THE COWBOY BEFORE THE MAST — BY HUGH HERDMAN

HEN had an attack of indigestion. He wasn't in a dangerous condition, but, never having had any trouble with his stomach except that imposed by its incessant demands for food, he thought he was going to die. That frightened him—not that he was a coward and afraid of death; he had faced it too many times for that. It was the manner of what he thought his approaching death that made him fear. To die with his boots on in a fair fight would have caused him no great trepidation; but to be doubled-up, as he expressed it, "like a hog-tied steer and be sent crawlin' on hands and knees up the golden stair," that wasn't right. And all because of that "tin-whistle-voiced cook, Gunnysack Bill."

Whether Gunny and his cooking were at fault or not, they received the blame. At frequent intervals Hen would cease his rolling and groaning and turn open the floodgates of his oratory upon the unprovoksable Gunny. And in his way Hen was eloquent. Every sentence ended with a climax and every paragraph—the paragraphs being marked by recurrences of the cramps—rose in a grand crescendo of vituperation. And Gunny merely sat there on the ground and smoked. Presently he rose, seized a stick of wood and began mashing some potatoes that had been boiling in a pot. Emptying these into an old flour sack, he went to where Hen lay writhing, rolled him over on his back, opened his clothes, and slapped that red-hot poultice on Hen's bare stomach. Hen emitted a yell that must have startled the braves in the Happy Hunting Ground, and tried to get rid of the instrument of torture. Despite Hen's contortions, however, Gunny contrived to keep the poultice in the more or less immediate vicinity of where he wanted it, and finally had the satisfaction of seeing his patient or victim become calmer and cease his swearing. "There now, little boy, go to sleep," Gunny squeaked with his cracked voice. "You remind me of a bull calf with the colic. Turn over there now and shut up, or I'll make you eat all these pertaters. You ought to have to eat 'em anyhow, for getting the colic and makin' me spoil 'em."

"Well, sir," said Dick, "it's curious what a hullaballo of a rumpus some fellers make over a little thing like a belly-ache. They squeal worse than a pig that's stuck under a fence, and judgin' by their moans and yells, you'd think that the fires were already scorchin' the bottoms of their feet. But, great skulkin' coyotes, most people don't know what it is to be sick. If you fellers haven't got anything better to do, and Gunny has got Hen calmed down so he won't get to thinkin' he's at a Methodist campmeetin' and go to shoutin', I'll tell you 'bout the time I left a print of my boothee1 on the first step of the golden stair. Ever since then I've been leadin' the kind of a life that will make me certain of leavin' another print on the top-step.

"'Bout three years ago I had a chance to go to Mexico and take charge of a silver mine down there. Now, what I don't know 'bout runnin' a silver mine beats all that Hen didn't know 'bout the belly-ache. But I've run across a lot of greasers in my time, and bein' kind of tired of doin' the same old thing, I thought I'd take a whirl at it. No, I didn't go down the trail, not me. I was cuttin' loose from the old, uncivilized life of the cowboy that I'd been leadin' for these many long, wicked years. I was settin' out for a new range, and I didn't intend to have any of the old associations clingin' to me. So, after makin' up my mind to do the thing right, I got on the train and started for New York, intendin' to take a steamer down to greaser-land.

"Say, New York wouldn't be so slow out here. In fact, there are spots in it that make Deadwood, Cheyenne, Tucson and Laramie, even in the ragin', snortin', shootin' days of long ago, look kind of pale and cheap, kind of like a little two-by-twice Fourth of July celebration on a rainy day. No, boys, no, I am not goin' into particulars 'bout the many allurin' temptations I run across in New York. I'm a self-respectin' man, and although I may take a little flyer with the cards now and then in hopes of givin' you fellers a chance to get even, there's one thing I'm not goin' to do. And that is to paint the world, the flesh, and the devil in colors so bright and enticin' as to blind your young eyes to the true nature of the befrontsaid world, flesh and devil, becloud your undeveloped, innocent minds, and lead your tender, unpracticed feet astray from the ten-rail corral of my upliftin' presence. No, sir. I've been to all those places. I've seen all the temptations that even New York has to offer, and that ought to be enough for you. Take my word for it. Don't go to New York. But when you do, always carry in your pocket a card tellin' them how you want to be buried.

