TEN YEARS OF OREGON — Narrative of the Early Missionary Work

CHAPTER XX.

A reinforcement to the mission set out from New York—Incidents of the voyage—Arrive at the Sandwich Islands—Occurrences there—Reach Astoria—Disappointed on finding that it consisted of but three or four houses—Voyage to Vancouver—Missionaries appointed to their various fields of labor—Marriage of Rev. D. Lee—A company of missionaries arrive at The Dalles—Trip to Vancouver—Dr. Richmond's journey—Two of the missionaries set out for Astoria—Return to Vancouver—Incidents of the journey.

IN 1838 the Rev. Jason Lee arrived in the United States from Oregon, for the purpose of obtaining a reinforcement to that mission, as has been already stated. After meeting with the board of managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and stating the wants of that country, as it was supposed, and the prospects of civilizing and Christianizing the aborigines of that land, the authorities of the church published a call in the Christian Advocate and Journal for five missionaries and a number of laymen, such as mechanics, farmers and physicians, and young ladies for teachers. The call was promptly responded to, and Rev. J. P. Richmond, Gustavus Hines, W. W. Kone, A. F. Waller and J. H. Frost and families, and Mr. J. L. Babcock, physician; George Abernethy, W. W. Raymond, H. B. Brewer, L. H. Judson, Josiah L. Parrish, James Olley, H. Campbell and families, and Miss M. T. Ware, C. A. Clark, E. Phillips, A. Phelps and O. Lankton, stewardess, were appointed to return with Mr. Lee and labor, in connection with those already in the field, for the benefit of the souls and bodies of the Indians of that territory. This reinforcement, including Mr. Lee and wife, consisted of 51 souls, adults and children. These all met in the city of New York on the 1st of September, 1839, but were detained until the 9th of October, before they could take their departure, as the ship employed for the purpose of conveying them to their destined field of labor and suffering was not in readiness; and it is but just to state, that during their sojourn in the City of New York, they received every needed attention from their friends residing in that city. At length the time of departure arrived, and, after the usual preliminaries, which render such scenes at all times interesting, but particularly so on this occasion, as this was the largest company of missionaries that ever took their departure from the United States, they entered on board of the ship Lausanne, commanded by Captain T. Spaulding, and were towed out of the harbor by a steamer. Many a tear found its way from the eyes of the multitude upon the wharf, and many a fervent prayer reached the ear of the Father of all Mercies in behalf of that mission family, as the vessel was being borne toward the mighty troubled ocean, and the handkerchief of the passenger waving a last adieu to friends on shore.

O, the pain of separating from parents, and brothers, and friends, with no hope of meeting again until "the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised!" It was under such circumstances that these missionaries separated with their friends; and yet there is a pleasure accompanying such a pain—a pleasure such as the Christian only can enjoy. It originates in the hope of meeting their friends again, when the storms of life shall have subsided upon those blissful elevations where it shall be said unto them by the King in his glory, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things"; and then, at his bidding, they shall, hand in hand, enter into the joy of their Lord, never never more to part. In the possession of this hope we trust the missionaries looked for the last time upon their friends, when the steamer cast off her hawsers, and the Lausanne filled away from Sandy Hook; but as the wind was unfavorable, she came to anchor, and on the following morning all things being in our favor, excepting the symptoms of seasickness, we weighed anchor, dismissed our pilot and put out to sea.

On this voyage we were accompanied by Rev. Mr. Dibble, a missionary to the Sandwich Islands, who, after having labored in that interesting field during eight years, and having been called upon to bury his companion, which left him with two small children and a broken constitution, had returned to the states to recruit his health and visit the churches, for the purpose of advancing the cause of missions, and to prepare himself for another season of labor in the land he had left, where were the lambs which he had been instrumental in gathering unto the fold of Christ, and where were also the graves of his friends.

While in the States he had another visitation of Divine Providence, and his youngest child was taken away by death. But previous to his joining the Lausanne he was united in matrimonial bonds with a very excellent and intelligent young lady of Brooklyn, who, with himself and little daughter, constituted a very pleasant and interesting addition to our very extensive family.

After we got fairly under way it must have been very amusing, and at the same time annoying to the seamen, to behold such a motley group lying on deck in every direction, and hanging over the rail, heaving with all the energy, and to a much more discordant tune, than so many lusty sailors when weighing anchor; and they were all so much engaged that when the dinner bell rang there were but two or three out of 50 to grace the table. This strange state of things continued for such a length of time that we decided that "Old Neptune" was not to be satisfied with anything short of all the good provisions which had been furnished us by our kind friends during our sojourn in the City of New York.

