

# M'LOUGHLIN AND OLD OREGON

Interesting Scenes Between 1830 and 1840 as Set Down in Eva Emery Dye's Chronicle.

## CHAPTER VII. Dr. McLoughlin's Early History.

Upon the porch of the Governor's residence, one warm October day, there sat two women. Every morning these women were there, from the first bright days of May until the Oregon winter began with the rains of November. Always needle in hand, they were embroidering the cape and scarf and smokingbags that were the chief delight of the voyager's heart.

Madame McLoughlin, the elder, had a marvelous needle; one that might have wrought tapestries in the olden time, so fine and soft and even was her work. And yet, Madame's mother had been a wild little princess on the plains of the North, wooed long and long ago by a Hudson's Bay trader. Madame herself had a touch of the desert in her blood. Her father, but her daughter, Eloise McLoughlin, had the creamy tint of a Spanish countess. She had her mother's eyes, and her mother's shining satin hair. But the form and features were those of the Hudson's Bay Governor—imperial, commanding, fair.

Barely 21, tall, graceful, no wonder the beautiful girl was in that land of dusky women; no wonder the clerks of the company competed for her hand, and hearts were rent when she made her choice. Indeed, how could it be otherwise, in this remote corner of the world—where the Governor's daughter questioned it on the Columbia? Attired in London gowns, self-poised and sensible, Eloise McLoughlin was too much like her father to submit to the tame self-assertion of the traders' wives. Her mother's humility pained her. She would see her take her place as the Grande Dame, the Lady of Fort Vancouver, the most distinguished of the Pacific Coast. A blond horse on the Columbia was hers; a blood course with pinkish eyes and chestnut-yellow mane and tail, presented to the Governor by the great chief of the Walla Wallas. And on state occasions Eloise McLoughlin came forth arrayed in waving plumes and glittering ornaments, and seated on that steeled rode at her father's side, leading the brigade up the Williams.

For very well her great father, Governor McLoughlin, understood the influence of pomp and color on the savage heart. The horse brigades were gay with brilliant housings; a multitude of tiny bells tinkled at saddle, shaft, and bridle. The bright dresses stiff with beads adorned the trappers' Indian wives, and at the head of this barbaric pageant often sat Eloise and the stately Governor, with his long white locks blowing over the collar of Hudson's Bay blue. As such cavalades would wind up the valley in the October sun, the whole little world turned out to gaze. You would hardly have supposed there were so many Indians in the country until you saw them trooping in to witness the autumn brigade to California. The silence, broken only by the heavy tramping of the feet walking the horses and the drizzling of bells; the succession of gleam and color left an impression upon the red man never to be forgotten, an impression of unmeasured wealth and splendor that he could never see again at old Fort Vancouver.

Eloise herself enjoyed these state occasions as a flower enjoys the sunshine. Ever at her father's side, taught by him, caressed by him, his companion and confidant, no wonder she rejoiced at his long absence. The page of Telemachus lay untouched, the page she so oft had read at her father's side, and needle in hand, the fair bride smiled her mother in maternal terms of silk upon the pliant buckskin or the glossy broadcloth.

For Eloise McLoughlin was a bride; and to groom her old voyager was not the handsomest man at Fort Vancouver. Reserved, cordial, quiet, William Glen Rae was at bottom a scholar and a thinker. Six years had passed since he came from his ancestral home in the Orkneys, from Edinburgh College honors. His glance fell on the Lady of the Pacific Coast. The course of a life was changed. No doubt it was a wise provision on the Governor's part that settled her marriage before his departure, to bind her heart with new ties, to end the rivalries that grew more pronounced from year to year. One young trader, waiting for the time Eloise was a little girl had joked and sung and danced to win her, was ready to fight on her wedding day. But the Governor took him aside.

"Wait a moment, Ermattinger, wait a moment. When I come back I will bring you the fairest lily I can find in Canada. Then you shall have a wedding, too." Ermattinger stormed. For any other officer the Governor would have shut him up in the butterbox—as they called the six-by-nine donjon, where refractory energies were punished. As it was, Ermattinger betook himself to Bachelor's Hall and was soon no more till he left with Tom McKay's brigade for the Shooshone, ten days later. He had not even come back in the autumn. But now it was said that surely he would come to meet the Governor; for rumor had gone out that Frank Ermattinger had worked himself into an excitement waiting for his Canadian lily.

