

MY AMERICA STORY BOOK

Book Seven: Westward Expansion

Compiled by Marlene Peterson

MY AMERICA STORY BOOK

Westward Expansion

A Compilation of Historical
Biographies for the Young Reader

Compiled by Marlene Peterson

Libraries of Hope

My America Story Book
Book Seven: Westward Expansion

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Chapter 1

Daniel Boone

1734–1820



Daniel Boone, Chester Harding

Not every American who was living at the time of the Revolution fought in the army. Some helped to raise money; some aroused the interest of the French in the struggling colonies; and some extended the power of the United States by pushing their way into what was then the "far West." Daniel Boone was one of these bold settlers. When he was a boy, he lived in the wilderness of North Carolina. His father's house was built of great logs, notched at the ends so that they fitted together firmly. The spaces between them were made tight with clay. The roof was of rough boards, hewn from logs. The floor was made by cutting logs open in the middle and laying them side by side with the level surface up. A fireplace was built of stones; and it was a large one, for there was plenty of wood to be had for the cutting. Mr. Boone made his table by boring four holes into the floor, driving in stakes, and putting split logs on top of them. It was not a very handsome table, but it never tipped over. The bedstead was made by letting two poles into the wall a few feet from the corner. At the place where they crossed, a stake was driven into the floor to hold them up. Upon these poles other poles and pieces of bark were laid. On top was placed a thick cushion of dried grass, and the whole was covered with a fur robe.

As the boy grew up, other houses were built near this, and in one of them he found the young girl who became his wife. One day their home was visited by a hunter who had been far beyond the mountains to what is now Kentucky. He said it was a beautiful land, with mild climate, fertile soil, plenty of game and fruit, wide prairies, noble rivers, and fine old forests. The more the two men talked of this wonderful land, the more Boone wanted to see it, and at length he and five others set

out on a journey of hundreds of miles through the wilderness and over the mountains. He learned the country thoroughly, and the more he saw of it the better he liked it.

A little later, the governor of Virginia made war upon the Indians of Kentucky, and in this war Boone was one of the leaders. The Indians finally agreed to give up Kentucky to the whites; but when they found that a road was being cut through from the east to their old hunting-grounds, they were not pleased. Boone was in charge of this road-making. He and his party were fired at and several were killed. They were only a little company of backwoodsmen far away in the wilderness, but they had no idea of yielding. "Now is the time to keep the country—while we are in it," Boone declared; and he set to work at once to build a fort on the Kentucky River.

This fort, like many of those built in the forest in the early days, was half fort and half village. First a clearing was made, and a rectangle marked out about twice as long as it was wide. Around the sides of this rectangle, ten log houses were built. Between the houses, heavy timbers, ten or twelve feet high and sharpened at the top, were driven into the ground close together; and in this way a stout fence, or palisade, was made. Few of the Indians of that part of the country had guns, and their arrows could not go through either the log houses or the palisade. If they attempted to come near, they would have to cross the large clearing, where there were no trees to dodge behind to escape the white men's bullets. If they succeeded in getting across the clearing and tried to put



Daniel Boone escorting settlers through the Cumberland Gap, George Caleb Bingham

up ladders against the palisade in order to climb over, they would find that the corner houses projected a little beyond the others, and that in these houses small port-holes had been left, from which the white men could shoot. Indians very rarely besieged a place for any length of time; but if the whites kept themselves well supplied with food, even a siege would fail, for one corner of the fort almost overhung the river, so they could be sure of plenty of water.

Boone's wife and children were in North Carolina, and they were as eager to come to him in the new land as he was to have them. As soon as it was known how strong a fort had been built, others were ready to journey to Boonesborough, as the new village was named.

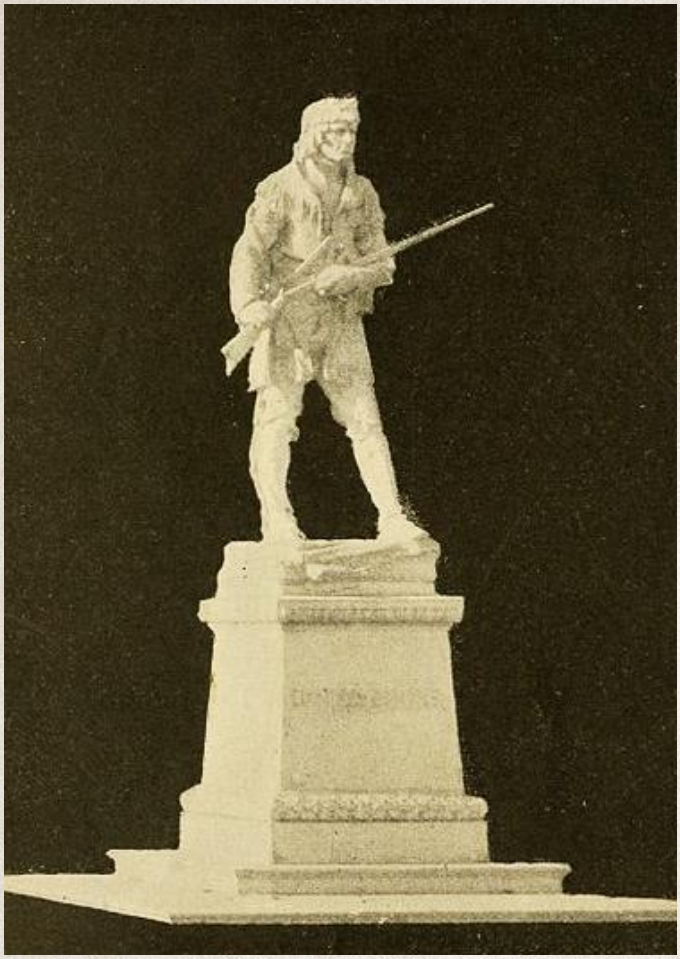
So long as these settlers stayed in the fort, they were safe; but they soon found that whoever went beyond its walls was in danger of being shot down by an Indian arrow. After the Revolutionary War began, the British hired the Indians to attack the Americans; and now the Indians were well



The Abduction of Daniel Boone's Daughter by the Indians, Karl Ferdinand Wimar

supplied, not only with tomahawks but with guns and powder. Hundreds of pioneers left the fertile lands of Kentucky and hurried back to the east. Boone and his family remained, and he became the guardian of the little company in the fort.

They had water, and their guns had thus far been able to bring them food; but the salt had given out, and salt was a thing that they must have. "I will go for it," said Boone. With thirty men he started on a journey of one hundred miles through a wilderness where at any moment hundreds of Indians, well armed with British guns, might fire at them. They reached the salt springs safely. Night and day they worked, guns in hand, to boil the water and get the salt from it. For four weeks they were left alone, then they were suddenly attacked by four times their number of Indians and had to yield. They were taken to Detroit, where the others were given up for ransom; but the red men would not give up Boone for any sum. They had a plan to persuade him to live with them and



Statue of Daniel Boone, Eastern Kentucky University, Richmond, KY

become one of their chiefs. He guessed this and pretended to be satisfied. "Now we will adopt you," they said. But most people would have preferred not to be adopted, for part of the ceremony was plucking out all his hair except the scalp-lock. Then he was taken to the river and washed to make sure that no white blood was left in him, and after his face was painted he made a very good chief.

The Indians were too shrewd to believe that Boone would not go home if he had a chance; so when he went out to hunt, they counted his balls and measured his powder. They knew that if he had no ammunition he would not attempt to run away, for without it he would soon starve in the forest. He did save up ammunition, however, in spite of them, for he used no more than was absolutely necessary and cut every bullet in two.

One wise thing that Boone did when he was captured was to pretend to know nothing of the language of the Indians, though he really understood everything that they said. They talked freely before him, and he learned that they were planning to attack Boonesborough. The war-dances were held, and Boone joined in them. But one morning he went out to hunt and did not return. Five days later there was great rejoicing in the fort, for Boone had come back, though they had thought him surely dead. He was none too soon. In a little while a body of Indians marched upon the fort. "In the name of his Majesty King George of Great Britain, we summon you to surrender," they said. There were ten times as many of the enemy as there were settlers, but Boone replied, "We shall defend our fort so long as one man is alive."

Then came fierce fighting that went on day and night for nine days. One day the Americans noticed that the water of the river was becoming muddy, and they knew that the enemy were digging in from the bank to undermine the fort. They broke up this plan by digging another passage to cut the first. The Indians shot fire-arrows to try to set fire to the fort, but the Americans were too watchful to allow them to do any damage. At last the Indians gave it up and went away. Boone said quietly that they had been very industrious, for one hundred and twenty-five pounds of bullets were picked up in the fort, besides what stuck in the logs. Never again did the Indians attempt to take Boonesborough. Daniel Boone had explored the country, made a road to it, brought in settlers, and defended them.

Chapter 2

Logan, the White Man's Friend

1723-1780

About the time that our country was trying to free herself from England, there lived in western Pennsylvania, a kind old Indian chief who had one son. This son was named Logan, after a white man who was a great friend of his father.

After the father died, Logan became the chief of his tribe and he was a very wise and kind ruler. He removed with his tribe to Ohio.

Pontiac visited this chief and wished him to join in his war against the white people, but Logan refused. Instead of encouraging strife he tried in every way to keep peace between the white man and the Indian. He became known among the other tribes as "the friend of the white man." He would never fight, and the only part that he ever took in war was in making peace. Never was kindness rewarded with such base ingratitude.

For several years the Indians and white men lived happily in Ohio, but when a report spread that a number of horses had been stolen from the white people living on the Ohio river, the Indians were charged with the theft.

A white man by the name of Cresap wished to go up the river and punish the Indians. He organized a small company and marched to the village. He found, however, that the Indian warriors outnumbered his company. A squaw came to meet him and told him it would not be safe to go to the village, for the warriors were very angry.

Then they invited some of the Indians to cross the river and drink rum with them. The Indians accepted the invitation, only to be killed in a most barbarous manner by Cresap's company. Even the squaw who had warned them of danger was brutally murdered.

These same white people at another time saw a canoe coming down the river with one Indian warrior and several women and children in it. They hid on the bank and when the Indians landed, brutally killed them all. This was the family of Logan, consisting of his wife and children, and his brother and sister—all of his kindred.

He now became a changed man. He could no longer be a friend to the people who had robbed him of his all. A war began that was led by Logan and a chief called Cornstalk.

Many white settlers fled, some were taken prisoners, and a reign of terror followed.

At Point Pleasant on the Great Kanawha River a battle was fought which began a little after sunrise and lasted until darkness put an end to the conflict. All through the battle could be heard the voice of Cornstalk calling to his warriors: "Be strong! Be strong!"

Many were killed and wounded on both sides. The next day the Indians proposed terms, but Logan refused to have anything to do with those who asked for peace. In former times how different!

Then he had always been the first to advise for peace, but now he lived only for revenge.

The white people while trying to make a treaty, were not satisfied without Logan's consent to it. They sent a messenger to him, since he would not attend the meeting, and this is the answer he sent back to them:

"I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's lodge hungry and he gave him no meat, if he ever came cold and naked and he clothed him not.

"During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed, as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of white man.' I had even thought to live with you—but for the injuries of one man, Colonel Cresap. Last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, he murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children.

"There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my people, I rejoice at the promise of peace. But do not harbor a thought that this is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!"

"One left of all my tribe;
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth; —
No! not the dog that watched my household hearth.
Escaped that night of blood upon our plains;
All perished. I alone am left on earth!
To whom nor relative nor blood remains;
No! not a kindred drop that runs in human veins.



Statue of Chief Logan,
Chief Logan State Park, WV

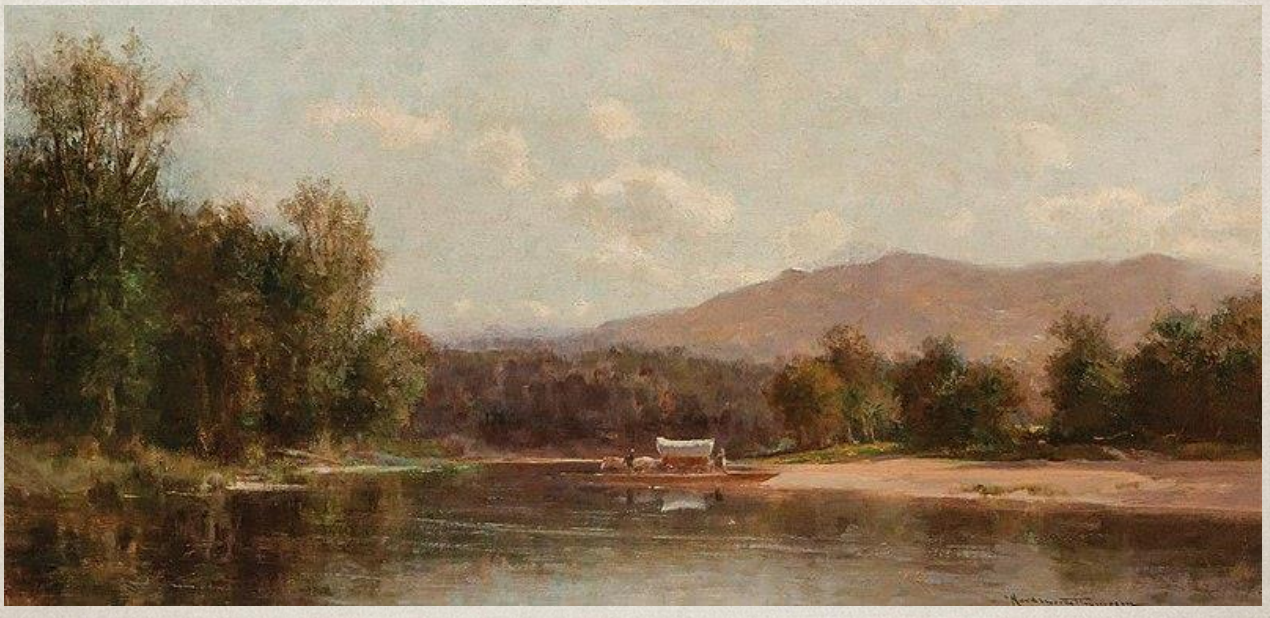
Chapter 3

Moving West – A Perilous Journey

Among the chapters of accident and casualty which make up the respective diaries of the families who left their eastern homes after the Revolution and joined the ranks of the Western immigrants there is none more interesting than that of Mrs. Jameson. She was the child of wealthy parents, and had been reared in luxury in the city of New York. Soon after peace was declared she was married to Edward Jameson, a brave soldier in the war, who had nothing but his stout arms and intrepid heart to battle with the difficulties of life. Her father, dying soon after, his estate was discovered to have been greatly lessened by the depreciation in value which the war had produced. Gathering together the remains of what was once a large fortune, the couple purchased the usual outfit of the emigrants of that period and set out to seek their fortunes in the West.

All went well with them until they reached the Alleghany River, which they undertook to cross on a raft. It was the month of May; the river had been swollen by rains, and when they reached the middle of the stream, the part of the raft on which Mr. Jameson sat became detached, the logs separated, and he sank to rise no more. The other section of the raft, containing Mrs. Jameson, her babe of eight months, and a chest of clothing and household gear, floated down-stream at the mercy of the rapid current.

Bracing herself against the shock, Mrs. Jameson managed to paddle to the side of the river from



Crossing the River, Alfred Wordsworth Thompson

which she had just before started. She was landed nearly a mile below the point where had been left the cattle, and also the ox-cart in which their journey had been hitherto performed, and which her husband expected to carry over the river on the raft, returning for them as soon as his wife and babe had been safely landed on the western bank. The desolate mother succeeded in mooring the remains of the raft to the shore; then clasping her babe to her bosom, followed the bank of the river till she reached the oxen and cart, which she drove down to the place where she landed, and by great exertions succeeded in hauling the chest upon the bank. Her strength was now exhausted, and, lying down in the bottom of the cart, she gave way to grief and despair.

Her situation may be easily imagined: alone in the forest, thirty miles from the nearest settlement, her husband torn from her in a moment, and her babe smiling as though he would console his mother for her terrible loss. In her sad condition self-preservation would have been too feeble a motive to impel her to make any further effort to save herself; but maternal love the strongest instinct in a woman's heart buoyed her up and stimulated her to unwonted exertions.

The spot where she found herself was a dense forest, stretching back to a rocky ledge on the east, and terminated on the north by an alluvial meadow nearly bare of trees. Along the banks of the river was a thick line of high bushes and saplings, which served as a screen against the observations of savages passing up and down the river in their canoes. The woods were just bursting into leaf; the spring-flowers filled the air with odor, and chequered the green foliage and grass; the whole scene was full of vernal freshness, life, and beauty. The track which the Jamesons had followed was about midway between the northern and southern routes generally pursued by emigrants, and it was quite unlikely that others would cross the river at that point. The dense jungle that skirted the river bank was an impediment in the way of reaching the settlements lower down, and there was danger of being lost in the woods if the unfortunate woman should start alone.

"On this spot," she said, "I must remain till some one comes to my help."

The first two years of her married life had been spent on a farm in Westchester County, New York, where she had acquired some knowledge of farming and woodcraft, by assisting her husband in his labors, or by accompanying him while hunting and fishing. She was strong and healthy; and quite unlike her delicate sisters of modern days, her lithe frame was hardened by exercise in the open air, and her face was tinged by the kisses of the sun.

Slowly recovering from the terrible anguish of her loss, she cast about for shelter and sustenance. The woods were swarming with game, both large and small, from the deer to the rabbit, and from the wild turkey to the quail. The brooks were alive with trout. The meadow was well suited for Indian corn, wheat, rye, or potatoes. The forest was full of trees of every description. To utilize all these raw materials was her study.

A rude hut, built of boughs interlaced, and covered thickly with leaves and dry swamp grass, was her first work. This was her kitchen. The cart, which was covered with canvas, was her sleeping-room. A shotgun, which she had learned the use of, enabled her to keep herself supplied with game. She examined her store of provisions, consisting of pork, flour, and Indian meal, and made an estimate that they would last eight months, with prudent use. The oxen she tethered at first, but afterwards tied the horns to one of their fore feet, and let them roam. The two cows having calved soon after, she kept them near at hand by making a pen for the calves, who by their bleating called their mothers from the pastures on the banks of the river. In the meadow she planted half an acre of corn

and potatoes, which soon promised an amazing crop.

Thus two months passed away. In her solitary and sad condition she was cheered by the daily hope that white settlers would cross her track or see her as they passed up and down the river. She often thought of trying to reach a settlement, but dreaded the dangers and difficulties of the way. Like the doe which hides her fawn in the secret covert, this young mother deemed herself and her babe safer in this solitude than in trying unknown perils, even with the chance of falling in with friends. She therefore contented herself with her lot, and when the toils of the day were over, she would sit on the bank and watch for voyagers on the river. Once she heard voices in the night on the river, and going to the bank she strained her eyes to gaze through the darkness and catch sight of the voyagers; she dared not hail them for fear they might be Indians, and soon the voices grew fainter in the distance, and she heard them no more. Again, while sitting in a clump of bushes on the bank one day, she saw with horror six canoes with Indians, apparently directing their course to the spot where she sat. They were hideously streaked with warpaint, and came so near that she could see the scalping knives in their girdles. Turning their course as they approached the eastern shore they silently paddled down stream, scanning the banks sharply as they floated past. Fortunately they saw nothing to attract their attention; the cart and hut being concealed by the dense bushes, and there being no fire burning.

Fearing molestation from the Indians, she now moved her camp a hundred rods back, near a rocky ledge, from the base of which flowed a spring of pure water. Here, by rolling stones in a circle, she made an enclosure for her cattle at night, and within in it built a log cabin of rather frail construction; another two weeks was consumed in these labors, and it was now the middle of August.

At night she was at first much alarmed by the howling of wolves, who came sniffing round the cart where she slept. Once a large grey wolf put its paws upon the cart and poked its nose under the canvas covering, but a smart blow on the snout drove it yelping away. None of the cattle were attacked, owing to the bold front showed to these midnight intruders. The wolf is one of the most cowardly of wild beasts, and will rarely attack a human being, or even an ox, unless pressed by hunger, and in the winter. Often she caught glimpses of huge black bears in the swamps, while she was in pursuit of wild turkeys or other game; but these creatures never attacked her, and she gave them a wide berth.

One hot day in August she was gathering berries on the rocky ledge beside which her house was situated, when seeing a clump of bushes heavily loaded with the finest blackberries, she laid her babe upon the ground, and climbing up, soon filled her basket with the luscious fruit. As she descended she saw her babe sitting upright and gazing with fixed eyeballs at some object near by; though what it was she could not clearly make out, on account of an intervening shrub. Hastening down, a sight met her eyes that froze her blood. An enormous rattlesnake was coiled within three feet of her child, and with its head erect and its forked tongue vibrating, its burning eyes were fixed upon those of the child, which sat motionless as a statue, apparently fascinated by the deadly gaze of the serpent.

Seizing a stick of dry wood she dealt the reptile a blow, but the stick being decayed and brittle, inflicted little injury on the serpent, and only caused it to turn itself towards Mrs. Jameson, and fix its keen and beautiful, but malignant eyes, steadily upon her. The witchery of the serpent's eyes so irresistibly rooted her to the ground, that for a moment she did not wish to remove from her

formidable opponent.

The huge reptile gradually and slowly uncoiled its body; all the while steadily keeping its eye fixed on its intended victim. Mrs. Jameson could only cry, being unable to move, "Oh God! preserve me! save me, heavenly Father!" The child, after the snake's charm was broken, crept to her mother and buried its little head in her lap.

We continue the story in Mrs. Jameson's own words:

"The snake now began to writhe its body down a fissure in the rock, keeping its head elevated more than a foot from the ground. Its rattle made very little noise. It every moment darted out its forked tongue, its eyes became reddish and inflamed, and it moved rather quicker than at first. It was now within two yards of me. By some means I had dissipated the charm, and, roused by a sense of my awful danger, determined to stand on the defensive. To run away from it, I knew would be impracticable, as the snake would instantly dart its whole body after me. I therefore resolutely stood up, and put a strong glove on my right hand, which I happened to have with me. I stretched out my arm; the snake approached slowly and cautiously towards me, darting out its tongue still more frequently. I could now only recommend myself fervently to the protection of Heaven. The snake, when about a yard distant, made a violent spring. I quickly caught it in my right hand, directly under its head; it lashed its body on the ground, at the same time rattling loudly. I watched an opportunity, and suddenly holding the animal's head, while for a moment it drew in its forked tongue, with my left hand I, by a violent contraction of all the muscles in my hand, contrived to close up effectually its jaws! Much was now done, but much more was to be done. I had avoided much danger, but I was still in very perilous circumstances. If I moved my right hand from its neck for a moment, the snake, by avoiding suffocation, could easily muster sufficient power to force its head out of my hand; and if I withdrew my hand from its jaws, I should be fatally in the power of its most dreaded fangs. I retained, therefore, my hold with both my hands; I drew its body between my feet, in order to aid the compression and hasten suffocation. Suddenly, the snake, which had remained quiescent for a few moments, brought up its tail, hit me violently on the head, and then darted its body several times very tightly around my waist. Now was the very acme of my danger. Thinking, therefore, that I had sufficient power over its body, I removed my right hand from its neck, and in an instant drew my hunting-knife. The snake, writhing furiously again, darted at me; but, striking its body with the edge of the knife, I made a deep cut, and before it could recover its coil, I caught it again by the neck; bending its head on my knee, and again recommending myself fervently to Heaven, I cut its head from its body, throwing the head to a great distance. The blood spouted violently in my face; the snake compressed its body still tighter, and I thought I should be suffocated on the spot, and laid myself down. The snake again rattled its tail and lashed my feet with it. Gradually, however, the creature relaxed its hold, its coils fell slack around me, and untwisting it and throwing it from me as far as I was able, I sank down and swooned upon the bank.

"When consciousness returned, the scene appeared like a terrible dream, till I saw the dead body of my reptile foe and my babe crying violently and nestling in my bosom. The ledge near which my cabin was built was infested with rattlesnakes, and the one I had slain seemed to be the patriarch of a numerous family. From that day I vowed vengeance against the whole tribe of reptiles. These creatures were in the habit of coming down to the spring to drink, and I sometimes killed four or five in a day. Before the summer was over I made an end of the whole family."

In September, two households of emigrants floating down the river on a flatboat, caught sight of Mrs. Jameson as she made a signal to them from the bank, and coming to land were pleased with the country, and were persuaded to settle there. The little community was now swelled to fifteen, including four women and six children. The colony throve, received accessions from the East, and, surviving all casualties, grew at last into a populous town. Mrs. Jameson was married again to a stalwart backwoodsman and became the mother of a large family. She was always known as the "Mother of the Alleghany Settlement."

Chapter 4

Sagoyewatha, Red Jacket

1750-1830

On the shore of a beautiful lake in western New York in the year 1790, there was a large gathering of Indians and a few white people. The Indians were seated on the ground in a semi-circle, one row in front of another. Their picturesque costumes, their feathers and painted faces, made a picture never to be forgotten.

This meeting, or council, was to consider whether a certain piece of land should be sold to the white people. The treaty was agreed upon and all that remained to be done was the signing.

But look! One Indian chief is rising to speak. He draws his blanket about him and looks into the faces before him. Everything is silent; the rustling of the leaves over head is the only sound that breaks the stillness.



Red Jacket, by Corbould
from a painting by C.B. King

This Indian was Red Jacket, so named from a red jacket which was given him when he was young, and of which he was very proud. After a long pause Red Jacket began his speech.

He told of the happiness of his people before the white man came, and of the way they lived. Then he told how the white man had wronged the Indians, and he told it so plainly and vividly that soon his hearers were melted to tears, or filled with anger.

The white men were now alarmed. Here they were in the Indian country, surrounded by more than ten times their number. A word from the Indian chiefs would mean immediate attack.

At this moment a chief by the name of Farmer's Brother, seeing the danger, rose and spoke of the eloquent speech of Red Jacket; then in quiet tone he showed why it was best to sign the treaty, and in a very short time it was done and the council closed.

Red Jacket was not born a chief, but he was a fine talker and was made leader of the tribe on

that account. After the death of Cornplanter he become chief of the Seneca nation.

Some one once called Red Jacket a warrior, whereupon he turned suddenly and indignantly cried: "A warrior! I am no warrior. I am an orator. I was born an orator."

He was a great enemy of the white people. He saw clearly what would happen if his tribe tried to be like them. They would adopt the bad habits of the white people and in a short time they would be ruined.

All his life he talked against them. He wished the Indians to be left alone to live as they had always lived — hunting in the forest and fishing in the streams. He tried to keep his people as they were before the white people came, and not being able to do this, he opposed everything that would tend to civilize them.



Indians Spear Fishing, Albert Bierstadt

He resented every intrusion, disliked teachers and missionaries, and about these he said: "Brothers, great number of Black Coats, (missionaries) have been among the Indians. With sweet voices and smiling faces they offered to teach their religion.

"Our brethren in the east listened to them; they turned from the religion of their fathers and took up the religion of the white people. What good has it done? Are they more friendly one to another than we? No.

"Brothers! they are a divided people. We are united. They quarrel about religion; we live in love and friendship. Besides they drink strong waters, and they have learned how to cheat and how to

practice all the other vices of the white people without imitating their virtues.

"White man! if you wish us well, keep away. Do not disturb us."

At one time he was introduced to Lafayette who was visiting in this country. Lafayette spoke a few words in the Indian language, which delighted Red Jacket. The Indian then asked if he remembered a council which he attended a number of years before.

"And where," asked Lafayette, "is the young warrior who so eloquently opposed burying the tomahawk?"

"He is before you," proudly replied Red Jacket. "Ah," he added, with a sad air, and uncovering his bald head, "time has made bad work with me, but you, I see," noticing the general's wig, "you have hair enough left to cover your head."

Red Jacket also met Washington, who gave him a silver medal which he wore ever after. Washington is said to have named him "The Flower of the Forest."

Here is a part of a speech he once made:

"Brothers, at the treaty held for the purchase of our lands the white men, with sweet voices and smiling faces, told us they loved us, and they would not cheat us.

"When we go on the other side of the lake the king's children (the English) tell us your people will cheat us. These things puzzle our heads, and we believe that the Indians must take care of themselves and not trust either in your people or in the king's children.

"Brothers, our seats were once large and yours very small. You have now become a great people and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. True; and soon our graves will be all we shall retain of our once ample hunting grounds.

"Our people's strength is wasted; their countless warriors dead; their forest laid low, and their burial places upturned by the plow-share.

"There was a time when the war cry of a Pow-he-te, or a Delaware, struck terror to the heart of the pale face, but now the Seminole is singing his last song."

Red Jacket had cause to fear the white man's habits. His people had learned to drink the dreadful fire-water, and in his old age even he, that proud old orator, was not strong enough to resist it.

He became very intemperate and at one time his tribe was so ashamed of his drunken habits that they had a meeting to condemn him. This aroused his old spirit and he made a speech closing with these words:

"Ah, it grieves my heart when I look around and see the situation of my people; in the old times united and powerful, now divided and feeble. I mourn for my nation. When I am gone to the other world, when the Great Spirit calls me away, who among my people can take my place? Many years have I guided this nation. I will not consent to be trampled under foot as long as I can stand upon my feet."

The tribe restored Red Jacket to his old position after this.

He had a large family of children but he saw one after another laid in the grave until not one was left, and he came to think that they were taken away because of his own intemperance.

A lady who had known of his large family once asked after his children, not knowing that they were all dead, and the old chief replied sorrowfully:

"Red Jacket was once a great man and in favor with the Great Spirit. He was a lofty pine among the smaller trees of the forest, but, after years of glory, he degraded himself by drinking the fire-



The Trial of Red Jacket, John Mix Stanley

water of the white man. The Great Spirit looked upon him in anger, and his lightning has stripped the pine of its branches."

He visited New York and several other large cities, where he received much attention. He understood the English language but would never use it.

His home was a log cabin in a lonely spot near Buffalo, and here in January, 1830, he died.

"And so he died;
That pagan chief, the last strong banner staff
Of the poor Senecas."

His funeral was attended by a great many Indians and Americans. His followers remembered those words of his, "Who shall take my place among my people?"

They thought of their former glory and compared it with the present, and those stoical warriors wept like children. Well might they weep, for before them, still in death, lay the proud form of the "Last of the Senecas."

Not far from the entrance to the beautiful Forest Lawn Cemetery in Buffalo rests the body of this famous chief. A beautiful monument marks his last resting place, and beside him lie a few of his followers.

On the monument are these words:

Sa-Go-Ye-Nat-Ha
(He keeps them awake)
Died at Buffalo Creek,
Jan. 20, 1830, aged 78 years.

"When I am gone and my warnings are no longer heeded, the craft and avarice of the white man will prevail. My heart fails me when I think of my people so soon to be scattered and forgotten."

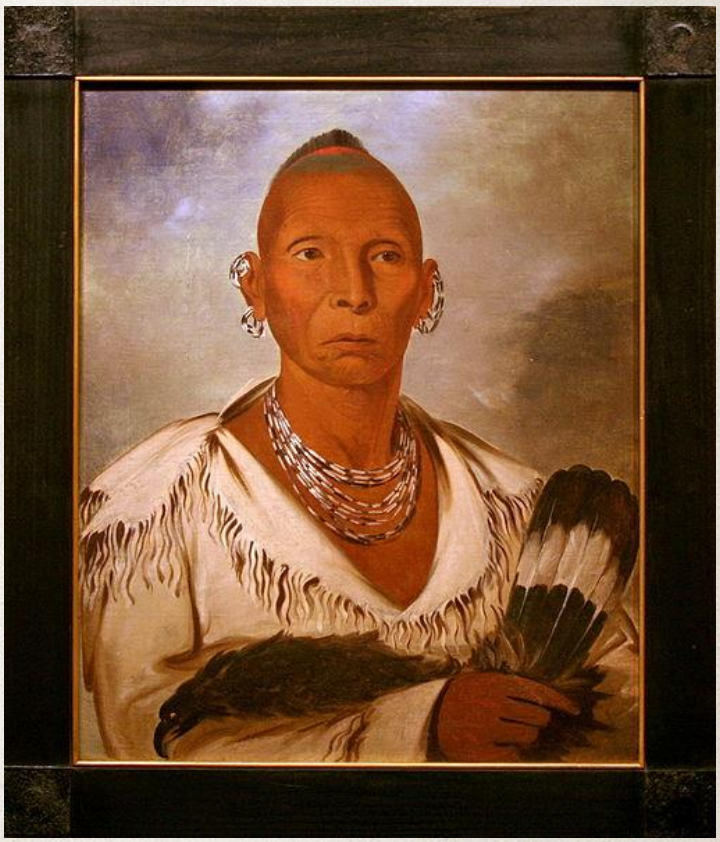


Statue of Red Jacket, Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo, NY

Chapter 5

Makatacmishkiakiak, Black Hawk

1767–1838



Black Hawk, George Catlin

Where the Rock River empties its waters into the great Mississippi, there once stood an Indian village. It had been there for over a hundred years and was the home of a chief named Black Hawk. Around the village were well tilled cornfields, and their wigwams or lodges were as dear to these people as our homes are to us.

The white settlements were not far away and very often disputes arose between the Indians and the whites. Sometimes the Indians were to blame, but just as often was the white man in the wrong.