"Some day I'm goin' to write a history of my visit to that town and call it 'Ten Thousand Barrooms in a Night.' But just now I'm takin' a trip to Mexico, and it's 'bout time for the boat to h'ist her engines and sail away. Now, we're out in the river with all kinds of big and little boats a-cuttin' across our trail and slidin' by us. And I begin to feel a little scared, 'cause the water looked deep and I couldn't swim much. One big son-of-a-gun of a flat boat, a ferry, I think they called it, come a headin' towards us on a bee line maybe she didn't see us or something; for where I was standin'. I thought so I took off my sombrero and begun wavin' it and shoutin'. I reckon in the excitement of the moment I must have used a few plain old Montana words, 'cause a feller that said he was the purser, all dressed up in blue clothes and brass buttons, come up and told me to be a little careful, 'cause they had ladies aboard. 'All right, Mr. Pocketbook,' I says, 'but that there snubnosed boat was about to gore us in the flank, and I thought I'd warn 'em off.' He laughed and said I had succeeded, anyhow, and would I have a drink with him. Well, I never refuse an offer of friendship from a feller that looks good to me, and we went and looked at the ceiling.

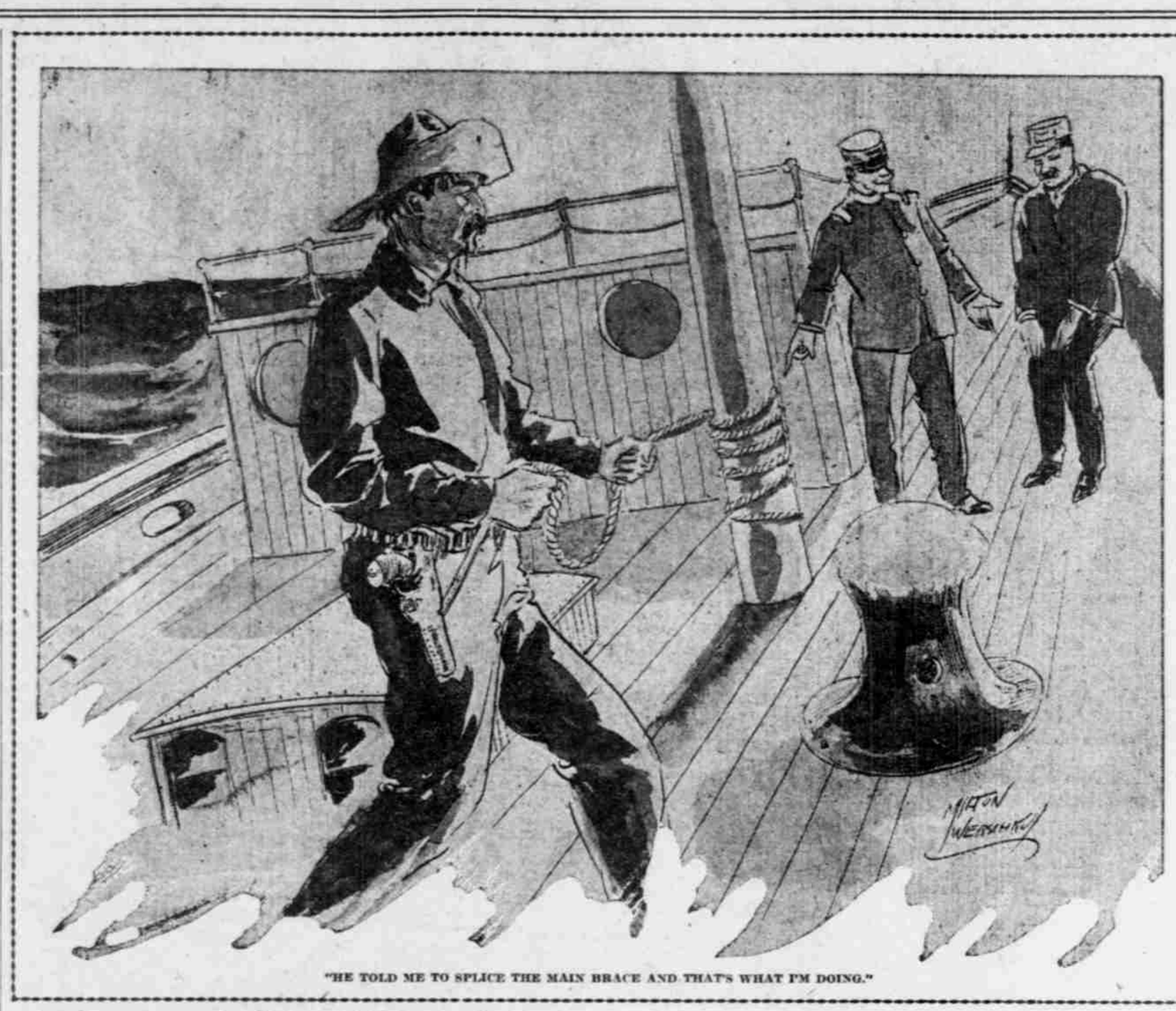
"By this time we were gettin' pretty well down the bay, and I noticed that the water was beginnin' to move some. I asked Mr. Pocketbook if there was a storm comin', but he said no, that the water always moved a little that way in the bay, and that out in the ocean it moved more, as would be easy to see. I said that I was going to sea; he said it didn't interest him, as he had already been to see. Then we laughed, and we had a smile apiece. I remarked that the boat was rollin' some, and he said yes, that we were on the bar. I said I felt safer leanin' against it, and grabbed the edge. He laughed again, and we had another smile apiece. Then he said we'd better go up on deck. So up we went, but I knew that every time I put my foot down I'd step on something that wasn't there. When we got there I looked out on the water and saw that the waves were restless 'bout something, and were gettin' ready to stampede pretty quick.