So this morning in 1830 the mother and daughter were stitching, stitching, stitching the pink and purple beads into leaves and roses, and twining long vines of gray and green along silken sashes. The porch ran entirely across the front of Governor McLoughlin's residence. From the open-pedimented windows and benches at the ends, along fluted pillars a grapevine trailed and tangled; a vine cut from the mother-tongue of all the mission grapes of California.

Suddenly Eloise spoke. "Mother, how can you stitch today? See, my silks are knotted and my roses spoiled." She tossed her work into a little Indian basket at her side. Unheeding her hair, she let it down in a shining, shimmering cataract to the floor.

The Madame finished a leaf before she spoke. Then in a slow and gentle tone: "I had the more delicate, Louisa. You are like the father, not quiet." French was the family language of the McLoughlin household. With each other the Hudson's Bay gentlemen spoke English, with their families and with the voyageurs, French; with the Indians, Chinook, a trade-tongue that grew up on the Columbia—a polyglot of Hawaiian-English-Spanish-French-Indian.

"Mr. Douglas says my father is like Napoleon. He can out-travel all others. He may surprise us," said Eloise, shaking the loosened waves around her like a caplet.

"That is what I am hoping. But so many lies happen in a lifetime," sighed the Madame. "When one husband has gone away and never come back again, who can tell about another?" Eloise was sorry her mother referred to that old sorrow.

To one that noted such trifles the Madame's hair was growing white, as if a box of powder had been applied since the Governor went away. Quite true, now, it floated over the back of her easy chair. She always wore it so, loosely, like her mother and her grandmother before her. Her eyes kept wandering toward the snow on Mount Hood. Her ears strained to catch the distant boat song; she started whenever the great gate opened and shut.

And who had Madame McLoughlin been before her marriage to the great doctor? Some old voyagers could have told you that forty years ago the Madame had been the fairest girl in the Cumberland district of Manitoba. Her Scotch father sent her to school with the nuns at Quebec. As a child she heard rumors from the South; scattered fragments of the American Revolution when the Tories came flocking across the Canadian border. As a girl she met Alexander McKay, who had just returned with Alexander McLoughlin, that wonderful tour in which they, the first white men that ever

crossed the continent, had scribbled with red ochre on Pacific rocks: A. MACKENZIE ARRIVED FROM CANADA BY LAND, JULY 17, 1781.

Retracing their steps, Mackenzie went to England to be knighted. Sir Alexander and crowned with fame, McKay remained and married Margaret. Two children came to her home at Saunt Ste. Marie. A dozen, it years went by. The boy became a sturdy lad, the girl a sister of 12, while their Scotch father was collecting peltries from Michilimackinac to Detroit in those early days before recorded history began. One summer morning, as he had done every summer for 14 years, Alexander McKay set out with his brigade of furs for Montreal. That was the last time Madame ever saw him.

For at Montreal, James John Jacob Astor, Astor was starting a Pacific Fur Company. He had come to Canada for men skilled in all the mysteries of the fur trade. McKay, who had been a partner, was his first around Montreal engaging his men, and by the return boats to Saunt Ste. Marie sent a goodbye to his wife, and a request to the commander of the Northwest post to care for her "till his return." It was a sudden leave-taking, but not uncommon in the ups and downs of fur-trading life. Margaret sat day after day with her arms around her little girl—and wept. The boy Tom had gone with his father. How bravely he stood in the boat that summer day, waving good-byes to his mother! In Canada she saw the kitchen backs by down the St. Lawrence, up Lake Champlain, and down the glittering Hudson. She dreamed that they tossed in Astor's ship around Cape Horn. Then came the War of 1812. The American flag, such as it was, and the little house in which Margaret's wedded life had sped so happily. Those blue-coated soldiers waited for the annual fur brigade due from the North; and waited and waited away. One afternoon a fleet of 47 boats, freighted with a million dollars' worth of furs, slid down the Saunt Ste. Marie, and passed unharmed for Montreal. She was ready to cry, she missed the furs, she missed the boat that burnt her home! But, to fill up the measure of disaster, word was brought by returning voyageurs that her husband had been killed by Indians on the treacherous Northwest Coast.

