THE OREGON INDIANS.

PART I.

WHERE I am sitting, I look out over a wigwam of the Clatsop Indians, a tribe formerly inhabiting a portion of country to the south of the mouth of the Columbia River. It is a wretched affair, being a hut formed of upright slates, containing one room, with a small shed at one end. Smoke is issuing from every crevice; dirt and discomfort are the most striking features of the place. An Indian woman, with a flattened head, and hair cut short, and the most repulsive of filthy cotton gowns upon her person, is squatting on the ground outside. At a little distance from the hut, is a scaffold erected for the drying of salmon. Indian dogs are among the offal. Altogether, it is not an agreeable view.

Yesterday I walked in that direction, with some friends. The owner of the wigwam, or, in the Clatsop language, a chief, was leaning on the fence inclosing his residence, and we stopped to converse with him. The reader must not infer that the fence was of his building for it was not. He had squatted, temporarily, in the place, because it suited his convenience during the fishing season. The dress of this Clatsop was decent, and after the fashion of white men; so we inquired if he was a chief. Yes, he was. He was all same as Bozeman call Captain.

A gentleman of our party, who knew this Indian Captain very well, informed us that he was quite a genius in his way; could carve out of wood the image of any beast or bird, and make the most graceful little canoes, in the same way.

After some further talk, which on his side was conducted in indifferent English, the party walked on. No sooner were the ladies out of ear-shot, than the Captain began calling and making signs to the before-mentioned gentleman, who finally turned back to inquire what was wanted, and presently rejoined us, laughing gleefully.

“What do you think the Captain wanted with me?” said he. “But to take a drink with him, telling me, in the most confidential manner, with a sly glance toward the ladies, that he had some whisky in the lodge, which was at my service.”

“You drank with him, of course, seeing he is hyas vyet?”

“No; I told him, as soon as I got away from the ladies, I would, and that satisfied him; for he seems to understand that gentlemen, like himself and me, must be careful what we do before ladies.”

I laughed a good deal at this incident, but an afterthought made me sad. Is the effect of our system of civilization to impart to the savage only its vices? So it would seem, to the observer of Indian character and history in Oregon. The Protestant religion, and the Republican form of government, are held to be the highest forms of government and religion; but will they benefit the savage, who has gone through no preliminary schooling under other and less advanced forms? The very serious question, of what to do with the Indians, is to be determined by settling this matter. A careful study of Indian character and history may assist us in the conclusion.

1871. THE OREGON INDIANS.

There is a great amount of false sentiment, mixed with a very small amount of knowledge, in the minds of those who have the direction of this troublesome question; and as long as the General Government has money to waste on Indian Agencies, and Missionary Boards to support Indian missions, the evil will remain. The history of the Oregon Indians fully establishes the fallacy of dealing with them according to the established precedents.

When the first trading-ship entered the Columbia River, its shores were bordered with Indian villages, from the Capes to the Cascades, and from the Cascades to the Dalles; and so on, to its sources. They were well culled in skins and cloth made of cedar-bark. They had abundance of food, in the game which the land and water supplied, besides roots and berries in ample variety. In all respects, they were a prosperous and contented, though a savage, race.

The settlement of the fur companies in their midst dated the commencement of the destruction which has come upon them so overwhelmingly. Gradually, diseases, with whose character they were previously entirely unacquainted, and vices, of which, as savages, they had heretofore been innocent, were introduced among them. Then followed epidemics, caused by the malaria arising from the breaking of the ground by the whites for agricultural purposes. In the year 1829, five years subsequent to the settlement of Vancouver by the Hudson Bay Company, thirty thousand natives were estimated to have died from malarial fever.

A carful study of Indian character and history may assist us in the conclusion.
THE OREGON INDIANS.

The advent among the Indians of missionaries, in 1835, did not improve their condition. Of the few who could be induced to alter their nomadic habits, nearly all died. The children and young persons taken into the mission-school, although they displayed an aptitude for learning, and even seemed to comprehend the vital truths of Christianity, perished like wild-wood flowers set in the sunny parterres of a garden. The causes are evident: change of diet, change of dress, and malarial poisons from the upturned souls of the mission-farm. The missionaries themselves suffered much from intermittent fever and chills; but the disease proved fatal to the Indians, while the White Men's constitutions were able to throw it off. By this time, too, a disease proved fatal to the Indians, their old means of subsistence, and natural habits and recreations—the Oregon Indians had been reduced from many to few.

The valley of the Columbia, west of the Cascades, and the Willamette and other valleys of western Oregon, contained, fifty years ago, a native population numbering between two and three hundred thousand. The last census places the sum total of the Indian population of western Oregon at two thousand five hundred and fifty-one. Adding to these the few hundreds on the Washington Territory side of the river, we may have three thousand. A loss like this is really astounding. Averaging the numbers who have died in the last fifty years, we have nearly six thousand deaths annually. Truly, they are like the snow on the hill-side, which the sun is shining on.

The Indians of western Oregon are now nearly all settled on reservations, according to treaties formed, at various times, since the Indian war of 1855-6-7. The kindness of Mr. Woodworth, of the Indian Superintendency at Salem, the following statistics have been furnished, giving the names and numbers of the tribes on the several reservations:

**GRAND RONDE RESERVATION.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name of Tribe</th>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Name of Tribe</th>
<th>No.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Clackamas</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>Cabapogoyas</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Molallas</td>
<td>74</td>
<td>Santiam</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wapatoon</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>Mary's River</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yambill</td>
<td>47</td>
<td>Turn-Water</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Luckiamatue</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>Salmon River</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Umpqua</td>
<td>58</td>
<td>Nesquikah</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chasta</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>Tamanook</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cow Creek</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>Clapsoy</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rogue River</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>Nehalem</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The last-mentioned four tribes are not on the reservations, but are scattered along the coast, north of Grand Ronde, to the mouth of the Columbia. They subsist principally by fishing, and live in the manner described at the commencement of this article.