"I noticed that when I cut loose from that bar, my stomach didn't feel so much at home. And by the time I got up on deck those married-sheenies cherries that I'd been eatin' with my drinks commenced to play tag with each other. I knocked on the wall and told them to be still and go to sleep, but they didn't pay any attention to me. By the time I got over to the side of the ship where I could see the waves and try to find out what was disturbin' them, those red-headed cherries were playin' leap-frog, and I didn't like that game any better than I did tag. Then all at once I realized that I was gettin' seasick. Pretty soon I was past gettin' and was seasick. Did you ever see a tenderfot trying to stay on a pitchin' broncf? You know how he clamps his hands on the horn of the saddle and chokes it black in the face. Well, that's what I did to that railin' I was leanin' against.

"Talk 'bout your pitchin' broncs! Say, I've seen some of them and I've been on their backs when they made me think I was tryin' to ride a streak of zig-zag lightnin' down the milky way. But I jest want to say to this assembled company of innocents that no bronc that ever wore hair, no outlaw that ever fell over backward on a man, cut up half the didoes that that ship did. She jest put her head down between her front legs and her tail between her hind and went to it. She lepped high up in the air and come down kerwump on all fours. She stood on her ears and then on her tail. She wove back and forth, from one side to the other. She turned to the right after three buck-jumps and then to the left after three more. She swapped ends and she bucked in a circle. She did everything that a wall-eyed unbusted five-year-old ever heard of and forty other things besides.

"And all the time I was clamped there on that railin', and you bet I hung to it like grim death to a dead nigger. Was I bitin' leather? I bit the horn clean off. And sick! Oh, Kitty, run for the doctor. I know now what was the matter with the whale that swallowed Jonah. Mark Twain said that when he begun to be seasick, he was afraid he was goin' to die, but that pretty soon he was afraid he wouldn't. But he wasn't as seasick as I was, not near. I was dead and was afraid I would come to life again. You see, I had been grass-fed out here on the plains all my life, and I wasn't in condition, especially after three days in New York and with those playful cherries in me, to stand anything like that.

"I reckon I would have been there chokin' the sap out of that railin' yet if my friend, Mr. Pocketbook, hadn't come along and found me. When he saw me, he begun to laugh, and if I hadn't been too dead I'd have killed him. Besides I didn't dare turn that railin' loose. Pretty soon when he got through laughin', he asked me what was the matter. 'Oh, nothin'.' I said, 'I'm jest dead, that's all.' He tried to convince me I wasn't. 'I reckon I ought to know,' I says. 'Well, I reckon you ought,' he says. 'Where are you, in heaven or in hell?' 'It's heaven,' I says, 'leastwise there ain't any cherries here.'



"HE TOLD ME TO SPLICE THE MAIN BRACE AND THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING."

"Well, he got me to my bunkhouse and there I stayed all the rest of the trip. I got along all right so long as I stayed dead and laid on my back. But jest as soon as I got a notion of coming back to life, then it was the same old story. But as soon as we got into port in smooth water, I felt better and managed to get up on deck. Say, but the sight of land, even greaserland, was good to me, and the blue sky and the fresh air. I wanted to jump up and let out a war-whoop and do the snake dance, but I was too weak. So I was jest mopin' round like a sick owl, when along comes the captain.

"'Hello! Glad to see you out. How do you feel?' he says.

"'Kind of like an umbrella that's been blowed inside out,' I says.

