WIGWAM AND WAR-PATH;

OR THE

ROYAL CHIEF IN CHAINS.

BY

HON. A. B. MEACHAM,

EX-SUPERINTENDENT OF INDIAN AFFAIRS AND CHAIRMAN OF THE LATE MODOC PEACE COMMISSION.

Illustrated by Portraits of

THE AUTHOR, GEN. CANBY, DR. THOMAS, CAPT. JACK, SCHONCHIN,

SCAR-FACED CHARLEY, BLACK JIM, BOSTON CHARLEY,

TOBEY AND RIDDLE, AND ELEVEN OTHER

SPIRITED AND LIFE-LIKE ENGRAVINGS,

OF ACTUAL SCENES FROM MODOC INDIAN LIFE, AS WITNESSED BY THE AUTHOR.

SECOND AND REVISED EDITION.

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THE HON. A. B. MEACHAM has committed to me the difficult and delicate, yet delightful task of revising the manuscript and arranging the table of contents of the present work.

I have endeavored to review every page as an impartial critic, and have, as far as possible, retained, in all its simplicity and beauty, the singularly eloquent and fascinating style of the gifted author. The changes which I have made have been, for the most part, quite immaterial — no more nor greater than would be required in the manuscript of writers commonly called "learned." In no case have I attempted (for the attempt would have been vain) to give shape and tone to the writer's thoughts. His mind was so full, both of the comedy and the tragedy of his thrilling narrative, that it has flowed on like a mighty torrent, bidding defiance to any attempt either to direct or control.

None, it seems to me, can peruse the work without being charmed with the love of justice and the fidelity to truth which pervade its every page, as well as the manly courage with which the writer arraigns Power for the crime of crushing Weakness — holding our Government to an awful accountability for the delays, the ignorance, the fickleness and treachery of its subordinates in dealing with a people whose very religion prompts them to wreak vengeance for wrongs done them, even on the innocent.
For the lover of romance and of thrilling adventure, the work possesses a charm scarcely equalled by the enchanting pages of a Fennimore Cooper; and, to the reader who appreciates truth, justice, and humanity, and delights to trace the outlines of such a career as Providence seems to have marked out for the author, as well as for the unfortunate tribes whose history he has given us, it will be a reliable, entertaining, and instructive companion.

Mr. Meacham’s thirty years’ experience among the Indian tribes of the North-west, and his official career as Superintendent of Indian affairs in Oregon, together with his participation in the tragic events of the Lava Bed, invest his words with an authority which must outweigh that of every flippant politician in the land, who, to secure the huzzas of the mob, will applaud the oppressor and the tyrant one day, and the very next day clamor mercilessly for their blood.

D. L. EMERSON.

Boston, Oct. 1, 1874.
INTRODUCTION.

The chapter in our National History which tells our dealings with the Indian tribes, from Plymouth to San Francisco, will be one of the darkest and most disgraceful in our annals. Fraud and oppression, hypocrisy and violence, open, high-handed robbery and sly cheating, the swindling agent and the brutal soldier turned into a brigand, buying promotion by pandering to the hate and fears of the settlers, avarice and indifference to human life, and lust for territory, all play their parts in the drama. Except the negro, no race will lift up, at the judgment-seat, such accusing hands against this nation as the Indian. We have put him in charge of agents who have systematically cheated him. We have made causeless war on him merely as a pretext to steal his lands. Trampling under foot the rules of modern warfare, we have made war on his women and children. We have cheated him out of one hunting-ground by compelling him to accept another, and have robbed him of the last by driving him to frenzy, and then punishing resistance with confiscation. Meanwhile, neither pulpit nor press, nor political party, would listen to his complaints. Congress has handed him over, gagged and helpless, to the hands of ignorant, drunken and brutal soldiers. Neither on its floor, nor in any city of the Union, could his advocate obtain a hearing. Money has been poured out like water to feed and educate the Indian, of which one dollar in ten may have found its way to supply his needs, or pay the debts we owed him.

To show the folly of our method, examine the south side of the great lakes, and you will find in every thirty miles between Plymouth and Omaha the scene of an Indian massacre. And since 1789 we have spent about one thousand million of dollars in dealing with the Indians. Meanwhile, under British rule, on the north of those same lakes, there has been no Indian outbreak, worth naming, for a hundred years, and hardly one hundred thousand dollars have been spent directly on the Indians of Canada. What is the solution of this astounding riddle? This, and none other. England gathers her Indian tribes, like ordinary citizens, within the girth of her usual laws. If injured, they complain, like other men, to a justice of the peace, not to a camp captain. If offenders, they are arraigned before such a justice, or some superior court. Complaint, indictment, evidence, trial, sentence, are all after the old Saxon pattern. With us martial law, or no law at all, is their portion; no civil rights, no right to property that a white man is bound to respect. Of course quarrel, war, expense, oppression, robbery, resistance, like begetting like, and degradation of the Indian even to the level of the frontiersman
who would plunder him, have been the result of such a method. If such a result were singular, if our case stood alone, we should receive the pitiless curses of mankind. But the same result has almost always followed the contact of the civilized and the savage man.

General Grant's recommendation of a policy which would acknowledge the Indian as a citizen, is the first step in our Indian history which gives us any claim to be considered a Christian people. The hostility it has met shows the fearful demoralization of our press and political parties. Statesmanship, good sense and justice, even from a chief magistrate can hardly obtain a hearing when they relate to such long-time victims of popular hate and pilferage as our Indian tribes. Some few men in times past have tried to stem this hideous current of national indifference and injustice. Some men do now try. Prominent among these is the author of this volume. Thirty years of practical experience in dealing with Indians while he represented the Government in different offices; long and familiar acquaintance with their genius, moods, habits and capabilities, enable and entitle him to testify in this case. That, having suffered, at the hands of Indians, all that man can suffer and still live, he should yet lift up a voice, snatched almost miraculously from the grave, to claim for them, nevertheless, the treatment of men, of citizens, is a marvellous instance of fidelity to conviction against every temptation and injury. Bearing all over his person the scars of nearly fatal wounds received from Indians, he still advocates Grant's policy. Familiar with the Indian tribes, and personally acquainted with their chiefs, with the old and young, men and women, their sports and faith, their history and aspirations, their education and capacity, their songs, amusements, legends, business, loves and hates, his descriptions lack no element of a faithful portrait; while his lightest illustrations have always beneath the surface a meaning which cannot fail to arrest the attention of the American people, and enable them to understand this national problem. Never before have we had just such a witness on the stand. Brilliant and graphic in description, and exceedingly happy in his choice of topics, he gives us pages startling and interesting as a novel. While his appeals stir the heart like a clarion, he still keeps cautiously to sober fact; and every statement, the most seemingly incredible, is based on more than sufficient evidence. I commend this book to the public—study it not only as accurate and striking in its pictures of Indian life, but as profoundly interesting to every student of human nature,—the picture of a race fast fading away and melting into white men's ways. His contribution to the solution of one of the most puzzling problems of American statesmanship is invaluable. Destined no doubt to provoke bitter criticism, I feel sure his views and statements will bear the amplest investigation. His volume will contribute largely to vindicate the President's policy, and to enable, while it disposes, the American people to understand and do justice to our native tribes.

(Signed,) WENDELL PHILLIPS.
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WIGWAM AND WARPATH.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY REMINISCENCES, POW-E-SHIEK’S BAND.

"Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!" With that ominous warning ringing in my ears, I sit down to write out my own observations and experiences, not without full appreciation of the meaning and possible reiteration of the above portentous saying. In so doing I shall endeavor to state plain facts, in such a way, perhaps, that mine enemies will avail themselves of the privilege.

Hoping, however, that I may disarm all malice, and meet with a fair and impartial criticism, based on the principles of justice both to myself and to the peoples of whom I write, I begin this book with the conviction that the truths which I shall state, though told in homely phrase, will nevertheless be well received by the reading public, and will accomplish the purposes for which it is written; the first of which is to furnish reliable information on the subject under consideration, with the hope that when my readers shall have turned the last leaf of this volume they may have a better understanding of the wrongs suffered and crimes committed by the numerous tribes of Indians of the north-west.
Born on the free side of the Ohio river, of parents whose immediate ancestors, though slave-holders, had left the South at the command of conscientious convictions of the great wrong of human bondage, my earliest recollections are of political discussions relating to the crime against God and humanity; of power compelling weakness while groaning under the oppression of wrongs to surrender its rights.

Coupled with the "great wrong" of which I have spoken, occasionally that other wrong, twin to the first, was mentioned in my father's family; impressed upon my mind by stories I had heard of the treatment of Indians who had in early days been neighbors to my parents, driven mile by mile toward the setting sun, leaving a country billowed by the graves of their victims mingled with bones of their own ancestors. What wonder, then, that, while rambling through the beech woods of my native State, I should speculate on the remnants of ruined homes which these people had left behind them, and walk in awe over the battle-fields where they had resisted the aggressive march of civilization?

While yet in childhood my parents migrated to what was then the "Far West." Our new home in Iowa was on the outskirts of civilization, our nearest neighbors being a band of Sacs and Foxes,—"Saukees." This was the beginning of my personal acquaintance with Indians.

The stories that had kindled in my heart feelings of sympathy and commiseration for them were forgotten for a time in the present living history before my eyes.

I was one of a party who in 1844 assisted the Gov-
ernment in removing Pow-e-shiek's band from the Iowa river to their new home in the West. The scenes around the Indian village on the morning of their departure were photographed on my mind so plainly that now, after a lapse of thirty years, they are still fresh in my memory, and the impressions made on me, and resolves then made by me, have never been forgotten, notwithstanding the terrible dangers through which I have since passed.

The impression was, that power and might were compelling these people to leave their homes against their wishes, and in violation of justice and right. The resolution was, that, whenever and wherever I could, I would do them justice, and contribute whatever of talent and influence I might have to better their condition.

These impressions and resolutions have been my constant companions through a stormy life of many years on the frontier of Iowa, California, and Oregon. The bloody tragedy in the Lava Beds, April, 1873, through which the lamented Christian soldier, Gen. Canby, and the no less lamented eminent preacher, Dr. Thomas, lost their lives, and by which I had passed so close to the portals of eternity, has not changed my conviction of right, or my determination to do justice to even those who so earnestly sought my life. Narrow-minded, short-sighted men have said to me, more than once, "I reckon you have suffered enough to cure all your fanatical notions of humanity for these people!"

I pity the heart and intelligence of any man who measures principles of justice and right by the gauge
of personal suffering or personal interest. It is unworthy of enlightened Christian manhood.

"By their works ye shall know them." So may these people of whom I write be adjudged in the lights of 1874; so shall this nation be adjudged; so judge ye the author of this book.

The spring of 1845, Pow-e-shiek's band of Sacs and Foxes were removed from their home on Iowa river, twenty-five miles above Iowa City, Iowa, to Skunk river, one hundred miles west. Eighteen or twenty teams were hired by the Government to convey the household goods and supplies.

Among the number who furnished teams, my father was one, and I went as captain of the ox-team. The Indians were assembled at the "Trading Post" preparatory to starting. While the wagons were being loaded, some of them were gathering up their horses and packing their goods, ready for shipment; others were making the air vocal with wails of grief over the graves of their friends, or from sadness, consequent on leaving the scenes of a life-time.

I wonder not that they should reluctantly yield to inexorable fate, which compelled them to leave their beautiful valley of the Iowa. "The white man wanted it," and they must retreat before the onward march of empire, notwithstanding their nationality and their ownership of the country had been acknowledged by the Government, when it went into treaty-council with them for the lands they held. This was not on the plea of "eminent domain," but on account of the clamor for more room for the expanding energies of a growing population.

"The white man wanted it," tells the story, as it
has been repeated, time after time, since the founding of the Colonies in America.

I do not know that, in this instance, any advantage was taken of these Indians, except that advantage which the powerful always have over the weak. But I do know that if they had been allowed a choice, they never would have consented to leave the graves of their fathers. "Twas easy to say, "It was a fair transaction of selling and buying."

So is it a business transaction when a man buys the lots adjoining your own, and builds high walls on three sides, erects powder magazines and glycerine manufactories, corrupts city councils, and, by means of extra privileges and excessive taxation, compels you to sell your valuable property for a mere song, by saying, "Take my price for your property, or run the risk of being blown up."

Is it a fair "business transaction," after he has thus forced the trade?

What though he does faithfully pay the contract-price? Does it atone for the first moral wrong, in legally forcing the sale? And how much more aggravated the injury becomes, when, through his agents, or his sons, he "legitimately," under various pretences, permits the unfortunate seller to be robbed, by paying him off in "chips and whetstones," that he does not desire nor need, so that in the end he is practically defrauded out of his property, and finds himself at the last payment, homeless and penniless.

All done, however, under the sanction of law, and in the shade of church-steeples, and with sanctimonious semblance of honesty and justice.

The picture is not overdrawn. The illustration is
fair, or, if deficient at all, it has been in excess of advantage to the principal, not the victim. The latter has accepted the situation and suffered the consequences.

To return to Pow-e-shiek's band leaving their home. Who shall ever recount the sorrows and anguish of those people, while they formed in line of march, and turned their eyes for the last time upon the scenes that had been all the world to them? What mattered it though they realized all the pangs their natures were capable of; in those parting hours, with the uncomfortable promises that the ploughshare of civilization would level down the graves of their fathers, before their retreating footprints had been obliterated from the trail which led them sadly away? They were "Injins;" and they ought to have been in better luck than being "Injins."

Such was the speech of a white man in whose hearing I had said some word of sympathy on the occasion. I did not like the unfeeling wretch then, and have not much respect for him, or for the class he represents. Now I may have charity and pity, too, for all such. Charity for the poverty of a soul so devoid of the finer sensibilities of "common humanity that make mankind akin;" pity for a heart overflowing with selfishness, made manifest in thoughtless or spiteful speech.

The trying hour in the lives of these Indian people had come, and the long cavalcade moved out along the line of westward march, wagons loaded with corn and other supplies. The old men of the tribe, with darkened brows and silent tongue, sat on their horses;
the younger ones, with *seeming* indifference, in red blankets, feathers, and gaudy paints, moving off on prancing ponies, in little squads, to join the funeral pageant; for so it was. They were leaving the cherished scenes of childhood to hunt for sepulchres in the farther West.

The women, young and old, the drudges of the Indian household, as well as homes, where the sunlight of civilization *should* warm the hearts of men, and move them to truer justice, were gathered up, and preparing their goods for transportation, while bitter tears were flowing and loud lamentations gave evidence of the grief that would not be repressed, and each in turn, as preparations were complete, would lift the pappoose-basket with its young soul to altitudes of mother's back or horse's saddle, and then, with trembling limbs, climb to their seats and join the sad procession, adding what of woful wailing seemed necessary to make the whole complete with sights and sound that would bid defiance to painter's skill or poet's words, though, in the memory of those who beheld it, it may live as long as the throbs of sympathy which it kindled shall repeat themselves in hearts that feel for human sorrow.

The first day's journey measured but four miles; the next, six; and at most never exceeded ten or twelve. I did not understand, then, why we went so slow. It may have been necessary to "kill time," in order to use up the appropriation for the removal. When "camp" was reached, each day the wagons were "corralled;" that is to say, were drawn together in a circle, one behind another, and so close that when the teams were detached, the "pole" laid upon the
hind wheel of the next forward wagon would close up the gap, and thus complete the "corral," which was to answer the double purpose of "penning the oxen when being yoked up," and also as an extem-pore fort in case of attack by the Sioux Indians.

The wick-e-ups — Indian tents — were scattered promiscuously around, as each family might elect. After dinner was over the remainder of Uncle Sam's time was spent in various ways: horse-racing, foot-racing, card-playing, shooting-matches by the men, white and red, while the women were doing camp-work, cooking, getting wood, building lodges, etc.; for be it understood, an old-style Indian never does such work any more than his white brother would rock the cradle, or operate a laundry for his wife. The old men would take turns standing guard, or rather sitting guard. At all events they generally went out to the higher hills, and, taking a commanding position, would sit down all solitary and alone, and with blanket drawn around their shoulders and over their heads, leaving only enough room for vision and the escape of smoke from their pipes.

In solemn silence, scanning the surroundings, hour after hour thus wore away. There was something in this scene suggesting serious contemplation to a looker-on, and I doubt not the reveries of the lone watchman savored strongly of sadness and sorrow, may be revenge.

Approaching one old fellow I sought to penetrate his mind, and was rewarded by a pantomimic exhibition, more tangible than "Black Crook" ever witnessed from behind the curtains, while recuperating
his wasted energies that he might the more seem-
ingly "play the devil."

Rising to his feet and releasing one naked arm
from his blanket, he pointed toward the east, and with
extended fingers and uprising; coming gesture quick-
ly brought his hand to his heart, dropping his head,
as if some messenger of despair had made a sudden
call. He paused a moment, and then from his heart
his hand went out in circling; gathering motion, until
he had made the silent speech so vivid that I could
see the coming throng of white settlers and the
assembling of his tribe; and then, turning his face
away with a majestic wave of his hand, I saw his sor-
row-stricken people driven out to an unknown home;
while he, sitting down again and drawing his blanket
around him, refused me further audience. Perhaps
he realized that he had told the whole story, and
therefore need say no more.

Often at evening we would gather around some
grassy knoll, or, it may be, some wagon-tongue, and
white and red men mingled together. We would sit
down and smoke, and tell stories and recount tradi-
tions of the past. Oftest from Indian lips came
the history of wars and dances, of scalps taken and
prisoners tortured.

At the time of which I write the "Saukies" were
at variance with the "hated Sioux," and, indeed, the
latter had been successful in a raid among the herds
of the former, and had likewise carried away captives.
Hence the sentinels on the outpost at evening.

Just at dusk one night, when the theme had been
the "Sioux," and our thoughts were in that channel,
suddenly the whole camp was in a blaze of flashing
muskets. We beat a hasty retreat to our wagons—which were our only fortifications—with mingled feelings of fear and hope; fear of the much-dreaded Sioux, and hope that we might witness a fight.

My recollection now is that fear had more to do with our gymnastic exercises round about the wagon-wheels than hope had to do with getting a position for observation. But both were short-lived, for soon our red-skinned friends were laughing loud at our fright, and we, the victims, joined in to make believe we were not scared by the unceremonious flight of a flock of belated wild geese, inviting fire from the warriors of our camp; for so it was and nothing more. Still it was enough to make peace-loving, weak nerves shake, and heated brain to dream for weeks after of Sioux and of Indians generally. I speak for myself, but tell the truth of all our camp, I think.

The destination of our chief, Pow-e-shiek, and his band was temporarily with "Kisk-ke-kosh," of the same tribe, whose bands were on Desmoines river. There is among all Indians, of whom I have any knowledge, a custom in vogue of going out to meet friends, or important personages, to assure welcome, and, perhaps, gratify curiosity.

When we were within a day or two of the end of our journey, a delegation from Kisk-ke-kosh's camp came out to meet our party, and, while the greeting we received was not demonstrative in words, the younger people of both bands had adorned themselves with paint, beads, and feathers, and were each of them doing their utmost to fascinate the other. The scene presented was not only fantastic, but as
civilized people would exclaim, "most gay and gorgeous," and exhilarating even to a looker-on.

At night they gathered in groups, and made Cupid glad with the battles lost and won by his disciples. Then they danced, or, to ears polite, "hopped," or tripped the light fantastic moccason trimmed with beads, to music, primitive, 'tis true, but music made with Indian drums and rattling gourds. They went not in waltz, but circling round and round, and always round, as genteel people do, but round and round in single row, the circling ends of which would meet at any particular point, or all points, whenever the ring was complete, without reference to sets or partners, and joining in the hi-yi-yi-eia-ye-o-hi-ye-yi; and when tired sit down on the ground until rested, and then, without coaxing or renewed invitation, joining in, wherever fancy or convenience suited; for these round dances never break up at the unwelcome sound of the violin,—not, indeed, until the dancers are all satisfied.

The toilets were somewhat expensive, at least the "outfit" of each maiden cost her tribe several acres of land,—sometimes, if of fine figure, several hundred acres,—and not because of the long trails or expensive laces, for they do not need extensive skirts in which to dance, or laces, either, to enhance their charms; for the young gentlemen for whom they dressed were not envious of dry goods or fine enamel, but rather of the quality of paint on the cheeks of laughing girls; for girls will paint, you know, and those of whom I write put it on so thick that their beaux never have cause to say, "That's too thin."