Grand Ronde Reservation lies in a fertile valley among the foot-hills of the coast mountains, in Yamhill County, and contains about three townships. It was purchased from white settlers, in 1855. The nature of the soil is only moderately well adapted to grain-growing, but for vegetables and the harder fruits is excellent. The Indians on this reservation are well disposed, and are pretty well advanced in agricultural knowledge. An enrollment is now being made, preparatory to an allotment of land to them in severalty, as a means of making them self-supporting. For the present, they subsist partly by the cultivation of the earth, and partly by Government aid. They can find remunerative employment upon the farms in the Willamette Valley, during the harvest season, and for a great portion of the year besides; but their proneness to wander, and the difficulty of getting them back upon the reservation, make unavoidable any attempt to utilize their labor in their present state of semi-civilization.

What was formally known as the Coast Reservation extended, originally, about one hundred miles in length, south from Cape Lookout, and of an average breadth of twenty miles. By an Executive order, about twenty miles out of the centre of the Coast Reservation (now known as the Yaquina Bay country) was thrown open for settlement. Thus divided, it forms two reservations, under the names of Siletz and Alseya, between which the remaining tribes of Indians are divided, as follows:

**SILETZ RESERVATION.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name of Tribe</th>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Name of Tribe</th>
<th>No.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rogue River</td>
<td>91</td>
<td>Choocees</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chasta</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>Cornoles</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cooptle and Port Or.</td>
<td>57</td>
<td>Ford</td>
<td>918</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Umpqua</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>Sive and Eascles</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chasta Costa</td>
<td>101</td>
<td>Nolt-ya-coonah</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tete-oht-en-aay</td>
<td>39</td>
<td>Masc-en-ye-e-nays</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**ALSEYA SUB-AGENCY.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name of Tribe</th>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Name of Tribe</th>
<th>No.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rogue River</td>
<td>91</td>
<td>Choocees</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chasta</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>Cornoles</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cooptle and Port Or.</td>
<td>57</td>
<td>Ford</td>
<td>918</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Umpqua</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>Sive and Eascles</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chasta Costa</td>
<td>101</td>
<td>Nolt-ya-coonah</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tete-oht-en-aay</td>
<td>39</td>
<td>Masc-en-ye-e-nays</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

That portion of the Coast Reservation lying on the Alsea River is fertile, and well liked by the Indians settled upon it. Game and fish are abundant, and the climate healthful and agreeable.

The Indians on the Siletz Reservation are remnants of the most warlike tribes of western Oregon. The California reader will, no doubt, recognize the names of several of them as having been most active in the Indian war of southern Oregon and northern California. How are the mighty fallen, since the Chastas, Rogue River, and Cow Creek Indians sent terror into the hearts of all the white settlers! or since the days when they and the Umpquas made traveling through their country, even for the purpose of trading for furs, a dangerous undertaking! Owing to their natural savagery, their progress on the reservation has been slow; but twelve years of domestication have brought them to a condition where it is thought practicable to divide up the land among them—for which purpose an enrollment is now being made. Those on the Sub-Agency of Alseya are quiet and friendly, taking more kindly to agriculture, but are not independent of Government aid.

By studying a map of the State, and observing the names of the rivers and streams, it will be noticed that the various tribes have taken their names, or that the rivers originally derived their titles from the tribes inhabiting their shores. A critical observation will also lead to the conclusion that, in proportion as the several tribes occupied a country near the Columbia, so had their numbers decreased, until, when you arrive at the Columbia itself, there ceases to be a tribe to correspond with the stream once populous with a now extinct people. Of the Multnomahs, who once lived upon the banks of the lower Willamette (called by the Indians, Multnomah), not a soul survives. Other smaller streams, like the Sandy, the Clackenike, and the Scappoose, have no representatives left, while of the thousands who, half a century ago, lived, loved, dug corns and wheat, and caught salmon, on the lovely Wappatoo Island, only sixty now remain, and they are on a reservation set apart for them in common with the tribes with whom they were once accustomed to war over little neighborly disputes, like those immensely more moral people, their betters.

Of the Umpquas, near the mouth of the Columbia, twenty-eight remain; and of the Clatsops, fifty-six. Those tribes, living intermediate between the Columbia River and the mining region of southern Oregon and northern California, have suffered least. If any Eastern man or woman whose thoughts turn Oregonward is deterred by fear of Indian wars or depredations, he or she should be

I

privileged to behold the utter humiliation of these western tribes. The contemplation of such abject degradation would almost make them wish for the return of savage strength and valor. Not that I am sensational or sympathetic on the Indian question. Decidedly, I am not. But may we not live and learn?

The extinguishment of the native populations has not gone on with quite the same rapidity east of the Cascades as west: a fact which is undoubtedly owing to the Indian wars which drove the Whites from their country, and kept them out of it for a number of years, until the Government had made treaties with the different tribes owning it. Some other local circumstances were also in favor of their superior preservation: such as a more healthful climate, and inexhaustible pastures for their horses and cattle, which meant inexhaustible means of living, so long as they occupied these pastures.

Of the once powerful tribes of eastern Oregon, there remain to-day 3,989, divided as follows:

WARM SPRINGS RESERVATION.

Name of Tribe. No. Name of Tribe. No.
Wash. 183 Des Chutes. 57
Warm Springs 225 Deschutes 99
Tumco 91 John Day 15
Snake 9

UMATILLA RESERVATION.

Name of Tribe. No. Name of Tribe. No.
Umatillas 308 Walla Walla 201
Cogio 334 Off the Reserve 75

KLAMATH RESERVATION.

Name of Tribe. No. Name of Tribe. No.
Klamaths 505 Snakes 328
Modoc 109 Not in Reserve 65

The before-mentioned rule applies to these tribes, in the matter of self-preservation; those farthest from contact with the Whites are still the most numerous.

Warm Springs Reservation is situated at the base of the Cascade Range, sixty miles south of Dallas City, and takes its name from a cluster of hot springs in the neighborhood. The reservation is poor and worthless, and can never be made to support the Indians settled upon it. They are, therefore, actually life-pensioners upon the bounty of the United States Government, just so long as they or their descendants are compelled to occupy these volcanic wastes. A slight attempt at agriculture is made in the bottoms of a small stream which comes down from Mount Jefferson; but it is principally by fishing; at the Dalles, that these Indians are at all self-supporting.

