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-Dennis Chambreau 2019

BIOGRAPHY AND RECOLLECTIONS OF EDWARD CHAMBREAU, OREGON PIONEER

COMPILED BY HIS SON,
WILLIAM WADHAMS CHAMBREAU

INTRODUCTION

The following pages truthfully portray the story of the life, adventure, and experiences of Edward Chambreau, Messenger in the Patriots War in Canada, Mexican War Veteran, Indian Fighter, Government Scout, secret Agent and early Pioneer of the Oregon Country, born in 1820, passed on 1902.

The narrative is divided into two parts, Part 1, is a story in chronological order of the most interesting events in his life from early youth as he often related them to us children as bed time stories, as we gathered around his knee and eagerly listened to his words with wonder and admiration. These stories were so indelibly stamped upon the mind of the writer that even after the lapse of many years they can still be vividly recalled as I take up the task of writing this biography which deals with the early life of my father, and up to the time of his enlistment for service in the Mexican War at St. Louis, Missouri in 1845, the age of 25.

Part 2 is a narrative of subsequent events beginning with his arrival in the Oregon Country in the year 1846. The story is taken from his original manuscript written during the year 1875, but not before published.

This book is dedicated to the living descendants of Edward Chambreau.

WWC
Portland, Oregon. 1937

EDWARD CHAMBREAU

The subject of this narrative, Edward Chambreau, was born in France, near the city of Tours in the old province of Touraine (now Dept. of Indre-et-Loire) in the year 1820. His father, Dominick Charbonneau and family, had emigrated to Canada when Edward was about two years old, locating in the city of Montreal. Here the boy passed his early childhood and youth. When old enough he attended the principal parochial school there at that time. He was studious and always passed the periodical examinations and was considered as far advanced in his studies as the average boy of his age. However, as he grew older his high strung nature began to rebel against the rigorous discipline, rules and regulations of the institution with the result that he gradually lost interest in his studies and consequently failed in his later examinations. His father a man of stern character and a rather unforgiving disposition would punish the boy on these occasions, which only made matters worse, as he became indolent and formed a decided dislike for the school.

This was a great disappointment to his father who had planned to have him receive a high class education and later to study law. Finally, realizing that the boy was making no progress and that it was useless for him to continue under these conditions his father took him out of school and apprenticed him to a merchant tailor for a term of years to learn the tailoring trade, and at the age of twelve he was bound for three years without pay, living at home with the family.

His duties for the first year were opening up the store and sweeping out, running errands, delivering suits to customers, scrubbing the tailor shop, and making himself generally useful.

All went well for some time with Edward seemingly happy with the thoughts that he did not have to go to school anymore, but as time passed he realized that he was not having the liberty or rosy times he had counted on, instead he found his job getting more irksome from day to day. He longed for freedom and at his tender age was obsessed with the idea that he could make his own way in the world, and even had the temerity to mention the idea to his father when complaining to him regarding the hard terms of his apprenticeship, but always received little or no sympathy and usually a frown, with the stern advice "You had better stick to your job". His employer was a bluff old Englishman with a decidedly pompous air. He wore the time honored side burns and monocle, an immaculate dresser, befitting in his line of business, but withal he was kindly disposed toward Edward and would occasionally reward him with small sums of money. This with what he earned by selling newspapers before and after working hours, made up his meager income most of which he saved and paid toward clothing himself.

During his second year of apprenticeship, Edward was given an opportunity to learn something about the tailoring business, and, was only called on in emergencies to deliver suits and run errands, a new apprentice having been taken on who relieved him of these duties. For a time this change had a beneficial effect, for Edward buckled down and really did his best but it was too confining for his make up. He longed for more freedom and less restraint. With this restless spirit, it

was only a matter of time when he would quit his job, which he finally did at the end of his second year. His father insisted on his return to work but Edward, rather than go back, decided to run away from home, so at the age of 14 was on his own and had to shift for himself. For a time he made his living as a newsboy, running errands, peddling matches and doing odd jobs when and, where he could find, them, he also received some assistance from his boy friends in the way of food and a place to sleep when hard pressed for these necessities, His first week or so he had to sleep wherever he could find shelter, in dry goods boxes, hay barns and the like, he often thought of the warm fireside and comforts of the home he had left. He told of an incident that happened during this time which might be interesting enough to repeat here, considering the affect it might have had on his entire future.

He had been doing quite a business selling matches on vessels along the docks in the harbor, the reason for this increase in his match sales was that the government had recently put a tax on this commodity payable by the manufacturer, which of course necessitated a raise in price, while Edward was selling untaxed matches at a greatly reduced price. This was evidently unlawful and the boy if caught, was as guilty as the manufacturer. He was no doubt aware of this fact but took this chance. One day with his papers, matches and other wares he had for sale, he was aboard a boat when he saw a man some distance away watching him rather suspiciously, he had a hunch that the man was an agent of the revenue department, so he quickly decided to get rid of his stock of matches, which if found on him would be *prima facie* evidence against him. Carelessly walking in the opposite direction, he found an opportunity to throw the matches over the side unobserved by the revenue agent, as it proved to be, for he was stopped and searched by the man only a few moments later. No incriminating evidence was found but it is needless to add that Edward sold no more unstamped matches but confined himself to a legitimate business.

As time passed Edward found other means of making his way. He was cab driver for a while and in this capacity became familiar with the environs of the City, outlying districts and settlements.

For several years the French population of Canada, through its chosen representatives in the assembly, had protested again and again against the unfair treatment accorded them by the British, but without avail. On this account the oppressed people began to secretly organize for the purpose of throwing off the British yoke, or at least securing certain reforms that would guarantee them equal representation in parliament. They secretly began to gather all available arms and ammunitions, form companies, etc., in preparation for open rebellion when the date for action should be agreed upon. Young Edward's sympathy, of course, was on the side of the French, to whom he had and continued to render valuable service, secretly carrying messages from point to point for the leaders of the proposed rebellion. The foremost leader of the proposed revolt was Louis Joseph Papineau a young lawyer of Montreal, Lower Canada, who was first elected to the assembly in 1812 at the age of 26, and he served as its speaker from 1815 to 1836 and was given a special salary for his services. To end the bitter and vehement denunciation of the government by this fiery young leader for political reforms, Papineau was offered a seat in the executive council but refused to abandon the principles he had so long advocated and fought for. The British House of Commons proposed a

reunion of the two provinces, Lower and Upper Canada. Passage was postponed in order to feel out Canadian opinion. The bill raised a storm of protest. Papineau organized mass meetings throughout the provinces and secured 60,000 signatures against the proposed Bill. Later the Bill was withdrawn by the government. Similar conditions prevailed in Upper Canada, the leader of the reform party in this province was Wm. Lyon Mackenzie who came to Canada in 1820 at the age of 25. In 1824 he founded the newspaper "Colonial Advocate", and later in 1836 founded a newspaper, the "Constitution". Both publications strongly advocated the principles of the reform party. Mackenzie became the first mayor of York (Now Toronto), in 1834.

The Government of Lower Canada began in 1836 to prepare for hostilities. The Reform Party, or "Patriots", as they called themselves, had been preparing to meet the inevitable showdown but their actions were closely watched by government inspectors and spies. Searching parties would often invade private homes and places of business for arms, ammunition and supplies. Edward told how his father, who was then in the produce business, had hidden a large quantity of provisions and etc, in his back yard. Covering it with snow shoveled from the roofs and sheds where it was safe for the time being.

In his capacity as cab driver (Sleighs were used in winter weather) Edward became quite well known to his patrons as a reliable and careful driver. He was often employed by government representatives to drive them to nearby settlements, while in this line of duty.

In the winter of 1836 he was employed to take two British officers from Montreal to an outlying army post in the Richieu valley. The start was made in the early winter morning. It had been snowing for several days past adding to the snow already covering the ground to a depth of three feet or more and almost obliterating the country roads which were few and always in bad repair. The snow had ceased but the cold was bitter when they drove away all bundled up with warm clothing to withstand the weather, a regular Canadian winter. Edward in the front seat, the other two men occupying the rear seat with the little luggage they took along, a typical two horse sleigh of the period with bells, robes, and all.

As they journeyed along, the officers conversed between themselves in English, but would occasionally address Edward in French to inquire about the distance traveled. For the first hour or two after leaving the city everything went along fine, the roads were easily followed. Recent traffic had worn the roads down to a comparative smoothness, but as they got farther along on the journey some difficulty was had in keeping to the road, the snow becoming deeper and the travel less frequent, ascending a low lying hill and through a heavily timbered section the progress was slowed. Finally the summit was passed and the descent began, soon after the valley below came into view but it was still miles away. Thus far, excepting the outskirts of Montreal, no habitation was evident, now an occasional farm house was seen as they entered the valley. It was at one of these places the party stopped for dinner and had the horses fed. They were welcomed by their French host. (All were French settlers in the valley and were noted for their support and sympathy with the reform Party in politics.) Nevertheless these British officers were shown every courtesy while under his roof. It was in this valley a year later

that the first open hostilities began in the rebellion. Early in the afternoon the party again took up the journey expecting to reach their destination by nightfall- little suspecting the grim tragedy that awaited them. The country was now becoming more open but the snow at places was piled in huge drifts by the strong east wind, making progress slow when trying to keep to the road. It was finally decided that time could be saved by taking a direct route across the comparative level stretch of country before them. This action proved to be wise for less snow drifts were encountered and better time was made. Before long the road was again encountered running almost parallel with the river, a tributary of the Ottawa. After following the road for some distance it was noticed that there was less snow on the river, which was frozen over, than on the road, so it was decided to try the driving there as their route lay down stream, with their destination on the opposite side. Accordingly at the first suitable place where the bank was low and free from brush and other obstacles they drove onto the river, cautious at first but found everything ideal, ice solid, snow well packed, making a sure footing for the horses and the best road so far on the journey. A light snow was now falling almost obscuring the open water that appeared here and there along the middle of the river. The driver knew that to approach too near such places would mean disaster, so kept at a safe distance. Fearing that they would not reach their destination before dark, his passengers urged him to speed up the horses a little. They were now traveling at a pretty good clip when a high bank suddenly loomed up on the left where the river made a turn in that direction. In rounding this point still going at a good gait it was discovered that there was open water almost directly in their path. Edward, acting quickly, pulled the team to the extreme left, but too late to avoid disaster. The sleigh skidded on the windswept ice and in a fraction of a second had slid over the brink, dragging the team with it. All happening so quickly that the two officers had no chance to escape, but Edward with the alertness and acuity of youth, managed to jump clear of the rig, landing on the solid ice, partially stunned and powerless to render any aid. The horses and men were soon lost to view beneath the icy waters.

For moments Edward stood transfixed to the spot gazing blindly at the place where all had disappeared so quickly without leaving a trace, except the broken ice at the edge of the opening. How long he stood there he knew not. He presently realized however that he was now alone, on foot several miles from the nearest settlement with darkness coming on and in the dead of winter, some predicament for a youngster of sixteen years to face. It was not this situation alone that occupied his thoughts. What kind of story or explanation could he give as the cause of the accident when questioned by the authorities upon his return to the settlement.

Edward started on his return trip following the route they had traveled along the river as best he could. Snow had ceased to fall as he wearily trudged along vainly looking for some habitation where he could rest for the night, the impending darkness hurried him to supreme efforts but to no avail, nightfall found him with still many miles to go and the hardest trials yet to come. He had passed the place where they drove onto the ice deciding it would be best to take this route where the snow was not so deep instead of the road along the river with heavy drifts to encounter. His progress was necessarily slow now, having to break his own

pathway, but he had the fortitude to struggle on in this way for several hours, always on the look out for a light from some farm house. At last he was overjoyed to see a bright light just peeping over the horizon, which proved to be the moon as it slowly mounted the heavens throwing a beam of light across his darkened pathway and banished the despair with which he was gradually becoming possessed. With this light he could now better keep his course. With improved morale and renewed energy he plodded along for another hour or so, when off to his right and some distance ahead he saw a faint beam of light showing between the snow laden trees. Was this from the long wished for farm house he had so anxiously sought? He stood still for a moment and eagerly watched for its appearance again. Yes the light was there and now remained stationery,

he observed with great rejoicing. Edward now altered his course and, at once began to make his way toward the light in the window, fearful that it might be extinguished before he could get there, he used all the strength he could muster in bucking snow drifts and fighting his way through other obstacles to finally reach the place and fall completely exhausted on the door steps of the farm house. His loud calls for help were heard and soon the door was opened by the man of the house who assisted him to his feet and took him inside. It was some moments before he could collect his thoughts and realize that he was now safe for the night at least. In the meantime his host had done everything possible to make the boy comfortable, he build a warm fire while the wife was preparing a hot meal. Edward had not as yet told about his recent experience, but feeling much refreshed after his repast, and believing he was among friends, (the couple were French settlers) he related his story of his disaster and his subsequent movements up to the time of his arrival there. He was listened to with rapt attention and astonishment that one so young could undertake and live through such an experience.

That the accident should be reported to the British authorities at the earliest date possible was evident, and after due consideration it was decided that Edward and his host would drive to the nearest settlement the next morning for this purpose. It is needless to add that Edward passed a sleepless night going over again and again the horrors of that eventful day, and wondering what the following day might mean in his future. He thought of his parents, the warm fireside at home, his brothers and sisters, his boyhood friends, and himself quite alone in the world.

At last came the morning and they were soon on their way, Edward with gloomy forebodings for the future and a heavy heart. Nothing eventful occurred during the trip. They arrived at their destination late in the afternoon where Edward told his story to the officers in charge, his companion also being there, testifying as to what he knew regarding the affair. After learning the story the boy was held for further questioning, and the farmer was allowed to depart for his home. The next day Edward again told his story in detail in reply to cross questioning by the chief officer who finally decided to visit the scene of the accident with Edward as guide. The party of three started early the following morning taking the route along the river, they journeyed on without incident until they reached the place where Edward had two days before driven from the main road onto the frozen river, the tracks were still there, slightly covered by the snow that had since fallen. Here the party also took to the river and after traveling for several hours finally reached the

scene of the accident. Edward was able to point out the exact spot where the horses and men had disappeared so suddenly, swept under the ice by the swift running current, pieces of broken ice still on the brink and tracks of the skidding sleigh bore mute evidence of the tragedy. Noticing there was no visible evidence that the rig had passed beyond this point the two men apparently were satisfied that the boy had told the truth and without further ado all started on the homeward journey, where they arrived about midnight without incident.

On account of the seriousness of the affair Edward was still held prisoner. The next day arrangements were made to send him to Montreal to appear before higher authorities where he again told his story. Evidently the court was influenced by the troubles that had been brewing for some time between the government and the reform party and now fast approaching open rebellion. Efforts were made to connect Edward with the rebels, but no conclusive evidence was introduced. However he was detained for several days and finally was released to a catholic priest who had interceded for him, having known Edward since his boyhood. In relating this experience father always spoke kindly of this old priest and was very grateful for the interest he took in getting him out of a very serious predicament, for Edward only knew that this accident could have been avoided.

Following his release Edward continued to live in Montreal, earning his own way as best he could and. still helping the cause of the Reform Party as messenger, but for obvious reasons in a more guarded secrecy than before.

The leaders of the Reform Party, Papineau for lower Canada and Mackenzie for upper Canada had planned to cooperate and deliver the great strike for liberty at the same time in the two provinces. At public meetings led by Papineau, the talk was to put down British coercion and despotism. People shouted "la Nation Canadienne" some for "Papineau L'indépendance". Revolutionary talk was heard on all sides with excitement running high, anything might start the flame of rebellion before the date planned for action, and this is exactly what did occur, for on Nov. 16, 1837, after some preliminary troubles in Montreal, fighting broke out between an English organization and a group of French "Sons of Liberty". At once the government ordered the arrest of Papineau and of his aide, an Irish radical, and twenty five others. This order was the signal for the beginning of hostilities by the British. This was a surprise move by the government for it caught the Patriots wholly unprepared. For an immediate conflict their forces being scattered and not properly officered, and no order had as yet given to concentrate for action. Papineau, under the advice of a priest, had left Montreal for St. Hyacinth. The government party concluded that he had gone to assume the leadership of the rebel forces.

When an attempt was made to arrest the ring leaders of the rebellion, the rebel sympathizers rallied to their defense. Small groups of rebels congregated in the Richlieu valley at St Dennis, St Charles and other points while government troops were sent to disperse and drive them back to their homes. On Nov. 16, the first blood was shed in a conflict between French 11 Patriots and a detachment of British troops between Chamby and Longueuil, the troops were returning with prisoners when a mob demanded the surrender of the captains, the troops were routed, and the prisoners freed. This victory however was short-lived for on Nov.

23, government troops dispersed rebel forces at St. Dennis also at St. Charles. These defeats meant rapid decline of the rebel cause.

The Patriot army was without a directing head, undisciplined and poorly equipped, difficult to control, a horde bent on plundering and burning expeditions and without the support of the people generally, nor of the Church, which was a great factor in the governments favor.

Realizing that the cause was irretrievably lost, Papineau, Mackenzie and their chief aides fled to the United States to escape trial and imprisonment, hundreds equally guilty left the country. In later years both Papineau and Mackenzie were pardoned by the government, returned to Canada and both were again elected to the assembly, each serving several terms. (Note: The foregoing historical facts are from Carl Wittki's History of Canada).

Edward was among those that fled to the United States, arriving in Buffalo, New York in December 1837, he found himself in a strange country, unable to speak English, without friends and a sadly depleted pocket book, but withal, he was undismayed. He found temporary quarters in a cheap hotel, paying for his room a week in advance and taking his meals at less expensive chop houses, meantime seeking for employment and adventure. For the first few days he busied himself looking over the city and seeing the sights, as it were, and later on learned about the construction work on the Erie Canal, then being enlarged. He thought here was an opportunity to secure employment, but how to go about getting the work was the question that bothered him. But not for long, for that evening on returning to his hotel he noticed four strangers who had just registered, and who he afterwards learned had been working on the canal and taking a few days layoff, had come to Buffalo to have a good time. They were young men, so Edward had no hesitancy in making their acquaintance. He told them as best he could that he was also looking for work on the canal and if agreeable, would like to go back with them when they returned to work. It seems that they had taken a liking to Edward from the first introduction and it was agreed that he should return with them. The next day he was invited to join his new friends in a round of festivities. They called him "Frenchie", which nick-name followed him for several years thereafter.

After a week of pleasure they were all on their journey back to the "raging" canal. In due time they arrived at their destination, traveling by canal boat or other conveyance when necessary. The men resumed work on their jobs while Edward was given work as "Choir boy". His duties were various, carrying water for the workmen, running errands for the foreman and, keeping himself generally useful, when asked his name he replied in French Edouard, which the foreman understood as "Ed Word." so he went by that name for the three years or more that he was employed on the canal work, but was commonly known as Frenchie by his associates.

The laborers on the work were of various nationalities, Americans, English, Irish, Italian, some French Canadians, and other foreigners. The work gangs, for obvious reasons, were composed of men of the same nationality. Edward, however, found himself in an Irish district or settlement where he had located with his friends, who were of that extraction. The people he met were friendly, congenial, and hospitable, living mostly in temporary quarters, such as tents, shanties, and

boarding houses, some of these were occupied by the married workmen and their families. It was the custom at this time among these people to have weekly dancing parties usually held on Saturday night where all were welcome, old. and young alike joining in the festivities to the dulcet strains of the violin and. banjo, interspersed with jig and clog dancing, Irish songs of the period, with more or less of the drink that cheers. — Edward and his friends attended those gatherings regularly, one party was hardly over when he was looking forward to the next. He was fascinated with this kind of entertainment and often wished that he could take an active part in the programme. He was so much obsessed with this idea that he bought himself a second hand violin and began to practice an Irish song and to learn the english words, both music and words by ear only, for at this time he knew very little of the english language. He had a natural ear for music and a fair baritone voice. After months of practice and with much assistance from a singer, and after several rehearsals before his friends, it was agreed that he was qualified to appear at the next entertainment, and it was so arranged. Edward was a bit nervous before the time for his "Skit" to come up, but he pulled himself together, played and sang his song as best he could. It was an instant hit, not that he sang the song better than others but because of the apparent comedy and burlesque thrown in, due to his mispronunciation of many of the english words of which he did not know the meaning.

