

Brave Indian Woman Saved Lives of Two Children and Herself When Faced by Terrific Difficulties

(Continued from page 14.)

robe, tied my horse in a thicket, and then went to a rising ground, that overlooked the house, to see if I could observe anything stirring about the place. I saw nothing; and, hard as the task was, I resolved to venture after dark. I retraced to my children and found them nearly frozen, and I was afraid to make a fire in the day time lest the smoke might be seen; yet I had no other alternative. I must make a fire, or let my children perish.

Securing Provisions
"I made a fire and warmed them. I then rolled them up again in the robe, extinguished the fire, and set off after dark to the house, went into the store and ransacked every hole and corner, and at last found plenty of fish scattered about. I gathered, hid and slung upon my back as much as I could carry and returned again before dawn of day to my children.

"They were nearly frozen and weak with hunger. I made a fire and warmed them, and then we shared the first food we had tasted for the last three days. Next night I went back to the house and carried off another load; but when these efforts were over, I sank under the sense of my afflictions and was for three days unable to move and without hope.

"On recovering a little, however, I packed all up, loaded my horse, and putting my children on top of the load, set out again on foot, leading the horse by the halter as before. In this said and hopeless condition I travelled through deep snow among the woods, rocks, and rugged paths for nine days, till I and the horse could travel no more.

The Long Vigil
"Here I selected a lonely spot at the foot of a rocky precipice in the Blue mountains, intending there to pass the remainder of the winter. I killed my horse and hung up the flesh on a tree for my winter food. I built a small hut with pine branches, long grass and moss, and packed it all around with snow to keep us warm; and this was a difficult task, for I had no axe, but only a knife to cut wood.

"In this solitary dwelling I passed 53 lonely days. I then left my hut and set out with my children to cross the mountains; but I became so blind the second day and had to remain three days without advancing a step; and this was unfortunate, as our provisions were almost exhausted. Having recovered my sight a little, I set out again and got clear off the mountains and down to the plains on the fifteenth day after leaving my winter encampment; but for six days we had scarcely anything to eat, and for the last two days not a mouthful.

"Soon after we had reached the plains I perceived a smoke at a distance; but being unable to carry my children further, I wrapped them up in my robe, left them concealed, and set out alone in hopes of reaching the Indian camp, where I had seen the smoke; but I was so weak that I could hardly crawl and had to sleep on the way. Next day at noon I got to camp. It proved to be the Walla Wallas, and I was kindly treated by them. Im-



Lee Caldwell Riding Long Tom.

mediately on my arrival the Indians set off in search of my children and brought them to the camp the same night. Here we stayed for two days, and then we moved on to the river, expecting to find something of the white people on their way either up or down."

The following fragmentary account of the Dorion story is given by Gabriel Franchere, a French Canadian, who was a clerk of the expedition which John Jacob Astor sent to the Columbia. It is reprinted from his, "Narrative of a Voyage to the Northwest Coast of America."

"On April 17—this was in 1811—the fatigue I had experienced the day be-

fore, on horseback, obliged me to re-embark in my canoe. About 8 o'clock we passed a little river flowing from the northwest. We perceived, soon after, three canoes, the persons in which were struggling with their paddles to overtake us. As we were still pursuing our way, we heard a child's voice cry out in French "arretez done, arretez done"—(stop! stop!).

"We put ashore, and the canoes having joined us, we perceived in one of them the wife and children of a man named Pierre Dorion, a hunter, who had been sent on with a party of eight, under the command of Mr. J. Reed, among the Snakes, to join there the hunters left by Messrs. Hunt and Crooks, near Fort Henry, and to secure horses and provisions for our journey. This woman informed us, to our no small dismay, of the tragical fate of all those who had composed that party.

John Hubbough and Pierre Dorion, hunters; Gilles Leclerc, Francois Landry, J. B. Turcotte, Andre La Chapelle and Pierre De Launay, voyageurs. We had no doubt that this massacre was an act of vengeance on the part of the natives in retaliation for the death of one of their people, when Mr. John Clark had hanged for theft the spring before. This fact, the massacre on the Tohquin, the unhappy end of Captain Cook, and many other similar examples, prove how carefully the Europeans, who have relations with a barbarous people, should abstain from acting in regard to them on the footing of too marked an inequality, and especially from punishing their offences according to usages and codes in which there is too often an enormous disproportion between the crime and the punishment. If these pretended exemplary punishments seem to have a good effect at first sight, they almost always produce terrible consequences in the sequel."

Tragic News Broken

"She told us that in the month of January, the hunters being dispersed here and there, setting their traps for the beaver, Jacob Regner, Gilles Leclerc, and Pierre Dorion, her husband, had been attacked by the natives. Leclerc, having been mortally wounded, reached her tent or hut, where he expired in a few minutes, after having announced to her that her husband had been killed.


"She immediately took two horses that were near the lodge, mounted her two boys upon them, and fled in all haste to the wintering house of Mr. Reed, which was about five days' march from the spot where her husband fell. Her horror and disappointment were extreme when she found the house, a log cabin, deserted, and on drawing nearer was soon convinced by the traces of blood that Mr. Reed also had been murdered.

"No time was to be lost in lamentation, and she had immediately fled to the mountains south of the Walla-walla where, being impeded by the death of the snow, she was forced to winter, having killed both the horses to subsist herself and her children.

Indians Are Kind

"But, at last finding herself out of provisions, and the snow beginning to melt, she had crossed the mountains with her boys, hoping to find some more humane Indians who would let her live among them till the boats from the fort below should be ascending the river in the spring, and so reached the banks of the Columbia, by the Wallawalla. Here, indeed, the natives had received her with much hospitality, and it was the Indians of Wallawalla who brought her to us. We made them some presents to repay their care and pains, and they returned well satisfied.

"The persons who lost their lives in this unfortunate wintering party were Mr. John Reed, clerk; John Regner,



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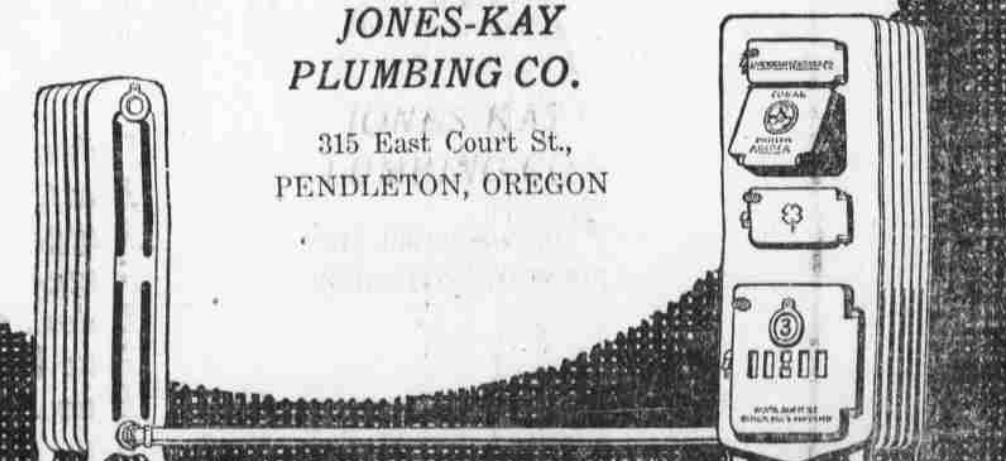
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