The Klamath Reservation, on the eastern shore of Middle Klamath Lake, although containing much waste country, is a better one than the Warm Springs. It comprises about fifty miles square, and is rolling, without being mountainous. It is covered pretty generally with a fine growth of pine timber, and is well adapted to the present habits of the Indians lately placed upon it, as it abounds in game, roots, fish, and all the ordinary provisions of the wandering natives of the soil. There is some marsh-land on this reservation; also, some rich bottom-land, and an abundance of fine spring water. The altitude, however, is so great that cold will always interfere with successful farming; yet agriculture is being taught as best it may be. The Indians on this reservation have heretofore given a great deal of trouble, by massacres of immigrants and miners, and by running off stock. Once in the fastnesses of the Blue Mountains, or hidden in the long grass of the extensive marshes of southeastern Oregon, it was impossible to find or punish them. But a well-planned and executed winter campaign, when the heavy snows prevented their escaping to the mountains, brought them to terms; and now they are conducting themselves in a friendly enough manner, both on and off the reservation. Indeed, why should they not? Those off the reservation receive military aid at Camp Harney. A Snake, a Klamath, or a Modoc asks nothing but to be fed and clothed. They are no longer powerful enough to subsist by robbery. The Whites are closing them in on every side, and there is no longer any alternative but extinction or life upon the reservations. Old Pauline, an eminent chief, did indeed declare himself more willing to die than to come under White rule; but the counsels of his friends, both White and Indian, were at length sufficient to prevail. Smoko-eller, another chief, whose English cognomen would be "The Dreamer," still prophesies a restoration of the Red Men to power in the Snake country; but when it is considered that all the three or four tribes on the Klamath and Snake countries, in Oregon, do not now number two thousand, his forlorn hope becomes a dream, indeed.

The Umatillas, Walla Wallas, and Cayuses, not on the reservation, are scattered along the Columbia, from the Dalles to Priest's Rapids, and subsist by fishing, hunting, and root-digging, receiving no Government aid, and preferring a vagabond independence to the restraints of even a half-civilization.

The Umatilla Reservation is the best in Oregon, lying in the beautiful valley of the Umatilla River, between the Blue Mountains and the Columbia River—a country well adapted to agriculture along the streams, and furnishing the finest stock-range in the State. It has always been a favorite country with the tribes claiming it, and was often spoken of by the earliest white travelers to Oregon. The Indians who inhabited it were rich in horses, and lived generously on game, fish, and roots. It was not at all uncommon for a chief to own a herd of five hundred horses, which, in addition to their usefulness as beasts of burden, became available for food in severe winters, when game was scarce.

In their present condition, these Indians are still much better off than the tribes before enumerated. They cultivate nine hundred acres of land, own ten thousand horses, fifteen thousand head of cattle, one hundred and fifty hogs, and seventy-five sheep. Their farming is generally poor—that is, compared to skilled White farming. Such is the fertility of portions of the valley, however, that, at some of the agricultural fairs, the Umatilla Indians have taken prizes for the best specimens of garden vegetables.

A few of the Indians on this reservation make good progress toward civilization, in learning as well as industry. Still, although they are the most hopeful of the Oregon Indians, they are generally only savages yet. A part of the blame for this rests upon the Government, or its agents, for the manner in which the terms of the treaties are kept.

At the late council, held at the Umatilla Reservation, for the purpose of negotiating with the Indians for the purchase of their lands, the Chief of the Cayuses, How-lish-Wam-po, spoke as follows:

"I know your business. We had a great talk—council—with Governor Stevens and General Palmer; heard them talk. They promised us as much money as three miles could pick. I know not what has become of that money they promised us. We were to have large and good houses, and I see none of these things. He told us we were to have this reservation for twenty years, and then look out for ourselves. We came, and have been here for eleven years. I see nothing of what he promised. We hear what you say about our land; you want to buy it; but we don't want to sell it; it is to me as my mother's milk. This little home left me is good. This reservation was marked out for us. We are working; doing our own work. I know you ask us for our land. Were you to buy it, I know not that you would pay us as you may promise. Our stock has to feed here on our land, and I want it left..."
THE OREGON INDIANS.

[Oct.

here for us—for our stock. That land we sold Governor Stevens the White
toynchronously; we sold Governor Stevens, the White
people now have, while we have left for
ourselves but very little land. The other
reservations are full of people. The Nez Perces live on theirs; the Yakimas
on theirs; and many live at the Warm
Springs. They are at home, and so am
I; so are we. I cannot let my land—the
reservation—go. This is all I have
now to say."

In reply to Superintendent Meacham’s
suggestion that they might be pleased
with the country in some other part of
Oregon or Washington, We-nap-snoot,
Chief of the Umatillas, said:

"I want to say a few words. I have
seen the mouth of the Yakima with my
own eyes—the Snake country, the Warm
Springs Reservation, the Simcoe, and all
these, with my own eyes—and none of
these suits me."

And Hw-em-lish Was-po again rejoined:

"I wish to show you chiefs what I
have in my heart. Governor Stevens
promised me a house like the White
Chiefs have. He promised me a good
White Man doctor; a good blacksmith;
a good school-teacher; a carpenter; a
man to teach us farming. We were to
have a mill, etc. We were to have a
hospital for our sick people. Now, my
White Chiefs, I see none of these things.
Where are they? I see a small church
here, where some of my children go to
school. For my house—that was to be
like the White Chiefs’—I have a small,
worthless, rotten log-cabin, no better
than a White Man’s hog-pen. We-nap-
snoot’s house is also no better than a
hog-pen. Hom-íl’s house is no better.
I live in an Indian house of mats, in
place of the house promised. Mr. Barn-
hart buried our dead naked in coffins.
Under his administration, when we came
to the blacksmith-shop for work or re-
pairs, we were driven away. Our bro-
en guns and wagons, left for repairs,
remained untouched. White Men mo-
nopolized the shop. Their work was
done at once, and ours left undone."

This reminds me of the plaintive re-
proach of the Sioux Chief, at the Cooper
Institute: "They promised my father
that they would show him the road that
the White Men walked in, that he might
lead his people in it. But he died an old
man, in a blanket; and you see me still
looking for the road, and never finding
it."

It is apparently as difficult for the
White Man as the Red, to apprehend
the immense distance between savagery
and enlightenment. Hence the promise
on one side, and the trust on the other:
both to be betrayed. With the very
best intentions, there must be failure of
great expectations in this matter of civ-
ilizing the Indians in a generation. But
with little or no effort in this direction,
with dishonest andavaricious agents to
stand between the Government and the
Indians, only evil results may be antici-
pated. It is of the “best intentions,”
however, that I shall give an example;
and to make it effective, shall choose
one that was afforded by the Indians
now living on the Umatilla Reservation
—quite the most intelligent, naturally,
of any in Oregon.