It was something out of the ordinary for the audience, causing much merriment and. applause. He had to respond to several encores. Edward was of course delighted with the success of his first public appearance and felt very much encouraged to continue his practice on the violin and learn to sing other songs. He also took up clog and tap dancing, as well as the banjo, putting in most of his spare time on these accomplishments. After months of persistent study and practice, with occasional public appearances in nearby villages, be became known as a good entertainer and his services were often sought after, with the result that his earnings from this source promised a better income than his job on the canal. With this thought in mind he began to plan for the future and the time when he could say good bye to manual labor. During the months spent along the canal, Edward became interested in athletics, particularly with boxing and wrestling, the two features which predominated among his Irish friends and associates. Disputes and quarrels were usually settled with the fists, fair play for all and the best man won, then the combatants would shake hands and all differences between them were apparently forgotten, but sometimes it took another battle and even a third before the loser was finally convinced that be had met and been defeated by the better man. Often the two then became fast friends, such is the Irish trait to this day. Edward himself has admitted having been through experiences of like during his career among the Irish. He was considered a good man at his weight, then 130 to 135 pounds, and was able to take care of himself in any emergency.

Tiring of the routine work on the canal, he decided to leave and seek adventure in new fields, so after about three years service, we find him with a companion in Albany, New York.

(Copied from the original manuscript in the handwriting of Edward Chambreau, the said original now being in the possession of his son, W.W. Chambreau of Des Moines, Iowa)

[missing section. DC 1975]

ARRIVED IN OREGON

I arrived in Oregon City, what was then called "The Falls", about the 20th of August, 1847. There were probably twenty families residing in the place at the time. This was before the small pox and measles, consequently the Indians were very numerous everywhere.

Right here at Oregon City was a large tribe of Indians who claimed the place as their own. These were a peaceful and indolent set, not warlike. There were the Molalla River Indians close by. These lived on fish and game. A little further south were the Kalapuya Indians. Three miles below Oregon City is the mouth of the Clackamas River. There was also a large tribe on this stream.

There was an English Man-of-war stationed at Vancouver that left a short time before I came and there were several of her men who deserted from her. As my path had singularly been marked out for at least ten years before this, I took up with a couple of these runaway sailors who were tough enough for anybody. They were engaged in distilling their liquor called "Blue River". With the previous training that I had had and having this in my favor, "Birds of a Feather flock together", I soon made their acquaintance. The first thing was to take me to their distillery and resort.

It was situated four miles below Oregon City on a small stream that formed a Canyon. The timber and vine maple were very thick and it was a hard place to find. The building was a small, low, 1og hut covered with Cedar bark. The inmates were an old mountaineer and two squaws. There were three fine rifles, powder horns and everything complete upon the shoulder strap, such as caps and rifle patches, balls and bullets in the shot pouch. I need scarcely say that the belt with a very large knife in the sheath was always around the waist.

I don't know what they did discover in my general appearance but without any further ceremony they proposed to me to engage in their business. Without asking me if I would be afraid to do so or not; the agreement was made.

The kind man's name was Johnson and from the history I had of him, I was satisfied he was game. When he ran away from the Man of War he was shot at several times, two balls taking effect. As I afterwards found out, he was a good shot himself, a good boxer and a number one wrestler. He said he never was thrown down until I took hold of him and as it is often the case, came near ending in a row.

The next morning the Skiff was made ready with the Camp equipage and a 20 gallon Keg of "Blue River". This was hid under the things in the bottom of the boat. We avoided the Indians as much as possible, until we should reach our

destination, which was near the mouth of the Cowlitz River. Johnson had previously instructed me how we should do.

There were quite a number of Indians camped here, were anxious to "swop" for "Lumm" (the word for whiskey) but we told them to tell all their friends that we had come with plenty of it. By sundown they were pressing us so hard that we could not put them off any longer, we made them sit down in rows, with their different things they had to put their "Lumm" in, and while I saw whatever they had to pay for it. They were all on the beach about ten steps from the Skiff. They had kettles and skin buckets to put this in.

We went to every one before we began to pour it out in their vessels and agreed on what should be given for this and what measure full. Having done this and everything being ready, Johnson began to pour out and I carried the things to the boat. The principal things we got in exchange were Beaver and Otter Skins and Hudson Bay Blankets. Bear in mind that the rifle is all the time hung across your back and it is against the mountaineer law for an Indian to be in his rear.

An Indian when he drinks whiskey he will drink as long as he can hold his breath. By the time he was getting through with the last ones, the first ones were getting very funny. Johnson shouted to me to run to the boat. I ran to the boat and shoved it until I was knee deep in the water. As he had the whiskey, some of them followed him to the boat. He was retreating backwards with the Keg under his arm and his long knife in the other hand. In the meantime I covered them with my rifle. Before it takes time to tell it, he threw the last keg with what remained in it as far as he could towards the camp. This gave him a chance to get away from those who were immediately near him and he got into the boat. As I got one foot into the boat an Indian caught me by the fringe of my buckskin shirt and my friend had to knock him off with his rifle to make him let go.

By this we lost a little time and I got into the boat. We were almost in swimming water, with three Indians hanging yet to the boat. We knocked them off by blows upon the head and shoved off just in the nick of time, because we had no more than had them loose from the boat then there was a gang of about thirty who came running and yelling with all their might. Then there was fighting among themselves.

As it was nearly night, we got out of their reach in safety. On this trip we made very near five hundred dollars apiece. The reader can draw his own conclusion of what must have been the scene in that Indian camp with twenty gallon of this abominable stuff among them.

JOINS HUDSON BAY COMPANY

With all the vigilance of the Hudson Bay Company, they could not very well put a stop to this evil. James Douglas, having heard that I was a Canadian Frenchman sent me word that he wished to speak to me. What is about to take place now is only a repetition of what has been done in nearly every frontier town, namely this, any desperado who had the necessary abilities could always be elected City Marshal. I hesitated about calling upon Mr. Douglas because I had heard several times that he had offered a reward for my arrest. However, I made up my mind that he would have to be a pretty good man to get away with me.

I concealed about my person my knife and a raw hide sling shot. After preparing myself and feeling satisfied that I could stand off with any kind of luck five or six men, I made up my mind to go.

From the history I had got of him he was no stranger to me. Douglas was a fine looking man and very intelligent, a fighter from the word go, spoke as good French as I did and to anyone who had not "been on the Board" very long, his general appearance would have struck terror to their heart. Without any further comment the position he had attained entitled him to the title of Chief.

His residence, inside of the stockade, was situated very near the middle of the enclosure. There were two very heavy mounted guns in front of his house, one on each side of the steps. When I got inside of the fort and as I was walking towards the house I noticed the employees gazing at me and I have no doubt they wondered what on earth I was going to the Governor's house for, because it was not customary for a man like me to call on so distinguished a gentleman. The bell was rung. The "Garcon" came to the door. I told him I wished to see the Governor. He asked me my name and went back. In a few minutes I was invited in and shown a room where the Governor was. I knocked at the door and I was told to come in, in a loud voice. As I entered I could not help noticing him sizing me up. As I did not know what to expect, my main thought was not to be taken by surprise from any part of the house. I said, "How do you do, Governor? My name is Jean de Chevrul, my sobriquet". Here the conversation began in French. He said, "Sit down garcon." I replied, "Thank you, sir, I would rather stand." After asking me where I was from and how I came to the country, he said, "Are you aware that we have control of all this country? And that we have exclusive right to trade with the Indians?" "No Sir." He continued, "There are a good many bad men getting into the country and they are demoralizing the Indians and unless there is a stop put to it, the Americans will have some trouble with them, because we cannot always hold them back. Garcon, how would you like to be an employee of the company?" I answered, "I have never thought of it before."

"I think it is the best thing you can do. You will be right here with your own countrymen. I will give you 60 Pounds a year at first and if you are faithful you can get up to several 100 pounds a year." "All right, sir, I will do it." I could not understand it at the time but he had a double object in view — first to secure my service and as a matter of course I would quit selling whiskey to Indians. And he said, "as this is your first enlistment it has to be for five years." The papers were made up and I signed the agreement. He sent for the overseer, McBean, and I was put to work at different things about the Fort.

At that time there was an Indian village about four miles below Vancouver on the Columbia River. It was called le village de la jolie fille (village of the pretty girl). It was a fishery. Immediately at Vancouver there were seldom less than from 400 to 800 Indians continuously and sometimes a great deal more. They were principally Klickitats, Cascades, Chinooks, White Salmon, besides a good many of other tribes. Cassnoo, the Great Chief of the Columbia R. made his home at Vancouver and so did the Chief of the Klickitats. Vancouver was the H. B. Co.'s great distributing center. I have seen for two miles facing the Fort along the river front thick with Indian Camps. You will see at a glance from this what a point this was for trading.

The stockade, which was called the fort, covered 16 acres of ground. There were two large bastions with six mounted guns in them. In 1847 during the Whitman massacre, Sir James Douglas ordered the Fort to be made stronger for defense in case of an attack. They built an extra bastion immediately facing the south and mounted some very heavy guns in it.

Just before the Indians took the measles and small pox, I saw about 4000 of them hold a council of war. There was a portion of these Indians one night that had a regular War Dance, headed by a Blackfoot Indian named Lee-Coie. There was also a Klickitat Indian who was very troublesome by the name of Warbat. I was sent outside by James Douglas to take observation. This last named Indian claimed that he could not be killed because he was a Medicine man. As I was always about the Governor's house, I heard Peter Ogden & Douglas say they wished these two Indians were dead. You can imagine there was no little excitement when it was known that they were dead. This was done for the good of humanity but it has always been kept a secret.

I have received orders from U.S.A. officers that the plan of the Government must be carried out anyhow. I accordingly was on the lookout for them all the time but I could not find any opportunity to lay them out. Finally I tumbled on a good scheme. There had been late that afternoon some of those runaway sailors with Blue River, and the Indians had had a little taste. That night I procured a bottle of Hudson Bay Rum and started on my mission.

There were three lodges where they kept up gambling all the time. The first lodge I came to I found one of my Indians. There were many in the lodge but he himself was not playing. I sat down and in a little while I got to whisper to him that I had some "lum". I walked out and in a little while he came out. The night was dark and I think it was about the first of November 1847. I made him feel of the bottle to show him I had it and I told him to follow me. We got into the brush in a little trail that went down to the River and I handed him the bottle. While he was in the act of drinking I struck him a heavy blow on the back of the neck and I followed it up with several more in quick succession.

As this was right in a trail, I had to drag him out of the way as soon as I could. This being done, I felt around on the ground for my bottle and found it almost right away. I did not lose any time in looking after my other Indian. When I got up on the open ground I listened for the singing. Anyone who knows can always tell by the singing where they are gambling.

I started in the direction of this other lodge and when I got to within ten steps of it I met an Indian coming towards me. He asked who I was and I told him. I asked him if he knew where there were any nice girls. He said yes. He knew me but I did not recognize him. We started together in the direction of a lodge not very far from where I had waylaid his Pal. We entered a lodge and I scraped the coals together, not particularly to see who he was, but to see the Indian girls. When the chips I had put on the coals began to blaze, I found to my great delight that I was with my Indian. I gave him a sight at the bottle. I walked out and I told him to bring the women along but he thought I was going to give him the slip and he followed me out. It had got to be by this time about eleven o'clock. Everything was very still except where they were gambling. He asked me for a pull at the bottle almost immediately. I walked him about fifty steps towards the brush to make sure of my escape and I handed him the bottle. He put the bottle up to his mouth and I struck, but whether he saw me make the motion or that he suspected something, it was only a glancing blow and it stunned him very little. The only thing he said was, "Wah Wah". In an instant I dropped down to know his whereabouts and I sprang up behind him and struck him again but this did not knock him down. I then got hold of him and went at him with my knife. As it was very dark, having a hold of him, I made every lick count. He gave one more 'Wah" and a couple of groans and staggered on his knees at my feet.

It was understood between Mr. Douglas and the guard that I should go in and out of the Fort when I pleased. I had no trouble to get in.

In August 1847 the Officers of the Hudson Bay Company which was stationed at Fort Vancouver, were as follows:

Sir James Douglas, Governor

Mr Ogden, Chief Actor

Mr Graham, Chief Clerk

Mr Dave McLaughlin, Store Keeper

Mr Forest, Clerk

Mr Clare, Clerk

Mr Mc Bean, Overseer

Mr Bartley, Doctor

**DESERTS HUDSON BAY COMPANY
FOR
SAN FRANCISCO GOLD EXCITEMENT**

Every spring, sometime in June, during the freshet, all of the furs came down from the interior from the different Forts. This would bring to Vancouver from 18 to 20 boats or barges with 9 men to the barge. There would be also about the same time the pack trains with the fur. During the time the Brigade would be at Vancouver, from all these places there would be of the employees alone 800 men. During these summer months the Indians from all parts would also come. This would swell the number of people at Vancouver to more than has ever been since.

The news of the Whitman massacre reached Fort Vancouver about the same time. One thing that made the Indians so bitter against the immigration of 1847 was these diseases. The Indians rightly claimed that the "Bostons" were the cause of all this misery. As there were always so many Indians at Vancouver when the news reached it, the excitement was immense. The Company took every precaution to avoid a surprise. From this time, which was about November 1847 until late in the spring of 1848, I was kept almost continuously among them. The reader can imagine for himself what I underwent.

Late in the fall of 1848 I got into a serious row with one of the Company's Officers. I was overpowered, put irons and confined to jail, but before I was put in jail, the news had come to Vancouver that there had been some very rich Gold Mines discovered in California. I had some very good friends outside but my body was watched very closely. I had made the acquaintance of a young American lawyer by the name of Snelling who afterwards was known by Judge Snelling in Oregon, Washington and Idaho territory, an able lawyer and a fine gentleman. I found out by my French friends that he was taking very much interest in me. I could not see who it was that spoke to me. The two air holes of the jail were about eight feet from the floor.

Christmas night, 1848, when everyone in the Fort was having a good time, I heard something fall on the floor. At first, though, I thought it was someone at the door. I began to feel around on the floor and I found what proved to be two brand new files. Maybe you think I did not work fast. The files were the very kind I wanted and I made good use of them. I think in about four hours I was entirely loose from le chaine. I waited for old Bruce, the jailer, who brought my breakfast. Six in the morning, it was quite dark yet. Presently I heard him at the door. I made ready. I was on the side of the door, after he pushed the door in he got the pan that had the grub in and he laid it on the floor and began to push it as usual. I struck him on the side of the head, I pulled him in and I took his coat and cap, put them on and started across the fort for the gate. The large gate was about six inches thick and there was a small one two feet wide that opened and shut in it. This small gate fastened with a strong bolt on the inside. As I emerged outside there were two surprises. A friend was waiting but I did not know it. He said, "Qui Sai". He took me for old Bruce. I replied, ' C'est moi" We hurried to the River where there was a canoe ready. In a few minutes Judge Snelling came with the rest of the outfit, a shot gun and a rifle. We shoved off and started down the Columbia River.

It began to get daylight and. when we turned to go up the Willamette River we saw a boat start from Vancouver but did not think much of it at the time. We paddled along until about 6 miles further when this boat came around a point about one mile behind us. The Judge said, "It's a Hudson Bay boat. What will you do? Don't you think you had better hide under the blankets flat in the canoe?" I told him he had better do that himself to keep from being killed.

They were gaining on us very fast and the only thing there was to do was to get ready for the fight.

As I was a fine rifle shot, I took the rifle in preference to the shot gun. There was only one commissioned officer in the boat. His name was Mc Schell. The rest were servants. When they got to within twenty yards of us I covered them with my rifle and ordered them to halt. I said to McSchell, "Vous ne prendere James vivant." As their boat was under headway, they came to within ten yards of us. Louie, who also was running away, was pointing at the men with the shot gun. I told McSchell if he came any nearer he would be the first one who would die. Judge Snelling then said, "The days are gone by when you can take a man in this way. We are on American waters and you cannot take this man in that way. I am an American and you dare not molest me." McShell then said, "I will go back to Vancouver and get a requisition. Judge replied, "You will find us in Oregon City".

We went on to Oregon City and we found out that night that the bark Onita was laying at anchor below the mouth of the Willamette and that she was already to sail for California. All arrangements were made for me to go on her and I was taken in the same little canoe. I think there were about sixty passengers on board of her. Then next day she weighed her anchor and we dropped down the Columbia River. When we got down to the mouth of the Columbia River, we did not go out to sea for three days. The wind blew a gale. The fourth day Capt. Hall went up on Cape Disappointment to see if it would be advisable to go out. He returned and said he would try to go out. He hoisted up his sails and started one of his boats with one of the officers and four men. They sounded the Channel and we followed after them. By the biggest kind a scratch we went out at Sea all right. The first night out we had a snow storm, the next day it was very cold and the sails were frozen so hard that the sailors could not do anything with them. She weathered it, however, and the sixth day we were in San Francisco, January 1849.

ARRIVES IN SAN FRANCISCO

The passengers came ashore in small boats and began to inquire how to get up to Sacramento. I was not long in finding the headquarters of the Bloods, which was the old Daly City Hotel. It was situated on what would be called No. Kearney Street. The majority of the men who hung around there were Col. Stevenson's men. I made the acquaintance of several of them but I was bound to go to the Mines. There came from Oregon when I did an old mountaineer by the name of Dick McCreary. He had also with him an Oregon Indian who was lightening a party of us together with some others. Made arrangements with a man who had a boat to take us up to Sacramento. What do you suppose we saw when we got up there?

Willows & thick brush. This was called the "Embarcadero" the Spanish word for Landing, I think. The main place was at Sutters Fort and when we landed we went on to that place.

Having arrived at the Fort we fell in with the celebrated Captain Merritt of the Benicia Bear Flag fame. My friend Dick was well acquainted with him. After talking together awhile, Captain Merritt said it would be a good plan to fix up a small party and go and trade with the Indians.

Now, when the Mines were first discovered, the Indians who lived near the settlements told those further from them and in a little while all the Indians were digging for gold. The old Captain had several horses and we procured some more, got all the necessary things and started on our trip. Now, dear reader, it would require volumes for one to go into the details of everything. It will never be known how many men lost their lives in those early days, both by the Indian and White man.

During the three weeks we were on this trip we found no less than five camps where from one to four men had been killed. We came to one place where we found the animals had eaten as far as they could into the boot legs of the poor victims.

Our party consisted of Captain Merritt, Dick McCreary, Dan Richardson, the Oregon Indian and myself. The principle thing they wanted the most was bread and horse flesh and other trinkets we had. There were several small parties that traded with us. We always had our camp so arranged that the Indians were obliged to face us and we never allowed more than five or six in camp at one time. They usually had their gold tied up in different kinds of things. There was no weighing of the gold, it was guessed at by the pinch or in the hand. At the rate that we were selling, the flour would be about \$16.00 per pound, the horse flesh about the same. Gold Dust at Sutters Fort about this time was worth \$9.00 or 10.00 per ounce.