"'Oh, well,' he says, 'you'll be all right now. In fact this seasickness will do you good.'

"I didn't say what I thought; cause he was the boss of that outfit and I don't believe in pullin' your gun when the other feller has got the drop on you. So I jest kept my mouth shut. Fact is, I thought it was a pretty big luxury to be able to keep it shut, after the experience I had just gone through.

"'What you need,' he says, slappin' me on the back and hanged near knockin' me overboard, I was that weak, 'what you need is to splice the main brace.'

"Now I couldn't have guessed in a thousand years what the main brace was, but I'd been used to plain ropes, and I thought it must have something to do with a rope. And then I'd heard 'bout the main mast, and I thought the main brace was maybe another name for that. So puttin two and two together, I reckoned that he meant I ought to do a little work and get my strength back.

"'That's a good idea,' I says, as if I knew the whole game. 'I think I'll jest go do that now.' And I went creepin' off to find a rope. I found one coiled up in the front end and picked it up. Then I walked back to the big mast and commenced to look it over to see where it needed splicin'. Down close to the deck I found a crack, and I s'posed that was the place the captain meant. So I goes to work to wind that rope round that mast. I was doin' pretty well and had got 'bout half of it wound round, when along comes my old friend, Mr. Pocketbook.

"'Hello, here!' he says. 'Is that you?'

"'I plead guilty.'

"'What in Mexico are you tryin' to do?' he says.

"'Well, I jest had a talk with the captain and he told me it would do me good to splice the main brace, and that's what I'm doin'.'

"Well, sir, you ought to have been there to see him. He doubled up like a jackknife, jest like Hen did a while ago when he had a kink in his tummy. He laughed and he roared and he whooped. The captain heard him and come to see what was the matter. He couldn't get anything out of him; so he asked me. But I didn't know. 'Maybe he's seasick,' I says. 'Does it ever affect people that way?' The captain said no, he'd never heard of it actin' that way. By and by the purser ca'med down a little and said, splutterin' and laughin', 'you told him to sp-sp-spl-splice the m-m-m-main bu-bu-bu-brace,' and then pointed to the rope I had in my hand.

"Then the captain had a fit. He laughed, and roared, and bellered like a love-sick bull. Putty soon I begun to get hot. I asked them what in the name of sun-kissing Popocatapetl they were laughin' at. It was a long time before I got any answer, but finally the captain told me that splicin' the main-brace means takin' a drink of whisky. Then I was mad, and I told them what I thought of their gol-darned way of talkin', 'If you'd have told me to go paint my nose, look at the ceilin', have a snort, crack the jug, or talked any other United States!' I says. 'But, oh, no, you must say splice the main-brace, as if a white man could understand that kind of lingo. Well, come on, the house is on me. Let's have a drink.'

"Well, sir, two days in Greaserdom was all I wanted. You couldn't have got me to stay there for all the gold and silver mines that Maximilian ever saw. Nothin' to eat, nothin' to drink, and no place to sleep except with centipedes and tarantulas. It was back to the States for me. But how I was to get there I didn't know. I swore I wouldn't go back by ship. The horses were so dog-goned little that my long legs reached the ground when I tried to ride one, so that whenever I stood up to rest the horse walked out from under me. There was nothin' to do but take water. I'd had enough of the Atlantic; so I decided to cross the isthmus and come up to 'Frisco. I though probably the Pacific was smoother than the Atlantic.

"But, say, that's where I spilled my tomatoes. I was sick from the time we left the dock till we got inside the Golden Gate. It was pretty near a case of Pearly Gates with me. I weigh 260 now, but then I felt as though I weighed about 25, and all of that was head and feet. Why, any little runt of a newsboy could have bluffed me to a fare-you-well as long as I was on that infernal old boat. But I hadn't been on land more than ten minutes before I could have knocked the head off of Jim Jeffries. And maybe you think I didn't eat some. I gained ten pounds a day, almost. Everything tasted good. I got so I strutted around like a stuffed owl. I jest wanted to eat all the time.

"And even now it makes me hungry to think and talk about it. Say, Gunny, what are we goin' to have for breakfast?"

"Mashed potatoes," Gunny creaked, dodging behind the chuck-wagon to escape the shower of missiles that came his way.

"Gunny," said Dick, the next day at noon, holding up a boiled potato on his fork, "is this the jacket that grew on this potato?"

"Course it is," Gunny replied. "Why?"

"Oh, nothin'. Only it feels kind of soft inside, and, though I'm trustful by nature, I was a little bit suspicious of you this time, you are so all-fired economical of grub, you know. But you don't lie, and if you say that this is an unbroken original package, it's all right with me."