In the year 1831 the government called a council of Indians, and, under a chief named Keokuk, they signed a treaty agreeing to move west of the Mississippi River. This included Black Hawk's tribe. He was very much opposed to this and did all he could to keep his people from giving up their homes and their lands. He declared that the whites had made the Indian chiefs drunk when they signed this treaty.

They remained in the village until autumn, when they moved to their hunting grounds.

While they were gone the white settlers came in, and upon their return in the spring, the Indians found their wigwams occupied. This was more than they could bear. They determined to drive the intruders away, but the white people asked to live with them and this was finally agreed to. But the white men took the best of the land and imposed upon the Indians in many ways.

There came a time when the white people ordered the Indians to leave the village. Black Hawk refused to go.

The government then sent soldiers to compel them to go, and a war began which is known as



Statue of Chief Black Hawk, Lake View, IA

"The Black Hawk War." It ended in the capture of many of Black Hawk's warriors and the surrender of Black Hawk and his followers. He made a speech after he was taken prisoner; the following is a part of it:

"You have taken me prisoner with all my warriors. I fought hard. But your guns were well aimed. The bullets flew like birds in the air and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in winter.

"My warriors fell around me; it began to look dismal. I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sunk in a dark cloud and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner of the white men. They will do with him as they like.

"But he can endure torture and is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian.

"He has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his country and to protect the women and children against the white men. You came year after year to threaten us and take away our land. White men do not scalp the head, but they do worse — they poison the heart.

"Farewell, my nation! Black Hawk tried to save you and avenge your wrongs. He has been taken prisoner and his plans are stopped. He can do no more. He is near his end. His sun is setting and will rise no more."

The government allowed all of the prisoners to go free except Black Hawk and another chief, and a few leading Indians who were held as hostages. These were to remain prisoners so long as the president thought best.

They were taken to visit some of the large cities of the United States, for the President thought that if they should see the wealth and strength of the white men they would never more, take up arms against this government.

They were shown the places of interest in the different cities and taken to the navy yard where the great ships of war were built.

Black Hawk exclaimed: "I once thought I could conquer the whites; my heart grew bitter and

my hands strong. I dug up the tomahawk and led my warriors on to fight. But the white men were mighty."

While visiting at one of the forts he made friends with a Colonel Eustis and on leaving him he said:

"Brother; I have come on my own part and on behalf of my companions, to bid you farewell. Our Great Father has at length been pleased to permit us to return to our kindred. We have buried the hatchet and the sound of our rifles will hereafter bring death only to the deer and buffalo.

"Brother; you have treated the red men with kindness. Your squaws have made them presents and you have given them food to eat and drink.

"The memory of your friendship will remain till the Great Spirit says it is time for Black Hawk to sing his death song.

"Brother; your houses are as numerous as the leaves upon the trees, and your young warriors are like the sands upon the shore of the big lake which rolls before us.

"The red man has but few houses and few warriors; but the red man has a heart which throbs as warmly as the heart of his white brother. May the Great Spirit bless you and your children. Farewell."

It was for this war with Black Hawk that our great President, Abraham Lincoln, when a young man, enlisted in the army.

Black Hawk died among his own people in what is now the state of Iowa, in 1838, five years after he had been released from prison.



Indian Encampment, Late Afternoon, Albert Bierstadt

Chapter 6

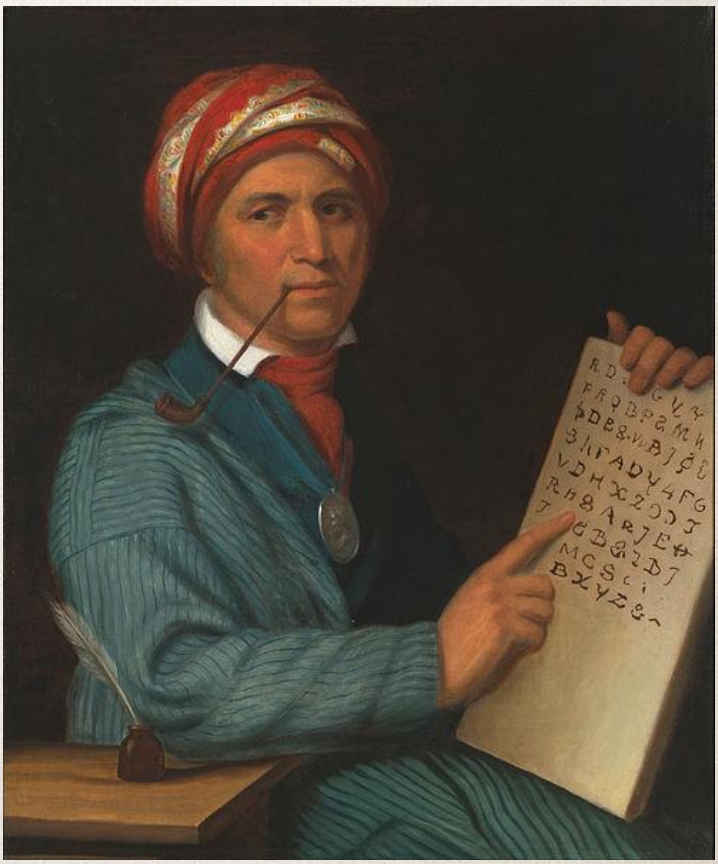
Sequoya – He Gave His People an Alphabet

About 1770–1843

America was too busy struggling for her independence to notice that one more papoose had been born to a lonely girl of the Cherokees, but this baby was to grow up to be not only one of the great men of his tribe but one of the great ones of the human race.

Completely unlettered, he was to think his way through three thousand years.

Little is known of this baby's father beyond the fact that he was a white man named Guess. The Cherokee girl gave his son the same name in her own language: Sequoya, or he guessed it. So exactly did this name fit his life story that many find it hard to believe it could have been given him before he had done his great work for his people, to whom he gave an alphabet.



Sequoya, Henry Inman

To the outside world it looked indeed as if he had guessed it; but the fact is that, without libraries or learned advice, without even pencil and paper, he thought it out, step by step, in his own brain. As his reward, he was able, with his own eyes and thanks to his own efforts, to see the Cherokee nation raised from a savage to a literate people almost overnight. What this man did may be regarded as one of the most magnificent achievements of the unaided human mind that the world has seen.

Even as a boy Sequoya liked to think out new ways. He whittled an improved sort of milk bowl and skimmer for his mother and built her an ingenious milk-house over a spring. He cleared more

land for their farm and broke colts. His mother longed for a mirror, some red cloth, and a good hatchet. Sequoya took some of his pelts to the white men and traded them for these things. Later he took more pelts and they gave him money. Coins, as coins, meant little to him, but silver was good to make bracelets. Little by little, teaching himself, Sequoya became a skilled silversmith.

About the time George Washington was taking the oath of office for the second time as President of the new Republic the Cherokees and the Whites had a skirmish in which the Redskins took one of their opponents prisoner. In this man's pocket was a letter which he did not hesitate to "read" to his advantage, in his attempt to convince the Red Men that they should let him go free.

"A talking leaf!" said the Red Men, and they took the page to Sequoya, who at that time was accounted one of the wise men of the tribe. Did it, they asked him, contain a message from the Great Spirit?

Sequoya told them that it did not come from the Great Spirit but was a white man's invention. "Much that Red Men know they forget," he explained; "they have no way to preserve it. White men make what they know fast on paper, like catching a wild animal and taming it. "

After that Sequoya had but one idea; he determined to unravel the mystery of netting that wild animal, thought, so that Cherokees might keep it by them forever on their talking leaves.

The subject so fascinated him that he began stealthily to frequent the school of the Moravian Mission. Too shy to enroll as a student, from a distance he watched and watched. Then one day an old spelling book fell into his hands; he treasured it as if it were gold. Here, he thought, lay the key to that mystery he wanted to solve. Sequoya had been thinking about this for more than ten years when, at a big meeting of the young braves at Sauta, the subject came up for discussion.

"White men are cleverer than Red Men," one Cherokee held, "because they can send their speech any distance."

Sequoya, in a moment of boastfulness, said, "I can do the same thing," and he seized a flat rock and scratched signs on it which had meaning for none but himself.

The others laughed at him. Their ridicule stung him. More than ever he resolved to succeed.

Then, as if the Great Spirit were working expressly to provide the Cherokees with an alphabet, Sequoya was wounded and could no longer go out to hunt. During the long months of convalescence he sat outside his wigwam, listening and thinking and then listening again.

"Whip-oor-will, whip-oor-will," sang one bird; "Cure him! Cure him!" sang another, and the wind sighed in the long grass.

It gave him an idea! At once he despatched his sons to cut birchbark and his girls to collect coloured herbs to boil up for ink. Then he explained his plan: he wanted to make a picture of every object in Nature that made a sound like one in their language; then drawing these pictures one after the other would constitute writing.

Soon the whole family was busy identifying sounds and making sound-pictures. Even the children's mother, who was, as a rule, out of patience with Sequoya's dreamy ways, became interested for a time.

But the collection soon got out of hand. Sequoya found he would need over a thousand characters to express all the sounds, and it was, as he very well knew, worse than useless to ask an unlettered race to learn a thousand-character alphabet by way of a literacy beginning. So that idea was abandoned and he went on trying to think out something simpler.



Image from Wikimedia Commons

By a careful analysis and classification Sequoya found that the number of definite sounds did not number more than a hundred. All his intricate investigations of his native language had to be carried in his brain—his only notebook. His next task was to attach a symbol to each of his selected sounds, and here he made use of the English letters in the spelling book. Of course he knew nothing of the meaning, and he used capitals, small letters and italics indiscriminately for his purpose, transcribing some of them upside down or sideways. In this way he collected 35 ready-made characters, and then he added a dozen or two more by modifying the same originals. He completed his series by inventing some letters of his own.

When finally, after 22 years of patient effort, Sequoya had his alphabet, or, more accurately, his syllabary, ready, it contained 82 signs. He had analyzed his language with complete accuracy save for three signs that were added later. He was now ready to work.

But, without his noticing it, his public had, in the last few years, turned against him. For the past three years he had been so preoccupied with this science that he was pulling unaided out of his brain, that he had scarcely even gone out. His wife, he knew, was angry with him. But he had grown used to that; and as one of his girls stood by him, helped him, and believed in him, he hardly noticed his squaw's sullen moods. And, busy as he was on his unique discoveries, it had completely escaped him that his world thought him mad. Thus, when he came out of his years of brown study, his gift in his hand, his people, he found, would have none of either him or his gift.

Finally, after long efforts to convince them that he was no lunatic, Sequoya persuaded the weightier members of his tribe to meet at his lodge and let him prove to them that he really had made a net that could catch language and pin it to birchbark or paper.

His six-year-old daughter was, as he told them, the merest beginner, yet so simple was his method that he would be willing to use her in any test they might set him. Agreed!

Little Ahyokeh was sent outside where she could not hear what they said. Then the braves gave any word or phrase that came into their heads and Sequoya wrote it down. Then the child was called in and shown the writing. Unhesitatingly, she read the braves' own words back to them.

"Yoh!" said the Cherokees, taken aback. This was worth looking into.

They selected a class of clever young men to study Sequoya's invention. A few days later they set them a severe examination. They had all learned to read and write, for the great advantage of Sequoya's alphabet was that it was phonetic; once the signs had been learned it was all straight sailing; there was no troublesome spelling to master. The critics were silenced.

He has been taught by the Great Spirit, they said to him.

No; he had taught himself, was his reply.

The tribe gave a big feast in honour of the man who had done this great thing, and accorded him many high-sounding titles. Overnight his prestige was restored and augmented a hundredfold.

His alphabet became the rage. Old and young hastened to learn it and to teach someone else. Young men gave up archery for letter-writing, so great was their joy in their new-found mastery. Many went on long journeys for the express purpose of writing letters home, of "sending their speech to a distance." In spite of all the natural conservatism of a primitive people the Cherokee nation, within a few months, became literate, and from that moment they began to increase and prosper. A wider outlook and regular industry followed from education and, more than this, they all became Christians, thanks to the gift of reading which resulted from the literary invention of their benefactor.

When Sequoya felt that his work was completed here he went West to teach another branch of his nation that had migrated to Arkansas; and in Arkansas he made his home.

For all his greatness, the death of this intellectual giant was lonely and sad.

Lured by an ancient tale about a part of his nation that had wandered far to the westward, and the hope that he might work out a universal language for the Red Men that would weld them together, the crippled Sequoya, at 71, put his possessions in an ox-cart and set out on a journey to an unknown goal. Two years later he returned to Arkansas, disappointed if not disillusioned. The lost tribe was said to be in Mexico; he would seek them there.

Another two years had been spent on this quest, as lonely and fruitless as its predecessor had been, when Sequoya turned again homeward. But the long leagues were too much for him. He could not go on. When it was learned that the splendid old man was in trouble a Cherokee was dispatched to help him, but he arrived too late. Sequoya had died on the way.

He has his monument by Lincoln's in Washington's Hall of Fame, but more fitting monuments are California's redwood groves, where giants of the forest, as tall as cathedral spires, stand bearing his name. Sequoia Gigantica, men call the species of evergreen which, like this untutored scholar, outstrips all the rest.

Chapter 7

Johnny Appleseed: A Pioneer Hero

circa 1775-1847

Among the heroes of endurance that was voluntary and of action that was creative and sanguinary, there was one man whose name, seldom mentioned now save by some of the few surviving pioneers, deserves to be perpetuated.

The first reliable trace of our modest hero finds him in the Territory of Ohio, in 1801, with a horse-load of apple seeds, which he planted in various places on and about the borders of Licking Creek – the first orchard thus originated by him being on the farm of Isaac Stadden, in what is now known as Licking County, in the state of Ohio. It was "Johnny Appleseed," by which name Jonathan Chapman was afterward known in every log-cabin from the Ohio River to the northern lakes and westward to the prairies of what is now the state of Indiana. With two canoes lashed together, he was transporting a load of apple seeds to the western frontier, for the purpose of creating orchards on the farthest verge of white settlements.

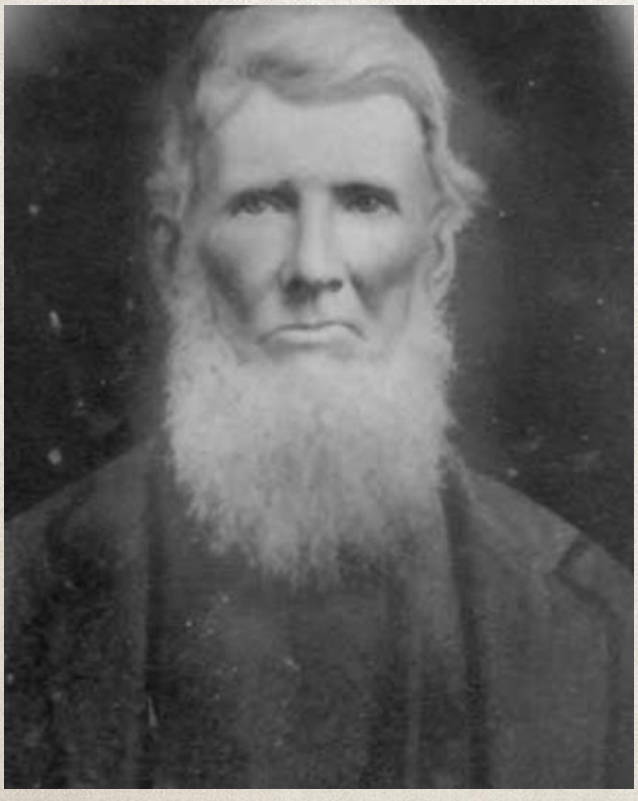


Photo of Johnny Appleseed

These are the first well-authenticated facts in the history of Jonathan Chapman, whose birth, there is good reason for believing, occurred in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1775. According to this, which was his own statement in one of his less reticent moods, he was, at the time of his appearance on Licking Creek, twenty-six years of age; and whether impelled in his eccentricities by some absolute misery of the heart which could only find relief in incessant motion or governed by a benevolent monomania, his whole after-life was devoted to the work of planting apple seeds in remote places. The seeds he gathered from the cider-presses of western Pennsylvania. Having planted his stock of seeds, he would return to Pennsylvania for a

fresh supply.

This region, although it is now densely populated, still possesses a romantic beauty that railroads and bustling towns cannot obliterate—a country of forest-clad hills and green valleys, through which numerous bright streams flow on their way to the Ohio; but when Johnny Appleseed reached some lonely log-cabin he would find himself in a veritable wilderness. The old settlers say that the margins of the streams, near which the first settlements were generally made, were thickly covered with a low, matted growth of small timber, while nearer to the water was a rank mass of long grass, interlaced with morning-glory and wild pea vines, among which funereal willows and clustering alders stood like sentinels on the outpost of civilization. The hills, that rise almost to the dignity of mountains, were crowned with forest trees; and in the coverts were innumerable bears, wolves, deer, and droves of wild hogs that were as ferocious as any beast of prey. In the grass the massasauga and other venomous reptiles lurked in such numbers that a settler named Chandler has left the fact on record that during the first season of his residence, while mowing a little prairie which formed part of his land, he killed over two hundred black rattlesnakes in an area that would involve an average destruction of one of these reptiles for each rod of land. The frontiers-man, who felt himself sufficiently protected by his rifle against wild beasts and hostile Indians, found it necessary to guard against the attacks of the insidious enemies in the grass by wrapping bandages of dried grass around his buckskin leggings and moccasins; but Johnny would shoulder his bag of apple seeds, and with bare feet penetrate to some remote spot that combined picturesqueness and fertility of soil; and there he would plant his seeds, place a slight inclosure around the place, and leave them to grow until the trees were large enough to be transplanted by the settlers, who in the mean time would have made their clearings in the vicinity.

In personal appearance Chapman was a small, wiry man, full of restless activity; he had long dark hair, a scanty beard that was never shaved, and keen black eyes that sparkled with a peculiar brightness. His dress was of the oddest description. Generally, even in the coldest weather, he went barefooted; but sometimes for his long journeys he would make himself a rude pair of sandals; at other times he would wear any cast-off foot-covering he chanced to find a boot on one foot and an old brogan or a moccasin on the other. It appears to have been a matter of conscience with him never to purchase shoes, although he was rarely without money enough to do so. On one occasion, in an unusually cold November, while he was traveling barefooted through mud and snow, a settler who happened to possess a pair of shoes that were too small for his own use forced their acceptance upon Johnny, declaring that it was sinful for a human being to travel with naked feet in such weather. A few days afterward the donor was in the village that has since become the thriving city of Mansfield and met his beneficiary contentedly plodding along with his feet bare and half frozen. With some degree of anger, he inquired for the cause of such foolish conduct and received for reply that Johnny had overtaken a poor, barefooted family moving westward, and as they appeared to be in much greater need of clothing than he was, he had given them the shoes.

His dress was generally composed of cast-off clothing that he had taken in payment for apple-trees; and as the pioneers were far less extravagant than their descendants in such matters, the homespun and buckskin garments that they discarded would not be very elegant or serviceable. In his later years, however, he seems to have thought that even this kind of second-hand raiment was too luxurious, as his principal garment was made of a coffee sack, in which he cut holes for his head and arms to pass through, and pronounced it "a very serviceable cloak and as good clothing as any

man need wear."

In the matter of head-gear, his taste was equally unique; his first experiment was with a tin vessel that served to cook his mush; but this was open to the objection that it did not protect his eyes from the beams of the sun, so he constructed a hat of pasteboard with an immense peak in front, and having thus secured an article that combined usefulness with economy, it became his permanent fashion.

Thus strangely clad, he was perpetually wandering through forests and morasses and suddenly appearing in white settlements and Indian villages; but there must have been some rare force of gentle goodness dwelling in his looks and breathing in his words, for it is the testimony of all who knew him that, notwithstanding his ridiculous attire, he was always treated with the greatest respect by the rudest frontiersman; and, what is a better test, the boys of the settlements forbore to jeer at him. With grown-up people and boys he was usually reticent but manifested great affection for little girls, always having pieces of ribbon and gay calico to give to his little favorites. Many a grandmother in Ohio and Indiana can remember the presents she received, when a child, from poor homeless Johnny Appleseed. When he consented to eat with any family, he would never sit down to the table until he was assured that there was an ample supply for the children; and his sympathy for their youthful troubles and his kindness toward them made him friends among all the juveniles of the borders.

The Indians also treated Johnny with the greatest kindness and was regarded as a "great medicine man." During the war of 1812, when the frontier settlers were tortured and slaughtered by the Indian allies of Great Britain, Johnny Appleseed continued his wanderings and was never harmed by the roving bands of hostile Indians. On many occasions the impunity with which he ranged the country enabled him to give the settlers warning of approaching danger in time to allow them to take refuge in their block-houses before the Indians could attack them. Our informant refers to one of these instances. At this time Johnny traveled day and night, warning the people of the approaching danger. He visited every cabin and delivered this message: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, and he hath anointed me to blow the trumpet in the wilderness and sound an alarm in the forest; for, behold, the tribes of the heathen are round about your doors, and a devouring flame followeth after them." The aged man who narrated this incident said that he could feel even now the thrill that was caused by this prophetic announcement of the wild-looking herald of danger, who aroused the family on a bright moonlight midnight with his piercing voice. Refusing all offers of food and denying himself a moment's rest, he traversed the border day and night until he had warned every settler of the approaching peril.

His diet was as meagre as his clothing. He believed it to be a sin to kill any creature for food and thought that all that was necessary for human sustenance was produced by the soil.

He was a most earnest disciple of the faith taught by Emanuel Swedenborg, and himself claimed to have frequent conversations with angels and spirits. He entertained a profound reverence for the revelations of the Swedish seer and always carried a few old volumes with him. These he was very anxious should be read by every one, but as he had no tract society to furnish him supplies, he certainly devised an original method of multiplying one book into a number. He divided his books into several pieces, leaving a portion at a log-cabin, and on a subsequent visit furnishing another fragment, and continuing this process as diligently as though the work had been published in serial numbers. By this plan he was enabled to furnish reading for several people at the same time and out

of one book.

It was his custom, when he had been welcomed to some hospitable log-house after a weary day of journeying, to lie down on the floor, and, after inquiring if his auditors would hear "some news right fresh from heaven," produce his few tattered books, among which would be a New Testament, and read and expound until his uncultivated hearers would catch the spirit and glow of his enthusiasm, while they scarcely comprehended his language. A lady who knew him in his later years writes in the following terms of one of these readings of poor, self-sacrificing Johnny Appleseed: "We can hear him read now, just as he did that summer day when we were busy quilting up stairs, and he lay near the door; his voice rose denunciatory and thrilling—strong and loud as the roar of wind and waves, then soft and soothing as the balmy airs that quivered the morning-glory leaves about his gray beard. His was a strange eloquence at times, and he was undoubtedly a man of genius." What a scene is presented to our imagination: the interior of a primitive cabin; the wide, open fire-place, where a few sticks are burning beneath the iron pot in which the evening meal is cooking; around the fire-place the attentive group, composed of the sturdy pioneer and his wife and children, listening with a reverential awe to the "news right fresh from heaven"; and reclining on the floor, clad in rags, but with his gray hairs glorified by the beams of the setting sun that flood through the open door and the unchinked logs of the humble building, this poor wanderer with the gift of genius and eloquence, who believes with the faith of apostles and martyrs that God has appointed him a mission in the wilderness to preach the Gospel of love and plant apple seeds that shall produce orchards for the benefit of men, and women, and little children whom he has never seen. If there is a sublimer faith or a more genuine eloquence in richly decorated cathedrals and under brocade vestments, it would be worth a long journey to find it.



Johnny Appleseed, etching from *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, 1871

Next to his advocacy of his peculiar religious ideas, his enthusiasm for the cultivation of apple-trees in what he termed "the only proper way"—that is, from the seed—was the absorbing object of his life. Upon this, as upon religion, he was eloquent in his appeals. He would describe the growing and ripening fruit as such a rare and beautiful gift of the Almighty with words that became pictures, until his hearers could almost see its manifold forms of beauty present before them. To his eloquence on this subject as well as to his actual labors in planting nurseries, the country over which he traveled for so many years is largely indebted for its numerous orchards. But he denounced as absolute wickedness all devices of pruning and grafting and would speak of the act of cutting a tree as if

it were a cruelty inflicted upon a sentient being.

Whenever Johnny saw an animal abused, or heard of it, he would purchase it and give it to some more humane settler, on condition that it should be kindly treated and properly cared for. It frequently happened that the long journey into the wilderness would cause the new settlers to be encumbered with lame and broken-down horses, that were turned loose to die. In the autumn Johnny would make a diligent search for all such animals, and, gathering them up, he would bargain for their food and shelter until the next spring, when he would lead them away to some good pasture for the summer. If they recovered so as to be capable of working, he would never sell them but would lend or give them away, stipulating for their good usage.

His conception of the absolute sin of inflicting pain or death upon any creature was not limited to the higher forms of animal life, but everything that had being was to him, in the fact of its life, endowed with so much of the Divine Essence that to wound or destroy it was to inflict an injury upon some atom of Divinity. He had selected a suitable place for planting apple seeds on a small prairie; and, in order to prepare the ground, he was mowing the long grass, when he was bitten by a rattlesnake. In describing the event, he sighed heavily, and said, "Poor fellow, he only just touched me, when I, in the heat of my ungodly passion, put the heel of my scythe in him and went away. Some time afterward I went back, and there lay the poor fellow dead."

Numerous anecdotes bearing upon his respect for every form of life are preserved and form the staple of pioneer recollections. On one occasion, a cool autumnal night, when Johnny, who always camped out in preference to sleeping in a house, had built a fire near which he intended to pass the night, he noticed that the blaze attracted large numbers of mosquitoes, many of whom flew too near to his fire and were burned. He immediately brought water and quenched the fire, accounting for his conduct afterward by saying, "God forbid that I should build a fire for my comfort which should be the means of destroying any of His creatures!" At another time he removed the fire he had built near a hollow log and slept on the snow, because he found that the log contained a bear and her cubs, whom, he said, he did not wish to disturb.

And this unwillingness to inflict pain or death was equally strong when he was a sufferer by it, as the following will show. Johnny had been assisting some settlers to make a road through the woods, and in the course of their work, they accidentally destroyed a hornets' nest. One of the angry insects soon found a lodgment under Johnny's coffee-sack cloak, but although it stung him repeatedly, he removed it with the greatest gentleness. The men who were present laughingly asked him why he did not kill it. To which he gravely replied that, "It would not be right to kill the poor thing, for it did not intend to hurt me. "

Theoretically, he was as methodical in matters of business as any merchant. In addition to their picturesqueness, the locations of his nurseries were all fixed with a view to a probable demand for the trees by the time they had attained sufficient growth for transplanting. He would give them away to those who could not pay for them. Generally, however, he sold them for old clothing or a supply of corn meal; but he preferred to receive a note payable at some indefinite period. When this was accomplished, he seemed to think that the transaction was completed in a business-like way; but if the giver of the note did not attend to its payment, the holder of it never troubled himself about its collection. His expenses for food and clothing were so very limited that, he was frequently in possession of more money than he cared to keep; and it was quickly disposed of for wintering infirm horses or given to some poor family whom the ague had prostrated or the accidents of border

life impoverished.

We must not leave the reader under the impression that this man's life, so full of hardship and perils, was a gloomy or unhappy one. Johnny's life was made serenely happy by the conviction that he was living like the primitive Christians.

In 1838—thirty-seven years after his appearance on Licking Creek—Johnny noticed that civilization, wealth, and population were pressing into the wilderness of Ohio. Hitherto he had easily kept just in advance of the wave of settlement; but now towns and churches were making their appearance, and even, at long intervals, the stage-driver's horn broke the silence of the grand old forests, and he felt that his work was done in the region in which he had labored so long. He visited every house, and took a solemn farewell of all the families. The little girls who had been delighted with his gifts of fragments of calico and ribbons had become sober matrons, and the boys who had wondered at his ability to bear the pain caused by running needles into his flesh were heads of families. With parting words of admonition, he left them and turned his steps steadily toward the setting sun.

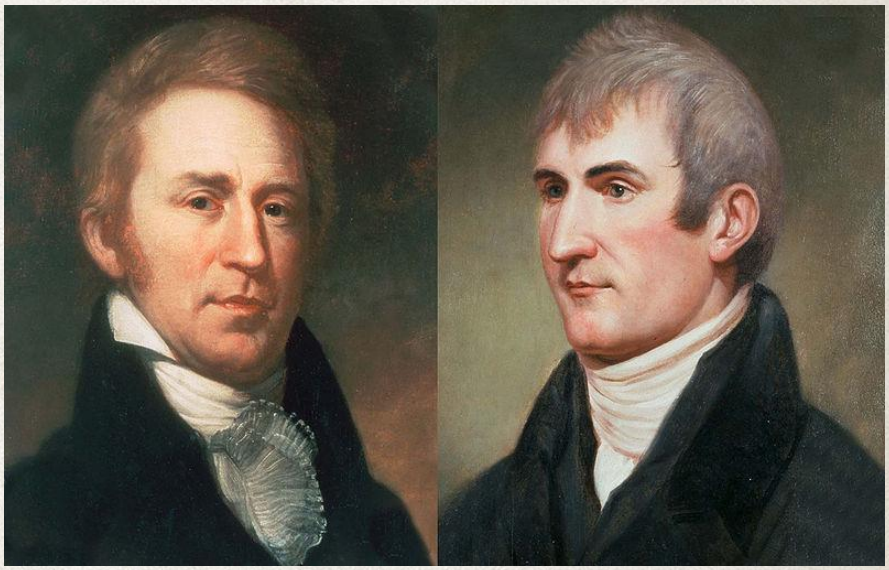
During the succeeding nine years, he pursued his eccentric avocation on the western border of Ohio and in Indiana. In the summer of 1847, when his labors had literally borne fruit over a hundred thousand square miles of territory, at the close of a warm day, after traveling twenty miles, he entered the house of a settler in Allen County, Indiana, and was as usual warmly welcomed. He declined to eat with the family but accepted some bread and milk, which he partook of sitting on the doorstep and gazing on the setting sun. Later in the evening he delivered his "news right fresh from heaven" by reading the Beatitudes. Declining other accommodation, he slept as usual on the floor; and in the early morning he was found with his features all aglow with a supernal light and his body near death. The physician, who was hastily summoned, pronounced him dying but added that he had never seen a man in so placid a state at the approach of death. At seventy-two years of age, forty-six of which had been devoted to his self-imposed mission, he ripened into death as naturally and beautifully as the seeds of his own planting had grown into fibre and bud and blossom and the matured fruit.

Thus died one of the memorable men of pioneer times, who never inflicted pain or knew an enemy—a man of strange habits, in whom there dwelt a comprehensive love that reached with one hand downward to the lowest forms of life and with the other upward to the very throne of God. A laboring, self-denying benefactor of his race, homeless, solitary, and ragged, he trod the thorny earth with bare and bleeding feet, intent only upon making the wilderness fruitful. Now, "no man knoweth of his sepulchre"; but his deeds will live in the fragrance of the apple blossoms he loved so well; and the story of his life, however crudely narrated, will be a perpetual proof that true heroism, pure benevolence, noble virtues, and deeds that deserve immortality may be found under meanest apparel and far from gilded halls and towering spires.

Chapter 8

Lewis and Clark Expedition

1804-1806



Meriweather Lewis and William Clark
Charles Willson Peale

At the close of the Revolution, the United States owned all the land from the Atlantic to the Mississippi and from Canada to Florida. France had lost Canada, but she still held the country between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. About twenty years after the war France needed money, and she sold this land to the United States at about two and a half cents an acre. The next thing was to find out what kind of country had been bought. The government asked Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, brother of George Rogers Clark, to explore it. It was thought that the best way would be to follow up the Missouri River, then to enter the Columbia River, and so get to the Pacific Ocean; but no one had any idea where the sources of the two rivers might be. The only way to learn was to go and find out.

No one knew what dan-gers there would be. There were stories of mountains so lofty that no man could ever climb them; of Indians more fierce and more cruel than any that had been known; but the stout-hearted com-pany set out, not in the least frightened by all these tales. There were forty men or more in the party, the wife of the interpreter, and her baby, the youngest of American explorers.

This company was to do much more than simply to push through to the Pacific Ocean. They were to note the mountains and valleys and rivers; to draw maps showing where there were rapids or falls; to see what kinds of soil, trees, flowers, fruit, animals, and minerals there were in different parts of the country. In short, they were to keep their eyes open, and on their return to tell the government where they had been and what they had seen. One thing more they were to do, the most important of all, and that was to make friends with the Indians, to learn how they lived and

what lands each tribe claimed, and especially to open the way for trading with them. It seems like going back to the days of Champlain to read the list of what the travelers carried to give or sell to the red men. There were beads, paints, knives, mirrors, red trousers, coats made gorgeous with gilt braid, and many other things that would please the savages.

Then they set out on a journey which proved to be two years and four months long. And such wonders as they saw! In one place the water had worn away the earth into such shapes that the explorers were sure they had come upon an ancient fort. In another was a wide river with bed and banks and falls and rapids, but not one drop of water. There were antelopes and prairie dogs and other animals which were new to them. There were buffaloes so tame that they had to be driven out of the way with sticks and stones. There were waterfalls so high that the water fell part way, then broke into mist, but gathered together again and made a second fall, which seemed to come from a cloud.