The boys themselves paint in real genuine paint,
not moustaches alone, but eye-brows, cheeks, and hair. They wore feathers, too, because they thought that feathers were good things to have at a round dance; and they followed nature, and relieved the dusky maidens of seeming violation of nature's plain intention.

As I shall treat under the head of amusement the dances of Indians more at length, I only remark, in this connection, that the dance on this occasion, while it was a real "round dance," differed somewhat from round dances of more high-toned people in several ways, and I am not sure it was not without advantage in point of accommodation to the finer feelings of discreet mammas, or envious "wall-flowers." At all events, as I have said on former pages, the whole set formed in one circle, with close rank, facing always to the front, and enlarged as the number of the dancers grew, or contracted as they retired; but each one going forward and keeping time with feet and hands to the music, which was low and slow at first, with short step, increasing the music and the motion as they became excited, until the air grew tremulous with the sounds, rising higher and wilder, more and more exciting, until the lookers-on would catch the inspiration and join the festive ring; even old men, who at first had felt they could not spare dignity or muscle either, would lay aside their blankets until they had lived over again the fiery scenes of younger days, by rushing into the magnetic cordon, and, with recalled youth, forget all else, save the soul-storming fury of the hour, sweetened with the charm of exultant joy, over age and passing years.

And thus the dance went on, until at last by degrees
The dancers had reached an altitude of happiness which burst forth in simultaneous shout of music’s eloquence, complete by higher notes of human voice drawn out to fullest length.

The dance was over, and the people went away in groups of twos and threes. The maidens, skipping home to the paternal lodge without lingering over swinging gates, or waiting for answering maids to ringing bells, crept softly in, not waking their mammas up to take off for them their lengthened trails, but perhaps with wildly beating hearts from the dance to dream-land.

The young braves gathered their scarlet blankets around them, and in couples or threes, laughing as boys will do at silly jest of awkward maid or swain, went where “tired Nature’s sweet restorer” would keep promise and let them live over again the enchanting scenes of the evening, and thus with negative and photograph would feel the picture of youth their own.

The older men, whose folly had led them to display contempt for age, went boldly home to lodge where the tired squaws had long since yielded to exhausted nature, and were oblivious to the frolics of their liege lords.

Mrs. Squaw had no rights that a brave was bound to respect. It was her business to carry wood, build lodges, saddle his horse, and lash the pappoose in the basket, and do all other drudgery. It was his to wear the gayest blanket, the vermilion paint, and eagle-feathers, and ride the best horses, have a good time generally, and whip his squaws when drunk.
or angry; and it was nobody's business to question him. He was a man.

Now, if my reader has failed to see the picture I have drawn of Indian dances, I promise you that, before our journey is ended, I will try again a similar scene, where the music of tall pine-trees and tumbling torrents from hoary mountains will give my pencil brighter hues and my hand a steadier, finer touch.

The arrival of our train at the camp of Kisk-kek-kosh called out whatever of finery had not been on exhibition with the welcoming party who had come out to meet us. And when the sun had gone down behind the Iowa prairies the dances were repeated on a larger scale.

The following day we were paid off and signed the vouchers. Don't know that it was intended; don't know that it was not; but I do remember that we were allowed the same number of days in which to return that we had occupied in going out, although on our homeward journey we passed each day two or three camps made on the outward journey. I ventured to make some remark on the subject, suggesting the injustice of taking pay for more time than was required for us to reach home, and a nice kind of a churchman, one who could drive oxen without swearing, said in reply, "Boys should be seen and not heard, you little fool!"

He snubbed me then, but I never forgot the deep, earnest resolve I made to thrash him for this insult when "I got to be a man." But, poor fellow, he went years ago where boys may be heard as well as seen, and I forgive him.

We met the rushing crowds who were going to the
"New Purchase"; so eager, indeed, that, like greedy vultures which circle round a dying charger and then alight upon some eminence near, or poise themselves in mid air, impatient for his death, sometimes swoop down upon him before his heart has ceased to beat.

So had these emigrants encamped along the frontier-line, impatient for the hour when the red man should pull down his wigwam, put out his council-fires, collect his squaws, his pappooses, and his ponies, and turn his back upon the civilization they were bringing to take the place of these untamed and savage ceremonies. While the council-fire was dying out, another was being kindled whose ruddy light was to illuminate the faces, and warm the hands of those who, following the westward star of empire, had come to inherit the land, and build altars wherefrom should go up thanks to Him who smiled when he created the "beautiful valley" of the Iowa.

How changed the scene! Then the gray smoke from Indian lodge rose slowly up and floated leisurely away. Now from furnace-blast it bursts out in volume black, and settles down over foundry and farm, city and town, unless, indeed, the Great Spirit sends fierce tempests, as an omen of his wrath, at the sacrilege done to the red man's home.

Then the forest stood entire, like harp-strings whereon the Great Spirit might utter tones to soothe their stormy souls, or rouse them to deeds in vindication of rights he had bequeathed.

Now they live only in part, the other part decaying, while groaning under the pressure of the iron heel of power.
Bearing no part in sweet sounds, unless indeed it be sweet to hear the iron horse, with curling breath, proclaiming the advance of legions that worship daily at Mammon's shrine, or bearing forward still further westward the enterprising men and women who are to work for other lands a transformation great as they have wrought for this.

Then on the bosom of the river the red man's children might play in light canoe, or sportive dive, to catch the mimic stars that seemed to live beneath its flow, to light the homes of finny tribes who peopled then its crystal chambers.

Now, it is turgid and slow, and pent with obstructions to make it flow in channels where its power is wanted to complete the wreck of forests that once had made it cool, fit beverage for nature's children, or is muddied with the noisy wheels of commerce, struggling to rob the once happy home of Pow-e-shiek, of the charms and richness of soil that nature's God had given.

The prairies, too, at that time, were like a shoreless sea when, half in anger, the winds resist the ebb or flow of its tides; or they may be likened to the clouds, which seem to be mirrored on their waving surface, sporting in the summer air, or, at the command of the Great Spirit, hurry to join some gathering tempest, where He speaks in tones of thunder, as if to rebuke the people for their crimes.

Where once the wild deer roamed at will is enlivened now by the welcome call of lowing herds of tamer kind.

The waving grass, and fragrant flowers, too, gave way to blooming maize of finer mould.
The old trails have been buried like the feet that made them, beneath the upturned sod.

And now, while I am writing, this lovely valley rings out a chant of praise to God, for his beneficence, instead of the weird wild song of Pow-e-shiek and his people at their return from crusades against their enemies.

Who shall say the change that time and civilization have wrought, have not brought nearer the hour, "When man, no more an abject thing, shall from the sleep of ages spring," and be what God designed him, "pure and free?"

No one, however deeply he may have drank from the fount of justice and right, can fail to see, in the transformation wrought on this fair land, the hand of Him whose finger points out the destiny of his peculiar people, and yearly gives token of his approbation, by the return of seasons, bringing rich reward to the hands of those whom he has called to perform the wonders of which I write, in compensation for the hardships they endured, while the transit was being made from the perfection of untamed life to the higher state of civilization.

While we praise Him who overrules all, we cannot fail to honor His instrumentalities.

The brave pioneers, leaving old homes in other lands to find new ones in this, have made sacrifices of kindred, family ties, and early associations, at the behest of some stern necessity (it may be growing out of bankruptcy of business, though not of pride and honor, or manly character), or ambition to be peers among their fellows.

Or, mayhap, the change was made by promptings
of parental love for children whose prospects in life might be made better thereby, and the family unity still preserved by locating lands in close proximity, where from his home the father might by some well-known signal call his children all around him. Where the faithful watch-dog's warning was echoed in every yard, and thus gave information of passing events worthy of his attention enacting in the neighborhood. Where the smoke from cabin chimneys high arose, mingled in mid air, and died away in peaceful brotherhood. Where the blended prayer of parent and child might go up in joint procession from the school-house-churches through the shining trees that answered well for steeples then, or passing through clouds to Him who had made so many little groves, where homes might be made and prepared the most beautiful spots on earth for final resting-place, where each, as the journey of life should be over, might be laid away by kindred hands, far from the hurrying, noisy crowds, who rush madly along, or stop only to envy the dead the ground they occupy, and speculate how much filthy lucre each sepulchre is worth.

Others went to the new country with downy cheeks of youth, and others still with full-grown beards, who were fired with high ambition to make name, fame, home, and fortune, carrying underneath their sombre hats bright ideas and wonderful possibilities, with hearts full of manly purposes, beating quickly at the mention of mother's name or father's pride, sister's prayer or brother's love.
And with all these to buoy them up, would build homes on gentle slope, or in shady grove, and thus become by slow degrees "one among us."

I was with the first who went to this new country, and I know whereof I write. I know more than I have told, or will tell, lest by accident I betray the petty jealousies that cropped out; when Yankee-boys, forgetting the girls they left behind them, would pay more attention to our western girls than was agreeable to "us boys."

Others there were who had followed the retreating footsteps of the Indians. These were connecting links between two kinds of life, savage and civilized. Good enough people in their way, but they could not bear the hum of machinery, or the glitter of church-spires, because the first drove back the wild game, and the devotees who worshipped beneath the second, forbade the exercise of careless and wicked noises mingling with songs of praise.

A few, perhaps, had fled from other States to avoid the consequences of technical legal constructions which would sadly interfere with their unpuritanical ways. But these were not numerous. The early settlers, taken all in all, possessed many virtues and qualifications that entitled them to the honor which worthy actions and noble deeds guarantee to those who do them. They had come from widely different birth-lands, and brought with them habits that had made up their lives; and though each may have felt sure their own was the better way, they soon learned that honest people may differ and still be honest. And to govern themselves accordingly, each yielded, without sacrifice of principle, their hereditary whims
and peculiar ways, and left the weightier matters of orthodoxy or heterodoxy to be argued by those who had nothing better with which to occupy their time than to muddle their own and other people's brains with abstruse themes.

The "early settlers" were eminently practical, and withal successful in moulding out of the heterogeneous mass of whims and prejudices a common public sentiment, acceptable to all, or nearly so. And thus they grew, not only in numbers but in wealth, power, intelligence, and patriotism, until to-day there may be found on the once happy home of Pow-e-shieck a people rivalling those of any other State, surpassing many of them in that greatest and noblest of all virtues, "love for your neighbor."

No people in all this grand republic furnished truer or braver men for the holocaust of blood required to reconsecrate the soil of America to freedom and justice than those whose homes are built on the ruins of Pow-e-shieck's early hunting-grounds. Proud as the record may be, it shall yet glow with names written by an almost supernal fire, that warms into life the immortal thought of poets, and the burning eloquence of orators.

We are proud of the record of the past, and cherish bright hopes of the future. But with all our patriotic exultations, memory of Pow-e-shieck's sacrifices comes up to mingle sadness with our joy. Sadness, not the offspring of reproach of conscience for unfair treatment to him or his people by those who came after he had gone at the invitation of the Government, but sadness because he and his people could not enjoy what other races always have, the privilege
of a higher civilization; sadness, because, while our gates are thrown wide open and over them is written in almost every tongue known among nations, "Come share our country and our government with us," it was closed behind him and his race, and over those words painted, in characters which he understood, "Begone!"
CHAPTEII.

OVERLAND: BLOOD FOR BLOOD.

In 1846 Pow-e-shiek came with his band to visit his old home. We were "early settlers" then, and had built our cabins on the sloping sides of a bluff overlooking the valley below. From this outpost we descried the bands of piebald ponies and then the curling smoke, and next the poles of his wick-e-ups (houses); and soon we saw Pow-e-shiek coming to make known his wish that he might be permitted to pasture his stock on the fields which we had already robbed of corn. The recognition in me of one who had assisted in removing his people seemed to surprise and please him, and for a moment his eye lit up as if some fond reality of the past had revived the friendship that had grown out of my sympathy for him in his dark hour of departure from his home. And when I said, "This is my father and my mother, these my sisters and my brothers, and this place is our home," he gave to the welcoming hands a friendly grasp in evidence of his good intentions, and then assured us that no trouble on his part should grow out of his coming, and that, if his young men should do any dishonest acts, he would punish them; that he had come back to spend the winter once again near his haunts of olden times, perhaps to kill the deer that he thought white men did not care about since they had so many cattle and swine. We accepted his
assurance, and believed him to be just what he pretended,—a quiet, honest old chief, who would do as he agreed, nor seek excuse for not doing so.

The dinner hour had passed, but such as we had my mother set before him, and he did not fail to do full justice to everything upon the table. He made sure that his pappooses should complete what he began by making a clean sweep into one corner of his blanket to bear it to his lodge. After dinner he drew out his pipe, and filling it with Kin-ni-ki-nick (tobacco), and lighting it with a coal of fire, he first sought to propitiate the Great Spirit by offering up to him the first puff of smoke; next the devil, by blowing the smoke downward, and saved the third for himself; and after that he offered to the fourth person in his calendar, my father, the privilege of expressing his approval. But, as he was not a smoker himself, he passed the pipe to his oldest son, intimating his desire that he should be represented by proxy. I, willing to do his bidding, in friendship for our guest, it may be, or perhaps from other personal motives, soon reduced the Kin-ni-ki-nick to ashes and handed back the empty pipe to Pow-e-shiek. I knew not that I had transgressed the rules of politeness until afterwards, when I offered a pipe to our strange-mannered guest, he, with dignity, drew a puff or two and then passed it back, with an expression of countenance which declared unmistakably that it was meant for reproof.

If I felt resentment for a moment that a savage should presume to teach me manners, I do not feel that I was the only one who might be greatly benefited by taking lessons of unsophisticated men and
women of other than white blood; not alone in simple politeness, but also in regard to right and justice, whose flags of truce are never raised ostensibly to insure protection, but really to intimidate the weak and defenceless, who dared to stand up for the God-given rights to home and country.

Pow-e-shiek made preparations to return to his lodge, and we, boy-like, followed him out of the cabin door, and while he was saying good-by he espied a fine large dog that we had, named Van, though the name did not indicate our politics. Pow-e-shiek proposed to trade a pony for "old Van," and we were pleased at first, because we thought the pony would do to ride after the "breaking team" of dewy mornings in the spring. But when we learned that "Van" was wanted by the chief to furnish the most substantial part of a feast for his people, we demurred. "Old Van," too, seemed to understand the base use to which he was to be put, and reproached us with sullen side-looks; and the trade was abandoned, and would have been forgotten only that Van was ever afterward maddened at the sight of Pow-e-shiek or any of his race.

The winter passed, and our red neighbors had kept their promise, for although neither the granary nor any other building was ever locked, nothing had been missed, and our mutual regard seemed stronger than when the acquaintance was renewed. When spring had fully come, Pow-e-shiek, punctual to his promise, broke up his camp and went away.

Occasionally, for years afterwards, his people came back to visit; but he no more.
Years have passed, and he has joined the great throng in the happy hunting-grounds.

When the gold fever was at its height, in 1850, in company with others I journeyed overland to the new Eldorado. While en route, we heard much of Indians, of their butcheries and cruelties; I think there was good foundation for the stories. Indeed, we saw so many evidences of their handiwork, in new-made graves and abandoned wagons demolished, that there could be no reasonable doubt of their savage treatment of those who came within their power.

While I do not now, never have, and never will attempt to justify their butcheries, yet it is but fair that both sides of the story be told.

When our party was at "Independence Rock," in 1850, and no Indians had disturbed the passing travellers, near where we were then, we "laid over" a day, and within the time a man came into camp and boasted that he had "knocked over a buck at a distance of a hundred yards," and when the query was made as to the whereabouts of his game he produced a bloody scalp. He gave as an excuse that the Indians had frightened an antelope he was trying to kill, and that he shot the Indian while the latter was endeavoring to get away. Is it unreasonable to suppose that the friends of the murdered Indian, when he came not to the lodge at nightfall, would hunt him up, and that, when his brother or friend saw his scalpless head, he should avow to avenge his death?

Doubtless he did avenge both himself and his tribe, and he may have slain many innocent persons in retaliation for this foul deed.

As to the cause of the Indian troubles on the
Humbolt river, during the summer of 1850, I know nothing. Probably they originated in some lawless act similar to the one above described. In September following I loaned a rifle to a miner who was going out on a prospecting tour. On his return he proposed to buy it, saying that "it was a good one, he knew, because he tried it on an Indian, shooting from one bluff to another; and," said this civilized white man, "I dropped him into the river, and he went where all good Injuns go."

Later in the season two friendly Indians came into the town of "Bidwell's Bar," and, although no evidence was produced against them, they were arrested on "general principles," it was said; and while threats were made of hanging them on "general principles" too, better counsels prevailed, and they were placed in charge of a guard, who were to convey them to "Long's Bar," and turn them over to the sheriff to be held for trial.

The guard returned in a short time, and reported that the prisoners had "slipped down a bank and were drowned." It was, however, understood that they were killed by the guard "to save expense." Following this accident several white men were murdered by Indians, it was said, although the murdered men, it was evident, had met death through other instrumentality than bows and arrows.

A company was raised to go out and punish the offenders. On their return they reported grand success in finding Indian ranoheros, and in the wholesale butchery they had committed. Do you wonder that twenty or thirty white men were riddled with arrows within a short time, after such manly conduct, by the brave butchers of Indian women and children?
I have not at hand the data from which to mention in detail the various Indian wars that harassed the miners of California. Suffice it that they were of frequent occurrence, and, indeed, continued until the mountain bands of Indians were broken up. If the truth could be heard from the lips of both the living and the dead, we should hear many things unpleasant to the ears of white men as well as Indians, and, perhaps, discreditable to both. I doubt not such revelation would support the declaration I here make,—that bad white men have always been the instigators of the bloody deeds through which so many innocent persons have passed on to the other life.

The proofs are not wanting in almost every instance in support of this statement. That the Indian is vindictive, is true; that he is brave, cunning, and inhuman to his enemies is also true; but that he is faithful to his compacts, whenever fairly dealt with, is not less true.
CHAPTER III.

INDIANS AND MINERS.

WALLA-WALLA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY,
February 4th, 1863.

DEAR BROTHER (Suisun City, Cal.): —

I have found a good country and more business than I can manage alone; come and help me. Better leave your family until you can see for yourself. You may not like it, though I do. Money is plenty, everything new, and prices keyed up to old "forty-nine" times.

Your brother,

H. J. MEACHAM.

LEE'S ENCAMPMENT, FIFTY MILES SOUTH OF WALLA-WALLA,
on top of Blue Mountain, March 6, 1863.

MY DEAR WIFE (Suisun, Cal.): —

"Eureka." Come; I am camping in four feet of snow, and cooking meals in a frying-pan, and charging a dollar; selling "slap jacks" two bits each; oats and barley at twelve cents, and hay at ten cents per pound, and other things at same kind of prices; can't supply the demand. Go to William Booth, San Francisco, and tell him to ship you and the children with the goods, to Walla-Walla, Washington Territory, via Portland, Oregon, care Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express.

A. B. MEACHAM.
These two letters are copied here, to carry the reader and the writer over a period of twelve years, leaving behind whatever may have transpired of interest to the work now in hand, to be taken up on some other page, in proper connection with kindred subjects of later date.

Lee's Encampment is located near the summit of the Blue Mountains in Oregon, on the great highway leading from the Columbia river to the rich gold fields of Idaho and Eastern Oregon. It is fifty miles south of Walla-Walla, and is also one of the out-boundaries of the Umatilla Indian Reservation, occupied by the Walla-Walla, Cayuse and Umatilla Indians.

The roads leading out from the several starting-points on the Columbia river, to the mines above-mentioned, converge on the Reservation, and, climbing the mountain's brow, on the old "Emigrant trail," cross over to Grand Round valley.

During the spring of 1863, the great tide of miners that flowed inland, to reach the new gold fields, necessarily passed through the Reservation, and thence via Lee's Encampment. This circumstance of location gave abundant opportunity for observation by the writer. Of those who sought fortunes in the mines, I might write many chapters descriptive of the motley crowds of every shade of color and of character, forming episodes and thrilling adventures. But my purpose in this work would not be subserved by doing so, except such as have bearing on the subject-matter under consideration.