Seeing that the journal of that voyage was published in the Christian Advocate and Journal, it may be considered superfluous for us to give a history of it in this work; and as incidents of sea voyaging have become so common that those who have not read that journal, even might not find such a history interesting. In view of these considerations, we will pass this subject over with simply observing that after experiencing some rough weather we arrived at Rio Janeiro on the 9th of December, where we put in for recruits. Here we had an interview with our missionaries who were laboring for the salvation of the Brazilians. These were the Rev. M. Spaulding and Mr. Kidder and families. And we must here mention that Mrs. Kidder was called from this scene of toil and privation to, as we trust, a better inheritance, even a heavenly, and left her husband and little children to feel and mourn her departure. As this mission did not prove successful, probably in consequence of the deep-rooted prejudice against Protestantism, the missionaries have since been recalled from that field.

Having obtained our supplies we weighed anchor on the 15th and bore away for Cape Horn in company with the French fleet, who were bound to Buenos Ayres for the purpose of blockading that port. We soon lost sight of the men-of-war, and pursued our course without any serious obstruction until we reached the Cape on the 10th of January. Here we were met with the westerly winds from the South Pacific which prevail in this region, and generally prove a serious hindrance to vessels on an outward-bound voyage; this obliged us to shorten sail and "lie to" the wind being accompanied with rain and some sleet, continued to blow until we drifted down to the 61st degree of south latitude, and we did not succeed in doubling the Cape until after the 25th. During this time we amused ourselves with catching the albatross, that splendid sea fowl that inhabits the region of the Cape. They are often found to measure from 12 to 15 feet from the tip of one wing to that of the other. They are taken with hook and line in the following manner: The hook, being baited with a piece of fat pork and permitted to drift astern of the vessel, attached to a long line, is seized by the bird, and fastens in the crooked upper part of the beak, and is thus hauled on board.

We have now passed the troubles and dangers of Cape Horn, and on the 19th of February arrived at Valparaiso. Here we expected to behold a pleasant place, but were very much disappointed. The town was not large and quite shabby in appearance, having narrow, dirty streets, and a stranger admixture of human beings we had not met with. They were nearly of all sizes and of every color. The Europeans appear to be as distinct and peculiar a people here as the Jews do everywhere else in the world. They inhabit an elevated section of the town, which they have dressed up and appear to have entirely to themselves, under certain restrictions; for although they have a church, they are not allowed to put a steeple upon it, nor cause a bell to be rung, lest, as we supposed, it might not give a true "Catholic sound." Or, perhaps, "His Holiness" might have imposed this silence upon them as a penance for the crime of leaving their Protestant homes for the love of money, which is the root of all evil.

On the afternoon of the day of our arrival several of us went on shore, and wandered along the coast to the southward, and soon after we passed the lighthouse, which is situated on a gentle elevation, we found ourselves at the mouth of a cave or den, which, by the human bones that were scattered around it, discovered itself to be general depository of the city dead. And as the smallpox had just concluded a visit to that devoted place, no doubt, many a score of Chillians had recently passed through its greedy jaws to the land of forgetfulness.

Having finished our walk by a circuitous route over the thirsty hills we returned to the vessel, and on the 22d, having recruited our sea stores as well as we could, weighed anchor, hoisted sail and bent our course for the Sandwich Islands, where we arrived on the 19th of April.

Here we were met by Mr. Brinsmade, the United States Consul; Captain Stetson and the missionaries and foreign residents, who welcomed us to their homes and entertained us most hospitably during our stay. Here, at Honolulu on Oahu, we found two native churches and a seaman's chapel. The Rev. Mr. Bingham and the Rev. Lowell Smith were pastors of the native churches, in which they preached two sermons every Sabbath in the Hawaiian language, to immense congregations of natives. Rev. Mr. Deal was the seamen's chaplain, but was on a tour to the United States in consequence of ill health. During his absence his desk was supplied by the missionaries and strangers, such as ourselves. While there the writer, in company with others of the mission family, visited Waialua, another missionary post on the opposite side of Oahu. The Rev. M. Emerson had charge of the native churches at that place, and as we spent the Sabbath with that gentleman, we had the happiness to see his congregation and assist in administering the "Lord's Supper" to his church, which consisted of 1200 members, all natives.

We continued to enjoy the friendship and hospitality of the above-named gentlemen and their excellent companions until the 27th, when we received "sailing orders." Having been much refreshed during our visit here, both in body and mind, we prepared for our departure, and on the following day bade adieu to our dear friends, and also to Honolulu, and after a favorable passage arrived at the mouth of the Columbia on the 21st of May. The religious exercises of the voyage consisted of preaching, class meetings and prayer meetings, besides which we had prayers morning and night. And notwithstanding several of the mission family had suffered considerably in consequence of sickness, we were all spared and permitted to behold the land upon which we were to labor and suffer and some of us to die. But we were prepared to give unto God sincere and hearty thanks for mercies past and to trust in him alone for time to come.