There were some things to meet that were not quite so interesting as double waterfalls. There were brown bears and black bears and grizzly bears, all anxious to greet them with a hug. There were long marches over ground covered with sharp pieces of flint, and there were other marches over



Lewis and Clark on the Lower Columbia, Charles Marion Russell

plains where the thorns of the prickly pear pierced their shoes as if they were only paper. Sometimes they were driven half wild with clouds of mosquitoes. "The Musquetoes were so numerous that I could not keep them off my gun long enough to take sight and by that means Missed," wrote Captain Clark in his journal. Captain Lewis once was separated from his men for a few hours, and in that time he met a grizzly bear, a wolverine, and three buffalo bulls, all of which showed fight. Again he lay down under a tree, and when he woke he found that he had had a big rattlesnake for next-door neighbor. He nailed a letter upon a tree for some members of the party who were to come after him; but when they came they found that the beavers had gnawed the tree down, carried it away to use in their dams, and so had stolen the whole post-office. One night the company camped on a sandbar in the river; but they were hardly sound asleep before the guards cried, "Get up! Get up! Sand bar's a-sinking!" They jumped into the boats and pulled for the farther shore, but before they reached it the sandbar was out of sight. There were other disturbances of their dreams. Another night they camped near an island which proved to be the home of ducks and geese and other wild fowl that quacked and hissed and made all the noises that they knew how to make, while the tired men rolled and tumbled and wished they had more quiet neighbors. Another night a buffalo dashed into their camp and ran between two rows of sleepers. And to cap the climax, the baby explorer had the mumps and was cutting teeth and cried all night.

Getting food was not always an easy matter. In one place they exchanged roast meat, pork, flour, and meal for watermelons; but they had not often so luxurious fare. Frequently they had nothing but a little flour or meal, and for a long while they lived on horse-flesh and dog-flesh. Often they were glad to buy eatable roots of the Indians. Sometimes the Indians refused to sell. On one such occasion, Captain Clark threw a port-fire match into the fire, and then took out his compass and with a bit of steel made the needle whirl round and round. The Indians were so terrified that the women hid behind the men, and the men hurried to bring him the roots that they had sullenly refused to sell. On the Fourth of July the explorers lived in luxury, for they feasted on bacon, beans, suet dumplings, and buffalo meat; but when Christmas came they had nothing but stale meat, fish, and a few roots. The Indians once cooked them some meat by laying it on pine branches under which were hot stones. More branches were put on top of the meat, then a layer of meat, then another layer of branches. Water was poured upon the mass, and three or four inches of earth spread over the whole heap. The white men did not like the flavor of pine, but they admitted that the meat was tender.

They tried to make friends with the Indians wherever they went, by giving them medals and other trinkets that they had brought. They told them about the Great Father in Washington who wished them to be his children, and who would always be kind to them. Sometimes they shared their food with the red men. One Indian ate a piece of dried squash and said it was the best thing he had ever tasted except a lump of sugar that some member of the party had given him. One tribe to whom they offered whiskey refused it. "I am surprised," said the chief, "that our father should give us a drink that would make us fools."

Talking with the Indians was not always easy. This is the way it was sometimes done. Captain Lewis or Captain Clark spoke in English; one of the men put what he had said into French; the interpreter put it into an Indian dialect that his Indian wife understood; she put it into another tongue which a young Indian in the party understood; and he translated it into the language of the



Lewis and Clark Expedition, Charles Marion Russell

tribe with whom they wished to talk. It was no wonder that whenever it was possible they avoided this roundabout method and used the language of signs. When a man wished to say, for instance, "I have been gone three nights," he had only to rest his head on his hand to suggest sleep and to hold up three fingers. He could say, "I came on horseback" by pointing to himself and then placing two fingers of his right hand astride his left wrist. To hold a blanket by two corners, shake it over the head, and unfold it, meant, "I am your friend; come and sit on my blanket." If the Indian accepted the invitation, the next scene was not very agreeable; for he would wish to embrace the white man and rub his cheek, thick with red paint, on that of his new friend.

One language was understood by all, the language of gifts. A string of beads went a long way in winning friends. The red men had their fashions in beads, however; blue or white beads were very welcome, but they cared little for other colors. They were fond of dancing. One evening several hundred Indians seated themselves around the white men's camp and waited till the violin struck up and a dance took place. After an hour or two, the white men said, "Now it is your turn. Show us how you dance." The red men and women and children sprang to their feet and crowded together around an open space. A few young braves leaped into the space and carried on something that might be called a dance; but all that the rest of the company did was to sing and jump up and down in time with the music. They were as fond of games as of dancing. The most common game was one often played now by white children. A man passed a tiny piece of bone back and forth from one hand to the other, then held out both hands closed. The one who was playing against him pointed to the hand in which he thought the bone was. If he guessed right, he won the blue beads or



Statue of Lewis and Clark,
Clatsop County, OR

whatever else the prize might be. If he lost, the other man won it.

So it was that, dancing, climbing mountains, shooting rapids, killing bears and mosquitoes, dragging canoes up rivers, making friends with the Indians, eating or fasting, the brave explorers made their way to the source of the Missouri, a streamlet so narrow that one of the men took his stand with one foot on either bank. Three-quarters of a mile farther, they came to a creek running to the westward. This was one of the branches of the Columbia. Onward they went, and at last they stood on the shore of the Pacific. It was the rainy season. Their clothes and bedding were always wet, and they had nothing to eat but dried fish. It is no wonder that they did not feel delighted with the scenery. Captain Clark wrote in his journal that the ocean was "tempestuous and horrible."

At last they started on the long journey back to the east. There were the same dangers to go through again, but finally they came to the homes of white men; and when they caught sight of cows feeding on the banks of the river, they all shouted with joy, the herds looked so calm and restful and homelike. When they reached the village of St. Louis, they received a hearty welcome, for all sup-posed that they had perished in the wilder-ness. These courageous, patient men had done much more than to explore a wild country. Just as Columbus had made a path across the Atlantic, so they had made a path to the Pacific. They showed the way; and the thousands who have made the western country into farms and villages and cities have only followed in the footsteps of these fearless explorers.

Chapter 9

Sacajawea

1790–1884

During the last years of the eighteenth century, in an Indian village along the banks of the Snake River, just west of the Bitter Root Mountains, in what is now the state of Idaho, a little girl was born. She was named Sacajawea (Sah-cah′-jah-we′ah), which in English means "Bird-woman." Of her early life there is little to tell. She doubtless lived as did the rest of her tribe, grinding corn into meal, providing the food, always out-of-doors, alert and resourceful. When she was about nine years old, the Shoshones (or Snake Indians, as they were sometimes called) were attacked suddenly by their hereditary foe, the Minnetarees of Knife River. They hastily retreated three miles up-stream and concealed themselves in the woods, but the enemy pursued. Being too few to contend successfully, the Shoshone men mounted their horses and fled, while the women and children scattered, but were soon captured. Sacajawea tried to escape by crossing the river at a shallow place, but halfway over was taken prisoner.

Eastward the captives were hurried, to a Minnetaree village near the present city of Bismarck, North Dakota, and here the girl Sacajawea was sold as a slave to Toussaint Chaboneau, a French half-breed, a wanderer and interpreter for the Northwest Fur Company. When she was about fourteen, an age considered womanhood among the Indians, Chaboneau married her.

In October of that year, 1804, there was much excitement in the village. Up the river from the south came a great boat, filled with white men, who, finding a good site for their camp on an island not far from the Minnetaree wigwams, landed, built a number of log huts and remained throughout the winter. From all the region round-about the inquisitive Indians were continually visiting these white men whose errand was strange though peaceable. Not to make war, but to travel far to the west had they come. Among their supplies were many things about which the Natives were curious. The squaws particularly were attracted by a mill that would grind their maize, enviously comparing its ease and speed with their slow methods. They longed for many articles in the white men's packs, and were glad to barter their corn for blue and white beads, for rings and for cloth. There was constant trading, and many, many were the questions asked about the great unknown country to the north and west.

A Canadian half-breed served the two white leaders of the party as interpreter. They also talked through Chaboneau, who knew both French and an Indian dialect, and who one day pointed out Sacajawea to them saying proudly, "She my slave, I buy her from de Rock Mountain, I make her my wife." When they heard who the Bird-woman was, they invited her and her husband to go with them on their long journey. He could interpret for some of the tribes, she for the Shoshones, for she had not forgotten the language of her childhood.

On the eleventh of February Sacajawea's son Baptiste was born, and a merry little papoose he proved to be. The travelers started west on the seventh of April, Chaboneau accompanying them, and Sacajawea carrying her baby, not quite two months old; every step of that five-thousand-mile journey she carried him, so that he was the most traveled papoose in the land.



Lewis & Clark at Three Forks,
mural in lobby of Montana House of Representatives,
Edgar Samuel Paxson

Taking the Bird-woman with them was an extremely wise measure on the part of the leaders, Lewis and Clark. Her presence was a sure guarantee that their intentions were peaceful, for no Indian tribe ever took a woman in their war parties. For the whole group of men the presence of this gentle, virtuous, retiring little woman and her baby must have had a softening, humanizing effect, greater than they were aware. Near the fire she would sit, making moccasins and crooning a song in her soft Indian monotone, while the baby toddled about, the two giving a touch of domesticity to that Oregon winter.

There were many heroes of this journey to the Far West, but only one heroine—this modest, unselfish, tireless squaw. With the strongest of the men she canoed and trudged and climbed and starved, always with the baby strapped on her back. Long dreary months of toil she endured like a Spartan. Instead of being a drag on their progress she was time and again the inspiration, the genius of the expedition. And in their journals both Lewis and Clark gave her frequent credit for her splendid services and frankly acknowledged in terms of respect and admiration their indebtedness to her.

One May afternoon when the travelers had been five or six weeks on their journey and were making good time with a sail hoisted on their boat, a sudden squall of wind struck them. The boat nearly went over, for Chaboneau, who was an interpreter and not a helmsman, lost his head, let go the tiller and called loudly to God for mercy. The water poured in and the boat was almost capsized before the men could cut the sail down. Out on the stream floated valuable papers and instruments, books, medicine, and a great quantity of merchandise. Always plucky in trouble, Sacajawea, who was in the rear, saved nearly all of these things, which were worth far more than their intrinsic value, since to replace them meant a journey of three thousand miles and a year's delay. No wonder

that Clark added, when speaking of the quick action of the Bird-woman, "to whom I ascribe equal fortitude and resolution with any person on board at the time of the accident."

Soon after this, from the tenth of June to the twenty-fourth, Sacajawea was very ill. One of the white captains bled her, a process that must have seemed strange to the Indian girl, but from their journals one can see that excellent care was taken of her. The party must continue on its way, so she was moved into the back part of the boat which was covered over and cool. All one night the Bird-woman complained, refusing the medicine offered her, while Chaboneau made constant petition to be allowed to return with his squaw.

The leaders were concerned for Sacajawea for they knew enough of medicine to see that her case was serious. And they were also concerned for the expedition's sake, for she was their sole dependence to negotiate with the Shoshone Indians on whom they relied for help. Lewis therefore determined to make camp till she was entirely restored. He persuaded her to take some laudanum and herbs and two days later wrote in his diary:

"Indian woman much better today. Continued same course of medicine. She is free from pain, clear of fever, her pulse regular, eats as heartily as I am willing to permit her of broiled buffalo well seasoned with pepper and salt and rich soup of the same meat."

The next day she improved rapidly, sat up for a time and even walked out. But alas! this brief period of convalescence Sacajawea evidently thought sufficient, and the following morning she "walked out and gathered a considerable quantity of white apples of which she ate so heartily in their raw state, together with a considerable quantity of dried fish without my knowledge that she



Illustration from *International university lectures, delivered by the most distinguished representatives of the greatest universities of the world*, 1909, by Congress of Arts and Science

complained very much and her fever returned. I rebuked Chaboneau severely for suffering her to indulge herself with such food, and gave her diluted nitre and thirty drops of laudanum."

The next day, however, she appeared to be in a fair way for recovery, walking about and fishing, so the party again started westward.

Nine days later, while Clark, Chaboneau and Sacajawea were making a portage, they noticed a black cloud coming up rapidly in the west. Hunting about for shelter they found a ravine protected by shelving rocks. Clark had laid aside his gun and compass, the Bird-woman her baby's extra clothes and his cradle, when suddenly rain fell in such a torrent that it washed down rocks and earth from higher up the gorge. A landslide followed but just before the heaviest part of it struck them, the white captain seized his gun in one hand and with the other dragged Sacajawea, her baby in her arms, up the steep bank. Chaboneau caught at her and pulled her along, but was too frightened to be of much help.

Down the ravine in a rolling torrent came the rain, with irresistible force, driving rocks and earth and everything before it. The water rose waist high and before Clark could reach the higher ground had ruined his watch. The compass and the cradle and the baby's clothes were washed away. By the time they reached the top of the hill the water was fifteen feet deep in the ravine. Anxious lest little Baptiste take cold and fearful that Sacajawea should suffer a relapse, Clark hurried the group to camp with all possible speed and gave the Indian woman a little spirits to revive her.

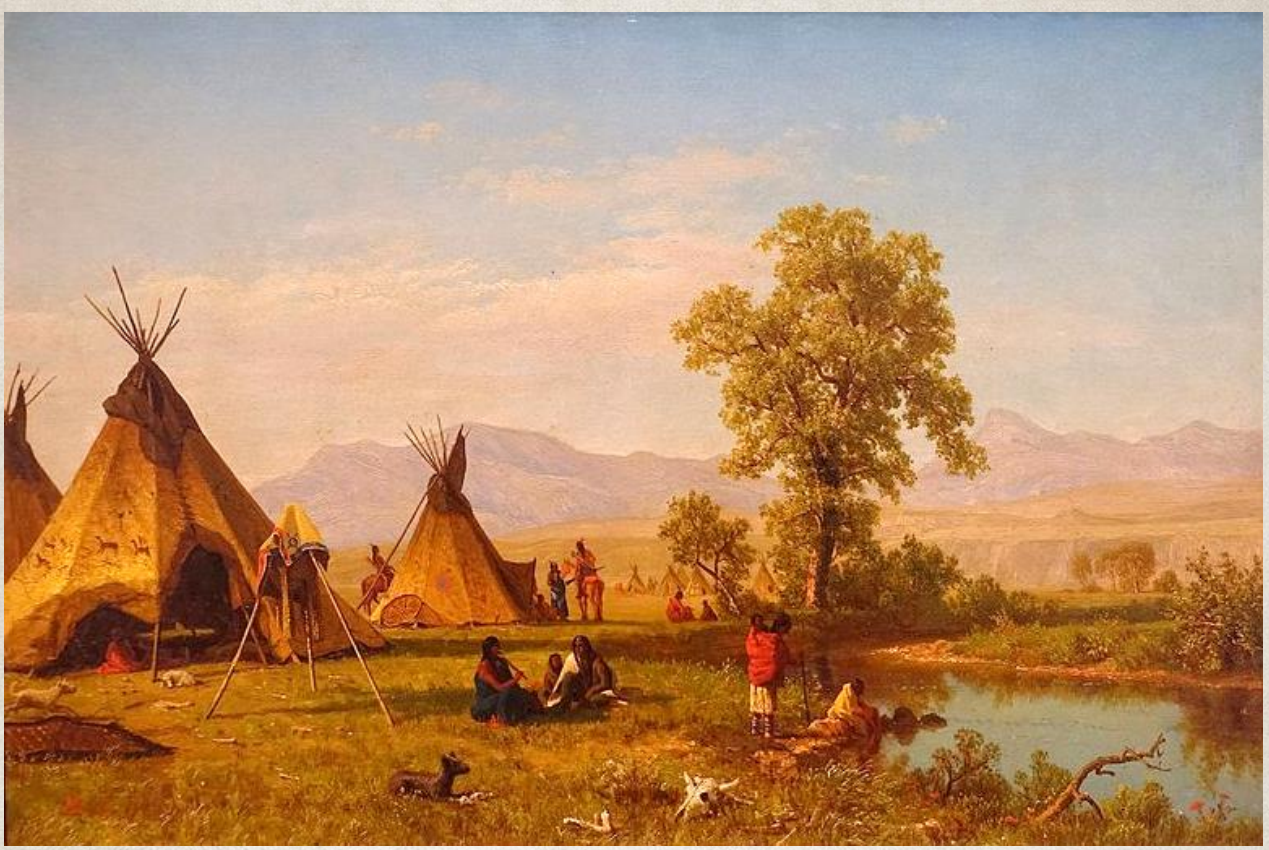
Toward the end of July they came to a country which Sacajawea knew. At first she was guided by instinct, like a homing bird. Then she began to recognize familiar landmarks, for this was where she had lived as a little girl. Both as guide and interpreter she was now the leading individual in the party, and of invaluable service. Often the white men could not see plainly the buffalo paths and Indian trails, but she divined them immediately. During her childhood she had traveled this road often, for it was the great resort of the Shoshones who came there to gather quamash and to trap the beaver.

Reaching the three forks of the Missouri River she advised that they follow the southern branch, as that was the route her tribe always took when crossing into the plains. One of their camps, the Bird-woman said, was on the very spot where she herself had been taken prisoner.

"She showed no distress at these recollections," comments the record, "nor any joy at the prospect of being restored to her country, for she seems to possess the folly or philosophy of not suffering her feelings to extend beyond the anxiety of having plenty to eat and a few trinkets to wear."

But that Sacajawea had no emotions was clearly a mistaken inference, for the journal, a few days later, has an interesting story to tell. Hoping to find an Indian trail that would lead to a tribe which could supply them guides and horses, they landed, resolved to succeed if it took a month's time. It seemed a forlorn search, but at all costs these two necessities must be had.

With Chaboneau and his wife, Clark was walking along the shore, the Indians a hundred yards ahead, when Sacajawea began to dance and show every mark of the most extravagant joy, turning round to the white captain, pointing to several Indians approaching them, and sucking her fingers to show that they belonged to her tribe. Suddenly a woman made her way through the crowd, ran toward her and embraced her with the most tender affection. Companions in childhood, they had been taken prisoner at the same time and had shared captivity. Finally the one had escaped, while



Sioux Village near Fort Laramie, by Albert Bierstadt

the other was left to be sold as a slave to the half-breed interpreter. A peculiarly touching meeting this was, for they had scarcely hoped ever to see each other again, and now they were renewing their friendship.

The two white captains meanwhile had a long conference with the Shoshone chief. After smoking together, gifts were exchanged. Then in order to converse more intelligently, Sacajawea was sent for. She sat down and began to translate, when, looking intently at the Indian chief, she recognized him as her brother. Jumping up she ran to him, embraced him, threw her blanket over him and wept. The chief himself was moved. Sacajawea tried to go on with her work of interpretation, but seemed overpowered by the situation and was frequently interrupted by tears.

Cameahwait, the Shoshone chief, agreed to aid the white men, giving them horses and guides, in which business Sacajawea was of the greatest help. She had a long talk with her brother, telling him of the great power of the American government, of the advantages he would receive by trading with the whites, and completely won the good will of her nation as she did that of other tribes they met. She persuaded her people to make the white men's journey through their country possible.

The Americans were surprised that Sacajawea showed no desire to remain with her own people, but her loyalty and devotion to the explorers were unfailing. Once she learned of threatened treachery on the part of her tribe, that they planned to break camp and go down the Missouri River to the buffalo country on the east, taking with them the horses which had been promised to the

white men. This would leave the newcomers stranded in the mountains, the lack of horses preventing their going westward. Immediately she told Lewis and Clark, who called the chiefs together, and after some discussion the plan was changed. By the end of August, with a replenished larder and fresh horses, the explorers were ready to start once more on their journey westward.

The road, Sacajawea told the white captains, was over steep and rocky mountains, in whose fastnesses they would come to the narrow divide marking the source of the Missouri River. An hour later they would find a stream running west, that would grow into a large river and flow on till it came to the great waters far away. But there was no food along its course, no paths along its rocky banks, no canoes could swim on its rough current. If they went on they must follow rude Indian trails where there was no game. For ten days they must cross a sandy desert. In many places travel would be slow.

Slow progress indeed it was, on this toilsome, dangerous journey. Some days five miles was the best they could make; other days they went forward scarcely at all. Food became scarce, and among the men, as winter weather came on, there was much sickness. Once they had a six-day storm that drenched everything they had on. And by this time their supply of dried meat and fish was exhausted.

They followed obscure windings of Indian trails, known only to the Indians. Sometimes they made their way through wild canons strewn with stones; sometimes they climbed painfully up a rough slippery height, or skirted the edge of a precipice. Almost a month was spent in getting through the mountains. Cold, half-starved, fatigued, ragged, footsore, they came out on the other side, more like fugitives than conquerors.

What would they have done without Sacajawea? Dauntless and determined, always cheerful and resourceful, she had in her care the lives and fortunes of the whole party. It was she who gathered plants unknown to the white captains and cooked them into a mush. It was she who varied their monotonous diet by roasting, boiling and drying fennel roots, and stewing wild onions with their meat. It was she who found berries and edible seeds when starvation seemed the only outcome. She searched in the prairie dogs' holes with a sharp stick and discovered wild artichokes, as valuable as potatoes, with a delicious flavor. She taught the white men how to break shank bones of elk, boil them and extract the grease to make "trapper's butter." When Clark was ill she made bread for him with some flour she had saved for her baby — the only mouthful he tasted for days.

Late in November they reached the coast and spent the winter, a forlorn group, at Fort Clatsop. There was much sickness and the strength of the men began to fail. There was nothing but dried fish for food, and it rained and rained till their clothes and bedding rotted away.

They had a strange celebration on Christmas day, when the men sang songs in the morning, and the Bird-woman brought a gift to Clark — two dozen white weasels' tails!

In January during a brief interval of sunny weather, they planned to go to the beach to get oil and blubber from a whale that was reported stranded there. Sacajawea had heard of the Pacific in the legends of her tribe, she had heard of whales too, and begged to be allowed to go. Had she traveled all that long way only to fail to see the great waters and the great fish? So Clark agreed that she should accompany them. When they arrived the Indians had already disposed of the whale, the skeleton, a hundred and five feet long, being all that was left.

Because of sickness and scant stores of food, bitterly disappointed when no trading ships

appeared with fresh supplies, they began the return trip early in March instead of in April. Progress was so rapid that the journey which westward had lasted for full eight months, was made in five, and six weeks of this time was taken up by a detour. The party divided and Clark, with Chaboneau and Sacajawea as guides, went to explore the Yellowstone.

In August they were once more at the Minnetaree village where the Bird-woman had first seen the white captains and their mill for grinding corn. Here the leaders said good-by to their Indian friend and guide. Clark offered to take the family to the states, give them land, horses, cows and hogs to start farming, or a boatload of merchandise as a stock for trading. But Chaboneau preferred to remain among the Indians, saying he had no acquaintance in the East and no chance of making a livelihood. Clark then offered to take the baby, "my little dancing boy Baptiest," now eighteen months old, and bring him up as his own child, but Sacajawea refused.

Chaboneau's wages, together with the payment for a horse, were five hundred dollars and thirty-three cents. The records say not a word of any sum for Sacajawea whose faithfulness and intelligence had made success possible. She who could divine routes, who had courage when the men quailed, who could spread as good a table with bones as others with meat, was unthought of when bounties in land and money were granted.

Writing back to Chaboneau a few days later, Clark did indeed give her full credit when he said:

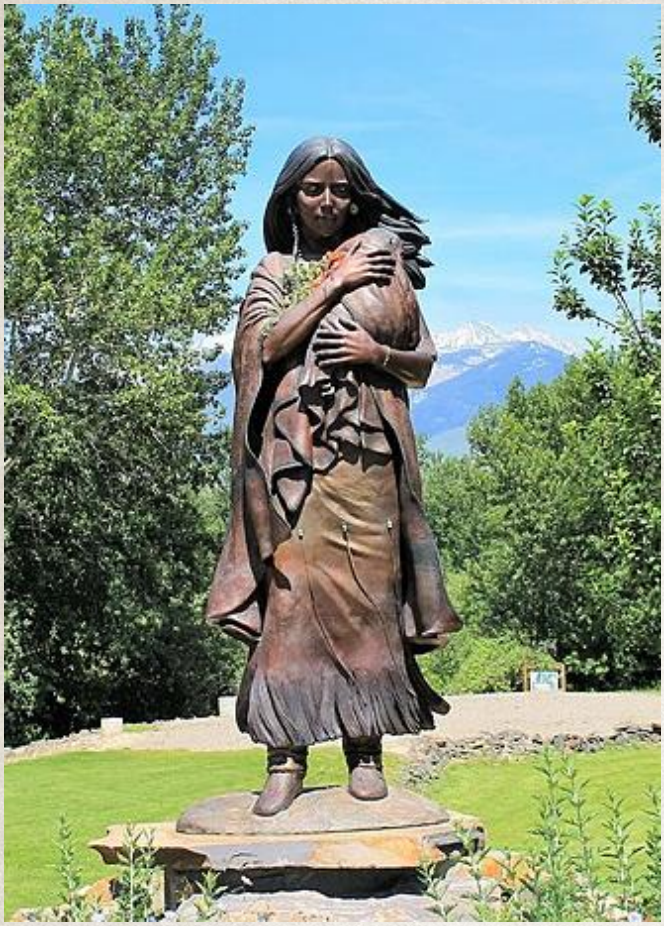
"Your woman who accompanied you that long and dangerous and fatiguing route to the Pacific Ocean and back deserved a greater reward for her attention and services on that route than we had in our power to give her at the Mandans."

Chaboneau's money probably served to establish his family very comfortably in the village in Dakota. You can imagine what stories they told of their adventures during the long winter evenings — of the wild animals they met, of their escape from the cloudburst at the Great Falls, of the mysterious, explosive sounds heard in the mountains, of the portages they made, of shooting the rapids in the Columbia, of their struggle among the snows of the Bitter Root range, and of the great salt ocean at the sunset — for they had taken part in the most remarkable exploration of modern times.



Statue of Sacagawea, Sunken Gardens, Portland, OR

For many years there is no record of Sacajawea. Clark, as superintendent of Indian affairs, in 1837 appointed Chaboneau interpreter, with a salary of three hundred dollars. And there is one official item, an expense account for a boy (possibly Baptiste) in school at Saint Louis, which was paid to Chaboneau, in 1820. The little papoose who traveled all that long journey grew up to be a guide, with his



Statue of Sacagawea, Sacagawea Interpretive Center, Salmon, ID (birthplace of Sacagawea)

mother's native instinct and cleverness. He served with Bridget in southwest Wyoming; he is mentioned with Fremont in 1842 and from sometime in the sixties he lived on an Indian reservation in Fremont County, Wyoming.

Sacajawea was there with him after 1871. An old, old woman, she is described by one of the missionaries, Doctor Irwin, short of stature, spare of figure, quick in her movements, remarkably straight and wonderfully active and intelligent considering her great age. She often told of her journey to the place of "much water for the great Washington," as the government was always referred to, and talked of the "big waters beyond the shining mountains, toward the setting sun." And on that reservation she died and was buried.

The journey of the two white captains pushed the frontier from the Mississippi to the coast. It burst through the Rocky Mountain barrier and opened the gates to the Pacific slope. It gave the nation a rich territory from which ten states were formed. But the services of Sacajawea had for many years no lasting commemoration. Shortly after the adventure in the boat the leaders did indeed name a river for the Bird-woman, one of the branches of the Musselshell in central Montana, but the very first settlers changed it from Sacajawea to Crooked Creek and so it is called to-day. In very recent times the Geological Survey named for her the great peak in the Bridger range overlooking the spot where she was captured, and where she pointed out the pass over the mountains — a route chosen years later by the engineers of the Northern Pacific Railroad. This place was also marked with a boulder and tablet by the Montana chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution.

That is all that remains of Sacajawea — a peak bearing her name, and her story. A century after her long journey the women of Oregon erected, in the center of the great exposition court at Portland, a bronze statue of the noble Indian girl whose faithful service as a guide made possible the success of the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

Chapter 10

Tecumseh and His Prophet Brother

1768-1813 and 1775-1836

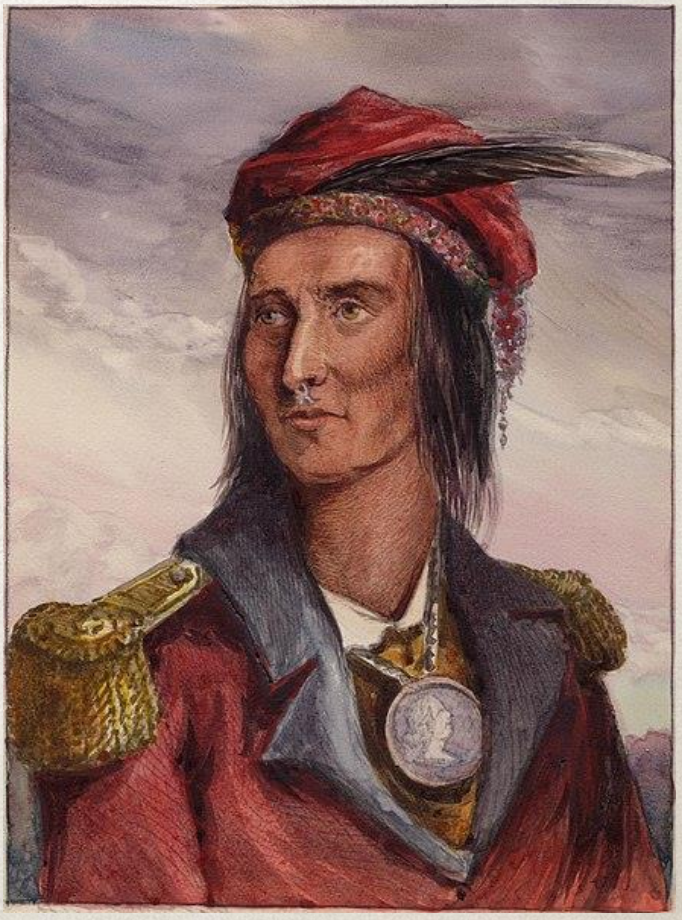
In the year 1771, in an Indian village near the Miami river in Ohio, there lived an Indian boy named Tecumseh, which means "a shooting star." He spent his time swimming in the river during the warm days, playing with the other boys, or shooting with his bow and arrow. In the winter he set traps to catch small animals in the forest, and sometimes he went hunting with his older brother. This brother wished to make a great warrior of him.

The boy soon became a leader among his playmates, and as he grew older he showed great courage and skill both in hunting and in war.

As he sat with the warriors and braves about the camp fire, he heard many stories of the white people, and of their greed for the Indians' land. He heard them tell of the broken-hearted Indians who had been driven away from their homes, and of the unjust treatment of the whites.

Every year Tecumseh became stronger, and a better hunter. He had piercing black eyes and always wore a plain dress of deer skin, not being fond of gaudy colors.

Tecumseh soon became the best hunter of his tribe. Three young braves once came to him and boasted that they could kill as many deer in three days as he could. He accepted the challenge, and after three days they all returned. The three braves had killed only twelve, but Tecumseh brought in more than twice as many.



Tecumseh, unknown artist

He was very generous and gave most of the game he captured to those not able to hunt for themselves. If there was an old Indian whose wigwam needed mending, it was Tecumseh who patched it. If there was a widow in need it was Tecumseh who laid food at her door. A traveler from Kentucky stopped one night at the home of a white settler near Tecumseh's village. He intended to explore the lands. He was very much surprised to learn that Indians were so near. While they were talking the door suddenly opened and in walked the dignified Tecumseh. The Kentuckian was frightened and Tecumseh noticed it, and looking at him a moment said in a contemptuous tone, "A big baby! A big baby!"

Tecumseh's heart was filled with love for his people. He had, for years, been watching the advance of the white men, and it was with troubled eyes that he saw his own people compelled to withdraw farther and farther from their former hunting grounds.

The more he thought about it the clearer he saw that soon the white people would fill the country, and the Indians, once so powerful, would be driven out.

At this time there were just seventeen states, and Tecumseh thought if it was a good thing for the white people to join together to help each other, it would be a good thing for all the Indian tribes to unite for the protection of their homes.

He began to prepare for a great war in which all of the Indians would join together and drive the white people out of the country.

He and his brother visited the tribes in the north, the west, and the south, traveling many miles over hills and valleys, and through the dark and lonely forests.

In the south he called a great council, and told them he had come from the far distant Great Lakes to urge them to go on the war path and drive the white man either into the sea, or to the land from which he came. Tecumseh's brother had heard from the English that a comet would appear soon. He said, "You will see the arm of Tecumseh like a pale fire stretched out in the heaven, and at that time the war will begin."

One chief was friendly to the white people and would not promise, but shook his head. Tecumseh tried hard to persuade him, but all in vain.

At last he said: "Your blood is white. You do not mean to fight. I know the



Illustration from *Some forgotten heroes and their place in American history* by Edward Alexander Powell, 1922



Departure of an Indian War Party, Albert Bierstadt

reason. You do not believe the Great Spirit sent me. You shall believe it. I will go straight to Detroit; when I get there, I will stamp my foot on the ground and shake down every house in your village."

Sure enough the comet appeared, and the Indians said, "It is Tecumseh's arm." Then there came an earthquake and the Indians ran out of their huts crying: "Tecumseh is at Detroit; we feel the stamp of his foot." Then they all prepared to help in the war.

Tecumseh's home was no longer on the Miami river, but far to the west at Tippecanoe, on a branch of the Wabash. When he returned home he found that several tribes had signed a treaty giving to the government a large tract of land. He was filled with rage, and declared that he would never allow it to be surveyed.

