

MAY INDIAN BASKETS AND CURIOS

Captain Dorr F. Tozier's Exhibit at the Lewis and Clark Exposition Grounds.

A FEW days since, as I was strolling along the El Hiolens road, at the Exposition grounds, on my way to the Trail, I saw standing in front of a wooden building overlooking Gull's Lake two Alaska totem poles, and peeping in at the open door I beheld a collection of Indian curios and baskets which, as they were taken from their cases, were being arranged in the different parts of the large hall. I rubbed my eyes to see if I was dreaming, and felt as did Aladdin when he rubbed his wonderful lamp and the genii suddenly appeared before him and promised him whatever he wished for, for in the past few days I had been hearing many complaints made by people interested in the aborigines of this country, who thought that with the exception of the totem poles, the big canoe in front of the Government building, several private exhibits and an excellent collection of baskets in the Arizona building, there was not a single Indian work of art to be seen at the Lewis and Clark Fair. Begret was all the keener, too, because late inquiries are being made as to whether there is at our Fair a representative exhibition of Indian work, and already agents of art museums throughout the country are expressing themselves as sadly disappointed to find that there is no such display.

Here, then, had appeared as if by magic the very exhibit whose absence the lovers and students of the ethnologic and primitive art had been so greatly deplored. On further inquiry, I learned that the collection belongs to Captain Dorr F. Tozier, who has just been placed in charge of the exhibit. He is a resident of Puget Sound and the Columbia River, having formerly been in command of the revenue cutter Grant, which cruised on Puget Sound and the Columbia River. This service naturally gave him the best of opportunities for obtaining the work of the Indians, which he was not slow in embracing, and now, after seven years' time and spending a fortune in the effort, he has gathered together the finest collection in the world of Indian artifacts pertaining to this section of the globe.

Curios by the Thousand.

The collection consists of 2000 baskets and more than 6000 curios, and embraces the work of the Indians inhabiting the country lying between the Columbia River and as far north as Cape Barrow, Alaska.

The baskets which line the sides of the building make a splendid showing, and range all the way from baskets more than 30 years old to those recently woven or in the process of weaving, and together with the curios gives the observer a practical illustration of the life and manner of thought of the natives. As each article has a story connected with it, volumes could be written upon them as a whole. And, indeed, many stories, with pictures illustrating them, have already been published about the Tozier collection in various papers throughout the country. The baskets are arranged according to their makers. Those of the Puget Sound Indians, which include the Chehalis, Nequally, Puyallup and other tribes, are mostly woven of roots and grasses. They range from simple water-tight burdens and cooking baskets, large in size.

With the advance of civilization the art of basket-weaving is gradually dying out, but there is still an old woman in the Skokomish tribe who continues making baskets. The Skokomish baskets, though not so fine nor close a weave as many others, are owing to the strong contrasts in the color of the materials used in them, very showy. Many of the baskets of the Klilkittas, of Eastern Washington, are old, but are considered very choice, and some are valued as high as \$200 each.

Various Weaves and Colors.

The baskets coming from the Upper Thompson River and the Lower Thompson River, British Columbia, are of a deep, rich brown color, almost black, with occasionally a rich, golden shade blended with the deeper hues. The weave of the Fraser River, B. C., squares is coarser than that of the other tribes, and they are the only ones who make hamper and baby baskets.

As nature is the main source from whence the natives obtain their designs, one sees the same figures running through all their work. Thus there are patterns known as the zig-zag or lightning chain, arrow-head and double arrow-head, open-mouth, pestle, cataract and, in some cases, set designs reminding one of classical art. Figures of animals also appear, those of horses being particularly identical, excepting that the horses' tails hang down while the dogs' turn up as if ready for a fray.

Some of the most beautiful and most expensive work is made in Alaska. Drying cups, small telescopes and baskets of



INDIANS AT WORK ON BASKETS

varying size come from Attie, Yakutat and other of the Alutian group of islands. The Tlinket and Chilkat work is highly prized. The cone and virgin hats of the Haida and Mena Indians, Alaska, and their baskets with bands running around them, are also striking. In much of their work cedar bark is employed. Only a few of the virgin hats and capes are made, as a female must be absolutely chaste to be entitled to wear one. If a woman who has been married wears a virgin hat, she is killed.

Of Ethnological Value.