"Aw," Gunny replied, with the gravity of an owl, "you needn't be afraid. I'm goin' to use that poultice for a cushion on the wagon seat."

SEVEN PURE FICTIONS CONCERNING MARCUS WHITMAN

Principal William I. Marshall's Appendix Covering Other Fictions Related to the Myth — Second Paper

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IN continuation Principal Marshall discusses three more of what he terms "Seven Pure Fictions of the Whitmanites," relating to early Oregon history, namely:

Third, Fourth and Fifth, the Exact Facts About Whitman's Wagon in 1836.

As to the "Whitman's old wagon" myth, and the claims that his attempt to drive his wagon to the Columbia was opposed by the H. B. Co., and that, owing to that opposition, he was compelled to reduce it to a cart at Fort Hall, and that his effort to get a wagon through against the strong opposition of that company was proof of great heroism, indomitable courage, patriotic foresight and desperate determination to defeat the H. B. Co.'s opposition and open a wagon road to Oregon.

As both Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding kept diaries of this journey, and both Dr. Whitman and Mr. Spalding wrote letters in September, 1836, in which the facts about the wagon and its fate are explicitly stated, we have abundance of evidence (all of which every advocate of the Whitman Saved Oregon story has carefully concealed from his readers) to enable us to know the truth about this innocent and unimportant vehicle, and those who have accepted as trustworthy authorities Gray's History, and Spalding's Pamphlet, and Barrows, Nixon, Craighead, Mowry, Rev. M. Eells, Mrs. Dye's "McLoughlin and Old Oregon," Professor Lyman, President Penrose, D. H. Montgomery's "Leading Facts (?) of American History," Rev. H. W. Parker, George Ludington Weed and all the other inventors or indorsers of the fictions about Whitman's wagon, will be greatly surprised to read what Mr. and Mrs. Whitman and Mr. and Mrs. Spalding wrote while on the journey and immediately after its conclusion, and no less so at what they did not write in the next six years. May 5, 1836, Whitman wrote to D. Greene, secretary, from

"Cantonment Leavenworth": "We have one wagon for ladies and one for baggage."

The same letter hereinbefore quoted from Rev. H. H. Spalding to D. Greene, secretary, dated Otoe Agency, May 20, 1836, says:

"We have two hired men, one Nez Perce, a faithful and valuable young man, besides Richard and John, 10 of us in all. Two wagons, 13 horses, 6 mules, 17 head of cattle, including calves. We think it best to take the wagons to the Black Hills with horses, then our packing animals will be packed for the remainder of the journey with sound backs."

Spalding's before-mentioned letter of July 8, 1836, from Rendezvous, to D. Greene, secretary, says:

"We have got our wagon to this place without much difficulty and shall probably take it through."

A postscript on margin of page 1 says:

"Mr. McLeod, a director of the Fur Co., arrived in camp today, 12th of July, from Walla Walla, bringing letter from Mr. Parker. Arrangements are made for us to return in his company. It seems the most marked Providence in our favor of any we have yet experienced. Now all anxieties respecting a long and dangerous route with the Indians cease. We have now a safe convoy that will conduct us immediately to the spot. We find Mr. McLeod very friendly and well disposed towards our object. He says he will render us any assistance in his power."

Mrs. Whitman's diary (Tr. O. P. A., 1891, p. 42) says:

"Since we came up with the camp I rode in the wagons most of the way to the Black Hills. It is astonishing how well we get along with our wagons where there are no roads. I think I may say it is easier traveling here than on any turnpike in the States."

(P. 43.) Under date of July 14, 1836, she wrote:

"We are now at the Rocky Mountains, at the encampment of Messrs. McLeod and McKay, expecting to leave on Monday morning for Walla Walla. It seems a special favor that company has come to Rendezvous this season; for otherwise we would have had to have gone with the Indians a difficult route, and so slow that we should have been late at Walla Walla, and not have had the time we wanted to make preparations for Winter."

Mrs. Spalding's diary, under date of June 15, 1836, at Fort William (i. e., Fort Laramie), says:

"We are camped near the fort and shall probably remain here several days, as the company" (i. e., the American Fur Co.) "leave their wagons at this post and make arrangements to transport their goods the remainder of the journey on mules."

