undertook there was the establishment of an academy at a central point in the yet almost entirely unsettled Umpqua Valley. This school was for a time quite successful, and for a number of years was the leading institution of learning in Southern Oregon. It had a list of able and popular teachers, among whom was Rev. T. F. Royal and his wife, and Prof. F. H. Grubbs and his wife, the daughter of Jason Lee, but as the population of that section increased, other points proved more central, and the school ceased to exist. It bore the name of its founder, Wilbur, and it is likely did as much to form the intellectual character of the youth of Southern Oregon as any school ever sustained in that particular region of country.

Probably no community so small ever undertook to build up and sustain such an educational system as the Methodist Mission at first, and the Oregon Annual Conference afterwards, and succeeded before the end of the period covered by this history. When that period closed the preparatory department of the Willamette University was in successful operation, as was the Portland Academy and Female Seminary, under the administration of Rev. C. S. Kingsley, and also the Umpqua Academy, under Rev. T. F. Royal, which had closed its second year of successful work. And in connection with their prosperity as schools a large number of their students had been converted; a number of whom soon became active and successful in various fields of educational or evangelical work. And at that time the committee on church property in the Annual Conference reported that on all the schools there was an aggregate indebtedness of but $443. Better work, truer work, was never done in this department of Christian enterprise than was done by these Fathers of Oregon Methodism.

XXIV.

AMERICAN BOARD MISSIONS.

THE "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions" was organized in 1810, under the auspices of the Congregational Churches of New England. The impulse that led to its organization was the resolve of Mr. Adoniram Judson and four other young men in attendance upon the Andover Theological Seminary to devote themselves to the missionary work in Asia. When the "Macedonian cry" from the western wilds awakened the whole church in America to the needs of the Indian tribes west of the Rocky Mountains, the attention of the Board was called to that field, but no active measures were taken for the establishment of a mission there until 1834, when the Dutch Reformed Church resolved to establish a mission in that region, and invited the American Board to take charge of it. Instead of proceeding at once to the establishment of a mission, as did the Methodist Board, it resolved to appoint a commission to explore the country, before deciding whether it would enter it as a missionary field or not. It accordingly appointed Rev. Samuel Parker, of Ithica, New York; Rev. J. Dunbar and Mr. S. Allis, to undertake that work. Somewhat late in the spring of 1834 these gentlemen proceeded westward as far as St. Louis, intending to accompany the annual caravan of the American Fur Company as far as the Rocky Mountains, but finding that it was already some weeks on its way, their purpose was given up for that year, and Mr. Parker returned to his home in Ithica, while Messrs. Dunbar and Allis engaged in missionary work among the Pawnees. But with this failure the purpose was only deferred, not abandoned. In the following spring, 1835, Mr. Parker, having Dr. Marcus Whitman associated with him, returned to St. Louis, and putting themselves under the protection of the American Fur Company's caravan, they proceeded as far west as Green River, about a hundred miles west of the summit of the Rocky Mountains, where the fur traders and the Indian tribes of the mountains met for Rendezvous that year. Here they held consultations with the traders and the Indians and from the facts and opinions communicated to them, decided that a mission should be established somewhere on the Pacific slope. It was agreed, therefore, that the two should separate; Mr. Parker continuing his journey to the Pacific coast, and Dr. Whitman returning to the east and organizing a missionary company to enter the field the following year.

Mr. Parker's journey was continued in company with the Nez Perce Indians. In the autumn he reached Vancouver, where he remained during the winter. He visited the Methodist Mission in the Willamette, an account of which visit is given in the history of that Mission. He occupied his time usefully at Vancouver in preaching to the people of the post, and won their kindest consideration. The summer of 1836 he spent in a long tour in the interior, visiting the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, and taking careful and intelligent observations of the Indian tribes, as well as giving a somewhat special study to the geological formation of the different regions that he visited. In the latter part of the summer he returned to Vancouver and took passage in a vessel of the Company for the Sandwich Islands, and thence by the way of Cape Horn for Boston, and his home in New York; reaching the States in 1837. He published an interesting, and, at the time, valuable volume relating to his journey, but his long and expensive pilgrimage had no appreciable effect on the question of missions beyond the Rocky Mountains.

While Mr. Parker was thus occupying his time in Oregon, Dr. Whitman had returned to the east and entered with zeal on the work of organizing a missionary company for the region into which Mr. Parker had disappeared. Early in 1836 the company was constituted by the addition of Rev. H. H. Spalding and wife; Dr. Whitman having married Miss Narcissa Prentiss, and Mr. W. H. Gray, a single man, who had charge of the secular department of the mission.

Mr. and Mrs. Spalding had already been designated for the mission among the Osages, and they were on their way thither when Dr. Whitman succeeded in securing a change in their assignment, and they were appointed to Oregon. Arrangements were made under which the missionary company should journey with the caravan of the American Fur Company across the mountains, but when they arrived at Council Bluffs, on the Missouri River, they found that the Fur Company was already a week on the journey. They were now on the extreme western limit of civilized settlement, and it is not surprising that there was debate among them whether they should retrace their steps or move out into the unknown region before them alone, trusting in God's good guidance and in their own intelligent and persevering efforts to carry them safely to their destination. Certainly the experience of Dr. Whitman the year before, while on his journey of exploration, stood them in good stead here, and under that inspiration they decided to move forward as expeditiously as possible, believing that, with their smaller number and lighter outfit they could overtake the Fur Company's convoy in a short time. The company here consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, Mr. Gray and two Indian boys who had accompanied Dr. Whitman to the east from the "Rendezvous" the preceeding summer, and some temporary assistance procured from the Pawnee Mission on the Missouri. The venture, though a lonely one, was not specially dangerous, as they were traveling through friendly tribes and along a plain trail, or wagon road, leading up the level and beautiful valley of the Platte River on the north side, and they were yet far east of the country where they might need the presence of a large company to secure safe passage through the more predatory tribes. Their route followed the present line of the Union Pacific Railroad from the crossing of the Missouri, where Omaha now is, to the North Platte, and thence up the North Platte on its north side to the Rocky Mountains by the way its north fork, called the Sweetwater.

The missionary company overtook the Fur Company at Loup Fork, and from that point traveled with it to the Rendezvous on Green River. There were many interesting and romantic and even laughable eqisodes connected with the journey, but our work has more to do with ultimate results than with incidents of travel, however romantic and interesting, we must relegate these to the writers of romance; not because we do not appreciate them, but because they do not come within the scope of our work. Through all the incidents and difficulties the missionary party made their way safely, and on the first day of September reached the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Walla Walla, where they were hospitably received and generously entertained. Mr. Jason Lee and his company of missionaries had reached the same point on the first day of September, 1834, exactly two years before the arrival of Dr. Whitman and his associates, though Mr. Lee's party had been nine days longer from the Missouri River than had Dr. Whitman's. After remaining at Walla Walla a few days the entire party proceeded down the Columbia River to Vancouver, the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the residence of Dr. McLoughlin, its controlling spirit in the Northwest.

Some time was spent at Vancouver in consultation with Dr. McLoughlin and other gentlemen of the company in regard to the establishment of their stations, and especially as to their location. They were now within a short distance of the mission of Mr. Lee, who had already had the experience of two years in the field, and one rather instinctively wonders that they did not visit his mission and avail themselves of the benefit of his observations and experiences in the difficult work that they were entering upon. But they did not, and made their selection of locations almost solely on the advice of the gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company. The writer believes that advice was good, and sees no reason to believe that it was given by Dr. McLoughlin with any sinister purpose either against the missions or in favor of the Hudson's Bay Company. The advice was general, and only that their missions should be located east of the Cascade Mountains, and within the reach of the strong tribes that inhabited that region of country. Mr. Lee had occupied the center of the Willamette Valley, and it was but reasonable that these missionaries would occupy the great unoccupied field now known as the "Inland Empire." Some writers have believed, or affected to believe, that the advice of Dr. McLoughlin both to Mr. Lee in 1834, and to the missionaries of the American Board in 1836, was for the purpose of pushing them one side, and putting them out of the way of the Hudson's Bay Company, so that they could not interfere with its purposes, nor put any obstacle in the way of the ultimate British occupancy of Oregon. Such writers give little credit to the astuteness of Dr. McLoughlin, or to the intelligence and independence of the missionaries of the American Board. Had such been the purpose of Dr. McLoughlin, or had he been a man capable of advising a course of action so adverse to the purposes for which his guests were in the country, he certainly would not have advised them to establish their work in the very centers of the great region open to their choice. This he did, as we believe, honestly and honorably. Nor is it likely that either he or they, at the time, fully comprehended the providential import of the establishment of these American missions in Oregon.