Soon after we cast anchor in Baker's Bay we were visited by Captain Duncan, who had charge of one of the Hudson Bay Company's vessels, which was also at anchor in the bay, waiting a favorable opportunity to cross the bar on an outward-bound voyage. This gentleman furnished us with some excellent salt salmon, which made a very acceptable change of food for all on board. Some of us went on shore in the afternoon and took a ramble through the wood in the vicinity of Cape Disappointment, and on our return found Rev. Daniel Lee on board. He had just arrived from his station at The Dalles, which, as has been observed, was commenced about the time that the Rev. J. Lee left for the United States. He brought us intelligence from that station which had a tendency to encourage our hearts and cause us to look forward with hope of becoming instrumental in turning some of the benighted savages to the ways of virtue and religion. The Chinook chief and a number of his clan had come on board in company with Brother Lee, so that we had a specimen before us of the people among whom we were to live and labor, and as Sally, the wife of the old chief, who could speak a very few words of English, inquired for "him," i. e., rum, very soon after she reached the cabin, we had an early exhibition of one by no means encouraging trait in their character. On being informed that we had no rum, the old woman, with a look of surprise, nodded her head and exclaimed, "Oh!"

On the morning of the 22d it was stormy, and the ocean presented a frightful appearance, but, having sailed over 22,000 miles upon the bosom of that and the Atlantic since we left New York, we were happy at this time to be beyond its reach. The clouds passed away in the after part of the day, when the Messrs. D. and J. Lee left in a canoe, with the Indians, for Vancouver. On the 23, the wind being favorable, orders were given to "man the windlass;" and before night we dropped anchor at Astoria. As we had heard and read much of this place, we expected to see something like a village, or at least a large trading establishment; but our astonishment may be imagined when, instead of what we had been expecting, was a house, built after the custom of the country, but one story high, 60 feet long by 20 feet wide, the posts having been set up and then filled with hewn blocks and covered with boards. In addition to the above, there was a storehouse and two small outhouses, all of the same height, and built of the same material. This constituted the whole establishment at the far-famed Astoria. Here a number of our company went on shore and were very kindly received by Mr. Birnie and his interesting family. Mr. Birnie himself, having met us at the bay, acted as our pilot thus far up the river; and now very kindly furnished us with a plenty of good milk for our tea and coffee, the like of which we had not had since leaving the Sandwich Islands.

On the 28th we met the bark Columbia and the schooner Cadborough coming down from Vancouver on their outward-bound voyage. The Columbia was bound for the Sandwich Islands. Mr. Hall and a lady, who were returning from a visit to the Presbyterian Mission in the Nez Perce Country, were on board, thus far on their way to the mission at the Islands to which they were attached. The first printing-press, and the only one in the Oregon Territory up to the time we left, was taken up by Mr. Hall at this time, for use of the above-named mission in the interior.

We now obtained an abundant supply of fresh salmon, which was a grateful change of food, as our sea fare had been principally salt. And we were now daily visited by the Indians, who brought salmon and other articles for the purpose of traffic, and manifested no want of intellect by the manner in which they conducted their bargains. Many of us had already commenced getting the Indian language, and had succeeded so well by this time as to be able to count ten: Tht, mauxt, clone, lacket, qunum, tuhum, sunamauxt, stochtakne, qulust, tat-le-lam!

On the 28th, Mr. Latty, mate of the Cadborough, came on board and piloted our ship up as far as Pillar Rock, which rock is as well described by its name as it can otherwise be. The channel lies between this and the shore. This rock stand out of the water about 20 feet and is about 20 feet in diameter. After this, George, one of the Chinook Indians, was to be our guide up the river. George could speak a few words of English and felt quite important in the discharge of his duty. He was dressed in a very comfortable style, and has it not been for the loss of one eye, which he said a hair seal had scratched out, he would have been quite a respectable-looking Flathead.

The next day we were joined by a colored man from Vancouver, who was to bring us a foretaste of the kind of reception which awaited us at that post, some excellent fresh bread and butter, from the larder of John McLaughlin, Esq. The name of the colored man was George Washington, who reported himself to be a good pilot, and that one part of his errand was to see the Lausanne safely up to Vancouver. Thus Chinook George (who called himself at times King George) was superceded in the pilot's office, which bid fair to blast his prospects of obtaining a respectable fee from Captain Spaulding. However, determined to enjoy the privileges, he remained, sat down upon a spar, filled his pipe and soon sank down into a state of unconsciousness, while George Washington took charge of the ship.

We had not proceeded far when the vessel was brought upon the sands, giving evidence that our pilot's knowledge was altogether inadequate. Upon this the old Indian awoke from his reverie and stepped forward, with a smile of satisfaction beaming in his weather-beaten countenance, and said, "Me know George Washington one very good cook, but he no pilot." After the vessel was got off again into deep water, the charge was given to the old Chenook, who pointed out the channel in a very accurate manner. On the 30th we reached the lower mouth of the Walamet River, and on the following day, being Sabbath, we arrived at a place where we heard a number of voices engaged in singing, but could not discover any person; but it was not long before the Rev. D. Lee, another white man, and some Indians came from behind the willows which skirted the bank of the river, having been engaged, in this temple of nature, in worshipping the great God of nature, with a band of Clickatat Indians, who were camped there. Our vessel soon came to anchor, and when Mr. Lee came on board, and the white man in company with him proved to be Mr. Solomon Smith. During the afternoon we enjoyed a season of prayer with these brethren, who had long been isloated from the civilized world; and it is worthy of remark that we had ocular demonstration of the fact that the spirit of Christianity is one in whatever region of the earth it is met with. And is not this an evidence in favor of its genuine and heaven-born character?