Returning again to Mrs. Whitman's diary (Tr., 1891, p. 40):

"July 25, 1836.—Husband has had a tedious time with the wagon today. It got stuck in the creek this morning when crossing, and he was obliged to wade considerably in getting it out. After that, in going between the mountains, on the side of one, so steep that it was difficult for horses to pass, the wagon was upset twice; but did not wonder at this at all; it was a greater wonder that it was not turning somersaults continually. It is not very grateful to my feelings to see him wearing out with such excessive fatigue, as I am obliged to. He is not as fleshy as he was last Winter. All the most difficult part of the way he has walked in laborious attempts to take the wagon."

(P. 45.) "July 28th.—One of the axletrees of the wagon broke today; was a little rejoiced, for we were in hopes they would leave it and have no more trouble with it. Our rejoicing was in vain, for they are making a cart of the back wheels this afternoon and lashing the forewheels to it, intending to take it through in some shape or other. They are so resolute and untiring in their efforts they will probably succeed."

This, it will be noticed, was not at Fort Hall (where all the advocates of the Whitman Legend represent Whitman as reducing his wagon to a cart on account of the opposition of the Hudson's Bay Company to his going any farther), but six days' journey east of Fort Hall, at which place, according to Mrs. Spalding's diary, they arrived a little after noon of August 3.

(P. 49.) Friday, August 12, Mrs. Whitman's diary says:

"Dear Harriet—The little trunk you gave me has come with me so far, and now I must leave it here alone. . . . The hills are so steep and rocky that husband thought it best to lighten the wagon as much as possible and take nothing but the wheels, leaving the box" (i. e., the rude box he made out of the wagon body on July 28, when the breaking of the axle compelled him to make his wagon into a cart) "with my trunk."

(P. 50.) "Sat., Aug. 13. We have come 15 miles and have had the worst route in all the journey for the cart. We might have had a better one but for being misled by some of the company, who started out before the leaders. It was 2 o'clock before we came into camp." . . . Describing the crossing of the Snake River: "Husband had considerable difficulty in crossing the cart. Both cart and mules were turned upside down in the river and entangled in the harness. The mules would have been drowned but for a desperate struggle to get them ashore. Then after putting two of the strongest horses before the cart, and two men swimming behind to steady it, they succeeded in getting it across."

(P. 52.) "Aug. 22.—As for the wagon, it is left at the fort, and I have nothing to say about crossing it at this time. Five of our cattle were left there also, to be exchanged for others at Walla Walla. Perhaps you will wonder why we have left the wagon, having taken it so nearly through. Our animals were failing, and the route in crossing the Blue Mountains is said to be impassable for it. We have the prospect of obtaining one in exchange at Vancouver. If we do not, we shall send for it, when we have been to so much labor in getting it thus far. It is a useful article in the country."

Turning now to Whitman's own letters, we find every advocate of the Whitman Legend has failed not only to quote from, but in any way to allude to the existence of the following two, written to Rev. D. Greene, secretary:

"Encampment of Messrs. McCloud and McCay" (should be McLeod and McKay, W. I. M.) "near Green River, 30 m. from Rendezvous, July 16, 1836.—Our greatest difficulty was to bring our cattle up to the forced march of the company" (i. e., the Am. Fur. Co., of Fitzpatrick and Dripps), "and with our wagon, one of which we have brought to this place, and expect to take it through the whole journey. Most of the difficulty with the wagon originated from the forced marches manner of traveling, the company having one cart only from Fort William to Rendezvous. When we first met the Inds. we did not know of any other company with whom we could go, and intended to accommodate ourselves to their route, although we might have to go out of our way to accommodate them for buffalo, and should be detailed for them to kill and dry their Winter's supply of meat. But by the arrival of Messrs. McCloud and McCay we are furnished with a safe and direct escort to Walla Walla, and have availed ourselves of their company and protection. We received the most flattering encouragement from these gentlemen, one of whom, Mr. McCloud, is a partner in the N. W. Fur Co." (should be H. B. Co., W. I. M.) "that we should have every facility on our journey, and all necessary supplies of goods, provisions, etc., at Walla Walla."

Sept. 15, 1836, Whitman wrote from Fort Walla Walla:

"We have received the kindest hospitality from those with whom we have traveled, but more especially since we joined the camp of Messrs. McLeod and McKay. For most of the way that we traveled with them we were in a country where there is but little game, yet by their great exertions they often obtained some, and whenever they were so fortunate we were sure to share largely with them. We brought our wagon and all our cattle to Snake Fort" (Fort Boise), "about 250 miles above this post on Lewis (or as called here Snake) River. The wagon we left subject to future order."