The Indians had us down pretty fine and it was easy to be seen that they did not rank us with ordinary miners. When they were told to leave the camp they would generally do so. But we finally came to a camp where the Indians, from all appearances were determined to try our strength. I need scarcely say there was not a man of us but understood and was familiar with the Indian custom. We had noticed during the day small fires in the mountains in different

directions, but more particularly where we were to camp. As we dismounted and began to take the saddles and packs off, old Capt Merritt said, "Boys, there is going to be hell here." The camp was a fine creek bottom with scattering oak trees. Captain Merritt had picked out three oak trees that formed a triangle, to camp at. After the horses were hobbled, Indian Charlie and myself were the two who were to watch them. They grazed along. We kept them together as much as possible, keeping a sharp lookout all the time. When we were about 200 yards from the camp, one of the horses nearest to the timber looked towards the hill and from what I saw him do I was satisfied that he had seen something. Charlie saw it also, for as by mutual consent we began to huddle the horses together. Keeping my eye in that direction between the rocks, trees and I became satisfied I had seen something move. I warned Charlie and we both started towards camp with the

horses. The Indians perceiving this ran in the tall grass on their hands and knees endeavoring to cut us off from the camp. I had managed to get near my own horse, I took told of his mane with my left hand and I laid my rifle across my arm. A moment more it was 'la mort ou la vie'. I pulled the trigger and the next instant there were some 15 or 20 Indians sprung to their feet and started to head the horse. I threw my rifle across my back and began with my dragoon pistol keeping hold of my horse and keeping him between me and the arrows that were coming fast enough. One Indian, who was probably the Chief, anyhow braver than the rest, started towards me on the run, thinking, I suppose, I had no more shot. I waited until he got within ten steps. I fired over my horse's back. The ball entered the corner of his mouth. He whirled around and fell on his face.

Charlie fought bravely. He had an H. B. Company flintlock gun. They were very quickly loaded and he did good execution with it. The Indians attacked the camp at same time but they were repulsed with heavy losses.

The result of the battle Charlie was wounded in the arm and in the thigh. I was wounded in the right leg and my hat knocked off with an arrow. Dick was struck with an arrow in the left hand and almost crippled him for life. We lost one horse altogether who ran away and two more of them very badly crippled. Our dear old Captain Merritt thought it would be best to get out of there that night. He said they would be sure to get reinforcements. That same night we cunningly gave them the slip. Three days found us in Sutter's fort again.

I remained here a short time, then I took passage on the small schooner Rialto bound for San Francisco. On arriving in San Francisco, strange to say, I fetched up and made my home at the worst place at that time in San Francisco. I say worst, but I don't mean that to be understood as a low place. It was the old Daly City Hotel on Kearney Street next to the Plaza on the west side of the street.

The characters who figured more conspicuously than the rest among this class of men at this Hotel were: Jack Powers, Joe Down, Jimmie Twicher, Jack Currley, Johny Follay, the bartender Bob Edwards, Oregon Ned, Jim Lee, Shorty Lee, Jim Beaty, Frank Barker, Elec Bartson, Pete Veder, Micky Lyons and some others, that I cannot recall to mind just now.

THE DAYS OF '49 SAN FRANCISCO—SACRAMENTO--STOCKTON

The days of '49 I will not attempt to describe because they have been written by able men time and time again. The reader will please note that I am only writing at it and again it is a well known fact that no two men can describe the same fight alike.

Vessels after vessels came in every day with people from every clime - the good and the bad. There was a class of men who style themselves the Hounds who added to their number every day. It got so these Hounds had things pretty much their own way in San Francisco.

Almost opposite the Old Daly City Hotel was a notorious place called the Tammany Hall, very near. About the time things had got about as bad as they could get, Jim Beaty, Shorty Lee and myself went around one night not far from the Tammany Hall to some Mexican camp, not for any good. In the fight that took place it cost the life of two men - one Mexican and Jim Beaty. Poor Jim staggered against me and said, "I am shot". We started back in the direction of the "Hall" but I had to pack him before we reached the place. He had been shot in the belly and died the next day.

Now it is needless to say that it raised a big excitement because he was one of the "boys". Things now assumed a warlike attitude and the Hounds, in order to make recruits, paraded the streets of San Francisco with the Fife and Drum. The City authorities were powerless. The laws could not be executed. They were dreaded because they were organized. They did pretty much as they pleased. There was no security for life or property. Things went along until the battle took place on the point at the north end of Montgomery and Kearney Street. At this place along the side of the hill were camped Mexicans and Chileans. It was talked over for several days among the Hounds and the night this bloody deed was to be done was finally agreed upon. These men who were to take part in this outrage met in the different saloons close by these camps. Some had masks on, others had their faces blackened with burnt cork.

The time having arrived for the attack, the signal was given. The party divided into small squads and a rush was made for these poor unsuspecting people in the tents. Then a general firing began.

As this disgraceful thing created a deep feeling, and San Francisco having become too hot for the Hounds and outlaws and my self being compelled to leave, I never found out how many men were killed that night.

This was a bad piece of business. They were shot as they came out of their tents. The tents pulled down over some of them. Their effects were either burnt, destroyed or stolen.

The next day after this it could be noticed San Francisco had put on a different look. People could be seen in different places whispering together and sizing up all those who were suspected of having taken part in the Massacre.

Finally the next day there was a mass meeting in the Plaza on Kearney Street, Sam Brannan being the main spokesman. Along about four o'clock in the afternoon things had changed. It was not the Hounds who were parading the streets but a genuine Vigilance Committee. It was astonishing in those days how quickly a large body of men could be armed, equipped and ready for action.

The Committee had now turned the scale and they were running in all directions to arrest the perpetrators. I had just been talking with Jack Powers and Jack Currley who said to me, "We are all gone." I went to the City Hotel. I had not been there but a few minutes until I heard something in the street. I looked out and I saw about one hundred men coming towards the Hotel on the run. I went out the back way. I pulled off my coat and hat - threw them in a barrel. I took an old coat and hat which were lying in the yard. I put them on and went out the back way. I made my way carefully to a warehouse which stood next door to the old

Custom House. I hid myself in this place among the boxes and remained here twenty four hours without eating or drinking, which I justly deserved. During my confinement, I made a complete disguise of myself. My pants I had made to correspond with the coat and hat I had picked up in the yard. My shoes I fixed so my toes projected out of them. Besides this I had put my hand in a sling. My face and hands I had made very dirty. With a narrow piece of board about three and a half feet long in my hand for a cane I walked out and took over the hill towards North Beach. I came to a place, the location would be not far or near about the intersection of Montgomery Avenue and Stockton Street.

There was an old man here at that time whose business it was to clean tripe, bullock and calves feet and heads. He had a low little cabin and a large iron pot outdoors under a small shed that he heated his water in. As I passed by I looked at this "ranch" and thought to myself what a fine place this would be to hide in. Accordingly I gently approached the old man and I asked him if he would please let me stay with him for a few days as I was sick and helpless. He immediately said, "Yes", and invited me into the cabin. Inside were two small bunks, some boxes to sit on, a few pieces of boards on two legs nailed to the side of the cabin was the table. As he was busy he did not ask me any questions but returned to his kettle outside. I was so thankful for having found so good a hiding place that I did not dare ask him for anything to eat. However, I ate what scraps were on the tables, took a drink of water and got into one of the bunks.

The next day the old man was inclined to be communicative but I avoided conversation. During the day there was a man at the cabin who said the "committee" was making it very hot for the "Hounds" and that they had arrested ten of the "Hounds". The day following the old man had a little more time and he seemed to want to know more about me. He asked me several times about my arm.

I had sixteen doubloons concealed about my person but I had no small change and offer him pay with one of these would of given me dead away.

That night I concluded to take a walk down town, with an eye to get out of San Francisco if I could. I accordingly went down in my disguise, pulling my hat well over my eyes. It seemed every other man I met had a gun of some kind. When I got down to the water front I noticed painted on boards advertisements for vessels which were to sail out of San Francisco. I read along at different places until I came to one that read the Schooner Rialto for Stockton, Saturday. As this was only Thursday night I knew it would not do to go aboard then. So I went back to my hiding place.

The next day I found the old man more anxious than ever to know about me, but I headed him off all the time. Friday when it got nearly night, I told him I was sure to meet a friend that night who was going to let me have some money and that I would pay him well for his trouble. I went down again to the water front and read the same notice. Now came one of the many trials of my life.

The boats were all chained, and to go to the saloons to hunt up a boatman to take me to the Schooner was sure capture. What was I to do? I decided to swim to her. She was as near as I can judge about a hundred yards from the shore. I

stripped myself, tying my pants and shirt in a small bundle fastened on my head, leaving the rest of my clothes on the beach.

I struck out for the Schooner. I reached her all right. I took hold of the anchor chain and listened awhile if I could hear anything. I then climbed up and looked over the bulwark. I was standing on the place where the men go to ease themselves. I slipped on my shirt and pants and got over the bulwark as though I was one of the passengers.

I sat down on a coil of rope close by the hatchway. The sailor who was on watch turned out to be the first mate and he had just come on to relieve the other watch. He approached me and asked me if I were sick. I told him I was. I then said to him it was so crowded down below that it made me worse and if he would kindly make room for me somewhere else I would pay well for it. He then said I have a bunk in the Captain's cabin which is large enough for two. "What will you give me if I spare you half of it?" I said I would give him two ounces (this is the way money was counted in those days). He said, "all right, come with me." He took me down into the cabin. He showed me his bunk and I gave him the money, was then well hid and very comfortable.

The next morning about nine we were on our way to Stockton. On our way up I bought some clothes from this same man and I arrived in Stockton all right.

Here I landed and I got among as bad a set of men as I had left behind in San Francisco. The third day after I arrived the "Committee" hung a notorious outlaw called "Red Davis".

ESCAPE FROM "PRISON BRIG"

I have now come to a place where I don't know what to do. Five of us organized a Minstrel Band and gave a few performances. The men were: Old Dad, Al Flock, Bill Anderson, Jack Browley and Bones.

Some two weeks after I got to Stockton, there was a large robbery committed. This was one of the many times that I came near paying with my life for being in bad company. I used to sleep in the rear of Charley Carpenter's saloon and sometime in the night a man by the name of Micky Lyons, who was very well known at the time, came and slipped in bed with me. Early the next morn we awakened by an armed body of men which was part of the Committee. Of course, we were made to get right up and walked to the "Prison Brig". This was noised among my friends who interceded in my behalf saying that I was surely innocent. But it was of no avail. I had friends in that town who counted their money by the thousands, one of them afterwards married a rich widow worth \$350,000. We were both in heavy irons. They had a way in those days of trying a man without being confronted face to face with your accusers. So we were being tried for our lives and did not know it, only what we could gather from the guard.

The third day in the afternoon I saw about 300 men come towards the "Prison Brig". As they approached the Brig I noticed a rope in the leader's hands.

Seven in number came aboard and took poor Micky Lyons with them. The gallows they had erected was in full view of the Brig. I then witnessed the hanging of this poor man.

Up to this time I had not felt much fear, but then my whole life came before me as never it had before. The irons I had on were not the very best. They were made out of a piece of trace chain fastened to the bands which went around my ankle. I had already worked on one of them with my pocket knife that I had made a saw out of. As soon as it got dark, I began to saw away at it again. About two in the morning I heard some footsteps coming towards me. I made believe I was asleep. It was two men, one of them a very strong man reached down for me and raised me to my feet and said to me in a quick voice, "Come quick." When he first took hold of me I thought my hour had come but bless your old soul, they were friends. They hurried me to the bulwark, a rope was fastened around my waist, I climbed over the bulwark and I was lowered into a skiff where there were two more men waiting to receive me. They rowed the skiff across the slew where there was a horse waiting for me. They were not long in getting the irons off. After they did this I was given a shot gun, ammunition and a six shooter. While they were taking the irons off my legs they told me how this was effected. It was in this way. Some of my friends were acquainted with the guard and they came to treat them. They were well prepared. They had a good luncheon and plenty to drink. There were two bottles fixed up for the occasion and while they were having a good time in the cabin they forgot their business and got drunk.

This is one of the times where whiskey did me some good. Now a trip for my life over a country I had never seen. I shook hands with my friends, mounted my horse and bid them goodbye. The last words they said, "Never be taken alive".

After I had traveled about two hours I got into the tall gully and in a short time I felt my horse give under me. I stopped and I found my horse was trying to keep from sinking into the mud and water. It was very dark. I turned my horse around and I gave him the bridle trusting to his instinct. Faithful as they always are he took his track, I suppose, that he had come in on, and in a little while he had me on solid ground again. I looked up at the stars again and I took an extreme course. By this time the day began to break. I came to an opening where the grass seemed to be good. I dismounted, took my saddle and hobbled my horse. I laid myself down on the saddle to rest and waited for daylight to appear. As soon as it got light enough to see good, I began to look at the hills around, and by the looks of the surrounding country I knew I was not far from Stockton. On the ground I saw cattle and horse tracks. The sun was two hours high.

I saddled my horse and started northeast. I was proud of my horse, for he was a good one. The third day as I was coming out of some oak trees I saw a man at a distance riding a mule. One man alone, be he whom he may, I am bound to speak to him. I started my horse on a good gallup. The man saw me coming and he stopped. The man proved to look as tough as myself. I passed the time of day and I asked him how far it was to Sacramento. He said it was about twenty miles and I got a good direction of the roads from him. It must have been more, for I rode fast and I did not get into Sacramento until nine that night. I inquired for a stable which I found without any trouble. I put up my horse.

ARRIVES IN SACRAMENTO

FALL OF 1849

The gambling houses were easy to be found in those days because there was music in nearly every one of them. I stepped into one, being careful and feeling my way at first but I

did not see anyone that I knew. I went into another and I saw Jack Mason and Johnny Moran. I was glad to meet them. They gave all the news that I desired. This had got to be the fall of 1849. In the excitement of drinking, music and gambling I forgot my troubles, right away.

There was a small theatre at this time and the only one called the "EagleTheatre". The proprietor was a man by the name of Hubert. Having heard that I was a pretty good negro performer, he came to me one day and asked me if I would play for him. The pay was no particular object. I told him I would.

The second performance Sam Brannan happened to be in the audience and he recognized among the performers one of the Hounds. I wonder if it was the bone player? He undertook to raise an excitement by shouting his mouth off, but he was put out quicker than Hell would scorch a feather. However, the thing was immediately settled and this was forgotten.

I performed for this man more for the fun of the thing although I had been in this business when I was 15, 16 and 17 years old.

I put it aside altogether and began to "study" cards and everything in the way of gambling for good, with the exception of the fall of 1852. I then traveled through Oregon with the first circus that went through that country. After this I associated myself with the Sports and did not mingle with any other class.

Every now and then I would take a trip up to Marysville and Yuba City which were very lively places at the time.

About the end of April 1850, I went out to the Ten Mile house out of Sacramento to see our old friend James Lappeus. He had quite a large store there and was doing well. He was not a quarrelsome man but very determined, brave and true to his trust. If he had not those qualities he could not have been City Marshal and Chief of Police for so many years in Portland, Oregon. This Ten Mile house was a great camping place in those days for fighters, packers, and horsemen. This night that I was there on a visit there was a large crowd on a drunk and it was nip and tuck for awhile if they would take the "Ranch" or not.

He was well provided to defend his place. He had even flint lock muskets. The fighting began in the store and we drove them out by throwing whiskey bottles at them (never throw a bottle at a man. It is an ugly weapon). Some of them, after they got outside, they began to shoot. In an instant we both had our six shooters out and you think it was not lively there for a little while?

After we had driven them away from near the store, we retired and barricaded ourselves inside and made ready for an attack but they did not want any more of it. We were both hurt but nothing serious.

In a few days I started up to Marysville. It is astonishing how fast these towns would grow. Of the best gambling houses that were in full blast at this time were: the Eldorado, kept by Mr. Plummer Thurston, the Bella Union kept by Bob Woods, the Round Tent kept by Jim Lee, and the Humboldt kept, by Charlie Corra.

In a few days I fell in with a young man (a gambler) by the name of Dan A. We had something new on the game of 'Monte" and before it would be exposed we thought we would take a trip in the small mining towns. So we fixed and started for "Bidwell's Bar ". On arriving at the place we rode up to the Hotel, which was a large tent. In fact the whole town was tents. We asked the proprietor if we could stop with him. He said, "Yes, but look here my friends" when he saw we were gamblers, "you had better be careful. There is a bad feeling here against your profession. If you will take my advice you will not deal here at all." I looked up at Dan and asked him what he thought. He replied, "I have come here to stay." "Stay it is then," I said to him.

As night approached, I asked him if we had better "open". "Yes, of course, we will". There was across the way a blue tent which was the saloon and gambling house. We made arrangements for a "Table" and we "Spread our tricks". It went along pretty well for awhile. Now there was a set of men here who had been in the habit of taking advantage of the gambler to rob him. They would have a quarrel with the "Dealer" and then snatch the "Bank". The customary way in those days if a man wished to play, he would put his sack of gold dust in the "bank" and draw some silver to play with and the markers would be put on the sack to denote how many ounces he had drawn.

We had three hundred in Silver to make it convenient because small change was very scarce. We had about eight sacks in the "Bank" and each indicated from five to ten ounces. I was the one who was dealing and Dan was "Paying off" when by accident the markers fell off of one of the sacks. Dan took the six half dollars to put them upon the sack again and the man who owned the sack said to Dan, "You D--- thief, there were only four. This was the signal for the row and. I could see it coming. Every man made a grab for his sack and also our money. In an instant I jumped upon the table and I discharged my pistol, but not to hurt anyone. Dan also fired one shot but he fired into the crowd which he ought not have done. In another instant we were alone in the tent. To show what cowards they were, they were in such a hurry to get out that they pretty near carried the sides of the tent with them. I took my canvas sack and picked up what remained on the tables and started for the tent across the street. I thought Dan would follow me but he did not and that was the last I saw of him.

Now I knew what the consequences would be- that it was another case of life and death with me and I began to plan accordingly. As I came into the boarding tent the man said to me, "It is just as I expected. You have not a moment to spare. Escape for your life." I immediately went into the room where I had left my blankets. I took one. I cut a hole in the center of it large enough to pass my head through. I slipped it on as I passed through the dining room to make my way into the kitchen. I threw my hat under the table and put an old one on which lay on the table. I went from there into the kitchen and then outdoors. I could tell from the noise that there were a good many men already in the street. I had my sack of

money in one hand, and my six shooter in the other, and I started in the dark very slowly not to arouse any suspicion. Every now and then the report of a rifle or a pistol could be heard, and this dreadful sound also, that echoed in the night air - "hang him, hang him".

I thought I had got out of the danger but as I approached the bluff, I met a man dressed pretty much as I was, for in those days there were no overcoats and all the miners used their blankets. As we approached each other he said to me where are you going? I knew he had a gun in his hand and in order to get close up to him I replied, Did you not see anyone run up this way?

He said, "No". "Well", I answered, "He must of went this way", pointing in another direction. Now, my dear reader I will ask you again for your sympathy.

Self protection is the universal law of humanity. I have to get away with this man in order to save my own life. Anyhow it is not my intention to kill him. I struck him several blows on the side of the head with my heavy pistol. He staggered and fell motionless. Had this poor man been in bed and not have been so eager to hang people, this would not have happened to him, besides he only detained me two or three minutes. I hurried along over the rocks and got upon the bluff and started in the direction of Nevada City. After I had traveled as I thought three hours, I stopped to rest.

It was a beautiful night. The moon had arisen and once in a while a cloud passed over her. As I gazed at her the scenes of my boyhood came to me. I thought of my poor Mother, Father, sisters and brothers. Here I was in these lonely mountains not knowing where to go or what was to befall me next. I studied my condition, the course I was pursuing and what would finally become of me. I looked at myself and here I was with a sack of money in one hand and a Six Shooter in the other. I looked up to heaven, not particularly in a reverent way, but asking why I was born? I thought of taking my own life. There was no one near to prevent me from doing so. I felt for the first time that I was composed of two parts and to take a leap in the unknown with my own hand. This part or this part that I had in me would not suffer it to be done.

Now as I learned in after years, I am satisfied now there was someone praying for me. I braced up, took fresh courage and started on my journey.

Gamblers in those days traveling around mining camps had to be very careful how they dressed. So we always tried to dress as near like a miner as we could. The reader will understand that during those early days a gambler would be hung on general principles. From my general appearance if would of took a sharp miner to detect the Sport in me. I had rolled my sack in my blanket and traveled along. The next day I ran across a couple of men who were mining on a little stream. I made talk concerning the little mining towns generally, not wishing to tell them my destination. After I had eaten a hardy meal (you were always welcome to this at the hands of a miner). I started on my journey.