Then the fur companies went to fighting on the plains of Manitoba. How could Margaret know that Tom, safe and sound, in trying to get home, had been killed by Red River just in time to take part in that battle fought a year and a day after Waterloo? Tom McKay saw Governor Wemple march bravely out of Winnipeg with cocked hat and sword, and double-barreled fowling-piece, and his Hudson's Bay men behind him. Tom rode up with the rival Northwesters. There was a rush and a crash, and the Governor and some others were killed. Lord Selkirk hastened over from Scotland with a lot of Waterloo veterans, so Tom got himself back to the Columbia without accident. The brothers who shot one was coming to him in unexpected fashion.

A young Canadian doctor commanded the fort—a strange anomaly. Polished and courtly, he had left the civilized world to bury himself in this uttermost wild. In October, 1834, John McLoughlin was born at Riviere du Loup on the banks of the St. Lawrence. While still a boy his father was drowned. The widowed mother took her children home to her father, Malcolm Fraser. There her boys, David and John, grew up in their grandfather's old stone mansion overlooking the St. Lawrence, where it widens to the sea. They played in these hills, rugged as Scotia's rock-ribbed Highlands. They caught a military presence from the soldier grandfathers who had brought a Highland regiment with him to America, to colonize these seigniorial manors. Here Scottish books were read and Scottish tales retold. Here the bagpipes droned and the hill hung in the old colonial air. The brothers who went over-sea, were pursuing medical studies when Napoleon began to harry England. Dr. David McLoughlin went into the wars and followed the Iron Duke until Napoleon was caged at St. Helena. Dr. John said, "I can never fight Napoleon—I admire him too much." He returned to Canada.

The world lay before young Dr. McLoughlin. There was a pretty girl in Quebec. One day in Spring he was walking with her, when they came to a plank on a muddy street. She was just ahead of the doctor when an insolent English official coming in the opposite direction, crowded her off the plank. In an instant that officer, gold lace, epaulettes and all lay sprawling in the mire. There was danger in store for the young gallant, who had been led to the Northwest, where his uncle the Frasers were great factors of Fraser's River. That was the whispered tale of how McLoughlin first glimpsed the fur trade. His talent, his present presence brought rapid promotion—already he was in command of Saunt Ste. Marie.

And the widow of his friend was in his keeping. As a bride she waited for him, so McLoughlin had waited for McKay. His tender heart was touched by the sorrows of one so fair. Her white-bred ways whispered of home. No white woman could go into the Indian country, but Margaret could go because she had Indian blood.

Dr. McLoughlin married the widow Margaret McKay. There was no priest at Saunt Ste. Marie, that long trading post 80 years ago. A brother chief factor said the service. That was all; enough for a loyal heart like John's. The wedding was not an unusual matter. From the days when King Charles had granted a royal charter to his "well-beloved cousin," Prince Rupert, the gentlemen "adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay," had married the daughters of chiefs—effecting state alliances to facilitate peace, good will and commerce. From these had sprung the type to which Margaret belonged—fair, dark-eyed women, combining the manners and mind of the whites with the daring and pride of the Indian. Such had been Madame McLoughlin's early history.

"How can I know that your father is not stiff at the bottom of Lake Superior?" continued the Madame today, half to Eloise and half to herself. "He capsize there once, and all but him were lost. Oh, that lake is cold! It sticks to your drag the swimmer down! I saw them when they brought him through the fort gate like dead men. He had beautiful golden hair, the Indian call sunflower; but after that it turn white—white as snow. Before he was 20, Louisa, men call your father old."

"That incident was when Chief Factor Mackenzie was lost and McLoughlin lived to rule Fort William. Eloise had heard talk of the fogs and storms and furies of the great Canadian sea; she had heard talk of the Fort William, the metropolitan post of the Northwest Company on Lake Superior, where the merchants of Montreal used to come in summer like kings on a royal progress. She was a baby then. She could barely remember the journey to the Columbia; one long picnic it was to Eloise and to David her brother, who laughed and crowed and kicked his pink heels in his birch-canoe craft. He, too, was coming home now with his father; coming from five years' study in Paris and London.

"A penny for your thoughts, Eloise!"