Sept. 20, 1836, H. H. Spalding wrote a very long letter to D. Greene, secretary, from Fort Vancouver, from which copious extracts were printed in the Miss. Herald for October, 1837, but every advocate of the Whitman Saved Oregon Story has always carefully refrained from quoting from it or even mentioning it:

In it he wrote:

"We drove a wagon to Snake Fort, and could have driven it through but for the fatigue of our animals; expect to get it at some future time."

Whitman and Mrs. Whitman Spalding and Mrs. Spalding Did Not Write One Word About a Wagon Road for More Than Six Years After Reaching Oregon.

From these dates, Sept. 15, 1836, for Whitman, and Sept. 20, 1836, for Spalding, the word wagon does not occur again, nor one word about a wagon road in all the voluminous correspondence of Whitman, Spalding and Mrs. Whitman, till after Whitman had returned from Boston to Missouri, in May, 1843, except that Mrs. Whitman, in a letter to her husband, begun October 4, and finished Oct. 17, 1842, describing the kindness of McKinlay, the H. B. Co. agent in command of Fort Walla Walla (in whose charge her husband had left her), in taking her from the mission station to Walla Walla on Oct. 11, 1842, wrote:

"I am now at Walla Walla; came here yesterday; was too unwell to undertake the journey, but could not refuse, as Mr. McKinlay had come on purpose to take me. He came in the wagon and brought the trundle bed, and I lay down most of the way."

This failure to even mention wagon or wagon road for more than six years after their arrival in Oregon shows just how intense was their interest in the "desperate," or "patriotic," or "heroic," or "resolute" "attempt to open up a passage on wheels to Oregon." (Cf. T. O. P. Assen. 1891, p. 166, for this letter of Mrs. W.)

There is not in all the voluminous correspondence and the fragments of journals of these missionaries, not only during this journey but subsequently during the whole continuance of the mission, and even after its destruction on account of the Whitman massacre during all the years to the invention of the Whitman Saved Oregon story, a single sentence that gives any intimation that Whitman is trying to get his wagon through to Fort Hall, or the rude cart to which it was reduced by the breaking of the axle six days' journey east of Fort Hall, and finally the wheels and one axle only, through to Fort Boise, was influenced by any greater or loftier motive than that stated by Mrs. Whitman above, viz.: "It is a useful article in the country." Nor did Whitman, in all the extravagant and unwarranted claims he made of service to the Government, in letters after his return to Oregon in September, 1842, down to his death (Cf. Ch. VII, Part 2, of my "History of the Acquisition of Oregon," etc.) ever write one word about his driving this wagon, and its reduction to a cart and finally to a pair of wheels driven to and left at Fort Boise "on account of the fatigure of our animals." The evidence in the diaries of Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding, and the letters of Dr. Whitman and Mr. Spalding is absolutely irrefutable that from the time McLeod and McKay invited them to join their camp, on July 9, 1836, at Green River, these H. B. Co.'s officials and employes treated them with the greatest possible kindness.

Great Kindness of H. B. Co. Traders McLeod and McKay in 1836.

The following is only one of the many grateful acknowledgments in Mrs. Whitman's diary (as printed in 1891, Trans. Or. P. Assen.) of the great and constant kindness of Messrs. McLeod and McKay, but, curiously enough, in no book, or magazine or newspaper article advocating the Whitman Saved Oregon Story can one find a single sentence of her acknowledgments of their indebtedness to these H. B. Co. officials quoted nor even alluded to:

"Aug. 27 (1836).—Came in sight of the hill that leads to the Grand Ronde. This morning Mr. McLeod remained behind in pursuit of game, and did not come into camp until we had made a long nooning, although we had begun to feel a little concerned about him; yet about 3 o'clock he came into camp loaded with wild ducks, having taken 22. Now, mother, he has, just as he always did during the whole journey, sent over nine of them." (Trans., '91, p. 53.)

It should be remembered that none of this party of H. B. Co. officers and men had the least acquaintance with any one of this party of American missionaries, that there were no letters of introduction to them, that they were not under the least conceivable special obligation—political, religious, fraternal or financial—to do anything whatever to help these missionaries to get over the longest and most dreaded part of their journey, and that they were traveling with saddle and pack animals, so that (as all of us well know who have had experience, as the writer has repeatedly had, with a mixed cavalcade of saddle and pack animals and wagons), to undertake to convoy a party with a wagon, even over a region where there was a plainly marked road, would inevitably mean some trouble and delay to them, and much more over a region where no road had been even located, and where, constantly (though the route was easily practicable for a wagon road), there must necessarily be considerable time consumed in determining where and for how long distances it was necessary to depart from the saddle trail to find a route over which a wagon could be driven.