I had a good direction of the way I should go and I made good use of it, I assure you, but I did not get into Nevada City until the next afternoon. Here was a lively town at this time, every other house was a gambling place. After I had been here two weeks I heard of the hanging of poor Dan at Bidwell's Bar.

As things were getting rather hot for the Sports in this place, I concluded I would go to Downeyville as it was spoken of as being a very "rich camp". I purchased myself a good horse, and left for Downeyville, the north fork of the Yuba. The next morning I came to a stream in the mountain where there evidently had been someone camped that night. The Creek here made a small opening and formed a small valley. As I was coming down the hill towards the Creek I noticed something to my right, hanging to the limb of a tree. I started my horse in that direction and to my surprise and horror here was a man that had, I suppose, been hung but a short time. I approached it as near as I could to see if it was anyone I knew, and I believed at the time that it was the body of "Cut eye" Foster. There was written and tacked on his back the words, "Evil doers beware". I hurried out of there making up my mind that I was on dangerous ground. I kept on my journey and went by Goodhue Bar. I stayed here all night. The next day at noon I arrived at Downeyville.

Here I must confess was the richest mining camp, with the exception of the time I was with Captain Merritts party that I have seen in California. The gold here was very coarse and. there was plenty of it. Here I handled a great deal of money.

The principle gambling houses in this place at the time were: John Cracraft, the large Circus tent owned and run by Jim Hughes and Chris Lilly. (There were very few men better known in those days and in after years than the last two named "Sports" and "Fighter".

"The Downeyville house" was kept by Charlie Carpenter and myself. It is safe to say that we got very near a dollar a drink. There was scarcely any circulating medium and it was principally gold dust that changed hands. For instance, the weights were so arranged that any number of men who would call for the drinks you had a weight for it. If one man called for a drink we put the one drink weight into the scales, if two, the two drink weight and so on. By this means it made it very handy to wait on the customers. As there was liable to be shooting done most anytime in the gambling houses we would line the inside of the bars so the balls could not pass through, we had a hole dug in the ground behind the bar to put the money in at night. This hole was a kind of safe. It was usually covered up with a sheet of iron and at night we would make down our bed over it. You can see that it was no easy matter for anyone to rob us unless they were determined to take us from over the money, dead.

I need scarcely say that during the short time I kept this place there were several rows in which there were some men killed.

As I was not much of a hand to remain long in one place either for this or that cause, I sold out to my partner and made up my mind to take a trip to Marysville. I had sent part of my money by some packers who had been in Downeyville a few days before and going back, I did not go by Goodhue s Bar. I took right up the trail at Downeyville. As this road had a hard name for road "agents", I took every precaution. I had made a cushion which I fastened under my saddle. I had made it so with small packages of gold dust and dry grass that no one would ever thought there was gold dust in it. The other money about \$500, I concealed some in my blankets, some around my waist and some in different pockets. A few miles further after a person reached the top of this high hill was a

saloon, a stopping place called the "Niggers tent". This place and its surroundings did not bear a very good name. I stopped here and took a drink and proceeded on my journey. I had traveled, I think, about an hour when all at once I was brought to a halt and three shot guns pointing at me. They had jumped from behind some small trees and bushes. I was ordered to dismount which I did without any ceremony. Two held the guns to my head while one went "through me". The looks and expression of those three have never been effaced from my memory. After they had relieved me of what I had with the exception of what was in the cushion under my saddle, they ordered me to go. Before going, I asked the one who went "through me" if he would not be kind enough to let me have enough to pay for my lodging that night. Without any hesitation he handed me five or six dollars.

Came on down to Marysville. Stayed here awhile and came on down to Sacramento. This brings us now to the summer of 1850.

The early days of California have been written and re-written from every point of the compass by able writers. I, therefore, will not impose upon the reader the "Squatters Riot" in Sacramento. I was in the midst of that and I am glad to inform the reader that I was on the side of the law and order.

RETURNS TO OREGON SUMMER 1851

I remained in California until May 5th, '51 visiting the towns and mining camps. I then sailed for Oregon on the Steamer "Sea Gull", Capt. Tichner commanding. On the trip up she put into several ports to discharge freight and passengers. We arrived in Portland, Oregon, about the middle of May 1851. In those days I kept going very near all the time visiting all the towns for the purpose of gambling,

That same Fall I finally fetched up in Yreka. About this time as all the early settlers know, the Indians were very bad all along the trail. There were the Shasta, Pipe River, Rogue River and. the Grave Creek Indians. In those days people traveled in companies in order to make it safe, but I usually went over that route by myself or one man with me. I had trouble to pass once because the "Grave Creek" and "Rogue River" were on the Warpath with the "Bostons" and if my friend and myself had not been old Hudson Bay Company men we would of lost our lives. We separated at Yreka and I went on from "Camp" to "Camp" gambling and getting into trouble in nearly every place. It seems so strange that fight is part of the accomplishment necessary to constitute a Sport, but, however, I will avoid as much as possible descriptions of these bloody brawls,

I left California for Oregon late in the fall of 1851, by land, when I had traveled to Grave Creek, I met a party of men who had camped for the night along this stream. There were fifteen men in the party. It was a Pack Train and some men traveling in company with it for protection. There was still some fear of the Indians. They were going to the mines. They wondered at my being alone. After the supper over they got to playing cards together and as I was looking on they proposed for me to take a "hand". I refused at first but the temptation was so great that I

yielded. I saw at a glance that they were all my inferiors at gambling but I hated to get into games with them because I knew if I won their money that as I was alone they would take it away from me if they could.

The game we were playing was poker. They were cheating all the time and all playing against me and they could not see how it was that I was beating them anyhow. Finally there was a big hand which drew a large lot of money in the pot. I knew I had the best hand and I also knew that as soon as they saw it, that there would be a grab for the "pot". As soon as they "called" me I laid my hand down upon the blanket and made a grab with both of my hands for the sacks and I was upon my feet with my knife in my hand in an instant. I fought them in close quarters as long as I could, then I kept them back with my pistol, firing two shots as I retreated in the dark. The brush was thick and they wisely thought it was not safe to follow me far. After I had walked about two miles, I was so exhausted that I had to stop. While I was walking I thought I was sweating very much but I found out I was bleeding from the head, arm and thigh.

No one knows but myself what I suffered on this trip. It was a good thing I knew the country, I had to avoid the main road altogether. I was two days without a bite to eat. My arm being so sore that I could scarcely shoot my pistol, I lived five days on crawfishes. Being in the fall of the year, the weather was cold and stormy. I had nothing to keep me warm only what I had on.

The tenth night I crossed the "Canyon" and came to an old friend of mine. No family is better known in Oregon than these people who kept this house at the mouth of the "Canyon". They cared for me well and no one but friends knew where I was. After the excitement had all died away and I was well enough to travel, I started on down for Portland, Oregon. That same winter I went back and forth to Washington Territory and Oregon. Towards the end of August 1852 I went through Oregon with the first Circus. I was selling the tickets and taking care of the "Sack", to tend door when there was any "Bad crowd" and to perform once in a while. The reader will understand it took a pretty good man to be doorkeeper for a Circus in those days and as my connection with this business was principally on this account, I had some bad encounters. This did not last very long but it paid big.

Now I come to an eventful day in the history of my life, a day that was to determine a great deal both for this life and the life to come. I was married on the 13th day of December 1852, twenty eight miles west of Portland, Oregon. It has long been a question in my mind which was the greatest of the two, my marriage or my conversion. If I separate the two my conversion is the greatest because it is for Eternity.

No man could ever make me believe that God had no hand in bringing us together. I had met and had been in the company of women in all their glory. No pen can describe the feeling that came over me as I drew near this angel. I loved her for her simplicity, innocence and childlike expressions and manners. We love thus though depraved because it is of God, it is Christ the Lord in the Soul reflecting himself in the person.

I cannot say that it changed me right there and then, as did my conversion, but little by little it influenced me for good. I had had friends but not in this sense.

This friend was to me to be true under any and all circumstances. In very few words if the reader will permit me I will give him a brief history of my courtship

I had occasion to go out in that direction to "run horses" and being told that out at the foot of 'the "hill" there was a mighty fine girl, I accordingly made it a point to go out that way. As luck would have it I saw her at the well, I dismounted, excused myself and asked her for a drink. To my great surprise, she very politely left me standing and said if I wished a drink to come to the house. I was struck dumb as I watched her go to the house with her bucket and saying to myself at the same time this is certainly the coolest "shake" I ever had in my life, but as I was not so easy bluffed off, I went on in the house and asked for my drink of water and sat down without being asked. Thus ended the first visit.

The second time it had been raining very hard and the small streams were all booming. This detained me, besides having to swim one with my horse. By this time it had got dark and I lost my way. I saw a light in a window. I went to that house. There was a tremendous noise inside. I knocked several times but no answer. I opened the door and the first thing that met me was a woman with an up lifted ax to strike me. In another moment I had my pistol in my hand ready to defend myself, but as luck would have it one of the parties in the house caught the woman from behind then another caught the ax. By this means one had a chance to come out to speak to me. The man told me with tears in his eyes that his wife was crazy. He then told me I had but one mile to go. The reader can imagine what kind of a plight I was in to come among decent people (it was then raining). I made the evening pleasant and interesting to them and upon parting I bid them goodbye, extending my hand to all the family, the girl not refusing, As I did not know where else to go to pass the night, I went to the "crazy house". This time they had the poor woman quiet. I found them good people and I got a good history of my "intended". There was a large fire in the chimney. I dried my clothes and retired, returning to Portland. I called on my "intended". Two weeks more brought me back to my intended and this is what took place.

"Young man, I heard you were a desperado, horse racer, and gambler and I don't want you to come here anymore," "Sir, If you will permit me to talk to the young Lady a few minutes — and if she says no I shall not come anymore, I shall never trouble you," I turned my conversation to the young Lady and said, "You have heard a good many bad things about me, I have no doubt, but they did not tell you that if you became my wife you should never want for anything. I am a man from the sole of my feet to the crown of my head. I will lay down my life at your feet. I love you and I have reason to believe that you love me also. This concerns you and none else. Consult your own heart. If you say you do not love me, you shall never see me again." The dear creature looked around the room, drew a long breath and said, "I think it is all right. I then thanked her, told them I would be back in two days. Bidding all goodbye I left the house.

I came back at the appointed time and having agreed with her to marry as soon as we could, I told the folks the next time I came I would bring a horse and a side saddle, to have things ready. The reader can imagine what followed. Three more days and I was back with a horse for her. When the folks saw it was the Girl

or blood and that she was willing to go to the first Esquire with me he changed his tune and said we could be married in the house.

In the Spring of 1853 I opened a Saloon in the middle of the block where the St Charles Hotel now stands in Portland Oregon. It was fitted up fine, having private gambling rooms attached to it. As is the case in all towns and cities, these rooms were visited by the "Bontons" of the place for the purpose of gambling. There were thousands of dollars won and lost, that was always kept a secret from the public, two well known Merchants at that time losing all they had.

About this time I unavoidably got into another trouble. It is true I was ranked with the "Black legs", "Sports", "Bad men" and "desperados", but I was always honorable and a man of my word. I never took mean advantage of any man, in fact many a time I have allowed men who were not "Sports" to take the first shot at me in order to have the law on my side knowing full well the prejudice there is always attached to any man who has this reputation. My dear young wife had made some acquaintances among very good people, and a low man in Portland who was keeping the Columbia Hotel by the name of Owens took the liberty to talk bad to the acquaintance my wife had made. Saying as I was a gambler and if they were seen with my wife it would ruin them forever.

Now as I was very sensitive and newly married, I did not know what to do. Had this slur been to me personally I would have taken no notice of it. Had the reader been placed in my situation I have no doubt he would of done as I did. (What shall we do with the slanderer?) Most men in this case feel like taking the law in their own hands. Would I be an exception to the general rule?

I accordingly made up my mind that I should cowhide him. It is needless to say that a man to cowhide another must be prepared for an emergency. I had the cowhide concealed and I waited for a good opportunity. It was 10 in the forenoon when I met him in front of his own Hotel. I took hold of him by the coat collar and began to punish him severely, in the struggle he tore loose from me. The reader will understand that this created no little excitement. His friends rallied around him and advised him to kill me on sight, but I had a friend working at this hotel who kept me posted. This friend told me to be on my guard as Owens and his friends were sure to kill me on sight. Now it is the experience of every man that if you have to have a fight or a battle pick your ground if you can.

Having been told where I could find him, I proceeded to the parlor of his Hotel. I found him alone with his wife who also knew me well. I opened the door and sprung so quick to where he was sitting that he had no time to think or to draw. I told him that he was carrying a pistol for me and that if he ever drew it, it would be the death of him. He denied it, but I pulled the pistol out of his breast pocket and laid it upon the table. I then told him the great injury he had done with his tongue.

He promised me to make reparation for the great wrong he had done. I shook hands with him and told him this would be satisfactory. But I could see there still remained a bad feeling in the community, particularly on account of the "profession".

My wife, who had been watching this thing very close, advised me to leave for a while. I accordingly sold the Saloon, left home and went over to Vancouver. At this time, Captain Grant, who afterwards was the great General Grant, was Quartermaster. The Government was fitting out a large expedition. I applied to Capt. Grant who was securing men for the expedition. He employed me as a teamster, packer or a scout if necessary.

These were in the command of troops and citizens in the neighborhood of four hundred men.

It took some time to get ready. There were several head of horses bought. About the month of May, we began to move up the Columbia. I cannot now call to mind exactly who commanded this expedition, but I think it was Col. Walling. I am sure George B. McClellan was with it.

After we had got a hundred miles out in the interior, I was sent back to the Dalles after the mail. I was sent the second time, and I over took the command in the last river country.

The reader will understand that this was no easy job as there were neither ferries nor bridges in those days and the Indians were not any too friendly. Everything went along all right up to this time, but having found out that the men were not to be paid until the expedition would return to Vancouver and that there would be no chance to gamble and win some money, I made up my mind I would leave the Command. So one morning in Camp I spoke to the quartermaster about it. He told me I could not do so. I then said I was not enlisted. One word brought on another and then what followed, He sent a Sargent with a guard to put me under arrest. I saw them a coming. I slipped around the packs and tents and reported to the Commanding officer. I had a fair trial, I was allowed to make my defense. After a good reprimanding I was acquitted. The Commanding officer was a shrewd and impartial gentleman, as it will be seen he had everything down. When I got ready to start he sent his orderly for me.

He had some letters prepared among which was one to Lieutenant Montgomery, quartermaster at the Dalles, to employ me if he could, to recover some of the many horses and mules he had lost.

ENLISTED UNDER CAPT. U.S. GRANT

VANCOUVER WASHINGTON

Strange to say I did not think anymore of starting by myself over such country than a man would go from one part of a city to the other. When I swam the Deschutes river my horse was very tired and we drifted far below the coming-out place, among the rocks. It took me a half a day to get upon the table land again.

The seventh day I arrived at the Dalles. If had to go ten miles further I would have had to walk it, for my horse was entirely worn out.

On arriving I reported to the quartermaster and delivered my mail. He told me to sit down. When he got through reading he said to me, I will hire you to take charge of the herd and you will endeavor to find between 30 and 40 head of

Government mules and horses that have either strayed away or been stolen. I will give you a ration and \$6 per day. "All right, Sir." "You can report to Sargent Low. I was given my instructions and among the many things he said that there were a good many horse thieves in the country,

I went to work with a good will, feeling the responsibility. Two weeks later after I knew the stock pretty well, as I was bringing up the herd one evening about sundown to put them in the corral for the night, I missed some mules and horses. The more I looked and the more I counted them, the more I became satisfied there were some gone. I reported this to the quartermaster and told him if I was not back for a few days not to be alarmed.

He provided me with a good horse, a carbine and a belt full of cartridges. He offered to send someone with me but I told him I preferred to go alone. It was just getting dark when I started. The horse thieves who were in this business would steal horses from Oregon and take them to California by the way of Klamath Lake, and those who stole from California brought them into Oregon by the same route. I knew the country very well and I knew this to be the case. I consequently went direct to White River, a distance of 40 mile from the Dalles, in the direction of the Warm Springs Reservation. There was an Indian Camp here of ten lodges. It was an hour before day when I arrived. I kept on my horse on account of the dogs. I believe there were a hundred of them, This noise brought out some of them. I spoke to them in the Chinook tongue and told them my business. They said the evening before about nine they heard some stock come down the big hill but did not know which way they went. As soon as it got light enough I began to look for tracks.

I lost three hours here before I came upon the track. As the two streams that put in here form quite a valley I was sure now the way they intended to go. I took an Indian trail that made up the hill but did not hurry my horse. When I got upon the table land I saw a dust some four miles ahead. Now from the top of this hill to Oak Grove is a distance of 15 miles before getting into the timber. I knew I had a good horse, but I had to use good judgment with him, his "bottom" is what I depended upon. The reader will please imagine what a fine race this was. I was gaining slowly at first, but sure. After ten miles of this fast riding I perceived that the mules would not drive well anymore and as he saw he was losing time, he began to leave some along the trail. I had got sufficiently near by this time to see that there was but one man. As we were approaching the timber I wanted to see how much horse flesh I had left under me. I did as jockeys do when coming in on the home stretch. I let him drive. My noble animal seemed to know what I wanted of him for it was but a little while that I got within shooting distance of him. We were now about 1-1/2 mile from the timber.

I brought my horse to a halt and shot at him. It was not my intention to hurt him at first. He had by this time only four horses that he was driving ahead of him, the mules would not go anymore. I brought my horse to a halt again but this time I dismounted and took a different aim. He then turned partly around with his horse and fired two shot with his pistol without effect. He then left the horses altogether and took to the first trees which was 150 yards. As it was the mules and the horses I wanted I did not follow him. I gathered up my stock and started for the fort.

I could not make very good time as the Stock was tired but I reached the Dalles after an absence of three days. I was glad to report so good a result to the quartermaster. I remained in the employ of the Government six weeks more.

One night Bill Terry, Bill Nixon, Duff Neal and myself were sitting in Vic Trivet's Saloon in the town of the Dalles, when all at once a shot came through the glass door and to our horror Duff Neal jumped up from his chair staggered and fell to the floor a dead man. The suspicion rested immediately on one Jerry Dennis on account of some difficulty they had about a woman. The sheriff was soon on the spot and he asked me if I would help him arrest Jerry, I most willingly consented to do so. We both started in search of him. We finally came to the house that he was in, I knocked at the door and the answer came "who's there". I said it is me, He then replied, "I am in bed," I said to him, "You will have to get up and come down town with us. The sheriff is here with me. There has been a man killed, and we want to find out who did it. He replied, don't know anything about that. The sheriff spoke then, "Come, Jerry and go with me and see what it is".

We started down town with him and when we got to the saloon he said he did not wish to see the man that was killed. We then marched him to the jail and locked him up.

Now my dear sir, this is one of the many cases that I have known to go unpunished, although there were few in town but what

***[missing section. DC 1975]

boots on".

The spring of 1855 and for several years after Vancouver was a lively place. The Ninth Regiment, the Fourth Infantry, two Battalions and three companies of Dragoons, this together with the employees made money plenty and drew a good deal of "Sports" thither.

As I have described already what took place in the Saloons about this time, I will not stop here to say anything about them, only what relates to me personally. About this time there was a flat boat at Vancouver with a Store and Saloon on board of her. I went to this place to purchase some nails. I was at the time fixing a fence around my house. I met there Jack Williams and Jerry Dennis. I had reason to know those two men were my dead enemies. Jack saw me in the Store and came up to me to lend him ten dollars. This I refused. "Well" said he, "come and take a drink." "No", I replied. Jerry came up and took hold of my coat collar and said, "You must drink with us". I positively refused and broke loose from him. As I was walking on the gangplank returning home with my back turned they both drew their pistols and said, "You have not long to live", and as they were taking a drink the proprietor heard them say that they had come on purpose to kill me.