General Harrison was in command of the white soldiers, and hearing of Tecumseh's anger sent for him to come and present his claim. So one hot day in August, 1811, Tecumseh, with several hundred warriors went to Vincennes, which was the headquarters of the army.

He made a long speech, and after it, found himself without a seat. Observing the neglect, the General directed a chair, to be placed for him.

"Your father," said the interpreter, "requests you to take a chair."

"My father!" replied the chief. "The sun is my father, and the earth is my mother, I will repose on her bosom." And he proudly drew his blanket about him and sat down on the ground.

The meeting was very exciting, for the Indians were angry and determined. It looked for a while

as though war might break out at any moment. The next day the Indians were somewhat calmer, but General Harrison saw that war would come in spite of all his efforts to prevent it.

Tecumseh hurried away to see other tribes, leaving bundles of red sticks at each village, telling them to throw away one every day until they were all gone. Then they were to fall upon the white people and kill them all.

General Harrison concluded that if war must come, he would begin it himself. He marched to Tippecanoe and, after a hard battle with the Indians, succeeded in driving them away and capturing the village.

When Tecumseh returned, he found his home in ashes, his warriors driven away or killed, and his brother whom he had left in command, defeated and missing.

Tecumseh now gave up all hope. In 1812 the United States had another war with England and Tecumseh entered the English army. He fought under General Proctor, who was a very cruel soldier.

One day a number of Harrison's men had been captured, and some of the Indians were torturing them and soon would have killed them. Tecumseh seeing what was going on, sprang from his horse and rushed upon these Indians and threw them to the ground.

"Why do you allow this?" he asked indignantly, of General Proctor.

"Your Indians cannot be controlled," said General Proctor,

"Begone!" said Tecumseh, "you are unfit to command; go and put on petticoats."

One day there came a heavy battle on the river Thames in Canada. In the thick of the fight, General Proctor ran away, but the brave Tecumseh died there fighting for his adopted country, the foe of the United States.

So ended the life of this great chief.



Death of Tecumseh, U.S. Capitol

*Many of our geographical names are from the Indian language, here are a few of our commonest: Illinois, after a tribe of Indians; Ohio, means beautiful river; Kentucky, at the head of the river; Niagara, the neck; Mississippi, great water; Missouri, muddy water; Massachusetts, the great hill country: Idaho, sunrise mountain; Michigan, big lake; Chesapeake, great water; Dakota, after a tribe; Minnesota, cloudy water.

Tecumseh's Brother, the Prophet

Tecumseh had not been alone in his anxiety for the future of his race. After the death of his elder brother he had made his twin brother, Laulewasikaw, his trusted comrade. Together they had talked over the decay in power and manliness that was swiftly overtaking the tribes, and the wrongs the red men suffered at the hands of the white. They had not spent their strength in useless murmurings, but had analyzed the causes of trouble and decided how they might be removed.

One day after brooding deeply over these matters Laulewasikaw fell upon the earth in a swoon. For a long time he lay quite stiff and rigid, and those who saw him thought he was dead. But by and by he gave a deep moan and opened his eyes. For a moment he looked about as if he did not know where he was. On coming to his senses he explained to his friends that he had had a vision in which he had seen the Great Spirit, who had told him what to do to save the Indian people from destruction.

From that time he styled himself "Prophet" and claimed to act under the direction of the Great Spirit. He changed his name to Tenskwatawa to signify that he was the "Open Door," through which all might learn the will of the Great Spirit.

Many of the Prophet's teachings were such as we should all approve of. Wishing to purify the individual and family life of the Indians, he forbade men to marry more than one wife, and commanded them to take care of their families and to provide for those who were old and sick. He required them to work, to till the ground and raise corn, and to hunt.

Some of his teachings were intended to make the Indians as a people independent of the white race. The Great Spirit, said Tenskwatawa, had made the Indians to be a single people, quite distinct from the white men and for different purposes. The tribes must therefore stop fighting with one another and must unite and live peaceably together as one tribe. They must not fight with the white men, either Americans or British. Neither must they intermarry with them or adopt their customs.

Furthermore, Tenskwatawa taught the Indians that a tribe had no right to sell the land it lived on. The Great Spirit had given the red people the land that they might enjoy it in common, just as they did the light and the air. He did not wish them to measure it off and build fences around it. Since no one chief or tribe owned the land, no single chief or tribe could sell it. No Indian territory therefore could be sold to the white men without the consent of all tribes and all Indians.

The words of the Prophet were eagerly listened to. Indians came from far and near to hear him. Some were so excited by what he said against witchcraft that they put to death those who persisted in using charms and pronouncing incantations.

The sayings and doings of the Shawnee Prophet soon attracted the attention of the Governor of Indiana Territory. Pity for the victims of the Prophet's misguided zeal, and alarm because of the influence Tenskwatawa seemed to be gaining, led Governor William Henry Harrison to take measures to check the popularity of a man who seemed to be a fraud and a mischief-maker. He sent to the Delaware Indians the following "speech":

"My Children: My heart is filled with grief, and my eyes are dissolved in tears at the news which has reached me. Who is this pretended prophet who dares to speak in the name of the Great Creator? Examine him. Is he more wise and virtuous than you are your selves, that he should be selected to convey to you the orders of your God? Demand of him some proofs at least of his being

the messenger of the Deity. If God has really employed him, He has doubtless authorized him to perform miracles, that he may be known and received as a prophet. If he is really a prophet, ask him to cause the sun to stand still, the moon to alter its course, the rivers to cease to flow, or the dead to rise from their graves. If he does these things you may believe that he has been sent from God. He tells you that the Great Spirit commands you to punish with death those who deal in magic, and that he is authorized to point them out. Wretched delusion! Is, then, the Master of Life obliged to employ mortal man to punish those who offend Him? Clear your eyes, I beseech you, from the mist which surrounds them. No longer be imposed on by the arts of the impostor. Drive him from your town and let peace and harmony prevail amongst you."

This letter increased rather than diminished the influence of the Prophet. He met the Governor's doubt of his power with fine scorn and named a day on which he would "put the sun under his feet." Strange to say, on the day named, an eclipse of the sun occurred, and the affrighted Indians quaked with fear and thought it was all the work of Tenskwatawa.



Statue of Tecumseh, U.S. Naval Academy,
Annapolis, MD

Chapter 11

Kit Carson

1809–1868



19th century photo of Kit Carson
and John Charles Fremont

While the War of 1812 was going on, a family in Missouri were aroused one night by a light knock at the door, and a hoarse whisper, "Indians!" The father of the family caught up his gun, the mother dressed the children as well as she could in the darkness, and the whole family hurried to the log fort.

Kit Carson was one of these children, and this scene was among the earliest of his memories. It was an exciting life for a little boy, and he must have felt that his days were dull enough when his father apprenticed him to a saddler and hour after hour he had to sit and stitch on saddles and harnesses. He did his work well, but two years later, when he was eighteen, he had a chance to do something that he liked much better. A company were going to carry goods from eastern Missouri to the Spanish town of Santa Fe, and he went with them. He did not return with them, however, but pushed on farther into the mountains. When he was hungry, he shot a bird or a squirrel or a turkey or, perhaps, a deer. When night came, he made a little shelter of bark and boughs. In the mountains he chanced to meet a hunter who had built himself a hut and meant to spend the winter. Kit agreed to stay with him. With plenty of furs and wood, they were sure of being warm; and with their rifles there was no trouble about keeping the table well supplied. He studied Spanish with his new friend, and studied so hard that when spring came he could speak the language with ease.

In the spring Kit started to go home, but on the way he met some traders. When they found that he had been over the trail twice, they asked, "Will you turn back and be our guide?" The next question was, "Can you speak Spanish?" Kit answered yes to both questions, and they offered him large pay if he would go with them not only as guide but as interpreter. This was just what he wanted

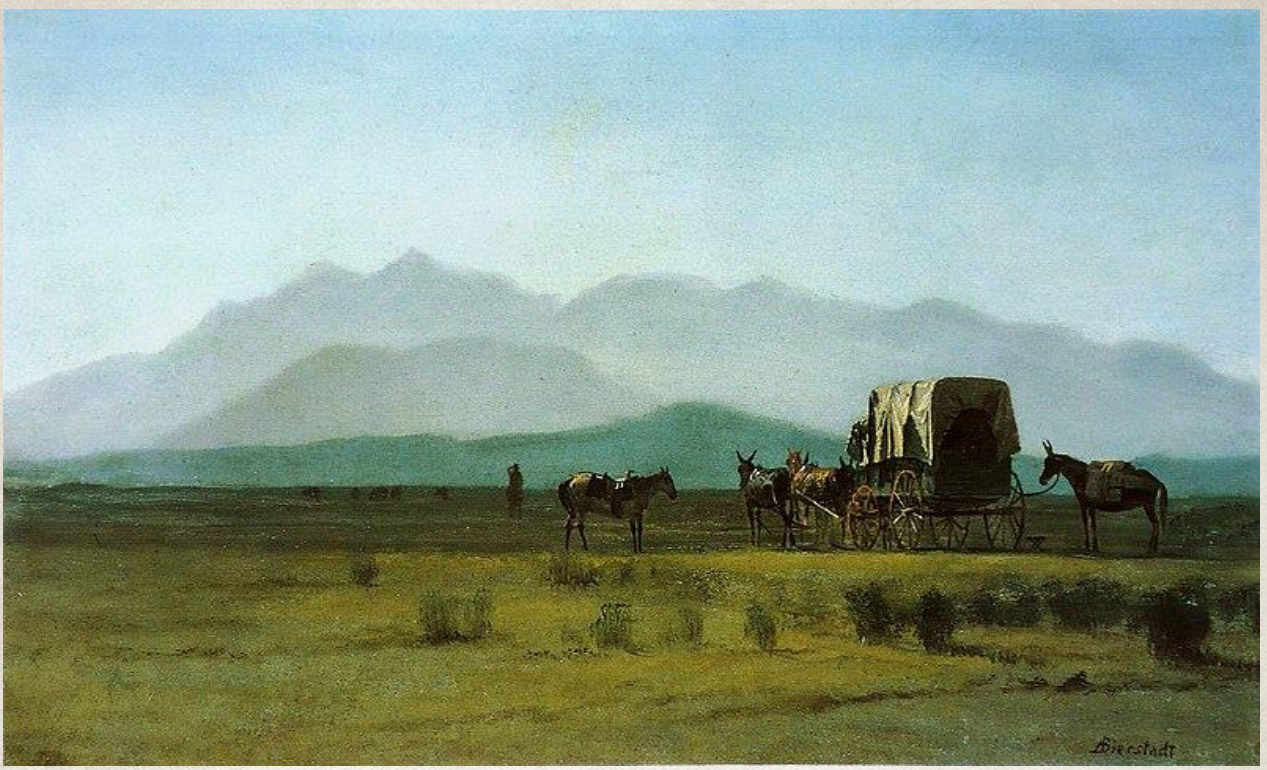
to do, so back he went to Santa Fe.

His next business was hunting and trapping. He would start off for a month or more with a horse to ride and a mule to carry the luggage. He wore trousers and hunting shirt, or tunic, of deerskin, often cut into fringe at the bottom and ornamented with embroidery of porcupine quills. On his feet were thick moccasins. Of course he had a rifle, plenty of powder and bullets, and a sharp knife stuck into a sheath at his belt. The mule carried more ammunition, a blanket or two, iron traps, and an extra knife and hatchet. Carson was in search of beaver, and when he saw their dams in a stream he chose some place near for his camp. To make his house he drove two strong stakes into the ground and two shorter ones back of them. On top of these stakes he laid boughs and bark for a roof. The walls were also made of bark. In half a day he could build this shed, open on one side. His bed was a fur robe or a blanket spread upon hemlock branches. There was plenty to eat in the stream and the forest, so when the house was built he set his beaver traps. Every morning he went to examine them. He skinned the beavers that had been caught, stretched the skins out to dry, and when he had as many skins as his mule could carry, he went back to the settlement and sold them.



Carson and his horse, illustration from *The Life and Adventures of Kit Carson, the Nestor of the Rocky Mountains, from Facts Narrated by Himself* by De Witt C. Peters, 1858

For several years he lived as trapper and guide. He had all sorts of adventures. Once when he was alone in the woods he shot an elk, but before he could load his gun again he heard angry growls behind him. They came from two big grizzly bears that were rushing toward him. Of course he ran for a tree, and swung himself up among the branches, but only a moment before one bear struck a fierce blow with his paw. Unluckily, grizzly bears can climb trees, as Kit well knew; but these two waited a minute, as if deciding which should go first. In that minute the hunter had pulled out his sharp knife, cut off a stout branch and made it into a cudgel. He knew that while a grizzly bear does not object seriously to being peppered with shot, he is very sensitive to even a scratch on the end of his nose. Therefore, when the first bear began to climb, Kit Carson



Surveyor's Wagon in the Rockies, Albert Bierstadt

gave him a tremendous blow right on his sensitive nose. The bear dropped to the ground howling and roaring. The other one tried it, but in a minute he, too, was howling with the pain in the end of his precious nose. They glared up into the tree at the man with the cudgel. They growled at him, they snarled, and they roared; but neither of them cared to meet the stick again. At last they concluded that they would have to get their dinner somewhere else, so they trotted away together, still growling and occasionally looking back over their shoulders.

There was always danger from Indians. Kit Carson treated them fairly and kindly, but there were many other men who stole from them and shot them as if they were wild beasts. The Indians looked upon all white men as belonging to one tribe, and, therefore, if a white man had injured them, they thought it was only justice to punish any other white man whom they could catch. When the hunters made a camp, they had to keep close guard or their horses would be stolen. Once, when Kit Carson was with a party of hunters, they found one morning that the Indians had crept up in the night and carried away eighteen horses. Carson and eleven other men galloped after them, and at the end of a fifty-mile ride came upon them. It was noon, and the Indians had stopped to rest the animals. When they saw the white men, one Indian came toward them unarmed. That meant, "I want to talk with you." Kit Carson, also unarmed, went toward the Indian, and this meant, "I am ready to listen." The Indian said, "We never thought those horses were yours; we supposed they belonged to the Snake Indians, our enemies. The white men are our friends, and we should not think of injuring them." Not a word did they say about giving back the horses.

When they were through speaking, Kit Carson said, "I am glad that you are our friends. We are willing to forgive the mistake. We will take our horses and go away." But no horses were brought.

He insisted, and at length they brought five of the poorest that they had stolen. "That is all," they said. "We will bring no more." Then both parties seized their rifles, and every man tried to get behind a tree. There was a long fight, but at last the Indians fled. All the red men who knew Carson liked him, and often, instead of shooting them or trying to keep them from shooting him, he acted as peacemaker among them. It happened once that the Sioux had been hunting on the land of the Comanches, and the two tribes had fought several battles. The chief of the Comanches sent to Carson and said, "Will you not come to help us and lead us against the Sioux?" Carson went to them, but, instead of leading them to war, he persuaded the Sioux to leave the hunting ground of the Comanches, and there was no more fighting.

After sixteen years of such life, he went back to his old home in Missouri; but many of his friends were dead and the place was so changed that he soon left it and started to return to the west. On the steamboat going up the Missouri, he met Lieutenant John C. Fremont, whom the government had sent to explore the country west of Missouri. His guide had failed him, and he was glad to engage Carson.

Then Carson became a messenger. He went alone for three or four hundred miles, although he knew that the Indians were angry with the whites, and would be likely to kill even him if they could catch him. He went on two other expeditions with Fremont, and twice made the long journey to Washington with letters from him to the President. It must have seemed very strange to the hunter to be the guest of honor at dinners and receptions and to meet all the "great folk" of "Washington and St. Louis"; but he was so gentle and courteous that everyone liked him, and he was so simple and sincere and so forgetful of himself that he could not be awkward.



The Rocky Mountains, Lander's Peak, Albert Bierstadt



Equestrian statue of Kit Carson, Kit Carson Monument, Trinidad, CO

After Carson went back to Santa Fe, he bought a large farm, or ranch, in New Mexico, and there he lived with his wife, a Mexican lady, and their children. He did other things besides managing his ranch. Once he spent many weeks driving a flock of more than six thousand sheep from his home to California. He could not have done this if he had not known so well in which direction to go and just where to find water and good pasture. Once he brought together eighteen of his old friends, and they went off on a trapping excursion up the South Platte River. They had not lost their skill, and they came back with a great quantity of furs.

The government appointed Carson Indian agent, and no better man could have been found. Almost all the tribes knew him, and called him "Father Kit." The good ones loved him, but the bad ones were much afraid of him; for if they attacked the white men, he was sure to punish them. Sometimes when he heard that the Indians were planning a war, he went straight to their encampment and talked with them as if they had been his children. "You have hundreds of warriors," he would say, "but the Great Father in Washington has thousands. You will kill some of his soldiers, but he has plenty more to call out, and in the end they will kill all your warriors. Why do you make him fight you? He does not want to fight. He wants to help you, and to have you help him." The Indians would almost always yield; and if all the white people had treated them as fairly and reasonably as did Kit Carson, there would have been few Indian wars.

Not long before Carson's death the story of his life was written, and the book was read to him. His doctor said afterwards: "It was wonderful to read of the stirring scenes, thrilling deeds, and narrow escapes, and then look at the quiet, modest, retiring, but dignified little man who had done so much… He was one of nature's noblemen, pure, honorable, truthful, sincere."

Chapter 12

John C. Fremont

1813-1890

"Though the pathfinders die, the paths remain open."

Thirty years after Lewis and Clark had made their great expedition to the Pacific coast, another young man penetrated the unknown West. He was John Charles Fremont, and he went not once but many times. His purpose was to find the best routes for settlers from the East. He was to map out the rivers, discover the passes over the mountains, choose sites for forts, and make notes of the soil, the plants, the animals, and the roving tribes of Indians. At first, Fremont was sent by the government; later he chose to go for himself. Fremont's adventures were many and thrilling; and in one expedition he helped to make history in a very remarkable way, as we shall see.



John Charles Frémont,
William Smith Jewett

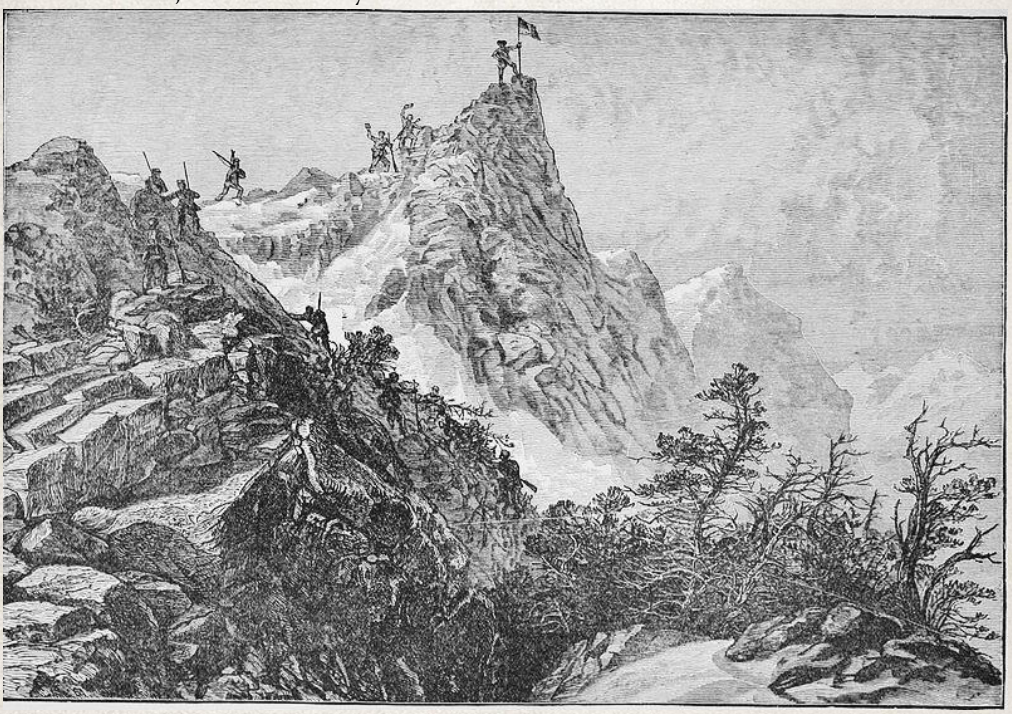
Fremont was born in Savannah, Georgia, in 1813. At the age of twenty-four he went on his first western expedition, under an experienced explorer, named Nicollet. Fremont was an excellent surveyor and mathematician and was most useful to Nicollet. He was a fine rider and a good hunter; and he made himself invaluable, so that Nicollet asked him to go on a second expedition, the following year.

At this time the United States government wished to find the best overland route to the Pacific Ocean. Emigrants were eager to go, and the government should be able to direct them properly. Fremont was asked to lead an exploring

party to the South Pass, Wyoming. The band of adventurers left St. Louis by steamer; and, on this steamer, it is said, Fremont was so fortunate as to meet Kit Carson and to engage him as guide.

Christopher Carson was a little, gentle, blue-eyed man, four years older than Fremont. He was a grandson of Daniel Boone and he was more than a "chip off the old block, he was the old block itself." For sixteen years he had been going over the trails of the fur trappers in the western wilderness, as teamster, guide, trapper, and hunter. Brave as a Hun, he had fought countless times with savage men and beasts and come off the victor. Though very quiet of manner, he had a "forcefulness and self-confidence that sooner or later was bound to impress itself upon others." The meeting was indeed a happy one for Fremont.

The first government expedition was successfully accomplished in five months' time. Perhaps the most striking event in the trip was the ascent by members of the party of the loftiest peak of the Wind River Mountains, known to-day as Fremont's Peak.



Colonel John C. Fremont on the Rocky Mountains, Illustration from *United States; a history: the most complete and most popular history of the United States of America from the aboriginal times to the present day,* by John Clark Ridpath, 1893

The following year a greater undertaking was asked of Fremont by the government. He was to explore the unknown country between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific.

California was a province of Mexico. The inhabitants had formerly consisted of Spaniards, Mexicans, and Indians, but of recent years there had been several thousand emigrants from the United States. It was believed that Mexico would be unable long to retain California. The province was held by the slightest of bonds. The important question was, into whose hands she would fall, once the Mexican tie was broken. The United States had a powerful rival in England, who you must remember owned great stretches of country in the far Northwest.

Texas had won her freedom in 1836. California might soon follow in her steps. It seemed to the government wise to gather all possible facts concerning the topography of this coveted province.

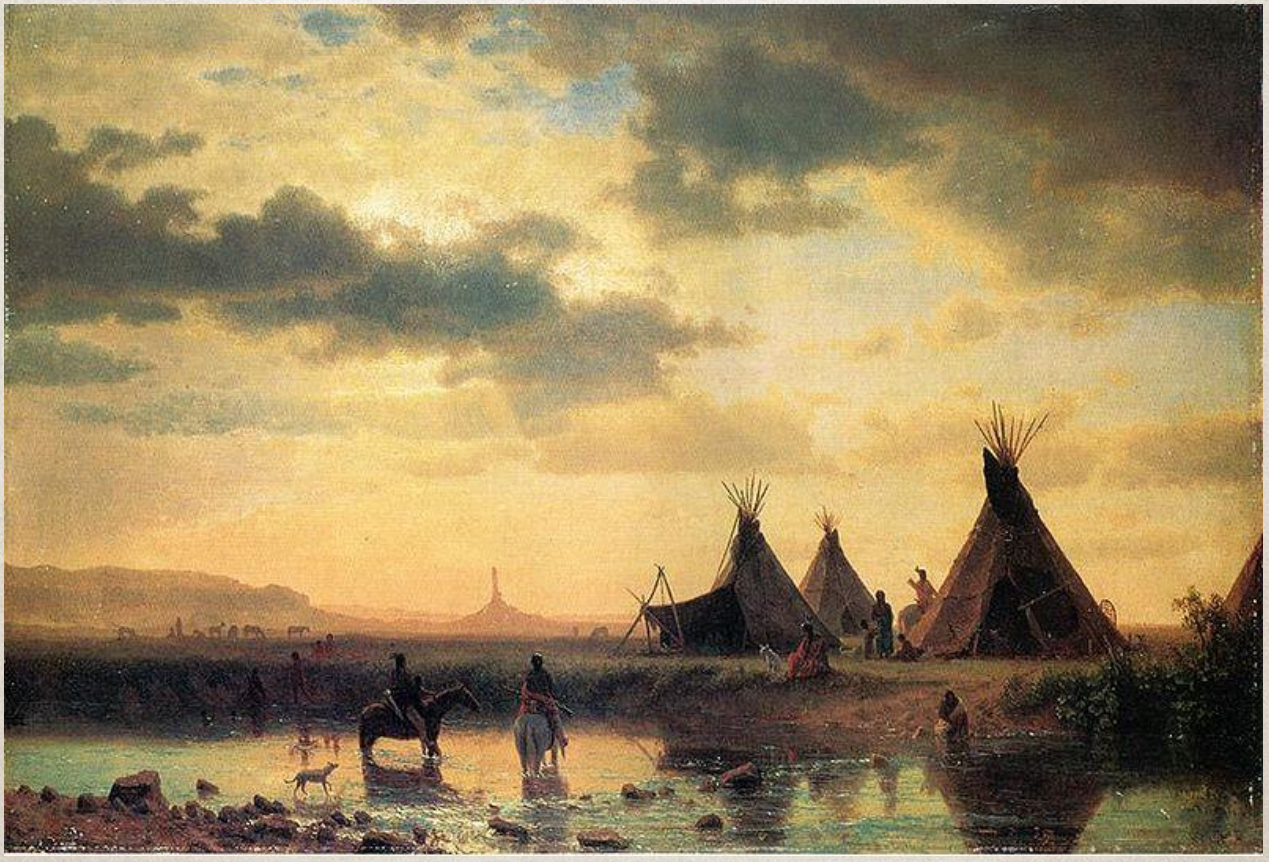
It was the part of the route through Mexican territory that proved well-nigh fatal to the party. The outward route was well-known ground to Carson. But when they turned into California, he informed Fremont that the trails were strange to him. Nevertheless he pressed on, serving the party as best he could.

The snows caught them, lost, bewildered, far from any camp or homely shelter. A lofty mountain range, the Sierra Nevada, lay between them and the settlements of men. Fremont decided to cross these mountains in the dead of winter. For this choice he has been much criticized.

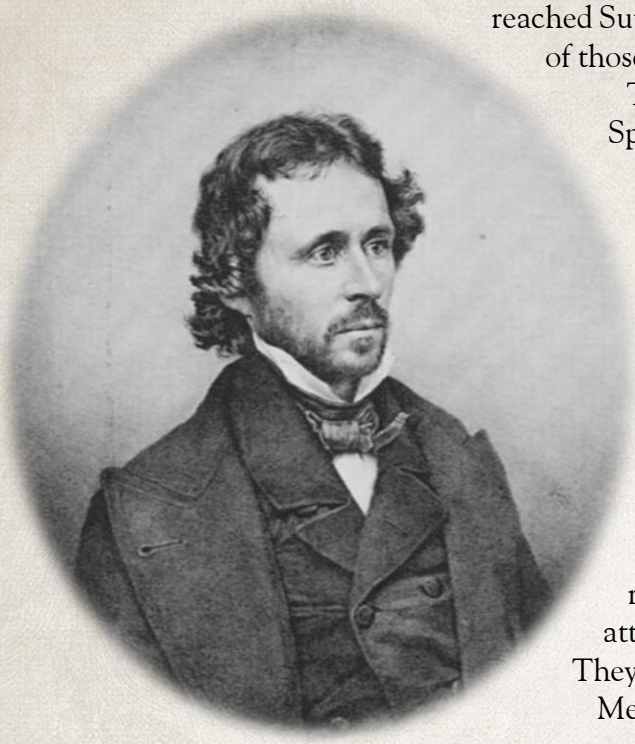
The Indians did not approve. When he asked them for a guide, they raised their hands to their necks and even above their heads to show the depths of the snow. They shut their eyes and shook their heads to show the nameless terrors of the trail. Finally one young Indian, dazzled by the splendor of a blanket, a gift from Fremont, agreed to lead the anxious party.

Day after day the journey continued. The cold grew more intense; to make matters worse, the food gave out, and they were forced to eat the leather of their saddles.

At last the Indian guide gave up in despair. He threw his dearly won blanket over his head and wept aloud. Despair was filling all hearts, when Carson returned from a reconnoiter with good news. He had, at last, recognized landmarks. All they had to do was to press on with new courage and soon they would find the valley they sought. Days of agony followed, but on March 6, 1844, they



View of Chimney Rock, Ogalillalh Sioux Village in Foreground, Albert Bierstadt



John C. Frémont, Mathew B. Brady

reached Sutter's Fort. It was Carson who had saved the lives of those who had won through.

The explorers returned homeward by the old Spanish trail to Santa Fe. Between September, 1843, and May, 1844, they had made a circuit of 3500 miles. More authentic maps could now be made of the far West.

The government next asked the pathfinder to discover, on a third expedition, a more direct route from the United States across the Great Basin and the Sierra Nevada. In time the task was accomplished, and the little party came out upon the Pacific coast. Fremont asked the Mexican authorities at Monterey for permission to rest and refit. The request was promptly granted. In a short time the attitude of the Mexicans changed completely. They sent messages ordering the Americans to leave Mexican territory at once.

As a matter of fact, hostilities were beginning between the United States and Mexico, but this Fremont did not know. No news from the East had reached him for eleven long months. His position was one of great peril.

He marched northward towards the American settlements in the valley of the Sacramento. Here he could cooperate with the settlers in case, at this time, they should choose to rise against Mexico.

On the march they were met by Captain Gillespie, who had ridden a great distance to bring news from Washington to Fremont. The United States was on the point of going to war with Mexico. Fremont was to discover the wishes of the American settlers in California and to unite with them if they chose, at this time, to free themselves from Mexico. There was the grave possibility of England's stepping in; foreign warships might enter the ports of California. That, however, might be arrested, if the settlers acted promptly.

What followed in California may be very briefly told. The American settlers arose and declared their freedom from Mexico. Fremont united his force with theirs. They fought a number of skirmishes with the Mexicans and were victorious. Twice the United States fleet cooperated with Fremont.

Fremont sent Carson with dispatches all the way to Washington, so that the government might know the progress of affairs in California. The long journey of four thousand miles, from California to Washington, he made in three months. There were dangers from mountain and flood; there were strange tribes of Indians to fight; but the dauntless little man never wavered in resolution as he rode, swam, and fought his way across the vast unknown stretches of our land.

At the close of the Mexican War, there were added to the United States Upper California and

an enormous tract of land, out of which Nevada, Utah, Arizona, part of Colorado, and New Mexico were formed. Our government paid Mexico the sum of fifteen million dollars as indemnity.

Later in life Fremont served for a brief time in the Civil War and was a candidate for the presidency. His character was a noble one and has been summed up by one of his friends in these words: "He was the knightliest soul and the truest gentleman I ever met."

During the later years of his life Kit Carson was a trusted Indian agent in New Mexico. His tact, his wisdom, and his great sympathy with the redmen in his care rendered his services invaluable. He too was "one of nature's noblemen, pure, honorable, truthful, and sincere."

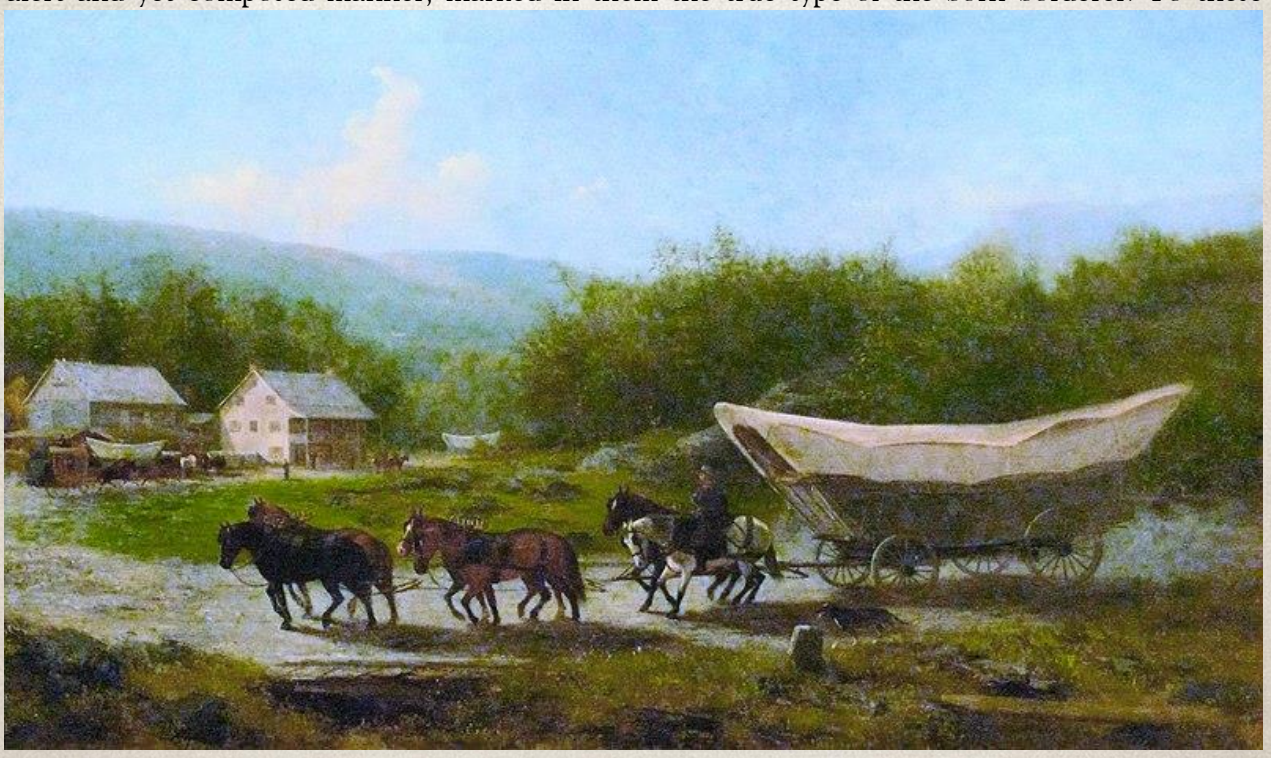
Chapter 13

A Daring Rescue Across the Rocky Mountains

1845

Both Mr. Hinman and his wife were scions of that hardy stock which had, even before the Revolutionary War, set out from Connecticut, and, cutting their way through the forest, had crossed the Alleghany Mountains and river, and pitched their camp in the rich valley of the Muskingum, near the site of the present city of Marietta. Both had also grown up amid the surroundings of true frontier life, and were endowed with faculties, as well as fitted by experience, to engage in the bold enterprise wherein they were now embarked, namely, to cross the Rocky Mountains with a single ox-team and establish themselves in the fertile vale of the Willamette in Oregon.