When the missionaries had concluded their investigations they resolved to establish two missions, one among the Cayuses not far from Fort Walla Walla, and one on the Clearwater River among the Nez Perces; the two strongest tribes of the interior. This determined upon, the two ladies, Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding, were left at Vancouver, and Dr. Whitman, Mr. Spalding and Mr. Gray proceeded up the Columbia river again for the erection of houses and the opening of their work. Dr. Whitman's Mission was located at Waiiletpu on the Walla Walla River, and Mr. Spalding's at Lapwai on the Clear Water. Before winter the work of erecting houses was so far advanced that they returned to Vancouver and took their wives with them into the field which they had thus set up a claim to in the name of the Lord.

Mr. Spalding began his work among the Nez Perces the last of November, and Dr. Whitman his among the Cayuses early in December 1837, Their work opened auspiciously and the Indians seemed to be so desirous of receiving religious instruction that by the next spring the mission determined to send Mr. Gray to the East to obtain more teachers for the wide work which seemed to be opening. He took with him four Nez Perce Indians, and a large number of horses and other property, from the sale of which he expected to provide means to meet the expense of the reinforcement sought. Three of the Indians returned from the Rendezvous. When the party was on the Platte River near "Ash Hollow," it was attacked by a band of Sioux and the Nez Perce was killed, the horses and property all captured,Mr. Gray alone escaping with his life. This unfortunate issue of his expedition was an occasion of much embarrassment to the mission subsequently, and the loss of the Nez Perces while under the direction and care of Mr. Gray, caused him, in subsequent years, much personal annoyance, and seriously injured his usefulness among the Indians. This was not owing to any special blame that could be laid to Mr. Gray, but to the peculiar idiosyncracies of the Indian mind and character.

While in the States Mr. Gray's representations were such that the American Board decided to appoint two additional teachers to the Oregon Mission. Rev. E. Walker and Rev. C. Eells and their wives were under assignment to the Zulus of southeastern Africa. The Board of Missions changed their destination to Oregon, and also associated with them Rev. A. B. Smith. Mr. Gray, who had married since his return to the States, remained in the employ of the Board, and, with his wife, accompanied them as guide and secular agent on their journey. The company thus constituted left New England in March, 1838, and traveling by the same route as those who had preceded it, and with the usual incidents of the journey, reached Walla Walla on the 29th day of August.

On the arrival of this company Mr. Gray was associated with Mr. Spaulding at Lapwai, and Mr. Smith with Dr. Whitman at Waiiletpu, but the next year he opened a new mission at Kamiah, among the Nez Perces. In the spring of 1839 Messrs. Walker and Eells established a new station at Tshimakain among the Spokanes, six miles north of the Spokane River. In writing of these missions subsequently, Rev. M. Eells, a son of Rev. C. Eells, of the mission at Tshimakain, says:—

"The first few years of the mission were quite encouraging. Owing partly to the novelty, the Indians seemed very anxious to labor, to learn at school, and to receive religious instruction. In 1837, as soon as a school was opened at Lapwai, Mr. Spaulding wrote that a hundred, both old and young, were in attendance. As soon as one had learned something more than the others, they would gather around him while he would be their teacher. In 1839, 150 children and as many more adults were in school. Similar interest was shown in religious instruction. They sometimes spent whole nights in repeating over and over what they had but partly learned at a religious service. Two years later from 1,000 to 2,000 gathered for a religious service. Then 2,000 made a public confession of sin, and promised to serve God. Many of them evidently did so with imperfect ideas of what they were doing, yet not a few were believed to give evidence of conversion.

Among the Cayuses, also, more were ready to attend the school than the mission family could supply with books, or had ability to teach. Morning and evening worship was maintained in all the principal lodges, and a confession of sin was made somewhat similar to that among the Nez Perces. For a time when Dr. Whitman or Mr. Spalding traveled through the country they were followed by hundreds of Indians eager to see them and hear Bible truths at night. They had a strong desire for hoes and other agricultural implements, and were willing to part with any property they had in order to obtain them, even bringing their rifles to be manufactured into such articles. From 80 to 100 families planted fields near Mr. Spalding's, and many near Dr. Whitman raised enough provisions for a comfortable supply for their families.

In 1838 Mr. Spauling reported that his field produced 2,000 bushels of potatoes, besides wheat and other articles.

In 1841 a saw and grist mill were erected among the Nez Perces, a grist mill among the Cayuses.

In 1837 a church was organized, and in September, 1838, the first Indian was received into it, though in July previous two Indian girls, who afterwards died in Mr. Spalding's family, gave evidence of conversion, and were baptized as the first-fruits of the work. In November, 1839, Joseph and Timothy, Nez Perce Indians, were admitted to the church. In 1840 Mr. Eells reported a school of eighty scholars.

In 1839 the mission received a donation from Rev. H. Bingham's church at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, of a small printing press, with types, furniture, paper, and other things of the value of $450. Mr. E. O. Hall, a printer at the Sandwich Islands, came with the press, and the first book printed west of the Rocky Mountains, so far as known, was issued that fall in the Nez Perce language, and one in that of the Spokane followed. Mr. and Mrs. Hall remained until the spring of 1840, when they returned to the Islands."

This extract from Mr. Eells' story of these missions shows that externally, at least, the work of the missionaries was producing abundant fruit in the changed lives and purposes of the Indians. The missionaries themselves were very greatly encouraged and these missions were everywhere reported of the most successful and promising character. This was especially true of that of Mr. Spalding at Lapwai, where Mrs. Spalding seemed to exert a controling charm over the minds of the Indians, and where the superior intelligence and character of the Nez Perces appeared a most promising field for the ripening of the harvest of truth. But it was not long before the natural unrest of the Indian character began to assert itself again. The novelty of the new life wore off, and the habits of the old life reasserted themselves. The Indians were divided. Indeed the majority had never yielded their old ways even temporarily, and a strong opposition to the missionaries and their work soon developed itself, led by some of the Spokane and Cayuse chiefs, and sympathized and abetted by many among the Nez Perces. The Cayuses particularly grew insolent and abusive, destroyed much property belonging to the mission of Dr. Whitman, personally mistreated Mr. Gray and Dr. Whitman, and in many ways evinced such hostility to their work and such distaste at their presence in the country that, but for the active interference of the Hudson's Bay Company, they would have been driven out of the country, if, indeed, they had not been killed. In a few months the prospcts of the missions were so changed from the promising conditions indicated and become so discouraging that the Board of Missions decided, in February, 1842, to close up the missions among the Cayuses and Nez Perces, and issued instructions for Messrs. Spalding and Gray to return to the east, and Dr. Whitman to join the mission at Tshimakain, among the Spokanes. For the same reasons Rev. J. D. Paris and Mr. W. H. Rice who had been bent to the mission by the way of Cape Horn and the Sandwich Islands, when they arrived at the Islands were induced to remain there temporarily, an arrangement that was made permanent by the Board at Boston.

It is somewhat difficult for the historian to account for these sudden and marked changes in the apparent condition and prospects of the missionary work among the Indians on any basis consistent with the general integrity and improvableness of the Indian character. The same general state of facts are apparent in these missions of the American Board as were seen in those of the Methodist Board in the Willamette, although the external conditions stood much in favor of the missions of the American Board. In the Willamette, as our readers have seen, there was a rapid gathering of white people and a consequent thrusting aside of the Indian race. Here nothing of this kind existed. There was no white settlement; indeed no whites resident in all this region of country but those directly connected with the missionary stations of the American Board; thirteen in all, six of whom were women. This was the entire American population east of the Methodist station at The Dalles in 1841.