It was the cheery voice of her husband, William Glen Rae, who had stolen up the steps unobserved to the spot where Eloise sat with her unbound hair still rippling on the floor.

"I was thinking," she said, putting her hands in his—"I was thinking what a family reunion 'twill be when the express comes in! We must celebrate this year with a real Canadian Christmas."

"Yes," answered Rae, the shadow of a cloud flitting over his brow. "Yes, for no one can tell where you and I may be a year from now."

It was the Governor's joke when he left "Wait till I get home Eloise. Then you and I will have a wedding journey."

Rae looked for promotion, but whether to some wild new Canadian post on the Fraser, to the sage desert on the Snake, or up the Columbia, he could not guess. For six years, now, he had been head bookkeeper at Fort Vancouver. Many a document had Rae filed away in the brick archives of the block counting-house. To take up a new role, to control men and manage Indians, might prove less congenial.

The brass bell on his tripod in the center of the square rang for dinner. The Canadians in the field heard it, and turned out their oxen. The Iroquois choppers heard it, and rested their axes. The clerks heard it and hurried across the court to brush their coats in Bachelor's Hall. The fur-beaters heard it, and went to their cabins outside the gate. Madame heard it, and disappeared through the door to her own apartments. Unobtrusive, shy, it was the custom of the traders' wives to live secluded. Visitors at Fort Vancouver saw little of the resident

women. Custom forbade their presence at the semi-military table in the great hall. But children playing about the court attracted the presence of mothers.

"It is worthy of notice," writes an old chronicler, "how little of the Indian complexion is seen in these traders' children. Generally they have fair skin, often flaxen hair and blue eyes."

Stealing a kiss from the cheek of his bride as she flew away after her mother, William Rae turned and watched the other gentlemen of the fort coming up the semicircular flight of steps to dinner.

Most of them are well known today in Oregon story. There was James Douglas—Black Douglas they called him, a lineal descendant of that Douglas who in days of old was the chief support of the Scotch throne—tall, dark, commanding, and next to McLoughlin, the ruling spirit on the Columbia. James Douglas had left the storied hills of Lanark as a boy of 14 to seek his fortune with the fur-traders of Canada. He crossed Lake Superior and

came to Fort William in the reign of McLoughlin. Fort William was then in its splendor, a great interior mart, and chief seat of the growing Northwest Company. Douglas was there when the reconciliation took place between the rival fur companies. With joy he watched the late sporting Highlanders, who had cut and carved and shot and imprisoned each other, shaking hands under the same flag and setting out for the uttermost parts to the same camp. Fifteen years younger than Dr. McLoughlin, his attachment was that of a son or younger brother. When Mr. Loughlin went, Douglas went. When McLoughlin was sent to the Columbia he requested the company of his young favorite, then a lad of 19. Accordingly young Douglas crossed the Rockies and temporarily served at Fort St. James beyond the Fraser.

At Fort St. James, Chief Factor James Connolly, a jolly Irish gentleman, held sway, and dealt out beads and blankets to the Shushwaps for the beaver skins and

other. Chief Factor Connolly had a daughter, who is known in the annals of British Columbia as Lady Douglas. She was not "Lady Douglas" then. A shy, sweet and naive girl, it is not strange that Douglas loved Nella Connolly. It would have been stranger if he had not. In addition to personal beauty the blood of heroes ran in her veins. Old chroniclers are full of romance of this pair. Once a renegade Blackfoot murdered a Canadian and escaped. A smoke-dried, skinny old Indian, white-patched through the eyes, in Douglas' ear: "Ho! ho! come again. He hides in yonder camp." Arming himself, young Douglas walked fearlessly into the Indian camp and shot the renegade. Crowding in after the fact, another day, two hundred blackened warriors surprised and seized the Douglas and bound him hand and foot.