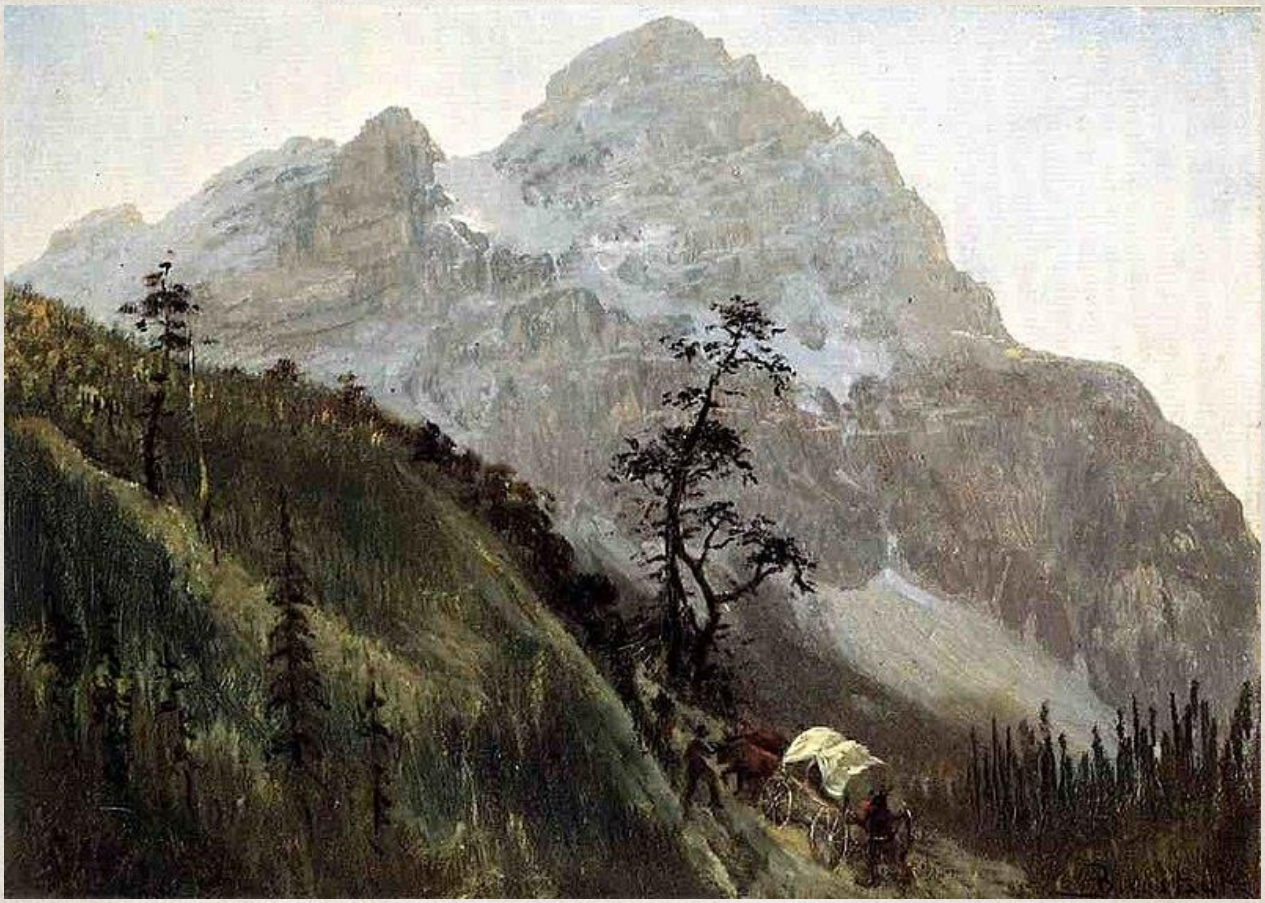
The spare but well-knit frame, the swarthy skin, the prominent features, the deep-set eyes, the alert and yet composed manner, marked in them the true type of the born borderer. To these



Conestoga Wagon, Newbold Hough Trotter

physical traits were united the qualities of mind and heart which are equally characteristic of the class to which they belonged; an apparent insensibility to fear, a capacity for endurance that exists in the moral nature rather than in the body, and a self-reliance that never faltered, formed a combination which fitted them to cope with the difficulties that environed their perilous project.

As early in the spring of 1845 as the ground would permit, they re-packed their goods and stores, hung out the white sails of their prairie schooner and pursued their journey up the north fork of the Platte, crossed the Red Buttes, went through Devil's Gate, skirted the banks of the Sweet Water River, and winding through the great South Pass, diverted their course to the north in the direction of the head-waters of Snake River, which would guide them by its current to the Columbia.



Western Trail the Rockies, Albert Bierstadt

At this stage in their journey they consulted a rough map of the route on which two trails were laid down, either of which would lead to the stream they were seeking. With characteristic boldness they chose the shorter and more difficult trail.

Following its tortuous course in a northwesterly direction they reached a point where the path was barely wide enough for the wagon to pass, and was bounded on the one side by a wall of rock and on the other by a ragged precipice descending hundreds of feet into a dark ravine.

Here Mrs. Hinman dismounted from her seat in the wagon to assist in conducting the team past this dangerous point. Her husband stood between the oxen and the precipice when the hind wheel

of the wagon slipped on a smooth stone, the vehicle tilted and being top-heavy upset and was precipitated into the abyss, dragging with it the oxen who, in their fall, carried down Mr. Hinman who stood beside the wheel yoke.

He gave a loud cry as he fell, and gazing horror-stricken over the brink Mrs. Hinman saw him bounding from rock to rock preceded by the wagon and oxen which rolled over and over till they disappeared from view.

In the awful stillness of that solitude the beating of her heart became audible as she rapidly reviewed her terrible situation, and taxed her mind to know what she should do. Summoning up all her resolution she ran swiftly along the edge of the precipice in search of a place where she could descend, in the hope that by some rare good fortune her husband might have survived his fall. Half a mile back of the spot where the accident occurred she found a more gradual descent into the ravine, and here, by swinging herself from bush to bush she managed at length with the utmost difficulty and danger to reach the bottom of the ravine, but could find there no trace either of her husband or of the ox-team.

Scanning the face of the precipice she saw, at last, one hundred feet above her the wreck of the wagon, and the bodies of the oxen, which had landed upon a projecting ledge.

At great risk of being dashed to pieces, she succeeded in climbing to the spot. The patient beasts which had carried them so far upon their way were crushed to a jelly; among the remains of the wagon scarcely a vestige appeared of the furniture, utensils, and stores with which it was laden. She marked the track it had made in its descent, and digging her fingers and toes into the crevices of the rock, and drawing herself from point to point in a zigzag course, by means of bushes and projecting stones, she slowly scaled the declivity and reached a narrow ledge some three hundred feet from the ravine, where she paused to take breath.

A low moan directed her eyes to a clump of bushes some fifty feet above her, and there she caught sight of a limp arm hanging among the stunted foliage. Climbing to the spot she found her husband breathing but unconscious. He was shockingly bruised, and although no bones had been broken, the purple current trickling slowly from his mouth showed that some internal organ had been injured. While there is life there is hope. If he could be placed in a comfortable position he might still revive and live. Feeling in his breast pocket she found a leather flask filled with whisky with which she bathed his face after pouring a large draught down his throat. In a few moments he revived sufficiently to comprehend his situation.

"Don't leave me, Jane," whispered the suffering man, "I shan't keep you long." It was unnecessary to prefer such a request to a woman who had gone through such perils to save one whom she loved dearer than life. "I'll bring you out safe and sound, Jack," returned she, "or die right here with you."

While racking her brain for means to remove him fifty feet lower to the ledge from which she had first spied him, a welcome sight met her eye. It was the axe and the coil of rope which had fallen from the wagon during its descent, and now lay within easy reach. Passing the rope several times around his body so as to form a sling she cut a stout bush, and trimming it, made a stake which she firmly fastened into a crevice, and with an exertion of strength, such as her loving and resolute heart could have alone inspired her to put forth, she extricated him from his position, and laying the ends of the rope over the stake gently lowered him to the ledge, and gathering moss made a pillow for his

bleeding head. Then descending to the spot where the carcasses of the oxen lay she quickly flayed one, and cutting off a large piece of flesh she ransacked the wreck of the wagon and found a blanket and a pot. Returning to her husband she kindled a fire, and made broth with some water which she found in the hollow of a rock.

Gathering moss and lichens she made a comfortable couch upon the rock, and gently stretched her groaning patient upon it, covering him with the blanket for the mountain air was chill even in that August afternoon. The wounded man's breathing grew more regular, the bloody ooze no longer flowed from his white lips, but his frame was still racked by agonizing pains.

The hours sped away as the devoted wife bent over him; the height of the mountains in that region materially shortens the day to such as are in the valleys, but though the sun sets early behind the western summits, twilight lingers long after his departure. When the orb of day had disappeared, Mrs. H. still viewed with wonder, not unmixed with fear, the savage grandeur of the mountains which lifted their heads still glittering in the passing light; and gazing into the profound below she watched the shades as they deepened to blackness.

The ledge on which the forlorn pair lay was barely four feet wide and less than ten feet long. There, on the face of that precipice, one hundred miles from the nearest settlement, all through the lonely watches of the night, the strong-hearted wife, with tear-dimmed eyes, hung over the sufferer. Many a silent prayer in the weary hours of that moonless night did she send up to the Father of mercies. Many a plan for bringing succor or for alleviating pain on the morrow did she devise.

Will-power is the most potent factor in giving a satisfactory solution of the problem of vitality. Just as the gray light was shimmering in the eastern sky the wounded man moaned as if he wished to speak. His wife understood that language of pain and weakness, and placed her ear to his lips. "I won't die, Jane," he said scarcely above a whisper. "You shan't die, Jack," was the reply. A great hope dawned like a sun upon her as those four magic syllables were uttered.

He fell into a doze, and when he woke the sun was up. "Can you stay here all alone for a few hours," inquired Mrs. H. after feeding her patient, "I am going to see if I can fetch someone to help us out of this." "Go," he answered. Placing the flask and broth within reach of her husband, and kissing him, she sprang up the acclivity as though she had wings, reached the trail and sped along it southward. Fifteen miles would bring her to the spot where the two trails met: here she hoped to meet some wayfaring train of emigrants, or some party of hunters coursing through the defiles of the mountains.

Sooner than she expected, after reaching the fork, her wish was gratified. In less than half an hour six hunters came up with her, and, hearing her story, three of them volunteered to go and bring her husband to their cabin, which stood half a mile away from the trail. A horse was furnished to Mrs. H., and the three hunters and she rode rapidly to the scene of the disaster.

Skipping down the declivity like chamois, and helping their brave companion, who was now quite fatigued with her exertion, they reached the rocky shelf. The mountain air and the delicious consciousness that he would live, coupled with implicit confidence in the success of his wife's errand, had acted like a charm on the vigorous organization of the wounded man, and he begged that he might be immediately removed.

He was accordingly carried carefully to the trail, and placed astride of one of the horses in front of one of the hunters. After a slow march of four hours, he was safely stowed in the cabin of the

hunters, where, in a few weeks, he entirely recovered from his injuries.

It might be readily supposed after such a grave experience of the dangers of mountain life, that our heroine and her husband would have been inclined to return to their old home on the sunny prairies of Illinois. On the contrary, they strongly desired to continue the prosecution of their Oregon enterprise, and were only prevented from carrying it out by the lack of a team and the necessary utensils, etc.

The hunters, learning their wishes, returned to the scene of the mishap, and scoured the side of the mountain in search of the articles which had been thrown from the wagon in its descent. They succeeded in recovering uninjured a large number of articles, including a few which still remained in the wrecked vehicle. Then clubbing together, they made up a purse and bought two pair of oxen and a wagon from a passing train of emigrants, who also generously contributed articles for the use and comfort of the resolute but unfortunate pair. Such deeds of charity are habitual with the men and women of the frontier, and the farther west one goes the more spontaneously and warmly does the heart bound to relieve the sufferings and supply the wants of the unfortunate, particularly of those who have been injured or reduced while battling with the hardships and dangers incident to a wild country. The more rugged the region on our western border, the more boundless becomes the sympathetic faculty of its inhabitants. Nowhere is a large and unselfish charity more lavishly exercised than among the Rocky Mountain men and women. Free as the breezes that sweep those towering summits, warm as the sun of midsummer, bright as the icy peaks which lift themselves into the sky, the spirit of loving-kindness for the unfortunate animates the bosoms of the sons and daughters of that mountain land.

After wintering with their hospitable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hinman pursued their journey the following spring, and, after a toilsome march, attended by no further startling incidents, reached their destination in Oregon.

There in their new home, which Mrs. H. by her industry and watchfulness, contributed so largely to make, they found ample scope for the exercise of those qualities which they had proved themselves to possess. It is men and women like these whom we must thank for building up our empire on that far off coast.

Chapter 14

A Lonely Life on the Frontier

Mr. and Mrs. James Manning: Pioneers of Montana

A European traveler lately visited the Territory of Montana abandoning the beaten trail, in company only with an Indian guide, for he was a bold and fearless explorer. He struck across the mountains, traveling for two days without seeing the sign of a human being. Just at dusk, on the evening of the second day, he drew rein on the summit of one of those lofty hills which form the spurs of the Rocky Mountains. The solitude was awful. As far as the eye could see stretched an unbroken succession of mountain peaks, bare of forest a wilderness of rocks with stunted trees at their base, and deep ravines where no streams were running. In all this desolate scene there was no sign of a living thing. While they were tethering their horses and preparing for the night, the sharp eyes of the Indian guide caught sight of a gleam of light at the bottom of a deep gorge beneath them.

Descending the declivity, they reached a cabin rudely built of dead wood, which seemed to have been brought down by the spring rains from the hill-sides to the west. Knocking at the door, it was opened by a woman, holding in her arms a child of six months. The woman appeared to be fifty years of age, but she was in reality only thirty. Casting a searching look upon the traveler and his companion, she asked them to enter.

The cabin was divided into two apartments, a kitchen, which also served for a store-room, dining-room, and sitting-room; the other was the chamber, or rather bunk-room, where the family slept. Five children came tumbling out from this latter apartment as the traveler entered, and greeted him with a stare of childlike curiosity. The woman asked them to be seated on blocks of wood, which served for chairs, and soon threw off her reserve and told them her story, while they awaited the return of her husband from the nearest village, some thirty miles distant, whither he had gone the

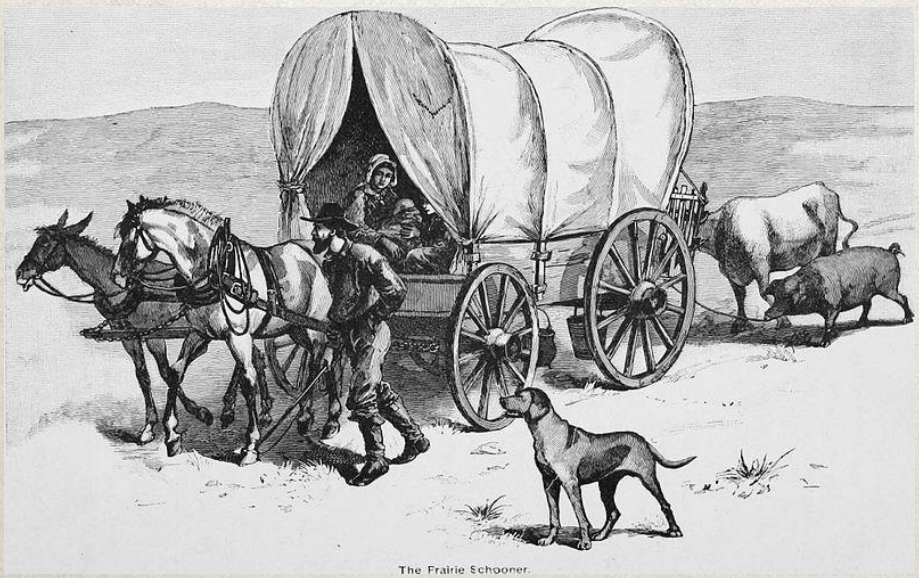


Illustration from *Our country: West,* 1897



Emigrants Crossing the Plains, Charles Christian Nahl

day before to dispose of the gold-dust which he had "panned out" from a gulch nearby. He was a miner. Four years before he had come with his family from the East, and pushing on in advance of the main movement of emigration in the territory, had discovered a rich gold placer in this lonely gorge. While he had been working in this placer, his wife had with her own hands turned up the soil in the valley below and raised all the corn and potatoes required for the support of the family; she had done the housework, and had made all the clothes for the family. Once when her husband was sick, she had ridden thirty miles for medicine. It was a dreary ride, she said, for the road, or rather trail, was very rough, and her husband was in a burning fever. She left him in charge of her oldest child, a girl of eleven years, but she was a bright, helpful little creature, able to wait upon the sick man and feed the other children during the two days' absence of her mother.

Next summer they were to build a house lower down the valley and would be joined by three other families of their kindred from the East. "Have you never been attacked by the Indians?" inquired the traveler.

"Only three times," she replied. "Once three prowling red-skins came to the door, in the night, and asked for food. My husband handed them a loaf of bread through the window, but they refused to go away and lurked in the bushes all night; they were stragglers from a war-party, and wanted more scalps. I saw them in the moonlight, armed with rifles and tomahawks, and frightfully painted. They kindled a fire a hundred yards below our cabin and stayed there all night, as if they were watching for us to come out, but early in the morning they disappeared, and we saw them no more.

"Another time, a large war-party of Indians encamped a mile below us, and a dozen of them came up and surrounded the house. Then we thought we were lost: they amused themselves aiming at marks in the logs, or at the chimney and windows; we could hear their bullets rattle against the rafters, and you can see the holes they made in the doors. One big brave took a large stone and was

about to dash it against the door, when my husband pointed his rifle at him through the window, and he turned and ran away. We should have all been killed and scalped if a company of soldiers had not come up the valley that day with an exploring party and driven the red-skins away.

"One afternoon as my husband was at work in the diggings, two red-skins came up to him and wounded him with arrows, but he caught up his rifle and soon made an end of them.

"When we first came there was no end of bears and wolves, and we could hear them howling all night long. Winter nights the wolves would come and drum on the door with their paws and whine as if they wanted to eat up the children. Husband shot ten and I shot six, and after that we were troubled no more with them.

"We have no schools here, as you see," continued she; "but I have taught my three oldest children to read since we came here, and every Sunday we have family prayers. Husband reads a verse in the Bible, and then I and the children read a verse in turn, till we finish a whole chapter. Then I make the children, all but baby, repeat a verse over and over till they have it by heart; the Scripture promises do comfort us all, even the littlest one who can only lisp them.

"Sometimes on Sunday morning I take all the children to the top of that hill yonder and look at the sun as it comes up over the mountains, and I think of the old folks at home and all our friends in the East. The hardest thing to bear is the solitude. We are awful lonesome. Once, for eighteen months, I never saw the face of a white person except those of my husband and children. It makes me laugh and cry too when I see a strange face. But I am too busy to think much about it daytimes. I must wash, and boil, and bake, or look after the cows which wander off in search of pasture; or go into the valley and hoe the corn and potatoes, or cut the wood; for husband makes his ten or fifteen dollars a day panning out dust up the mountain, and I know that whenever I want him I have only to blow the horn and he will come down to me. So I tend to business here and let him get gold. In five or six years we shall have a nice house farther down and shall want for nothing. We shall have a saw-mill next spring started on the run below, and folks are going to join us from the States."

The woman who told this story of dangers and hardships amid the Rocky Mountains was of a slight, frail figure. She had evidently been once possessed of more than ordinary attractions; but the cares of maternity and the toils of frontier life had bowed her delicate frame and engraved premature wrinkles upon her face: she was old before her time, but her spirit was as dauntless and her will to do and dare for her loved ones was as firm as that of any of the heroines whom history has made so famous. She had been reared in luxury in one of the towns of central New York, and till she was eighteen years old had never known what toil and trouble were.

Her husband was a true type of the American explorer and possessed in his wife a fit companion; and when he determined to push his fortune among the Western wilds she accompanied him cheerfully; already they had accumulated five thousand dollars, which was safely deposited in the bank; they were rearing a band of sturdy little pioneers; they had planted an outpost in a region teeming with mineral wealth, and around them is now growing up a thriving village of which this heroic couple are soon to be the patriarchs. All honor to the names of Mr. and Mrs. James Manning, the pioneers of Montana.

The traveler and his guide, declining the hospitality which this brave matron tendered them, soon returned to their camp on the hill-top; but the Englishman made notes of the pioneer woman's story, and pondered over it, for he saw in it an epitome of frontier life.

Chapter 15

Ouray and Chipeta

1833-1880 and 1843-1924

About thirty years ago, in a train speeding eastward from Colorado, were two interesting passengers. One was Ouray, the chief of the Ute Indians, and the other was Chipeta, his wife. They were dressed in their best clothes, which were made of antelope skins gaily trimmed with colored porcupine quills.

They had come from their home in the south-western part of Colorado, and were on their way to Washington. Ouray had been called there on a sad errand; but before you can understand what that was, you must know something of the life of this great chief.

He lived on a large ranch, where he kept great herds of cattle and horses. He had an adobe house with a staircase in it, which was something quite fine for an Indian home.

On the floor were carpets, stoves were in the different rooms, lamps on the tables, and knives, forks, and dishes in the cupboard. He also kept his horse and carriage, which were presented to him by the Governor of Colorado. From his ranch trails led far across the valleys to the villages of his people, the Utes.



Chief Ouray & Chipeta (Ute Tribe),
Library of Congress

Ouray was called the "friend of the white man," and tried to keep peace between his people and the settlers. At one time, when he and several Indians were returning from a trip to Denver, they stopped to camp for the night. One of his men, wishing to build a fire, was about to use some wood belonging to a white man.

Ouray reminded him that he must not trespass upon that land. The stubborn Indian replied that he wanted a fire and was going to take that wood. The chief told him if he did, he would shoot him. The Indian replied that two could play at that. Then both started for their guns; but Ouray was the quicker, and, seizing his

gun, fired at the unruly Indian and killed him.

The Ute Indians felt bitter toward the white people, who had compelled them to give up much of their land. Many times Ouray was compelled to use all his power to restrain his fiery warriors.

At an agency, the place where our government gives supplies to the Indians, some of the Utes became angry, killed the agent, and took his family prisoners. This caused great excitement in Colorado, and the white people threatened to drive the Utes out of the state.

When Ouray heard of this terrible tragedy he was much distressed. He saw that his people would not be permitted to remain long in Colorado. He had always been light-hearted and cheerful, but after this he seldom smiled.

He sent three chiefs with some white men to order the rebellious Indians to cease their fighting and surrender their prisoners. The Indians obeyed, and the prisoners were taken to Ouray's home. Here the kind Chipeta did everything she could to make them forget their sufferings.

The government saw that something must be done with the Indians, and it was thought best to move them out of Colorado into Utah. But before doing this they wished to talk with Ouray, and this is why we find him and Chipeta on the train bound for Washington.

He talked very intelligently to the men he met in Washington, and told them that it was useless for the Indian to struggle against civilization; they must either adopt the customs of the white man or perish. But he said that this was very hard for his people to believe.

He was an interesting man, and was respected by all who met him. He was a model in his personal habits — never using tobacco, hating whisky, and never using coarse or profane language, but was a respected member of the Methodist Church.

While in Washington he was entertained in some of the most beautiful homes in the national capital. In one of them, he and Chipeta were very much pleased with a large crystal chandelier which hung from the ceiling. In a very modest way they asked where such a chandelier could be bought and what it would cost, thinking it would be a handsome ornament for their home in distant Colorado.

Not long after their return home, this noble chief fell sick and died, leaving his loved wife, Chipeta, alone. She had no children to comfort her, for their only child, a little boy, had been stolen from them by a hostile band of Indians many years before.

Nestled among the mountains in southwestern Colorado is a little city named after this statesman chief, and it is sometimes called "Ouray the Beautiful." This name is well suited to it, for no spot could have greater attractions. Great mountains are round about it, and, as the sun touches them here and there, they seem to take different colors and tower up higher than before in their beauty.

In one of the canyons of Colorado, called the Black Canyon, is a beautiful waterfall gushing out of the great rocks which looks like a bridal veil, so delicate and white is it; and this fall bears the name of the faithful Chipeta.

Chapter 16

Marcus Whitman

1802–1847

This is the forgotten story of the greatest ride. The history of the nation has been punctuated with other great rides, it is true. Paul Revere rode thirty miles to rouse the Middlesex minutemen and save from capture the guns and powder stored at Concord; Sheridan rode the twenty miles from Winchester to Cedar Creek and by his thunderous "Turn, boys! turn—we're going back!" saved the battle—and the names of them both are immortalized in verse that is more enduring than bronze. Whitman, the missionary, rode four thousand miles and saved us an empire, and his name is not known at all.

Though there were other actors in the great drama which culminated in the grim old preacher's memorable ride—suave, frock-coated diplomats and furtive secret agents and sun-bronzed, leather-shirted frontiersmen and bearded factors of the fur trade—the story rightfully begins and ends with Indians. There were four of them, all chieftains. They rode their lean and wiry ponies up the dusty, unpaved thoroughfare in St. Louis known as Broadway one afternoon in the late autumn of 1832.

The news of their arrival being reported to General Clarke, the military commandant, he promptly assumed the ciceronage of the bewildered but impassive red men. Having, as it chanced, been an Indian commissioner in his earlier years, he knew the tribe well and could speak with them in their own tongue. They came from the country known as Oregon. They had spent the entire summer and autumn upon their journey, but the Indians gave no explanation of the purpose of their visit. After some days had passed, however, they confided to General Clarke that rumors had filtered through to their tribe of the white man's Book of Life, and that they had been sent to seek it. He treated the emissaries, with the utmost hospitality, taking them to dances and such other entertainments as the limited resources of the St. Louis of those days afforded, and, being himself a devout Catholic, to his own church.

Thus passed the winter, during which two of the chiefs died. In the spring, the two survivors made preparations for their departure, but, before they left, General Clarke, who had taken a great liking to these dignified and intelligent red men, insisted on giving them a farewell banquet. After the dinner the elder of the chiefs was called upon for a speech. You must picture him as standing with folded arms, tall, straight and of commanding presence, at the head of the long table, a most dramatic and impressive figure in his garments of quill-embroidered buckskin, with an eagle feather slanting in his hair. He spoke and General Clarke translated what he had said to the attentive audience of army officers, government officials, priests, merchants, and traders who lined the table.

"I have come to you, my brothers," he began, "over the trail of many moons from out of the setting sun. You were the friends of my fathers, who have all gone the long way. I have come with

an eye partly open for my people, who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind, to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms through many enemies and strange lands that I might carry much back to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. Two fathers came with us; they were the braves of many winters and wars. We leave them asleep here by your great water and wigwams. They were tired in many moons, and their moccasins wore out.

"My people sent me to get the white man's Book of Life. You took me to where you allow your women to dance as we do not ours, and the Book was not there. You took me to where they worship the Great Spirit with candles, and the Book was not there. You showed me images of the good spirits and pictures of the good land beyond, but the Book was not among them to tell us the way. I am going back the long and sad trail to my people in the dark land. You make my feet heavy with gifts, and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them; yet the Book is not among them. When I tell my poor, blind people, after one more snow, in the big council that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on a long path to other hunting-grounds. No white man will go with them and no white man's Book to make the way plain. I have no more words."

Just as the rude eloquence of the appeal touched the hearts of the frontier dwellers who sat about the table in St. Louis, so, when it was translated and published in the Eastern papers, it touched the hearts and fired the imaginations of the nation. In a ringing editorial *The Christian Advocate* asked: "Who will respond to go beyond the Rocky Mountains and carry the Book of Heaven?" And this was the cue for the missionary whose name was Marcus Whitman to set foot upon the boards of history.

Very early he set his heart on entering the ministry; but, owing to the dissuasions of his relatives and friends, who knew how pitifully meagre was a clergyman's living in those days, he reluctantly abandoned the idea and took up instead the study of medicine. After practicing in Canada for several years, he returned to central New York, where, with but little help, he chopped a farm out of the wilderness, cleared it, and cultivated it, built a grist-mill and a sawmill, and at the same time acted as physician for a district fifty miles in radius.

He was in the heyday of life, prosperous, and engaged to the prettiest girl in all the countryside, when, reading in the local paper the appeal made by the Indian chieftains in far-away St. Louis, the old crusading fervor that had first turned his thoughts toward the ministry, flamed up clear and strong within him, and, putting comfort, prosperity, everything behind him, he applied to the American Board for appointment as a missionary to Oregon. Such a request from a man so peculiarly qualified for a wilderness career as Whitman could not well be disregarded, and in due time he received an appointment to go to the banks of the Columbia, investigate, return, and report. The wish of his life had been granted, and in due time, took his bride on the long and arduous trip across the continent.

At this time Oregon was a sort of no man's land, to which neither England nor the United States had laid definite claim, though the former, realizing the immensity of its natural resources and the enormous strategic value that would accrue from its possession, had long cast covetous eyes upon it. The Americans of that period, on the contrary, knew little about Oregon and cared less, regarding

the proposals for its acquisition with the same distrust with which the Americans of to-day regard any suggestion for extending our boundaries below the Rio Grande.

Daniel Webster had said on the floor of the United States Senate: "What do we want with this vast, worthless area, this region of savages and wild beasts, of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie-dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts or these endless mountain ranges, impenetrable and covered to their base with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the western coast, a coast of three thousand miles, rock-bound, cheerless, and uninviting, and not a harbor on it? Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer to Boston."

The missionaries, recognizing the incalculable value of the country which the American Government was deliberately throwing away, did everything in their power to encourage immigration. Their glowing accounts of the fertility of the soil, the balmy climate, the wealth of timber, the incalculable water-power, the wealth in minerals, had each year induced a limited number of daring souls to make the perilous and costly journey across the plains. In the autumn of 1842 a much larger party than any that had hitherto attempted the journey — one hundred and twenty in all — reached Waiilatpui. Among them was a highly educated and unusually well-informed man — General Amos Lovejoy. He was thoroughly posted in national affairs, and it was in the course of a conversation with him that Doctor Whitman first learned that the Webster-Ashburton treaty would probably be ratified before the adjournment of Congress in the following March. It was generally believed that this treaty provided for the cession of the Oregon region to Great Britain in return for fishing rights off the coast of Newfoundland.

Doctor Whitman instantly saw that, as a result of the incredible ignorance and short-sightedness of the statesmen — or, rather, the politicians who paraded as statesmen — at Washington, this great, rich territory was quietly slipping away from us without a protest. There was but one thing to do in such a crisis. He must set out for Washington. Though four thousand miles of Indian-haunted wilderness lay between him and the white city on the Potomac, he did not hesitate. Though winter was at hand, and the passes would be deep in snow and the plains destitute of pasturage, he did not falter. Though there was a rule of the American Board that no missionary could leave his post without obtaining permission from headquarters in Boston, Whitman shouldered all the responsibility. "I did not expatriate myself when I became a missionary," was his reply to some objection. "Even if the Board dismisses me, I will do what I can to save Oregon to the nation. My life is of but little worth if I can keep this country for the American people."

Whitman's friends in Oregon felt that he was starting on a ride into the valley of the shadow of death. They knew from their own experiences the terrible hardships of such a journey even in summer, when there was grass to feed the horses and men could live with comfort in the open air. It was resolved that he must not make the journey alone, and a call was made for a volunteer to accompany him, whereupon General Amos Lovejoy stepped forward and said quietly: "I will go with Doctor Whitman."

On the morning of October 3, 1842, Whitman, saying good-by to his wife and home, climbed into his saddle and with General Lovejoy, their guide, and three pack-mules set out on the ride that was to win us an empire. The little group of American missionaries and settlers whom he left behind gave him a rousing cheer as he rode off and then stood in silence with choking throats and misted



Illustration from *Marcus Whitman, pathfinder and patriot* by Myron Fells, 1909

eyes until the heroic doctor and his companions were swallowed by the forest.