In the Willamette the Indian tribes seemed worn out, smitten with immedicable decay, and their numbers were diminishing with a rapidity that was bewildering. Here they were strong; retaining all the former virility and force that had made the Nez Perces and Cayuses and Spokanes and Yakimas the controlling tribes west of the Rocky Mountains. So far as these conditions were concerned these missions had every advantage over those established by Mr. Lee, and, if any Indian missions ought to have been able to succeed in putting the germs of a new life into the character of the Indian race, or the lease of new ages into their history, these were the missions and these the people where it should have been done. But it was not, and the missions, so far as this large view of the purpose of their establishment and the hopes that were entertained by the missionaries, the Boards under whose direction they labored and the whole American church, whose instruments for human evangelization both Boards and missionaries were, were a sad and sorrowful failure. Nor can this result be charged to the unfaithfulness of the missionaries, nor to their want of intelligence in adaptation of means to ends. When such men as Whitman, Spalding, Walker and Eells, of the American Board, aided and encouraged by such intellectual and moral princesses as their wives; or such men as Lee, Leslie, Waller, Hines, with their equally splendid companionship, failed, ordinary men may venture criticism of their work but sparingly. Certainly we shall hesitate before we pronounce it in an ultimate sense a failure. And this the more especially as those of them who lived to enter the era that rapidly followed this time of apparent failure, led and commanded that era in its moral and intellectual work as few other men did or could. The two great leaders, Lee and Whitman, one by the martyrdom of eleven years of excessive toil and hardship, the other at the end of eleven years of the same kind of toil by a more bloody though not more painful martyrdom, were not permitted to enter that later era, except by the spirit of their consecrated and illustrious example as an ever present inspiration to the remaining toilers on the field for which they lived and died. Perhaps the only safe refuge of the mind in such a case is in the fact that we cannot entirely comprehend the "improving purpose" of Providence which forever runs through all chances and changes of history towards the best and largest progress of the whole humanity, even though the "golden corn" of its ultimate harvest is fed by the bones and ashes of consumed races and decayed peoples.

,The decision of the Board to break up the missions at Waiiletpu and Lapwai did not meet the approval of Dr. Whitman or Mr. Spalding. These missionaries were encountering the same troubles that Mr. Lee encountered, arising out of the immense distance between themselves and the Board under which they served, and especially the great time that it took to pass communications between them. The Boston Board, like that at New York, always acted in the light—rather in the darkness—of conditions that were almost ancient history before they heard of them. The report of an hour's visit of some chance traveler, or, possibly, some government official, who saw nothing except in the distortions of a worldly causitry, were often permitted to sway opinions and determine actions in the Board that should have been left to the judgment and decision of the truly noble and great men who had the missionary work in charge on the very field where it was to be done. Two sentences from "Captain Wilkes" reports, one in regard to the mission of Mr. Lee in the Willamette, and one in regard to that of Dr. Whitman at Waiiletpu, after a visit of a few hours to each, casting an unfavorable coloring over them, exerted great, if not controlling influence on the action of both Boards in deciding questions of vastest importance in regard to the men and their work. Perhaps they decided the action which required Dr. Whitman to abandon Waiiletpu and remove to Tshimakain. True, there were other influences that had an unfavorable effect on the internal condition of the mission as a whole, and hence on the general results of its work, which should not be passed by without mention by the historian who is not only recording events, but solving philosophies and explaining results. One of these was the want of ecclesiastical congruity between the members of the mission and the absence of a responsible executive head in the field. Rev. Cushing Eells, of the Tshimakain station, thus states the fact to which we refer:

"Six members favored Congregational church polity, four were Presbyterians, two Dutch Reformed. The Mission Church was Presbyterian in name, but practically Congregational. The Oregon Mission was first formed, afterwards the number of stations determined. The Mission is the body, the stations the branches. According to men and means operations were enlarged or contracted ; number of stations increased or diminished. It began with two stations, which were increased to four. The missions of the American Board were little republics. All the important arrangements in regard to each station are made in annual meetings of all the members of the mission, and determined by a vote of the majority of those present."

While Dr. Whitman, by common consent, is accorded the chief place in the personnel of the missions of the American Board, he actually had no more authority over them, or even over his own mission, than any other one of the whole number. Everything was decided by the "majority of those present." There was no chief officer, no superintendent to assume direction or exercise authority. To say the least this was not favorable to harmony, and a want of harmony was certainly unfavorable to the influence and success of the missionary work.

Pending obedience to the instructions of the Board of Missions, Dr. Whitman decided for himself that further most strenuous efforts should be made to satisfy that body that the course it had resolved upon was unwise and should not be carried out. So fully was he satisfied of this that he resolved to visit the east, and before the Board present the case in person as he saw it, and ask that the order be rescinded. A meeting of the mission was called to consider whether or not its approval could be given to the proposed undertaking of Dr. Whitman. It met at Waiiletpu about the first of September, and all the male members of the mission, namely, Dr. Whitman and Messrs. Walker, Eells, Spalding and Gray, were present. Mr. Eells, in giving an account of the meeting, says:

> "Mr. Walker and myself were decidedly opposed, and we yielded only when it became evident that he would go, even if he had to become disconnected with the mission to do so."

Under the influence of this determination of Dr. Whitman the other gentlemen withdrew their opposition, and, choosing that he should go with, rather than without, the sanction of the mission, voted to approve of his "attempt to make the journey." When this action was had Dr. Whitman fixed on the 5th day of October as the day for starting, and began immediatey to make his preparations.

As this journey of Dr. Whitman, with its incidents, has been the center about which much historical discussion, not to say controversy, has been made to revolve, it is necessary that we give it some careful and candid consideration. Whatever there may have been of more dramatic incident, or of personal hardship and peril in it, and there was much of all, must needs be passed by, that we may follow the clear thread of historic interest that is easily tracable through all. A brief preliminary statement is needful.

All the missionaries west of the Rocky Mountains, by virtue of their civil and political as well as religious affinities, necessarily sustained a double relation to the country in which they had located. They were not only religious propagandists, seeking the conversion of the Indians, but they were political propagandists as well by the very force of the anomalous political conditions of the country itself. Oregon at that time had no settled and determined political status. The United States and Great Britain each asserted a claim to it, but neither conceded the right of the other. The result of an acrimonious and long continued discussion was the adoption in 1818 of a treaty between the two nations, providing for a "joint occupancy" of the country for a term of ten years, "without prejudice to any claim which either party might have to any part of the country." There was not much effort by the negotiators of the treaty to determine boundaries or ownership, although the British commissioners intimated that the Columbia River itself would be the most convenient boundary that could be adopted, and declared that they would not agree upon any boundary that did not give Great Britain the harbor at the mouth of the river in common with the United States.

The joint occupancy treaty expired by its terms in 1838, but, against strong opposition in Congress and in the country, was renewed for an indefinite period, either party being permitted to withdraw from it on giving one year's notification.

While joint occupancy was the law of the land there was no American occupancy of the country in any form until 1834. Up to this time the Hudson's Bay Company, a strong British corporation, and thoroughly loyal to that country, was its sole possessor. The first party of Americans to permanently fix themselves in Oregon was Jason Lee and his three coadjutors of the Methodist Mission in 1834. As we have told the story of that company, we need not here recapitulate it here. The mission established by that company became the center around which all American settlement gathered, and it logically stood as representing the claim of the United States to Oregon as against that of England. When the American Board established its mission two years later, it was so isolated from the centers of influence, American and British, that its members individually and the mission as a body could not participate in any of these movements that had origin or reference to the rival parties. Its members, however, were all thoroughly loyal Americans, and so, in the ultimate estimate of forces must be counted on that side of the issues involved. The only other missionary force in the country while these issues were pending was the Roman Catholic, which established itself in 1838. The members of this propaganda were all ardent and zealous advocates of the pretentions of Great Britain. They were even more unanimous and more zealous in opinions and actions than were the members of the Hudson's Bay Company themselves on that side of the contention. Not a few of the gentlemen connected with that company had a warm admiration for the institutions of the United States, and were also close personal friends of the American missionaries, especially of Mr. Lee and Dr. Whitman, whose bold and chivalrous characters had a charm for them notwithstanding the company itself was strongly on the British side of the Oregon question. Nothing else could have been expected of them, as the decision of the question in favor of England would mean a continuation indefinitely of the rights and principles of that company as the virtual owners of the Northwest. All these, and other related questions, were exciting the small American population of Oregon when Dr. Whitman determined to return to the States, and doubtless added something to the motives that led him to that determination, but its first and chiefest motive was the salvation of his mission and that of Mr. Spalding's from annihilation.