On the afternoon of the first of June we arrived at Vancouver. After the ship was anchored, Dr. McLaughlin came on board and was introduced to the mission family and gave them a very kind invitation to partake of the hospitalities of the fort, which is situated on the north side of the river, about one-quarter of a mile, or perhaps less than that, from the water. On the following day all were comfortably roomed in the fort, and nothing was lacking on the part of the ladies and gentlemen of the establishment to render our sojourn comfortable and pleasant.

On the Tursday evening following our arrival, Mr. J. Lee having returned from the Walamet in company with Dr. White and others, we all met in one of the halls to receive our several appointments from the superintendent.

Here we learned that the Rev. J. P. Richmond and family were to repair to Nesqually, where there was a house prepared in part for the use of his family. —Rev. W. W. Kone and G. Hines were to commence a new post at the Umbaqua —Rev. A. F. Waller at the Walamet Falls, and J. H. Frost, the writer, at the mouth of the Columbia. The remaining part of the reinforcement was to go to the Walamet, except Miss Clark, who was to accompany Dr. Richmond as teacher, and Mr. Brewer and Dr. Babcock and families, who were to reinforce the Dalls station, and Miss Maria T. Ware, who was, on the 11th of June, united in holy matrimony with the Rev. D. Lee.

Nearly all were now fully employed in receiving baggage and goods from the ship, and in preparing for their several appointments; so that, on the afternoon of the 11th, they were nearly all on their way to their several fields of labor, except Dr. Richmond and the writer, it having been previously determined that the writer should accompany Mr. D. Lee and his reinforcement to the Dalls. Accordingly leaving my family at Vancouver, we also departed in peace for the last-named station. Our company consisted of Mr. Brewer, Dr. Babcock and Mr. D. Lee and families, and Mr. Rogers, a young man in connection with the mission among the Nez Perces, and myself.

We set off with two Indian canoes and one of the Hudson Bay Company's boats well laden. We had proceeded but a short distance up the Columbia, when we found our boat to be in a leaky condition; so we determined to camp for the purpose of repairing. On the following morning we calked the boat and set out again on our voyage. Our sails were so small, and the current so swift, that we made but little headway through the day, but on the following morning, having rigged a larger sail, and given the management of the boat entirely into the hands of our Indian crew, we made much better progress through the day, and camped that night on Prairie du Terre. The next day being the Sabbath, I preached to the brethren from I Peter iii:18, in addition to which we had a prayer meeting morning and evening, and Mr. Lee preached to the Indians. It was a profitable day to our souls, and we were much interested with the apparent fervency with which many of the Indians called upon God.

On the following afternoon we arrived at the Cascades, where we had a portage to make at that stage of water of three miles. The families proceeded to the head of the portage, and the Indians carried up some of the goods, after which I was left to take charge of the remainder. When night came on I prepared my bed in the bottom of the boat, as well as circumstances would allow, and lay down to sleep under the protection of that Being to whom the darkness is the same as the light. On the following morning all hands set to work, and on the evening of the 19th all our goods were not yet at the head of the falls. Such are some of the obstructions to be overcome by missionaries in a wild, heathen country.

Here we met Brother and Sister Perkins, from the Dalls, who had been so anxious to hail us as fellow laborers in this dark region that they could not await our arrival. And, as the next day was the Sabbath, both parties were rejoiced at being permitted to lay by the toils and anxieties of the present life, and unite their voices at a throne of grace to give praise unto God for mercies past and to implore his aid for time to come. Mr. Lee preached in the morning, after which we crossed to the Indian village on the opposite side of the river, where the same gentleman preached to the natives in their language; and after our return Mr. Perkins preached from Ephesians v:15-16.

We now had a voyage of two days before us before we could reach the Dalls; and as we were obliged to dismiss our boat below the Cascades, we must needs make the rest of the trip in Indian canoes. Canoes were accordingly procured from the Indians, and crews to manage them; and when our cargoes were all stowed, we stepped, or rather crawled on board, for an Indian canoe, when deeply loaded, is a very ticklish affair, and on ours were loaded down within a hand's breadth of the water, so that a slight cant would fill them with water, and to strangers, as we were, it seemed impossible to manage them without turning them over. Previous to this the writer had boasted of never being afraid when on the water, but now his boasting was at an end; for no one could have suffered much more with fear for such a length of time than he did during the conclusion of that voyage; and on the afternoon of the second day, as the Dalls mission-house hove in sight, he prayed the Indians to put him ashore, feeling thankful for the privilege of going the remainder of the way on foot, and when near the house he met with another disaster, for there he was obliged to witness a scene which is sufficiently disgusting to an old mountain trapper, namely, two young Indians squatting on the ground and regaling themselves with vermin which they had picked from each other's heads.