With horses fresh, they reached Fort Hall in eleven days. The journey from Fort Hall to Fort Uintah was one long nightmare, the temperature falling at times to forty degrees below zero and the snow being so deep in places that the horses could scarcely struggle through. While crossing the mountains on their way to Taos they were caught in a blinding snow-storm, in which, with badly frozen limbs, they wandered aimlessly for hours. Finally upon the guide admitting that he was lost and could go no farther, they sought refuge in a deep ravine. Whitman dismounted and, kneeling in the snow, prayed for guidance. Can't you picture the scene: the lonely, rock-walled gorge; the shivering animals standing dejectedly, heads to the ground and reins trailing; the general, muffled to the eyes in furs; in the centre, upon his knees, the indomitable missionary, praying to the God of storms; and the snow-flakes falling swiftly, silently, upon everything? As though in answer to the doctor's prayers the lead-mule, which had been left to himself, suddenly started plunging through the snow-drifts as though on an urgent errand. Whereupon the guide called out: "This old mule'll find the way back to camp if he kin live long 'nough to git there." And he did.

The next morning the guide said flatly that he would go no farther.

"I know this country," he declared, "an' I know when things is possible an' when they ain't. It ain't possible to git through, an' it's plumb throwin' your lives away to try it. I'm finished."

This was a staggering blow for Whitman, for he was already ten days behind his schedule. But he was far from being beaten. Telling Lovejoy to remain in camp and recuperate the animals — which he did by feeding them on brush and the inner bark of willows, for there was no other fodder — Whitman turned back to Fort Uncompahgre, where he succeeded in obtaining a stouter-hearted guide. In a week he had rejoined Lovejoy. The storm had ceased, and with rested animals they made good progress over the mountains to the pyramid pueblo of Taos, the home of Kit Carson. Tarrying there but a few hours, worn and weary though they were, they pressed on to the banks of the Red River, a stream which is dangerous even in summer, only to find a fringe of solid ice upon each shore, with a rushing torrent, two hundred feet wide, between. For some minutes the guide studied it in silence. "It's too dangerous to cross," he said at last decisively.

"Dangerous or not, we must cross it, and at once," answered Whitman. Cutting a stout willow pole, eight feet or so in length, he put it on his shoulder and remounted.

"Now, boys," he ordered, "shove me off." Following the doctor's directions, Lovejoy and the guide urged the trembling beast onto the slippery ice and then gave him a sudden shove which sent him, much against his will, into the freezing water. Both horse and rider remained for a moment out of sight, then rose to the surface well toward the middle of the stream, the horse swimming desperately. As they reached the opposite bank the doctor's ingenuity in providing himself with the pole quickly became apparent, for with it he broke the fringe of ice and thus enabled his exhausted horse to gain a footing and scramble ashore. Wood was plentiful, and he soon had a roaring fire. In a wild country, when one animal has gone ahead the others will always follow, so the general and the guide had no great difficulty in inducing their horses and pack-mules to make the passage of the river, rejoining Whitman upon the opposite bank.

Despite the fact that they found plenty of wood along the route that they had taken, which was fully a thousand miles longer than the northern course would have been, all the party were severely frozen. Whitman suffering excruciating pain from his frozen ears, hands, and feet. The many delays had not only caused the loss of precious time, but they had completely exhausted their provisions. A dog had accompanied the party, and they ate him. A mule came next, and that kept them until they reached Santa Fe, where there was plenty.

From there over the famous Santa Fe trail to Bent's Fort, a fortified settlement on the Arkansas, was a long journey but, compared with what they had already gone through, an easy one. A long day's ride northeastward from this lonely outpost of American civilization, and they found across their path a tributary of the Arkansas. On the opposite shore was wood in plenty. On their side there was none, and the river was frozen over with smooth, clear ice, scarce strong enough to hold a man. They must have wood or they would perish from the cold; so Whitman, taking the axe, lay flat upon the ice and snaked himself across, cut a sufficient supply of fuel and returned the way he went, pushing it before him. While he was cutting it, however, an unfortunate incident occurred: the axe-helve was splintered. This made no particular difference at the moment, for the doctor wound the break in the handle with a thong of buckskin. But when they were in camp that night a famished wolf, attracted by the smell of the fresh buckskin, carried off axe and all, and they could find no trace of it. Had it happened a few hundred miles back it would have meant the failure of the expedition, if not the death of Whitman and his companions. On such apparently insignificant trifles do the fate of nations sometimes hang.

Crossing the plains of what are now the States of Oklahoma and Kansas, great packs of gaunt, gray timber-wolves surrounded their tent each night and were kept at bay only at the price of unceasing vigilance, one member of the party always remaining on guard with a loaded rifle. The moment a wolf was shot its famished companions would pounce upon it and tear it to pieces.

From Bent's Fort to St. Louis was, strangely enough, one of the most dangerous portions of the journey. Here they were in hourly danger from still more savage men, for in those days the Santa Fe trail was frequented by bandits, horse-thieves, renegade Indians, fugitives from justice, and the other desperate characters who haunted the outskirts of civilization and preyed upon the unprotected traveller. Notwithstanding these dangers, of which he had been repeatedly warned, the doctor, leaving Lovejoy and the guide to follow him with the pack-animals, pushed on through this perilous

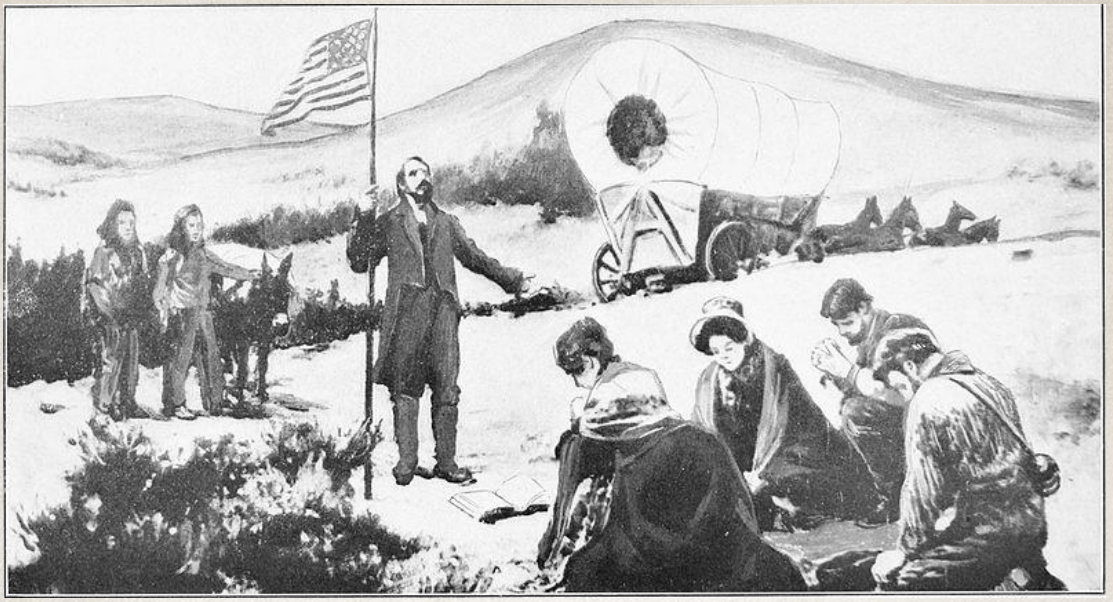


Illustration from *Marcus Whitman, pathfinder and patriot* by Myron Fells, 1909

region alone, but lost his way and spent two precious days in finding it again — a punishment, he said, for having travelled on the Sabbath.

The only occasion throughout all his astounding journey when this man of iron threatened to collapse was when, upon reaching St. Louis, in February, 1843, he learned, in answer to his eager inquiries, that the Ashburton treaty had been signed on August 9, long before he left Oregon, and that it had been ratified by the Senate on November 10, while he was floundering in the mountain snows near Fort Uncompahgre. For a moment the missionary's mahogany-tanned face went white and his legs threatened to give way beneath him. Could it be that this was the end of his dream of national expansion? Was it possible that his heroic ride had been made for naught? But summoning up his courage he managed to ask: "Is the question of the Oregon boundary still open?" When he learned that the treaty had only settled the question of a few square miles in Maine, and that the matter of the northwest boundary was still pending, the revulsion was so great that he reeled and nearly fell. God be praised! There was still time for him to get to Washington! The river was frozen and he had to depend upon the stage, and an overland journey from St. Louis to Washington in midwinter was no light matter. But to Whitman, with muscles like steel springs, a thousand miles by stagecoach over atrocious roads was not an obstacle worthy of discussion.

He arrived at Washington on the 3d of March — just five months from the Columbia to the Potomac — in the same rough garments he had worn upon his ride, for he had neither time nor opportunity to get others. Soiled and greasy buckskin breeches, sheepskin chaparejos, fleece side out, boot-moccasins of elkskin, a cap of raccoon fur with the tail hanging down behind, frontier fashion, and a buffalo greatcoat with a hood for stormy weather, composed a costume that did not show one inch of woven fabric. His storm-tanned face carried all the iron-gray whiskers that five months' absence from a razor could put upon it.

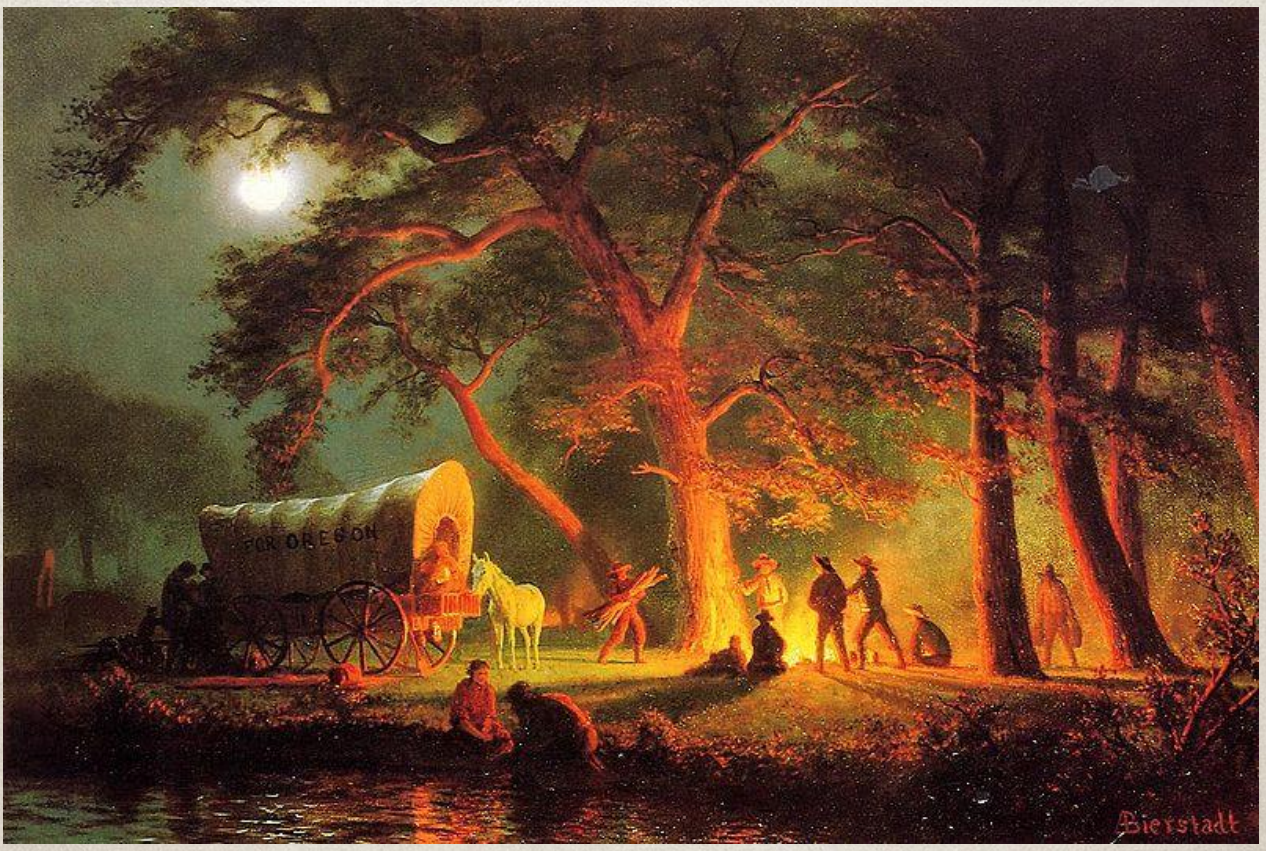
I doubt, indeed, if the shop-windows of the national capital have ever reflected a more picturesque or striking figure. But he had no time to take note of the sensation which his appearance

created in the streets of Washington. Would he be granted an audience with the President? Would he be believed? Would his mission prove successful? Those were the questions that tormented him.

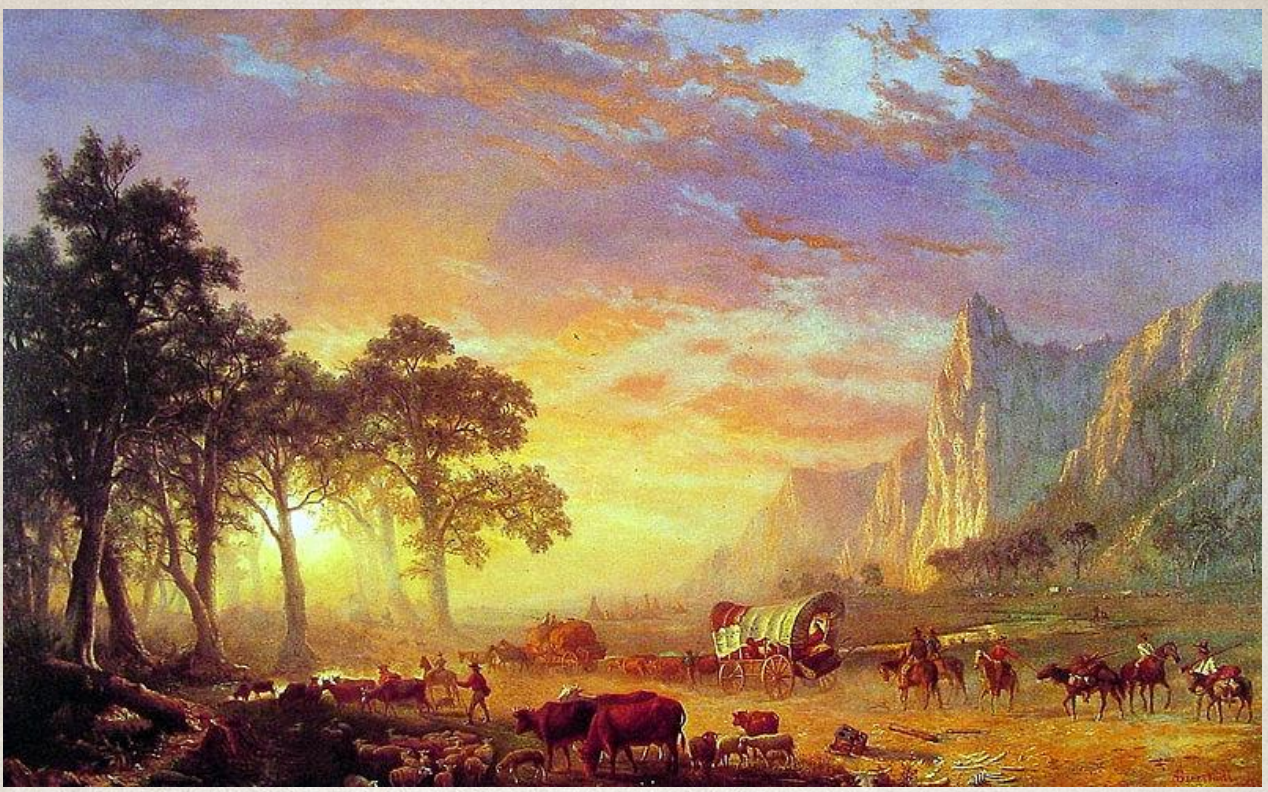
Those were days when the chief executive of the nation was hedged by less formality than he is in these busier times, and President Tyler promptly received him. Some day, perhaps, the people of one of those great States formed from the territory which he saved to the Union will commission a famous artist to paint a picture of that historic meeting: the President, his keen, attentive face framed by the flaring collar and high black stock of the period, sitting low in his armchair; the great Secretary of State, his mane brushed back from his tremendous forehead, seated beside him; and, standing before them, the preacher-pioneer, bearded to the eyes, with frozen limbs, in his worn and torn garments of fur and leather, pleading for Oregon.

He painted in glowing words the limitless resources, the enormous wealth in minerals and timber and water-power of this land beyond the Rockies; he told his hearers, spellbound now by the interest and vividness of the narrative, of the incredible fertility of the virgin soil, in which anything would grow; of the vastness of the forests; of the countless leagues of navigable rivers; of the healthful and delightful climate; of the splendid harbors along the coast; the last, but by no means least, of those hardy pioneers who had gone forth to settle this rich new region at peril of their lives and who, through him, were pleading to be placed under the shadow of their own flag.

But Daniel Webster still clung obstinately to his belief that Oregon was a wilderness not worth the having.



Oregon Trail (Campfire), Albert Bierstadt



The Oregon Trail, Albert Bierstadt

"It is impossible to build a wagon-road over the mountains," he asserted positively. "My friend Sir George Simpson, the British minister, has told me so."

"There is a wagon-road over the mountains, Mr. Secretary," retorted Whitman, "for I have made it."

It was the rattletrap old prairie-schooner that the missionary had dragged into Oregon on two wheels in the face of British opposition that clinched and copper-riveted the business. It knocked all the argument out of the famous Secretary, who, for almost the first time in his life, found himself at a loss for an answer. Here was a man of a type quite different from any that Webster had encountered in all his political experience. He had no axe to grind; he asked for nothing; he wanted no money, or office, or lands, or anything except that which would add to the glory of the flag, the prosperity of the people, the wealth of the nation. It was a powerful appeal to the heart of President Tyler.

"What you have told us has interested me deeply, Doctor Whitman," said the President at length. "Now tell me exactly what it is that you wish me to do."

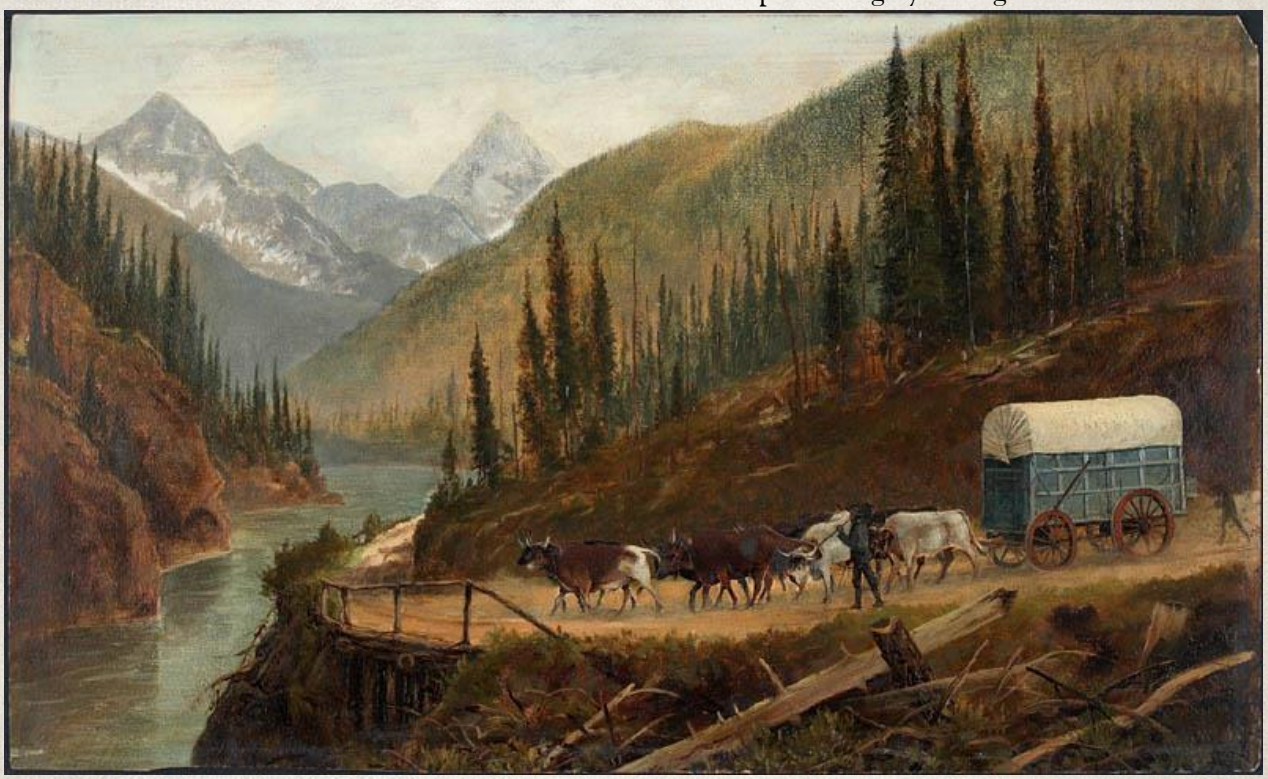
"If it is true, Mr. President," replied Whitman, "that, as Secretary Webster himself has said, 'the ownership of Oregon is very likely to follow the greater settlement and the larger amount of population,' then all I ask is that you won't barter away Oregon or permit of British interference until I can organize a company of settlers and lead them across the plains to colonize the country. And this I will try to do at once."

"Your credentials as a missionary vouch for your character, Doctor Whitman," replied the

President. "Your extraordinary ride and your frost-bitten limbs vouch for your patriotism. The request you make is a reasonable one. I am glad to grant it."

"That is all I ask," said Whitman, rising.

The object that had started him on his four-thousand-mile journey having been attained, Whitman wasted no time in resting. His work was still unfinished. It was up to him to get his settlers into Oregon, for the increasing arrogance of the Hudson's Bay Company confirmed him in his belief that the sole hope of saving the valley of the Columbia lay in a prompt and overwhelming American immigration. He had, indeed, arrived at Washington in the very nick of time, for, if prior to his arrival the British Government had renewed its offer of compromising by taking as the international



A Prairie Schooner on the Cariboo Road or in the vicinity of Rogers Pass, Selkirk Mountains, Edward Roper

boundary the forty-ninth parallel to the Columbia and thence down that river to the Pacific — thus giving the greater part of the present State of Washington to England — there is but little doubt that the offer would have been accepted. But the promise made by President Tyler to Whitman committed him against taking any action.

Meanwhile General Lovejoy had been busy upon the frontier spreading the news that early in the spring Doctor Whitman and himself would guide a body of settlers across the Rockies to Oregon. The news spread up and down the border like fire in dry grass. The start was to be made from Weston, not far from where Kansas City now stands, and soon the emigrants came pouring in — men who had fought the Indians and the wilderness all the way from the Great Lakes to the Gulf; men who had followed Boone and Bowie and Carson and Davy Crockett; a hardy, sturdy, tenacious breed who were quite ready to fight, if need be, to hold this northwestern land where they had

determined to build their homes.

The grass was late, that spring of 1843, and the expedition did not get under way until the last week in June. Whitman, like a modern Moses, urged them forward. On pushed the winding train of white-topped wagons, crossing the sun-baked prairies, climbing the Rockies, fording the intervening rivers, creeping along the edge of perilous precipices, until at last they stood upon the summit of the westernmost range, with the promised land lying spread below them. Whitman, the man to whom it was all due, reined in his horse and watched the procession of wagons, bearing upward of a thousand men, women, and children, make its slow progress down the mountains. He must have been very happy, for he had added the great, rich empire which the term Oregon implied to the Union.



Statue of Marcus Whitman by Avard Fairbanks, National Statuary Hall Collection, Washington D.C.

For four years more Doctor Whitman continued his work of caring for the souls and the bodies of red men and white alike at the mission station of Waiilatpui. On August 6, 1846, as a direct result of his great ride, was signed the treaty whereby England surrendered her claims to Oregon. In those days news travelled slowly along the frontier, and it was the following spring before the British outposts along the Columbia learned that the British minister at Washington had been beaten by the diplomacy of a Yankee missionary and that the great, despotic company which for well-nigh two centuries had been in undisputed control of this region, and which had come to regard it as inalienably its own, would have to move on. From that moment Marcus Whitman was a doomed man, for it was a long-standing boast of the company that no man defied it — and lived.

The end came with dramatic suddenness. Early in the afternoon of November 20, 1847, Doctor Whitman was sitting in the mission station prescribing medicine, as was his custom, for those of his Indians who were ailing, when a blanketed warrior stole up behind him on silent moccasins and buried a hatchet in his head. Then hell broke loose. Whooping fiends in paint and feathers appeared as from the pit. Mrs. Whitman was butchered as she knelt by her dying husband. Fourteen other missionaries were murdered by the red-skinned monsters and forty women and children were carried into a captivity that was worse than death. And this by the Indians who, just fifteen years before, had pleaded

to have sent them the white man's Book of Heaven! Though no conclusive proof has ever been produced that they were whooped on to their atrocious deed by emissaries of the great monopoly which had been forced out of Oregon as a result of Whitman's ride, there is but little doubt that it instigated the massacre. Whitman had snatched an empire from its greedy fingers, and he had to pay the price.

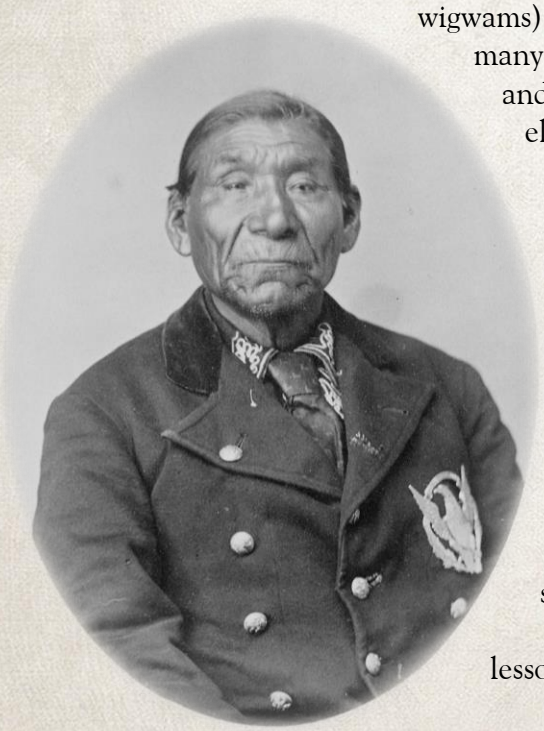
Though Marcus Whitman added to the national domain a territory larger and possessing greater natural resources than the German Empire, though but for him Portland and Tacoma and Seattle and Spokane would be British instead of American, no memorial of him can be found in their parks or public buildings. Instead of honoring the man who discovered the streams and forests from which they are growing rich, who won for them the very lands on which they dwell, unworthy discussions and debates as to the motives which animated him are the only tributes which have been paid him by the people for whom he did so much. But he sleeps peacefully on beside the mighty river, oblivious to the pettiness and ingratitude of it all. When history grants Marcus Whitman the tardy justice of perspective, over that lonely grave a monument worthy of a nation-builder shall rise.

Chapter 17

Winnemucca

1820-1882

Like the great Montezuma of old Mexico, Chief Winnemucca, who was born and lived the most of his life beside Pyramid Lake, Nevada, had a thinking mind and a large, warm heart. He was chief of an Indian nation called the "Piutes," and before any white men came over the Rocky Mountains to disturb them, there were several thousand Indians, to whom he was like a father. He saw to it that they had plenty of good food to eat, nice furs and skins to wear, and handsome tepees (or wigwams) for their families to live in. He had a good wife and many children of his own; he was always very kind to them, and took much pains to teach all he himself knew to his eldest son, who was to be Chief Winnemucca after him.



Winnemucca (The Giver), a Paviotso or Paiute chief of western Nevada; half-length, courtesy of U.S. Department of the Interior

Seventy years ago the Piutes were a peace-loving and contented people. They knew how to gather in the swift antelopes from the plains, how to catch the deer and ensnare the wild turkeys, and help themselves to all the game of the mountains round about their broad valley and clear lake in which they caught splendid speckled trout and other choice fish. The Piutes never appeared to be as shrewd and smart as the Snake Indians, and they were not warlike; yet with their bows and arrows they did drive off the thieves that came from their Indian neighbors, sometimes, to hunt in the mountains or fish in the lake.

Chief Winnemucca taught the Piutes very different lessons from other Indian chiefs; for example, to love peace and make constant effort to keep it; always to be kind one to another; always to tell the truth, and never to take for one's self what belonged to another; to treat old people with tender regard; to care for and help the helpless; to be affectionate in families and show real respect to women, particularly to mothers; yet he and his Piutes had no books, no writing, no chairs, no furniture, almost none of those common articles that make our houses so comfortable. Chief Winnemucca, from time to time, had wonderful dreams. One night he dreamed that some people who were different from the red men, would by and by come from the east; that they would be finer people than any he had ever seen, and that

their faces would be of a white color, bright and beautiful. He stretched out his hands toward them and said: "My white brothers!"

Sometime before the great explorers, Lewis and Clark, crossed the plains and saw Chief Winnemucca's valley, a company of hunters from Canada came. They were usually named Voyageurs, and were trying to collect precious furs. They hunted and trapped the beavers and foxes or bought skins from the Indians. Then these voyageurs would carry the furs to the nearest trading places and sell them at a good price to white traders.

One day a party of these voyageurs came to a high plateau and, sitting on their hardy ponies, looked for the first time on Pyramid Lake. They were taking in the beauty of the scene when suddenly a few Indians, riding furiously toward them, halted suddenly, and one Indian rode forward, making signs of good-will as he approached. But the hunters were frightened and caught up their guns, though they did not fire. At this the Indian hurried away, joined the others, and they all dashed into the woods and rode as fast as they could straight to Chief Winnemucca's wigwam. As soon as the venturesome Piute, much excited, had told all he knew about the appearance of strangers up there on the eastern plateau, asserting that they were well mounted on large ponies, that they were curiously dressed, and that they surely had white faces, Winnemucca cried out with joy: "They are my white brothers!" and after a few moments added: "I knew you would come; you are the white brothers of my dream."

Chief Winnemucca hastened with twenty of his Indians to meet the traders. All the Indians were mounted on little ponies adorned with cedar sprigs and some bright flowers fastened to their manes and tails. The Indians were afraid and kept close together, but the chief was happy and rode boldly ahead to meet his white brothers. Now the voyageurs were full of fear and, firing their guns in the air, motioned for the Piutes to stop. These unfriendly signs startled Winnemucca. His heart bled as he saw his men hanging back in terror; but he could not forget his beautiful dream, so for a while he tried to draw nearer the strangers. They shouted angrily at him; but he got down from his saddle fifty or sixty yards away, put his strong bow and quiver of arrows on the ground, and spread out his arms as a sign of peace; but the white men, believing him and his followers to be treacherous because they were wild Indians, would not let them come any closer. Now Chief Winnemucca had heard about some powder guns which warlike Indians had and he instinctively recognized these white



"He spread out his arms as a sign of peace."

men's rifles as weapons of war. Greatly disappointed, he and his party rode back to their pretty village, and next morning the voyageurs passed on westward. The Piutes never saw them again.

It was not very long after this visit when another party of about fifty white men descended from the same plateau and encamped two miles below Pyramid Lake on the bank of a swift running river.

Again the good chief went down as he had done before and tried his best by peace signs to welcome the strangers, but they would not let an Indian approach them. They even fired from loaded rifles to frighten the Piutes away. This time the Indians saw where the bullets struck the trees and bushes. But Winnemucca, after the white men had gone, reflected upon the cause of the white brothers fear of them. So he said: "I will not give them up, I will show them a brother's heart." He took a few of his principal men and had them bring with them their women and children. They followed the white men several days and encamped every night in plain sight. At last the white leader, prompted by his guide who knew something of Indian ways, decided that the Piutes meant them no harm. Little by little they talked by signs. The Indians showed them how to avoid bad trails and made some short cuts in their journey and always led them to the finest camping places where they could have plenty of wood and good water. Every night they brought them a deer or an antelope. The leader of the white people was a generous and good man, so he and Chief Winnemucca soon became friends. After this success, which delighted his heart, the chief and his followers returned to their home on Pyramid Lake.

The next company of white people going toward California were more numerous. With them was the American pathfinder, Capt. John C. Fremont, and he and Winnemucca communicated right away. They first met where the Union Pacific Railway now crosses the Truckee River called by the Piute Indians Truckee because it means "all right." Fremont took a particular liking to the warm-hearted chief, and he asked him to lead a party of Piute scouts. The scouts consisted of the chief and eleven picked Indian men, and from that time Winnemucca was called Captain Truckee or All-Right. With Fremont, these Indians went all the way to California, and helped him while there win his contests with the Mexicans. They learned after a fashion to speak English, and Winnemucca could always make an American understand him. He was proud of his English, but prouder of a piece of rough paper on which Fremont had written a recommendation of Captain Truckee. This the chief always called "My Rag Friend."