In tracing the line of events that determined history on this coast it is interesting to note that the autumn of 1842, in which Dr. Whitman began his eastern journey, was the autumn that brought the first real American immigration of families into Oregon, outside of the families that came in assotion with the work of the missions. That emigration was led by Dr. Elijah White, who had been appointed Sub-Indian Agent for Oregon by the government of the United States, and consisted of about 130 adult persons. It began to reach Waiiletpu the last of September, about a month after Dr. Whitman had determined to go east, and when his preparations for that journey were almost entirely completed. The immigrants brought a rumor that negotiations were pending in the spring between the high contending parties in regard to Oregon, and that the United States was likely to dispose of the country to Great Britain for the consideration of some fishing privileges on the Eastern banks. Practically this entire statement was untrue, for, though England and the United States, through Lord Ashburton on the one hand and Daniel Webster on the other, were negotiating a treaty of boundary between the two powers, it was the eastern, or Maine, boundary and not the western or Oregon boundary at all. Incorrect as the statement was it caused considerable excitement, and became in later years the foundation of much inconsequential romancing, and, coming, as it did, a few days before Dr. Whitman actually started on his journey, it has been seized upon as a basis for the claim that Dr. Whitman, by this journey, "saved Oregon to the United States." Before we give a statement of the historic events connected with the diplomatic relations of the United States and Great Britain which resulted in confirming the title to Oregon in the former we will follow Dr. Whitman in his celebrated journey, upon the result of which the continuation of his mission station and that of Mr. Spalding depended.

The Mission Council at Waiiletpu had determined that all communications to be forwarded by the missionaries to the east by him should be in his hands before the 5th of October, and that day was fixed upon as the date of his departure. They reached him earlier and he began his march on the 3d day of the month. He had secured the services of a young gentlemen who had just arrived in the country with the emigration led by Dr. White, Mr. A. L. Lovejoy, to accompany him on his journey.

The writer had the pleasure of a long and somewhat intimate acquaintance with Mr. Lovejoy, extending from 1853 to the time of his death, about thirty years after, and often conversed with him in regard to the events of the journey, as well as the incidents of early pioneer life in Oregon. There is little extant about the journey in fact except an account of Mr. Lovejoy's written in 1876. From this a few extracts will be given, which contain the gist of the whole story. He says:—

"I crossed the plains with Dr. White and others and arrived at Waiiletpu the last of September, 1842. My party camped some two miles below Dr. Whitman's place. The day after our arrival Dr. Whitman called at our camp and asked me to accompany him to his house, as he wished me to draw up a memorial to Congress to prohibit the sale of ardent spirits in this country. The doctor was alive to the interests of this coast, and manifested a very warm desire to have it properly represented at Washington, and after numerous conversations touching the future prosperity of Oregon, he asked me one day in a very anxious manner if I thought it would be possible for him to cross the mountains at that time of the year. I told him I thought he could. He next asked, "Will you accompany me?" After a little reflection I told him I would. * * * We left Waiiletpu October 3d, traveled rapidly, and reached Fort Hall in eleven days, remained two days to recruit, and make a few purchases."

Here Dr. Whitman and Mr. Lovejoy were on the direct and plain highway of travel between the western frontiers and Oregon. They had both passed over it, Mr. Lovejoy only a few weeks before. It was a plain wagon road, leading over comparatively low spurs of mountains until it reached Green River, and then through the wide depression in the Rocky Mountains known as the South Pass, directly down the waters of the Platte to the Missouri. For some reason, which Mr. Lovejoy does not mention the Doctor left the beaten road, which would have led him, at his rate of traveling, in two weeks, beyond the South Pass, and chose a more southern route via Salt Lake, Taos and Santa Fe, in Mexico, and thence by Bent's Fort, on the Arkansas to St. Louis. This took him out of the open way into the wildest and most snowy of the Rocky Mountains, and necessarily kept him traversing the highest portion of that range lengthwise, instead of crossing it where its altitude was lowest, and its ranges and summits declined into a comparative mountainous plain. This decision added greatly to the length of the journey and the danger of encountering the deep snows that fall upon these highest altitudes much earlier than on the plains of the South Pass route. The journey as thus made proved a very difficult and dangerous one. Mr. Lovejoy gives many incidents of the difficulties encountered, but we cannot relate them here. A single one will suffice:

"On reaching Fort Uncompaghgra, on the waters of Grand River, the main eastern branch of the Colorado, they recruited their supplies, procured a guide, and started for Taos across the main divide of the Rocky Mountains. Four or five days on their journey they encountered a terrific storm, when their guide became confused, and Dr. Whitman was compelled to return to the Fort for a new one, Mr. Lovejoy remaining alone in camp until his return after seven days. Recovering their way it was thirty days before they reached Taos, having suffered greatly for food and from the cold. After a few days rest they left for Bent's Fort. Desiring to reach that place more speedily than his loaded pack animals could make the journey, the doctor selected the best horse, and with blankets and a little food rode forward alone. In four days Mr. Lovejoy and the guide arrived at the Fort, but the doctor had not been seen or heard of. Mr. Lovejoy returned a hundred miles on the trail, but could only learn from the Indians that a lost white man had been inquiring the way to Bent's Fort. About the eighth day from the time he left his companions he reached the Fort, worn, weary and desponding; as he believed God had bewildered him for traveling on the Sabbath—a thing he had always conscientiously avoided."

Mr. Lovejoy concludes his account of this journey by saying:

"Here we parted. The doctor proceeded to Washington, I remaining at Bent's Fort until spring and joined the doctor the following July near Fort Laramie on his way back to Oregon in company with a train of emigrants. He often expressed himself to me about the remainder of his journey, and the manner in which he was received at Washington, and by the Board of Missions at Boston. He had several interviews with President Tyler, Secretary Webster and members of Congress—Congress being in session at the time. He urged the immediate termination of the treaty with Great Britain, and begged them to extend the laws of the United States over Oregon, and asked for liberal inducements for emigrants to come to this coast. But his reception by the Board of Foreign Missions was not so cordial. They were inclined to censure him for leaving his post."

Dr. Whitman reached St. Louis in March. After visiting Washington he proceeded to Boston and met the Missionary Board, and after closing his business with that body, returned to the west, reaching the frontiers of Missouri early in May, where he joined the company of emigrants which had already assembled there, and traveled with them across the plains, reaching his home about one year from the time he left it for his eventful journey.

During the year of his absence the interests of his mission had greatly suffered. The Indians had burned his mill, and in other ways despoiled the property of the mission. They were so manifestly hostile that soon after his departure Mrs. Whitman had left the place and gone down the Columbia to the Methodist Mission at The Dalles, where she spent the winter of 1842-3. Mr. Lovejoy says:

> "The Indians were very hostile to the doctor for leaving them, and without doubt, owing to his absence the seeds of assassination were sown by those haughty Cayuse Indians which resulted in his and Mrs. Whitman's death, with many others, though it did not take place until four years later."

While Dr. Whitman was absent in the east there was little of special interest to mark the story of the missions of the American Board in Oregon. Disheartened at the conditions of the mission, Mr. Gray asked and obtained a discharge from their service, and had removed to the Willamette Valley, where he had associated himself with the work of the Oregon Institute as its secular agent. Practically all missionary work at Waiiletpu had ceased during the doctor's absence. There were left connected with the mission only three men: Spalding, Walker and Eells. Of course there were a few other men in the secular employ of the stations, but they did not rate as missionaries. While Dr. Whitman had secured from the Board a suspension of the order to disband the Lapwai and Waiiletpu stations, he did not bring back with him any additional help for the mission work. Indeed, that work never appeared at so low an ebb as when he reached it on his return in the autumn of 1843. The causes of this decline are not to be traced to any want of faithfulness on the part of the missionaries, but rather to the apprehensive and jealous condition of the Indian mind, increased and intensified by the coming of the immigration of 1842, under Dr. White, and the still larger one of 1843, with which Dr. Whitman was himself associated. These causes particularly operated on the minds of the Cayuses, through the center of whose territory the emigrant route passed, and from them spread outward to the other tribes. Indeed, after Dr. Whitman rehabilitated his mission in the autumn of 1843, the work of that station lost much of its character as an Indian mission. It became rather a resting place and trading post, where the successive immigrations of 1844-'45-'46 and '47 halted for a little recuperation after their long and weary journey before they passed forward to the Willamette. This was inevitable, but its tendency was to increase the angry tension of the Cayuse mind and render less and less hopeful any effort made to benefit that apparently doomed people. Their bad spirit often broke out in acts of violence and indignity against Dr. Whitman and others at his station, showing that this people were growing tired of the restraints imposed upon them by missionary teaching, and were even meditating the expulsion of missionary teachers from their midst. All saw it, felt it, feared it, but Dr. Whitman seemed to realize it least of all. More or less this bad contagion affected the other tribes and threatened the other stations, but Waiiletpu seemed to be the storm-center about which were gathering the clouds of wrath.