To the ethnologist the curios in the Tozier collection are the most interesting part of this exhibit, as they give almost a history of the tribes from whence they came. The slate stones, deep black in color, with a very high polish, comprise finely carved miniature totem poles, dainty little chests, pipes and plates inlaid with pearls, ivory and shells. This is considered a rare set of stones, and is very valuable, running up into thousands of dollars. They are made by the Indians, and many roughly carved wooden images, some hundreds of years old, others which represent Adam and Eve and other well-known personages. One sees an infinite number of carvings, tools made of horn, wood or shells, as iron was unknown in the early days by the red man, and beautiful burn spoons made from the horns of the mountain goat. One immense specimen, finely carved, is very valuable.

Then the rattles used by the medicine men and the other Indians on state occasions, especially those made of elk and deer hooks, are quaint and interesting, as are also a large collection of beads which were received in trade from the Hudson's Bay people from 80 to 85 years ago.

One sees a complete model of a potlatch house, a Chinook word meaning gift. Old Chief Seattle lived in just such a house at Port Madison, on Puget Sound, only his was 55 feet wide and a quarter of a mile long.

Amongst other curios are long spears for attacking whales, and harpoons fastened to ropes used in halibut fishing. The ropes are made from the sinews of caribou, and are of various sizes, some elaborately ornamented with wampum, and beads, and beautiful aprons made entirely of deep blue colored beads. Old chests, cracked, a canoe full of wooden men and wooden food dishes. An immense bowl chiseled out of one piece of wood, and turned, capable of holding 40 gallons of water. A large wooden mortar, splendidly big ladle with which to dip out the food, attracts one's attention. This was used at the potlatches. So, all things considered, the curios in the Tozier collection may seem ourselves fortunate in having the finest Indian collection brought to the Exposition, even though it does not carry out the plan some of us had dreamed of. This plan should have begun months prior to the opening of the Exposition, and should



NOTABLE COLLECTION OF INDIAN BASKETS

FIRST ASCENT OF MT. RAINIER BY WHITE MEN

General Hazard Stevens and Mr. Van Trump Made the Climb in 1870.

THE FIRST ascent of Mount Rainier was made by General Hazard Stevens and P. B. Van Trump, August 17, 1870. The following excerpts are from General Stevens' account of the achievement published in the Atlantic Monthly for November, 1876:

"When Vancouver in 1792 penetrated the Strait of Juan de Fuca and explored the unknown waters of the Mediterranean of the Pacific, wherever he sailed from the Gulf of Georgia to the farthest inlet of Puget Sound, he beheld the lofty, snow-clad rugged range of the Cascades stretching north and south and bounding the eastern horizon. Towering at twice the altitude of all others, at intervals of an hundred miles, there loomed up above the range the majestic snowy peaks that

Like giant sentinels, and keeping on. To sentinel enchanted land. In the matter-of-fact spirit of a British sailor of his time, he named these sublime monuments of nature in honor of three lords of the English Admiralty—Hood, Rainier and Baker. Of these Rainier is the central, situated about half-way between the Columbia River and the line of British Columbia, and is by far the loftiest and largest. Its altitude is 14,444 feet, while Hood is 11,025 feet and Baker is 10,510 feet high."

The account goes on to say that Mr. Edmond Beecher Van Trump and Mr. Edward T. Coleman, an Alpine tourist, planned to attempt the ascent with General Stevens. The three gentlemen secured an Indian guide, Sulskin, by name, who undertook to lead them to the foot of the mountain. Mr. Coleman became fatigued in the early part of the journey and was left behind in the valley, while the other two, on the passage over the ridges grew more difficult, the Indian tried to dissuade the two white men from their endeavor.

The Indian Tradition.

Talkhna, he said, was an enchanted mountain, inhabited by an evil spirit, who dwelt in a fiery lake on its summit. No human being could ascend it or even attempt its ascent and survive. At first, indeed, the way was easy. The broad snow fields, over which he had so often hunted the mountain goat, interposed no obstacle, but above them the rash adventurer would be compelled to climb up steep, loose, rolling rocks, which would turn beneath his feet and cast him headlong into the deep abyss below. The upper snow slopes, too, were so steep that he

even a goat, far less a man, could not ascend them. And he would have to pass below lofty walls and precipices whence avalanches of snow and vast masses of rock were continually falling, and these would inevitably crush the intruder beneath their ruins. Moreover, a furious tempest continually swept the crown of the mountain, and the luckless adventurer would be hurled by the intrusive elements below, would be torn from the mountain and whirled through the air by this fearful blast. And the awful being upon the summit, who would be the witness of the sacrilegious attempt to invade his sanctuary—who could hope to escape his vengeance? Many years ago, he continued, his grandfather, a great chief and warrior and a mighty hunter, had ascended part way up the mountain, and had encountered some of these dangers, but he fortunately turned back in time to escape destruction; and no other Indian had ever gone so far."