Of the thousands who landed at Umatilla City and Walla-Walla, en route to the "upper country," few
brought means of transportation overland. There were no stages, no railroads; and what though Haley & Ish, Stephen Taylor, and many others, advertised "saddle trains to leave for the mines every day of the week, at reasonable rates," which were, say, sixty dollars, on ponies that cost perhaps forty dollars; yet there were hundreds that could not get tickets even at those rates. The few who engaged reserved seats were started off on saddle-horses of various grades, under the charge of a "conductor," whose principal duty was, not to collect fares, but to herd the kitchen mules,—every train had with it one or more animals on whose back the supplies and blankets were carried,—and indicate the camping places by pulling the ropes that loosed the aforesaid kitchens and blankets, when, like other trains, at the pull of the rope, the whole would stop, and not be startled into unnecessary haste by "twenty minutes for dinner" sounded in their ears. One or more nights the camp would be on the Reservation, thus bringing travellers and Indians in contact.

I have said that many could not get places, even on the backs of mules, or Cayuse ponies. Such were compelled to take "Walkers' line," go on foot and carry blankets and "grub" on their backs. The second night out would find them also on the Reservation, and those who had the wherewith, purchased horses of the Indians; some, perhaps, without consulting the owners. Not stealing them! No. A white man would not do so mean a thing; but ropes are suspicious things when found in the pack of one of "Walker's" passengers, and if a pony was fool enough to run his head into a noose, the handiest way to get
clear of him was to exchange with some other man of similar misfortune, and then it was not stealing in the eyes of honest white men.

If the Indian missed his property, and, hunting along the line, found him under a white man, you might suppose he could recover his horse. Not so, my lord! Not so. The white man had proof that he had bought him of some other man, may be an Indian. Such was sometimes the case, for I do not believe that all men are honest, white or red; and these red men were not behind the white in sharp practice; and it is safe to say, that those of whom I am writing now were peers of those who sought to outwit them.

The horses of saddle trains would sometimes "stray away,"—often those of freighters,—and, since time was money, and strangers might not understand the "range," the Indians were employed to hunt for the straying animals, and paid liberally if they succeeded; and thus it made the stock of other trains restless, and often they would run away—and so the business increased, and the Indians grew wealthier, notwithstanding their own sometimes followed off a rope in the hands of white men.

The road, along which this stream of miners poured, left the valley of Umatilla on the Reservation, leading up the mountains. Near the foot of the hill, but with a deep ravine or gulch intervening, and on another hill,—part really of the valley, though sloping toward the former,—was "The Trading Post,"—Indian's sutler store. 'Twas here that saddle trains and "Walker's line," halted for the night, or "to noon" and rest, after travelling a fourteen-mile "stretch."

The "Walker" passengers were already worn out,
with heavy packs of picks and pans, bottles and blankets. The situation of the post, with reference to the mountain, was to an observer like standing on the sloping roof of one house and measuring the "pitch" of the one adjoining, making it seem much steeper than it really is. So with this mountain. True, it required a broad upward sweep of vision to take in the height. On the first bench, one mile above, the trains and men seemed to be transformed into dogs and boys. On the second bench, two miles up, they looked still smaller. On the third, three miles up, they very closely resembled Punch and Judy driving a team of poodles. The Indians found here a market for their horses, and sometimes did a livery business, in Indian style.

A stalwart son of Erin, standing against the wall of the store to "rest his pack," after looking at the trail leading up the mountain, said to the merchant doing business there, "I say, misther, is it up that hill we go?" Hearing an affirmative answer, he looked again at each bench, his brow growing darker the higher his eye went; at length he gave vent to his estimate of the undertaking by saying, "By the howly St. Patrick, if me own mother was here in the shape of a mule, I'd ride her up that hill, sure! I say, Mister Injun, wouldn't you sell us a bit of a pony for to carry our blankets an' things over the mountain with?"

The Indian had been in business long enough to understand that, and replied, "Now-wit-ka mi-ka potluctch. Chic-a, mon, ni-ka is-cum, cu-i-tan!"—"Och! Mister Injun, don't be makin' fun of a fellow, now, will ye? It's very sore me feet is, a-carrying me pick and pan and cooking-traps. Why don't you talk like a
dacent American gentleman?” — “Wake-ic-ta-cum-
tux,” said Tip-tip-a-noor, the Indian. “Don’t be play-
in’ your dirty tongue on me now, or I’ll spoil your beautiful face so I will.”

Drawing his arms out of the straps that had kept the pack in position on his shoulders, and lowering it “aisy,” to save the bottle, he began to make demonstra-
tions of hostile character, when Mr. Flippin, the post-trader, explained that Tip-tip-a-noos had replied to his first request, “Yes, you show the money, and I will furnish the horse;” and he had replied to the second, “I don’t understand you.” — “And is that all he says? Shure, he is a nice man, so he is. Shan’t I swaten his mouth wid a dhrop from me bottle?” — “No,” says Flip, “that wont do.” — “Away wid yees; shure, this is a free counthry, and can’t a man do as he plases with his own?” — “Not much,” replied Flip. “I say now, Mike, will you join me in the byin’ of a bit of a pony for to carry our blankets and things?”

The man addressed as Mike assented to the propo-
sal, and soon Tip-tip-a-noos brought a small pinto cal-
ico-colored horse; and after some dickering the trade was completed by Pat, through pantomimic signs, giv-
ing Tip to understand, that if he would follow down into the gulch, out of sight of Flip, he would give him a bottle of whiskey, in addition to the twenty dollars.

The pony was turned over to Pat and Mike. The next move was to adjust the packs on the Cayuse. This was not easily done. First, because the pony did not understand Pat’s jargon; second, they had not reckoned on the absence of a pack-saddle. Flip, al-
ways ready to accommodate the travelling public, for
a consideration, brought an old cross-tree pack-saddle, and then the lash-ropes,—ropes to bind the load to the saddle. Pat approached the pony with outstretched hands, saying pretty things in Irish brogue; while Mike, to make sure that the horse should not escape, had made it fast to his waist with a rope holding back, while Pat went forward, so that at the precise moment the latter had reached the pony's nose, he reared up, and, striking forward, gave Pat a blow with his fore-foot, knocking him down. Seeming to anticipate the Irishman's coming wrath, he whirled so quick that Mike lost his balance and went down, shouting, "Stop us, stop us; we are running away!" Pat recovered his feet in time to jump on the prostrate form of Mike, going along horizontally, at a furious gait, close to the pony's heels. The Cayuse slackened his speed and finally stopped, but not until Mike had lost more or less of clothing, and the "pelt" from his rosy face.

When the two Irishmen were once more on foot, and both holding to the rope, now detached from Mike's waist at one end, and buried into the wheezing neck of the Cayuse at the other, a scene occurred that Bierdstadt should have had for a subject. I don't believe I can do it justice, and yet I desire my readers to see it, since the renowned painter above-mentioned, was not present to represent it on canvas.

Think of two bloody-nosed Irish lads holding the pony, while he was pulling back until his haunches almost touched the ground, wheezing for breath, occasionally jumping forward to slacken the rope around his neck, and each time letting Pat and Mike fall suddenly to the ground, swearing in good Irish style at
the "spalpeen of a brute" that had no better manners, while Mr. Indian was laughing as he would have done his crying, — away down in his heart. Flip. and others looking on, were doing as near justice to the occasion as possible, by laughing old-fashioned horse-laughs, increasing with each speech from Pat or Mike.

Occasionally, when the Cayuse would suddenly turn his heels, and fight in pony style, Pat would roar out Irish, while the horse would compel them to follow him, each with body and limbs at an angle of forty-five degrees, until his horseship would turn again, and then they were on a horizontal awhile. Securing him to a post, Pat said, "Now, be jahers, we've got him." After slipping a shirt partly over his head, to "blind" him, they proceed to sinche — fasten — the pack-saddle on him, and then the two packs. When all was lashed fast, and a hak-i-more — rope halter — was on his nose, they untied him from the post, and proposed to travel, but Cayuse did not budge. Mike pulled and tugged at the halter, while Pat called him pretty names, and, with outspread hands, as though he was herding geese, stamping his foot, coaxed pony to start. No use. Flip. suggested a sharp stick. Pat went for his cane, like a man who had been suddenly endowed with a bright idea. After whittling the end to a point, he applied it to the pony.

The next speech that Irishman made was while in half-bent position. With one hand on the side of his head, he anxiously addressed Tip. "Meester Injun, is me ear gone? Meester Injun, what time of night is it now? I say, Meester Injun, where now is the spalpeen of a pony?"
Mike had let go of the rope soon after Pat applied the sharp stick, and was following the retreating blankets and bottles, ejaculating, "The beautiful whiskey! The beautiful whiskey!"

When Pat's eyes were clear enough, Meester Injun, without a smile, pointed to the valley below, where frying pans and miners tools were performing a small circus, much to the amusement of a band of Cayuse horses, who were following Pat's pony with considerable interest.

I don't think the goods, or the whiskey either, were ever recovered by Pat and Mike, but I have an idea that "Tip-tip-a-noor" had a big dance, and slept warm under the blankets, and possibly a big drunk.

Of course, reader, you do not blame Irishmen for their opposition to "The Humane Policy of the Government."

The Indian, however, if detected in unlawful acts, was sure of punishment under the law, no matter though he may have been incited to the deed by whiskey he had bought of white men, who vended it in violation of law. This commerce in whiskey was carried on extensively, notwithstanding the efforts of a very efficient agent to prevent it.

Men have started out on "Walker's line," carrying their blankets, and in a day or two they would be well mounted, without resorting to a "rope" or money to purchase with, and obtain the horses honestly too; that is to say, when they practised self-denial, and did not empty the bottles they had concealed in their packs. One bottle of whiskey would persuade an Indian to dismount, and allow the sore-footed, honest miner, who carried the bottle, to ride, no matter though the
horse may have belonged to other parties. I have heard men boast that they were "riding a bottle," meaning the horse that bore them along had cost that sum.

Such things were common, and could not be prevented. Young "Black Hawk" learned how to speak English, and make brick, and various other arts, through the kindness of the Superintendent of the State's Prison. These things he might never have known, but for the foresight of some fellow who disliked the fare on "Walker's" line.

The question is asked, "What was the agent doing?" He was doing his duty as well as he could, with the limited powers he possessed. But when he sought to arrest the white men who were violators of the laws of the United States, he was always met with the common prejudices against Indian testimony, and found himself defeated. But, when he was appealed to for protection against Indian depredations, he found sympathy and support, and few instances occurred where guilty Indians escaped just punishment.

I knew the agent well, and doubted not his sense of justice in his efforts to maintain peace. If he did not mete out even-handed justice in all matters of dispute between white men and Indians, the fault was not his, but rather that of public sentiment. When colored men were "niggers," the Indian "had no rights that white men were bound to respect."

He who proclaimed against the unjust administration of law so unfavorable to the Indians, in courts where white men and Indians were parties, was denounced as a fanatical sentimentalist, and placed in the
same category with "Wendell Phillips" and "Old John Brown," whose names, in former times, were used to deride and frighten honest-thinking people from the expression of sentiments of justice and right.

I wish here to record that, although we did a large amount of business with white men and Indians, we never had occasion to complain of the latter for stealing, running off stock, or failing to perform, according to agreement, to the letter, even in matters left to their own sense of honor.

On one occasion, "Cascas," a Reservation Indian, who was under contract to deliver, once in ten days, at Lee's Encampment, ten head of yearlings, of specified size and quality, as per sample, at the time of making the bargain, brought nine of the kind agreed upon and one inferior animal. Before driving them into the corral, he rode up to the house, and calling me, pointed to the small yearling, saying that was "no good;" that he could not find "good ones" enough that morning to fill the contract, but if I would let the "Ten-as-moose-moose"—small steer—go in, next time, he would drive up a "Hi-as-moose-moose"—big steer—in place of an ordinary yearling. If I was unwilling to take the small one, he would drive him back, and bring one that would be up to the standard.

I assented to the first proposition. Faithful to the promise, he made up the deficiency with a larger animal next time, and even then made it good.

Another circumstance occurred which asserted the honesty of these Indians. After we had corralled a small lot of cows purchased from them, one escaped and returned to the Indian band of cattle, from which
she had been driven. Three or four years after, we were notified by the owner of the band that we had four head of cattle with his herd. True, it was but simple honesty, and no more than any honest man would have done; but there are so many who would have marked and branded the calves of that little herd, in their own interest, that I felt it worthy of mention here to the credit of a people who have few friends to speak in their behalf. Notwithstanding their lives furnish many evidences of high and honorable character, yet they, very much like white men, exhibit many varieties.

In pressing need for a supply of beef for hotel use, I called on "Tin-tin-mit-si," once chief of the Walla-Wallas (a man of extraordinary shrewdness, and possessed of great wealth, probably thirty thousand dollars in stock and money), to make a purchase. He, silently, half in pantomime, ordered his horse, that he might accompany me to the herds. Taking with us his son-in-law, John McBerne, as interpreter, we soon found one animal that would answer our purpose. The keen-eyed old chief, with his blanket drawn over his head, faced about, and said, "How much that cow weigh?"—"About four hundred and fifty pounds," I answered. "How much you charge for a dinner?"—"One dollar," I responded. "How much a white man eat?" said "Tin-tin-mit-si." I read his mind, and knew that he was thinking how to take advantage of my necessity, and, also, that he was not accustomed to the white man’s dinner. I replied, "Sometimes one pound."—"All right," quoth Indian; "you pay me four hundred dollars, then what is over will pay you for cooking."—"But who will pay me
for the coffee, sugar, butter, potatoes, eggs, cheese, and other things?” I replied.

While Johnny was repeating this speech the old chief moved up closer, and let his blanket slip off his ears, and demanded a repetition of the varieties composing a Christian dinner; and, while this was being done, he looked first at the interpreter, then at me, and said, in a surly, dry tone, "No wonder a white man is a fool, if he eat all those things at once; an Indian would be satisfied with beef alone."

After some mathematical calculations had been explained, he agreed to accept forty-five dollars, a good round price for the cow. And I drove away the beast, while "Tin-tin-mit-si" returned to his lodge to bury the money I had paid him along with several thousand dollars he had saved for his sons-in-law to quarrel over; for the old chief soon after sent for his favorite horse to be tied near the door of his lodge, ready to accompany him to the happy hunting-grounds, where, according to Indian theology, he has been telling his father of the strange people he had seen.
CHAPTER IV.

DIAMOND-CUT-DIAMOND.

It was understood, in the treaty stipulation with the Government and these people, that they were to have the privilege of hunting and grazing stock in common with citizens on the public domain. In the exercise of this right, they made annual journeys to Grand Round and other valleys, east of the Blue mountains, driving before them, on these journeys, their horses. They were often thus brought in contact with white settlers, and sometimes difficulties occurred, growing, generally, out of the sale of intoxicating liquors to them by unprincipled white men.

Indians are not better than white men, and, when drunk, they exhibit the meaner and baser qualities of their nature as completely as a white man. Deliver us from either, but of the two, an intoxicated white man has the advantage; he is not held responsible to law. The Indian has one privilege the civilized white brother is not supposed to enjoy. He can abuse his family, and as long as he is sober enough can whip his squaw; but woe be to him when he gets past fighting, for then the squaw embraces the opportunity of beating him in turn, and calls on other squaws to assist in punishing her lord for past as well as present offences.

The chiefs generally watch over their men, to prevent the purchase of liquor by them. "Homli,"
chief of the Walla-Walla's, sometimes punished his braves in a summary manner for getting drunk, using a horsewhip in the public streets. However worthy the example, I believe that it was not often followed by others of either race.

The annual visits of which I have spoken occurred in the latter part of June, when the mountain sides of Grand Round valley were offering tempting inducements in fields of huckleberries. The valley, too,—where not enclosed and turned to better use,—was blooming with Indian "muck-a-muck," a sweet, nutritious root called ca-mas, with which the Indian women filled baskets and sacks, in which to carry it to their homes for winter use.

The beautiful river of Grand Round was inviting the red men to war against the shining trout and salmon, that made yearly pilgrimage to greater altitudes and cooler shades, there to woo and mate, and thus to people the upper waters with finny children, who would, in time of autumn leaves, go to the great river below, and come again when mountain snows, now changed to foaming torrents, hastened to the river's mouth, and tempting salmon flies had come from their hiding places, and swarmed on bush and bank, to lure the fish onward and upward, or beguile them to the fisher's net, or hidden spear, if, perchance, they were warned away from angler's line, or escaped the lightning arrow of Indian boys.

Then, too, this beautiful garden of the mountains wore its brightest hues on plain and sloping hills and cultured field. The farmers were idle then, and often went to join the red men in racing horses, and chasing each other in mimic wars. Sometimes the two would
engage in trades of wild Cayuses (Indian horses),
teaching each other how to tame these fiery steeds.
Great circus shows were these, in which the red man
might for once laugh at the white man's clumsy imi-
tations of red men's daily recreations.

Again, the red man had sweet revenge for sharper
practice which he had felt at the hands of his white
brother. Selecting some ill-natured beast, whose
tricks he well knew, he would offer him at a price so
low, that some white man who was tired of going to
his neighbors for a ride, or had a hopeful son anxious
to imitate little Indian boys in feats of horsemanship,
would purchase him. Then fun began, to witness
which the town sometimes turned out. The colt, un-
used to civilized bit or spur, would, like his former
owner, show contempt for burdens he was not made
to bear without "bucking." When, with bridle and
saddle, and rider, all new, surrounded by scenes un-
like his coltship's haunts, he was called upon to forward
move, he would stand as if turned to marble, until by
persuasion of whip and spur he'd change his mind.
Then, with a snort, a bound, or upward motion of his
back, his nostrils buried in the dust, he'd whirl and
whirl until the rider dizzy grew, of which circum-
stance he seemed aware, when, with all his power
brought into quick use, he sent the rider in mid-air or
overhead, and straightway bent each bound toward
his former home, followed by loud shouts of laughter,
made up of voices joined of every kind and age, ex-
cept perhaps that of the disgusted father — who had
sundry dollars invested in furniture on the runaway's
back — and the crying boy in the dust.

The chances against the new owner's boy ever
"putting on much style" on that pony were not very numerous. Fearing as much, the next proposition was to sell the pony back to "Mr. Injun" at a heavy discount; which was done much against the wishes of the dethroned boy, whose aspirations for western honor were thereby "nipped in the bud."

A lawyer of "La Grande," celebrated for his shrewdness in business generally, and who was the father of several enterprising sons, made an investment in Cayuse stock, for the benefit of the aforesaid boys, and fearing that he, too, might go in mourning over the money thus spent, in fatherly tenderness determined that he himself would ride the pony first.

The horse was saddled, and led by a long rope to the office door. The lawyer said, "Now, Charley, I'll fool that pony, sure. I'm little, you know, and he'll think I'm a boy." The rope was made fast to an awning-post, and then, in presence of a hopeful audience, he mounted slowly, though in full lawyer's dress, a bell-crowned "plug" (hat) included. When softly springing in the stirrups, to assure himself all was right, and confident that his "nag" was there, subject to his will, he essayed to display his horsemanship. But pony was not ready then. The lawyer called for whip and spurs, and without dismounting they were furnished, and while holding out his foot to have the spur put on, remarked that "he did not half like the white of the pony's eye. But, boys, I'll stick while the saddle does." With sober face and eye fixed on the ears in front, he coaxed again, and with soft speech sought to change the pony's mind. But he was not ready now, until he felt the rowel stick into
his sides, and then away went horse and rider together, to the end of the rope, where the pony stopped, though the lawyer did not, until his head had struck the crown of his hat; and not then even, but, going at a furious rate, the lawyer, hat, and torn trowsers had landed all in a heap on the other side of the street; the awning-post gave way, and the lawyer's Cayuse went off, with a small part of the town following him.

The language used by him on this occasion consisted not of quotations from Blackstone, or the Bible either, unless in detached words put strangely in shape to answer immediate use. It is not safe to say anything about fooling ponies, in court or elsewhere, in the town of La Grande, unless the speaker wants war. That lawyer, although a stanch Republican, and liable to be a candidate for Congress, is strongly opposed to President Grant's peace policy with Indians,—the Umatilla Indians in particular.

To say that Chief Homli and his tribe enjoyed little episodes, growing out of horse-trading with the citizens of La Grande, is too gentle and soft a way of telling the truth, and have it well understood, unless we add the westernism "hugely."