Fort Walla Walla was at this time under the direction of Mr. Archibald McKinlay, a Scotch Presbyterian, a warm personal friend of Dr. Whitman, and a very noble man. He subsequently left the service of the Hudson's Bay Company and become a citizen of the United States, as did Dr. McLoughlin. Mr. McKinlay strongly sustained Dr. Whitman, and had it not been for his support it is not likely that the doctor would have been able to continue his work among the Cayuses after his return. The Indian chief who claimed Waiiletpu, Teloukaikt, was especially decided in opposition to the continuance of the mission. Dr. McLoughlin, whose judgment and friendship were always at the service of all the missions, advised Dr. Whitman to remove from among the Cayuses, as he believed not only that he could no longer be useful to them, but that his life was in danger if he remained among them. Dr. Whitman, however, could not see what these astute leaders clearly perceived, and in the summer of 1847 began to make preparations for the erection of a Church and other buildings. He also urged the American Home Missionary Society to occupy the field at once. This hopeful feeling was shared at the other stations. Mr. Eells at Tshimakain wrote in April, 1847, "we feel that as a mission our prospects were never more encouraging."

It was at this time that Dr. Whitman entered into negotiations with Rev. George Gary, Superintendent of the Methodist Missions in Oregon, for the transfer of the Dalles mission of that church to him for the American Board, as related in a former chapter. It appears on the whole, that, on finding that Mr. Gray was willing to withdraw from all the missionary work east of the Mountains, Dr. Whitman decided to close up his work at Waiiletpu and concentrate it at the Dalles. He expected to accomplish this by the spring of 1848, so he wrought on amid discouragements undiscouraged, and amid failure hoping for succees through the summer and autumn of 1847. Nothing could be braver.

Suddenly, however, on the 29th day of November, 1847, the thrilling drama changed to bloody tragedy, and the mission of Waiiletpu went out in blood. The very Indians for whom Dr. and Mrs. Whitman had performed their heroic and self-sacrificing toil for eleven years, excited to savage frenzy by the everlasting whisperings of suspicion that were addressed to their superstitious fears, gathered in numbers about the mission station, and while one of them was treacherously seeking a favor of the Doctor, another buried a tomahawk in his brain. A scene of barbarous cruelty and murder that has had few parallels in the history of missionary martyrdom followed the fatal blow. Mrs. Whitman was shot, and several others shared her fate before the terrible tragedy was over. Over the circumstances of the appalling hour in which expired these noble lives and this noble mission we draw a veil. It were enough to state the awful fact without detailing the horrors of the atrocious deed.

With the death of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, and the utter destruction of their mission, all the missions of the American Board in the country were abandoned as soon as those who conducted them could escape from the country. This was not easily done, and probably could not have been effected at all but for the immediate and effective interposition of the Hudson's Bay Company in their behalf. Mr. Spalding was on a visit to Waiiletpu at the time of the massacre, but on the fatal day was temporarily absent at Umatilla, about forty miles distant, and so escaped the fate of his fellow missionary. Returning towards Waiiletpu the next day, he was within three miles of the station when he met a Catholic priest who informed him of the terrible fact. He turned and fled towards his own station, over a hundred miles distant, with no food but a little furnished him by the priest. The Indians in the whole country were frantic with this taste of blood, and it was only after he had traveled seven nights on foot, his horse having escaped him soon after he began his flight, that he reached Lapwai. He found his own premises plundered by the hostile Nez Perces, though his wife had been protected by friendly chiefs of the same tribe.

Messrs. Walker and Eells and their families continued at their station a short time, when threats of danger became so alarming that Chief Factor Lewis of the Hudson's Bay Company, in command of Fort Colville, about seventy miles north of Spokane, offered them asylum at that post. This offer they accepted, and removing to that station remained until the following June. Meantime the

Indian war that followed the massacre at Waiilet-pu had brought an army of several hundred volunteers into the Cayuse country who had spent some months in vigorous effort to subdue the Cayuses and punish the murderers, and were about to return to the Willamette Valley. When they were about to leave the vicinity of the fearful tragedy of November 29th, Col. H. A. G. Lee, commanding the forces, asked for volunteers to proceed to Colville and rescue the missionaries from the Indian country. Major James Magone and sixty men undertook the duty. On their way north they met the missionaries and families near their old station, and, taking them under their care, conducted them safely to Oregon City.

Col. Lee, as military commander, proclaimed the country closed to missionaries. This was a mere form. It was closed by something more imperative than a military order, and the work among the Indians could not have been continued if no such order had been issued. Although Messrs. Walker and Eells retained their connection, nominally, with the Missionary Board for a few years longer, this was the end of the missions of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions among the Indians of Oregon.

Although the missions themselves as an organized work ended here and thus, the history of their work does not end here, and it would not be right to dismiss it from our record in this summary way. There were elements and influences connected with and flowing out of these missions that have had a continuous effect on some of the tribes among whom they were established up to this time. It is proper that some of these be named.

We have mentioned before that these tribes were in all respects much superior to those west of the Cascade Mountains. They had much the finer physical and intellectual make-up. Their modes of life corresponded with their personal elevation. Living in a country of vast rolling prairies, intersected and bordered by most magnificent mountain ranges, they ranked with the great equestrian tribes that roamed the plains eastward of the Rocky Mountains. They were alert, long-visioned, and, in their aboriginal way, full of mental resources. It may be doubted if any Indians in American ever furnished as promising a field for the efforts of the missionary as did the Nez Perces, and next to them, possibly, the Spokanes, including their neighbors and relatives the Cayuses, Yakimas and Walla Wallas. They were the literal owners of the greater half of the present States of Washington and Oregon and Idaho; a region now boasting the third, if not the second city of the Northwest, Spokane, with hundreds of thriving cities and villages, and that may without exaggeration claim the honor of being the finest wheat producing region of the United States. They roamed it far and near, over plain and mountain, at will.

The conditions of their life were such that they seemed to present the finest opportunities for success in missionarary work, and for some years after the missions at Waiiletpu and Lapwai were established strong hopes were entertained that they would become a civilized Christian people. These hopes were the stronger because they were so widely separated from any larger contact with white people. So distant was all Oregon from all sources of emigration, and this part of it so far inland from the Pacific coast, that it did not seem likely to any but a few of the most astute observers that the Indians could be disturbed in their sole occupancy of it until these tribes had themselves put on the new life of a Christian civilization. Hence, even the Methodist missionaries of the Willamette, who visited these missions, believed that they had by far the best chance of final success. Mr. Lee, who, as has been previously recorded, visited them in the spring of 1838, and gave nearly a month to their examination and study, formed this opinion. Mr. Hines, who visited them in the summer of 1843, in company with Dr. Elijah White, then sub-Indian Agent for Oregon, and Rev. H. K. W. Perkins, of the Methodist Mission at Wascopam, and had the best opportunity for forming a judgment of the character of the Indians themselves, pronounced the mission of Mr. Spalding among the Nez Perces "the most promising Indian mission in Oregon." Still their end as missions was what we have stated, and as we have stated it.

It is somewhat difficult to satisfactorily delineate the causes that led to this result. Different writers each studying the facts of the attendant history from a different standpoint, assign it to a different cause. This fact alone would indicate that the causes must be somewhat occult, and hence not easy to detect in any simple or single form, but that they must be found in a combination of conditions and facts that, operating on the strongly personal and prejudiced nature of such a people, inflamed a portion of them to such a deed of murder to avenge what they conceived to be injuries or wrongs wrought upon themselves. This, of course, is the most charitable view to be taken on the side of the Indians, but it is in harmony with their well-known mental and moral character, and the traditions of their race. It should not escape statement, however, that it was only a portion of the Cayuse tribe that was engaged in the fearful, murderous tragedy that thus ended these missions.