Chief Winnemucca liked California so much that he decided after much thinking and talking with his people to go back to that beautiful and fruitful land. His son, who was to be the chief, Winnemucca Second, was put in charge of the Piutes left behind, while Captain Truckee took thirty families with him for the long journey. Of his own family he took his wife, his daughter-in-law, and four of her children. They were named by their grandfather a little later: Natchez, Lee, Mary, and Sarah, two boys and two girls. Sarah, who was then six years old, was the youngest, and her grandfather's favorite, and he always spoke of her as "my sweetheart." She was dreadfully afraid of white men, and would hide her face, so as not to see them, and weep a long time if one spoke to her. The cause of this terror was that she once heard her father say the Piutes were to have great sorrows and troubles from bad whites.

A sister of charity succeeded in winning her heart. The result of this good lady's friendship was that Mary and Sarah learned to speak English, and for a short term were taken into the Catholic boarding-school, but the feeling against all Indians among the whites was such that they declared



Indians Attacking a Wagon Train, Emanuel Leutze

they would take away all their children if Indians were allowed to come there. In California Mr. Scott employed Captain Truckee and his Indians to care for numerous herds of cattle and horses, and the Indians on their ponies were most faithful and successful herdsmen. The chief, after about a year in California, heard that the sub-chief (his son, Winnemucca Second) and all the Piutes with him, had had great trouble. At first two white settlers on their way west had been waylaid in the mountains, and robbed and killed with arrows. The arrows were left there and had on them the Washoes marks, but the white people insisted that Piutes and the Washoes were all the same. Again two wicked white men carried off two little Piute girls and hid them. After a long search the two Indian fathers found them in a cellar, bound with cords. The Indians became enraged at this and killed the white men.

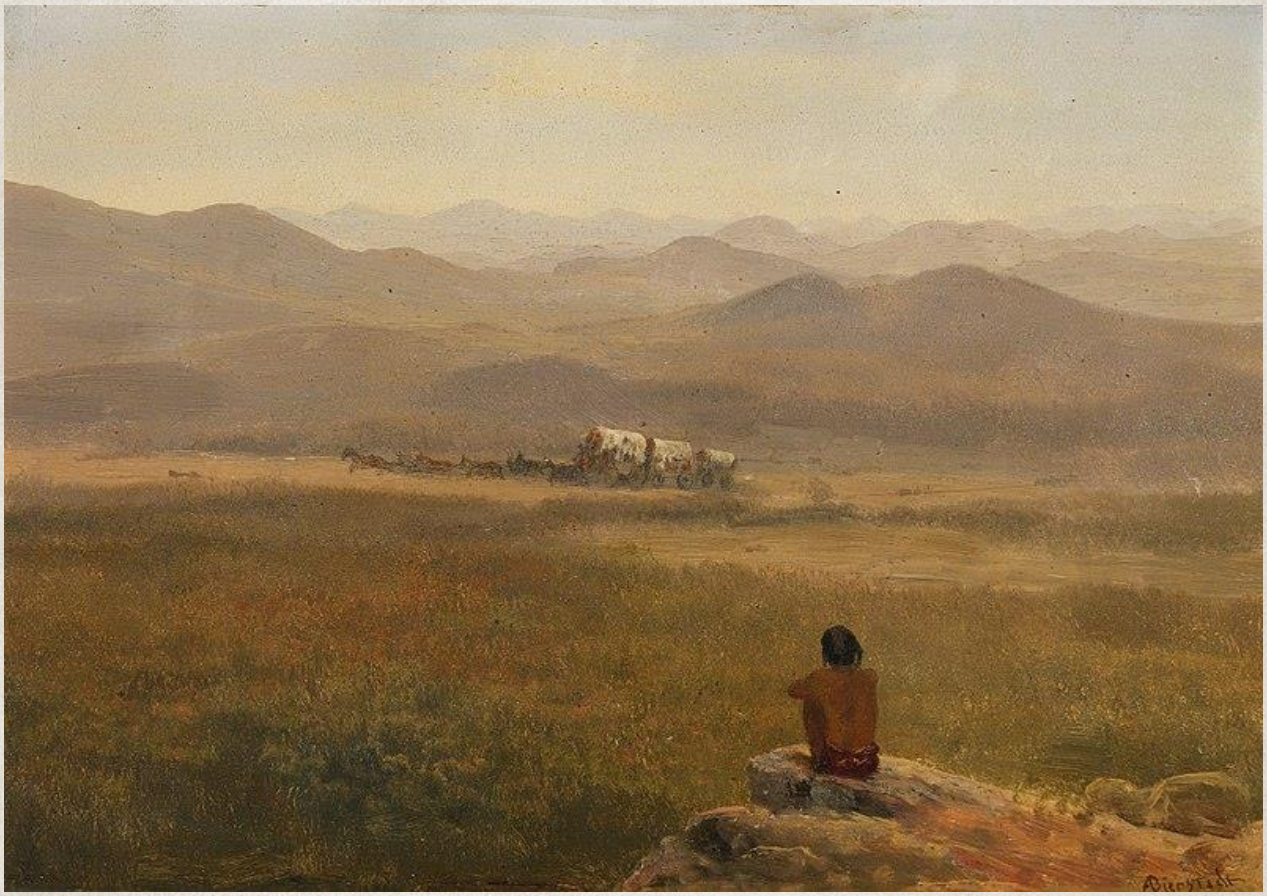
Besides, a large party of white people came to Pyramid Lake as others had done before them. It was quite late in the fall of the year and Winnemucca Second with most of his Indians was away hunting in the mountains. The Indians had left their winter supply of seeds, nuts, wild onions, and camas, and a large quantity of dried deer-meat and salted fish, carefully stored away near the Truckee River. The strangers helped themselves to what they could use, and burned up all the remaining food.

Winnemucca Second became alarmed at this, and when a volunteer company came to punish the Piute Indians for the loss of the white settlers, he and his followers began to lose all confidence in the "white brothers" that his good father had always trusted and defended. So the sub-chief kept all of the Piutes he could get to stay with him in different camps in the mountains.

Hearing all this the old chief left his two grandsons to work for Mr. Scott in California and, taking with him his daughter-in-law and the two girls, Mary and Sarah, in a large wagon, guarded

by several of his Indians, he drove five hundred miles back to Pyramid Lake. He sent a messenger to find his son and begged him to come back to the beautiful valley and have his people come with him. Here they met the chief, and the wise and good-hearted old man spoke for his white brothers, and once more taught his people useful lessons.

Beside the beautiful lake he lived for many years, and when at last he was about to pass over to the Happy Land he called his son to him and told him never to forget his duty to his own people and to love and always be kind to his white brothers.



The Lookout, Albert Bierstadt

Chapter 18

Chief Joseph

1840–1904

The Nez Perce tribe of Indians, like other tribes too large to be united under one chief, was composed of several bands, each distinct in sovereignty. It was a loose confederacy. Joseph and his people occupied the Imnaha or Grande Ronde valley in Oregon, which was considered perhaps the finest land in that part of the country.

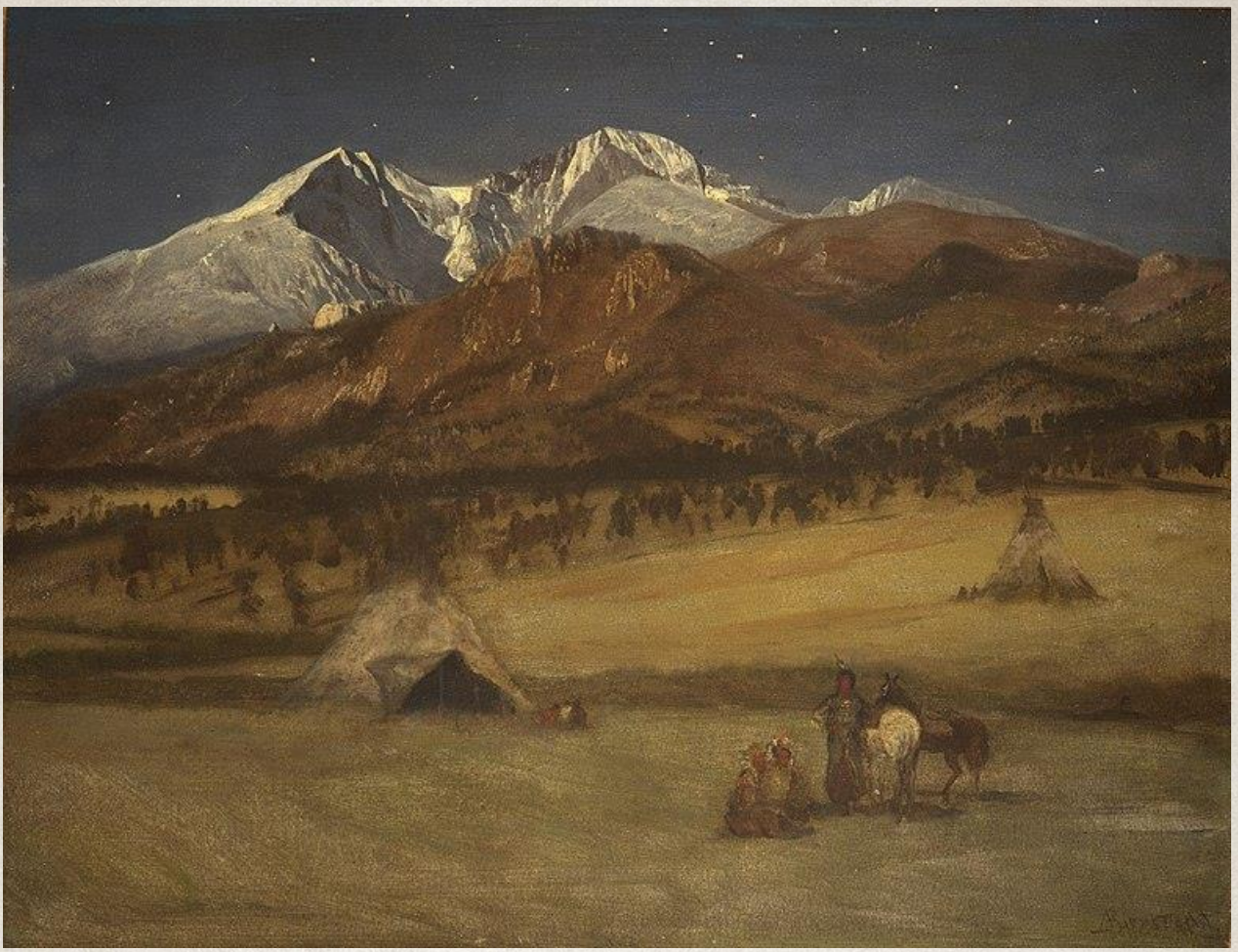
When the last treaty was entered into by some of the bands of the Nez Perce, Joseph's band was at Lapwai, Idaho, and had nothing to do with the agreement. The elder chief in dying had counseled his son, then not more than twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, never to part with their home, assuring him that he had signed no papers. These peaceful nontreaty Indians did not even know what land had been ceded until the agent read them the government order to leave. Of course they refused. You and I would have done the same.



Joseph, courtesy of Dr. James Brust

When the agent failed to move them, he and the would-be settlers called upon the army to force them to be good, namely, without a murmur to leave their pleasant inheritance in the hands of a crowd of greedy grafters. General O. O. Howard, the Christian soldier, was sent to do the work.

He had a long council with Joseph and his leading men, telling them they must obey the order or be driven out by force. We may be sure that he presented this hard alternative reluctantly. Joseph was a mere youth without experience in war or public affairs. He had been well brought up in obedience to parental wisdom and with his brother Ollicut had attended Missionary Spaulding's school where they had listened to the story of Christ and his religion of brotherhood. He now replied in his simple way that neither he nor his father had ever made any treaty disposing



Indian Encampment - Evening, Albert Bierstadt

of their country, that no other band of the Nez Perces was authorized to speak for them, and it would seem a mighty injustice and unkindness to dispossess a friendly band.

General Howard told them in effect that they had no rights, no voice in the matter: they had only to obey. Although some of the lesser chiefs counseled revolt then and there, Joseph maintained his self-control, seeking to calm his people, and still groping for a peaceful settlement of their difficulties. He finally asked for thirty days' time in which to find and dispose of their stock, and this was granted.

Joseph steadfastly held his immediate followers to their promise, but the land-grabbers were impatient, and did everything in their power to bring about an immediate crisis so as to hasten the eviction of the Indians. Depredations were committed, and finally the Indians, or some of them, retaliated, which was just what their enemies had been looking for. There might be a score of white men murdered among themselves on the frontier and no outsider would ever hear about it, but if one were injured by an Indian — "Down with the bloodthirsty savages!" was the cry.

Joseph told me himself that during all of those thirty days a tremendous pressure was brought upon him by his own people to resist the government order. "The worst of it was," said he, "that everything they said was true; besides" — he paused for a moment — "it seemed very soon for me

to forget my father's dying words, 'Do not give up our home!'" Knowing as I do just what this would mean to an Indian, I felt for him deeply.

Among the opposition leaders were Too-hul-hul-sote, White Bird, and Looking Glass, all of them strong men and respected by the Indians; while on the other side were men built up by emissaries of the government for their own purposes and advertised as "great friendly chiefs." As a rule such men are unworthy, and this is so well known to the Indians that it makes them distrustful of the government's sincerity at the start. Moreover, while Indians unqualifiedly say what they mean, the whites have a hundred ways of saying what they do not mean.

The center of the storm was this simple young man, who so far as I can learn had never been upon the warpath, and he stood firm for peace and obedience. As for his father's sacred dying charge, he told himself that he would not sign any papers, he would not go of his free will but from compulsion, and this was his excuse.

However, the whites were unduly impatient to clear the coveted valley, and by their insolence they aggravated to the danger point an already strained situation. The murder of an Indian was the climax, and this happened in the absence of the young chief. He returned to find the leaders determined to die fighting. The nature of the country was in their favor and at least they could give the army a chase, but how long they could hold out they did not know. Even Joseph's younger brother Ollicut was won over. There was nothing for him to do but fight; and then and there began the peaceful Joseph's career as a general of unsurpassed strategy in conducting one of the most masterly retreats in history.

This is not my judgment, but the unbiased opinion of men whose knowledge and experience fit them to render it. Bear in mind that these people were not scalp hunters like the Sioux, Cheyennes, and Utes, but peaceful hunters and fishermen. The first council of war was a strange business to Joseph. He had only this to say to his people:

"I have tried to save you from suffering and sorrow. Resistance means all of that. We are few. They are many. You can see all we have at a glance. They have food and ammunition in abundance. We must suffer great hardship and loss." After this speech, he quietly began his plans for the defense.

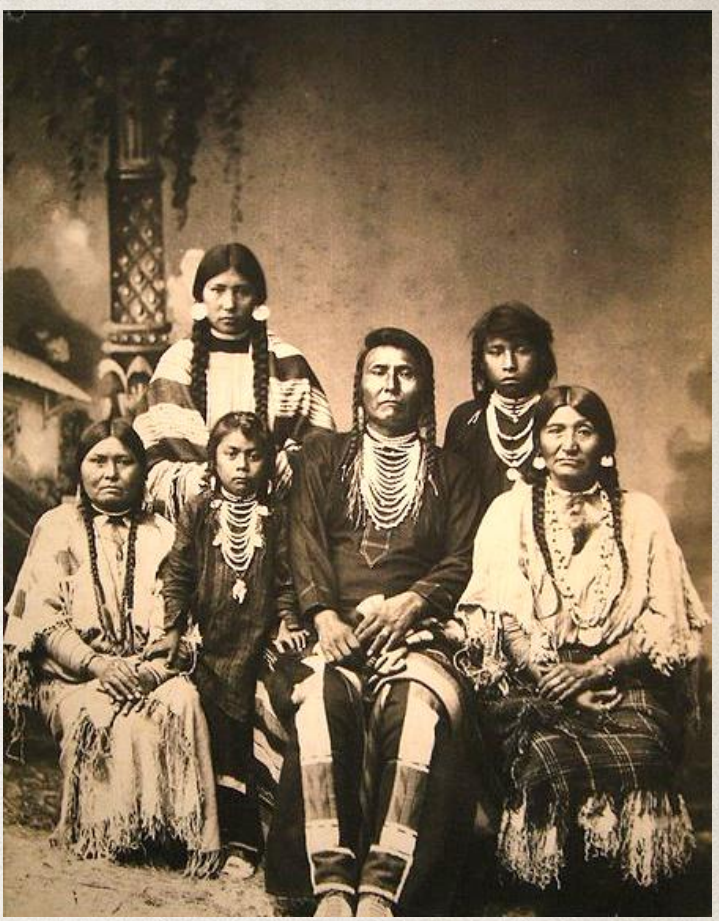
The main plan of campaign was to engineer a successful retreat into Montana and there form a junction with the hostile Sioux and Cheyennes under Sitting Bull. There was a relay scouting system, one set of scouts leaving the main body at evening and the second a little before daybreak, passing the first set on some commanding hill top. There were also decoy scouts set to trap Indian scouts of the army. I notice that General Howard charges his Crow scouts with being unfaithful.

Their greatest difficulty was in meeting an unencumbered army, while carrying their women, children, and old men, with supplies and such household effects as were absolutely necessary. Joseph formed an auxiliary corps that was to effect a retreat at each engagement, upon a definite plan and in definite order, while the unencumbered women were made into an ambulance corps to take care of the wounded.

It was decided that the main rear guard should meet General Howard's command in White Bird Canyon, and every detail was planned in advance, yet left flexible according to Indian custom, giving each leader freedom to act according to circumstances. Perhaps no better ambush was ever planned than the one Chief Joseph set for the shrewd and experienced General Howard. He expected to be hotly pursued, but he calculated that the pursuing force would consist of not more

than two hundred and fifty soldiers. He prepared false trails to mislead them into thinking that he was about to cross or had crossed the Salmon River, which he had no thought of doing at that time. Some of the tents were pitched in plain sight, while the women and children were hidden on the inaccessible ridges, and the men concealed in the canyon ready to fire upon the soldiers with deadly effect with scarcely any danger to themselves. They could even roll rocks upon them.

In a very few minutes the troops had learned a lesson. The soldiers showed some fight, but a large body of frontiersmen who accompanied them were soon in disorder. The warriors chased them nearly ten miles, securing rifles and much ammunition, and killing and wounding many.



Chief Joseph and family,
courtesy of Washington State History Museum

The Nez Perces next crossed the river, made a detour and recrossed it at another point, then took their way eastward. All this was by way of delaying pursuit. Joseph told me that he estimated it would take six or seven days to get a sufficient force in the field to take up their trail, and the correctness of his reasoning is apparent from the facts as detailed in General Howard's book. He tells us that he waited six days for the arrival of men from Various forts in his department, then followed Joseph with six hundred soldiers, beside a large number of citizen volunteers and his Indian scouts. As it was evident they had a long chase over trackless wilderness in prospect, he discarded his supply wagons and took pack mules instead. But by this time the Indians had a good start.

Meanwhile General Howard had sent a dispatch to Colonel Gibbons, with orders to head Joseph off, which he undertook to do at the Montana end of the Lolo Trail. The wily commander had no knowledge of this move, but he was not to be surprised. He was too brainy for his pursuers, whom he constantly outwitted, and only gave battle when he was ready. There at the Big Hole Pass he met Colonel Gibbons' fresh troops and pressed them close. He sent a party under his brother Ollicut to harass Gibbons' rear and rout the pack mules, thus throwing him on the defensive and causing him to send for help, while Joseph continued his masterly retreat toward the Yellowstone Park, then a wilderness. However, this was but little advantage to him, since he must necessarily leave a broad trail, and the army was augmenting its columns day by day with celebrated scouts, both white and Indian. The two commands came together, and although General Howard says their horses were by

this time worn out, and by inference the men as well, they persisted on the trail of a party encumbered by women and children, the old, sick, and wounded.

It was decided to send a detachment of cavalry under Bacon, to Tash Pass, the gateway of the National Park, which Joseph would have to pass, with orders to detain him there until the rest could come up with them. Here is what General Howard says of the affair. "Bacon got into position soon enough but he did not have the heart to fight the Indians on account of their number." Meanwhile another incident had occurred. Right under the eyes of the chosen scouts and vigilant sentinels, Joseph's warriors fired upon the army camp at night and ran off their mules. He went straight on toward the park, where Lieutenant Bacon let him get by and pass through the narrow gateway without firing a shot.

Here again it was demonstrated that General Howard could not depend upon the volunteers, many of whom had joined him in the chase, and were going to show the soldiers how to fight Indians. In this night attack at Camas Meadow, they were demoralized, and while crossing the river next day many lost their guns in the water, whereupon all packed up and went home, leaving the army to be guided by the Indian scouts.

However, this succession of defeats did not discourage General Howard, who kept on with as many of his men as were able to carry a gun, meanwhile sending dispatches to all the frontier posts with orders to intercept Joseph if possible. Sturgis tried to stop him as the Indians entered the Park, but they did not meet until he was about to come out, when there was another fight, with Joseph again victorious. General Howard came upon the battle field soon afterward and saw that the Indians were off again, and from here he sent fresh messages to General Miles, asking for reinforcements.

Joseph had now turned northeastward toward the Upper Missouri. He told me that when he got into that part of the country he knew he was very near the Canadian line and could not be far from Sitting Bull, with whom he desired to form an alliance. He also believed that he had cleared all the forts. Therefore he went more slowly and tried to give his people some rest. Some of their best men had been killed or wounded in battle, and the wounded were a great burden to him; nevertheless they were carried and tended patiently all during this wonderful flight. Not one was ever left behind.

It is the general belief that Indians are cruel and revengeful, and surely these people had reason to hate the race who had driven them from their homes if any people ever had. Yet it is a fact that when Joseph met visitors and travelers in the Park, some of whom were women, he allowed them to pass unharmed, and in at least one instance let them have horses. He told me that he gave strict orders to his men not to kill any women or children. He wished to meet his adversaries according to their own standards of warfare, but he afterward learned that in spite of professions of humanity, white soldiers have not seldom been known to kill women and children indiscriminately.

Another remarkable thing about this noted retreat is that Joseph's people stood behind him to a man, and even the women and little boys did each his part. The latter were used as scouts in the immediate vicinity of the camp.

The Bittersweet valley, which they had now entered, was full of game, and the Indians hunted for food, while resting their worn-out ponies. One morning they had a council to which Joseph rode over bareback, as they had camped in two divisions a little apart. His fifteen-year-old daughter went with him. They discussed sending runners to Sitting Bull to ascertain his exact whereabouts and

whether it would be agreeable to him to join forces with the Nez Perces. In the midst of the council, a force of United States cavalry charged down the hill between the two camps. This once Joseph was surprised. He had seen no trace of the soldiers and had somewhat relaxed his vigilance.

He told his little daughter to stay where she was, and himself cut right through the cavalry and rode up to his own teepee, where his wife met him at the door with his rifle, crying: "Here is your gun, husband!" The warriors quickly gathered and pressed the soldiers so hard that they had to withdraw. Meanwhile one set of the people fled while Joseph's own band intrenched themselves in a very favorable position from which they could not easily be dislodged.

General Miles had received and acted on General Howard's message, and he now sent one of his officers with some Indian scouts into Joseph's camp to negotiate with the chief. Meantime Howard and Sturgis came up with the encampment, and Howard had with him two friendly Nez Perce scouts who were directed to talk to Joseph in his own language. He decided that there was nothing to do but surrender.

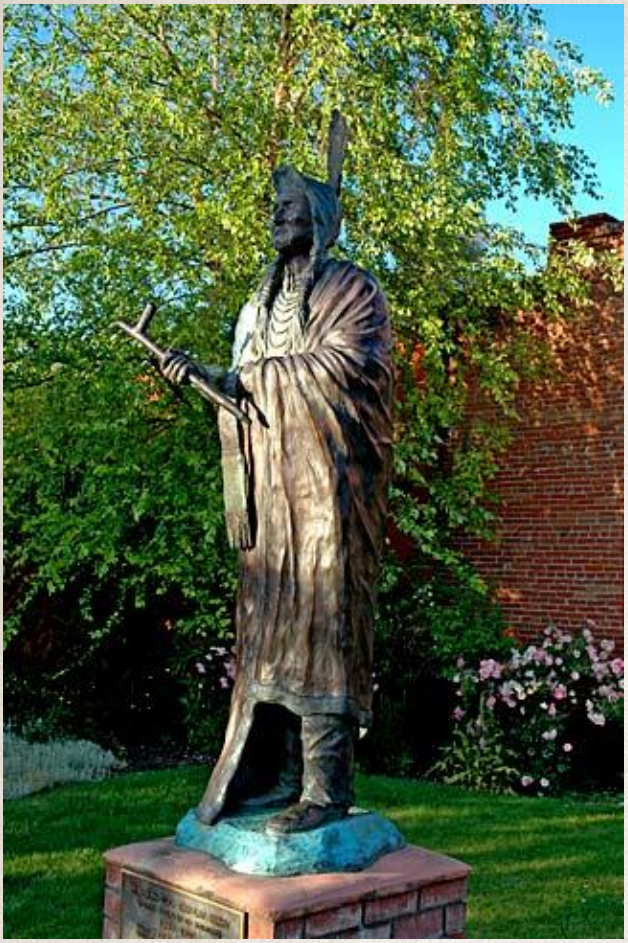
He had believed that his escape was all but secure: then at the last moment he was surprised and caught at a disadvantage. His army was shattered; he had lost most of the leaders in these various fights; his people, including children, women, and the wounded, had traveled thirteen hundred miles in about fifty days, and he himself a young man who had never before taken any important responsibility! Even now he was not actually conquered. He was well intrenched; his people were willing to die fighting; but the army of the United States offered peace and he agreed, as he said, out of pity for his suffering people. Some of his warriors still refused to surrender and slipped out of the camp at night and through the lines. Joseph had, as he told me, between three and four hundred fighting men in the beginning, which means over one thousand persons, and of these several hundred surrendered with him.



The Surrender of Chief Joseph,
Edgar Samuel Paxson

His own story of the conditions he made was prepared by himself with my help in 1897, when he came to Washington to present his grievances. I sat up with him nearly all of one night; and I may add here that we took the document to General Miles who was then stationed in Washington, before presenting it to the Department. The General said that every word of it was true.

In the first place, his people were to be kept at Fort Keogh, Montana, over the



Statue of Chief Joseph, Enterprise, OR

winter and then returned to their reservation. Instead they were taken to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and placed between a lagoon and the Missouri River, where the sanitary conditions made havoc with them. Those who did not die were then taken to the Indian Territory, where the health situation was even worse. Joseph appealed to the government again and again, and at last by the help of Bishops Whipple and Hare he was moved to the Colville reservation in Washington. Here the land was very poor, unlike their own fertile valley. General Miles said to the chief that he had recommended and urged that their agreement be kept, but the politicians and the people who occupied the Indians' land declared they were afraid if he returned he would break out again and murder innocent white settlers! What irony!

The great Chief Joseph died broken-spirited and broken-hearted. He did not hate the whites, for there was nothing small about him, and when he laid down his weapons he would not fight on with his mind. But he was profoundly disappointed in the claims of a Christian civilization. I call him great because he was simple and honest. Without education or special training he demonstrated his ability to lead and to fight when justice demanded. He outgeneraled the best and most experienced commanders in the army of the United States, although their troops were well provisioned, well armed, and above all unencumbered. He was great finally, because he never boasted of his remarkable feat. I am proud of him, because he was a true American.

Chapter 19

The Railroad

A Railroad Story
March 26, 1856

Something was going to happen at Ellicott's Mills. Such a strange thing, too! Little Francis Ellicott heard about it every day, for all the people were talking of nothing but the new railroad. Not one of them had ever seen a railroad, but it had been settled that they were to have one, coming from Baltimore straight out to Ellicott's Mills, a distance of thirteen miles. Then the road was to go on from the Patapsco Valley into the Potomac Valley at Point of Rocks; and then, most wonderful of all, it was to wind its way over the mountains to the Ohio River. The road was to be called the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, though it would be a long time before rails could be run all the way through to the Ohio River.

Francis heard many a dismal prediction, but not one of them dampened his enthusiasm. "The wheels of the coaches are to run on two iron rails made fast to the ground," his grandfather told him, "and the builders expect one horse to be able to do the work of ten on the ordinary turnpike road. They will never get across the mountains, never," concluded the old gentleman, solemnly shaking his head.

Now Francis knew a good deal about traveling by boat, a little about traveling on horseback, and a very little about traveling by coach; but how could he know anything about a railroad! The first railroad built in America was not then two years old, and was away up north in Massachusetts. Two others had been built before the Baltimore and Ohio, but all three were used for hauling granite or coal. This, the fourth road built in the country, was intended for "general transportation." When Francis learned that this high sounding phrase meant that the cars were to carry passengers as well as freight, he shouted to think what fun it would be to see a car filled with ladies and gentlemen rolling along on two narrow rails faster than a coach could travel on the broad turnpike. He did not dream that anything better than horses could be found to draw the cars (nor, in fact, did the men who planned the road); and the picture he made for himself was of a string of coaches fastened together, all drawn along that queer little track by a prancing horse.

It was not so very long before Francis realized something very like his vision. On the Fourth of July, 1828, the railroad was begun; and in the spring of 1830, the double track which had been laid as far as the Mills was ready for use. Then a notice was given that the line would be opened to the public on the 24th of May, and that the fare to Ellicott's Mills and return would be seventy-five cents.

On the appointed morning, Francis, with many others, eagerly waited for the first passenger train. When at length a staid horse came trotting along, drawing after him the small but well filled

cars, Francis was sorely disappointed. What did it matter, after all, whether the horse drew the coach on a track or along the turnpike! Everything about the train was disappointing except the amount of noise which the cars made on the rail of combined stone and iron which was laid in those days.

From that time Francis lost his interest in the railroad, until one morning in the summer something happened that was not a bit disappointing. At breakfast Mr. Ellicott said, "There is something coming on the railroad to-day, my son, that you will wish to see."

Francis was surprised that his father should show so much interest in the stupid railroad, for it seemed as if even the older people must know that there had been nothing on the road for months that was worth seeing.

"I do not know when it will reach here, but we will be on the watch at the time it is expected, for I wish very much to see the wonderful device myself," added Mr. Ellicott.

"What is it, father?" asked Francis.

"What they call a locomotive."

"A locomotive?" repeated Francis, wonderingly.

"Yes, a machine to take the place of horses in drawing the cars," answered his father. "Mr. Peter Cooper has one built, and he is to try it today. Stockton and Stokes, I hear, will send out their very best horse — the big gray that you admire so much — for a race with the locomotive. The machine is to draw a car, and the gray is to draw another, running on the second track."

This was news indeed! Long before the time set for the locomotive to leave Baltimore, Francis was watching the track. He fully expected to see only the powerful horse, with his car, flying down the second track. The stage proprietors' horse, Francis was sure, was the finest in the world. Surely no new-fangled machine could hold its own with that marvel of strength and speed. The time dragged, until at last Francis saw approaching, not the gallant gray, but the first locomotive in America that had drawn a passenger coach.

Francis never could tell afterwards just what his picture of a locomotive had been — something rather like a horse, perhaps — but certainly nothing like that queer little black

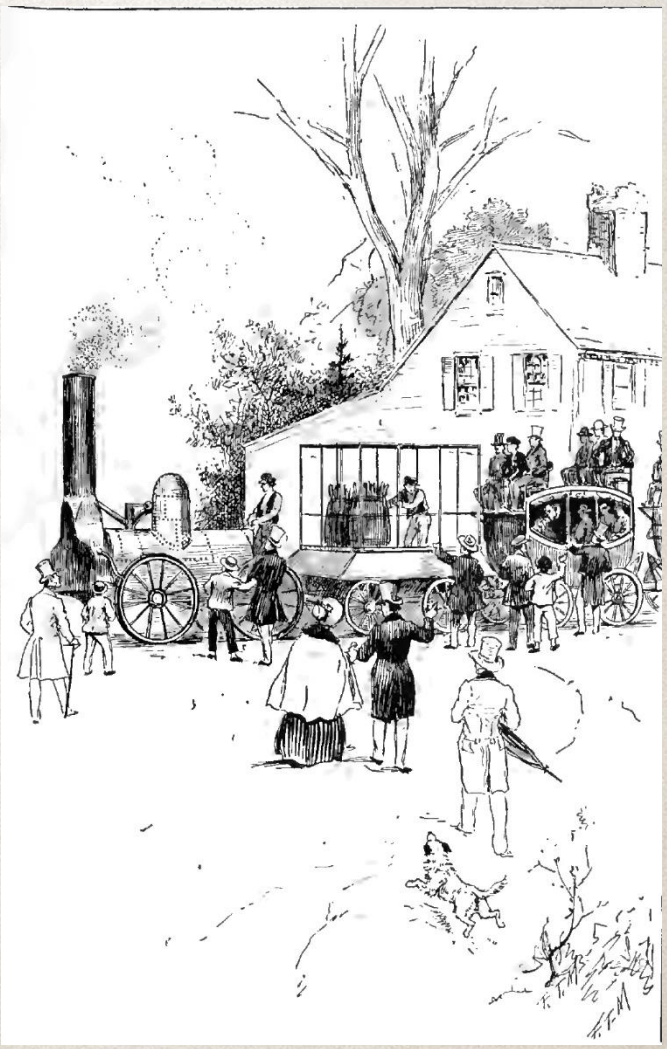


Illustration from *Days and deeds a hundred years ago* by Gertrude Lincoln Stone and Mary Grace Fickett, 1906

machine about as large as a good-sized chaise.