Early in 1833, a notice appeared in the
Christian Advocate and Journal, to the
effect that two youths of the Flathead
tribe of Indians, from beyond the Rocky
Mountains, had come all the long dis-
tance to St. Louis, to inquire about the
White Man’s God, and the Christian’s
Book. The fact was made to seem not
only truly touching, by saying that these
boys had traveled all that distance on
foot, but rather miraculous, inasmuch as it was
not stated how these savages from be-

THE OREGON INDIANS.

1871.

The report was made to excite great
enthusiasm in the Christian mind, then
much exercised on the subject of mis-
sions; and it resulted in the sending of
missionaries, not only to the Flatheads,
but among other tribes in what are now
Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. Stripped
of its singular and miraculous fea-
tures, the story of the Flathead boys was
simple enough. From the trappers in the
Rocky Mountains, the Indians had
derived already many ideas about the
White Man’s God, when in 1832, Capt.
in Bonneville, a man of fine religious
feeling, was engaged in trading among
the Flatheads and Nez Perces. Irving
relates, in his “Adventures of Captain
Bonneville,” the talks which the good
Captain used to hold with the Indians,
who crowded into his tent every even-
ing, and listened with silent earnestness
to his explanations of the Christians’
God, and the means by which White Men
had been made acquainted with His will.

As every year the fur companies trave-
led to St. Louis for goods, returning in
time for the summer rendezvous, and as
the traders were usually accompanied
by their Indian wives and children, and
also occasionally by some of the young
men of the different friendly tribes, noth-
ing was more natural than that these
two Indian boys should have gone to
St. Louis. I am not saying that a new-
ly awakened interest in the God of the
White Man was not the motive of their
visit. I think very likely that it was;

In 1834, the Methodist Church sent
out men who settled in the Willamette
Valley; and in 1836, two gentlemen and
their wives, with an unmarried laymem-
ber, settled among the Indians of the
upper country, by order of the American
Board of Commissioners for Foreign
Missions. A preliminary visit the pre-
ceeding year had prepared the Indians
for the reception of these missionaries,
and a cordial reception was given them.

There was mutual enthusiasm and hope
of great things in the meeting. But
mark what followed. Eleven years after
this joyful meeting, these same Indians
massacred most horribly the Superin-
tendent of the Missions, together with
his wife, and a dozen or more American
emigrants, and took captive the women
and children belonging to the murdered
men.

The verdict to be rendered in this
case, is that one familiar to us when
railroad trains have collided: "Nobody
to blame." I know there has been an
effort made to fix the blame on a certain
religious denomination; but although I
am very much a Protestant, I feel how
wrong it is to attribute the events of
that time to any one cause, even allow-
ing that the Catholic fathers were one
cause, which is doubtful. From the nat-
ure of the Indians, the nature of the
Whites, and the pressure of circum-
stances all together, it was simply in-
evitable. Happening just when it did,
it hastened the action of Government in
extending its protection to distant Ore-
gon, and thus served to avert, for a time,
an Indian war, which was certain to
come sooner or later, and which finally
did come in 1855, through the criminal
disregard of justice by one of the In-
dian Agents.

I am glad that Dr. Whitman, the Su-
perintendent and Director of the Mis-
sions in the upper country, was a man
without fear and without reproach, and
that his assistants, generally, were good
men, doing the best they could according to the light in which they walked. Had he, or any of them, been bad men, there would then be no need of explanation, nor any force in the example they furnish. Or had Dr. Whitchurch known what I know, or any thoughtful student of history may now know, he would never have gone to settle among the Cayuses; or, having gone, would not have allowed other Whites to gather about him.

An Indian is an almost purely material being, and must be treated as such. Suppose we call him a grown-up child. As such, he is far slower and more difficult of spiritual education than one who is a child in years; because, while his soul is undeveloped and his spiritual nature yet unborn, his animal passions and material instincts exist in full force, together with the sagacity to employ them for mischief. To address to him the language of a spiritual religion at the outset, must, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, fail of producing any favorable result.

The misunderstandings which arose between the Cayuses and their truly conscientious teacher, were the natural barriers which must occur in pursuing a course founded upon any other supposition than this. It is useless to offer the savage what he does not require. What he does require is material aid, economical instruction, and through these will come, in their own good time, the need and the desire for higher things.

To state it briefly: The savages of the country roamed over by trappers observed for themselves that White Men were their superiors in the arts of self-subsistence and self-defense. They saw that the Whites had superior arms, more comfortable dress; that they possessed articles of use in trapping which were made out of metals; that they had knives, tobacco, combs, ribbons, gay-colored blankets—every thing to tempt the savage taste; and, moreover, that they possessed a wonderful amount of knowledge. Now, this knowledge was what they coveted along with, and more than all, these other things.

Among themselves superior gifts make a man either a chief or a great "medicine;" and the Great Spirit, in either case, confers the superior qualities, which all recognize. If the best their Great Spirit could do was to confer only Indian knowledge, the inference was plain that it was desirable to become acquainted with a more powerful God, like the God of the White Man. Hence their anxiety to have missionary teaching, and their willingness to conform to whatever rules the missionaries laid down, or to observe any forms of worship enjoined upon them as a means of propitiating the favor of the Christian's Deity.