These visits had other beneficial results than those growing out of trade, since they extended over the Fourth of July, when all the people of the valley came together to celebrate the "nation's birthday," when, with fife and drum, the country-folks would join with those in town, who "marched up a street and then marched down again," to the willow-covered stand, where readers and orators would rehearse, one, the history of the "Declaration," the other, repeat some great man's speech.
The tables groaned beneath the loads of viands, spread by gentle women's hands. The reader and the orator of the day would take positions at either end, and the meek chaplain in between, while the bashful country boys would lead up their girls, until the table had been filled. Homli and his people, dressed in Fourth-of-July regalia, would look on from respectful distance, and wonder what the reader meant, when he said, "All men are born free and equal," and wondered more to hear a wicked orator protest that the "flag above was no longer a flaunting lie." The Indians were then serving in the house of a foolish old man, named Esau. When fair lips refused longer to taste, and manly breast was filled too full for utterance, Homli and his people were invited to partake. Some of his people accepted the gift of the remnants; but he, Homli, never.

In the absence of better pastime, the crowd would come again to the grand stand, to give opportunity for disappointed spouters to ventilate pent-up patriotism. Homli, too, made a speech, and with keen rebuke referred to days gone by, when white men had come to his lodge, and craved his hospitality; how his women had culled their berry-baskets to find something worthy of the white man's taste, and how the finest trout had been offered in proof of friendship for the stranger guest, and boasted that he had given the finest horses of his band to help the stranger on, and sent an escort of trusty braves to direct him over all doubtful trails. He boasted, too, that no white man's blood had ever stained his hand, even when he was strong, and they were weak; then, with well-made gesture, pointed to the valley, once all his own, and
covered with antelope and feathery tribes. No houses, fields, or barns marred then the beautiful valley of the mountain. Turning half around, he gazed at people and town, and sadly motioned to the mountain-sides, robbed of fir and pine, and seemed to drink in, what, to him, was desolation made complete. With eye half closed, he mused a moment, and then broke forth like some brave soul that had mastered self, and was reconciled to the inexorable destiny that his mind had seen in store, declared that he would be a man himself, with white man's heart, and that his people would yet join with pride in the coming celebrations.

The triumph of civil hopes over savage mind was complete, and when the change was realized by the lookers-on, they gathered round the chieftain, and gave him welcome to a brotherhood born of a nation's struggles to redeem mankind, when the white men were few and Homli's people numerous as the stars that looked down on the rivers of this beautiful land. Who shall remember the mild reproof of Homli, when he, under the humane and enlightened policy of the Government, shall have made good this declaration to be a white man in heart and practice?

Little things sometimes move in harmony until they unite, and make up an aggregate of causes, whose combined power becomes irresistible for good or ill to peoples, tribes, and nations.

The chieftain of whom I write had, at various times, felt the thongs that bound him to his savage habits loosening, little by little, until at last, under the influence of the patriotic joy of freemen, he himself had stepped from under a shadow that was once
a benison, but had now, because of his enlightenment, become a barrier to his happiness.

The change was real, and the heart that had come laden with reproach to his neighbor, and felt the sting of slighted manhood, now exulted in the recognition he had found in the sunshine of American Independence, and the warm hands of freedom's sons, who bade him welcome to a better life.

No human brain can correctly measure the influence of such events. Homli, as I have said, was a chief of the Walla-Wallas, who, in conjunction with the Umatillas and Cayuses, occupied the reservation spoken of as "Umatilla" (horse-heaven), it being the original home of the tribe bearing that name. In 1856, the three tribes above named united in treaty council with the Government, represented by the lamented J. I. Stevens and General Joel Palmer.

This treaty was conducted with firmness and on principles of justice, the Indians having, in this instance at least, half "the say." By the terms agreed upon, a portion of country was reserved by the three tribes for a permanent home, to be held jointly by them. It is located on one of the tributaries of the Columbia, known as the Umatilla river. The out-boundaries measured one hundred and three miles, covering a country possessing many natural advantages, conducive to Indian life, and of great value in the transfer of these people from a barbarous to a civilized condition.

Its surface is diversified with rich prairie lands, producing an excellent quality of bunch grass,—so called because of its growing in tussocks,—covering not more than half the surface of the ground, the
remainder being entirely devoid of vegetation, very
nutricious and well adapted to grazing.

The mountains are partly covered with forests of
pine and fir, valuable for commercial and building
purposes. The streams are rapid, with bold shores,
abounding in latent power, waiting for the time when
labor and capital shall harness its cataracts to ma-
chinery, whose music will denote the transformation
process going on in the forest of the mountain; the
fleeces from the plain, and in the cereals they contain,
in embryo, for better use than shading herds of cattle
and Indian horses, or its fleeces made traffic for
traders and shippers, who enrich themselves by
taking them in bulk and returning in manufactured
exchanges; or for its fields to lie dormant and idle,
while commerce invites and starving people clamor
for bread they might be made to yield.

True, its almost unbroken wilderness, echoing the
call of cougar or cayote (ki-o-te); its tall grass plains,
tangled and trembling with the tread of twenty thou-
sand horses; its valleys decked with carpets of
gorgeous flowers, — fit patterns for the costumes of
those who dance thereon, — or speckled with baby
farms, belonging to red-skinned ploughmen, or shaded
by the smoke of council wigwams; its waters some-
times shouting, as if in pain, while hurrying headlong
against the rock, or, laughing beneath the balm-wood
trees at the gambols of its own people, or, divided
into an hundred streams, go rushing on, still play-
ing mirror for the smiling faces of the youths, whose
hearts and actions take pattern after its own freedom;
true, indeed, that this lovely spot of earth seems
to have been the special handiwork of the Almighty,
who had withheld from other labors the choicest gems of beauty, that he might make a paradise, where youth could keep pace with passing years, until the change of happy hunting-grounds should be noted only by the wail of weeping widows, or sighs of sorrowing orphans.

'Twas to this Indian paradise that Homli returned from his summer visit, his heart laden with new feelings of pride; for he had been recognized as a man. If he did not then begin to enjoy the realization of his hopes, there were reasons why he did not that few have understood.

Born to a wild, free life, possessed of a country such as few ever enjoy, with a channel of commerce traversing his home; brought in constant contact with white men, some of whom, at least, he found to be soulless adventurers, ever ready to take advantage of his ignorance of trade; confused and bewildered by the diversity of opinions on political and religious subjects; witnessing the living falsehood of much of civilized life; but half understanding the ambitions of his "new heart," or the privilege he was entitled to; with the romance of his native education in matters of religion, its practical utility to satisfy his longings that reached into the future, or to meet the demands of conscience, where duty led him, or anger at insult drove him; the performance of its ceremonies, connecting social with religious rites,—added to these the power that his red brethren who were yet untouched by the finger of destiny, and were luxuriating in idle, careless life, enhanced by the sight of the hardened hands and sweating brows of those who sought to find admission to circles where labor insures
reward; confused when witnessing the enforcement of laws "that are supposed to be uniform in operation," by the outrageous partiality shown; treated with coldness and distrust, because of his color; envied of his possessions, to which he had an inalienable right, by deed from God, and confirmed by the government of the United States; compelled to hear the constant coveting of others for it, and to hear government denounced because it did not rob him of his home; to see distrust in every action toward him; his manhood ignored, or crushed by cruel power; his faith shaken; treated as an alien, even in his birthplace; taunted with the threat that when he planted his feet on higher plains, he should be crowded off, or forced to stand tottering on the brink; his fears aroused by the threats he overheard of being finally driven away; of speculations on the future towns that should spring up over the graves of his fathers, when he was not there to defend them,—added to all these discouragements the oppressions of his would-be teachers, in moral ethics and religion; demanding his attendance on ceremonies that were intangible, incomprehensible, to his mind, made more unbearable by the tyranny of his red brethren; growing out of their recognition of church-membership, and the consequent arrogance, even contempt, with which they spoke of his religious habits and ceremonies; unable to reconcile the practices of these people with the precepts of their priest; ostracised from those, who, while untouched by the hand of Christianity, had mingled voice and prayer with him in wilder worship; finding friends among white men, whose hearts were true, but who, instead of soothing his troubled feelings by patiently
teaching him charity and liberal-minded views touching matters of religious practice of his Catholic friends and their ministers, would pile the fagots on the burning altar 'twixt him and them, increasing distrust, making the breach wider, thus becoming alienated from the other chiefs, Ilowlish-wam-po, of Cayuse, and We-nap-snoo, of the Umatillas, and those of their tribes who had been led, by ministrations of priest and chief, to the solemn masses of the church: if then Homli failed to be a "white man" in heart, on whom does the responsibility rest?

I have not dealt in fiction, but have stated the circumstance plainly, the truth of which will not be questioned by those whose personal knowledge qualifies them for passing judgment, unless, indeed, it be those whose minds have been trained to run in narrow, bigoted grooves, whose hearts have never felt the warming influences of the high and pure love for truth that characterizes a noble Christian manhood, and whose measure of right is made by the petty and selfish interest of himself, who, with the judgment of a truckling demagogue, barks for pay in popular applause or political reward.

For the present, I leave my readers to chide Homli for his failure, if, indeed, they can, with the facts before them. As to the responsibility, I shall discuss the subject fully and fearlessly on some future page of this work, where the argument for and against the several "policies" may be made and applied in a general way in the consideration of the subject of "Indian civilization."
CHAPTER V.

POLICIES ON TRIAL—"ONEATTA."

In the fall of 1866, the "Oregon Delegation," in Washington, proposed the name of the author of this book for appointment as Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Oregon.

President Johnson, on inquiry, learned that he was not a "Johnson man," and, of course, refused to make the nomination.

The recommendation of the author's name was made without his solicitation or knowledge. On the accession of President Grant, the recommendation was renewed, the nomination was made and confirmed by the Senate of the United States; bonds filed, oaths of office administered, and notice given to my predecessor; and on the 1st of May, 1869, I assumed the duties of the office indicated.

The new administration had the Indian question in transit, between three policies: The old way, "Civil Service," "The War Department Policy," and General Grant's "Quaker Policy."

With good intention, doubtless, the several policies were put on trial.

Oregon superintendency and all its agencies were assigned to the tender care of the War Department policy, and I was ordered to turn over my office to an officer of the army, even before I had performed
an important official duty. Remonstrance was made by the people of Oregon against the change.

A compromise was effected. I was retained as Superintendent, and Hon. Ben. Simpson, Agent at Siletz, and Capt. Charles Lafollette, Agent at Grand Round also of the civil service policy. The remainder of the agencies were assigned to officers of the army. This mixing up of elements was somewhat embarrassing for a time.

I began again my official duties. From the records in the Superintendent's Office, Salem, Oregon, I learned the location and something of the condition of the several agencies under my charge.

"The Coast Reservation," covering three hundred miles of the Pacific coast, embraced several stations, or agencies, comprising not more than one-third the territory within its boundaries. It had never been ceded to the Government, neither acquired by conquest, but was set apart by an act of Congress for the benefit of the several tribes of the Willamette valley. It is partly timbered and generally mountainous. It abounds in resources suitable to Indian savage life.

Once this wild region had been peopled with deer and elk, whose plaintive call had led the cougar to his feast, or quickened the steps of the huntsman, whose steady nerves enabled him to glide through the tanglewood, bearing with him images of his children (who, dependent upon his archery, awaited his return); and of faithful clutchmen (squaws), whose eyes would kindle at sight of hunter, laden with fruits of the chase, that were to be food and clothing for her little ones. These forest trees had stood
sentinels, guarding its people, from the gaze of tamer huntsmen, and from the rough ocean winds that sweep the coast; or, uttering hoarser sounds, or sighing songs, warning of coming storms, that sometimes beat the white-winged ship, laden with merchandise, from foreign lands, against the rocky shore (whose caverns were the refuge of sea-lions), or, echoing back Pacific's roar, were waiting for the debris from wrecks of stately crafts, or coming of sea-washed mariners.

Then, at such perilous times, the peoples of this wild western verge of continent would, in pure charity, build warning-fires on higher bluffs, at night-fall, and thus give signals of danger; or, mayhap, they sometimes built them to decoy, in order to avenge insult (or wrong, real, or imaginary) of some former seaman, who had repaid them for good will by treacherous act of larceny of some dusky maiden, or black-eyed boy, or stalwart warrior, carried away to other lands.

Tradition's living tongue has furnished foundation for the pictures I have made. And many times to listening ears the story has been told, changed only in the name of maiden, or boy, or braves, as date or location gave truth to the sorrowing tale.

Living still, on a home set apart by the State, are two chieftains of a western tribe, whose people tell, in story and in song, how, at a certain sign of danger to a ship, they went out over the breakers in a hollow-tree canoe, to meet the white "tyee" of the "great canoe," and in pity for the poverty of his knowledge of sea line had proffered him shelter in a quiet nook of land-locked ocean, until such time as
the Great Spirit might give evidence of anger past, by smiling on the boisterous waves that had made sport of man’s puny efforts to control his own going.

These chieftains, in dainty craft, had won the captain’s confidence, and, by consent of favoring winds and rolling seas, with trust he follows past lone rocks that stand above the sunken reef, and through the foamy passage, guarded by “headlands” on either side; past bars, unseen, that break huge rollers into waves of shorter measure; past, still past, the homes of fishermen on shore, until at last his sails flapped approval on the mast, the keel complains of unaccustomed touch, and anchors dropped in fathoms short to the bed of a bay that gives evidence of welcome, by sending its sands to surface, speckled with mica or sparkling with grains of gold.

Thus the white man’s big canoe found rest, and sailors crowded the rail to give signs of gratitude to the strange, strong-armed pilots.

The captain let down his stairs, that they might come on deck and exchange mutual feelings of each heart. On the one hand, that of thankfulness, that misfortunes make mankind akin, and used such occasions to teach the lion that the mouse may be his master when circumstances bring his ability into demand.

The white man felt gratitude, and made proof of it by loading the red man’s “hollow tree” with rich stores of choice sugars from the islands, blankets made in colder zones; with clothing that illly fitted the red man’s limbs; with lines, and nets, and hooks, and spears of foreign make, and with weapons of
fiery breath and noisy mouth, that poorly mated the bow and arrow, though mating good by force of execution the loss in warning talk.

The chieftains, too, gave back, with answering hand and smiling face, the gladness of their hearts that they found opportunity to serve the white man.

When they departed, the "tyee" bade them come again. This was a great day for the chieftain's household, when they landed beneath the willow trees near their e-li-he (home). The women, with great, wondering eyes at the sight of so many ic-tas (goods), began to unload the "hollow-tree canoe," and, as each article new to them came in sight, they would wonder and chatter and try them on, until at last they stood clothed in sailor's garb, of jacket, pants and shoes. To their camps they came, loaded with the precious freights, and, coming to their own, the little ones would cry and run, shouting, "Hal-lu-me, til-li-cum" (strangers); nor would they trust to their mothers' voices until they had put aside their costumes.

These chiefs still laugh at the surprise they felt at sight of what they supposed to be the new-found friends, until the merry cluchmen (women) shouted, "Cla-hoy-em-six, tyee?" (How do you do, chief?) They quickly rose from their cougar skin and panther's pelt, caught the bogus sailors, and quickly robbed them of their borrowed clothes.

That night, while the sun was going to rest in his bed of flaming billows, on the ship's deck and on the sand of the red man's floor, happy hearts bade each "Good-night." The white man was happy now that his home was gently rocked by flowing tides. The
red men, happy with their til-li-cums, retailing in guttural notes their great adventures, and dancing the pot-lach dance (giving dance), would stop, and with their hands divide the prizes won, without thought of shells, or Indian coin, or white man’s chick-a-mon (money). When “to-morrow’s sun” had climbed over the craggy ledges of the coast mountain, and sent out his fiery messengers to announce his coming, they came to the vessel’s deck, and found no watchman there. They peeped into the forecastle and cabin, and waked the slumberers up to welcome the new morn begun on the bosom of Ya Quina Bay.

At the Indian lodge, the soft voice of cluchman, mingling with the murmur of rippling rills, that from snow-banks high on the mountain side came hurrying down to quench the thirst of sailor or of savage; maybe, the briny lips of the sea-monster or salmon fish, that come in to rest from surging waters and bask awhile in the smooth currents of the bay.

The chiefs arose and made breakfast on foreign teas and island sugars, and when in new attire, with cluchman in beads and fine tattoo (an adornment of savage tribes), with noses pierced by long polished shells, that made an uncouth imitation of a dandy’s moustache, with pappoose in basket hung with bells, or lashed to boards with wild-deer thongs, and slung on mother’s back, secured with sealskin belts worn on the brow. To make the whole a complete picture of Indian life, the dogs were taken in, and then sitting in the prow to give command, the “hollow-tree canoe” was pointed toward the ship. The loud hurrah of sailors, that was intended to give welcome, was at
first construed to be a warning, and quick the "hollow-tree canoe" was turned about, each paddle playing in concert to carry the frightened visitors away, while cluchmen and maidens, with woman’s privilege, screamed in terror of expected harm.

The chief soothing them, and looking back descried the tyee captain, with beckoning hand and signs recalling him to fulfil his purpose, and make the visit. He bade the oarsman cease, and, while his canoe moved on from acquired motion, though slower going, while he backward gazed, he, with noiseless paddle, again brought the prow towards the sides of the "big canoe."

Slowly and cautiously he, with his precious cargo, floated nearer and nearer still, with eyes wide open, to detect any sign of treachery, sometimes half stopping at suggestions of frightened mothers or timid maidens, and then anon would forward move; still, however, with great caution, until at last the two canoes were rocking on the gentle tide in closest friendship.

The seamen who made this welcome port came on deck, with a sailor’s pride of dress, wide-legged trowsers, and wider collars to their shirts over their shoulders falling, and with wide-topped, brimless caps. When the new-comers had passed their fright, and the old chief had climbed on deck to be sure that all was safe, he called his family, and, though the jolly tars went down to assist them, they remained waiting for some further proof of friendship.

While their eyes were upward turned, and Jack’s were downward bent, two pairs (at least) met midway, and told the old, old tale over again.

On deck, and leaning over the rail, stood a youth-
ful sailor, with deep, earnest eyes. These had met the
gaze of another, the daughter of the pilot chief.
Silently the arrows flew; and, without honeyed word,
or war-whoop, the battle went on, until, by special in-
vitation of looks, Oneatta came aboard, and stood
beside the smiling pale-face; and soon the older
women followed with the baby baskets until all were
there except the dogs, who cried at the partiality
shown to the master and his family.

The scene on deck was novel. The tyee captain
and the chief were teaching each other the words
with which to give token of hospitality and grat-
itude; half-sign, half-word language ’twas, though,
in which exchanges of friendly sentiments were
told.

The sailors, with the women and maidens, had
organized a school, on a small scale. Merry laughter
often broke at the clumsy efforts of white man’s
tongue to imitate Indian wa-wa (talk). The little
ones received the touch of rough fingers on dimpled
chin, and turned like frightened fawns away to listen
to the tinkling of the little bells above their heads.

The chief had brought with him richest offerings
of venison and fish; the women, specimens of handi-
work in beads and necklaces, which they offered in
exchange for such articles of bright-hued colors as
the sailors might have bought in other lands.

The bargains were quickly made, each side proud
of success in securing something to remind them of
the visit.

The chief signified his intention to return to his
home on the beach, when the good captain, not to be
outdone in matters of courtesy, brought fresh supplies
of various kinds, and had them stowed away in the "hollow-tree canoe."

When the parting came, to prove his good will, the tyee captain promised to return the visit. Oneatta had said to Theodore, the sailor, "Come;" and he, with eyes doing service for his lips, had made promise. The red chief and his family withdrew, and soon they were riding the laughing waves in the "hollow-tree canoe."

Thus the day had passed and joined the happy ones gone before it; and bells had called the sailors to the deck, and the Indian chief reposed his limbs on the uncut swath of willow grass, and waited for the approach of night, that he might, by signal fires, call his kinsmen to the pil-pil dance; a dance in honor of each Indian maiden when she "comes out."

Oneatta had demanded of her parents this honor, and, since custom allowed this privilege, she on that day reached an era in her life, when she chose to be no longer a child.

Her father, the chief, wondered at this sudden change of manner wrought, but, yielding to his doating child, gave his assent. The picture I am making now is true to the life of many a maiden, who may follow Oneatta's history, whose faces take their hue of colors that give token of their race.