This was too much for his nervous system to endure at the termination of such a voyage; but this was found to be a matter of everyday occurrence with his new neighbors. A missionary, on another occasion reproved an old Indian for being caught in the same filthy practice, upon which the old man, very honestly, answered, in his own speech, "Cultus, cultus, chicks, cahqua salmon, claska—Nothing, nothing, friend; they are all the same as salmon."

In the course of an hour we all met at the house and took tea together under a roof, with thankful hearts, and on the next day set about stowing four families into a house, which had, heretofore, been none too large for the accommodation of one family and a bachelor. This work, with the necessary interruptions from the Indians, occupied our time until the 2d of July, when Mr. Lee, Dr. Babcock and the writer, bid our families and friends farewell, and set off for Vancouer. The canoe in which we were to perform the trip as far as the Cascades we found to be very leaky, and so cranky that it was very much inclined to go upon one side; this awakened all my former fears, and after proceeding about a mile, being swept down by a swift current, and realizing, perhaps, all the fears, solicitudes and anxieties of a poor, shipwrecked mariner upon a hencoop on the broad ocean, I cried out for quarter, and declared my determination to go no further as passenger in that vessel, unless they would consent to go on shore, calk ship and take in ballast. This Mr. Lee, who had by this time become almost amphibious, and cared but little which side of the canoe was uppermost, so long as she went ahead, thought to be a needless waste of time, but finding the doctor to be in favor of my proposition we carried the point, put to shore, calked the largest cracks in the canoe with cedar bark and some bits of cloth, took in some stone for ballast and then cast adrift again; the Indians now hoping, as they said, that I would be a woman no longer (for whenever any one expresses, in their estimation, needless fear, they say he is not better than a woman), struck up the tune, "ho ha ho, ho-hoha ho," at the same time plying their paddles with admirable dexterity; we glided down the stream at the rate of eight or ten knots an hour, with but little further difficulty, save the occasional shipping of a wave, which would wet us nicely, in addition to that of bailing out the accumulated waters about every 20 minutes; this last work, however, the doctor and myself performed to admiration, as we were the only passengers that felt the least incommoded, and as our good friend Lee did not, generally, trouble himself with such trifling affairs.

On the next day, in the afternoon, we arrived at the Cascades, ran our old canoe into the mouth of a small creek, made it fast, and sent word to its owner, who lived at the foot of the falls, to come and get it. Took another canoe, and crossed the river and held a meeting with the Indians at their village; returned and camped for the night. On the following morning we left Dr. B. to load a canoe with goods which had been left on our passage up, with which he was to return to the Dalls, and Mr. L. and myself made further arrangements for our downward passage to Vancouver.

Just before we were ready to depart the Indian to whom the old canoe belonged in which we had floated from the Dalls, which was not worth a dollar, came to Mr. Lee, and said in a very expressive tone, "Friend, my canoe, which you left at the head of the falls, got loose somehow last night, went over the falls, and is entirely destroyed, and as I am very poor now, what will you give me?" We were satisfied that the canoe could not have gone away without help, and that the rascal had taken this course to obtain a good price for his worthless property, but as we had no proof that he had sent the old canoe adrift, and as it was important to retain the good-will of this fellow, especially as he was a head man in his clan, in order to prevent further impositions, and to secure their assistance when making the frequent portages at this place, Mr. L. promised to make him satisfaction, and redeemed his pledge on his return by giving him a musket; this made his heart good, and when in conversation with the writer afterward at Vancouver, he said they all did as Mr. Lee told them; that his heart "full of pray!"