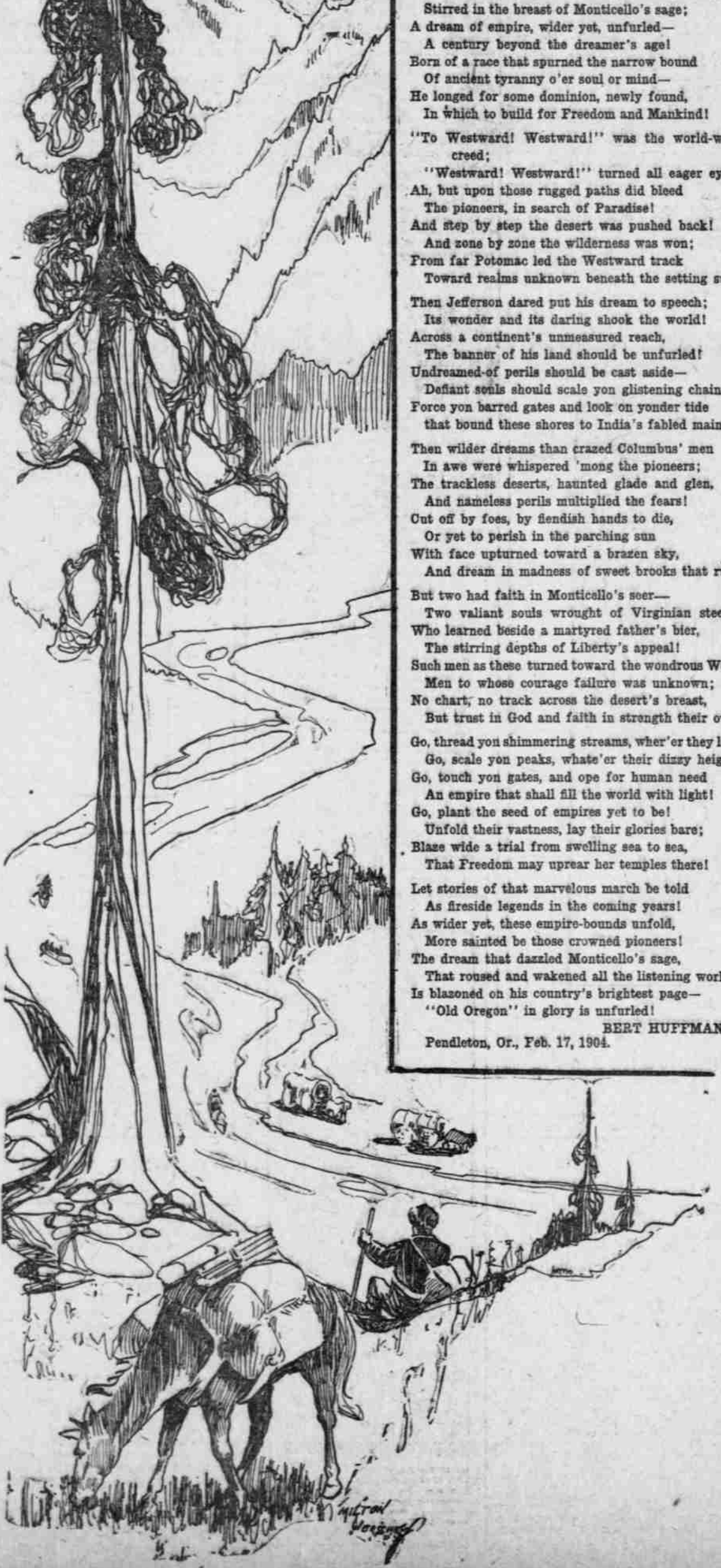
Nella Connolly in her little bonnet tried a sound of consolation. The girl of 16 ran out—she saw every man of the fort tied. A burly fellow was flourishing a knife above the head of Douglas. At a glance she read her lover's peril. Dashing upon the Indian, she snatched the weapon. Turning to the chief, the brave girl cried:

"What you a friend of the whites and say not a word in their behalf at such a time as this? Speak! You know the murderer deserved to die. According to your own laws, the deed was just! It is blood for blood. The white men are not dogs. They love their kindred as well as you! Why should they not avenge their murder?" Awe'd by the skookum-tum-tum (strong heart) of the trader's daughter, the Indians fled from the room. As the blanketed foppish Indian, the old chief, standing in the door, called after them in a derisive tone: "You Braves! Woman make you run! Go home! Hide in leech holes!"