In the hope of the results that were to follow, both missionaries and Indians labored assiduously for a few years. Yet the Indians never lost sight of the fact that it was only as teachers that they desired the Whites among them. Their experience with other Whites than the missionaries had shown them that they were always at a disadvantage in transactions with the superior race. The precepts of the Christian religion they failed to reconcile to the practice of men who claimed to worship the Christian's God. Two or three years of observation and comparison enabled them to pick flaws in the administration of the Christian laws. From being a very indifferent critic of a moral law, the Indian came to be a dangerous one, because he judged by the letter of the law only.
Burke's great speech occupied four days. Then came three days' debating about the manner of conducting the trial; then sixteen days of hearing evidence; then five days of arguments, delays, and decisions respecting what should go upon record; and, behold, summer is come, and instead of a cold February morning, Sheridan has the weary end of the season—sultry third of June—to begin the summing up of evidence. The conclusion was now supposed to have come. Weary writers for country life in the fashionable world grew excited again. The old Hall was crammed as at first. Fifty guineas were paid for a ticket of admission. There was no end to expectation. And amid the most brilliant assemblage that London ever furnished, the orator—great in his own way as Burke was in his—in a speech illuminated by flashes of unsurpassed eloquence and perpetual wit, holds his hearers entranced for two full days, and then falls back exhausted. The effect was marvellous. There is no other such record of impassioned appeal. Sheridan's concluding peroration—the Lords hanging upon every word, the audience convulsed with sobs, the Chancellor in tears—was perhaps the summit which mere oratory has ever reached. He cried, "My lords, I have done," and falls back into the arms of his great colleague, who hugs him with admiration.

The prosecution of Parliament advances. Two only of the twenty articles of impeachment have been heard. Of course we can not go on attending the sittings of the court. The proceedings linger through years, and not till 1795, seven years after the trial began, is the business finished, and the verdict given. Public excitement has abated. Opinions have changed. Since the astounding speeches of Burke and Sheridan, there has come reaction. Cold, formal, cross-questioned evidence has been set against impassioned oratory, and an acquittal is expected.

In the spring of 1795, there is again a crowd in Westminster Hall. The Peers vote, "Not guilty!" The Lord Chancellor announces the decision from the wool-sack, and Warren Hastings bows to the verdict. The cost of his defense has been £16,000, of which the East India Company paid £50,000. Upon a pension of £40 per annum he retires to private life, devotes himself to quietude and study, appears once again only to public view—and then as a witness—at the age of eighty years, when the House of Commons simultaneously rises to do him honor; and dies in 1818, the only instance, perhaps, of a man whose arraignment for alleged crime had taken place before one generation, and whose judgment was pronounced by another. Between the arraignment and the verdict, seventy-three of the one hundred and sixty Peers, who sat upon the red benches, had died; Loughborough, the fierce opponent of Pitt, had become a member of his government; Thurlow, estranged from his allies, sat scowling among the junior barons; Windham, and Spencer, and Dundas, and Grenville had been whisked from their party by the vortex of the French Revolution; and Burke had severed forever from Charles Fox. The men—managers of the great trial—still in the vigor of life, met at its conclusion with distant and cold civility.

What has been narrated is but part of the storied associations of the venerable pile. Those associations awaken thoughts of man and time, of nations and Providence, of the Infinite Ruler of beings and events, of the "solemn waiting-hall where Adam meets his children," and of the great tribunal where earthly judgments shall be rehired.

With the history of the early missions before us, we can not avoid the conclusion that it would have been better to have meddled less with native ideas: for so long as the savage held his own views of Christianity, and regarded the successful man as being in favor with his God, he was willing to conform to certain requirements, in order to merit and obtain such favor; but when he came to understand that it was spiritual benefits which were to be conferred for spiritual obedience, and that the White Man's religion did not consider the body or temporal things, then he became bewildered, discouraged, and rebellious.

In this respect, the history of the individual savage is precisely that of man's history in the aggregate, as given in the Scriptures. For thousands of years, God offered men temporal benefits, as a reward for obedience, because they would accept none other. It was only after long and patient teaching that the Almighty thought man prepared to receive a spiritual religion, or that the command was given to the disciples of Christ, to "go forth into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature"—"all the world," as known to the Apostles, being a highly civilized portion of the earth's surface.

Dr. Whitman's Indians were not always well behaved. They would sometimes steal, and very often lie; while gambling was a common vice, and the habit of taking back property when once sold made considerable difficulty. The Indians were not subject to American laws, but governed by chiefs of their own tribes. It was necessary, therefore, to get the chiefs to consent to a code of penalties for certain offenses. Hanging was the punishment for murder or arson, and whipping for stealing, the number of lashes being in proportion to the enormity of the theft. Whipping was also practiced in punishment for trespass upon fields, or for invading dwellings-houses without consent. Fines were also made to pay for some offenses.

The mutual acquaintance with each other's habits and requirements, which brought about the proposal and acceptance of such laws, was, of course, of several years' continuance. Mr. Spalding, who was settled among the Nix Perces, writes, in 1843, after more than six years' experience in his portion of the field: "There are two traits in the character of this people I wish to notice. One, I think I can account for; the other, I can not. It is often said the Indian is a noble-minded being, never forgetting a kindness. So far as my experience has gone with the people, the above is eminently true, but in quite a different sense from the idea there conveyed. It is true, they never forget a kindness, but often make it an occasion to ask another, and, if refused, return insults according to the favors received. My experience has taught me that, if I would keep the friendship of an Indian, and do him good, I must show him no more favor in the way of property than what he returns some equivalent for. Most of our trials have arisen from this source.

. . . The last trait, which I can not account for, is an apparent disregard for the rights of the White Man. Although their eagerness to receive instruction in the school on the Sabbath, and on the
Mr. Spalding, in the same letter, accounts for the "two ideas—one, that the
White Man is in debt to them, and the other, that he is good in proportion as he
discharges this debt by bountiful giving"—by referring to the practice of White
Men making presents of tobacco, universally, upon meeting Indians. He
testifies to their eagerness to acquire knowledge, and speaks of ten Indian
women whom Mrs. Spalding has instructed in knitting, carding, three
structed in weaving, and sewing. The Nez Percé Mission was,
constructed in knitting, carding, three
women whom
knowledge, and speaks of ten Indian have to consid-ner. They were
unable to overcome the superstitions in
which they had been reared, and looked with
distrust upon the practice of Dr.
Whitman among the sick. Many little
jealousies, such as the inferior always
feel toward the superior race, when both
are free, also embittered their intercourse
with their teachers.
Now, keeping these traits in mind, we
have to consider the course of the mis-
sionaries. Dr. Whitman had been warn-
ed against making presents or promises,
or giving extra wages to the Indians, by
the more experienced British fur-traders.
But it went against his American
proprie to accept British advice; and,
against his generous nature to seem
mean to an Indian. Hence, a serious,
if not fatal, error. In regard to the sus-
pications of the Indians, that he meant to
fill up the country with White settlers,
he was really guilty; for this design
finally became with him a ruling pas-
sion—the more so, perhaps, that, after
a few years, the Indians had ceased to
make any advancement. With regard to
practicing medicine among a people
who held a "medicine man" personally
responsible for the lives of his patients,
one must admire the reckless courage of
the man whose benevolence prompted him
to incur the risk, in the hope of saving
life or preventing suffering. At the
same time, it must be admitted that the
mischief which might arise out of it would
not probably be confined to the venge-
cance which he might be called upon
to suffer in person.