Some of them may recall their "coming out." 'neath dazzling chandeliers, on carpets of finest grain, in dresses trailing long, in which they stepped with timid gait to softest music, of silver lyre, or flute, or many-voiced piano.

But Oneatta's parlor was lighted up with glittering stars, that had done service long, and brighter grew
to eyes of each new belle, who had, from time to time, lent first a listening ear to soft-voiced swain.

The carpets were brightest green, and sanded by waves stranded on the beach at the flowing of the tide.

The music was grandly wild, a combination of the hoarse drum, or angry roar of sea-lions, mingling with the deep bass voice of waves, breaking on the rocks, while, soft and low, the human notes came in to make the harmony complete to ears long trained to nature's tunes.

The maiden, whose heart was now tumultuous as the scenes around her, had dressed with greatest care in skirts of scarlet cloth, embroidered with beads and trimmed with furs of seal and down of swan. Her arms, half bared, were circled with bands of metals; her neck, with hoofs of fawns, or talons of the mountain eagle; pendent from her ears, rattles of the spotted snake; the partition of her nose held fast a beautiful shell of slender mould; her cheeks, rosy with vermillion paints; while in her raven hair she wore a gift from her pale-faced lover, brought from some far-off shore, intended for some other than she who wore it now. It was but a tinsel, yet it fitted well to crown her whose eyes were dancing long before her beaded slippers had touched time upon the sanded floor.

The circular altar, built of pebbles of varied colors, was lighted up with choicest knots of pine from fallen trees.

The watch on board the "big canoe" was set, and down its swinging stairway the tyee captain, mate, and sailors descended to the waiting boat; then softly touched the oars to smiling waves, and steady
arms kept time to seamen's song in stern and bow, guided, meanwhile, by the altar fire. Over the glassy bridge they flew, and touched the bank beside the "hollow-tree canoe."

With hearty hand the chieftains bade them welcome, and gave silent signal for the dance to begin, while the tyee captain and his men took station at respectful space. The dancers came, and, forming round the maiden's altar fires, awaited still for her to come from lodge.

The pale-faces, lighted up with blaze from knotty wood, with folded arms and curious wonder stood gazing on the scene.

One among the number had scanned the merry circle of bashful Indian boys and timid girls; his face bespoke vexation at his disappointment, for he had failed to catch the eye of Oneatta.

She came, at length, tripping toward the festive throng, and spoke to him ere the dance began, not by smile, or deed, or word, but in Cupid's own appointed way, that never lies. He, as every other swain can do, read it in her eyes, and made answer in ways that do not make mistake.

When the circle had closed round the altar, the song of gladness broke forth from the lips of the tattooed and painted red chins, and from the drum of hoarser sound, and then the happy dancers, without waiting for partners, went with lithesome step in gay procession round. Louder rang the music, quicker grew the steps, each time round; the little invisible arrows flew from sailor-boy to Indian maiden, and from maiden to sailor-boy; glancing each against the other, would rustle and then go straight to target
sent, until at last the maiden tired grew, her bosom overloaded with the arrows Cupid’s quiver had supplied. She bade the dancers stop, and with native grace, and stately step, she stood beside her lover without a thought of wrong; for she was Nature’s child, and had not felt the thongs of fashion’s code, which forbid her to be honest.

Her tiny hand was pressed between the hard palms of the captive sailor, for he had been fighting a battle where each is conquered only to be a conqueror.

Oneatta led the sailor-boy to join those who, with wondering eyes, had waited for her return. He took his place beside his tutor now, to learn how a step unused by tamer people might make speech for joy and gladness.

The dance was ended. Pale faces, and red ones, too, had lost sight of the stars, and were lulled to sleep by the rocking tides or muffled song of rippling waters, or by the breakers beating the rocky shores of Ya-quina.

Day followed day, and each had a history connecting it with its yesterday and prophesying for the morrow. The sailor-boy went not on duty now, for his “chummies” stood his watch. He spent much time at the c-li-he of the tyee chief, or with Oneatta went out in a small canoe to watch the fishermen spear the fattened salmon.

Sometimes they rambled on the mountain side beneath the mansinetta trees, and exchanged lessons in worded language. He told her of his home, where cities and towns were like the forest of her native home; of people who outnumbered the stars above, and of bright-colored goods, of beautiful beads and
shells; and by degrees he won her consent to go from her native land, to leave country and kindred, all for the sake of the promised happiness he could give.

The sailor made confident of his captain, and glowing pictures painted of his princess, and what he would do with her when to his mother's home he came.

The honest captain found objection to the plan of carrying her away, and sent for "Tyee John" (for so they called the chieftain then), and made him understand how the young people had become betrothed.

The face of Tyee John grew dark at first, and he was impatient to be gone; but kindly words and presents hinted at brought him to consider. He proposed that the sailor-boy should become one of his tribe, and make his home with them, and then he could be his son.

The conference was transferred to the e-li-he of Tyee John. The sailor would not consent to remain on this wild shore, and made vows to come again and bring Oneatta.

At length by rich presents given, and promises of more when he should come, the compact was made, to the joy of the Indian maiden and her sailor lover.

The sea gave a favoring breeze. The sails repaired, the tyee captain made known his will to ride again the bounding waves. Oneatta bade farewell to sorrowing mothers, sisters, brothers, giving each a token to keep until her coming. O foolish Oneatta! you know not what you do! You act now from example of your fairer sisters, who listen to the wooing notes of foreign lips. We pity you as we do them. You
have not thought how strange will be the customs, manners and life of those with whom you are to mingle. A time may come when you will long for the caresses of your rude mother, to hear the merry shouts of brothers, to gaze into the face of your dark-eyed father; perhaps long to hear love in native accents spoken by the young brave who has given you choicest gems of ocean's strand and mountain cliffs.

We see you yet when your kinsmen tell of you in song, or story, your dark eyes brimming with tears of hope and sorrow mingled.

You reach the side of the "big canoe." We see the brave and manly sailor-boy, who hastened to catch your trembling hand, and help you up the swinging steps, and when on deck you stand, we see the sailor's chums, from the ship-yards above, gaze down on you and him, with glances half of envy, and half of pleased surprise.

And now we see you startle at the fierce command of the mate, to heave the anchor up, then their response drawn out in lengthened "Aye-aye, sir," and singing, while they work, the seamen's song; and how wide your dark eyes open at sight of whitened sails, outspreading like some monster swan, and the troubled, anxious look you give to the humble e-li-he of childhood, as it passed away, as if moving in itself, and the headlands that seem floating towards you, and the great water that came rushing to meet you.

We see, too, your father, Tyee John, in his "hollow-tree canoe," leading the way, and pointing to some sunken rock, or shallow bar, or hidden reef, until he rounds to in proof of danger past to the "big canoe."
How its huge white wings fold up at a signal from the tyee captain! And then your father comes on board, and stands in mute attention to the ceremonies of seamen's marriage law. And you, in innocence, give heed to word or sign until you are bound in law to the fortunes and freaks of a roving sailor-boy.

When Tyee John turns away, hiding his tears in his heart, while yours run down your cheeks, we see him reach his canoe, and you hanging over the sides of the ship to catch a last glance of his eye.

And then the white wings are spread again, and soon he grows so small that his paddle seems but a dark feather in his hand, and your old home recedes, and you have caught the last glimpse you ever will, of the mountain sinking in the sea, and you, alone, — no, not alone, for your sailor-boy is with you, now drying the tears from your dusky cheeks.

Oneatta, we leave you, with a prayer that your life may not be as rough as the seas that drove the "big canoe" into Quina bay. Whether your hopes have blossomed into fruition, or have been blasted, we know not, nor if you still live to be loved or loathed. We only know that your silver-haired sire sits on the stony cliff, overlooking the mouth of the harbor, and watches passing sails, or hastens to meet those that anchor, and repeat the old question over and over, Me-si-ka, is-cum, ni-ka-hi-ak-close, ten-as-cluchman, Oneatta? (Have you brought back my beautiful daughter, Oneatta?)

When Cupid comes with pale-faced warrior to the dusky maiden now, they repeat the warning tale, with Ni-ka-cum-tux Oneatta. (I remember Oneatta.)
CHAPTER VI.

SENATORIAL BRAINS BEATEN BY SAVAGE MUSCLE—PLEASANT WAY OF PAYING PENALTIES.

The story I have related is but one of the many that belong to this region, and for the truth of which, witnesses still live, both whites and Indians; another reason I introduce it here is to show my readers who may think otherwise, that Indians—savage as they are at times, often made savage by their religion—have hearts. Again and again shall I refer in this work to the red man's emotional nature, and to his religion. I cannot do so too often, as the reader will admit before he turns the last leaf.

This agency is located west of the coast range of mountains, and bordering on the Pacific Ocean. The valleys are small, irregular in shape, fertile and productive, with prairies interspersed with forests of fir; picturesque almost beyond description. At some points the mountains reach out into the ocean, forming high headlands whereon are built light-houses, to guard mariners against the dangers of the coast. Long white sandy beaches stretch away for miles, and are then cut off by craggy bluffs.

At the southern boundary of Siletz—two miles from the line—may be found a beautiful bay, navigable inland for thirty miles. The banks are varied in altitude; undulating hills, with rich alluvial bottom lands intervening. The greatest width of bay is
perhaps four miles, and occasionally cut into channels by beautiful islands narrowing inland to receive the small river Ya-quina. Midway between the mouth of the river and the ocean entrance to the bay, extensive oyster-beds exist.

This "Chesapeake" of the Pacific was once a part of Siletz reservation. The discovery of the oyster-beds, and also of the numerous forests of timber accessible to navigation, attracted the attention of the white men; and the old, old story was again rehearsed,—"The white men wanted them."

That it was wanted by the white men was sufficient, and no ambitious candidate for Legislature or Congressional honors dare oppose the violation of a solemn compact between the United States Government and the Indians, who had accepted this country in compensation for their homes in Umpyua and Rogue river valley. It was cut off, and given to commerce and agriculture in 1866.

That an equivalent was ever made to the Indian does not appear from any records to which I have had access. It is, however, asserted, that a small sum was invested in stock cattle, for the benefit of Siletz Indians. There are two approaches to Siletz from the valley of Willamette; the principal, via Yaquina river and bay; the other, over the mountain by trail. My first visit was by the former. In September, 1869, in company with Hon. Geo. H. Williams, then U. S. Senator, now Attorney General of the United States, Judge Odeneal, since my successor in office, and other citizens, we reached the head of navigation late on the evening of the 12th. We remained over night at "Elk Horn Hotel."
following morning, in the absence of steamer, we took passage in small row-boats, propelled by Indians.

The adventures of the day were few, only one of which I shall refer to now. Our U. S. Senator, who had done much for reconstruction in the Senate, challenged one of our Indians for a trial of muscle at the oars. The challenge was accepted, and senatorial broadcloth was laid aside, and brain and muscle put to the test. After a short race the prow of our boat ran into the bank on the side where brains was at work. For once at least, muscle proved more than a match for brains, and, besides, an Indian had won a victory over a great tyee. Now although our senator had proven himself a match for other great senators in dignified debate, he was compelled to listen to the cheers of our party in honor of a red man's triumph over him. I doubt if those who of late defeated him, when a candidate for the highest seat in our halls of justice, felt half the gratification that "To-toot-na-Jack" did that morning when the tyee dropped the oar, exhausted and disgusted with his failure to hold even hand with a red brother, who was not a senator.

After a row of twenty miles, we landed within a half hour's ride of Siletz. The agent, Mr. Simpson, met our party with saddle-horses.

While en route a horse-race was proposed; the dignified gentleman turning jockey for the nonce. In fact, the entire party engaged in a run. The road passed over low hills, covered with timber and tall ferns. While the Congressional and Indian Departments were going at a fearful speed, a representative
of the latter went over his horse's head, and soon felt the weight of the United States Senate crushing the Indian Department almost to death.

The parties referred to will recognize the picture.

This was not the first time, or the last either, that the Senate of the United States has "been down on the Indian Department."

Without serious damage, both were again mounted, and soon were fording Siletz river,—a deep, narrow stream, whose bed was full of holes,—slight "irregularities," as defaulters would say.

We crossed in safety, except that one horse carried his rider into water too deep for wading. It matters not who the rider was, or whether he belonged to Congress or the Indian Department.

On reaching the prairie a sight presented itself, that gives emphatic denial to the oft-repeated declaration, that Indians cannot be civilized.

Spread out before us was a scene that words cannot portray. The agency building occupied a plateau, twenty feet above the level of the valley. They were half hidden by the remnants of a high stockade that had been erected when the Indians were first brought on to the agency fresh from the Rogue-river war. At that time a small garrison was thought necessary to prevent rebellion among the Indians, and to secure the safety of the officers of the Indian Department.

It was, doubtless, good judgment, under the circumstances. Here were the remnants of fourteen different tribes and bands, who had been at war with white men and each other, and who, though subdued, had not been thoroughly "reconstructed."
They were located in the valley, within sight of the agency, and were living in little huts and shanties that had been built by the Government.

Each tribe had been allotted houses separated from the others but a few hundred yards at farthest. They drew their supplies from the same storehouse, used the same teams and tools, and were in constant contact. They had come here at the command of the United States Government, in chains, bearing with them the trophies of war; some of them being fair-haired scalp-locks, and others were off red men's heads. Think for a moment of enemies meeting and wearing these evidences of former enmity; shaking hands while each was in possession of the scalp-locks of father or brother of the others!

But, at the time of the visit referred to, no sentinel walked his rounds. No bayonet flashed in the sunshine on the watch-tower of the stockade at Siletz. The granaries and barns were unbarred; even Agent Simpson's own quarters were unlocked day and night. Fire-arms and tools were unguarded; Indians came and went at will, except that Agent Simpson had so taught them that they never entered without a preliminary knock. The Indian men came not with heads covered, but in respectful observance of ceremony.

The kitchen work and house-keeping were done by Indian women, under the direction of a white matron. The agent's table afforded the best of viands. Tell the world that Indians cannot be civilized! Here were the survivors of many battles, who, but a few short years since, had been brought under guard, some of them loaded with chains, and with
blood on their hands, who were living as I have described.

Sometimes, it is true, the remembrance of former feuds would arouse the sleeping fires of hatred and desire for revenge amongst themselves, and fights would ensue. But no white man has ever been injured by these people while on the Reservation, since their location at Siletz.

This statement is made in justice to the Indians themselves, and in honor of those who had control of them, both of whom merit the compliment. Amongst these people were Indian desperadoes, who had exulted in the bloody deeds they had committed. One especially, braver than the rest, named Euchre Bill, boasted that he had eaten the heart of one white man.

This he did in presence of Agent Simpson, during an effort of the latter to quell a broil. The agent, always equal to emergencies, replied, by knocking the fellow down, handcuffing him, and shutting him up in the guard-house, and feeding him on bread and water for several days, after which time he was released, with the warning that, the next time he repeated the hellish boast, he would “not need handcuffs, nor bread and water.” Bill understood the hint. The agent remarked to us that “Bill was one of his main dependants in preserving order.”

During our visit we went with the agent to see Euchre Bill. He was hewing logs. On our approach he dropped the axe, and saluted the agent with “Good-morning, Mr. Simpson,” at the same time extending his hand. When informed of the personality of our party, Bill waved his hat, and made a slight bow, repeating the name of each in turn.
We looked in on the school then in progress; we found twenty-five children in attendance. They gave proof of their ability to use the English language, and understand its power to express ideas; the lessons were all in primary books. Their recitations were remarkable. Outside of books they had been instructed in practical knowledge, and answered readily in concert to the questions, Who is President of the United States? What city is the capital? Who is Governor of Oregon? Where is the capital located? Who is Superintendent of Indian Affairs? What year is this? How many months in a year? When did the count of years begin? Who was Jesus Christ? And many other questions were asked and readily answered. The boys were named George Washington, Dan Webster, Abe Lincoln, James Nesmith, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan,—each answering to a big name. "Dan Webster" delivered in passable style an extract from his great prototype's reply to Hayne. The school also joined the teacher in singing several Sunday-school hymns, and popular songs. Short speeches were made by visitors and teachers. We were much encouraged by what we saw, and left that school-house with the belief that Indian children can learn as readily as others when an opportunity is given them. I have not changed my conviction since; much of its prosperity was due to the teacher, William Shipley, who was fitted for the work and gave his time to it. We also called at some of the little settlements. The agency farm was tilled in common; notwithstanding we saw many small gardens around the Indian houses, growing vegetables, and in one or more "tame flowers." At one place several men were at work on a new
house, some of them shingling, others clinking cracks. One man was hewing out, with a common axe, a soft kind of stone for a fire-place.

We entered the house of "Too-toot-na Jack," the champion oarsman. He welcomed his vanquished rival in the boat-race above referred to, and his friend, and offered one an arm-chair, and stools to the remainder. His wife came in, and Jack said, "This is my woman, Too-toot-na Jinney. She is no fool either. She has a cooking-stove in the kitchen." Jinney was much older than her husband; but that was not unusual. She was a thrifty housewife, and was a financier,—had saved nearly one thousand silver half-dollars; and what she lacked in personal charms, on account of tattooed chin and gray hairs, she made up, like many a fairer woman, in the size of the buckskin purse wherein she kept her coin. Jack seemed fully to appreciate the good qualities of his "woman;" not because he had access to her fortune, but because she was old and he was young, and the chances were that he would be at her funeral.

That hope has made many a better fellow than Too-toot-na behave with becoming reverence for his wife. But "many a slip 'twixt cup and lip" applies to all kinds of people. Jack never realized on his investment. He went first, and Jinney is now a rich widow, and has no doubt marriage offers in abundance.

We were present on "court day," the agent holding it for the adjustment of all kinds of difficulties among his people. In such cases he appoints juries from among the bystanders, always taking care to select such as had no tribal affinities with the parties
to the suit. He had a sheriff in every tribe, and on occasions where their own friends were interested he summoned others to act. He himself was the court and high sheriff, and always sat with a large hickory cane, called "Old Moderator."

My readers may smile at this kind of a gavel; but it was a practical and useful thing to have in such courts,—much more potential than Blackstone or any other kind of commentaries, unless, indeed, it be the last revised edition of Samuel Colt.

The records of that court were sometimes made on untanned parchment; by which I mean, my poor, unsophisticated reader, that these Indian citizens would sometimes forget very willingly to observe the decorum due before that august tribunal, and fall to making a record for themselves and on one another with fists, clubs, whips, knives, pistols, and other lively weapons, until the good Judge Simpson completed that record by a vigorous application of the aforesaid hickory club, and some of the citizens had editions for personal adornment.

The walls of the court-room had transcript fragments done in carmine,—or, to be better understood, in "claret." Court day had been announced to the visitors while at breakfast. The senator had been a successful lawyer before entering the political arena; the judge was then in the enjoyment of a lucrative practice; the superintendent had done something in the law line in county courts before justices of the peace.

The court-room was crowded, the doorways and windows were occupied, and black shining eyes were glistening through every crack, all anxious to see and
hear. These people, of Siletz especially, were apt imitators, and more readily fell in with the vices and frivolities of civilization than with its virtues and proprieties.

The assembly was composed of the greatest variety of character, color, costume, and countenance ever found in any court-room. Women were there, learning law. Perhaps, they had, woman-like, intuitively snuffed the purer air of freedom that is soon to sweep over our beautiful country and blast the hopes of demagogues who now rule, without representing, the better portion of the people.

Old chiefs were there to learn wisdom, to take with them to the hunting-grounds above. Don't chide them, reader. They never had an even chance in this life; let them have it in the next, if possible.

The boys were there, and why not? They were looking forward to a time when an Indian will be as good as a negro, if they behave as well. They had an eye to political and pecuniary affairs. In fact, the people were all there except camp-watchers and sick ones.

When our party were seated, the "Moderator" touched the floor, and soon all was silent.

These Indians are fond of "law," and since the old law and new—that is to say, Indian and white men's—were somewhat mixed up, it was a difficult matter to execute justice uniformly. Agent Simpson, being a practical man, had not sought to enforce the white men's law any further than the Indian comprehended it.

The Indian lawyers were on hand ready for business. The first case called was for assault and
battery. The court and the visitors had been partial witness of the little fight, which occurred the day previous to the trial, on the "Plaza," in front of the agent's head-quarters. The contestants were clutcheon (women); the cause of war, the only thing that women ever fight about,—a man.