We arrived at Vancouver, without any further difficulties, on the afternoon of the 4th, and were happy to meet our friends there in comfortable health, Rev. Dr. J. P. Richmond and family had left on the 2d for Nesqually, his route to that place being by the way of the Columbia and Cawalitz Rivers in boats until they reach the settlement on the latter stream. There they were furnished with horses tot ride, and others upon which to pack their baggage, their furniture and supplies having been left to go around in one of the company's vessels by the first opportunity. And now the reader may witness, in imagination, the doctor's preparations for this new and novel mode of traveling by land. In the first place, several horses are packed, some with trunks, boxes, and valises, others with sacks of flour, pork and bread, pots, kettles and pans, etc., etc., and the last with tents, beds and bedding. This done, other horses are saddled, thhen Mrs. Richmond is assisted in mounting, and takes the youngest child, a fine little boy of about 9 months, in her arms. The doctor mounts next with one daughter in his arms, and another up behind; then Miss Clark is assisted in seating herself in the saddle; after which Mr. Wilson, who was by this time an old hand at the business, springs upon his horse, and all are ready for a two days' march; upon which a Canadian or two, who are to act as guides and escorts, sing out to the horses, "Marchedan," that is, Go there, and off they move in single file along an Indian trail. With nothing but a smooth path ahead, there would have been but little to apprehend; but instead of that, they must cross rugged mountains, deep defiles and rapid streams, besides wading dangerous mud-holes. But as my good friend the doctor, was not prone to borrow trouble from the future, I doubt not, when the dangers and toils of the day were over, they enjoyed their humble repast, which was served up upon as a clean a mat as could be found, with thankfulness to the Author of all mercies. After which followed the reading of the Holy Scriptures and family prayers; the ladies then prepare their beds upon the ground, stow away the already sleeping children, and all hands lie down to rest their weary limbs, and recover strength for the remainder of their journey. And despite of the hooting of owls, and the howling of wolves in the surrounding forest, their sleep is sweet and refreshing, and on the following day they reach their place of destination in safety, and take possession of their new, half-finished house, which was located within about half a mile of the Hudson Bay Company's fort on Puget Sound. Here we leave them, to finish their dwelling, and commence their labours as missionaries among the Indians of that vicinity, while we return to Vancouver.

The day after we arrived at Vancouver, Being the Sabbath, Mr. Lee and myself each preached one sermon in the public hall, our hearers consisting of most of the gentlemen of the fort, the scholars from the school in the establishment, and the few of the mission family still remaining. Here we continued transacting business until the 10th, when Mr. Lee and myself set out for Astoria, for the purpose of examining the country and ascertaining the most favorable location for a missionary post near the mouth of the river. Our means of conveyance down the river was a small canoe, manned by a crew of two Indians; and after traveling most of the time, day and night, we arrived at Astoria, on the morning of the 12th; and this being the Sabbath, we spent the day with Mr. Birnie, the gentleman of whom mention has already been made, and partook with him of most excellent fresh salmon, and strawberries and cream. During the day Mr. Lee and the writer retired to the adjoining grove, where we enjoyed a most refreshing season of prayer, and besought the God of missions to direct us in selecting a spot where to erect the standard of the cross.

On the following day we crossed the river and visited the Chenook and Checailish Indians, and spoke to them on the subject of establishing a mission in their vicinity, at which they appeared to be very well pleased; but manifested a degree of disappointment when I informed them through Mr. Lee, who acted as interpreter, that my principal design was to teach them how to worship the Great Chief above, and not to trade for beaver or salmon only so much as we might need for food. For it should not be forgotten that they never act from any higher motives in their transactions with the whites than the prospect of temporal gain; and it is perfectly reasonable that they should not, since they possess no correct knowledge of the relation they sustain to God, as rational and accountable beings, nor of the future state as a place of retribution. It is true, they have some strange and indistinct notions of the continued existence of frends departed; but as nearly as we could ascertain, the employments of that state were considered to be similar to those of the present; consequently the oldst woman among the Chenooks, a descendant of Comcomly, when she buried a daughter a number of years ago, it is reported that she caused two slaves to be killed and deposited in the same canoe with the dead body of the deceased for the purpose of attending her in the future state.

And in addition to the above, we ask, does any man, while in an unconverted state, of any nation or climate, act from any higher motive in anything that he may do than from a principle of supreme selfishness? If not, and the writer fully believes that the person cannot be produced in the wide world, even from Adam, after his fall, down to his youngest son that now treads the earth, that ever acted, under the above circumstances, from any other motive—this being the fact, those who have found the Indians of Oregon to be very anxious, as they have stated, to have missionaries sent among them that they might be taught "how to worship the Great Spirit aright" have been led into error, not being sufficiently acquainted with the beings with whom they had to do to understand the secret drift of their pretensions. And, no doubt, this is one, if not the greatest reason why the church has been led to put an improper estimate upon the prospects of Christianizing and civilizing the natives of that region, and must now realize the consequences, namely, disappointment and regret—disappointment because the work which she expected her missionaries to be instrumental in accomplishing has not been accomplished by them; and regret that so many thousands, which ought to have been employed in the cultivation of a more promising field, have been spent in Oregon for the purpose of effecting that which, in all sober reason, ought never to have been expected. It should not be inferred from this statement, however, that no good has resulted to the inhabitants of Oregon through the exertions of the church, and of her missionaries, who have spent, and are still spending, "their sweat and blood and pains to cultivate Immanuel's land" in that dark portion of our earth. But, on the contrary, we feel ourselves fully justified in asserting that great good has crowned their labors, and doubt not that a host will come up in the end from that region to unite in celebrating the praises of Him "who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

We camped at Chenook for the night, and on the following morning crossed the mouth of the river and visited the Clatsops on the south side; after which we returned to Mr. Birnie's. Here we purchased a large canoe, and after spending this and the following night with the above gentleman, we engaged three Checailish Indians to man our canoes, and prepared for our departure for Vancouver. But when we were ready to embark our faithless crew was entirely missing. We were now in a dilemma—two canoes to navigate up the river, and not a man to help us, and as for myself, having never had any experience in canoeing, except the dread created in consequence of the probability of upsetting every moment, I was no better than so much ballast, no not half so good, for ballast would lie still, but that I could not be persuaded to do, so that, by my continued endeavors to balance the canoe, I caused it to rock ten times more.