A few extracts from letters, written
during the first six years of missionary
labor, will reveal the condition of things
between the Indians and their teachers
more perfectly than much argument:
"It was no small tax on my time to
give the first lessons on agriculture.
That the first men of this nation—the
chiefs not excepted—rose up to labor,
when a few hoes and seeds were offered
them, I can attribute to nothing but the
unseen hand of the God of missions.
That their habits are really changed
is acknowledged by themselves. The
men say, that, whereas they once did not
labor, they now do; and often tell me, in
jesting, that I have converted them into
a nation of women. They are a very in-
dustrious people; and, from very small
beginnings, they now cultivate their
lands with much skill and to good ad-
vantage. Doubtless many more would
cultivate, but for the want of means..."

Last year, about one hundred and forty
cultivated from one-fourth of an acre to
to five acres each... Thirty-two
head of cattle are owned by two individ-
uals; ten sheep, by four... On the
moral character of this people, there is
a great diversity of opinion. One writer
styles them more a nation of saints than
savages; and if their refusing to move
camp for game, on a certain day, reminded
him that the Sabbath extended as far
west as the Rocky Mountains, he might
well consider them such. Another styles
them supremely selfish, which is nearer
the truth; for, without doubt, they are
descendants of Adam... But, to con-
clude this subject, should our unprofit-
able lives be spared a few years, by the
blessing of the God of missions, we ex-
pect to see this people Christianized to
a great extent, civilized, and happy, with
much of science and the word of God,
and many comforts of life; but not with-
out many days of hard labor, and sore
trials of disappointed hopes, and name-
less perplexities."

*Letter of H. H. Spalding to E. White, Govern-
ment Agent in Oregon.

In other writings, Mr. Spalding speaks
of the months of deep solicitude we had,
occaisioned by the increasing menacing
demands of the Indians for pay for their
wool, their water, their air, their lands.

Dr. Whitman, whose station was
among the Cayuses—a people less tract-
able, though not less intelligent, than the
Nez Percés—also found them growing
each year more insolent in their demands
and more threatening in their declara-
tions. When the Doctor perceived the
error of promising presents of goods
to the Indians, and began to exact payment
for their plows and other articles of val-
ue, they were dissatisfied. They could
never overcome the belief that they were
entitled to all the benefits the Whites
could confer, without money or without
price, any more than they could the dis-
position to exact payment for their coun-
try. They came and went with the ut-
most freedom about the Doctor's house,
and the slightest sign, from either the
Doctor or Mrs. Whitman, that they were
making too free with anything, was re-
sented as a personal insult. To how
great a degree the forced suffrance of
barbarian curiosity and insolence must
sometimes have proved burdensome, is
easy to conceive; yet the necessity for
suppressing the expression of it was
imperative. All involuntary signs were
noted, and afterward avenged.

We all know how very difficult it is, in
dealing with children, to establish rules
suitable to all occasions, or to foresee the
possible results of our laws of expediency.
With the Indians it is infinitely worse, and may also be
dangerous; yet such laws must exist.
A single incident of Mr. Spalding's gov-
ernment will illustrate the danger.
The year following the establishment of his
mission, it was thought best to send the
unmarried lay member, Mr. Gray, to the
States for reinforcements. Three chiefs
of the Nez Percé's agreed to accompany
him. By the time the party reached the
rendezvous of the American Fur Company, in the Rocky Mountains, their horses' fact began to fail. These Indians knew well the importance of being well mounted, in traveling through a country roamed over by their hereditary foes; and, finding that their horses were not fit for the journey, two of them declined to continue on, and returned to their homes.

Mr. Spalding meant to teach them the necessity of keeping contracts, and was really very much concerned for the safety of Mr. Gray. Therefore, when one of the delinquents came, one evening, to prayers, with many others, Mr. Spalding ordered some of them to take him and whip him. No one, however, could be found to obey, for he was a chief; but suddenly another young chief sprang forward, seized and bound the offender; then, turning to Mr. Spalding, said, "Now, whip him yourself." Mr. Spalding not liking to do it, for good reasons, after a moment's hesitation, replied, "It is not for me to whip him. I command, as God does. God does not whip; He commands."

Then said the young chief, "You lie. Look at your picture on the wall! (pointing to a rude drawing, which had been made to illustrate the punishment of sin). You have painted two men in it, and God whipping them with a bundle of rods. Whip him yourself, or we will whip you." At this unexpected turn of affairs, Mr. Spalding complied, and did what, no doubt, was very disagreeable to him—administered the punishment himself.

To make the whole affair still more unfortunate, Mr. Spalding was proved, the following year, to be wholly in the wrong; for the chief, who did persevere in accompanying Mr. Gray, was killed by the Sioux, in Ash Hollow. When this became known, the indignation of the tribe was extreme. One of the chiefs went to Mr. Spalding, saying, "Our friend, who accompanied Mr. Gray, has been killed. If we had gone with him, we, too, should have been killed; and because we turned back, you would have us flogged. You, then, intended us to be killed also?"

The danger was imminent that the tribe would be avenged on the missionaries. For several weeks, the mission-house was blockaded, while the Indians considered what was best to be done. Had the thing happened in any other tribe than the Nez Percés, there is no doubt of the result. But this people have proved that there are essential differences in the character of Indian tribes. A Nez Percé loves peace more than war, and respects his word, given in a treaty, with a fidelity which White Men might envy. They had made a treaty of everlasting peace with Lewis and Clarke, thirty-three years before; and, though the occasion was one which tried their faith severely, they decided, at length, to keep the peace. As early as 1839, one of the mission establishments was broken up in the following manner: Mr. Smith, who had accompanied Mr. Gray, on his return from the States, and was settled near Mr. Spalding, had undertaken to do a little farming, without which it would be impossible to live in that country. On perceiving his intention, the chief of the land occupied forbade his doing so. Mr. Smith gave no heed to the prohibition, but went on preparing to plow the ground. The chief then took hold of him roughly, and said, "Do you not know what I told you: that if you dug this ground, you would be digging a hole in which you should be buried?" Nothing was left to do, under these circumstances, but to quit the place, which Mr. Smith accordingly did; and Mr. Gray, who never got along well with the Indians, on account of the loss of his traveling companion, also soon quit the upper country, for the Willamette Valley. The third mission, which did succeed in keeping a foothold for a number of years, was that of Walker and Eells, among the Spokans.