For many years these causes were much discussed. Some writers, among whom Mr. W. H. Gray, who was connected with the mission of Dr. Whitman and Mr. Spalding as a secular agent from their beginning until the spring of 1843, was most prominent, charged it almost entirely upon the influence of the Catholic missionaries, and what he conceived to be their matured intention to drive the Protestant mission out of the country at any sacrifice; abetted and encouraged by the Hudson's Bay Company, for the purpose of destroying their influence in favor of the United States in the contest then going on for the ownership of the country. The concensus of later and calmer judgment, however, has been that, while the presence of the Roman Catholic missionaries in the country, with their always unrelenting and unconcealed opposition to Protestantism, had a strong influence on many of the Indians against the missions and the missionaries, they did not seek nor advise the destruction of the mission in this awful way. The controversy on this theme has been very extended, and we can not enter upon it in this book. Still it would not be fair to the unstudied reader if we did not say, that, after many years of examination, and a personal acquaintance with all the chief actors in the events of that thrilling era in Oregon history except Dr. Whitman himself, including the Catholic priests and the leading characters of the Hudson's Bay Company, such seems to us to be the most reasonable conclusion of history.

More remains to this day of the results of the missions of Mr. Spalding among the Nez Perces than of those of any other Indian mission of Oregon. Possibly this is because more remains of the Nez Perces themselves. Having the most stable and elevated character of any of the tribes, and withal, being the largest of any, they retain many traces of the work he and his most excellent wife did among them. Christian men and women, with Christian churches still existing, and even yet multiplying among them, testify that their work was not in vain in the Lord.

XXV.

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

THE subject of what is known in history as "The Provisional Government of Oregon," is to be introduced here only so far as it relates to the era of the missionary organizations, and the periods when the results of their presence and work were crystalizing into social conditions that called for civil and political order. Before this time the dreamy story of the Indian tribes had simply changed into the scarcely less dreamy story of the fur traffic, hardly more civilization than was the other. How little there was of anything that had the fragrance of civilization rather than the odor of the wigwam in it up to the close of 1840 will be seen by the following summary of arrivals of Americans in the country up to that time. In 1834 the four members of the Methodist Episcopal Missions and six other Americans arrived. In 1835 there were none. In 1836 three male and two female missionaries of the American Board. In 1837 five male and seven female missionaries of the Methodist Board, with three children and three settlers reached the country. In 1838 eight persons reinforced the Missions of the American Board and three white men from the Rocky Mountrains came into the country. In 1839 four independent Protestant missionaries and eight settlers came. In 1840 thirty-one adults and fourteen children came to the Methodist Mission, and four independent Protestant missionaries and thirteen settlers, mostly Rocky Mountain men with Indian wives, came in. This made in all 86 adults connected with the missions and twenty-eight American settlers, a total of 114. Besides these, in 1838 and 1839 F. N. Blanchet, A. Demers and P. G. De Smet, Jesuit missionaries, arrived. These, of course, added nothing to the American settlement, and surely not to the American sentiment in the country, but rather the reverse. Outside of these there were a small number of the superanuated employes of the Hudson's Bay Company located at various points, yet holding legal and social relations to that body.

Civilly and politically there were two sentiments; one American and one British. Being largely in the majority of the Americans, and a chosen body of able and educated men and women, the missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church naturally and necessarily took the lead in all matters that looked towards the establishment

GEORGE ABERNETHY.
First Governor of Oregon.

of any form of government in the country. The missionaries of the American Board, namely, Dr. Whitman and Messrs. Spalding and Eells and Walker were so far removed from the center of settlement that they had no participation in the movements that resulted in the establishment of the Provisional Government. There was not a single American resident within a hundred and fifty miles of any of their missions.

So situated they had no opportunity to co-operate with the small American community in the Willamette in any movement looking to the general interests of Oregon as related to general educational work, or to the extension of the authority of the United States Government over the territory. Of course they were in sentiment entirely in accord with the American citizens of Oregon, and but for their isolation would have heartily co-operated with them.

On the other hand the Jesuit missionaries, the retired servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, with that company itself, could always be relied on to sustain the pretensions of Great Britain, and oppose the plans and purposes of the American population, led by the Methodist missionaries. Thus it happened at the close of 1840, that the forces in array against each other for the ultimate possession of the country, were on the one side, the Hudson's Bay Company, and its retired servants, together with the Roman Catholic missionaries. On the other side the Methodist Missions and the American settlers.

The stake was the country itself, and whether it should become American or English was the question at issue. The stake was immeasurable; and the players were so nearly equal in number that no man could tell where the majority would fall until the day for a final count should come. Counted by numbers it was the smallest force that ever contended for an empire. Gauged by results it was the mightiest conflict of the century. All told there were 137 Americans of all ages and sexes in the country, over 90 of whom were connected with the Protestant missions.

Such men as led the American contingent in this contest do not slumber on their posts. Indeed before 1840 the first step towards the final one was taken by the memorial gotten up by the mission and carried by Mr. Lee to Washington, to which former reference was made. In 1839 the subject was again brought to the attenion of Congress in a memorial, too important as a part of the missionary history of the Northwest to be omitted here. It was as follows:

"To the Honorable, the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled:

"Your petitioners represent unto your honorable bodies that they are residents in the Oregon Territory, and citizens of the United States, or persons desirous of becoming such.

They further represent unto your honorable bodies that they have settled themselves in said territory under the belief that it was a portion of the public domain of the United States, and that they might rely upon the government thereof for the blessings of free institutions, and the protection of its arms.

Your petitioners further represent that they are uninformed of any acts of said government by which its institutions are extended to them; in consequence whereof themselves and families are exposed to be destroyed by the savages around them, and others that would do them harm.

And your petitioners would further represent that they have no means of protecting their lives and the lives of their families other than self-constituted tribunals, originated and sustained by an ill-instructed public opinion, and the resort to force and arms.

And your petitioners would further represent these means of safety to be an insufficient safeguard of life and property, and that the crimes of theft, murder, infanticide, etc., are increasing among them to an alarming extent, and your petitioners declare themselves unable to arrest this progress of crime and its terrible consequences without the aid of law, and tribunals to administer it.

Your petitioners therefore pray the Congress of the United States to establish as soon as may be a Territorial Government in the Oregon Territory.

And if other reasons than these presented were needed to induce your honorable bodies to grant the prayer of the undersigned, your petitioners, they would be found in the value of the territory to the nation and the alarming circumstances that portend its loss.

Your petitioners, in view of these last considerations, would represent that the English government has had a surveying party on the Oregon coast for two years, employed in making accurate surveys of all its bays, rivers and harbors, and that recently the said government is said to have made a grant to the Hudson's Bay Company of all lands lying between the Columbia River and Puget Sound, and that the said company is actually exercising unequivocal acts of ownership over said lands and opening extensive farms upon the same.

And your petitioners represent that these circumstances, connected with other acts of said company to the same effects, and their declaration that the English government owns and will hold, as its own soil, that portion of Oregon Territory situated north of the Columbia River, together with the important fact that the said company are cutting and sawing into lumber and shipping to foreign marts vast quantities of the finest pine trees upon the navigable waters of the Columbia, have led your petitioners to apprehend that the English Government does intend at all events to hold that portion of this territory lying north of the Columbia River.

And your petitioners represent that the said territory north of the Columbia River is an invaluable possession to the American Union; that in and about Puget Sound are the only harbors of easy access and commodious and safe upon the whole coast of the territory, and that a great part of this said northern part of the territory is rich in timber and valuable minerals. For this and other reasons your petitioners pray that Congress will establish its sovereignty over said territory.

Your petitioners would further represent that the country south of the Columbia River and north of the Mexican line, and extending from the Pacific ocean 120 miles into the interior is of unequaled beauty. Its mountains, covered with perpetual snow, pouring into the prairies around their bases transparent streams of the purest water, the white and black oak, pine, cedar and fir forests that divide the prairies into sections convenient for farming purposes, the rich mines of coal in its hills, and salt springs in its valleys, its quarries of limestone, sandstone, chalk and marble, the salmon of its rivers, and the various blessings of the delightful and healthy climate, are known to us and impress your petitioners with the belief that this is one of the most favored portions of the globe.

Indeed the deserts of the interior have their wealth of pasturage, and their lakes, evaporating in summer, leave in their basins hundreds of bushels of the purest soda. Many other circumstances could be named showing the importance of this territory in a national, commercial and agricultural point of view. And although your petitioners would not undervalue considerations of this kind, yet they beg leave especially to call the attention of Congress to their own condition as an infant colony, without military force or civil institutions to protect the lives and property and children, sanctuaries and tombs from the hands of uncivilized and merciless savages around them. We respectfully ask for the civil institutions of the American Republic. We pray for the high privilege of American citizenship, the peaceful enjoyment of life, the right of acquiring, possessing and using property, and the unrestrained pursuit of rational happiness. And your petitioners will ever pray.