We were measurably relieved, however, from our present embarrassments by the proffer of a servant of the company, who was going up to Pillar Rock to the salmon fishing with a boat to take one of our canoes in tow. This done, we rigged a sail in the other; and as the wind was fair, we bid adieu to our kind host at Astoria and set sail, Mr. Lee acting as captain and helmsman and myself going before the mast on the broad of my back, lest by my movements the canoe might be upset. In this strange plight, being favored with a fine breeze, we soon found ourselves at the salmon fishery. Here we found old Skumaqea and his wife. This was a head man of a small band of Indians a few miles above. They took charge of one of our canoes and encouraged us to hope that when we arrived at their place we would obtain a crew. So after replenishing our empty stomachs, we hoisted sail again and with considerable difficulty reached the old man's lodge; but, unfortunately, all the men had just gone about four miles up the river to one of the Cathlamat Islands to witness a great medical operation. What now could we do? We must either camp here for the night or devise some means to get along as far as the above-named island, which was the only place at which we might expect to find a crew. And as there was no other means within our reach of effecting the latter, we proposed that four of their women should become our seamen and guides to the island, for which services we would give them a handkerchief each. To this proposal, after some talking and laughter among themselves, they assented, and in a very short time we were all on board and on our way, and the women soon gave evidence that they were by no means inferior to their men in point of managing a canoe, for no sooner had we cleared the land sufficiently to get the strong sea breeze, which had increased to nearly half a gale, than they set up sail, one of which consisted of a rush mat, and away we darted with incredible speed and were soon safely landed at the place of appointment. Here we discharged our fair crew and soon engaged four young Indians to assist us in getting up to Vancouver.

But perhaps we ought not to take our departure from this place without noticing the great medical operation which was being performed here. The patients consisted of a young woman, who, upon examination, was found to have a slight fever, and a child in much the same state, neither of them being dangerously ill. But the doctors affirmed that they had been filled with skokums, and as proof of the truth of their statement of the cases, they produced a small snail shell with a small string attached to it, and a small bunch of hair wound up with a thread, and several other articles of the same nature, which they professed to have taken from the stomachs of the sick, and there were still several to be dislodged before a cathartic would take any effect; but after they were removed they said it would be good for Mr. Lee to give his medicine.

They now made preparations for a trial of their skill in endeavoring to rout another of these evil genii or skokums. One of the doctors out of the six or eight who constituted the grand council, all of whom appeared as wise as serpents, it would seem, had been the most successful in his attacks upon the stronghold of this combination of skokums, so it was decided he should be the leader in another general onset. Upon which he crawled near the young woman (who was stretched upon a mat, with a female attendant at her head) for the purpose of ascertaining the precise position of the enemy. Having determined this point and made known all the particulars to his brethren of the faculty, he prepared himself for the tug of war. This he did by drawing his right arm through the hole in his blanket around the neck, so that his arm was now entirely disencumbered. He then threw his long hair up over his head, which entirely covered his face. Being now ready, he kneeled down, while all the other doctors and men, women and children were arranged on either side, equipped with sticks and long poles which reached to the board roof. The kneeling doctor now commenced a wild and frightful song or chorus, in which all joined, keeping time with their sticks. He now commenced moving with well dissembled caution toward the patient, extending his hands toward her stomach, as an eagle would his talons, ready to seize his affrighted prey; and the nearer he approached the lodgment of the skokums the more furious became the singers and thumpers, and when he reached the stomach at which he had been aiming his distorted form and strained muscles evinced the appearance of perfect agony. The choir now bore down with might and main, and the practitioner now plunged his two fists into the patient's stomach most unmercifully, and seizing one of the enemy by the neck or heels, or somewhere else, he appeared to find it very hot; but drawing back quickly, plunged his hands into a trough of cold water, which was standing hard by, and then seized the unyielding foe again, but as it had assumed something of the nature of the eel and slipped out of his hands, he quickly caught up some ashes, rubbed it on his fingers, then laid hold upon it for the third time, screaming and yelling in the most terrific manner, while the company plied their sticks and singing, or rather screaming, pipes with redoubled energy.