Young Douglas married the girl. Chief Factor Connolly read the ritual and gave away the bride. Then over the mountains Connolly went to Canada, where shortly he became the Mayor of Victoria, B.C. As for Douglas, he took his wife down the Columbia, where in the then new Fort Vancouver they took up the quarters they had occupied ever since. The gentlemanly grown-up and the young matron was only a degree less attractive than Eloise herself. At the west end of that same porch was the door to their sitting-room, where on lay their bedstead as well as you might find Douglas with the Bible on his knee reading to his wife and little ones. It was a sweet home picture: one of the few, very few, to be seen in the entire length of McLoughlin's kingdom.

Summer morning found Nella the third in that group on the porch, while her little daughter Cecelia, in a pink sun-dress, played on the flower beds at the foot of the steps. There Douglas had scattered fine seed and in floral letters had sprung his little daughter's name—"Cecelia."

"There were other things besides flowers at the foot of the steps. Facing the main entrance of the stockade stood two eighteen-pounders and two swivels, beligerent, but rusty, and piled in orderly rows. The main entrance was flanked by two sentry boxes, the sentry boxes were never disturbed, partly because there was no fighting; partly because Robert Bruce, the old Scotch gardener, had placed them there. Besides the chick or child that presumed to interfere with anything that Bruce had done. Bruce was far away now—in England with the Governor; but habit had become custom. In all Bruce's 18 months of absence not even a dog had ventured to nose the forbidden balls. Neither was the grass trodden. They seemed still to hear the gardener's call: "Meestras factum; and all the ever-changing train of voyageurs and traders.



### THE BIRTH OF OREGON

A dream he scarce dared whisper to the world  
Stirred in the breast of Monticello's sage;  
A dream of empire, wider yet, unfurled—  
A century beyond the dreamer's age!  
Born of a race that spurred the narrow bound  
Of ancient tyranny o'er soul or mind—  
He longed for some dominion, newly found,  
In which to build for Freedom and Mankind!

"To Westward! Westward!" was the world-wide creed;  
"Westward! Westward!" turned all eager eyes!  
Ah, but upon those rugged paths did bleed  
The pioneers, in search of Paradise!  
And step by step the desert was pushed back!  
And zone by zone the wilderness was won;  
From far Potomac led the Westward track  
Toward realms unknown beneath the setting sun!

Then Jefferson dared put his dream to speech;  
Its wonder and its daring shook the world!  
Across a continent's unmeasured reach,  
The banner of his land should be unfurled!  
Undreamed-of perils should be cast aside—  
Defiant seals should scale yon glistering chain!  
Force yon barred gates and look on yonder tide  
That bound these shores to India's fabled main!

Then wilder dreams than crazed Columbus' men  
In awe were whispered 'mong the pioneers;  
The trackless deserts, haunted glade and glen,  
And nameless perils multiplied the fears!  
Out off by foes, by fiendish hands to die,  
Or yet to perish in the parching sun,  
With face upturned toward a brazen sky,  
And dream in madness of sweet brooks that run!

But two had faith in Monticello's seer—  
Two valiant souls wrought of Virginian steel—  
Who learned beside a martyred father's bier,  
The stirring depths of Liberty's appeal!  
Such men as these turned toward the wondrous West,  
Men to whose courage failure was unknown;  
No chart, no track across the desert's breast,  
But trust in God and faith in strength their own!

Go, thread yon shimmering streams, wh'er'er they lead;  
Go, scale yon peaks, whate'er their dizzy height!  
Go, touch yon gates, and ope for human need  
An empire that shall fill the world with light!  
Go, plant the seed of empire yet to be!  
Unfold their vastness, lay their glories bare;  
Blaze wide a trail from swelling sea to sea,  
That Freedom may uprear her temples there!

Let stories of that marvelous march be told  
As fabled legends in the coming years!  
As wider yet, these empire-bounds unfold,  
More sainted be those crowned pioneers!  
The dream that dazzled Monticello's sage,  
That roused and wakened all the listening world,  
Is "Old Oregon" in his country's brightest page—  
"Blazoned Oregon" in glory is unfurled!

BERT HUFFMAN.  
Pendleton, Or., Feb. 17, 1904.

CHAPTER VIII. Dr. McLoughlin's Return.

1839.

HOMEWARD hurrying comes Mr. Loughlin in these October days of 1839. "Ready!" The sun and windburned voyageurs catch up the paddles, the boat-song strikes:

Ma-brouck has gone a-fighting,  
Mironon, mironon, mironon—  
and away they go, glittering down the Columbia miles of blue waters sweep behind them before the sunrise breakfast.