The statement in court was to the effect that one woman had stolen another woman's husband. The parties were arraigned, the statement made concerning the case, and the matter compromised by sending both parties to the "Sku Kum" House (Guard House).

The next case called was that of a man charged with unlawfully using a horse belonging to some one else. The accused was ordered to pay for the offence about what the real service of the animal was worth; no damages were allowed. The third case was somewhat similar to the first.

One of Joshua's people—name of a tribe—claimed damage for insulted honor, and destruction of his domestic happiness.

A Rogue-river Indian had, very much after the fashions of civilized life, by presents and petty talk, persuaded the wife of the aforesaid warrior to elope with him. The old history of poor human nature had been repeated. The villain deserted his victim, and she returned to her home. Her husband, with observing eyes discovered more ie-tas (goods) in the woman's possession than could be accounted for on honorable grounds, and demanded an explanation. She made "a clean breast," and agreed to go into court with her husband and claim damages, not divorce; for I have before remarked that Indians
were eminently practical. The husband demanded *satisfaction*. The accused, whose name was "Chetco Dandy," would have accorded him the privilege of a fight; but that was not the satisfaction demanded. The husband had made his ultimatum. *Two horses* would settle the unpleasantness. Cheteo, however, owned but one. The court decided that he should make ten hundred rails, and deliver the horse to the injured husband, with the understanding that the latter was to *board* him while doing the work.

I can't resist a query: how long a white man, under such arrangements, would require to make ten hundred rails. The husband was satisfied, his honor was vindicated, and he owned another horse. After the docket was cleared, a council talk was had.

These people had been placed here by the Government, in 1856, numbering then, according to Superintendent Nesmith's report for 1857, 2,049 souls, representing fourteen bands; and although, in 1869, they numbered little more than half as many, they kept up tribal relations, at least so far as chieftainship was concerned. In the council that day one or two of the chiefs represented tribes in bands of ten or twenty persons; and one poor fellow, the last of his people, stood alone without constituency. He was a chief, nevertheless.

I cannot report here the reflection that such a circumstance suggests,—only that he, with the usual solemn face of an Indian in council, seemed the personification of loneliness.

The speeches made by these people evinced more sense than their appearance indicated. They were dependent on the Government, and felt their helpless-
ness. When the usual speeches had been made preliminary to business talk, I said to them that I was gratified at the advancement they had made, considering the circumstances, and that I was willing for them to express their wishes in regard to the expenditure of money in their interest.

They were loth to speak on this matter, because they had never been consulted, and a recognition of their manhood was more than they had expected. After some deliberation, during which they, like bashful boys, asked one another, each nudging his neighbor to speak first, old Joshua at last arose, half-hesitantly, and said, "Maby, I don't understand you. Do you mean that we may say what we want bought for us? Nobody ever said that before, and it seems strange to me."

I had consulted the agent before making this experiment, and he had doubted the propriety; not because he was unwilling to recognize their manhood in the premises, but he feared they would betray weakness for useless articles, and thereby bring derision on his efforts to civilize them. Perhaps it might establish a precedent that would be troublesome sometimes.

He exhibited great anxiety when Old Joshua rose, lest he would disgrace his people by asking for beads, paint, and powder, and lead, and scarlet cloth. I can see that agent yet, with his deep-set eyes fixed on the speaker, while he rested his chin on his cane. Old Joshua spoke again, and, though he was considered a "terrible brave on the warpath," and had passed the better portion of his life in that way, now when, for the first time in his life, he was called upon to give
opinions on a serious matter, concerning the investment of money for his people, he appeared to be transformed into a man. He was a man. Hear him talk:—

"I am old; I can’t live long. I want my people to put away the old law (meaning the old order of things). I want them to learn how to work like white men. They cannot be Indians any longer. We have had some things bought for us that did us no good,—some blankets that I could poke my finger through; some hoes that broke like a stick. We don’t want these things. We want ploughs, harness, chick-chick (wagons), axes, good hoes, a few blankets for the old people. These we want. We have been promised these things. They have not come."

The agent’s face relaxed; his eyes changed to pleased surprise. Other chiefs spoke also, but after the pattern that Joshua had made, except that some of them complained more, and named a former agent, who came poor and went away rich. No Indian suggested an unwise investment. We assured them that they should have the tools and other goods asked for; and that promise was kept, much to the gratification of the Indians and agent.

I have not the abstract at hand, but I think I purchased for them soon after $1,200 worth of tools and twenty sets of harness, and that a few blankets were issued.

But, to resume the council proceedings. These people were clamorous for allotments of land in severalty. Their arguments were logical, they referring to the promises of the Government to give each man a home. The land has been surveyed, and, if not
allotted to them, I do not know why it has not been done.

The subject of religion was discussed at some length. The agent, willing to advance "his people," had given them lessons in the first principles of Christianity. He had taught them the observance of Sunday, had forbidden drinking, gambling, and profanity. He invited ministers to preach to them, and, when necessary, had been their interpreter. There were several languages represented in the council; the major portion of the Indians understood the jargon, or "Chi-nook," a language composed of less than one hundred words; partly Indian, Spanish, French, and "Boston." The latter word is in common use among the tribes of Oregon and Washington Territory to represent white men or American.

The Christian churches have enjoyed the privilege of ministry to these people since they were first located on the Reservation.

The Catholic priests, who had baptized some of these people, were very zealous. Occasionally, the Methodist itinerant called and preached to them. The labors of neither were productive of much good, because they did not preach with simplicity, and could not, therefore, preach with power. It would be about as sensible for a Chinaman to preach to Christians, as for the latter to preach to Indians in high-flown words, abstruse doctrines, or abstract dogmas. One case will illustrate.

A very devout man of God visited the agency, with, I doubt, not good intentions. He preached to these people just as he would have done to white men. He talked of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world;
besought them to flee from the wrath to come; that Jesus Christ was the Saviour of the red men as well as white men; that he had died for the sins of the world; that he rose again the third day and ascended into heaven.

The discourse was interpreted to the Indians by an employé on the Reservation. A few days after, a Siwash, the usual word for Indian, who answered to the name of Push-wash, entered into conversation with the above-named employé, by saying, "What you think about that Sunday-man's talk,—you think him fool?" — "No; he is a good man; he has plenty of sense." — "What for he swear all time?" — "He did not swear; he talked straight."

"What for he say Jesus Christ so many times? All the time he talk the same."

"That was all right; he told the truth; he did not talk wrong."

"You think me fool? What for a good man die for me? I am not a bad man. I did not tell him to die."

"The Jews killed him, they did not like him."

"You say Jews kill good man?"

"Yes, they kill him, and he come to life again on the third day."

"You think he came to life? I don't believe they kill him. He not live any more."

"Yes; everybody will live again some time."

"You suppose a bad Indian get up, walk 'bout again, all the same a good man?"

"They will all rise, but they won't all be good."

"What for the Sunday man tell that? He say Jesus Christ die for bad Indian too? Say he go to
heaven all the same as a good Indian, good white man; that aint fair thing. I don't no like such religion."

A few days afterwards the man who reported this dialogue passed near the grave of an Indian, and found it covered with stones and logs. He learned afterwards, that Push-wash had explained to other Indians the meaning of the "Sunday-man's talk," and they had piled stones and logs on the graves of their enemies, to prevent them rising from the dead.

The reader will thus appreciate the necessity for sending ministers who are qualified to preach to these people; otherwise they may do the savage more harm than good. Farther on in the work I shall discuss more fully this most important of all questions, with special reference to the difficulties in the way of treating with the Indians, in consequence of their numerous and peculiar religious beliefs, which few white men know anything about.

I left Siletz with a favorable opinion of the people, and the prospects before them. Notwithstanding the many impediments in the way of their civilization, the transformation from a wild savage to a semi-civilized life had been wrought in fourteen years.

In this connection I submit the last annual report of Hon. Ben. Simpson,* late United States Indian agent at Siletz. I do so, because whatever of progress these people may have made was under his administration as Indian agent, and believing the short history presented by him will be of interest to my readers.

* See Appendix.
He is a gentleman of unimpeachable integrity, though blessed with enemies whose assaults have polished his character like a diamond. Whatever vices these Indians may have exhibited to his successor, — Gen. Palmer, — they were not the results of Mr. Simpson's management, or example; but rather the natural consequences of association with profligate soldiers and other white men, during the first years of their residence on the Reservation.

Gen. Joel Palmer was recommended as Mr. Simpson's successor by the Methodist Church. He went to his duty with long experience, and in many respects well fitted for the work.

Scarcely had he assumed the duties of his office, with a new set of employés, before he was made to realize that poor human nature will in most cases control human action. Ingratitude is said, by Indian haters, to be characteristic of those people. Better be honest and say it of mankind.

I have said that he selected a new set of officers. Among them was one chosen on account of his religious habits, — habits, I say, not character, — who had lent a listening ear to the call, "Go preach my Gospel to all nations." This man answered this urgent call, and Agent Palmer employed him. No sooner had he unfurled the banner of Christianity among these people, than he began in a clandestine way to undermine Agent Palmer. Unfortunately for the agent, this preacher had been recommended by the same church for position. This gave him influence. He made use of it. He proposed to other officers of the agency that if they would assist in ousting Palmer he would retain them in their respective positions.
To consummate this act of religious villany, he circulated reports against the man, whose kindness fed him and his family, that he (Palmer) had men in his employ who were "not, strictly speaking, Christians; that he was not competent to discharge the duties of his office." The agent found, what nearly every officer has learned sooner or later, that his position was of doubtful tenure, and felt the sting of this man's treachery so severely that he proposed to resign.

"Brother —— is determined to oust me, and I reckon I will let him have the position. He wants it, and I don't care to worry my life out fighting for an Indian agency."

This is the substance of the speech Agent Palmer made to me as superintendent. I said to him, "Do no such thing. Go back to your agency and tell that man to roll his blankets and be off, or you will put him in irons. Then discharge every accomplice he has, and select good, true men instead."

Brother Palmer replied that "the church recommended Brother ——, and I don't like to do such a thing." I prevailed on him to withdraw his resignation; and on his return to Siletz, he discharged Brother ——. But the war was continued against him until Agent Palmer demanded a successor to relieve him; and after a short administration he retired without having christianized the Siletz Indians.

I have mentioned this episode for the reason that I desire full justice done a man who meant well, with a sincere hope that those having the appointing power may be made to reflect a moment before making
nominations for office in deference to the demands of any church, and without regard to the fitness of the appointee.

I have due respect for church members, and recognize the necessity of having men of moral character among the wards of this Government.

Gen. Palmer, with his long experience, was, in many respects, qualified for his position; but he was a poor judge of character. I may be censured for making these comments, but they are just, nevertheless; as was the opinion I gave of the aforesaid Brother ——, when his name was proposed as a missionary to the Siletz Indians, by the presiding elder of the district.

I answered him, "That man's face says he would undermine his father, to forward his own interests."

The elder said in reply, "Brother Meacham, you must be mistaken; he is a good, Christian man, and will be a great help to Brother Palmer." In courtesy to the presiding elder, I consented, with the remark, "Try him; but he will make a thorny bed for Brother Palmer."

Here is the history. It is not written to bring ridicule on the church nominating him.

Siletz agency has been established fourteen years, during which time five agents have represented the Government. Some of them have been good men for the position.

Although these Indians are not up to the standard of moral character, or church requirements, a great change has been wrought, and credit should be given to whom it is due.

Uncouth these Indians on Siletz may be, but let
truth speak for them, and you will hear of how they came to this new home captives, and in chains, under guard of bayonets, borne on shoulders of men wearing the uniform of the U. S. A.  

You will hear how these men were stationed among them to guard them, and compel obedience to the mandates of a Government that permitted the grossest outrages on their rights, and made no effort to redress their wrongs.

You would hear, too, of a people living in careless indolence on Umpyua and Rogue rivers, in southern Oregon, when disturbed by the advent of white men, who came with prejudices against them, who disregarded their rights, denied them the privilege of living on the land God had given them, who failed to protect them from the outrages committed by vicious white men; of the indiscriminate warfare that was carried on against them for resenting such insults; of their native land left in ruins, where the wail of weeping pale-faces over slain friends mingled with their own lamentations on taking leave of the homes of their earliest life.

Truth would tell of the many crimes committed by and against them, since their residence at Siletz; of how they have been punished for their own misdeeds, and have seen those who sinned against them go unpunished.

Be patient, you half-savage people! Death is rapidly healing your wounds and curing your griefs. Those who survive may, in time, be given homes. The lands have been surveyed for these people, but have not yet been allotted. Nothing could do more to revive them than the consummation of this promise.
Some of them have lived with white men as laborers, and have learned many things qualifying them for this great boon. Surely a magnanimous Government will complete this great act of justice to a helpless people. May God speed the day!

ALSEA AGENCY.

It is located on the coast Reservation south of Yaquina bay. The people are "salt chuck," or salt-water Indians, and the majority of them were born on the lands they now occupy; hence they are the most quiet and well-behaved Indians in Oregon.

They are easily controlled, and are making progress in civilization. But few in number, and of the character I have named, they have never taken part in any of the many wars that have made Oregon "the battle-ground of the Pacific coast."

A sub-agency was established over them in 1866. The pay of sub-agent is $1,000 per annum, without subsistence or other allowance. The Alsea people being non-treaty Indians,—that is to say, they have no existing treaty with the Government; no funds being appropriated especially for them,—they are sustained entirely from the "Incidental Funds" for Oregon Superintendency.

The fact that the Alsea Indians have always been easily managed has been to their disadvantage in securing Government aid. Had they been more refractory, they would have been better treated. This sounds strangely, and yet I declare it to be true. Why should Government reward them for being peaceable? They have asked for buildings; the Government gave them huts. They asked for schools and churches; but
no school-house stands out in the bleak ocean winds of their home; no church-bell calls them to hear the wonderful story of a Saviour's love. Notwithstanding the wealth of their successors peals forth in loud strains which echo on foreign shores, no hammer rings out its cheering notes on anvil of theirs.

This little agency demonstrates the fact, that the only sure way for Indians to secure attention is through blood. Our Government follows the example of the father of the Prodigal Son, with this remarkable difference, that it abuses its dutiful children, while it fawns upon and encourages the red-faced reprobates, by rewarding them for their rebellious deeds.

The department farm at Alsea was made by Government, on Indian land, ostensibly for the Indians' benefit. It is located on a bleak plain, that stretches away from the ocean surf to the foot of the coast range mountains. It produces potatoes and oats. The mountains are high and rugged, and covered with dense forests of fir and cedar timber; much of the former has been “burnt.” A heavy undergrowth has become almost impenetrable except for wild animals or Indian hunters.

The cedar groves cover streams of water that will in time be of great value, when turned on to machinery with which to convert the cedars into merchandise for foreign markets. The streams are plentifully supplied with fish. No long list of employés answer to the command of an agent at Alsea. In some respects it is the better way, inasmuch as it is to the interest of the agent to teach his wards the more common arts of handiwork. In this way, the improvements have been made by Indian labor, under the direction of an
agent; and now, while I write, these people are coming slowly up towards the gate that should open to them a way to the brotherhood of man.

Efforts are being made to reduce the area of the Reservation, and, should they succeed, these people who have cost the Government so little of blood or treasure, will be compelled to yield; only repeating, "Might versus Right." I am not opposed to reduction of the limits of the coast Reservation, if these people, who have already given up so much beautiful country, shall be provided with schools, churches, shops, and other means whereby they may be compensated, and, in the mean time, prepared by civilization for the new life that awaits the survivors, that, a few years hence, may be left to represent their people.

The Government owes to these humble Indians all I have suggested, and, in addition, a home marked out and allotted in severalty, made inalienable for one or two generations.

But, however deserving they may be, it is doubtful if they ever enjoy the boon they crave. Few in number, peaceable in disposition, unknown to the world by bloody deeds, the probabilities are that the white man will encroach on their lands, a few miles at a time, until at last, hemmed in by a civilization they cannot enjoy, they will gradually mix and mingle, becoming more licentious and corrupt by association with vicious white men, and in a generation or two will be known only by a few vagabonds, who will wander, gipsy-like, through the country, a poor, miserable fag-end of a race.

Perhaps a few may take humble positions as labor-
ers, and attain to a half-way station between savage and civilized life. Another few will become slaves to King Alcohol, and their chief men, lying around whiskey mills, drunken, debauched, despised, will drop back again to mother earth, mingling with the soil their fathers once owned.

Thus the people of Alsea will pass away. I pity you, humble, red-skinned children of the Pacific surf! You were happy once, and carelessly rode in your canoes over the shining sands of your native beach, or chased the game on the mountain side, little dreaming of the coming of a human tide which would swallow you and your sea-washed home, or carry both away out on the boundless expanse of a civilization whose other shores you could not see had sepulchres ready for your bones. You have spent your lives with your feet beating the paths your fathers made centuries ago; but your children shall follow newer trails, that lead to more dangerous jungles than those trod by your ancestors. Strange demons they will meet, before whom they will fall to rise no more.

Your fathers watched the shadows of Alsea mountain moving slowly up its western front, making huge pictures on its sides, and gazed without fear on the sun dropping under the sea, wondering how it found its way under the great ocean and high mountains, to come again with so much regularity; or perhaps they believed, as others do, that the Great Spirit sent a new "fire-ball" each day, and nightly quenched it in the sea. You now see the shadows climb the mountain, fitting emblem of the white man's presence in your land, and read in the setting sun the history of your race. Better that you had never heard the
sweet sounds of civilized life than that you, with feet untrained, should follow its allurements to your de-
struction.

You, that once gave to the beautiful mountain streams smile for smile, are now haggard and worn, giving only grim presages of your doom.

Others of your race have avenged their ill-fortunes with the tomahawk, and, in compliance with their religion, have rejected offers of a better life than they knew. But you—you have yielded without war, and, like helpless orphans thrown on the cold world, have accepted the mites given grudgingly by your masters, who treat with contempt and ridicule your cherished faith, who misconstrue your peaceful lives into cowardice. They have fixed their eyes on your home. They will make Alsea river transform the forest on its banks into houses, towns, and cities. They will make the valley where you now follow the government plough, to yield rich harvests of grain, and they will convert the ocean beach into a fountain of golden treasure. A few years more, and the noise of machinery will wake you early from your slumbers. The roar of ocean's breakers will mingle with the hum of busy life in which you may have no part. The white man's eyes will dance with gladness at the sight of your mountains dismantled of their forests, and the glimmer of coming sails to bear away the lofty pines. Yours will weep at the sacrilege done to your hunting grounds; theirs will gaze on the wide Pacific, and see there the channels that will bring compensation to them for the spoils of your home. Yours will recognize it only as the resting-place for the bones of your people. The white man says,
“Your fate is fixed,—your doomed is sealed.” Few hearts beat with sympathy for you; you are unknown and unnoticed. You must pass away, unless, indeed, the white race shall, from the full surfeit of vengeance upon you and yours, at last return to you a measure of justice.

He who dares appeal in your behalf is derided by his fellows. A proud, boastful people, who claim that human actions should be directed by high motives and pure principles, treat with contempt every effort made to save you from destruction. Strong may be the heart of the Indian Chief to resist the encroachments on his people’s rights, but stronger still the arm of a Government that boasts rebellion against oppression as its foundation stone.
CHAPTER VII.

PHIL SHERIDAN'S OLD HOME—WHAT A CABIN COST.

GRAND ROUND INDIAN AGENCY.

I made my first official visit to this agency in the latter part of September, 1869. Captain Charles La Follette was then acting agent.

The road from Salem was over a beautiful country, settled by white men, who had transformed this once wild region into a paradise. The first view of the agency proper was from a high ridge several miles distant. On the right and left were clustered the houses of the several tribes, each one having been assigned a location. Their houses were built of logs or boards, and rudely put together. Every board had cost these poor people an acre of land; every log counted for so much money given in compensation for their birthrights to the soil of the matchless valley of the Willamette.

As we stood on the dividing ridge separating this agency from the great valley I have mentioned, looking toward the west, we beheld, nearest on the left, old Fort Yamhill, with its snowy cottages, built for the accommodation of the officers of the army in the days when the gallant Sheridan was a lieutenant, and walked its parade-grounds with a simple sword dangling by his side and bars on his shoulder, holding beneath his military cap a brain power waiting for the sound of clanking chains and thundering cannon to call him hence to deeds of valor that should
compel the laurel wreath of fame to seek his brow, little thinking then, while guarding savages, that, away off in the future, his charger would impatiently call him from repose, and bear him into the face of a victorious enemy with so much gallantry that he would turn an apparent defeat into a glorious victory.

