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"WHERE ROLLS THE OREGON."

In the year of 1805, it will be one hundred years since Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, with a handful of men, completed the first journey of white men overland from the Missouri River to the Pacific Coast.

Having no authentic maps, no route assigned them, and being well aware of the severity and treachery of some of the Indian tribes they would encounter, these two men overpowered with but forty-five men on this daring and perilous expedition.

The enterprise was not inaugurated in the spirit of adventure or for gain, but was the result of careful, deliberate planning and preparation under the direction of President Jefferson, with the object of discovering an overland route to the Pacific Coast, learning the topography of the intervening territory and of securing to the United States her rights therein.

The two men commissioned to do this work were admirably fitted for it by training and disposition, being intelligent, vigorous, fearless, and kind of heart.

Meriwether Lewis was a man of education, military training and experience. He had also been private secretary to President Jefferson in the times when boundary lines were uncertain and the United States was acquiring much additional territory, when foreign ministers were eagerly redoubting to gain for themselves foothold in the grand new country. He was, therefore familiar with the plans, aims and attitude of the Government in territorial matters.

Captain Clark had also rendered his country military service. Having grown up in the wilds of Kentucky, which was then the extreme frontier, he was familiar with hardships and dangers, and was also

alert, acute and full of tact in dealing with the Indians. These latter traits were an important consideration as the expedition was to be not only one of discovery, but also a mission of peace and good will to the Indians.

Equipped with mathematical instruments, arms, ammunition, presents for the Indians, medicines, and necessary camp equipment, with three boats constructed especially for the expedition, on the 14th day of May, 1804, the party set out from St. Louis.

They ascended the Missouri River, encountering various Indian tribes, holding friendly parades with them, giving them presents, and departing left a peaceable spirit with the tribes.

By the time Winter set in, they had reached what is now Northern Dakota, having traveled 1,000 miles. They wintered there, remaining four and a half months. In the Spring, after dispatching fourteen men back to St. Louis with documents, trophies and collections, the diminished party undertook to complete the journey into the unknown country.

The beginning of the trip, like that of the preceding season, was pleasant, the Indians being either friendly or easily won, and game plentiful. But after the headwaters of the Missouri were passed and the journey over the Continental Divide commenced, game became so very scarce that the men were many times reduced to the verge of starvation. Thus weakened, with excessive wear to horses by the sharp stones they were obliged to walk over, they waded swift, icy streams, galling the rude boats which contained their tools, or, with bruised and swollen feet, staggered over rough mountain passes carrying both loads and boats. Yet they never contemplated, never suggested abandoning the enter-

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