DAVID LESLIE.
And about seventy others.

The reader must pronounce this a most remarkable document. David Leslie was at this time pro tem Superintendent of the Methodist Mission in Oregon, in the absence of Jason Lee, then on his return from the States with the great reinforcement that reached Oregon June 1st, 1840. It certainly was fortunate for the United States that the church had in her missionary work in Oregon at that most critical period of Oregon history men who were capable of producing such documents, and at the same time brave and patriotic enough to take up on the disputed soil the cause of the American possession of the country, when that of Great Britain was championed by such a power on the very ground as the Hudson's Bay Company, aided by all the influence of the Catholic missions. It is a most brilliant chapter of Methodist history. While this memorial had gone on to Congress, and the people of Oregon were waiting for some congressional action, the necessities of the colony were growing more and more urgent. Something in the form of a government seemed imperatively demanded. To meet the requirements of the time a meeting of a number of the leading citizens was called at Champoeg, not far from the Methodist Mission, on the 7th of February, 1841, for consultation on the steps necessary to be taken for the formation of laws and the election of officers to execute them. Rev. Jason Lee was called to the chair. He advised the appointment of a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws for the government of the country south of the Columbia River, but no definite action was had. Another meeting was held at the Methodist Mission on the 17th of February, when nearly all the people of the valley were present. Rev. David Leslie was president, and Gustavus Hines and Sidney Smith were secretaries. Though a committee was appointed to formulate a system of government of which Rev. F. N. Blanchet, afterwards Roman Catholic Archbishop of Oregon, was chairman, to report to the meeting of June 11th, it was found that Mr. Blanchet had not called the committee together, and no further action was had in the matter at this time.

Early in the autumn the first indication that the memorials sent to Congress in 1838 and 1839 were having any effect on the action of the government relating to Oregon was received in the country. Dr. Elijah White, who had formerly held the position of physician to the mission, but had returned to the States, arrived again in the country holding a government commission as sub-Agent for the Indians west of the Rocky Mountains. The people were rejoiced at even so slight an evidence that the government would, sometime, extend its jurisdiction over the country, and, at least, were encouraged to wait with confidence. Gradually it became rather clear that the American sentiment predominated over the English. This induced the British and Catholic influence to adopt the plan of forming a government entirely independent; national in itself; a new power among the world's nationalities. Dr. McLoughlin gave the weight of his name and influence to this scheme, carrying with him, of course, the men of the Hudson's Bay Company, the Catholic clergy, and the retired servants of the Company. This was a combination not easy to be overcome. It was the more dangerous because Dr. McLoughlin was a man of large business, much the largest in the country, and had retained able attorneys to care for it, who were always ready to serve whatever he considered for his interests. At a public lyceum in Oregon City, where many of the most influential men of the community were accustomed to meet to discuss public questions, Mr. L. W. Hastings, as attorney for Dr. McLoughlin, introduced a resolution in the following words:

"Resolved, That it is expedient for the settlers of the coast to organize an independent government."

At the close of the discussion the vote was taken and the resolution was adopted. This was a critical moment in the history of Oregon. While this lyceum was not a legislative body, it had influence enough to determine the action of the community on any question upon which the people was so evenly divided as upon this. All the British party were in favor of this action, because anything that would prevent the United States from assuming jurisdiction over the country would only be a way of turning the country over to Great Britain. This, doubtless, was the ultimate end sought by the party that sustained the resolution. The resolution was passed, but the man was at hand who was equal to the emergency. It was Mr. George Abernethy, the steward of the Methodist Mission, having charge of all the temporal business of the Mission, who was a resident of Oregon City. He immediately shifted the issue by introducing the following resolution for discussion the following week:

"Resolved, That if the United States extends its jurisdiction over this country during the next four years it will not be expedient to form an independent government."

A very earnest debate followed. Both sides were at their best. Both felt that the action here to be had would determine the course the Oregon community would take in the establishment of a government, which, evidently, could not be much longer delayed without plunging the country into a state of riotous anarchy. By a considerable majority the resolution of Mr. Abernethy was adopted.

This resolution, in effect, pledged the people against an "Independent government," at least for four years. It also clearly indicated the abiding faith of the American party that the laws of the United States would soon be extended over Oregon. It also left the way open for the organization of such a scheme of order as the people might adopt that would anticipate its own supercession by the authority of the United States at some future date.

There were three classes of opinion in the country at this time in regard to the proper action to be had. First, and perhaps stronger than either of the others, as it was led by the influence of the Hudson's Bay Company, under the guidance of Dr. McLoughlin; An Independent Government. Second, a Provisional Government looking to the early extension of the authority of the United States over the country. Third, a continuation of the present condition until the United States should extend its laws over Oregon. The American sentiment was somewhat divided between the second and third propositions. Mr. Abernethy's resolution had a strong tendency to unite this sentiment, as it, in connection with the action on the resolution of Mr. Hastings, showed clearly that the majority of the people were decided that a government was a necessity. It became at once, therefore, only a question whether it should be "Independent" or "Provisional." The "Independent" movement meant nothing ultimately but British ownership. The "Provisional" movement meant just as certainly American ownership. The action that must now soon be had would determine what the people of Oregon themselves chose as the relation of the future State that all now saw was soon to rise out of the somewhat chaotic condition of the country. What that choice should be when made undoubtedly meant the decision of the "Oregon question." It was a pivotal time; and Mr. Abernethy's resolution was the pivot on which the future turned.

Fearing that the swing of opinion was against the formation of an "Independent" government, those who had favored that began to fall in line against any government at all. The reason is obvious. A Provisional government meant simply a temporary regulation which avowedly looked forward to the speedy occupancy of the country by the United States. This was the one thing that all who favored an Independent government were trying to avoid. That movement was from the beginning to end in behalf of the British ownership of Oregon under the guise of independency until such a time as the guise could be thrown off and the ownership proclaimed·

Events began now rapidly to hasten. Space does not permit us to follow the successive steps of the drama, only to state their outcome. After some important preliminary meetings and conferences on the part of the friends of a Provisional government, and many counter movements on the part of those who had adopted the shibboleth of "No Government," a meeting was called to be held at Champoeg on the 2d day of May, 1843, at which all understood that the determinative action would be taken. Pending this meeting "An Address of the Canadian citizens of Oregon to the meeting at Champoeg," was circulated throughout the country, and every effort was made to prevent affirmative action at the meeting of May 2d. This "Address" was written by Rev. F. N. Blanchet, a very astute Roman Catholic priest, who afterwards became Archbishop. He was a master in dialectics in his own tongue, the French, but was not able to perfectly Anglicise his speech. It was ably conceived, though expressed in imperfect English. A quotation of paragraphs 11 and 12 will disclose the animus and purpose of the entire address. They are as follows:

> "11. That we consider the country free, at present to all nations till government shall have decided; open to every individual wishing to settle, without distinction of origin, and without asking him anything, either to become an English, Spanish, or American citizen.
>
> 12. So we, English subjects, proclaim to be free, as well as those who come from France, California, or the United States, or even natives of this country; and we desire unison with all the respectable citizens who wish to settle in this country; or we ask to be recognized as free among ourselves to make such regulations as appear suitable to our wants, save the general interest of having justice from all strangers who might injure us, and that our reasonable customs and pretensions be respected."

Through the ambiguous expressions of this extract is shown as clearly as any thing can be shown, that the real conflict that was to be joined at the meeting at Champoeg was the old one of British or American ownership of Oregon, now on the very point of coming to a decisive issue before the people of Oregon itself.