Immediately on our right were the huts of the people for whose especial intimidation the costly palaces and beautiful cottages had been built. The huts or houses were built on the hillside sloping toward the valley. They presented the appearance of a small, dilapidated inland town that had been "cut off" by a railroad; but they were peopled with Indians who were trying to imitate their masters.

Farther away on the left was another little group of houses, occupied by the chief of the Santiams and his people. The sight of this man's home recalled a part of his own history, suggestive of romance, wild, it is true, but real, nevertheless.

Many years ago, this chief was a young warrior, and his people were at peace with the white race, and were not then "wards of the Government," but were living on their native hills, in the vicinity of Mount Jefferson, standing sentinel over the snowy peaks of the Cascade mountains, on whose sides were sitting, like great urns, clear, cold lakes, sending forth little streamlets, murmuring and whispering, and sometimes leaping, like boys going home from play, joining other merry, laughing streamlets, rushing madly along through forests of firs and sugar-pines, whose dropping cones startled the wild game from their repose.

'Twas here this young warrior's home was nestled,
beneath the outstretched arms of giant cedars, or sheltered by some quiet nook or cove. Here he had learned the arts of his own people, and passed the winters by, until alone he could chase the fawns or climb the mountain-peak, and gather trophies with which to ornament his neck or fill his quiver.

A pale-face man from distant Missouri had come to this far country to escape the familiar sounds of civilization, where he might imitate the Indian in his freedom and his pleasures. He brought with him his family, and built his cabin near a fountain, to which medicine men would sometimes come or send their patients for recovery.

This white man had a son, with down just cropping on his chin, who, "chip of the old block," as he was, seemed half Indian already, and, fond of wild sports, soon made the acquaintance of young Santiam. The friendship grew, and the rivalry of archer and gunner often drew them into dispute. Still they were friends.

The archer claimed that he could creep, and noiselessly shoot from cover, without giving alarm, until his quiver should be empty, and thus bring down the chary buck or spotted fawn. The gunner would aver that he could do better execution at greater distance. These trials of skill were often made, and each time the difference 'twixt white and red skin seemed to diminish. The young pale-face would sling his gun and straightway bend his steps toward the camp of Santiam. By signs that he had learned, he took the young chief's trail, and followed through wooded plains, or up the mountain side, until they would hail each other, and then, by agreement, would separate to meet again at some appointed place, laying a wager
who would be most successful in the chase of black-sailed deer or mountain sheep.

The hill-sides had put on autumn hues, and the loftier hills were dressed in winter's garb, and gave warning to the denizens who spent their summers near their peaks, that cold weather would soon drive them to the hills beneath for refuge from the blasts that howl above the roar of mountain lion or jumping torrents.

The keeper of the fleecy clouds had given sign of readiness, and, in fact, had begun to spread the winter's carpet down, to preserve the tender grasses for the antlered herd, which would return in open spring to train their limbs for daring feats, in defiance of the feathered arrow, or his neighbor, the loud-talking gun.

Santiam, to anticipate their coming, had started in the early morn, while yet the sun was climbing the eastern slope of Jefferson, and, leaving a sign imprinted in the snow, for his friend to read, hurried on, hoping that from ambush he might send his arrow home to the panting heart of the bounding deer. His friend, anticipating the coming of his rival, had already gone by another route to the trysting place; while waiting there for valley-going game, he spied a grizzly bear, and, without knowing the habits of the monster, he took deliberate aim and fired, but failed to bring his bearship to the ground.

These fellows, when undisturbed, are sure to run; but when the leaden ball had pierced this one's pelt, he exhibited the usual bearish indications of resentment for insult offered. The pale-face hunter stood his ground, and sent another ball, merely to persuade
his enemy to desist. To those accustomed to this kind of fight, I need not say that every shot made the matter worse. These kings of the Cascades yield not to showers of leaden hail or flocks of flying arrows until the life of their enemy or their own gives victory. With lumbering gait and open mouth, he closed upon the hapless hunter, and had borne him to the ground, when Santiam reached the scene. He hesitated not on which side he would volunteer. Snatching from his belt a hatchet, and a well-tried knife, he, too, closed on the grizzly, and drew his attention from his friend, who, in turn, would attack the wounded monster, and thus alternating between two enemies, he grew more furious and regardless of consequences.

Rallying again to renew the desperate struggle, though his life was ebbing fast, he threw his great body on the pale-faced hunter, when Santiam, with well-aimed steel at his heart, closed the battle. His friend had been severely wounded, and lay prostrate on the ground; his torn garments dripping in blood, his own, and that of his dread enemy, mingled. The young chief soon had a blazing fire, and then tying up the wounds of his friend, to stop the flow of blood, he hastened to his home for aid.

Returning with a cluchman of his tribe, he found his friend sinking fast. Making a hasty litter of pine limbs, they bore the wounded hunter to his home. The mother, at the sight of her son so mangled, like a true heroine, overcame her fear, and made preparation for his comfort. The sister, in her quiet way, brought refreshment for her brother, and while the father and his comrade, the "medicine man," were
joining their skill to provide remedies for the wounded one, young Santiam, acting from the precepts of his people, had hurried back to the battle-ground, and, with his cluchman’s help, soon stripped the pelt from the dead beast, and brought it to the home of his white rival, and then the “medicine man,” with faith based on tradition’s usage, bound up the wounds therewith.

The days went slowly by, until the danger was passed. Santiam went not to the chase, unless for choicest food for his friend, but waited beside the couch of his comrade for his recovery; sometimes joining with the sick man’s sister in watching his slumbers, or, may be, touching hands in ministering to his wants.

She, with missionary spirit, sought to teach Santiam words, and the history, too, of her people, their ways, and higher life than he had known. He was apt at learning, as my reader may discover by his speech, recited in this book, made in council years after. His dark eye kindled as some new knowledge found way to his understanding, and his heart grew warmer at the sound of voice from pale-faced cluchman. If history be true, her eye kindled too, at the coming of the quiet step of the young comrade of her brother, and her heart felt a new, strange fire, that sent its flame to her cheeks in tell-tale roses.

Novice though he was in civilized ways, he was a man, and with quick perception made the discovery that he now cared more for his comrade’s sister than for him; and that even the sister thought of her brother in the third person.

This Missouri man had not yet recognized the
growing love between his daughter and young Santiam; and the mother, too, without recalling the youthful days of her own wooing, — perhaps she had none, but years before, in obedience to a custom of her own people, had listened to a proposal, and accepted, because she might "do no better," — did not recognize the signs of coming trouble to her household, in the rustic courtship going on. Why do parents so soon forget their wooing days, and hide the history from their children, when so nearly all that human nature endures of woes, or enjoys of bliss, comes through the agency of the emotions and affections of the heart?

This guileless girl, cut off from association with her own people by action of her father, and in gratitude for the young chief’s kindness to her brother, had, under the prompting of the richest emotions that God had given, opened her heart in friendship first and invited the visitor to share so much; little dreaming that, when once the guest was there, he would become a constant tenant, against whose expulsion she would herself rebel.

The young chief himself did not realize that the finest, warmest feelings of the human heart are supposed by greater men to be confined to the same race or color. Perhaps he thought the Great Spirit had made all alike, not fixed the difference in the hue of the skin. He was a free man; did not know that civilization had raised a barrier between the races. He had, without knowing what he did, found the barrier down, and passed beyond in natural freedom, and, without thought of wrong, had given full freedom to his heart.

The winter passed, and spring had sprinkled the
hill-side with flowers. The wilder herds had fled from the huntsman's horn, and climbed again to pleasure-grounds, where the tender grasses cropped out from retreating snow-fields. The rival hunters had again resumed the chase, and spent whole days in telling stories of the past, or living over the battle of the preceding autumn. Each rehearsal made them better friends, and confidence grew mutual. Santiam, with freedom, spoke to his white brother of the "fire in his heart,"—so these people speak of love,—of the sister whom he loved. Who ever told a fellow that he loved his sister without making friendship tremble for the result?

The pale-face boy of whom I am writing still lives, though grown into gray manhood, to verify this story. When Santiam had told his story, her brother was quiet and thought in silence, while the warrior talked on, of how he would be a "white man" and put away his wild habits, and be his brother. The other promised that he would consult his family, and thus they parted for the night.

The morning found Santiam at the cabin of the "settler," little dreaming that the friendship they had shown him was so soon to be withdrawn. He saw the ominous word refusal in the cold reception that he met. One pair of eyes alone talked in sympathetic glances. He waited to hear no more.

I would like to accommodate my youthful readers with what would make this romantic story run on until some happy denouement had been found, and then resume my work; but I dare not be false to history. The white man moved away. The Indian remained until, through misunderstanding between
his people and the white race, war ensued; the frontier rang out the fearful challenge of battle, and victims of both races were offered up to appease insult and thirst for vengeance. The white hunter and his father united with others in a war of extermination against the Indians, while they left a home defenceless.

Young Santiam refused to war against the white man. He gave protection to the cabin that sheltered his love of other days. The maiden is maiden yet; and, though gray hair crowns her head, she is still faithful to the vows made to her Indian lover in her girlhood. Whether she condemns the usage of society that forbade her marriage, or blesses it because it saved her from a savage life, we know not. She may blame her parents for their short-sighted action in isolating her from those congenial to her heart, by locating on the frontier where she met Santiam; surely, not for prohibiting her marriage to him.

Santiam, at the close of the war, removed with his people to Grand Round Agency, where he has lived since. Hear him talk in the Salem council of 1871, and judge him by his speeches. Faithful to his compacts, he remains on his home. Few of those who meet him when he visits Salem know of this romance of his life, but hundreds give him the hand of friendship.

To resume, Grand Round valley, the name of which suggests its size and shape, lay stretched out before us, a beautiful picture from Nature's gallery, embellished by the touches that Uncle Sam's greenbacks had given to this agency in building churches, halls,
and Indian houses, together with a large farm for general use, and small ones for individuals.

At every change of Government officers, Reservation Indians show the liveliest interest, and have great curiosity to see the new man. My arrival was known to all the people very soon. The Indians of this agency were more advanced in civilization than those of any other in Oregon. They had been located by the Government, fifteen years previously. Many of them were prisoners of war, in chains and under guard, and had been subjugated, through sheer exhaustion; others were under treaty. Their very poverty and the scanty subsistence the Government gave, was to them a blessing. Permitted to labor for persons who lived "outside," passes were given each for a specified time. Thus their employers became each a civilizer.

At the time of my first official visit, they had abandoned Indian costume, and were dressed in the usual garb of white men; many of them had learned to talk our language. At my request, messengers were sent out, and the people were invited to come in at an early hour the following day. Before the time appointed they began to arrive. A few were on foot, the remainder in wagons, or on horseback; the younger men and women coming in pairs, after the fashion of white people around them, all arrayed in best attire, for it was a gala day to them. I noticed that in some instances the women were riding side-saddles, instead of the old Indian way, astride.

The children were not left at home, neither were they bound in thongs to boards, or swinging in papoose baskets; but some, at least, were carried on the
pummel of the father's saddle. They were clothed like other children. Strange and encouraging spectacle, to witness Indian men, who were born savages, conforming to usages of civil life. When once an Indian abandons the habits and customs of his fathers, and has tasted the air which his more enlightened brother breathes, he never goes back so long as he associates with good men.

These people, in less than twenty years, under the management of the several agents, had been transformed, from "Darwin's" wild beasts, almost to civilized manhood, notwithstanding the croaking of soulless men who constantly accuse United States agents of all kinds of misdemeanors and crimes.

When they were first located, they numbered about twenty-one hundred souls. At the time of which I write, they had dwindled away to about half that number.

When the hour for the talk arrived the people filled the council house, and crowded the doors and windows, so that we found it necessary to adjourn to the open air for room and comfort. The agent, La Follette, went through the form of introducing me to his people, calling each one by name.

This ceremony is always conducted with solemnity; each Indian, as he extends the hand, gazing steadfastly into the eye of the person introduced. They seem to read character rapidly, and with correctness equal to, and sometimes excelling, more enlightened people.

First, a short speech by Agent La Follette, followed by the "Salem tyee," — superintendent. I said that "I was pleased to find them so far advanced in civil-
ization; that I was now the 'Salem tyee.' You are my children. I came to show you my heart, to see your hearts, to talk with you about your affairs.”

Jo Hutchins—chief of Santiams—was first to speak. He said: “You see our people are not rich; they are poor. We are glad to shake hands with you and show our hearts. You look like a good man, but I will not give you my heart until I know you better.” Louis Neposa said: “I have been here fifteen years. I have seen all the country from here to the Rocky Mountains. I had a home on Rogue river; I had a house and barn; I gave them up to come here. That house on that hill is mine;” pointing towards the house in question.

Indian speeches are remarkable for pertinency and for forcible expression, many of them abounding in flights of imagination and bursts of oratory. Much of the original beauty is lost in the translation, as few of them speak in the English language when delivering a speech. Interpreters are often illiterate men, and cannot render the subject-matter with the full force and beauty of the original, much less imitate the gesture and voice.

During my residence in the far West, and especially while in Government employ, I have taken notes, and in many instances, kept verbatim reports, the work being done by clerks of the several agencies. I have selected, from several hundred pages, a few speeches, made by these people, for use in making up my book. It will be observed that the sentences are short, and repetitions sometimes occur. In fact, these orators of nature follow nature, and repeat themselves, as our greatest orators do, and their skill in the art
of repetition is something marvellous. This is peculiar to all Indian councils, though not always recorded. The following are word for word, especially Wapto Dave and Jo Hutchins’ speeches:—

Black Tom said: "I am a wild Injun. I don’t know much. I have not much sense. I cannot talk well. I feel like a man going through the bushes, when he is going to fight; like he was thinking some man was behind a bush, going to shoot him. I have been fooled many times. I don’t know much. Some tyees talk well when they first come. I have seen their children wearing shirts like those they gave me; may be it was all right. I don’t know much."

Solomon Riggs—chief of the Umpyuas—said: "I am not a wild man. I have sense. I know some things. I have learned to work. I was born wild, but I am not wild now. I live in a house. I have a wagon and horses that I worked for. They are mine. The Government did not give them to me. That woman is my wife, and that is my baby. He will have some sense. I show you my heart. I want you to give me your heart. I don’t want to be a wild Injun.” See speech of Solomon Riggs in Salem Council.

All the “head men” made short speeches, after which we came to business talk. Superintendent Meacham said: "I see before me the remnants of a great people. Your fathers are buried in a far country. I will show you my heart now. You are not wild men. You are not savages. You are men and women. You have sense and hearts to feel. I did not come here to dig up anything that is buried. I have nothing to say about the men who have gone
before me. That is past. We drop that. We cannot dig it up now. We have enough to think about. I do not promise what I will do, except I will do right as I see what is right. I may make some mistakes. I want to talk with you about your agent. I think he will do right. He is a good man. I will help him. He will help me. You will help us. You are not fools. You are men. You have a right to be heard. You shall be heard. We are paid to take care of you. Our time belongs to the Indians in Oregon. The Government has bought our sense; that belongs to you. The money in our hands is not ours, it is yours. We cannot pay you the money. The law says we must not; still it is yours. You have been here long enough to have sense. You know what you want. You can tell us. We will hear you.

"If you want what is right we will get it for you. You need not be afraid to speak out. The time has come when a man is judged by his sense, not his skin. In a few years more the treaty will be dead. Then you must be ready to take care of yourselves. You need not fear to speak. Nobody will stop your mouth. We are ready now to hear you talk. We have shown our heart. Now talk like men. I have spoken."

A silence of some moments followed. The chiefs and head men seemed taken by surprise. They could not comprehend or believe that the declarations made were real; that they were to be allowed to give an opinion in matters pertaining to their own interests. I would not convey the idea that my predecessors had been bad men. They were not; but they had, some of them, and perhaps all of them, looked on these
Indians as wards, or orphan children. They had not recognized the fact that these people had come up, from a low, degraded condition of captive savages, to a status of intelligence that entitled them to consideration. The people themselves had not dared to demand a hearing. They were subjugated, and felt it too; but I know in their hearts they often longed for the boon that was offered to them.

It is due to the citizens who occupy the country adjoining this agency, in whose employ the Indians had spent much time in labor on farm, wood-yards, and various other kinds of business, that they had, by easy lessons, and, with commendable patience, taught these down-trodden people that they had a right to look up. "Honor to whom honor is due."

Wapto Dave, a chief of a small band of Waptos, was the first to speak. He delivered his speech in my own language: "The boys all wait for me to speak first; because me understand some things. We hear you talk. We don't know whether you mean it. Maybe you are smart. We have been fooled a heap. We don't want no lies. We don't talk lies. S'pose you talk straight. All right. Me tell you some things. All our people very poor; they got no good houses; no good mills. No wagons; got no harness; no ploughs. They get some, they work heap. They buy them. Government no give em. We want these things. Maybe you don't like my talk. I am done."

Jo Hutchins — Chief of Santiams — said, "I am watching your eye. I am watching your tongue. I am thinking all the time. Perhaps you are making fools of us. We don't want to be made fools. I have heard tyees talk like you do now. They go back home and
send us something a white man don't want. We are not dogs. We have hearts. We may be blind. We do not see the things the treaty promised. Maybe they got lost on the way. The President is a long way off. He can't hear us. Our words get lost in the wind before they get there. Maybe his ear is small. Maybe your ears are small. They look big. Our ears are large. We hear everything. Some things we don't like. We have been a long time in the mud. Sometimes we sink down. Some white men help us up. Some white men stand on our heads. We want a school-house built on the ground of the Santiam people. Then our children can have some sense. We want an Indian to work in the blacksmith shop. We don't like half-breeds. They are not Injuns. They are not white men. Their hearts are divided. We want some harness. We want some ploughs. We want a saw-mill. What is a mill good for that has no dam? That old mill is not good; it won't saw boards. We want a church. Some of these people are Catholics. Some of them are like Mr. Parish, a Methodist. Some got no religion. Maybe they don't need religion. Some people think Indians got no sense. We don't want any blankets. We have had a heap of blankets. Some of them have been like sail-cloth muslin. The old people have got no sense; they want blankets. The treaty said we, every man, have his land. He have a paper for his land. We don't see the paper. We see the land. We want it divided. When we have land all in one place, some Injun put his horses in the field; another Injun turn them out. Then they go to law. One man says another man got the best ground. They go to law about that. We want the
land marked out. Every man builds his own house. We want some apples. Mark out the land, then we plant some trees, by-and-by we have some apples.

"Maybe you don't like my talk. I talk straight. I am not a coward. I am chief of the Santiams. You hear me now. We see your eyes; look straight. Maybe you are a good man. We will find out. So-chala-tyee,—God sees you. He sees us. All these people hear me talk. Some of them are scared. I am not afraid. Alta-kup-et,—I am done."

Here was a man talking to the point. He dodged nothing. He spoke the hearts of the people. They supported him with frequent applause. Other speeches were made, all touching practical points. The abstract of issues following that council exhibit the distribution of hardware, axes, saws, hatchets, mauls, iron wedges; also, harness, ploughs, hoes, scythes, and various farming implements. The reasonable and numerous points involved many questions of importance, which were submitted to the Hon. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington city.*

* See Appendix.
CHAPTER VIII.

STOPPING THE SURVEY—WHY.

WITHOUT waiting for red tape, we proceeded to erect a new saw-mill. The Indians performed much of the necessary labor. With one white man to direct them, they prepared all the timber, built a dam, and cut a race, several hundred yards in length, and within ninety days from "breaking ground" the new saw-mill was making lumber.

The Indians formed into working parties and delivered logs as fast as the mill could saw them. Mr. Manrow, a practical sawyer, was placed in charge of the mill, and, with Indian help only, he manufactured four to eight thousand feet of lumber per day. He subsequently remarked that "they were as good help as he wanted."

The understanding before commencing work on the mill was to the effect that it was to belong to the Indians on Grand Round Agency, when completed. Those who furnished logs were to own the lumber after sale of sufficient quantity to pay the "sawyer," the whole to be under control of the acting agent.