"What makes it go?" he asked his father in utter amazement.

"Steam," was his father's unsatisfactory answer. Why steam should be able to move a whole train, Francis could not understand. Steam never made the teakettle go running over the top of the stove. Why should it move this strange black object along the track! It was all a mystery, but the locomotive certainly moved at a rapid rate, drawing behind it a car filled with directors of the railroad and their friends.

Francis forgot about the gray horse in his curiosity to see the locomotive. He walked down to the end of the line with his father, where a great number of people were crowding around the little engine as it came to a stop at the close of the first half of its trial trip.

The little train had come around the curves at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and at its greatest speed had covered eighteen miles an hour. It had been predicted that people could not endure being whirled along at what was called such "terrific velocity." But here were the directors safe and sound and, to all appearances, unusually happy.

Everybody in the party congratulated Mr. Cooper. One gentleman showed Mr. Ellicott a memorandum book in which he had written his address and several connected sentences when they were traveling at the highest speed. "A revolution has begun," this man declared; "horse power is doomed!"

"Old Erasmus Darwin was nearer right than people thought," said a director, "when he wrote fifty years ago:

> Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam! afar
> Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car."

Francis looked at the locomotive first on one side and then on the other. This strange machine filled him with wonder. And after all a boy of today would be filled with wonder at seeing such a locomotive, though for very different reasons. He would be astonished to see that the whole engine weighed only about one ton, that it had only four wheels, and most of all that its boiler, which was about as large as a flour barrel, stood up straight in the air instead of lying on its side as in the engine of to-day.

Francis caught the enthusiasm of the party and decided then and there to be a railroad man. All his way home, after the little train had started back to the city, he was trying to decide whether he would rather drive the Tom Thumb, as Mr. Cooper called the little engine, or be a director and ride in a passenger coach at the terrific speed of eighteen miles an hour.

Francis was sitting on the porch at home before he thought of the gray horse. "Didn't the horse come?" he asked his father.

"One of the gentlemen told me," answered his father, "that they expected to meet him somewhere on the return and to race from there to town."

The next day Francis heard about the race. It seemed that the horse did meet the returning engine at the Relay House, where the race began. "While the engine was getting up steam the horse gained upon it, and he was perhaps a quarter of a mile ahead when the excitement began. This is the story of the race as told by Mr. Latrobe, one of the members of the party.

"The safety-valve began to scream and the engine began to gain. The pace increased, the

passengers shouted, the engine gained on the horse, soon it lapped him — the silk was plied — the race was neck and neck, nose and nose, then the engine passed the horse and a great hurrah hailed the victory. But it was not repeated, for just at this time, when the gray's master was about giving up, the band which drove the pulley, which drove the blower, slipped from the drum, the safety-valve ceased to scream, and the engine began to wheeze and pant. In vain Mr. Cooper, who was his own engine-man and fireman, lacerated his hands in attempting to replace the band upon the wheel; in vain he tried to urge the fire with light wood; the horse gained on the machine and passed it; and although the band was presently replaced, the horse was too far ahead to be overtaken, and came in the winner of the race."

Although the horse reached town first, the victory really belonged to the locomotive. Everybody realized this fact, and there were no more trials of speed between horse and steam power. It was only a little more than a year afterwards that the Baltimore and Ohio railway gave up the use of horses altogether.

Soon after this trial trip on the Baltimore and Ohio, a train made up of a locomotive and three passenger coaches was seen on a New York railroad, the coaches still built like stage coaches, each carrying nine people inside and six outside. In a few years more, locomotives were in use in all parts of the country then settled. In 1840 there were about three thousand miles of track in the country.

When Francis Ellicott visited the centennial in 1876, he saw displayed there by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad a locomotive weighing fifty tons. He thought of the Tom Thumb and laughed. "The steam locomotive has about reached its limit," he said to himself. His son, Francis Ellicott, Jr., saw in St. Louis, at the great exposition in 1904, a freight engine, displayed by the same Baltimore and Ohio railroad, which weighed two hundred and thirty-nine tons. While contrasting the monster with his father's picture of the Tom Thumb, his eye fell on one of the powerful new electric locomotives not far away. Smiling, he said to himself with more truth than his father's remark contained, "The steam locomotive has about reached its limit."

> To think all discovered's an error profound;
> 'Tis to take the horizon for earth's mighty bound.
>
> — Anon.

The First Transcontinental Railroad
1862-1869

When gold was discovered in California hundreds of thousands of men were eager to find their way thither. Some went by sea, around Cape Horn; others went by way of the Isthmus of Panama; while many crossed the plains. Whatever route was chosen, there were dangers to be faced: the storms of a perilous passage, the fever-breeding air of the tropics, or the attacks of prowling bands of Indians.

Railroad men watched the going and coming of men by these three routes, and wished that they might profit by the movement of such a large number of people and their baggage. At first they said it was impossible to build a railroad across the trackless plains of the West. Then they began to wish they could do it. At last they decided to attempt the impossible.

Some people did no more than talk about the great work to be done. While they talked others were studying the country, looking for the best route for the road they believed would some day drive out of business the Pony Express and the freight wagons.

The expense of building such a road would be so great that the help of the United States government was needed. Congress was therefore asked for assistance, and it was decided to offer the road builders sixteen thousand dollars in bonds and ten sections of public land along the line of the road for every mile completed. Later this subsidy was increased to twenty sections per mile, and large amounts in bonds, according to the difficulty of the work done.

Two companies were organized to do the work the Central Pacific Railway, which began to build eastward from Sacramento, the capital city of California, and the Union Pacific Railway, which built westward from Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Very soon the new project was called the overland route. The name is credited to a San Francisco German who had nothing to do with the railroad. It was his habit to ask every stranger who came to the city during the days of the gold excitement, "Did you come the Horn around, the Isthmus across, or the land over?" When the railway was begun it was called the land-over route. Very naturally this was soon changed to the overland route.

There were great difficulties in the way of the railway builders. The eastern railways were not completed to Council Bluffs, and all material for the new road had to be taken across country or up the Missouri River. Construction machinery for the western end of the line was shipped round Cape Horn. The first locomotive used for a construction train on the Central Pacific was hauled across country by horses. There were no trees along many miles of the proposed route; ties, bridge timbers, and material for buildings were carried at great expense for hundreds of miles. It is said that many of the ties had cost as much as $2.50 each by the time they were put in place.

But the greatest difficulty was caused by the Indians. At first the builders of the Union Pacific had no trouble with the children of the plains, for they made a treaty with them by which the site of the present city of Omaha was secured. But later the Indians opposed the progress of the road almost daily. They turned up when they were least expected. They would either shoot at the workmen from ambush or make an open attack on them. They would pull up the surveyors stakes and burn them. They delighted to burn station buildings.

Charles Frederick Carter has told of a party of ten railroad men, who, when they were attacked by Indians, unwisely sought shelter in a clump of sagebrush, some five hundred feet distant. The sagebrush afforded no protection to the hunted men, but it provided a cover under which the Indians could creep up on them. Before night the red men had succeeded in killing some of the party; three only managed to escape in the darkness.

The first attempts made by the Indians to stop trains were unsuccessful, for they did not realize the power of a locomotive. Once sixty braves, thirty on each side of the track, tried to halt a train by stretching a lariat before it. Failure in such attempts led them to take more effective measures. Obstructions were placed on the track, trains were wrecked, and many men were killed. There were so many attacks on trains that soldiers were detailed to guard the tracks. Frequently the cunning savages eluded the guards; more than once, however, wreckers were surprised in the midst of their fiendish work. One day General G. M. Dodge was with his soldiers at Plum Creek, two hundred miles west of Omaha, when word reached him that a freight train had been captured a few miles

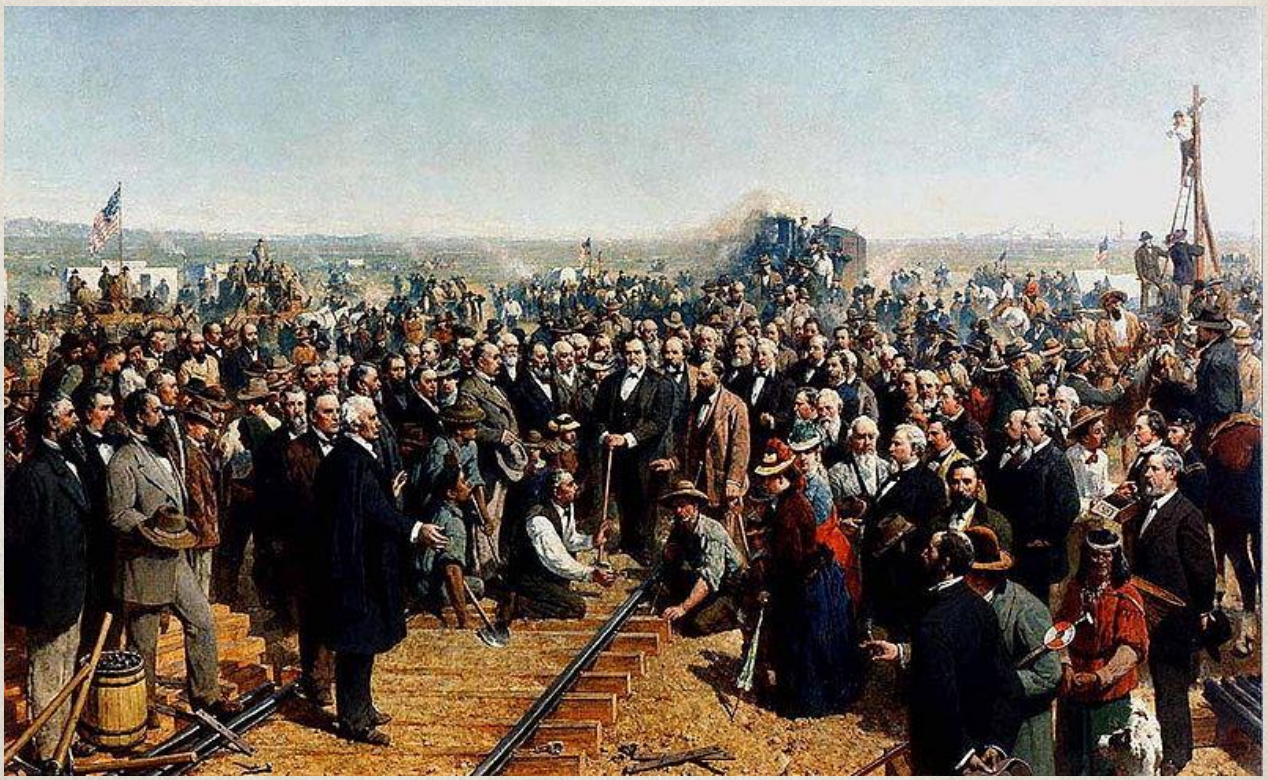
east of that station. An engine was coupled to a car in which volunteers had been crowded, and the scene of the attack was reached before the Indians realized their danger. Few of the Indians escaped.

Effective help in protecting the road was given by Major Frank J. Nott, who engaged four companies of Pawnee Indians. With the aid of these scouts the plans of the Cheyennes and the Sioux were very often discovered in time to warn the laborers of threatened danger.

Finally General Grant led troops into the disputed country and made peace with the Indians. The treaty guaranteed to the railway builders the right to go on with their work.

The road was begun early in 1863, but it was May 10, 1869, before the last rail was laid and the last spike was driven. At first progress was slow, but later the work was done rapidly. The builders of the Central Pacific naturally wished the meeting point to be as far east as possible, and the builders of the Union Pacific were just as eager that it should be as far west as possible, for each mile meant a small fortune from the government.

As the two roads came closer together, excitement was great. Newspapers sent their best correspondents to the front, commissioned to prepare picturesque stories of the contest. Every morning readers watched eagerly for the report of the progress made the day before by the rival builders. And when the news was flashed that at last the golden spike had been driven at Promontory, Utah, there was widespread rejoicing. The gap of 1800 miles had been closed, and at last it was possible to ride by rail from the Atlantic to the Pacific.



The Last Spike, Thomas Hill

Chapter 20

Samuel Morse and the First Telegraph

May 24, 1844

Some of these days when you are learning about countries, mountains, and rivers, you may like to know that a minister by the name of Morse was called the Father of American Geography. He wrote all the first geographies used. Some were hard, others much easier. But whatever he wrote, he had to have the house very quiet. Between the sermons he had to get ready for Sundays and the books he had to make for schools, he was nearly always writing in his study, so his little boy "Sammy" had been taught to tiptoe through the rooms and to be quiet with his toys. He could not remember the time when his mother was not whispering, with a warning finger held up, "Sh — Sh — Papa's writing!"



Samuel Morse,
courtesy of Smithsonian Institute

Sammy liked to draw, especially faces! One day an old school-teacher had come to see his father about a geography. This man had a large, queer-shaped nose. Sammy wondered if he could draw a picture of it. He did not dare disturb any one by asking for paper and pencil, so he took a large pin and scratched a picture on his mother's best mahogany bureau. The scratches looked so like the man that Sammy clapped his hands and shouted with laughter. His mother came running to see what had happened and when she looked ready to cry and said: "Oh, Samuel Finley Breese Morse — what have you done?" he knew right away that something was wrong. She usually called him just Sammy. It was only when she was displeased that she used the whole long name. After this he was watched pretty closely until he went to school. Then he grew so fond of reading that there did not seem to be time for anything else.

In school it was noticed that Samuel Morse had better lessons than most of the boys, and that when it came to questions in history or questions about pictures and artists, it was Samuel who was

able to answer them. When he was fourteen, he wrote a life of a noted Greek scholar. It was not published, but it was very good. He also painted pictures in water colors of his home and portraits of all the family. These were so perfect that everyone said he should go to Europe and study with the famous Benjamin West. Finally his parents agreed that this was the right thing for him to do, but they said he would have to live very simply, because the Morses were not rich.

Samuel did not mind working hard, eating little, or dressing shabbily, if he could just study with a fine teacher. West noticed how willing Samuel was to do his pictures over and over again, so he took much pains with him. Samuel won several prizes and medals, and his pictures were talked of everywhere.

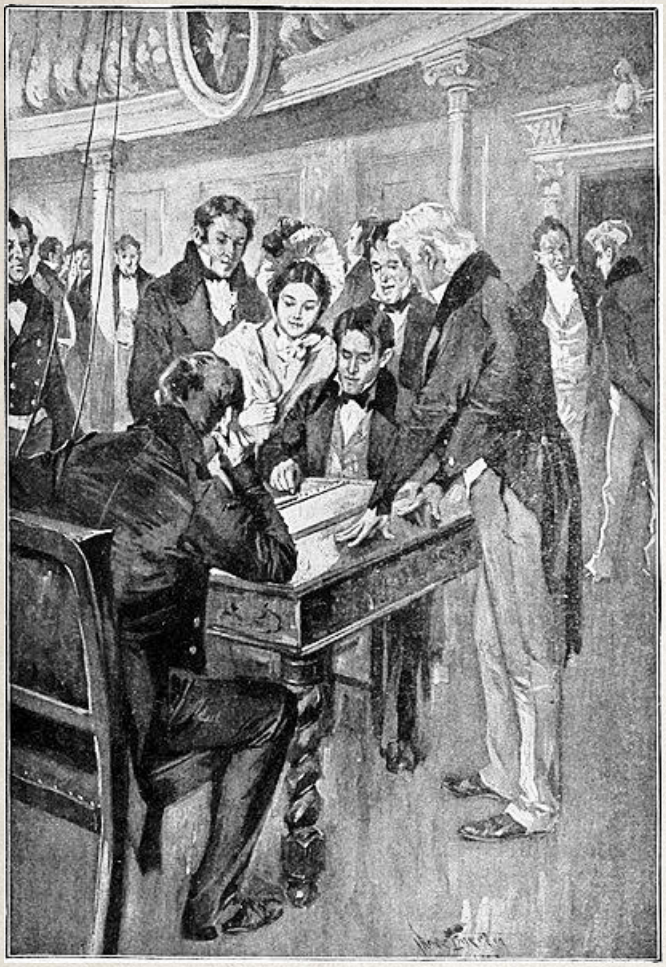
Morse came back to Boston when he was twenty-four, poor and threadbare, but famous. People flocked to see his pictures but did not buy them. So he went to New York to try his luck in that city. From a little boy he had liked to try experiments with magnets and electricity, so he often went to lectures on electricity and thought about different things that might be done with such a force, if only people could learn how to use it. These lecturers that he heard often made the remark: "If only electricity could be made to write!" This sentence kept going through Samuel's head, as he sat at his easel, painting. It stayed in his mind when he went to Europe for the second time. It followed him aboard ship when he was returning from that second trip, sad and discouraged, because a big picture on which he had spent much time and money had not sold. Poor Samuel Morse felt like crying, but he said to himself: "Well, I won't sit by myself and sulk just because I have had more hard luck. I will be sociable and talk with the other passengers." It was fortunate he did, for a group of men were telling about some experiments they had seen in Paris with a magnet and electricity. Samuel asked some questions and then began to pace the deck and think. Pretty soon he took out a notebook from his pocket and began to make marks in it. He got more and more excited as the hours went by, for he knew he had thought of something wonderful. He had invented an alphabet for sending dispatches from one part of the world to another! When it was daylight, he had written out an alphabet of dots and dashes that stood for every letter and number in the English language!



Morse at work on his telegraph, from *Makers of the nation* by Fanny E Coe, 1914

Morse expected others to be as pleased as he with his invention, but they did not even believe in it. "The idea," said they, "that a man in New York can talk with another in San Francisco!"

Of course, if people did not believe Morse's idea was right, they naturally would



The first telegram, illustration from Church review, 1901

not give any money to try it out, so for years this man almost starved while he lived in one small room that had to serve for work-shop, bedroom, kitchen, and artist's studio, while he took pupils, did small pictures, anything, in fact, to get money for his machine and to pay for his room and food. You see he needed one beautifully made machine, and he must have a long line of poles and wires built before he could prove that with his dots and dashes people could talk to each other, although they were miles apart. And this would cost a lot of money. He sent many letters to Washington, asking Congress to help him. The men in Congress were not interested. His letters were not answered. "Poor old chap," they laughed, "he's gone crazy over his scheme!"

Finally, as no attention was paid to his letters, Mr. Morse saved up a little money and went to Washington himself. One senator agreed to ask Congress to advance him some money. But the time kept slipping by, and nothing was done.

One night when it was late, and all the senators were eager to get through with bills and business, the senator who liked Mr. Morse saw him sitting away up in the gallery, all alone. He went up to him and said: "I know your bill (or request) will not pass. Oh, do give it up and go home!"

When Mr. Morse went out of the building, he had given up all hopes of getting help. He went to his boarding-house, and when he had paid for the room and his breakfast the next morning, (he never ran in debt — for he had a horror of it!) he had just thirty-seven cents left in the world. After he had crept up the many flights of stairs, he shut the door of his small room and knelt down beside his bed. He told God that he was going to give up his invention — that perhaps it was not right for him to succeed. He had tried to do something which he thought would be a help in the world, and if he could not, he would try to be brave and sensible about it. Then, being very tired, he fell asleep like a tired child.

But the next morning — what do you think? — a young lady, the daughter of the friendly senator, came rushing into the room where Mr. Morse was eating his breakfast, and holding out both hands, said joyfully: "We've come to congratulate you. Your bill has passed!"

"It cannot be," he answered.

"Oh, it is true. My father let me be the bearer of the good news."

"Well," said Mr. Morse, trembling with delight, "you, my dear message-bearer, shall send the first message that ever goes across the wires."

It did not take long to convince the world that Professor Morse (as he was now called) had invented a fine thing. In less than a year a line was completed from Washington to Baltimore. On reaching the capital, Morse sent a note to Miss Ellsworth, telling her the telegraph was ready, and asking what the first message should be.

Choosing a message her mother had suggested, Miss Ellsworth promptly replied, "What hath God wrought." (Numbers 23:23)

The words had been chosen without consultation with the inventor, but he afterwards said, "No words could have been selected more expressive of the disposition of my own mind at that time to ascribe all the honor to Him to whom it truly belongs."

People found it a great blessing to be able to send quick news, and Samuel Morse was soon called the greatest benefactor of the age. The man who had lived in one room and who had gone for two days at a time without food received so many invitations to banquets that he could not go to half of them. The ten powers of Europe held a special congress and sent the inventor eighty thousand dollars for a gift. The Sultan of Turkey, the King of Prussia, the Queen of Spain, the Emperor of the French, the King of Denmark, all sent decorations and presents. The name of Samuel F. B. Morse was on every lip.

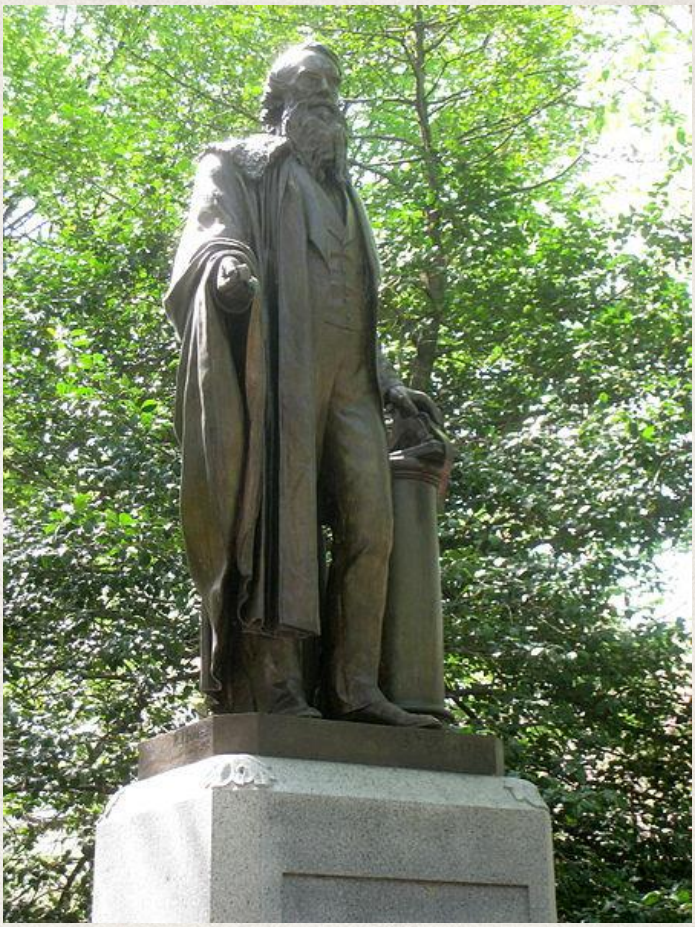
But all this success did not spoil him one bit. He was the same modest, lovable man he had always been. Very few Americans have had so much honor paid to them as he. When he was an old man, the telegraph people all over the world wanted to show their esteem for him and so erected a statue to his memory in Central Park, New York. An evening reception was held in a large hall, and when Samuel Morse came upon the stage, how the audience rose and cheered! He was led to a table on which had been placed the first telegraph register ever used. In some clever way this had been joined to every telegraph wire in America and to those in foreign lands. Mr. Morse put his fingers on the keys, and after thanking his friends for their gift, spelled out, with his own dots and dashes, his farewell greeting; it was this — Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace,



Samuel Morse with His Recorder, Matthew Brady

good will toward men!

When Jedediah Morse wrote his geographies of the United States, he little thought the small boy Samuel, who tried so hard not to disturb him, would one day bind all the countries on the globe together!

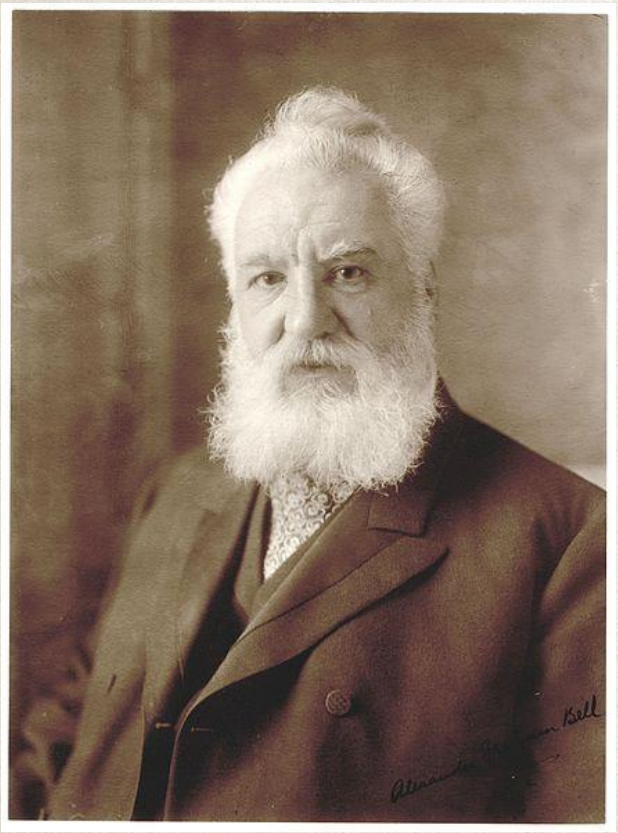


Statue of Samuel F. B. Morse,
Central Park, New York City, NY

Chapter 21

Alexander Graham Bell

The Invention of the Telephone
1847-1922



Alexander Graham Bell,
courtesy of Kentucky Digital Library

The invention of the telephone was one of the accidents which have enabled keen-witted scientists, while carrying on investigations of an entirely different nature, to give to the world an undreamed of and epoch-making discovery. Alexander Graham Bell was making experiments, hoping to learn some new facts bearing on the problem how to transmit many messages at the same time over a single wire. One day a wire, snapping in two, sent a sound through another wire which had attached to each end a thin sheet-iron disk a few inches in circumference. Could that sound be repeated? Experiment gave an affirmative answer. Then arose the important query, "Could vocal sounds be transmitted thus?" A parchment diaphragm with a sheet-iron button in the center was stretched across the mouth of a thin metal cylinder about three inches in diameter. A look inside that metal tube would have shown us features not unknown in today's perfected receiver, two magnets with poles wound with wire, and between the magnets a small strip of soft iron. A similar instrument, with a wire running from its coils, was left in charge of Bell's assistant, while Bell, with the wire connected with his tubular iron-cased telephone, ascended to the attic of his house. The assistant, an intelligent young man, was directed to remain below. Bell, holding the diaphragm a few inches from his lips, said in ordinary conversational tones, "Can you hear me?" In a moment the assistant came bounding up the stairs. "Mr. Bell!" he called out, "I heard your question plainly." The first experiment in the transmission of articulate speech was a success.

Much further experimentation was necessary before the instrument was ready for demonstration

to the Patent Office. Finally, the application was made, and on March 7, 1876, a patent was granted. This was just before the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition.

How Bell's invention came to be included among the exhibits is another interesting story:

In June, 1876, Bell was engaged to be married to the daughter of Gardiner G. Hubbard, a wealthy Bostonian. At that time Mr. Hubbard was residing temporarily in Philadelphia, having been appointed one of the Massachusetts commissioners to the Centennial. Miss Hubbard and her mother decided to pay him a visit, and invited Bell to accompany them. He, however, felt obliged to remain in Boston, as he was principal of a school there for deaf mutes, and examination days were approaching. He had escorted the ladies to their train and, standing nearby, was waiting for it to steam out on its journey to Philadelphia.

As the train started Miss Hubbard, overcome by disappointment, burst into tears. Without a moment's hesitation Bell leaped back on the train, though he was utterly unprovided for the trip. His trunks were forwarded to him in Philadelphia by his future brother-in-law, William Hubbard. That young gentleman, wise beyond his age, was an enthusiastic believer in the telephone, and took care to put the latest model of it in a corner of the strongest trunk.

By Mr. Gardiner Hubbard's advice, Mr. Bell applied for permission to place his instrument among the electrical exhibits of the Centennial. It was toward the close of a fatiguing day when the judges reached the telephone. Their examination of it was hurried and perfunctory. One of them would not take the trouble to put the receiver to his ear. Another judge dropped a disparaging remark as he took out his note-book. Bell's heart sank. At that moment, Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, entered the room, followed by his suite. Himself a scientist of no mean ability, the emperor had examined with interest and admiration the telephone in Bell's school in Boston. He remembered the young inventor, shook hands with him, and requested another trial of the instrument. Bell went to the other end of the wire and spoke into the transmitter Hamlet's famous soliloquy. Dom Pedro's commendation changed the minds of the judges. The "toy" was



Bell on the telephone in New York (calling Chicago) in 1892, courtesy of Library of Congress



Alexander Graham Bell with three granddaughters, courtesy of Library of Congress

allowed to go on exhibition. Doubtless it would amuse visitors. That it was of no practical value was, after all, a minor objection. So reasoned those learned personages. The telephone turned out to be the Centennial's star exhibit, eliciting unmeasured praise not only from distinguished scientists, but from all other visitors capable of understanding the theory of its operation.

In 1877 the telephone was first used, and the first prospectus of the Bell Company was issued. In this the statement was made, "The proprietors are now prepared to furnish telephones for the transmission of articular speech between instruments not more than twenty miles apart." The next year the first long-distance line, from Boston to Salem, sixteen miles, was constructed, and the first telephone exchange was established. In 1880 the second long-distance line was put in operation, between Boston and Lowell. Soon it became possible to talk between stations one hundred miles apart. The line between Boston and New York was not opened until 1887, a little later than the four-hundred-mile circuit connecting New York, Albany, and Buffalo. The first message was sent from New York to Chicago in 1892, though the line was not opened until 1893. In 1900 a Boston merchant could talk to a correspondent in Omaha. The next step was taken when conversation with Denver was possible. In 1915 New York merchants were able to transact business over the telephone with San Francisco customers.

Chapter 22

Margaret of New Orleans

1813-1882



Portrait of Margaret with Two Orphans, Jacques Amans

If you ever go to the beautiful city of New Orleans, go to the old business part of the city, where there are banks and shops and hotels, and look at a statue which stands in a little square there. It is the statue of a woman, sitting in a low chair, with her arms around a child, who leans against her. The woman is not at all pretty: she wears thick, common shoes, a plain dress, with a little shawl, and a sunbonnet; she is stout and short, and her face is a square-chinned face; but her eyes look at you like your mother's.

Now there is something very surprising about this statue: it was the first one that was ever made in this country in honor of a woman. Even in old Europe there are not many monuments to women, and most of the few are to great queens or princesses, very beautiful and very richly dressed. You see, this statue in New Orleans is not quite like anything else.

It is the statue of a woman named Margaret. Her whole name was Margaret Haughery, but no one in New Orleans remembers her by it, any more than you think of your dearest sister by her full name; she is just Margaret. This is her story, and it tells why people made a monument for her.

When Margaret was a tiny baby, her father and mother died, and she was adopted by two young people as poor and as kind as her own parents. She lived with them until she grew up. Then she married, and had a little baby of her own. But very soon her husband died, and then the baby died

too, and Margaret was all alone in the world. She was poor, but she was strong, and knew how to work.

All day, from morning until evening, she ironed clothes in a laundry. And every day, as she worked by the window, she saw the little motherless children from the orphan asylum, nearby, working and playing about. After a while, there came a great sickness upon the city, and so many mothers and fathers died that there were more orphans than the asylum could possibly take care of. They needed a good friend, now. You would hardly think, would you, that a poor woman who worked in a laundry could be much of a friend to them? But Margaret was. She went straight to the kind Sisters who had the asylum and told them she was going to give them part of her wages and was going to work for them, besides. Pretty soon she had worked so hard that she had some money saved from her wages. With this, she bought two cows and a little delivery cart. Then she carried her milk to her customers in the little cart every morning; and as she went, she begged the left-over food from the hotels and rich houses, and brought it back in the cart to the hungry children in the asylum. In the very hardest times that was often all the food the children had.

A part of the money Margaret earned went every week to the asylum, and after a few years that was made very much larger and better. And Margaret was so careful and so good at business that, in spite of her giving, she bought more cows and earned more money. With this, she built a home for orphan babies; she called it her baby house.



Statue of Margaret in New Orleans, LA

After a time, Margaret had a chance to get a bakery, and then she became a bread-woman instead of a milk-woman. She carried the bread just as she had carried the milk, in her cart. And still she kept giving money to the asylum. Then the great war came, our Civil War. In all the trouble and sickness and fear of that time, Margaret drove her cart of bread; and somehow she had always enough to give the starving soldiers, and for her babies, besides what she sold. And despite all this, she earned enough so that when the war was over she built a big steam factory for her bread. By this time everybody in the city knew her. The children all over the city loved her; the business men were proud of her; the poor people all came to her for advice.

She used to sit at the open door of her office, in a calico gown and a little shawl, and give a good word to everybody, rich or poor.

Then, by and by, one day, Margaret died. And when it was time to read her will, the people found that with all her giving, she had still saved a great deal of money, and that she had left every cent of it to the different orphan asylums of the city — each one of them was given something. Whether they were for white children or black, for Jews, Catholics, or Protestants, made no difference; for Margaret always said, "They are all orphans alike." And just think, dears, that splendid, wise will was signed with a cross instead of a name, for Margaret had never learned to read or write!

When the people of New Orleans knew that Margaret was dead, they said, "She was a mother to the motherless; she was a friend to those who had no friends; she had wisdom greater than schools can teach; we will not let her memory go from us." So they made a statue of her, just as she used to look, sitting in her own office door, or driving in her own little cart. And there it stands today, in memory of the great love and the great power of plain Margaret Haughery, of New Orleans.

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