On my way home I met some friends who told me to be on my guard. I came home and as I knew this was to be a hard battle. I began to fix for it. I saw that my Six Shooter was in good fix. I then cut a small hole in the bottom of my pants pocket and slipped my pistol in it (it was then entirely out of view). I then placed my large knife in my shirt bosom. Being now in my shirt sleeves and ready for action I turned to go out of the door but my dear wife, who had apparently been

watching this, met me in the door and said with tears in her eyes, "Oh dear husband I pray you don't go." 'There was a hard struggle for a moment between the wife and the inward man. If I yielded I was not to show my face in town while these two men were in it. This was equivalent to be called a coward. This was too much for a Chief to bear. What was I to do? I concluded to face the music -happen what would. I pushed her out of the way and left her to pray for me as she said she always did.

Now for a very cunning search for my two "fighters". I tried to plan the fight but I could not as I did not know how or where I should meet them. Finally I came to a Saloon where they were. I had been told so. The "Bar" of this saloon was against a partition that divided the gambling part from the other and there was a door at each end of the "Bar" leading in the back room.

I came in and saw the key in the right hand door nearest to me. The first thing I did was to lock this door to prevent from being taken from behind. I then went to the end of the counter to my left and called for something to drink, watching this left hand door. Someone in the "Bar" room called out my name loud enough that it was heard where they were playing cards. I saw the door open and Jack step to the end of the counter and said "Who is treating?" I am. He leaned partly over with his elbow resting upon the counter. I saw he was trying to get at his pistol. I caught his wrist with my left hand, saying to him, "What are you trying to do?" But at the same time I drew my knife. He was said to be the strongest in Oregon. He weighed 227 pounds, nearly one hundred more than I did. I cut him twice before he could break the hold I had upon his wrist and then straightened and came to me, put again his pistol to my head and cocked. I threw his hand up. The powder burnt my hair but the ball went up in the ceiling. While in this position I dodged under his arm and give him two more cuts. One of the cuts was in the arm and it was so bad that he dropped his pistol on the floor and ran through the door that he had come out of.

By this time Jerry made his way from the back door to the front door around by the street. I did not think that it would be possible he could get behind me so soon, but the first thing I knew I heard a shot. I turned around, drew my pistol out of my pants pocket and began to shoot at him. He had already shot twice, the first time not more than fifteen feet off. The third shot he fired we shot almost at the same time. He was then near the sidewalk on the other side of the street. There was a wood wagon nearby and he made for that to shoot from behind it. I shot once more before he reached it, he having the last shot. I heard a woman scream saying, "My God he has killed him." I felt myself bleeding very bad. I went into a store to bind my wounds so I could walk home but half between my house and the place where this fight took place, I met my wife who had already been told that her husband had got killed. She partly believed it because she heard every shot. We had then two children, one in her and another hanging to her dress. I stooped to pick up this little one to carry him home but I could not do it, I was wounded too bad. The reader will understand I did this to let on to my wife as though I was not hurt at all.

This created a big excitement in town, but I had good friends as I always did. The very two gentlemen who heard those two men threaten my life were the very two who went on my bonds for five thousand dollars each.

I read a California paper a short time after which gave a description of this fight saying how I came to get killed.

This laid me up for quite a while and my dear wife did not lose any time in pointing me to the Savior but this talk at that time was like pouring water on a duck's back. As soon as I got able to be about it was the same thing over again.

I went up to the Dalles and about this time Indian rumors were coming in every day until it was evident there was a big Indian war on hand. All the tribes in the northwest with the exception of the Nez Perce were now on the warpath (This was the winter of 1855). In the spring of 1856, the war was so bad that even Vancouver was threatened by the Indians. They had murdered everybody at the Cascade with the exception of five men in the Bradford store, who barricaded themselves in it. Mr Pete Bradford told me himself what a narrow escape he had that time.

About this time Capt. William Kelly of Fort Vancouver was getting up a Company of Scouts or Rangers. The citizens of Vancouver built a Block House on the edge of town for defense. There was also a picket guard around Vancouver.

When the excitement got at its highest, I joined Kelly's Company. This company was mustered in the regular service and commanded by U. S. Officers.

There was an order issued that all Indians that were inclined to be friendly to the Whites to come in by a certain date and if they did not come into Vancouver, they would be treated as hostiles. About this time it was hard to find a friendly Indian, I assure you. We were therefore sent way back of Vancouver and up and down the Columbia River.

One day the Captain told me that I must capture old Tygh-yee-matas if I could, dead or alive. Said he, "He has been making us believe that he was friendly but he was at the taking of the Cascade and since he has been around here, he has given the Indians the plans of our operations, but now," continued the Captain, "he has not been seen about Vancouver for three days." I knew this same Indian since 1847. I knew if he could be found at all he would be found on the trail leading to the Cascade. I accordingly set out in that direction. I went up the river fifteen miles. As I could not see any very fresh tracks I turned back, aiming to take the trail that went from the creek that the Hudson Bay Company had their mill on, six miles above Vancouver. When I got to this Creek who should I meet but "my Indian". He was a-foot. He looked up and said, "Hello passi-u-kes" (hello frenchman). He had evidently been to some Indian camp. As I had not up to this time been seen taking an active part against the Indians, he did not suspicion me very much. We walked along, I talking Indian to him all the time. The only sure test we had to distinguish a friendly with one that was not, is when they were found unarmed. So this old Scamp was unarmed.

As we were approaching and coming out of the timber up the river, I noticed he was getting very uneasy concerning the Bostons and himself. The questions he was asking showed that he apprehended something. He finally said to me, "You go

now and I will go by and by. Me very tired." "Come on let us both go together." "No" and he sat down. I got in earnest then and I covered him with my carbine, told him to get up and walk along. This he refused to do saying, "They would put a rope around his neck. I told him if he had not done anything I would stand between him and all danger. He said, "You are a Frenchman and you ought not to be on the side of the Bostons." "I have promised enough to get up and start on or I will kill you where you are." He got up and made a start ahead of my horse very reluctantly.

Everything went all right until we arrived in town. The people had all moved in town from the country for protection. The excitement and the bitterness against the Indians was at its highest. As I marched him through town it was all I could do to keep the crowd from doing him bodily injury. I told the crowd, however, that if they laid a finger on the Indian they would surely get hurt. I marched him to the Captain. As there were no witnesses present who could testify to his guilt, the Captain ordered him taken to the guard house. I wish I could describe the scene that took place in the Captain's office. This Indian had more pluck than half of the white men in Vancouver.

Two weeks later Frombois, Derjeneai and myself were surprised by a small party of Indians fifteen miles east of Vancouver who were making their way back into the Yakama country. We quickly dismounted and returned the fire, Derjeneai saying at the same time, "I am struck in the shoulder." Had we not been armed with Carbines and Dragoon pistols and knowing also how to fight Indians and take advantage of the ground, they would of got us sure. Let me say right here that as a general thing an Indian is a poor shot. We never knew how many there were of them as we had to shoot in the direction the smoke came from. After a while they ceased firing and at nightfall we got out of there.

I felt sorry for poor Derjeneai, who was not enlisted and came to fight Indians for the glory of it. I received a wound in the arm, I did not think it would amount to much at the time but I was finally discharged from the U. S. Service from the cause of it.

The fall and winter of 1856 brought all the troops and volunteers and other men into Vancouver, which made times very lively.

I went then at Saloon keeping. I must mention two things which occurred while keeping this one. One word, sometime spoken unthinkingly, will cause a man to lose his life. A man came into the Saloon who apparently had been drinking. He had not been in but a short time when he said he had been robbed. I spoke to him, asked him if he was not mistaken. He said, "No". I then immediately shut the door, put the key in my pocket and gave the men to understand that I was going to search every man. This was a big undertaking and no one but an acknowledged Chief could do this. I took my shot gun, which is always behind the bar and ordered my barkeeper to search the men. They objected but they had to submit. After searching a few I turned to the man and asked him if he suspicioned anyone. He said yes and pointed to Sam Gardner. He could not of picked on a worse man in the room. "Well, Sam, I will have to search you." He gave me a look and said, "All right." While he was in the act of being searched, the man who claimed to have been robbed said, "I don't think I lost my money in here." I then said, "My friend,

you did very wrong to accuse men in this way." By this time Sam approached him saying, "What right had you to accuse me of robbing you?" For one word brought on another and he went at him with his knife. Before I could stop it he had him cut all to pieces.

The men drank so much and so many of them would get drunk at once that the officers could scarcely do anything with the men. While intoxicated, they would fight the citizens and fight among themselves and in a good many instances there were men killed. My Saloon had got so notorious that one day the Commanding Officer rode down to my Saloon and tapped on the house with his saber, inquiring who kept that place. I came out and, said I did. Then he replied., "You must stop selling liquor to the soldiers." I went back into the house and produced my licence and said to him if he did not protect me in my business that I would protect myself.

The spring of 1857 I moved up to the Dalles of the Columbia and engaged again in the Saloon business and gambling, but my wife objected so much to it, as her experience with this had been a sad one. So this same summer I bought a place 30 miles south of the Dalles on the Tygh valley, right at the crossing of that stream where all the trails came in. I bought also teams, wagons, pack animals, cattle and a stock of goods. After I moved out I built a large log house and whitewashed it all. It could be seen quite a distance from the surrounding hills.

The Indians, who were quite sore yet from the big war of 1855 and 1856, thought this a bold move on my part. The Indians passed and repassed but did not speak. There were two half breeds living at Oak Grove that knew me well and I told them how the Indians acted. They said the Indians had already spoken to them about me and that they had told the Indians that I was a Frenchman.

As it was my place to call on them first, I concluded to visit them. I visited the camps at We-pin-a-shay, Warm Springs River, Deschutes River and John Day River. I told them that I had come to live among them and we would have to be friends. I invited them to come and see me but I cannot say that it was satisfactory yet.

One day I was in the Store and I noticed three Indians ride up and tie their horses to the rock in front of the Store. I recognized one as being the head Chief, as he had been previously pointed out to me, I was satisfied it was he. As I saw them come in, I sat down. They came in and acted with as much importance as they had been three Senators. No shaking of hands. They sat themselves down on the floor and the head Chief, Qui-e-pe-ma began thus: (Speaking in an Indian tongue that I understood) "White man I see your house is very white. I have never been far enough east or south to see a white house. If I go West I have to cross the mountains and go in the Willamette among the "Bostons" to see white houses. If I go north I find white houses at the Dalles where the "Bostons" think they are strong. Now why did you come into this Indian country and put up this white house for? Is your heart as white as your house?" Then he continued (never interrupt a chief while he is speaking) pointing up and. down this beautiful valley, "all this land belongs to me. My Father never sold it. I was born right here where your store stands. My people tell me, 'Ha-qui-e-pe-ma why don't you speak for your people? Don't you see the Bostons are taking all your land?" To this I said, "I painted this house white as a matter of taste. As concerning my heart whether it is black or

white this you will have to find out. You will find that I always will tell you the truth. Now about the land, you will have to speak to the Government about that. I have nothing to do with it. But if you won't pay for this land, I am willing to give you something for it, (having agreed upon the price at another time). If you say that you don't want me here at all tell me now and I shall move away. But if you agree to let me stay here we must be friends. You are a good and brave man and I have no doubt you have control of your men. If any of your men find any fault with me they must tell you first and we will talk it over, and if I am in the wrong I will make it right. I don't want any sneaking around my place. If we are friends I want to know it and if we are enemies I want to know. Whatever trouble the Bostons and Indians have I have nothing to do with that. I am only responsible for myself and family. You warn your men not to molest me because I am a Chief too, and you and I will have to settle it. I won't hide and wait somewhere to take advantage of you but I will come to your camp and talk it with you and if we cannot be friends we can see who is the best man."

When I got through he put his hand on his mouth as a sign of wonder and said, "I think you have spoken straight and I believe you are a Chief." We shook hands and I invited him and his men to come and see me sometime. Two weeks later my wife called my attention to some loud drumming and singing which was coming up the beautiful little valley. It was a fine, calm day. The surrounding hills were nice and green and the beautiful sun shining on their looking-glass and helmets. As they approached they looked finer and finer. About a hundred of them or more, mostly Warm Springs Indians, and what an old timer called a regular War Party. They sang with the beating of their drums which made it very impressive.

They went around the house three times singing as they did this. This is a sign of Medicine to indicate protection. They then dismounted. My wife, my children and myself advanced a few steps out of the door and they all shook hands with us as they passed in single file. This being done I made them sit down and I distributed one hundred and fifty pounds of crackers, ten gallons of syrup and some tobacco among them. After they got through eating I gave the Chief in the presence of them all fifty dollars in silver as a for the land.

This was a great place to make money and I made a great deal of it but my association was bad and thousands of dollars slipped out of my hands in this way, but nevertheless, I accumulated quite a fortune at this place.

Things ran along until one night in the fall of 1857. There was an Indian camp on White River, one mile and a half from my place. All along in this valley used to be great places for camping and very often I had to settle difficulties between the Indian and the white man.

One night I heard a loud rap at the door. I got up to see who it was and it was a white man, bare-headed who rushed into the house the minute I opened the door. I asked him what was the matter and he said the Indians were chasing him to kill him. He had no more than got into the house then up came six or eight Indians. "Frenchman, did a "Boston" run to your house? "yes" I said. "Well, we want him. He is a dog". "Well," I replied, "what has he done?" The man had undoubtedly been acting very wrong. "He and another Boston, that we killed, stole one of our little

girls and was packing her off. Don't keep him in your house. Put him out and let us have him."

I did not like to give up this man and still I knew he deserved killing. I told the Indians that I would not give him up nor should they kill him near my place. As they had already killed one man for that crime it ought to be enough but if that did not satisfy them to go and speak to the Chief, that I would tie this man and keep him until morning. I told the Indians I would shut the door, and if he did not let me tie him, I would let them in and they might take him. I then shut the door and began to tie this good-for-nothing man. He objected, but I told him I would let the Indians in if he did not submit. I secured him good and told the Indians it was all right. The man begged hard to be let go but I would not.

The next morning early Qui-e-pe-ma came, himself. He asked me what we had better do with him. I advised him, I proposed that he should pay a big fine. I asked the man what he would give to be let go. He said he would give \$20.00 in money and two horses. The offer was accepted and we went down to the camp. The white man at the camp were satisfied the way it was settled and so were the Indians, and I gave him a good talking to after which I turned him loose.

It is needless to call the readers' attention to the fact that we were annoyed by horse thieves, tramps, outlaws and bad men generally, but my place had the name of being kept by a man who would not stand any foolishness.

In June 1858, I was elected Justice of Peace, the precinct extended south to the Warm Springs Reservation, John Day River, Deschutes River, to the north to Fifteen Mile Creek. The first four years I had to act as constable and Justice, being unable to find a man brave enough to make the arrests. I held this position six years.

I will describe one of the many arrests I made while acting as Justice. There was a man by the name of Star (this is his name), who was a terror about this part of the country. I finally heard that he had pitched his tent on White River two miles from my place. He had a squaw and Indian boy with him. Among the many things that I had been watching was some whiskey that was bought at my store and taken to this tent. Knowing from past experience that a man that gets drunk cannot protect himself, I concluded to embrace this opportunity. I got a man by the name of Clabe Morris, who by no means was a coward.

The next morning at daylight we started for the little tent. Arriving at it we approached it on tiptoe. Having the shot gun in readiness, I opened the tent. It could easily be seen that they had gone to bed drunk. His gun lay one place, his belt, pistol and knife another. I beckoned to Clabe to come and see. I then motioned for him to go around and raise the tent and take his fire arms out from under. While he did this, I stood over him with the shot gun. After he had buckled the belt around him and everything being ready I opened the tent wider and touched him with my gun on the toes. The first thing he did was to feel for his gun or pistol. I told him to get up and come along or he was a dead man. When he saw that he was at my mercy he looked up at me and said, (calling me by name) "I know you. There is not another man in the country that could of played it so fine. Look here", he continued, "If you let me go I will give you ten head of horses and five hundred dollars."

To cut a long story short, I walked him to the store. As the case was over my jurisdiction and could not be tried by a Justice of the Peace, I concluded to take him to the Dalles and there lodge him in jail. I accordingly had him tied and put in a wagon and I followed behind on horse back. When we had got ten miles on our way, by some means he managed to get his hand loose. Clabe, who was driving, could not see what was going on. Just as I said, "Look out Clabe," Star had his hand almost on Clabe's pistol. Clabe gave a jump and I covered him with my gun. We then tied him and I told him if he attempted that again that he would certainly get killed.

I married several people, among which were two run away couples. One of the parties was Mr. T. J., and the other was afterwards Hon. D.W. Both were immigrant girls who they had induced to run away from their train. I married these two couples on a small stream at the foot of the Cascade where they had these two girls hid.

The Justice of Peace acted also as coroner. This also gave me something to do in that line as there were men found dead here and there. I went to investigate a case at Oak Grove where a young man was found hanging to the limb of a tree. I took three men with me to act as jurors expecting to find more men out there who would serve, but I found I was among a hard set of citizens and the only way the law could of been carried out would of been to ask the Commanding Officer at the Dalles for some troops.

About this time there was a man by the name of Col. D. who was the Indian Agent at the Warm Springs Reservation. I discovered a plan that had been made among some of his Indians to kill him. The cause I will not stop to write here because it would only be a repetition of the many injustices that have been done the Indians. This caused me considerable anxiety, but I stopped it and in doing this I did not only save the man's life, but probably other white men who were on the Reservation. Besides all this, we all know what would of been the fate of the Indians who would of been found implicated in it.

Things ran along in the usual frontier style until the summer of 1859. The Indians got restless and the Agent got uneasy. The Indians had been wanting to have a talk with him for some time to settle some points. Finally, the Agent appointed a day to meet them near my store on the bank of the creek. In the meantime, he asked the Commanding Officer at the Dalles for a company of cavalry. The Indians had asked me to be at the Council but I told them I did not wish to come because I had nothing to do with it.

Everything being ready for the "talk" to begin, Chief Que-e-pe-ma rose up to see if I was in the Council. Finding I was not there, he said he would not talk. Everything came to a standstill. Captain Whitlecy, U.S., then said go on and talk, Que-e-pe-ma. "I will if you will have the Frenchman here." The Captain turned to the Agent and said, "Who is it they want?" The Agent replied, "It is the man who keeps this store." The Captain knew me and. he sent for me to come. On arriving in the Council, this dear Indian Agent Col. D. said to me, "There is someone tampering with the Indians and for that cause they won't believe a word I say to them." I took this to be addressed to me. I replied, "If you will tell the Indians the

truth and act on the dead level with them there is no need of having any trouble with them."

The Captain asked the Chief what he wanted with me. The Chief said he wanted me to hear every word that man would say, pointing to the Agent. The Chief there and then gave him such a talking-to that no one but a very hardened case would stand.

After the "talk" was over the "dear" Agent took out of a small bundle that he had, a red shirt and two pounds of tobacco and handed it to the Chief. Now I will tell you what the Chief did with it. He raised up in the Council with the shirt in his hands. He spread it out, turned it over several times and said to the Agent, "This is the size of your heart. There are about one hundred and fifty of us. How can we all fit into this shirt? Cannot you see that it is too small?"

He then began to tear it into small strips the size of your little finger and give each of the Indians a piece of it. He took the tobacco and did likewise. After he had done this he turned to the Agent and said, "If you want to please the great Spirit above you must think of someone else besides yourself."

During the fall of 1859 there were several prospecting parties passing my Store going in all directions, among which was the Woodruff party consisting of fifteen men. They discovered the John Day Mines somewhere near where Canyon City is. Having found good mines they fixed for the winter. Along about March 1860 they sent three of their men with pack animals to the Dalles for provisions. After they had waited a reasonable time for these men to return, they sent five more of their number with the remainder of the horses, to get provisions. This was about the middle of April. When they had got sixty miles on their way, they were surprised by Indians one morning. They had a severe fight in which three were killed. The one who escaped was an acquaintance of mine by the name of Joe Cirar. He made his way back those sixty miles through the country to John Day River on what breakfast he had that morning.