The account continues: "Finding that his words did not produce the desired effect, he (Sulskin) warned us that, if we persisted in attempting the ascent, he would wait three days for our return, and would then proceed to Olympia, and inform our friends of our death; and he begged us to give him a paper (a written note) to take to them, so that they might believe his story."

Arriving at the base of the mountain, we gained a pitch on a high, narrow, crowned by a grove of balsam firs, near a turbulent glacial torrent. To this stream the explorers gave the name of Glacier Creek. The cascade that bore its name, they named in honor of their guide, Sulskin's Falls, and the glacier from which the spring came, they called Little Nisqually Glacier.

Up the Mountainside.

The actual ascent of Mount Rainier is given in the narrator's words, as follows: "Before daylight the next morning, Wednesday, August 17, 1870, we were up and had breakfasted, and at 6 o'clock we started to ascend Talkhna. Besides our Alpenstocks and creeps, we carried a long rope, an ice-axe, a brass plate inscribed with our names, our flasks, a large canteen, and some luncheon. We were also provided with gloves and green goggles for snow blindness, but found no occasion to use the latter. The named snow fields, over which he had so often hunted the mountain goat, interposed no obstacle, but above them the rash adventurer would be compelled to climb up steep, loose, rolling rocks, which would turn beneath his feet and cast him headlong into the deep abyss below. The upper snow slopes, too, were so steep that he

Having suffered much from the heat of the sun since leaving Bear Prairie, and being galled from our reconnaissance that we could reach the summit and return on the same day, we left behind our coats and blankets. In three hours of fast walking we reached the highest point of the preceding day's trip, and com-

menced the ascent by the steep, rocky ridge already described as reaching up to the snowy dome. We found it to be a very narrow, steep, irregular backbone, composed of a crumbling basaltic conglomerate, the top only, or backbone, being solid rock, while the sides were composed of loose, broken rocks and debris. Up this ridge, keeping upon the spine when possible, and sometimes forced to pick our way over the loose and broken rocks at the sides, around columnar masses which we could not directly climb over, we toiled for 500 yards, ascending at an angle of nearly 45 degrees. Here the ridge connected, by a narrow neck or saddle, with a vast square rock, whose huge and distinct outline can be clearly perceived from a distance of a mile. This, like the ridge, is a conglomerate of basalt and trap, in well-defined strata, and is rapidly disintegrating and continually falling in showers and even masses of rocks and rubbish, under the action of frost by night and melting snow by day. It lies imbedded in the side of the mountain, with one side and end projected and overhanging deep, terrible gorges, and it is at the corner or junction of these two faces that the ridge joined at a point about 1000 feet below its top. On the southern face the strata were inclined at an angle of 30 degrees. Crossing by the saddle from the ridge, despite a strong wind which swept across it, we gained a narrow ledge formed by a stratum more solid than its fellows, and creeping along it, hugging close to the main rock on our right, laboriously and cautiously continued the ascent. The wind was blowing violently. We were now crawling along the face of the precipice almost in mid-air. On the right the rock towered far above us perpendicularly. On the left it fell sheer off 200 feet into a vast abyss. A great glacier filled its bed and stretched away for several miles all around us, wrinkled across with countless crevasses.

We crept up and along a ledge, not of solid, sure rock, but one obstructed with the loose stones and debris which were continually falling from above, and we trod on the upper edge of a steep slope of this rubbish, wending the stones at every step rolling and bounding into the depth below. Several times during our progress showers of rocks fell from the precipice above across our path and rolled into the abyss, but fortunately none struck us.

Four hundred yards of this progress brought us to where the rock joined the overhanging edge of the vast new or snow field that descended from the dome