If the peaceable Nez Percés were thus hard to control, how fared Dr. Whitman, among the turbulent Cayuses? When a chief's wife was sick, and he was doing his best he could to save her life, he was told that if she died, he, too, should die. His services as teacher were held at nought, while the demands on his time, his patience, his means, were unremitting. He was struck and spit upon, and insulted grossly, upon many occasions. When walking over his farm, with a visitor from the East, and pointing out the qualities of the soil, an Indian, walking behind him, knocked off his hat, and, throwing a handful of the dry earth over his head, bade him "take the ground, if it was so good a thing!"

We are surprised that a man of spirit and good sense could endure such treatment at the hands of savages, and voluntarily remain among them. That he did so, being the kind of man that he was, shows that he acted from deep-seated convictions of duty. The Indians had been taught many things; and he did not yet despair of teaching them still better and higher things. Gradually, however, other motives came to operate upon him. A good man, he was yet a violent sectarian; and the Roman fathers were beginning to get some ground among the Indians—at a distance, to be sure; but if he should quit his work, would they not come in and occupy his field? He was a good American, too, and he had seen indications that the British Government had designs upon the Oregon territory. Instead of quitting it himself, should he not rather do all he could to induce other Americans to occupy it? The more that the Indians showed themselves ungrateful, and unspiritual in their natures, the more he was moved to make his labor of avail to the Government.

That was the fatal error that cost him his life. It will no more do to mingle affairs of Church and State in an Indian country, than in Washington. In 1842, Doctor Whitman, having heard a boast made by a man who was at once a Catholic priest and a British subject, that they had a colony of sixty souls on the way from the Red River settlement, to occupy north of the Columbia River, made a counter-boast, then and there, that he would have a thousand American settlers in the country the following year. And he was a man to keep his word. Bidding his wife a hasty adieu, he set out, quite late in the fall, to reach the States, with two or three others. After much hardship, he arrived in Washington in the spring; to find that he might almost as well have stayed at home.

He found, on the frontier, a large emigration all ready to move forward toward Oregon, as soon as Linn's Land Bill should pass. It had not yet passed, but such were Linn's promises regarding it, that the emigrants had resolved to go ahead. Wherever Dr. Whitman fell in with any of them, he encouraged them to start. He had hoped to get the ear of the President and Secretary of State, concerning the boundary question; but when he arrived in Washington, he found that the Ashburton Treaty, of the previous August, had already closed that subject for several succeeding years. Giving the Executive and Secretary all the information about Oregon he could, and urging them not to bar it off too cheaply in any future treaties, he proceeded next to visit the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and lay before them his views about Oregon, together with his report of the mission. To his infinite mortification, the Board failed to indorse his action in making this flying visit to the States; reproaching him with the expense, and not at all " pitying him for the dangers he had passed" in con-
ing. He had not been sent to colonize Oregon, and they had no sympathy with his schemes. In short, he met the fate of all enthusiasts who live ahead of their times. And let me here suggest, that, whereas the A. B. C. F. M. has never erected a monument—not even made a decent inclosure around the rude mound which contains the bones of their emi-

430 THE OREGON INDIANS. [Nov.

nent servant, who died faithfully laboring at his post—it is the duty, as it should be the privilege, of either the General Government, or the Government of Oregon and Washington jointly, to erect a suitable memorial—stone to the memory of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman.

But to proceed with this history. Meet-
ing so little encouragement where en-
couragement was most to be expected, Dr. Whitman turned his face homeward, and overtook the emigration on the Platte River. Entering at once into the interests of the travelers, he was, for the remain-

der of the long and trying journey, guide, friend, physician, or servant, as circumstances required; shrinking from nothing, and proving himself a "very pres-

ent help in time of trouble." Ow-

ing greatly to his exertions, the emi-
gation came through in good time and condition, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the thousand emigrants he had so impulsively promised enter Oregon that year.

But how was it at the mission, this while? The Indians were not ignorant of his reasons for going to the States. Enough has been shown of their disposition concerning their lands, to indicate how they would bear the news. They burnt his mill. They invaded Mrs. Whit-

man's bed-chamber, and destroyed whatever they could lay hands on, with wanton impudence. The Nez Percés were also disaffected and behaving badly. This state of things lasted through-

out the winter, and in the spring, the Government Agent, White, and a gen-

neman of the Methodist Mission, re-
solved to visit the Cayuses and Nez Percés, and persuade them to peace. This they did, procuring presents from the Hudson Bay Company, with which to propitiate the favor of the chiefs.

I might quote largely from the speech-

es made on that occasion, which would serve to illustrate Indian ideas. Suffice it to say, that they said they had heard the Americans intended to subjugate their country. They referred, as they always did, to Lewis and Clarke; re-

proached the Whites for preaching one thing and practicing another; declared their dissatisfaction with the laws; and went over the begging ground, in the inevitable native style. Their talk was not without eloquence or point. "I have a message to you. Where are these laws from? Are they from God, or from the earth? I would that you might say they were from God. But I think they are from the earth; because, from what I know of White Men, they do not honor these laws," might be spoken to almost any assembly of White Men, with force.

With regard to the laws, however, there was a difference of opinion among the Indians themselves. The chiefs, who obtained power thereby, were inclined to retain them. But other men of the tribe asked of what use they were. They were willing they should continue, pro-

vided they received blankets, shirts, and pants, for being whipped. But some of them had been whipped a good many times, and received nothing for it. If this state of things were to continue, the laws were good for nothing, and they would throw them away.