It being evident from this that the first three men they sent were killed, as they had no provisions and everything looking so gloomy, they concluded to make for my place.

One day an Indian rode up to my store and told me there were some white men on the other side of the Deschutes River. As I thought it was a very unusual thing for white men to be there, I went down immediately. On arriving I took in the situation. I wrote a note and told them to gather all the logs they could find and make a raft out of them, that I would go up to my store and bring all the rope I could. This note I had an Indian swim with. I packed two of my ponies with ropes and clothes lines and took two extra good Indians with me. The reader will remember that this is a very dangerous stream.

I stretched the ropes and clotheslines on the beach and fastened them together. I then started an Indian with a clothesline to swim across. The poor Indian made his crossing. The men pulled on the line until they got to the rope which they fastened to their raft. I had my end of the rope fastened to a boulder. Everything being ready, the men all got on and shoved the raft off. It swung to my side nicely.

The first thing the men did was to ask for something to eat. After they were done eating, I took them up to my house where I kept them several days, not that I expected to get anything for they did not have the price of a loaf of bread.

The reader may question in his mind whether the Indians who hate the white man, and the writer, who has apparently very little good in him, are capable of doing so good an act, but I will say this, "Nothing is created in vain." God uses everyone for his purpose.

The summer of 1860, I had to leave home to go San Francisco to buy goods, but before going I went to the main Indian Camp and told my friend, Chief Que-e-pe-ma that I was going away and that I should be gone two months and that I wished him to take care of my family. I also told him to tell all the Indians that while I was away my wife did not wish for the Indians to come about the Store. I made him a gift (whenever you wish to give an Indian Chief anything do not do it in an open council) and shook hands with him and departed. After I had been gone about one month, I received a letter from a friend, stating that I had better come home as the Indians were getting bad. Two weeks later I received a letter from a friend of mine, John Jeffries, stating again to come home, as my family was in great danger of their lives.

Now it is needless for me to say that I was receiving letters from my wife all the time and not once did she make mention of the Indians. I had left her brother, a young man, and a half breed who took care of the herd. This surely was no protection, but there was One above who watched over her (as she so often told me). Having got through with my business, I left San Francisco for home. The nearer I got home the bigger the Indian stories got. When I arrived at the Dalles, I was told that my family was the only remaining ones and that the rest had all cleared away for fear of the Indians, and that there was no news from there for two days and that in all probability my folks were murdered and the store robbed.

I knew the Indian character that well that I had the utmost confidence in the Indian Chiefs -- so much so that my friends at the Dalles thought I took it very cool.

Upon arriving home this is what her brother and herself related to me. The reader will understand that I had a lane that led to the crossing of the Creek and of course the Indians would unavoidably pass this way sometimes but this is as near as they came to my house during my absence.

"The three Chiefs came to see me several times and told me to remain quiet, and Que-e-pe-ma would ask to see your picture dressed as an Indian. He would then show it to his friends, ask how soon you would be home and then depart. Big war parties occasionally passed up and down the lane, all painted, almost naked, on their horses, singing and beating their Drums. One afternoon they danced a scalp dance across the Creek in plain view of the house."

They killed people all around, some below my field a half a mile from my house. From what they told me and what I afterwards learned it had been pretty bad.

When the news reached the Indians that I had returned home, about a hundred or more of them came to give me a welcome. This was a grand sight, and filled my heart full, but after I shook hands with them I told Que-e-pe-ma that I knew they were my friends without making this display. That this would put me in a very bad light with the "Bostons" / whites, which it did. Many ignorant persons classed me with the Indians and said I was no better, saying "If he was not in with the Indians he and his family would of been killed along with the rest." The Indians had tested me more than once and found me to be both true and brave. Besides, I was there with their permission. I had bought the land from them. The Chief did not give me any deed, but he gave me his word.

The U.S. troops were ordered out and after a very tedious search four of the murderers were captured and afterward hung at the Dalles. But as is often the case the Chief could not be implicated.

Now by acting as interpreter and assisting in the capture of the guilty parties, I incurred the displeasure of three Indians who swore they would kill me. This information I got after the hanging at the Dalles. It was told to me confidentially and there was no mistake in it. I consequently was on the lookout for it. I knew the Indians.

One afternoon I was told that I could expect them that night. They had picked a time when I was alone with my half breed boy, but I was well prepared. I put out the lights and buckled my belt on, a six shooter in my left hand and a sling shot in the other. The way they intended to do was to come as friendly Indians to buy something. As I opened the door to let myself behind it presently I heard some footsteps and then a knock at the door. They were surprised to find the door open almost immediately at the knocking and to get such a reception, for as I opened the door I struck with my right hand and fired with my left. The one to my left that I shot at staggered back which gave room for the third one who fired while I dodged my head back in the door again. He had no more than fired when I fired my second shot. The one I struck first with the sling shot lay there at my feet as though he were dead. While this was going on I was talking Indian to them, saying if they did not go, I was bound to kill all three of them. As they did not like to be recognized they made no reply but retreated in the brush by the creek, leaving this one by the door. I had several things in my favor. They were doing a cowardly act and the reputation I had at the time among them gave me good odds. I then closed the door, went upstairs (took the chinks out, because this Store was next thing to a Fort) and I stood guard to wait the result. When everything was still one of the Indians came out of the brush and assisted this one away who was laying at the door.

All three of them were badly used up but they told the Indians that they had got drunk at the Dalles and got into a fight there. A year later I told Que-e-pe-ma about this. He said that he had suspected something of the kind but had never heard the truth of it.

The Snake Indians were a very numerous tribe. I was told by several mountaineers in 1847, and also by Captain Grant at Fort Hall that fifteen thousand would be a low estimate. Every once in a while they come like a swarm of bees and make raids upon the Warm Spring, John Day, Deschutes and come clear to the

Wasco Indians at the Dalles. Those Indians who lived at the fisheries along the Columbia River were obliged to take to their canoes and cross the river to get out of their way.

While I lived at the Tygh Valley, they made one of these raids, but part of them only came half way between my place and the Warm Spring Reserve. On this raid they stripped the Reserve of everything that could be packed off, mostly government stores and eight hundred head of ponies. The first news I had of it was from the retreating whites and Indians. I tried to rally them but I could only persuade a few, until Que-e-pe-ma's cousin came to me and said the Chief wanted me to come and help him. I took the best horse I had, and with five Indians, made haste to the scene of action. After we crossed the Warm Spring River we were met by Que-e-pe-ma and ten of his warriors.

We proceeded at once to the crossing of the Deschutes River above the Warm Spring River to the southeast of it, when we arrived to within half a mile of this place we were still hid from their view by the hill.

We saw there twenty "Snakes" on this side yet with about eighty ponies that they were trying to swim across. The great body of the Snakes had crossed and those who were still in the hills on the other side gave the alarm of our approach but before it takes time to tell it we were near enough to pour in our fire upon them. They were armed mostly with bows and arrows because they only fired five shots.

We killed four dead on this side. The remainder of their party plunged in with their ponies and swam across as we shot at them. I do not believe there were more than ten reached the other side. It was a hard matter to say because there were so many horses swimming the river at the same time. My Warm Spring Indians were too glad to raise the scalp of these four Snakes. While they were doing this, two Indians and myself went up the River to head off the ponies we had recaptured. In doing this, we found a Warm Spring Indian woman tied up, laying among the rocks, that the Snake Indians intended to take with them.

In 1861 the Government stationed a company of infantry at the Warm Spring Reserve. Quartermaster Lieut. Adare hired me to take the government wagons to that place, being the first wagons to the Reserve.

The Summer of 1862 I was induced to leave my dear wife and children, my home, in fact everything that was dear to me, for no other reason than to go to the Boise basin gold mines excitement. My poor wife objected to this, but go I must. My excuse was to go and make money, but it was really the excitement that I wanted. Dear reader, I have regretted this trip all my life. The man who talked me into going to those mines to open a Gambling House was none else than the notorious Jim McNabb. Few men were better known than he was at one time in San Francisco. I want to mention here that I took with me a favorite horse in case of an emergency. It will be seen when I came home if the animal could be depended upon or not.

We looked around for a few days when we arrived in the mines and as is always the case this excitement drew a large delegation of desperados. We finally

located in Centerville, Idaho. We rented a corner house at a big figure and began to fit it up.

The names of the principle "chiefs" in the "Boise Basin" at that time were: Furd Paterson, Bill Mayfield, Jeff Standeford, Nat Bladsoe, Charlie Bidgley, Jim Dobson, Frenchie, Bill Terry and John Conner. The above names need no comment. They are all widely known and all have a terrible history.

In four weeks the house was fitted up and we began business. It was almost the days '49 all over again. We did very well. The receipts averaged \$300 every twenty four hours, but my partner played the money off at "Fero" as fast as it came in. During this time my partner drank very hard until finally I told him he could not get any more money to gamble and drink on. Where upon one word brought on another and the fight began. (I am speaking of Jim McNabb) It was three o'clock in the morning in a large room at the rear of the saloon. We had stripped and we were going to bed. He made a grab at the shot gun and in the struggle while I was taking it away from him the hammer struck the bedpost and both barrels went off between us. I finally wrung the gun out of his hands and he went spinning to the other side of the room. I had him now in my power but I did not wish to kill him because he had left his wife and little children at my house (on the Tygh valley). This created some excitement but no one dared to come in for fear of being shot. The next morning he had sobered some and I told him he had no part in the business as he had overdrawn his account.

The next day I saw some acquaintance who had come by my store and said my family was very sick. I did not pay much attention to this, but further on, every few days I would get the same kind of news from home.

One day there were five of those "chiefs" on a spree and they were riding their horses in the saloons. Knowing they would want to do the same thing in mine I was on the lookout for them. I saw them coming. I went after my shot gun and stationed myself in the door. They rode up on the sidewalk and one came near the door where I was stationed and said, "You would not shoot with that." He raised his hand with his pistol. I made one step back and shot half of his hand off with his pistol. They got off of the sidewalk, but as one turned around he took one shot at me. The sheriff, who had been watching this, finding there was one man willing to protect himself, came to my assistance. Thus ended this trouble, but it left a deep grouch. For six weeks that I was in this place no one knew where I slept. I would always hide for fear of being taken by surprise.

Early one morning I saw Jim McNabb riding up. Opposite my place was Charlie Harvey's gambling house. I saw McNabb get off and go into the saloon. The next thing I heard was the report of a pistol. The next moment I saw McNabb come out and get on his horse and ride off. I came out on the sidewalk and Charlie called me over. I went over and what did I see? McNabb had shot Jim Conner through the head while he was asleep on a "Fero" table. I am telling the reader things that were happening every day in a mild form.

Now dear reader, I will tell you a remarkable dream. The 28th day of August 1862. I had had a very bad day. That night I retired as usual secluded with such thoughts. If I say that I was awake I will not be believed but I will call it a dream.

The reader will remember that I left my family in perfect health. I saw my dear daughter with her face and clothes as white as the drifting snow. She came towards me to a certain distance and then stopped. My first thought was that I ought to be ashamed to stay so long away. Then I thought it was so strange that she did not come any nearer. She acted as though she would like to come nearer but there was something about me that prevented her. This seemed so strange that I got up to go to her and when I got half way across the room it vanished away.

I did not go to bed any more but kept thinking over this. The next morning the first thing I did was to write a letter to my wife about this, stating the day of the month, the night, the hour and the minute. My wife has that letter to this day and when I came home and found she was no more, she produced that letter and everything corresponded exactly.

Things ran on for one week, and I got a letter from my dear wife stating I had better come home if I wished to see them alive again. She also said about the little daughter dying. In three hours after I received this letter I was on my way home. The first thing I did was to get the auctioneer and sell everything out. Selling everything as I did on a forced sale, I lost one thousand dollars by this operation. I was asked a good many questions, why I did this. I told them I was going home.

Now at this time there were so many "road agents" that people usually traveled in parties of six to twelve for protection. Some indicated they would like to go in company with me but I told them if they wished to travel with me that they would have to have good horses as I intended to go very fast. There were seven who started with me but they could not keep up. I had an animal under me that I have already mentioned to the reader that was worth one thousand dollars of any man's money. When I got to the Paiute River the ferry boat was on the other side of the river. It was after midnight. I called and called but I could not get anyone to come after me. Well I was not going to wait there all night and if I wished to go on I would have to swim. This was soon decided. Here goes with the man's faithful friend the horse.

Not knowing how the outcome would be on the other side, I plunged in. This is a dangerous operation for anyone unaccustomed to it, but anyone who understands it, it is not so hard after all. We made the other side all right but the banks of the River were high and it was so dark that it took me some time to find a place to get up. I finally found a steep place where the campers came down after water. When I got up on the bank I found myself among the camps of packers and teamsters. As everybody was always on the lookout for robbers I was taken for one. I just barely got out from among the tents and the packs till I was shot at twice, one ball cutting my horse two inches on the hip, which I did not find out until morning.

There is a way to use a horse and if a man understands it he can make a horse last many miles further than another who will break his heart in a very few miles.

At the third crossing of Powder River, three "Road Agents" came out of the brush, Jimmy Remain, Dr Matlock, and St W Jack. They were as surprised to see

me as I was them. (These men were shortly afterwards hung at Lewiston for killing on the highway.)

"Hello Frenchie, is that you? Have you a drink with you?" I handed Dr. my flask and told him they could keep it as I would get some at another Saloon soon. I also told them I was in a hurry to get home as my folks were very sick. They saw that I had been riding real fast and they asked me how far behind Cassy the Wells Fargo's messenger was. I told them about 40 miles. I bid them good-bye and continued on my journey. Now had it been anyone else but me, it is a dead thing they would of held me up and "relieved me", but as luck would have it, I did all three of them favors and besides I don't think they would have had a very easy thing of it.

When I got to the ferry on the Snake River, "Mountain Char1ie" was here on a big spree and wanted to fight everyone that came along. I tried to avoid him but he recognized me. I will not stop here to say what I did with him.

The Blue Mountains were supposed to be a bad place but I crossed them in the night.

To cut a long story short, I arrived home on the Tygh valley at my Store the fifth night towards morning, four hundred and twenty miles in five days and five nights without any change of horse.

I knocked at the door and what do you think, my spirit must of warned my wife, because at the first tap she said, "All right, dear," and she called her brother to go and open the door.

The sad condition that I found them in. The little daughter that I had seen in my vision was dead, one boy three years old not expected to live, and the rest of my children, along with my wife, sick in bed.

My stock was scattered in every direction, half of it I never found. The fences were down and the crops a total wreck. As she had to have a stranger to tend to the Store, half of the goods was gone and no money. I owed a doctor bill in the Dalles of eight hundred dollars. I was nine thousand dollars worse off than I was three months before besides losing a portion of my family.

Now comes a very important part of my life's history. From 1860 and during the war, I have said nothing concerning the side I was on but I did take sides and hereafter I will make it known.---Ned

The Winter of 1862 and 1863, I rented the Trading Post. I moved into the Dalles and. opened a gambling house. I will not describe what took place during these two years. It would. only be a repetition of the saloon and gambling life business.

In the Spring of 1865, I sold my Trading Post and bought a place fifteen miles further southwest in the Cascade Mountains. This also was a good place for Trading and stock raising.

There were several things that occurred during the one year we lived there but I will only mention two. As I had to be away considerable it was very tempting for bad whites and bad. Indians to take advantage of a lone woman. Just imagine a

woman alone in such an out-of-the-way place as this was with five helpless little children and her expecting to give birth to another at any time. I will not attempt to describe this for I cannot do it.

One night I was away, an Indian rapped at the door and said he had a letter from me. My wife, not suspicinging anything and so glad to get the message from me, thoughtlessly opened the door. She had no more then opened it than he shoved the door in and said he wanted whiskey. Here was a situation. She told him that he could not get it and this made him worse. Finally she said to him, "Do you know whose house you are in?" This caused a pause and she gave him a shove and he went backwards out of the door. In an instant she had the door barred and she ran for the gun. (She could speak Indian) Now as soon as he gathered himself together he came to the door again.

The first thing I always did with a log house on the frontiers was to provide it with portholes between the logs. My wife took advantage of this and said to him, "If you don't go away from there I will shoot you. About this time another Indian came up for the same purpose. (I think they must of had a previous understanding). When she heard them talk she went to the head of her bed and got the pistol also. They threatened to burn the house if she did not let them in. When she heard this she thought she had better begin to shoot. As she could not see all around the house she blasted away through the porthole. This caused them to get away from where they were but she shot again and again. They retreated from around the house in the dark and everything now was very still. The only thing I know about this is that two months after I found the body of an Indian about two miles up the same creek my house was on. I covered it up with rocks and said nothing about it.

Whether it was from this cause or some other, she began to feel bad and told me when I came home what had happened. It was now evident that she would have to be confined. Here we were all alone fifty miles from a doctor. What was to be done? I could not leave her. Finally the third day after the above occurrence she gave birth to a boy who came into the world already dressed. The most peculiar thing ever was seen, I think. When I first saw it, it looked as if it might be her entrails but upon close examination I perceived there was a baby inside of it. I tore open this dressing and with two more efforts she made the baby come into the World.

Upon examination I found this dressing to resemble a plaid knitted shawl with fringe. The fastening on the head resembled a coon skin with tassels. It was so peculiar that I dried and took care of it for a long time.

The baby grew up until he was eight years old, when he was drowned in the Willamette River. He was a remarkable child, so much so that when he disappeared I spent large sums of money to recover him, thinking that the child had been stolen.

In the fall of 1866, I sold out this place (it was called Barlow's Gate) with all the goods and cattle, reserving 14 head of good horses, 2 wagons and one buggy. I crossed the Cascade Mountains and came to Salem, Oregon with the above and five thousand dollars in cash. Here my wife was taken sick. I had sent the horses out to be wintered at five dollars per head per month.

Towards Spring I got out of money. I sent for the horses to sell them at auction. The horses had been neglected and they looked very bad. They consequently did not bring much. My wife finally recovered and to cut a long story short we arrived in Portland, Oregon in the spring of 1867 with just what we had on our backs.

About this time I got very ugly and desperate, drank very hard and got into fights every day. One night I came home very late and my dear wife as usual met me with a smile. Now I will tell you what I proposed to her. I began in this way. "We have been married seventeen years and it is the same thing over and over again. It is either a feast or a famine. We save now seven children. That is to become of them and what is to become of you? What is the difference between the dead and the living? Each day adds more sorrows. What are we living for? If there is no here-after we will end all of our sorrow. If there is I cannot think of leaving you all behind. I don't deserve to live and if there was a God I would have been killed long ago. Now what do you say to making an end to all this? We will kiss all the little children. I will then kill them. After this we will kiss each other. I will kill you and kill myself."

To this she replied, "What nonsense dear husband, I have hope. What makes you talk in that way? Don't you know that I am praying for you and I am sure the day is coming when you will be a different man. The children will all be all right because they are the Lord's and as for you, you will never die until you are converted. You will not get killed, much less taking your own life. There is an unseen hand watching over us all and he is my heavenly Father. Oh, if you would only let the Savior come into your heart what a different man you would be."

Now for manner's sake and as she had already enough trouble, I kissed her and said nothing more about it.

A few days after, a queer feeling came over me. I could not think what was the matter with me. I could not control my mind and I thought all the time that I heard bells ringing. Until one afternoon I was sitting in front of Carlie L.'s saloon when I thought I saw a small snake get up from the gutter onto the sidewalk and coming towards me. I got up from where I was sitting to kick it off of the sidewalk but I had trouble to do this because it hung to the bottom of my pants. I finally shook it off and went back and sat down again. The cold perspiration was pouring off of me. Presently I thought I saw it come again. I then went into the saloon and took a big drink and started home.