of the mountain and was from time to time as proved forward and downward, breaking off in immense masses, which fell with a noise as of thunder into the great canyon on our left. The junction of rock and ice afforded our only line of ascent. It was an almost perpendicular gutter, but here our ice-axe came into play, and by cutting steps in the ice and walking ourselves off every crevice or projecting point of the rock, we slowly worked our way up 200 yards higher. Falling stones were continually coming down, both from the rock on our right and from the ice in front as it melted, and relaxed its hold upon them. Mr. Van Trump was hit by a small one, and another struck his staff from his hands. Abandoning the rock, then, at the earliest practicable point, we ascended directly up the ice, cutting steps for a short distance, until we reached ice so corrugated or drawn up in sharp pinnacles, as to afford a foothold. These folds or pinnacles were about two or three feet high and half as thick, and stood close together. It was like a very violent chop and the waves were sharper. Up this safe footing we climbed rapidly, the side of the mountain becoming less and less steep, and the ice-waves smaller and more regular, and after ascending about 300 yards, stood fairly upon the broad dome of mighty Talkhna. It rose before us like a broad, gently swelling headland, and cautiously continued the ascent. The wind was blowing violently. We were now crawling along the face of the precipice almost in mid-air. On the right the rock towered far above us perpendicularly. On the left it fell sheer off 200 feet into a vast abyss. A great glacier filled its bed and stretched away for several miles all around us, wrinkled across with countless crevasses.

The snow was hard and firm under foot, crisp and light for an inch or two, but solidified into ice a foot or less beneath the surface. The whole field was covered with the ice-waves already described, and intersected by a number of crevasses, which we crossed at narrow places without difficulty. About half-way up the slope, we encountered one from eight to 20 feet wide and of profound depth. The most beautiful vivid emerald-green color seemed to fill the abyss, the reflection of the bright sunlight from side to side of the crevasses was some 15 feet above the lower, and in places overhung it, as though the snow-field on the lower side had bodily settled down a dozen feet. Throwing a light of the rope around a projecting pinnacle on the upper side, we climbed up, hand over hand, and thus effected a crossing. We were now obliged to travel slowly, with frequent rests. In that rare atmosphere, after taking 70 or 80 steps, our breath would be gone, our muscles grew tired and strained, and we

experienced all the sensations of extreme fatigue. As we passed, however, the wind, which we had not felt while climbing straight up the dome, although now again blew furiously, and we began to suffer from the cold. Our course—directed still diagonally towards the left, thus shunning the severe exertion of climbing straight up the dome, although at an ordinary altitude the slope would be deemed easy—brought us first to the southwest peak. This is a long, exceedingly sharp, narrow ridge, springing out from the main dome for a mile into mid-air. The ridge affords not over 19 or 12 feet of foothold on top, and the sides descend almost vertically.

Fighting Strong Wind.

On the right side the snow lay firm and smooth for a few feet on top, and then descended in a steep, unbroken sheet, like an immense, flowing curtain, into the tremendous basin which lies on the west side of the mountain between the southern and northern peaks, and which is inclosed by them as by two mighty arms. The snow on the top and left crest of the ridge was broken into high, sharp pinnacles, with cracks and fissures extending to the rocks a few feet below. The left side, steep for the snow to lie on, was vertical, bare rock. The wind blew so violently that we were obliged to brace ourselves with our Alpenstocks and use great caution to guard against being swept off the ridge. We threw ourselves behind the pinnacles or into the cracks every 700 steps, for rest and shelter against the bitter piercing wind. Hastening forward in this way along the dizzy, narrow and precarious ridge, we reached at length the highest point. Exhilarated behind a pinnacle of ice we rested a moment, took our flags and fastened them upon the Alpenstocks, and then, standing erect in the furious blast, waved them in triumph with three cheers. We stood a moment upon that narrow summit, bracing ourselves against the tempest to view the prospect. The whole country was shrouded in a dense sea of smoke, above which the mountain towered 500 feet in the clear, cloudless ether. A solitary peak above the sea, formed by the action of heat, was visible. Its roof was a dome of brilliant green ice with long icicles pendant from it, while its floor, composed of the rocks and debris which formed the side of the crater, descended at an angle of 30 degrees. Forty feet within its mouth we built a wall of stones, inclosing a space five by six feet around a strong jet of steam and heat. Unlike the angular, broken rocks, however, the floor, within the crater we found well-rounded boulders and stones of all sizes worn as smooth by the trituration of the crater as by the action of water. Nowhere, however, did we observe any new lava or other evidences of recent volcanic action, excepting these issues of steam and smoke. Inclosed within the rude shelter, thus hastily constructed, we discussed our future prospects while we ate our luncheon and warmed ourselves at our natural register. The heat at the orifice was too great to bear for more than an instant, but the steam wet us, the smell of sulphur was nauseating and the cold so severe that our clothes, saturated with the steam, froze stiff when turned away from the heated jet. The wind outside roared and whistled, but it did not much affect us secure within our cavern, except when an occasional gust came down perpendicular from above, and we passed a most miserable night, freezing on one side and in a hot steam-sulphur bath on the other.