Misunderstandings seem to have arisen between the agent and Indians, growing out of the sale of lumber manufactured by the mill. The only misunderstanding that could have arisen, was that wherein the Indians claim that "the Government would pay the expense of running it,"—the saw-
mill,—and they—the Indians—should have the lumber to dispose of as they thought best, claiming the right to sell it to the whites outside of the Reservation.”

It was so agreed and understood as above stated, that the Government agent was to manage the business, pay the sawyer, and meet such other expenses as might accrue, out of the sale of lumber, and the remainder to belong to parties furnishing logs, with the privilege of selling to persons wherever a market could be found. If any other plan has been adopted, it is in violation of the agreement made with the Indians at the council that considered the question of building the mills. A full report of that council was forwarded to the Commissioner at Washington (see page 162), was filed in the office of Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Salem, Oregon, and was, or should have been, recorded on the books at Grand Round Agency.

The Indians of Grand Round own the mills. The funds invested in their erection did not belong to agent or Government. It was the Indians’ money, and was so expended by their knowledge and request. The sweat of these people was dropped in the long race, cut for the mills. Every stick of timber in them was prepared, partly at least, by Indian labor. They had accepted this little valley at the bidding of a powerful Government, who had promised them mills (see treaty of 1866), and had constructed inferior machinery, at enormous expense, that had never been worth one-half the greenbacks they had cost.

These people have advanced more rapidly in civil-
ization than any other Indian people on "the coast." They had learned a great amount of useful knowledge while working for the white men, to make a living for their families, when the Government had failed to furnish subsistence for them. They were now ready to take care of their interests, when men paid to instruct them had performed their duty.

If these Indians are ever to manage for themselves, why not begin with easy lessons, while they have, or are supposed to have, an agent, whose duty it was to stand between them and the stronger race with whom they are to mingle and associate?

I repeat that these Indian men own the mills, and are entitled to the proceeds, and that it is, and was, an agent's duty to transact such parts of the business as the Indians could not themselves. What if it did require labor and care to prevent confusion? The agent was paid for his time, his business talent, and, if he was unwilling or incompetent, he was not in a proper position.

The agent says, "I have allowed them one-half the lumber made, when they wished to use it for building purposes, retaining the other half for the department, until such time as it can be used in improvement, or otherwise disposed of for their common benefit." If the department required lumber, let the Indians be the merchants, and receive the pay. To dispose of it for their benefit was to compel those who were willing to labor to support those who were not. Working parties were organized among them by agent La Follette, and they were to enjoy the privilege of furnishing saw-logs in turn; thus encouraging enterprise among them. Klamath Indian mill
furnished several thousand dollars' worth of lumber for the Military Department at Fort Klamath, and for outside people too, and the proceeds were paid to the Indians who did the work, or it was invested in stock cattle for them. In the name of justice I protest, as a friend of the Indians, against the confiscation, by our Government, of labor and lumber belonging to the Indians of Grand Round Agency.

Reference has been made to the allotment of land to these people. The letter following will give the reader some idea of the manner in which it was done, and the various questions that were to be considered in connection with this important episode in the lives of these people.*

The enrolment referred to was completed. The surveying was done by Col. D. P. Thompson, United States Deputy Surveyor.

While he was engaged in doing this work, the Indians assisted materially, and followed him in crowds, each anxious to see where the lines would run, whether they would conform to their preconceived hopes or not.

The thoughts of these men — for they were men — must have been very comforting at the prospect of promises being at last fulfilled. Many years had passed, waiting, waiting, waiting for the time to come when they should have homes "like white men." They well understood the arrangement in regard to the amount of land that was to be given to each. I have not the "Willamette Treaty" before me, but, from memory, state, that each grown person was to have twenty acres, with ten acres additional for each minor child.

* See Appendix.
Col. Thompson, the surveyor, relates, that while engaged in surveying near the house of a "Wapto" Indian, said Indian came to him with a very serious face, and requested the suspension of the work. The colonel, being a humorous man, and patient withal, entertained the petition, but demanded to know the reason why the survey should stop.

"Wapto" said, in jargon, "Indian Neeseka-nanitch-mi-ka, is-cum, twenty acres; Nika cluchman is-cum, twenty acres; Ni-ka ten-us-cluchman is-cum, ten acres; Nika ten-us-man is-cum, ten acres; Mamook, sixty acres; Al-ka. You see I get twenty acres, my squaw get twenty acres, my daughter get ten acres, my son get ten acres, making sixty acres in all. Spose Mesika Capit mamook ieta elihe, Kau-yua nika is cum, seventy acres. Suppose you stop surveying, and wait awhile, I can get seventy acres, may be eighty acres. Cum-tux,—understand?"

The colonel took the hint, when the Indian pointed to the small lodge, fitted up expressly, as the custom among these people is, for important occasions of the kind intimated above.

Whether he changed his course in surveying, he did not say, but went on to relate, that a few days after the above conversation, the same Indian came to him and said, "Nika-is-cum, Ten-is-man." — "I have another boy." — "Klat-a-wa-ma-mook-elihe." — "Go on with the survey." — "Nika is-cum, seventy acres." — "I get seventy acres." He seemed much elated with the new boy, and the additional ten acres of land.

The surveying was completed, but "red tape" was in the way of allotment, much to the satisfaction of some of the people, who were hoping for as good for-
tune as "Wapto," in the same way; others, who were hopeless of such luck, were anxious for the lands to be set apart at once, because each new-comer made the chances less in securing good homes, by being crowded off to make room for the additions that such events demanded.

The allotment has finally been made. The people are overjoyed, and they start off on this new order of life with commendable zeal. I have no doubt of their ability to maintain themselves, when they shall have been admitted to the new relationships in life. While they have been long in bondage, treated as dependents, and begrudged the valley wherein they have been placed by the Government, they have, nevertheless, attained to a status of manhood that entitles them to consideration. They fully appreciate such evidences of recognition, and should be consulted in regard to the expenditure of their funds, the appointment of agents and employés, the selection of church ministries and school teachers.

During one of my official visits they assembled to the number of nearly one hundred, and paraded on horseback, for a grand demonstration. They were well dressed, and well mounted on good horses. After performing various evolutions, they drew up in front of the agency office in a half circle. The leader then made a speech, a portion of which I copy here, from the memoranda made at that time. It was in American language, and began, "Mr. Meacham: You our chief. We look on you as our father. We show you how we get along. We think we white men now. We no Injuns now. We all Republicans. We know 'bout the big war. We no Democrats.
One man he live with me — he Democrat — us boys all laugh. He get shamed; he good 'publican now. These all our horses, we work for 'em. S'pose you want us work road, all right; s'pose you tell us pay the tax, all right. Sometime we vote just like a white man. All right. S'pose the President want soldier, we are white men; we know all about everything; we can fight. We are not boys; we know about law. That's all right.

"We want to hear you talk. You talk all the same; you talk to white men. Some of these people don't understand, we tell them; you go ahead, talk all the time;" meaning I should make a speech without waiting to have it interpreted.

I felt then that I was their servant. The Government was paying me for my time, and whatever of ability I might have. I was not there to make a hurried call, and go away without doing them good.

My remarks were, substantially, that I was glad to see them appear so much like white men; that the Government would give them lands, and would do right by them. A few years ago, a great many black people were slaves; now everybody is free. Every man is counted by his sense and conduct, not by his color. You men are almost white in your habits. You are doing well; you have made a good start. After the land is allotted, you will each have a home, and in four years the treaty will be dead; then you can come up with the white man. You will pay taxes and vote.

Dave said: "There is something else we want you to talk about. Some of us Injuns are Catholic; some of us are not. The Catholics don't want to go to the
other meetings. They don't talk all the same. We want to understand about this religion."

The agency was, at that time, under the supervision of the Methodist Church. A Catholic priest had been laboring with these people for many years, and had baptized a large number of them.

The assignment of agencies was made without proper knowledge of the religious antecedents of the people. Many of them had been, from time to time, under the teaching of other churches, especially the Methodist Episcopal Church. They had also formed their ideas from association with the farmers, for whom they had worked at various times. I realized then, as I have often done, the very embarrassing circumstances that surrounded the subject.

If I have ever doubted the feasibility of the church policy, it was because no well-defined regulations were ever made. Regarding these matters it is a doubtful question which of the churches named had priority of right to minister to the people of Grand Round Agency. Though the Catholics had been many years among them, the Methodists had, at an earlier date, taught them in matters pertaining to religion.

I fully realized the importance of Dave's request, and so deferred action until the Catholic father could be summoned. Father Waller, one of the early founders of Methodist missions in Oregon, was present. When the former arrived, the subject was again brought up. In the mean time, however, a new question arose, and an incident occurred worthy of a place in this connection.

The habits of these people are their lives really, and when an old custom is abolished, the substitute
may be clumsily introduced, and not well understood. I refer to the marriage law. The old way was to buy the girl, or make presents to the parents until they gave consent for the marriage. The new order of things forbade this way of performing this sacred rite.

The hero of this episode — Leander — was a fine, handsome young fellow, who belonged to Siletz Agency, and from his agent had learned something of the working of the law. Siletz and Grand Round Agencies are within one day's ride.

The heroine — Lucy — lived on the latter, with her parents, who were "Umpyuas."

Leander had obtained a pass — permission — from his agent, stating the object of the visit, and had been well drilled in regard to his rights under the "new law." He had proposed, and, so far as the girl's consent was concerned, been accepted. But the parents of Lucy could not be so easily conciliated.

It is true they had assented to the new law, but were reluctant to see Lucy marry a man, and go away to another agency to live. I think, however, the absence of presents had something to do with their reluctance. Leander had promised his agent that he would stand by the new law, — make no presents to the parents.

The "old folks" founded their objection on other grounds when submitting the case for settlement. Leander requested a private interview with me. He then stated that he was willing to pacify the old folks by making a present or two, if he thought Mr. Simpson would not find out about it. He declared he never would return to Siletz without Lucy; said he thought she was a good young cluchman; he loved her bet-
ter than any on Siletz. She is stout; she can work; she can keep house like a white woman. She is no squaw. I want her mighty bad. You s'pose you can fix it all right? I don't want them old folks mad at me. They say if she goes away now she get no land. Can't she get land at Siletz? They don't care for her. They want some ictas (presents); they want me to wait until you give the land; that's what they want.

I promised to arrange the matter for him somehow, although I could see the difficulties that embarrassed the marriage, as indicated by Leander's talk.

Had the allotment of lands been made, no objections would have been had on that score. The father and mother called upon me, wishing advice. Grand Round was, at this time, without a general agent, and was running in charge of a special agent,—Mr. S. D. Rhinehart; hence the duties of an agent were devolved upon the superintendents, and one of the important duties is to hear the complaints, and adjust all matters of difference.

The "old folks" were much excited over this affair of their daughter Lucy, who had, as her white sisters sometimes do, given evidence of her interest in the question, by declaring she would marry Leander, and possibly said something equivalent to the "there now" of a spoiled girl.

They were much affected. The father's chief objection, I think, was to prospective loss of ten acres of land; the mother's, the companionship and services of her daughter, added to a mother's anxiety for the welfare of her child. She shed some real tears, woman-like.

The father said, when he would wake up in the
morning and call "Lucy," she could not hear him, and that he would be compelled to go for his horse when he wanted to ride. Lucy had always done that kind of work for him.

The conference was protracted, for I recognized in this affair a precedent that might be of great importance to the Indians of Grand Round Agency hereafter. I foresee, in the future, some stony-hearted Indian hater, scowling while he reads this mention of sentiment and feeling on the part of Indians. Scowl on, you cold-blooded, one-sided, pale-face, protected in your life, your rights, and even your affections, by a great, strong Government!

Finally, all the parties interested were taken into the council. The mother put some pertinent questions to Leander.

"Do you ever drink whiskey? Do you gamble? Will you whip Lucy when you are mad? Will you let her come to see me when she wants to?"

Leander's answers were satisfactory, and, I think, sincere. He promised, as many a white boy has to his sweetheart's mother, what he would not have done to a mother-in-law. That relationship changes the courage, and loosens the tongue of many a man.

Lucy was not slow to speak her mind on the subject. "Leander, Clat-a-wa-o-koke-Siletz. E-li-he, hi-ka-tum-tum, ni-ak-clut-a-wa. (Leander goes to Siletz, my heart will go with him, to-day.) Ni-kai-wake-clut-or-wa-niker, min-a-lous. If I don't go, I will die." This settled the question.

Being the first marriage under the new law, it was decided to make it a precedent that would have proper influence on subsequent weddings. The ladies resi-
dent at the agency, were informed of the affair, and requested to assist the bride in making preparations for the ceremony.

Leander was well dressed, but he required some drilling. Dr. Hall, the resident-physician, assumed the task, and calling two or three boys and girls to the office, the ceremony was rehearsed until Leander said, "That's good. I understand how to get married."

The people came together to witness the marriage. The men remounted their horses, and formed in a half circle in front of the office, women and children within the arc, all standing. The porch in front of the office was the altar. Father Waller, with his long white hair floating in the wind, stood with Bible in hand. A few moments of stillness, and then the office door opened, and Leander stepped out with Lucy's hand in his.

The doctor had arranged for bridesmaids and groomsmen. As they filed out into the sunlight, every eye was fixed on the happy couple. The attendants were placed in proper position, and then the voice of Father Waller broke the silence in an extempore marriage service. Leander and Lucy were pronounced man and wife, and, the white people leading off, the whole company passed before the married pair and offered congratulations.

Great was the joy, and comical the scene. One of the customs of civilized life was omitted, that of kissing the bride. Father Waller could not, consistently, set the example, the doctor would not, and, since no white man led the way, the Indian boys remained in ignorance of their privilege.
The horsemen dismounted and paid the honor due, each following the exact model, and if one white man had kissed the bride, every Indian man on the agency would have done likewise.

One young man asked the bridegroom in Indian, "Con-chu-me-si-ka-ka-tum-tum?" ("How is your heart now?") "Now-wit-ka-close-tum-tum-tum-ni-ka." ("My heart is happy now.") I have witnessed such affairs among white people, and I think that I have not seen any happier couple than Leander and Lucy.

The dance, in confirmation of the event, was well attended. It being out of Father Waller's walk in life, and my own also, we did not participate in the amusement. But we looked on a few moments, and were surprised to see the women and girls dressed in style, somewhat grotesque, 'tis true, but all in fashion; indeed, in several fashions.

Some of them wore enormous hoops, others long trails, all of them bright-hued ribbons in their hair. Some with chignons, frizzles, rats, and all the other paraphernalia of ladies' head-gear. The men were clad in ordinary white man's garb, except that antiquated coats and vests were more the rule than the exception. Black shining boots and white collars were there. A few had gloves,—some buckskin, some woollen; others wore huge rings; but, taken all in all, the ball would have compared favorably with others more pretentious in point of style, and even elegance.

These people were apt scholars in this feature of civilization. The music on the occasion was furnished by Indian men, with violins. Few people are
more mirthful, or enter with more zest into sports, when circumstances are favorable, than do Indians.

The day following the wedding, a general council, or meeting, was held. Father Waller of the Methodist, and Father Croystel of the Catholic Church, being present, the subject of religion was taken up and discussed. The facts elicited were, that many of the Indians, perhaps a majority, were in favor of the Catholic Church. The remainder were in favor of the Methodist, a few only appearing indifferent.

Neither of the fathers took part in the "talks." My own opinion, expressed then and since, on other occasions, was, that the greatest liberty of conscience should be allowed in religious practice. That the people should honor all religions that were Christian. No bitter feelings were exhibited. I attended, at other times, the Catholic Church exercises, conducted by Rev. Father Croystel. The Indians came in large numbers, some of them on horses, but the majority in wagons; whole families, cleanly clad and well behaved.

Those who belonged to the Catholic Church were devout, and assisted the father in the ceremonies and responses. The invitation was extended to any and all denominations to preach; on one occasion a minister came by invitation, and preached in the office. The attendance was not large, but the employés of the agency monopolized all the available benches. They seemed to think that the Indians had no rights. The preacher began his discourse, and, after dilating on the word of God, with a prosy effort to explain some abstruse proposition in theology, for half an hour, my patience became exhausted, and I arose and
made the suggestion that, since the meeting was for the benefit of the Indians, something should be said which they might understand. More seats were provided, and the preacher started anew, and when a sentence was uttered that was within the comprehension of those for whom the preaching was intended, it was translated. This meeting, however, did not do them very much good, because it was not conducted in a way that was understood by the Indians.

The man who was trying to do good had undoubtedly answered when some one else had been called of God to preach the gospel. He would, perhaps, have made a passable mechanic, but he had no qualifications for preaching to Indians. He was not human enough. He was too well educated. He knew too much. Had he been less learned, or possessed more common sense, he might have been competent to teach great grown-up children, as these Indian people are, in the Christian religion.

A short colloquy overheard between two of the red children he had been preaching to would have set him to thinking. The talk was in the Indian language, but, translated, would have run in about the following style:—

"Do you understand what all that talk was about?"
—"No; do you? Well, he was talking wicked half the time, and good half the time. He was telling about a man getting lost a long time ago. Got lost and didn't find himself for forty years. That's a big story, but maybe it is so. I don't know. Never heard of it before."

I need not say to the reader, that this minister had been preaching about Moses. Perhaps he was not to
be censured. He may have done the best he could. He did not know how to reach an Indian's heart.

The schools at this agency were not flourishing. The reason was that the mode was impracticable. Schools were taught with about as much sense and judgment as the preaching just referred to.

After several years of stupid experimenting, at an expense of many thousands of dollars, there was not among these Indians half a dozen of them who could read and understand a common newspaper notice. The fault was not with the pupils; it was the system.

The Indians of this agency are farther advanced than those of any others in Oregon, in everything that goes to make up a civilized people. They have, since the allotment of lands, made rapid progress, and bid fair to become rivals of other people in the pursuit of wealth, and other characteristics that make a people prosperous. Some of them are already the equals of their white neighbors in integrity of character and business tact. They have abandoned their old laws and customs, and have been working under civil laws. They elect officers and hold courts, somewhat after the manner of a mock Legislature; in other words, they are practising and rehearsing, in anticipation of the time when they shall become citizens.

Like all other races, they learn the vices much quicker than the virtues of their superiors. It cannot be denied that they follow bad examples sometimes, especially intemperance; but when considered fairly, taking note of the influences that have been thrown around them; the many different agents, and kinds of policies under which they have lived; the fact that they were wild Indians sixteen years ago; that they
have been kept in constant fear of being removed; hope deferred so often and so long; that they were remnants of many small tribes; that their numbers have decreased so rapidly,—then they stand out in a new light, and challenge commendation.

Lift your heads, Indians of Grand Round! you are no longer slaves; you are free.

This agency, with the people who are there now, and who have been there as Government officers and employés, would furnish material for volumes of real live romance; racy stories, sad tales, great privations, disease, death and suffering make up the history of such places. No character required to make a thrilling drama, a bloody tragedy, or comic personality, would be wanting. Better live only in tradition, or fireside story, than in printed page. The latter would embarrass men who have passed through some of the chairs of office, and poor fellows, too, who have sponged a living off of "Uncle Sam," and cheated the people of thousands of dollars, and months of labor, that they were paid for doing. Let the history die untold, since it could not restore justice to either Government or people. Some of those who have administered on Grand Round Agency have left the Indians in much better condition than they found them, and will live forever in the memory of those they served so faithfully.

Before leaving this agency I would state one feature of Indian life that exists everywhere, but it is less prominent on this than other agencies.

I refer to the poor and the old. Perhaps the last Christian virtue that finds lodgment in Indian hearts is regard or reverence for age, especially old women,
They are drudges everywhere, and when too old to labor are sometimes neglected.

Poor, miserable-looking old women, blind, lame, and halt, charity would shed more tears at your death than your children would. While this deplorable indifference for them exists to a fearful extent, there are notable exceptions, particularly among the Grand Round Indians. In every council they were found standing up and pleading for something to be done for the old and poor. These old creatures nearly always hobble to the meetings, and although they seem fair specimens of the Darwinian theory, they, nevertheless, have feelings and gratitude even for small favors. A grasp of the hand seems to impart a ray of sunshine to their benighted faces.

A few years more, and all the old ones will be gone, and their successors will take the vacant places with prospects of more humane treatment than they have hitherto received.

Heaven pity the poor and old, for man has little for them that casts even a glimmer of hope, save on their waiting tombs!