On arriving home I told my wife I felt bad and I laid down. I had not been in bed very long till my eyes caught sight of the wallpaper, the plainer I could see all kinds of figures making faces at me. Now to give an exact description of what I saw on the figured wall paper would make a whole chapter, everything conceivable, devils, monkeys, snakes, lizards, frogs, alligators. They changed their forms in every imaginable shape. I tried to make myself believe that it was not so, but it was no use. I finally got up and told my wife that I had better lay in the wood shed. This wood shed had no ceiling over head and I had not been laying very long till I could see men riding on the beams over head. This was also a horrible sight, changing their attitude and gestures, dressed in all kinds of costumes. As some of them had long pitchforks I became frightened at them. After this I did not know

anything until the next day. My wife was obliged to get several men to tie me. After I got over this I felt it for quite awhile.

After I had sufficiently recovered I got a small stake and went into the restaurant business next door to a Melodeon "free and easy" dance and gambling house. Here in this business I had as much trouble and as much fighting as I had in the saloon. I seemed to be in bad luck. Every old bum would come in, sit down, eat all he could and when he was through he would say that he had no money to pay for it. This was very hard on me because I was running very "light". I had already paid three fines for "firing men out" because they would not pay for what they ate, till one day a tough one by the name of Buckskin Bill came in, called for a good meal and when he got done eating he said he would pay me some other time. I objected and told him I wanted my money there and then. I had got between him and the door and when he saw this he said that I was not the man to take out of him. Well, I used this man up so bad that he had to be taken off of the sidewalk in a cart. This fine was ninety dollars. It was paid by my friend next door who kept the saloon, who had taken a great liking to me.

This same man, Sam R., who kept this saloon, proposed to me to sell out and come in partnership with him. He made me such a good offer that I accepted it. Now this was one of the places where everything went. Now there is one thing that I have avoided mentioning that I claim to be an expert at that came into good play in this place. Were I to mention this I would be recognized at once. As long as this man took me in full partnership without a cent he knew I was worth it.

He was a good musician and a shrewd man. His woman was a good actress, good looking and very cunning. Neither of these parties would stop at anything to make money. This place was open for everything that talked, from the highest to the lowest of both sexes. Anyone could be accommodated with fun, amusements and games of all kinds with cards or other devices. Among the first things I did when I took charge of this "Hell Hole" was to fix the Policemen on my heat. Now every candid man knows there is a vast difference between a restaurant and one of those abominable places. Still, I was better protected by the Police in the "Hell Hole" than I was in the restaurant.

It was not everyone who lost money at the "games" or who the "girls" beat, that would squeal. Some would have too much pride and honor to be known to have been in one of those places. Such ones would generally let it go but there are another class of men and I think the very ones who ought to be "beat" that will only bet on a "sure thing". This kind in my opinion ought to be "thrown down very hard". Now I will tell you how it was done when any of those cases were reported to the Chief of Police.

The Chief, in all probability would send a policeman with this victim who knew already all about the case and who also would be a friend of mine (and knew right where to find me). They could come to the saloon and inquire for the guilty parties. This would be during the day when there are few people in. They would then make some inquiries. The Policeman would say, "I will give any man one hundred dollars who will tell me where so and so is". The bystanders would not know but what this was on the square. Finally the policeman would tell this poor

man to meet him at a certain place while he would look in another direction. He would then lose no time in coming direct to me. Then the bargain would be made.

I usually give one third to the policeman but, however, it was always settled according to how much trouble that was made about it. Now suppose I give the policeman two hundred dollars. He would then go direct to the chief. What took place between them the public has often made good guesses about. He would then return to this poor man, and he would tell him that he was on the track of him but that it would take some time as the gambler had gone to San Francisco or to Idaho or somewhere else. The policeman would tell him to go home, that as soon as he caught this man or this woman that beat him out of his money he would write to him. If the man said that he had not money to take him away the officer would give him "a piece". If the man made considerable trouble and had lost much money and he would not be put off that easy and that he was liable to bring it before the Grand Jurors then he would be bought off. But this was seldom the case because the officer would tell him the parties who swindled him out of his money were not responsible for anything.

Let me tell the reader that there is not one case in a hundred that ever comes to trial. Men who usually lose money in such places are as a general thing strangers who cannot afford to wait and the officer will take advantage of this and put him off until the man gets disgusted and leaves the town.

According to our books I made seven thousand dollars for my share the first year but as I was so far behind when I came to Portland it took all this sum to pay my debts, pay for my children's schooling (I had two of them at boarding school), to go to housekeeping and get us some good clothes all around.

I ran this place until the fall of 1868 when my wife prevailed on me to quit it, but as I had made the saloon and gambling business a study for so long it was very hard for me to do anything else. Many persons think there is no sense attached to these things but they are mistaken. Besides being fitted for the saloon business there is no kind of liquors that I cannot compound and to make a successful "sportsman's" it will not average more than one in a thousand of the young men who start out in life for that purpose.

Towards the end of my story I will explain why this is the case, so there will not be any mistake about it. I will also expose some of the principal games that men lose their money at.

1869. I went from place to place to gamble. At the close of this year had accumulated eight thousand dollars. I bought a farm and some stock but the time had not come for me to settle down yet.

I moved into the City again and went into general merchandising. I had a regular variety store. I dealt in everything new and second-hand goods. I had fifty feet front, two stores, side by side. One part of it was used as a small liquor store to sell by the bottle.

I made a great deal of money in this business but it has always been a mystery to me how the money would slip out of my fingers.

While I kept this Store there were things recorded in my mind which made such impressions that I never can forget them. If you will permit me I will relate some of them. This business is different from all others. A second-hand dealer is brought face to face with the highest as well as the lowest men and women who at some time occupied honorable positions in Society, who would dispose of valuable things at great sacrifices. But in most cases it could be traced to strong "Drink".

Sometimes a lady would call at the Store and ask me to go to No. So and So, that she had some things to sell. To look at this person anyone unacquainted with the ways of the world would of thought she was some banker's wife, but alas, such a home that would meet you, waiting for the money that she would get from me to buy something to eat and to drink. It is very seldom that I made a trade that I did not get off a gallon or two of whiskey, some wine or beer. Men, women and children would bring every conceivable thing to trade for whiskey. Dresses of all descriptions for old and young, men and boy's clothes, jewelry, furniture, bedding, tools of all kinds, pictures and paintings, family relics. It was done this way. If the old folks did not come themselves to the store they would send a child with something, say, a blanket, a feather pillow, a chair or anything that is used about the house, and say, "Pa or Ma wants to know if you will send her a bottle of whiskey for this." I will not stop to go in any further detail of this degradation. It is a well known fact that this is taking place every day of our lives in all Cities.

The 12th day of March 1873.

I concluded after an absence of 27 years to go and see my dear old father in Montreal, Canada. This I had put off from time to time but I had been fixing for this trip for a long time, putting money aside every time I made a "winning".

In San Francisco I fell in with an old friend by the name G. Holiday who had been to the Caribou mines and had been very successful. He had made in the neighborhood of sixty thousand dollars. He was in many respects like myself, did not know the value of money. Had been a mountaineer and spoke the same Indian tongue that I spoke. We visited the principal cities in the United States and Canada. We amused our selves in various ways. Sometimes when we would go to a theatre and find a number of boys who wanted to go in, we would purchase a lot of tickets and let them all in.

I remember one time we were taking a walk in Montreal, we came to the Royal Theatre and there was great excitement about some performance there was to be that night. We stopped and my friend asked me if we had not better go in. I said, "all right but wait a little while until I go to the ticket office." I went to the office and purchased forty gallery tickets. I distributed them among the little boys who wanted to go in so bad. But never in your life did you see such a time in a theatre. The police and managers and performers could not understand how so many boys got in. They were very noisy and. made fun of the policeman who wanted to keep them quiet. The manager came before the curtain to speak and he was compelled to go back under a storm of screams, whistling and hisses. The only way this could of been stopped would of been to have walked out every one in that gallery. This was not attempted as there were I believe over a hundred of them. The men who were among them took part in this. Finally when they were left to quiet when they got ready, the house as by mutual consent quieted down.

Sometimes in front of the hotel we were stopping at, we would throw pennies out in the street to see the little boys grabble after them. Sometimes the crowd of boys would get so great that the proprietor would beg us to desist.

We were both dressed very odd which made us somewhat conspicuous. In addition to what money I took with me to spend. I won considerable money at different "games" here and there as the opportunities would present themselves.

Now, for my dear old father. As I said before that I had not seen him for twenty seven years. The first thirteen years they never knew for a certainty whether I was dead or alive, and as I went by other names it was impossible for them to find me. What must have been their anxieties during so many years? Oh how cruel to treat parents so. This is an outrage that is too often committed. For the three previous years of my coming home, my dear father had written to me repeatedly stating that if I did not come soon, if I did see him alive, he would not be able to see me as he was going blind rapidly.

But alas, to my sorrow, I found upon my arrival that for seven months he had been entirely blind. Now, dear reader, imagine what a meeting this was after an absence of twenty seven years and him in his ninetieth year.

Being afraid the shock might be too great for him, upon arriving in Montreal, I sent word to him so he would be prepared. After arriving at the house I was shown to apartment where he was. I kissed him and fell upon my knees, asking him forgiveness and his blessing also. There was a moment's silence, which was interrupted only by sobs and tears of Joy.

"Now my dear boy, see how I receive you with open arms and so freely I forgive you every wrong you have committed against me. The Lord has granted me this one request that I might see you before I die. I see you with the eyes of my Soul and I see my heavenly Father reaching out for you with his Almighty Arm. Come my dear, dear son, accept the dear Savior now and be reconciled to him. Let me hear before I die that you want to be saved.

I am very sorry to say, dear reader, that I had got so hardened that those sweet words fell on "Stony ground" and had no effect upon me whatever. It had an effect but no such as saves a soul from death. I felt at that time that those words were useless and that I had no part in them. I was glad when he ended his 'Sermon'.

I sat down by him and he began to tell me things relative to the family. He had been retired from business for thirteen years, was living on his income. This was no more the home of my childhood. I was even a stranger in the place I was born in. I would meet one here and there that had a faint recollection of me and their manners were so much different than mine that I had no pleasure with them.

The most of my Father's acquaintances were religious and I avoided them as I would poison. A consequence that I afterwards found out to be true. "The worldly-minded and the spiritually-minded people never mix much together" or in other words, a man that does not love God cannot love his people.

As I thought simply to visit my Father was all that was required of me, I began to think of launching out again. The place was so still that a day seemed like

a year. I hated to mention to my father that I must be gone because I knew it would make him feel so bad, but I picked up courage one day and told him I had better be going home. I will not attempt to describe the parting. We got each other around the neck. I got down upon my knees. He gave me his blessing and he hoped to meet me in heaven. I got up and kissed him then started for the door. I had to turn around and take one last look at him. It was his firm belief that he would meet me in heaven. I did not think so at that time, but thank God I realize more and more that it will be the case.

Here I am once more in the Whirlwind and upon the Sea of human beings, carried to and fro like a ship without a compass. The three weeks that I was at my father's house was the longest time that I had been without excitement since I left it when I was young. I decided immediately to go to New York.

Here I met several old acquaintances among which were several old 49'ers who introduced me to the gambling houses and private Fero games. In this atmosphere and with this association I felt perfectly at home.

It would be needless to describe the life of the "Bloods" here because the life of a sportsman is everywhere the same. The Sport scarcely ever invests his money in anything. What they have if they have anything is in money, clothes and jewelry. Unless you are a Sport yourself you cannot tell when they are broke for very often they will put on their very best when they have not got a cent. Many are the ones who stand on the corners in those fine clothes waiting for someone to come along to give them the price of a meal. Many are the young men who have been beguiled by this fine appearance. Many are the times I myself, when I would seem to be so prosperous and happy, was the most wretched man on the face of the earth. There is no Sport but what is liable to be broke and he of all men has to keep up his standing and necessity compels him to be always well dressed, gentle and nice. So fascinating is gambling that I don't know if I ever knew of one who was not liable to go 'through' at any time. Many are the times when I first began this business that I have come out from the "Fero Room" onto the sidewalk towards morning without the price of a night's lodging in my pocket, when I could of quit the game a short time before with a good deal of money.

After traveling east and west, north and south, I headed for the Pacific. I arrived back in Portland in July. My business had not lost anything that I could see. I got in more goods and everything went on as usual, when one morning at four o'clock the furniture factory of Hergan and Shindler took fire.

My stores were next door to this establishment and never in my life did I see a fire make such rapid progress. In a few minutes my store was on fire. With the help of some friends we began to move out the most valuable things. First we took these goods across the street. The fire was making such headway that we had to move them to another street. The fire gained so that what few things I had got this far from the fire some of them caught fire. The rest were removed to the Plaza.

The excitement by this time was immense. All the police specials and militia were called out. Telegraphs were sent to the surrounding towns for assistance. This, as you may well imagine, brought out a good many thieves. I just came to the Plaza to save one of my trunks. My eldest daughter was sitting upon it and they

were about to take it. Anyhow they claimed it as their own, men I had never seen before. It was a good thing that I always went prepared, for I might of got a good thrashing and lost my trunk besides. As it was getting night I managed to get this trunk taken to a house.

There were now twenty three blocks of buildings on fire. Every other man you would meet was drunk, with fights here and there throughout the city. As my family lived in part of this Store my losses were very heavy. Valuable papers, Jewelry, clothing, a fine Piano—my losses were estimated at the time to be upwards of ten thousand dollars.

While this took place in the City, my wife had met with a severe accident in the country and the person who told me while I was trying to save some of my things also said that she was confined to her bed and that she was very low.

After such a day's work as I had that day from four in. the morning without breakfast and drinking all day, I left the city to go and see my wife about nine in the evening. I started a-foot a distance of four miles over the mountain west of Portland with a bottle of whiskey in my

hand. After I had gone I suppose about two miles, nature that had been taxed to its utmost both mind and body now completely broke down. I fell asleep in the timber. The cold woke me up and when I did wake I did not know where I was and it was with great difficulty that I could stand.

I wandered around in the woods until I came to a road. I had not been on this road long till a milkman over-took me. He knew me and the minute I saw him I saw my mistake, I was going back to town.

I arrived where my wife was at six. Here we were, her sick a bed and myself not much better. Then she first saw me she said I looked bad but I did not tell her anything, but I could not help admire her faith. She said she knew that "everything would..."

She never failed to embrace these very opportunities to preach Jesus Christ to me. While I was taking this rest in a solitary place away from the busy scenes of a city life, there were a great many things went through my mind. Finally when I had got sufficiently strong again, I went to the city with a view of engaging in some business that my wife would approve of but alas, all promises of this kind were soon forgotten.

I drifted into a Wholesale Liquor Store, "particular friends of mine" who proposed to start me in business. Now, as the road was always broad and plain and the door wide open to me I was glad to accept his offer and in a few days I was again in the saloon and gambling business. You may think that I did not try hard to do something else but you are mistaken. No man knows better than myself how hard it is to quit a business that you have followed all your life. My acquaintances and associates were all in that line and it had become a second nature to me. I never took in consideration what my poor, sick wife would think of it. All I thought about was to make plenty of money to make her happy. What a mistake. If I had of taken the second thought. Many are the times that I had brought thousands of dollars made in this way and never once did she approve of making money in that

way. This move almost broke my poor wife's heart. Not only was she opposed to my going at this business again but the location was bad. The saloons that were kept on each side of me were kept by bad women.

This business ran along as saloons of this kind usually do until December 1874. I had got out of debt with a good stock of liquor, a room well furnished and a lot of good clothing. One night between the hour of one and two, I was awakened by a friend who was in bed with me saying, "What on earth is that noise?" My saloon was on the corner of Pine and Second, a two story building about ten feet deeper than my next door neighbor. There were two heavy blinds hung over the window to darken the room so when it got daylight it would not waken me. I told my friend to jump up and draw the blind to see what it is. Upon throwing the blind aside it was so light in the room that a person could of picked up a pin on the floor and he exclaimed, "My God, we are gone." I jumped to my feet, hardly knowing what to do first. As we had to go downstairs, I thought it would be as cheap to take a trunk full of clothes with us. I raised the lid of the trunk and filled it with the best that were hanging around the room. This was done in a moment. We went downstairs to the entrance on Pine Street. We took this trunk across the street to a friend of mine for safe-keeping. All the time that it took to do this would not exceed ten minutes. When we came back, my corner saloon had been broken into and there were already fifty men in it helping themselves. There was little use of going upstairs for it was already on fire.

I don't know which was the most valuable the downstairs or the upstairs. Besides having a good many things of value upstairs I had a set of "Fero tools", two "cealing boxes" of the best make in the United States and over a hundred dollars worth of "fine cards". Down in the saloon besides the stock of liquor there were in one of the tiles, two m pipes, three pistols and one watch.

As I said before, it was a bad neighborhood and they stole everything they could lay their hands upon. I don't know how many knockdowns I had that night to recover some of my property. One woman that I saved from being killed by a ruffian one night, I think stole more than any of the rest.

This was another direful night on me. I caught a cold that came near proving fatal. I went to bed towards day and when I woke up I was so hoarse I could not speak. The first thing now was to go home to my wife. She had already heard of this disaster. She pitied me for being sick but she declared she was glad the "old Saloon" had burned down. Now, here was another good opportunity for her to preach to me, and you can take my word that while she was taking care of me that she made good use of the time. The prayers, mild words and the tears that fell from her eyes made me feel what a good thing it would be if would be the last time that I would be engaged in the Saloon business. I promised her again as I had so many times before that she would never see me do as I had done in the past and I did think within me that I would surely keep my promise this time.

After I had sufficiently recovered and got built up again, off to the City I must go again, but this time it was with a good intention and as I thought I really ought to find something to do that would be agreeable to my wife and children. But what man is there in the community who will hire a "Sport" if he is not satisfied that he has turned over a "new leaf" and where was I to go when in the City, but with men

like myself? (Qui se ressemble, s'assemble; Birds of a feather flock together.) As I had to go in here and there to take a "drink", the first thing I knew the temptation was too great. I was again engaged in gambling but the first card I pulled out of the box, I thought of my wife and the promises —

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EFFORTS TO REFORM --1875

In the meantime, my dear wife heard of this and she came in to see me. With tears in her eyes she entreated me, but it was no use. The die was cast and I had determined to follow this course as long as I lived. I fell in with an acquaintance who kept a retail and wholesale liquor store. He saw that I made money very fast and he proposed to start me in a fine saloon and "go in with me". I accepted his offer.

He bought out a business on the corner of First and Washington Streets, filled up fine with private rooms. He then put in a stock of liquors and put me in it. This was February 1875.

In this place when the "Capers" could bring in a "man" (or the "Steers a man") I would deal myself. If it was "short cards" I would take a hand, if it was anyone that had to be "caught" or "beat" at the counter, I always had ten different "dead" games that I could put my hand upon behind the bar.

About the end of April, my wife came into the city and she was stopping at a family friend of hers. They were good pious people. This is the kind she always went with whenever she could. I came to this house one day and I was invited to come and spend the evening. For the sake of my wife, I promised them I would, but the "games" were so fascinating that night that I kept putting it off until it got very late. After the game closed, I looked at the time and it was after twelve but I concluded to go. I made my way to the house and upon arriving I found that everybody had retired. Now what was I to do? I did not like to ring the bell at so late an hour. I concluded to go around the house and go in the back door. I got into the yard, then into the wood shed. The kitchen door opened in the wood shed. I tried the knob of this door but I found the door was locked. I had been drinking hard, and I was very sleepy. I sat down upon the steps and. after that I did not know anything till morning.