They would, therefore, have been perfectly justified had they said to the missionary party at Green River: "We shall be glad to have you travel with our party if you will leave the wagon here, since it must be no small delay to our movements to have it taken further."

And had they said this, it would not have been the slightest evidence of any "fear of," or any "antagonism to," the development of the wagon road further into Oregon.

No Opposition by H. B. Co. to "Whitman's Wagon" in 1836.

There is not in Mrs. Whitman's nor in Mrs. Spalding's diaries nor in any of the contemporaneous letters of the Spaldings, Whitmans and Mr. W. H. Gray the least intimation that at any point on the journey the H. B. Co. people made the least objection to the wagon, nor in any way opposed the effort to take it through, but the opposition was chiefly from Mrs. Whitman (who, like many another bride, thought her husband was working too hard), and also from others of the missionary party, who evidently thought "the game not worth the candle."

Beyond Boise the fragments of Whitman's wagon never went, though why Whitman should have been so completely destitute of all interest in the subject of a wagon road for 6½ years after he left it there, as not only not to have sent for it, but never again to have written the words wagon or wagonroad in any of his letters from September 15, 1836, to May 28, 1843, is an utterly unsolvable mystery. (Mr. Marshall's paper will be concluded in the next two issues of The Sunday Oregonian.)

Little Sermons - - By Elbert Hubbard

Aphorisms by the Editor of "The Philistine," Author of "Little Journeys," Etc.

I BELONG to no party, to no school, to no sect, and yet I belong to each, and all belong to me, for I accept the good in all things.

Only souls that have suffered are well loved.

The Bible is the book we all talk about, and seldom read.

Man in a state of nature is true to his mate; but civilize him and he may not be.

Infidels do not revile Christians to the same extent that Christians revile each other.

Profanity does not consist in saying damn. Profanity consists in writing it d—n.

Considering that a man can't possibly eat more than a dozen Blue Points in comfort, what is the use of being a millionaire, anyway?

A woman will doubt everything you say except it be complimentary to herself; here she believes you and admires your discernment.

Intellectual sermons and appeals to logic I am inclined to think do little good. As for myself, I feel I would now be a better man had I never heard a single sermon in all my forty hard Winters. The preachers who have rubbed me the wrong way of the fur are the men who at the Last Day will be held responsible for my chief shortcomings.

All men are born equal—ah, who believes it? Certainly not those who are descended from kings.

The lie is the weapon of defense that kind Providence provides for the protection of the oppressed. "Women are great liars," said Mahomet. "Allah in his wisdom made them so."

Wild animals are all alike, and there is no progression. You cannot tell one wild pigeon from another, and in jack-rabbits all personality is ironed out. This is what society is constantly trying to do for her members—make them revert to a type.

Poetry and lovemaking should be carried on with caution; they make a terrible tax on physical health. Most poets die young, not because the gods especially love them, but because life is a bank account, and to wipe out your balance is to have your check protested.

There is a theory that Americans care little for a title, that a patent for nobility is nothing to us, and that if any among us are of noble lineage we keep the matter quiet. This, however, is only a barren theory. The fact is, as a Nation we bow down to pedigree quite as much as the people of England, only we haven't so much pedigree to bow down to as England has. Our pedigree has been mostly lost in the shuffle.

David and Jonathan.

T. S. Moore in the Speaker.

It was not easier to be brave
When Jonathan to David gave
A prince's for a shepherd's kiss,
And golden bracelets, chains and rings,
And garments such as sons of kings
Wore then to walk where honor is.

It was not easier to be true
And wear, as he, a Prince, must do—
Meeting blank wonder on a jeer—
A shepherd's smock, and count it bliss
Merely because that smock was his—
David's, his friend's, whose love cost dear.

It was not easier to be grave
And sleep in lonely den or cave,
Where lions prowl, where scorpions crawl,
When, hunted by his friend's mad father,
David risked his own life rather
Than take the life of sleeping Saul.

It was not easier to be true
When he once more found Saul, and knew
That he might kill him and go free—
To save the man who sought to slay him,
To take his spear and cruse, then pray him
Be friends, calling himself a flea.

Not without effort are friends made;
Not without suffering are they kept.
Though this is like a friend indeed,
For friends to suffer and not heed
That now he suffers for his friend;
But, when such troubles find an end,
And joy is theirs, then, then to need
His friend is like a friend indeed.