It was the doctor's ambition to have the best paddlers in the world, and he did. Never before did there, never again will such bold watermen ride the Columbia. Such order, such discipline! Not the slightest mutiny escaped the master's eye. Monique, a stalwart Iroquois half-breed, a strong fellow, at home in the rapids, stands in the stern of the boat, the waist, Tawney-skinned, stripped to the bone and bareheaded, his long hair streaming on the wind, with eyes fixed and every muscle tense, his side, that swift paddle, his feet as his quick eye measures the line of safety and sends the signal back to the steersman in the rear. It is a play of life and death, but so skillful are these bowmen that rarely a bark goes tum-tum-grating rocks.

There was McDonald at Port Colville that had a daughter of the rich, dark beauty of the Creole type. Smaller in figure than her mother, she had a softer rounded, lithe, and willowy, Christine McDonald was the embodiment of the grace and supple shapeliness of the half-breed girl. The chief factor, with his long locks flowing over his shoulders, Indian fashion, was always in the saddle, and at his side rode his fearless daughter Christine. Handsome as her father and as daring, astride with a swave buckled around her waist, she followed the bounds to the fox-hunt, leaped canyons and fallen trees, and outdid the Indians themselves in her desperate riding.

On such a ride as this they caught sight of the Montreal express and dashed to greet McLoughlin, the chief of chief factors. As in some glen of the Highlands, Scotch plumes and tartan flairs, Scotch Macs clasped hands with other Macs famous in the fur trade. Demonstrative Canadians fell on one another's necks with tears and laughter. Indian wives and children clamored for recognition. Delighted voyageurs dandled their terra-cotta babies on their knees with gifts of beads and bells bought in Canadian shops for this happy hour. Within the cedar hull there were roast turkey, sucking pig, fresh butter and eggs, and also, Spokanes, Kootenais, and Pend Oreille, in all the splendor of paint and feathers, leaped around the Colville horse-back. Some in soft-tanned buffalo robes

peeped through the trading gins. All night old Colville rang. Outside the doorway Flatheads heard the droning of the bagpipe.

There was a bush. McDonald had taught Christine the sword-dance. Under the rough rafters in the light of the fire the fair barbarian advanced, invited and evaded the supple blade that glittered round the supple Christine. Her moss-casim feet twinkled like stars, and her beaded bodice shimmered in the firelight. Catching a look of her flowing hair, she threw it across the darting blade. The sword-dance to the floor. Spellbound, the traders watched them. The movements grew swift and swifter, until, in the excitement, Dr. McLoughlin thumped his cane upon the floor and cried, "Enough, McDonald, enough!"

For hundreds of miles the Columbia has a regular descent, broken only at long intervals by steep rapids and falls. One hundred, 150 miles a day. The fur-traders, pausing at nightfall to camp. Scarcely has the first boat touched shore before the sun is in the forest. The Canadian cook built a fire of piled of brush into a pyramid of blazing logs, from a sapling bent beside it the kettle swings and sings of supper.

On one side of the fire the voyageurs carved with pocket-knife and hunting-knife, and never resting in their talk pulled tea, tea. On the other side the cooks has spread McLoughlin's kitchen of linen and plate. Catherine Sinclair is that Canadian girl taking her first flight from the Manitoba home. David's lantern glows merrily. Bruce the gardener slips his tea. He loves the camp life; it reminds him of military marches; and Waterloo, two new clerks, Mackenzie and Finlayson, are keeping their blanketed journals, and scribble copious journals to send home to Scotland. There is a world of difference between the happy-go-lucky voyager and a more thoughtful Scotch companion. The French Canadian, or French Iroquois, laughs at mishaps; he rollicks and sings out the border song. The Scotchman is grave, solemn and watchful, the brain and nerve of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Down a wooded Oregon country the grass is sere. Autumn hazes, Scotch Alps, forests climb the far-off heights. Eastward ward the Spokanes, the Children of the Sun, desolated once by a more than Trojan war, are a stolon Spokane bride.