The battle now became doubtful; but after many manly efforts victory turned upon the doctor's side, who, by one mighty effort, broke the hold of the skokum upon the patient, which now turned wholly upon the doctor, causing him to cry out for help. The company was now in perfect ecstacies, pounding as though life and death depended upon every stroke, and bellowing at the very top of their voices, "Ha ha yeh, ha ha yeh." Two of the faculty now caught the almost overpowered doctor around the waist and bore him, screeching and writhing, away from the patient, amidst the thundering noise of the transported spectators and attendant physicians. But all of a sudden the victorious doctor cried, "Ho, ho, ho," and making an effort as though he was catching after something toward the top of the lodge every Indian and squaw appeared astonished, while the doctor explained the whole process in elaborate speech. After witnessing several such feats, Mr. Lee commenced reproving them for their folly. But a venerable old doctor informed him that it would be best for him to depart before he found himself in trouble. So, taking the old man's advice, we laid in a stock of fresh dried salmon, got our crew on board and left the doctors to manage the remainder of the skokums according to their ancient mode of practice.

It was now night, but the pale moon had taken up the tale of creating goodness and was pouring her silver rays upon the expansive bosom of the virgin waters, while the owl upon the opposite mountain, more rational than his unfledged neighbors of the island, was pouring forth the praises of his creator God in solemn notes. A few moments' calm reflection upon the exalted privileges of the Christian, who has abundant proof of an all-surrounding Deity in the works of his hand, in connection with the assurance that all things shall work together for good to them that love him, had a tendency to dispel the excitement created by the inhuman and most ludicrous scene which we had just witnessed; and now wrapping myself in my blanket, I stretched out in the bottom of the canoe, and fell asleep. But this sweet slumber, like all our endearments here, was but momentary in its duration; for the expiring breeze from the Pacific, like frail man after his last convulsive effort to cling to life, fell off at once, which produced such a reaction upon our sail that it was well-nigh upsetting the canoe, and caused all the fears hitherto experienced by the sleeper to rush on his mind like a mighty flood, and of course there was no more sleep. My worthy associate was now awakened, having dreamed of no disasters; and after a kind lecture upon the unprofitableness of being disturbed with needless fears, consented to go ashore. We soon reached the north shore of the river, and hauling our canoe partly upon land, under the brow of a frowning precipice, we placed our blanket in the bottom of our frail bark, and after committing ourselves to the protection of the God of missions, lay down side by side, spread the other blanket over us, and slept until morning as sweetly as many hundreds in the civilized world upon their beds of down. In the morning we found our two Indians curled up in the bow of the canoe, enjoying that sweet slumber peculiar to such as are not pressed with the care of the world and the deceitfulness of riches; a most convincing proof of the truth of the poet's lines:

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

All hands were now called; but only called to contend with new difficulties, for in hauling our canoe ashore it had come in contact with a stick or stone, which had loosened a large knot, which caused it to leak alarmingly. It was now hauled on shore again, and with some difficulty repaired. This exercise excited a morning appetite, which determined all hands to take a munch before commencing the journey of the day; but to our surprise and grief the ample store of fresh dried salmon which we had taken the precaution to lay in the previous night had been stowed in the other canoe, and how far our fellow-voyageurs were ahead or astern of us was impossible for us to decide. Here we were, with a heavy day's work on hand for our crew, and no more provisions than one hungry Indian required for a day's allowance. We however took a bite of what remained to us, and pushed ahead as soon as possible, in hopes of overtaking the other canoe, with the prophetic announcement from the Indians that if we did not succeed in coming up with the dried salmon their hearts would be very poor before night. And, as it turned out in the sequel, our other crew were pulling ahead with all their strength, hoping to overhaul us, knowing, as they afterward said, that we would be very hungry for some of the good salmon, and supposing that he had preceded them during the night, while they were asleep. But as their canoe was much the lightest, we were of course left far in the rear. We had some wind and tide in our favor; but when the night closed in upon us we were ten or more miles from Vancouver. My colleague laid hold upon a paddle, and commenced, in addition to the weary crew, to propel our bark ahead with greater rapidity; and I, being a novice, was permitted once more to roll myself in my blanket and lose my appetite for salmon in a state of unconsciousness. How or when we arrived at Vancouver I know not; but we were awakened in the morning by Dr. Tolmie, a gentleman of the company, and when I arose I found our rather queer bedroom hauled upon shore and completely stowed with my associates some covered with blankets, and other with none. Our appetites now returned with renewed vigor, and we remember doing ample justice to the excellent breakfast that was soon placed before us in the fort, in company with those we left, whom we found in health, which sweetened every other mercy.

This being the Sabbath, we labored to feed those with the bread of life who had, as good stewards, communicated to us in temporal things. We remained at Vancouver until thee 26th. Mr. Lee engaged in packing and arranging some goods for his station at the Dalls, while I was making arrangements for the purpose of occupying the post assigned to me.

In the following week Mr. Lee left with two canoes deeply laden with necessaries for the Dalls, while I proceeded with my arrangements for our removal to Astoria.

Melancholy.

John Fletcher.

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly:
There's nought in this life sweet
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy,
O sweetest Melancholy!
Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound!
Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

A Lament.

William Drummond.

My thought hold mortal strife;