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perfect tempest, and bitterly cold; smoke and mist were flying about the base of the mountain, half hiding, half revealing its gigantic outlines; and the whole scene was sublimely awful.

Slept All Night on Rocks.

It was now five P. M. We had spent 11 hours of unremitting toil in making the ascent, and, thoroughly fatigued, and chilled by the cold, bitter gale, we saw ourselves obliged to pass the night on the summit without shelter or food, except our meager luncheon. It would have been impossible to descend the mountain before daylight, and sure destruction to attempt it in darkness. We concluded to return to a mass of rocks not far below, and there pass the night as best we could, burrowing in the loose debris.

Unique Shelter.

A deep cavern, extending into and under the ice, formed by the action of heat, was visible. Its roof was a dome of brilliant green ice with long icicles pendant from it, while its floor, composed of the rocks and debris which formed the side of the crater, descended at an angle of 30 degrees. Forty feet within its mouth we built a wall of stones, inclosing a space five by six feet around a strong jet of steam and heat. Unlike the angular, broken rocks, however, the floor, within the crater we found well-rounded boulders and stones of all sizes worn as smooth by the trituration of the crater as by the action of water. Nowhere, however, did we observe any new lava or other evidences of recent volcanic action, excepting these issues of steam and smoke. Inclosed within the rude shelter, thus hastily constructed, we discussed our future prospects while we ate our luncheon and warmed ourselves at our natural register. The heat at the orifice was too great to bear for more than an instant, but the steam wet us, the smell of sulphur was nauseating and the cold so severe that our clothes, saturated with the steam, froze stiff when turned away from the heated jet. The wind outside roared and whistled, but it did not much affect us secure within our cavern, except when an occasional gust came down perpendicular from above, and we passed a most miserable night, freezing on one side and in a hot steam-sulphur bath on the other.

Down the Mountain.

Our route back was the same as on the ascent. At the steepest and most perilous point in descending the steep gutter in the ice, we fastened one end of the rope as securely as possible to a projecting rock, and lowered ourselves down by it as far as it reached, thereby passing the place with comparative safety. We were then started by a sudden gust of wind, having no means of unfastening it from the rock above. We reached the foot of the rocky ledge or ridge, where the real difficulty commenced. At 1:30 P. M. 4½ hours after leaving the crater, we had been 7½ hours in ascending from this point to the summit of Peak Success and in both cases we toiled hard and lost no time.

We now struck out rapidly and joyfully for camp. When nearly there Van Trump, in attempting to descend a steep bank without his creeps, which he had taken off for greater ease in walking, fell, shot like lightning 60 feet down the steep incline, and struck among some loose rocks with such force as to rebound several feet into the air; his face and hands were badly skinned and he received some severe bruises. A deep sleep overcame him. Fortunately, the camp was not far away, and thither, with great pain and very slowly, he managed to hobble. Once there we secured a good dinner, and he commenced, at 1:30 P. M. 4½ hours after leaving the crater, we had been 7½ hours in ascending from this point to the summit of Peak Success and in both cases we toiled hard and lost no time.

"Let Them Prove It."

The journey back, the exploration of various routes, and the meeting again with Mr. Coleman, are vividly described, and the article closes with the following description of the travelers' reception upon their arrival home: "As the last rays of the sun, one warm, dewy summer afternoon, were falling upon the green fields, the first of August, Langley's well-worn family carriage, drawn by two fat, grass-fed horses, came rattling down the main street as a most unusual pace for that early evening hour. The driver, one of the Alpengast's, one of the veterans from each door, flattered gaily overboard, while the occupants of the carriage looked eagerly forth to catch the first glimpse of the well-known faces. We returned after our tramp of 200 miles with visages tanned and sun scorched, and with forms as lean and gaunt as gray-locks fully recovered from the effects of our arduous and glorious campaign. Two days afterward, in walking along the smooth and level pavements, we felt a strong impulse to step high, as though still striving upon the innumerable fallen logs and boughs of the forest, and for weeks our appetites were so voracious and our stomachs so empty, that we were astonished to our friends and ourselves that we were still alive. More than two months had elapsed before Mr. Van Trump published the time short paper accounts of the ascent, and although an occasional old Puget Sounder still asks a question here and there, and top of Mt. Rainier, but I'd like to see them prove it. We were justly regarded as the first who achieved the summit of Talkhna."

Down the Mountain.