At Walla Walla, where the fur-trader comes down from his tower to greet his chief; there are letters for Dr. Whitman; the Shooshone brigade sweeps into line with 20 packs of the best beaver of the mountains; the Frenchman takes his narrow gauge. The Frenchman sings in times of danger; the Iroquois are silent and stern as death as they let fly the canoe through the halting and curling waters like a hawk; the Frenchman waters like when Monique ran the swift narrow Dalles; down the Cascades he shot with arrowy wing, but not today. Dr. McLoughlin, along and Charlevoix is guide. Many a Frenchman, a Scotchman, a guide is my boldest man, but I trust my life with Charlevoix." On they sped, past Melrose, the late of Tombs, the Westerner of the Indian, past Wind Mountain with its broken peaks, past Strawberry Island where the fairer feast in June, to the wild-runged cascades. Not a feature escapes McLoughlin's eye. Every cliff and crag is a familiar landmark pointing to the Vancouver.

Madame and Eloise need wait and embroiler no longer. Like silver bells shook far away, the boat song heralded the singers. "Hood seemed to listen, the Columbia heaved his broad breast, every island smiled with gladness joy. Eloise touched her finger to her lip. "That is my Napoleon was said to him when mounting for battle." Again she heaved; then starting up as the words grew more and more distinct—

"It is just like my father to sing Malheur at such a time as this," and as she drew to the gate her own voice joined the strain that so oft had rung in the halls of Fort Vancouver:

Malheur has gone a-fighting,  
Mironon, mironon, mironon,  
Malheur has gone a-fighting,  
But when will he return?  
My Lady climbs her watch tower  
As high as she can get;  
She sees her page, approaching,  
All clad in sable hue,  
"Ah, page, leave page, what tidings  
From my true love bring you?  
"The news I bring, fair Lady,  
Will make your tears run down;  
"Put off your rose-red dress so fine,  
And don your satin gown,  
"Monieur Malheur is dead, alas!  
And buried too, for aye;  
"I saw four officers who bore  
His shield of iron away,  
"One bore his cross, and his friend  
His shield of iron wrought;  
"The third his mighty sword bore,  
And the fourth—his carried horse,  
"And at the corners of his tomb  
They planted rosemary;  
"And from their tops the nightingale  
Rings out her carol free,  
"We saw, above the laurels,  
His soul fly forth amain;  
"And each one fell upon his face,  
And then rose up again,  
"And so we sang the gloria,  
For which great Malheur blest;  
"And when the whole was ended  
Each one went off to bed,  
"I say no more, my Lady,  
Mironon, mironon, mironon,  
I say no more, my Lady,  
As no more can be said."

And with the coming of the express would come all manner of news and the renewal of contact with the East. Letters, at least, should be in hand. Newspapers for the entire year came in the express—"The Pacific," "The Oregonian," "The Quebec Gazette," just as in June the barque "Columbia" brought a file of the "Daily London Times" of the preceding year. Packed away in a great chest, the day the traders drew out that date a year, two years ago, to tickle themselves with the fancy that the post-boy called each morning.

They were at hand! "The express! The express!" rang through the court. Every one was busy. Old Burris ran up the British ensign on the flagstaff. Swinging round the last green headland like the curve of a great wheel, the brigade shot a parting view. The song rang about. From the governor's barge fluttered the triangular pennon of the Hudson's Bay Company, with its rampant beaver and the familiar "H. B. C." upon a field of blue.

"H. B. C."—"Here Before Christ," was Ermattinger's translation, and Bruce agreed. "I reckon ye'll find the company's colors here—Kirkcaldie seldom gets a part." And then there was a struggle to see who could touch the sand first. Paddles roiled on the gunwales, flinging the spray across the voyageurs' faces as they shook the water from the blades. Cannon boomed, flags waved, the bagpipes struck up "The Campbells are coming. Houray! Houray!" Indians whooped, dogs bayed, Frenchmen ran wild as the whole turned out to greet the arrival—and the chief. The sharp end of the canoe gritted on the sand. Every eye flew off as the familiar form of Dr. McLoughlin arose from the hammock seat. He had grown so irksome and stepped on shore. Every eye rejoiced in that majestic presence. With a hand-clasp for Rae and Douglas, he was a salute for the Madame's cheek he presented her son. "I had brought the boy home, mother," and Ermattinger gave a shout of joy