But by White eloquence, by renewed promises, and feasting, and presents, the impending storm was averted. A few months later, Dr. Whitman arrived at his station, and one thousand American emigrants passed down into the Willa-

mette Valley. Does any one believe those Indians were not alarmed? or that they doubted not the promises of the 1871.] THE OREGON INDIANS. 431 Whites? And when, year after year, each autumn brought its large company of Whites, to settle in the Willamette Valley, they became aware of the fate of their country, and their hearts were filled with rage and despair. The usefulness of the missionaries ceased from this time. The Indians threatened, and then relented; and the missions were not broken up. But there was a feeling of insecurity, which made the friends of Dr. Whitman often counsel him to re-

move to the Willamette.

That he did not do, was owing to two or three causes. Some of the dis-

affected Indians had chosen Catholic teachers, because they were unmarried; required no land, did not want to colonize the country, and taught a religion better adapted to the aboriginal mind. These Indians remain Catholic to this day, and ask the Government to send a father of Rome to the Umpqua Reservation, in preference to a Protestant. Dr. Whitman did not wish to yield to the Catholics; nor did he wish to throw up his mission at all. Besides, should he do so, what could be done with the mission property, or how account to the Board for it? Nor, to tell the truth, did he like to quit the station, which was of his station, and one thousand American

emigrants passed down into the Willa-

mette—the more so, because some of them were sick of measles and dysen-

tery.

The measles broke out among the Indians, and to them it was fatal. It was a "White Man's disease," with which they were unacquainted, and which they were unable to treat. The disease spread with fearful rapidity. The sick were more numerous than the well. From the practice of the Indians, of going out of their sweating-ovens into the cold water of the river, all who took this course died. Even of those the Doctor attended, very few recovered; yet he ministered to them faithfully, doing every thing for them his skill suggested.

One day, about noon, when the sick-

ness was at its height, a chief entered his house—where he had gone for a few minutes' rest—and inaugurated a gen-

eral massacre of all the members of the mission, and all the men of the emi-

grant party, by striking the Doctor sense-

less with a tomahawk. The attack be-

ing preconcerted, it was not long before a frantic party of women and children alone remained, and they prisoners. The horrors of that bloody butchery, done by Indian converts on their teachers, are too sickening to recount. Suffice it to say here, that the excuses given by the Indians themselves were, that they be-

lieved the Doctor was poisoning them, in order to get possession of their coun-

try to give it to the Whites. And what more natural conclusion for the Indian mind to arrive at? They were already persuaded the Doctor wanted their lands. They had been unable to drive him away
from them by threats. The White people came more and more, every year; and the Willamette Valley would soon be filled up. This year they brought a new disease, as fatal to them as the small-pox, purposely introduced among the Blackfeet, had been to that people. Being a White Man's disease, the Doctor ought to be able to cure it. On the contrary, he gave them medicines which did them no good.

In the midst of their grief and perplexity, a council of the Cayuses resolved to try the Doctor's medicine upon three persons—one sick one, and two well ones. Unfortunately, the well ones sickened and died. What more conclusive proof of the design of it all? And, in addition to their own convictions, was the lying assertion of a Half-breed employed about the Mission—one of those devils incarnate which mixed blood sometimes produces—that he had heard the Doctor planning their destruction. Some accidents had happened previously, when an attempt had been made to get rid of wolves, by leaving poisoned meat for them in certain places. The Indians had eaten the meat, and thus learned the possibility of being poisoned. They had also learned, that to protect his melon-patch from robbery, the Doctor had introduced into some of the melons a sickening drug, which produced vomiting and exposed the thieves. All these causes operated together on the Indian mind, to bring about the tragedy which followed.

Thus came to an end the eleven years of struggle with savage ideas. The only part of the work done then, remaining today, we may see on the Umatilla Reservation, in the prize melons and garden vegetables raised by the Cayuses. They have Protestant farms, and Catholic forms of religion. The Nez Percés, who have a reservation by themselves, in Idaho, still retain their Protestantism, as they do their faith in the Lewis and Clarke treaty. They have a beautiful reservation, and cultivate less ground on it than they did thirty years ago. The Government pays a teacher; but out of a nation of thirty-five hundred, there are only fifteen children in school. The chiefs strud around the agency, in gay-colored government blankets, and saucy young girls hover about the interpreter's house, or dawdle over a little sewing in the Indian-room, singing, meanwhile, a monotonous, unintelligible song, in their soft Indian voices. Thrift! Why, it almost puts me to sleep to think of the lazy humdrum of everything about the place.

Is it possible to thoroughly civilize the Indians? Of course, somebody says it is. We have to admit that our missionary labor, and our Indian appropriations, have failed. But there is a lesson to be learned from these things: which is, that while we must not descend to the Indian's level too completely, in teaching him, we cannot attempt to lift him up to ours too quickly; and that we must begin at the very foundation to educate. The savage must be led by his physical wants and material desires, and on and on, until he perceives something higher beyond, which he learns, in time, to desire also. He must be taught how to live by labor, and to be self-respecting in proportion as he is self-supporting. The counsel, the instruction and moral training, we give to children, should be given to them. They should be taught our laws, and made to obey them as a return for the teaching they receive, thus gradually fitting them for citizenship. The lands set apart for them should be good lands, to encourage them to labor. The agents employed to instruct them should be men and women of well-known ability and integrity; not politicians—not even philanthropists—for this class often do more mischief with their fine theories and good intentions, than worse people.

EXCESSIVE GOVERNMENT.

Montesquieu wrote, "Happiness is that people whose annals are written in sand." He might have suggested a happier people, whose laws are not statutes, but an enlightened public conscience. The theory that written laws are of public advantage, will, doubtless, not be controverted; but that a limit should be assigned to the number of those laws, by the public acceptance of some underlying principles, is a consumption devoutly to be wished. We have adopted the error of the physician who undertook to enumerate the articles that his convalescent patient might not eat. We adopt the policy of the Old Testament, with its multitude of prohibitory laws, rather than that of the New, with its positive injunction of the golden rule, which comprehends the whole Decalogue and a thousand times more. The policy of the age is to expend its ingenuity in making the written code of laws every thing, and the men who execute them nothing but mere machines. The genius of other days was employed in making men; it is now exhausted in making laws. We applaud the ambitious legislator who enacts the most laws, and thus fetch a thousand would-be statesmen, who rush to the capital, bristling with bills for enactment into pestiferous stat-