It was an intense moment when the appointed meeting gathered at Champoeg on the 2d day of May, and it was found that the larger part of the adult males of the Oregon settlement were present and ready for the decisive contest. Dr. Ira L. Babcock, of the Methodist Mission, was made chairman of the meeting, and G. W. Le Breton elected secretary. A committee of twelve, which had been appointed at a previous meeting to report at this, made a report which favored an organization. A motion to accept it was made, but the Hudson's Bay men and the Catholics under the lead of Rev. F. N. Blanchet, unanimously voted "No," and the motion to accept was lost. There was much confusion and some consternation at this result, for it seemed that all the hopes of those who had labored so earnestly and patriotically in behalf of the organization of a Provisional government were to be blasted. Mr. Blanchet's forces were well trained, and though many of them did not well understand the English language, they could say "No" when any motion was made by one on the side of an organization, and "Yes," when the motion was made by one of their own side. There was hesitation about another motion that would bring the question to a direct vote. In the midst of the uncertainty, a loyal mountaineer stepped forth and solved the uncertainty. "Joe Meek," an old Rocky Mountain man, whom our readers have seen before in this volume, of tall, erect and commanding form, fine visage, with a coal-black eye, and the voice of a stentor, stepped out of the crowd and shouted, "All in favor of the report of the committee and an organization, follow me." The Americans, with a few of the more intelligent and far seeing of the Canadians were quickly in line by his side.. The opposition,led by Blanchet, filed more slowly "to the left." The lines were carefully counted. Fifty-two stood with Meek; fifty with Blanchet; so narrow was the margin on this historic hour in favor of the organization of any government at all.

If Joseph L. Meek had never performed any other public act worthy of mention the act of this day would alone have made his name historic· He was a leader among the Rocky Mountain men who had abandoned the perilous and unsatisfactory life of the fur hunter for a home under the blue skies and on the flowery prairies of the Willamette. These were, almost to a man, loyal Americans, and in all the questions that were being thus adjudicated in Oregon they could be depended upon to vote and act for the interests of the United States. The mountaineer and the missionary stood side by side on this occasion, as, indeed, they did on many another that concerned the country which they had both chosen for their home.

The result of the count was received with ringing shouts by the Americans; shouts which will "go ringing down the grooves of time," as marking an act hardly less decisive than any other one act that illustrates the history of Oregon. Promptly the chairman called the meeting to order again, but the defeated party, under the lead of Mr. Blanchet, silently and somewhat sullenly withdrew, leaving only those who had voted in the affirmative to conclude the business of the day. This was easily accomplished, as the meeting was now in the hands of its friends. It proceeded at once to the organization of a form of government, providing for the election of a supreme judge, with probate powers, a clerk of the court, a sheriff, three magistrates, three constables, a treasurer, a major and three captains. It also appointed a Legislative Committee of nine. These places were all filled by competent and patriotic men, as follows: A. E. Wilson, supreme judge; G. W. Le Breton, clerk of the court; J. Meek, sheriff; W. H. Willson, treasurer;

and Messrs. D. Hill, Robert Shortess, Robert Newell, Alanson Beers, T. J. Hubbard, W. H. Gray, J. O'Neil, R. Moore and William Dougherty, Legislative Committee.

This meeting adjourned to the 5th day of July, when it was to hear a report from the Legislative Committee on a form of organic law for the nascent commonwealth.

It had been fixed on the 5th day of July in order that the people might gather on the day preceeding and show their American loyalty by a grand "Independence Celebration." Both the celebration and the meeting on the 5th were occasions to call out the greatest enthusiasm. Rev. Gustavus Hines delivered an oration on the 4th, and was also the president of the meeting on the 5th. Quite a number of those who opposed an organization at the preceeding meeting were present at this and announced their cordial support of the objects sought to be obtained by the Americans. The Catholic missionaries and the members of the Hudson's Bay Company, however, not only did not attend, but publicly asserted that they would not submit to the authority of any government that might be organized. The representatives of the Hudson's Bay Company even addressed a communication to the leaders of the movement, stating that they felt abundantly able to defend both themselves and their political rights. But neither opposition nor threats gave pause to the determined men who were leading this movement for a government that should be American.

With affairs in this attitude, Mr. Hines announced that the report of the Legislative committee was in order. It was accordingly read by Mr. Le Breton. It consisted of a body of what were styled "organic laws," prefaced by the following preamble:

"We, the people of Oregon Territory, for the purpose of mutual protection, and to secure peace and prosperity among ourselves, agree to adopt the following laws and regulations until such time as the United States of America extend their jurisdiction over us."

The report of the Legislative Committee, with slight amendments, was adopted by the meeting. The report provided for the election of an "Executive Committee" of three, and, on ballot being taken, Alanson Beers, David Hill and Joseph Gale were chosen. The other officers elected in May were continued until the following May.

When this primary meeting of the loyal citizens of Oregon adjourned on the evening of the 5th of July, 1843, Oregon had passed from a condition where every man was a law unto himself into that of an organized political commonwealth.

This action was bold, and might be called revolutionary, as Oregon was claimed alike by Great Britain and the United States. As against the claim of Great Britain it approached rebellion. The people of Oregon had decided for themselves where their allegiance lay. That decision did more than any one thing or any dozen things else to decide the "Oregon Question," and if it is justifiable to claim for any man or any one fact the glory of "Saving Oregon" to the United States, it must lay to the credit of the men whose presence and work in the country, and whose constant memorializing of the government of the United States in behalf of the country, and whose intense Americanism, always and everywhere displayed, had made the organization of the "Provisional Government" a possibility.

The government thus ordained was so wisely administered that opposition gradually subsided. In the autumn following an immigration of not far from 1000 people from the eastern states entered the Willamette Valley, and melted quietly and happily away into the body politic of the embryo State, thus giving such a vast preponderence to the American population and sentiment that even the Hudson's Bay Company and the Catholic priests saw that further opposition would be useless, and began to co-operate with the new order of things.

Some changes were subsequently made in the "Organic law." The "Executive Committee" of three was found to be cumbersome, and provision was made for the election of a governor, and at an election in 1845, George Abernethy, whose name has so often and honorably appeared in this history, was chosen to that most important place.

To the immortal honor of Oregon it may be recorded that no country ever had a greater proportion of men strong enough and wise enough to govern themselves than she had. This was the result of the auspices under which the foundations of her civilization were laid. Her pioneers were the Missionaries of the Cross, and no names at this day of 1899 are mentioned so often by her historians as the names of the noble missionary bands of the period beginning with Jason Lee, first and foremost of them all, in 1834.

Mr. Abernethy's term of office was in most exigent times for the new and feeble commonwealth, but he filled it in a manner that reflected honor on himself, on the missionary service from which he graduated to the chair of executive of the young commonwealth, and to the great advantage of the people who had chosen him to be the First Governor of Oregon. All questions of the ownership of Oregon having been decided in the manner forecast in the organization of the Provisional Government, and the Government of the United States having organized her into a Territory of the Union, on the 3d day of March, 1849, Governor George Abernethy, of the Provisional Government, passed over his authority into the hands of Governor Joseph Lane, appointed Territorial Governor by President Polk, and the Provisional was merged into the National authority.

This change was a change only in form. The Provisional Government was an American Government. California had her "Bear Flag," Texas had her "Lone Star," but Oregon never marched under any other banner than the "Stars and Stripes." From the time Jason Lee stepped over the ridge of the continent on the 15th day of June, 1834, and began his march to the western sea, her missionaries, her immigrants, her mountaineers forever sung to the winds and the waves of her glorious mountains and her illimitable seas

> "The Star Spangled Banner forever shall wave
> O'er the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave"

True, he found, as he stepped on the pebbly beach of the mighty Columbia at Vancouver, on the 16th day of September, 1834, a flag-staff, and a British flag flying at its peak, but it was marred by the cabalistic sign, "H. B. C." on its crimson folds. It was degraded from its national significance to the mere emblem of trade and barter and gain. The results of his work, and the work of those who accompanied him and of those who followed him have found their glorious vindication in the grand Pacific Empire that they revealed, and then confirmed to the Great Republic. And it is not possible to evade the historic conclusion reached by one of the most painstaking students of the story of missionary work on the Northwest coast; "That to the Methodist missionaries and their friends in Washington and elsewhere, was due the Americanization of the Willamette Valley, and the inaugural movements towards a Provisional Government with all that it implied." Its implication and its sure prophecy was the treaty of 1846, between the United States and Great Britain, under which the latter withdrew her flag from all the territory of the "Old Oregon," and the former lifted the "Stars and Stripes" in unchallenged authority over what is now the grandest, most resourceful, most patriotic and most promising of our National Domain. This Empire of the West faces the old Orient, and here are the forces that will renew the great histories of the olden times in them under the loftier inspirations of the Anglo-Saxon spirit that so splendidly dominates this "Ultimate West."

H-B. 27.8.75