Now I will give you word for word as this was related by my wife. They had given her a room on the first floor and after everybody retired she turned the lights very low, took off her shoes and began to pray and watch for me. She heard my footsteps on the sidewalk. She heard me go around the house, heard the noise in the wood shed, and even heard the knob turn, but everything got so still again that she was afraid to open the door as she said it might be a burglar. But she prayed as she never did before and as she held her breath she opened the door. As I was asleep with my back against the door, when she opened it I fell backwards on the floor. This startled her again and she ran back in her room. She listened for quite a while but did not hear anything. God gave her more strength. She then turned up the light, took the lamp in her hand. and with breathless steps she ventured towards the kitchen door. What was the sight that met her gaze? As she looked at this helpless form upon the floor she must of said, "What lays here at my feet is the

center of all my affections. Lord, if thou wilt thou canst take my husband and make him whole. Save him, Oh Lord, for thine own namesake."

Now how to get me in her room and in bed without waking up anybody was the next thing to do. She put the lamp upon the table, then pulled me inside. She dragged me little by little until finally she got me in the room. This being done, she closed the door and thanked God for having accomplished this much without anyone knowing it.

After she had me in bed, I apparently woke up from my stupor and began to feel around at the wall and at the bed and asking where I was. Fearing that I might have another such spells as to take several men to hold me, she immediately got up and lit the lamp again but even then the whole thing seemed like a dream to me. With the help of God she got me quieted down without much trouble. In a little while I fell asleep and she put out the light again.

Now what followed. None but the redeemed will believe this. There was for the space of three seconds a bright light, a light different from any she had ever seen, flashed in the room and this was a sign to her that she would never see me again in that condition.

Although I had disappointed her and her friends in not coming in the early part of the evening, when I awoke in the morning to go to the saloon (I was wild to take a drink), she freely forgave me saying, that her Father in heaven was even more willing to forgive than she was and that he had answered her prayers and further this be assured of your days as a gambler and saloon keeper are well numbered.

As she was always so good, we parted good friends. I did not wish to hurt her feelings by making sport of what she had just said but never the less it is the nature of every man. First of all he must get rid of his Sins and there is none other given under heaven among men whereby we can be saved but the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and this was the same Christ that was preached to me before.

PART TWO

The second part of my Story will be more interesting than the first. The chief cornerstone will be the one that was "rejected by the builders but has become the head of the corner" He shall have all the praise. Blessed be his holy name for evermore. The first part of it will be my conversion in the saloon, then the daring and interesting adventure among the Indians of the Northwest. This ought to be read by every man, woman and child, more particularly those who say there is no God.

Now some will say don't tell your experience. Such is the counsel of which is given by some but we cannot help speaking of the things which we know. But these same people will undertake to direct the testimonies of their Christian brethren. In sense their counsel is judicious. There is a sense, however, in which it may be otherwise. There is certainly one class who cannot relate any acceptable Christian

experience, namely those who have never had any. They may talk about faith and find fault with feelings but they are equally strangers to both.

It is not desirable under ordinary circumstances that persons should occupy the time or attention of others with constant statements regarding their feelings or emotions and the mental storms and calms through which they have passed; but sometimes a statement even of these may be of great use to others who are perplexed while passing through similar phases of Christian life. But, dear Sir, telling experience means more than this. David said, "Come and hear all ye that fear God and I will declare what he hath done for my Soul".

The triumphant songs of Israel of old were largely devoted to the rehearsal of the experiences of God's ancient people and of "his wonderful works to the children of men".

When the apostle Paul was called in question by Jews or Gentiles, it was his usual practice to tell his experience or in other words to relate the circumstance by which he was led to Christ. And the people of God in every age have found it their duty and their Joy to speak of the wonderful works of God; and this is relating experience and such relations are often blessed and sanctioned by the Lord. Sometimes the very persons who object to the telling of experiences will proceed to tell of things which they themselves have heard or said or done and this is simply telling experience. That which a man has experienced he is supposed to know; knowing it he may be called upon as a witness to declare to the glory of God and the honor of his cause what great things the Lord has done for him.

Besides, dear Sir, there is another question I wish to call your attention to, it is this. It cannot be denied a "revival of religion" as it is called, adds largely to the mere moral strength of society and increases the number of those who honestly mean to do right.

There are very few who will read this but have known within his personal experience more than one instance of a bad nature made better, of a degraded character elevated, of an unwise life made pure and rational by the acquisition of religious motives. Hypocrisy, humbug, conceit, vanity, fanaticism - these are words which fall easily from the tongues of the enemy of religion but the fact remains that hundreds and thousands are really earnest. These accessions to the right doing side of the population cannot be otherwise than of good import. It is unfair to weigh ordinary spiritual experience against that of larger natures - of Fenelon, or of Pascal, of Wesley or of Channing. The real question, have we here a man who has resolved to walk uprightly in this world for the rest of his days? If so, then society gains a good man in the place of a bad one, or one who might at any moment have become bad; a good citizen instead of a possible felon; a faithful mechanic or tradesman instead of a cheat; an honest merchant instead of a fraudulent bankrupt; a devoted instead of neglectful parent; a good Samaritan instead of a liver for self alone. These surely are acquisitions which even the world need not despise.

CRUSADERS APPEAR ON THE SCENE

This saloon that I am about to speak of was situated on the corner of First and Washington Streets, Portland, Oregon. It had an entrance on both streets. It was well arranged for the 'business'.

The Summer of 1875 will long be remembered in that City for the great revivals and religious interest that took place. Never, I think did a place get such a shaking up. This was the summer that a number of good pious ladies started out on a "Temperance Crusade" (as it was termed). The earnestness of their endeavor to raise the fallen, revive the wavering and strengthen those already steadfast in the temperance cause. Now out of the great number of people that saw then a good many doubted whether any good would come out of it and some of the more wicked ones went so far as to treat them as common women.. The mayor himself went so far as to cause their arrests.

Now I will relate what they did. While the majority of them were in the church praying, a portion would start out to pray and sign upon the sidewalk. They would ask very kindly the saloon keepers permission to enter in. If they were permitted they would sometimes sing one or two hymns or offer a prayer, then walk along about their business. At some of the saloons they got some terrible receptions, such as turning the hose upon them, throwing fire crackers at them, using all manners of bad language. While they knelt down to pray the crowd would sometimes push drunken men over them. All this as I understand it was simply because they were trying to do somebody some good.

When they came to my saloon, they were not treated much better, but while this cruelty was being perpetrated upon them with the sanction of the police, I began to think within me if really this was the right thing to do to those pious women. How did I arrive at this conclusion? First I said to myself, 'These women are strangers to me. They are taking this abuse from the crowd good naturedly. I hear their prayers day by day offered up on behalf of the ones who are "living without God and without hope" in the world. Surely, I said, they must be actuated by pure motives.' Second when I considered how happy they were, I became convinced more and more that they were in possession of something that I did not have and as had told me so often, before I could be happy that I had to get my heart right in the sight of God. Now what was this something that the Soul must have to satisfy this immortal longing that is in us?

They had come to my saloon several times but they had never been permitted to come in. But one afternoon, as though the Devil himself knew that I was on the turning point, the "Crusaders" came to my saloon, and I let them in to hold their service. Now, as I have said before the crusaders never failed to draw a large crowd, but this time it did seem like the evil one had concentrated all his forces at my place, of both men and women, saloon keepers, drunkards, prostitutes, who had lost all sense of decency, all mixed with these Christian ladies in the saloon. This mixed assemblage brought me face to face with the main question before I knew it. Up to this time the floor had been occupied alternately. First it would be a prayer or a hymn, then a tune with a song accompanied with the banjo or the fiddle until the crowd got very bold, and just at this time as one of the Christian women knelt down to pray in front of the bar a certain wholesale liquor

dealer stepped up to the bar and said in a loud voice as he put down a lot of money on the counter, "Let's all take a drink."

For a moment I did not know what to do, but immediately I put a lot of tumblers and bottles on the counter. The lady who had knelt down to pray rose up to her feet and as she pushed the bottle back away from a man that was in the act of taking a drink she said to me, "Oh, Oh, Mr. ___, don't give these people any liquor while God is in your house." I staggered back and she seemed to know that she was not going to be insulted or interrupted as if it had been by magic everything now was very still. She knelt down and such another prayer as she offered. As I was behind the bar and all the crowd before me, I could easily see what was going on. I noticed several who appeared to be affected. There was a table in one of the corners where there had been some men playing cards and they were so attentively taken up with their "game" that up to this time they had paid very little attention to what was going on, but presently I saw one take off his hat and his actions would indicate that he was praying. However, as soon as the lady got through her prayer this poor man got up and went out of the side door and it is certain that he never was seen after that in a saloon.

The crowd began now to disperse, and the Christian women were busy distributing tracts and Bible verses. I was spoken to by one of these ladies very kindly and as she handed me some of her tracts she said to me, "Wouldn't you like to love the Savior? Won't you promise us that you look up and accept Christ as your redeemer and not resist the Holy Spirit. We are praying for you now. Don't wait until it is too late." I told her that I was glad and thanked her for taking such much interest in me, but I told her I did not think her prayers or anyone else's would do me any good. I never shall forget this lady and furthermore I expect to meet her in heaven.

After everybody was gone out of the saloon, everything was still again, they handed me several of those tracts and Bible verses, while I was behind the bar and my first thought after they all went out was to gather them all and throw them in the stove but before burning them I had enough curiosity to see what was printed on them.

The first one read like this: "A new heart also will I give you and I will put my spirit within you and cause you to walk in my statutes and you shall keep my judgments and do them." The next, "Behold, I am at the door and knock." The third, "This day if ye hear his voice harden not your hearts." The fourth, "Choose ye this day whom ye shall serve." The fifth, "Come now, and let us reason together, said the Lord, though your sins be like scarlet they shall be as white as snow, though they be like crimson they shall be as wool".

Everyone I read run about in the same strain. I started towards the stove with them but I could not burn them. I stick them in my pocket and went along about my business. I could not help thinking what had taken place. As I was very bitter against the Christians I thought I had done very wrong in letting them in to break up my business and the man too, who had started me in business was rank poison against the "Crusaders". Here was a struggle. That was I to do? Quit the saloon and go with people that I despised or stay in my old business where I felt so much at home. Here was a struggle within between the spirit and the natural man,

that very few have ever experienced. This struggle continued the rest of that afternoon. That same night I could not sleep. I thought by drinking it would drive it away but drinking made me sick.

The next day I took a long ride to forget all this, but it stayed with me where ever I went. I could not go to the Christians to talk on the subject or religion to be comforted because I despised them too much. As I had heard that these were only excitements I comforted myself by thinking that I would soon be over it.

I came back to the saloon towards evening ready for night's business, but strange to say I did not take hold of it as I usually did. Oh to get rid of that gnawing in my heart.

The lamps are lit, the Fero game is going on, a good game of poker in one of the rooms, business has fairly begun with a good prospect for a good night's run, but I am not taking as much interest in it as I usually do. What is the matter with me? I am not the same man. I take a drink once in a while but it doesn't seem to do any good. Good thoughts come into my mind, but I attribute and think the Christians are going to be bad luck to me. It is now after midnight and I am anxious to close the house, but there are a few men playing Fero yet. About this time two drunken men come in. I go behind the bar. They call for something to drink. I hand them the drinks. After they get their drinks they refuse to pay for them. Not content with refusing to pay and abuse me, one of them was so drunk that he made a mess on my beautiful oil cloth.

Well, as it is customary with all barkeepers and had been with me all my life to take things by the rough handle. I came from behind the bar with the intention to "knock them out" and hand them over to the policeman who I had always handy for that purpose, but when I got to them I began to speak kindly to them. (A thing I had not done in the course of all my life under the same circumstances). I picked up one of their hats, put it on his head, told him I was going to close, and if he came around in the morning I would give him his bitters. To my great surprise they both went out quietly. I could not help thinking what kind words would do even with drunken men, after I was left to myself. Now the next thing was to close the game, and then the house. This is very hard to do sometimes but as I was boss I insisted on closing the game. I put the house's share of the winnings in the till together with the receipt of the day. I then put out all the lights and retired to my room, being left alone with God now for the greatest event of my life.

CONVERSION AND DISPOSAL

OF BUSINESS

What I was now about to do was for an eternity. If those things were so, it was a wonderful thing to contemplate to be saved or to be damned, to be forever in a state of bliss or to be forever in a state of sorrow, to dwell forever with good people or to be forever with reprobates. These people who have been talking to me about salvation say the Savior will make me better at once, if I call upon him with a true heart. As there is an opposite to everything there must also of a necessity be in this, namely good and bad people. This life that I am leading now is certainly

wicked, if it was not, I would not have tried so often to lead a different one. Besides, there is something gnawing at my heart that I have tried to get rid of for the last thirty five years.

Every promise and every effort that I have made to get better has proved a failure. As far as my actions are concerned I don't seem to have any control over them at all. I am quick tempered and I am liable to kill a man at any time. What would be the consequence if I did? How about my family?

I cannot deny but what those people who have been praying for me are good people. I have heard of the new birth or to be born again. This is a hard saying, but if God has created everything that I behold there is nothing impossible to him. These thoughts and many similar ones crowded into my mind. Now I said what is to hinder me from being saved now. They say God is love and I am sorry for my sins, I will get down on my knees, I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord. With this I fell on my knees and asked for forgiveness and the prayer that I offered are never uttered than by great sinners like myself who want to be saved.

The exact words of this prayer it would be impossible for me to repeat because I have never felt as I did that night. All my sins came up at once before me and I felt guilty but not the kind of guilt that I had felt when brought before a magistrate. I felt as though my conscience was laid bare and that I could not help myself and another thing it is hard to say what might not of happened to me if I had not of given up, repented of my sins and accepted the Savior. I say this from what took place within me for never did I have such feeling come over me before. The tears did not flow fast enough from my eyes to relieve my heart which was ready to burst, but presently the still small voice came and it said, "Peace, be still" and behold there was a great calm in my soul. It appeared to me as though heaven had opened up to my view and that God and his holy Angels had come and administered unto me, for I immediately felt that the Lord had taken possession of my soul. These words of Scripture that I knew nothing about at the time, how applicable they are, "Bring ye your tithes into the Storehouse and prove me now herewith, said the Lord. If I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out such a blessing that there shall not be room to receive it." Before my conversion the above would of sounded like Greek to me, but thank God this is one of the many promises that I have proved to be true more than once.

I got up off of my knees, laid down on the bed with no thought of what I should do next. While I was thinking upon the beautiful, I fell asleep. This sleep, dear Sir, was no common sleep. It was a Soul enjoying it's true sense, a Soul as it were disengaged from the body as it were for a short time.

I know you want to say, "Why do you talk that way for?" Well, Sir, I will tell you. Had I not been with the Lord the rest of that night, how could I as soon as I awoke do what I did? It is evident that while my Soul was enjoying its rest, the Lord was arranging what should take place the next twenty four hours. If this was not the case, how would I wake up out of my sleep and without any planning on my part proceed as I did. As you shall shortly see there is as much mystery in the way I did when I awoke as there was in the forgiveness of my Sins.

This money which was in the till, the large portion of it is what you might call Blood money. I call it Blood money because it had been won off of men by foul means. The other money was the Liquor, this is a license business and I was through with that. So I left everything just as I left it when I retired to my room. After taking my clothing out, I fastened all the doors and took the key to my partner.

"Good morning Mr. Paul ____." "Good morning Mr. ____." "Here is the key of the saloon. You will find everything complete and in perfect order. I make you a present of my share of all the liquors together with the money which is in the till. " "What is the matter. Are you sick?" "I never was better in my life." "But you have some reason for doing this." "I have, I think that I have gone wrong all my life and I am now making a change." "You have been listening to those fanatics and you'll be in the crazy house next." "My dear friend, I wish you felt as I do." "Go to the Seaside for a few days. This is only excitement and you will get over it in a few days." I told him I was in my right mind. I knew what I was doing, that I was done with that kind of a life. "Goodbye, God bless you." He called me back but I made no reply to him. I have no doubt he thought I was mad. What must he of thought as he saw me walk away from him. I must of acted strangely. Giving him the key of that saloon was another great relief to me besides being a great victory. How many have there been who would give up something that they had followed all their life, which had become a second nature and the only means of support, and go blindly not knowing what I was to do next. As the thoughts came into my head, I was astonished at what I had just done. I looked at myself as I walked the street. I was sure I did not weigh any more or any less, although people say it changed my very looks. It did not seem so to me but one thing certain, I felt so good in my soul that I would of been perfectly willing to have pinned my heart upon my arm to let everyone I met look at it. It was no more the stony heart. God had given me a fleshy one and put a new song in my mouth. The atmosphere that I had been in for so long had given place for the beautiful sunlight. My thoughts now meditating on purer things made me look at every object all around me in a different light. I found I had more control over my thoughts and actions, and strange to say, that I had put so little value upon the money and liquors that I had left behind, neither did I have any desire to go near anything that bordered in the old direction.

I was not yet sufficiently acquainted with any of the Christians or I could not single out any particular one to go and have a talk on religious things. Had I known that there was a prayer meeting going on in the Methodist Church expressly to strengthen those who went out on the Street to work for the Master. I would certainly gone but I did not know it. Anyhow their prayers did not go unanswered as I know within my recollection that there was great good done. But how is it about giving God thanks? Now I was in a position to know how much good was being done. We cannot count only those who return to give thanks unto God. I am sure there were a good many whose sins were forgiven about the time the Lord called me for they told me so. How about the ten lepers. There is no question but what he healed the ten, "and it came to pass that as they went they were cleansed. And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back and with a loud voice glorified God and fell down on his face at his feet, giving him thanks and he was a Samaritan. And Jesus answering' said," were there not ten cleansed? But

where are the nine? These are not found that returned to give glory to God save this stranger."

At the time these things were taking place in my soul I did not know a word of Scripture. Now, dear Sir, as I went that day I saw that I was "healed" and my mind did not dwell on anything except giving thanks to God.

PUBLIC TESTIMONIAL RE CONVERSION
IN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

He having done so much for me it was as little as I could do to go and show myself to the Priest and give thanks before a congregation of believers and unbelievers. I meditated upon this all day and I learned from someone that this very same night August 27, 1875, there was to be a Revival Meeting in the Presbyterian Church. Oh how I did long for night to come to go and confess my dear Savior before men and tell what great things he had done for my Soul. This church was situated on the corner of Third and Washington Streets, Portland, Oregon.

As night approached I felt very queer, sometimes my knees fairly trembled. I could not account for this nor cannot until this day. It was the true desire of my heart to do this and I knew it was God's will that I should. I started with a firm step towards the Church but as I got near it a shudder came over me and someone as it were whispered in my ear, "Don't go in there and make a fool of yourself. There is no good in that. You will only get laughed at. You are all right now. You have quit the saloon and everybody knows it." When I got to the door of the Church, I felt as though I was in swimming water and it was all I could do to catch my breath. Just as I opened the door I thought someone said to me, "Don't go in tonight, wait until tomorrow night."

The seats in the back part of the Church were nearly all taken but I managed to get one. The hymn that was sung after I came in was, "Jesus More Than Life To Me". This together with a prayer which was offered, laid very good upon my heart. Now as I sat there I did not hardly know what to do or how to do or how to do. I was praying to myself, hoping the Lord would direct me to speak from where I was. I did not think that was the right way to do -it was not coming to the "front", besides, if I had been so brave in sin and committed so many crimes without a blush, why should I be ashamed to confess the one who had done so much for my soul. A great many people think it is a very easy matter to get up before a large congregation and testify to the goodness of God. If they think so let them try it. According to the Scripture there is only one in ten that does. This is not enough, however, I believe it is not necessary to Salvation because the ten were cleansed. But I believe, though, that where much is given, much will be required. In other words you will love more to be forgiven for a large debt than you will for a small one.

As I had always understood that the Church of Christ was like its founder "They that come unto me I will in no wise cast out," I thought if this really was the house of God that I was in it would be a great privilege to me, and that I would be

welcome to humbly testify to his glory. Without any previous understanding with anybody, neither knowing the rules and regulations of a Church, nor knowing what to say and if I did, whether I would be permitted or not, I took a hymn book in my hand and to the astonishment of everybody present, I walked to the rostrum where the leader of the meeting sat. It was you, yourself, but I did not know you at that time and when I got to you, dear General Howard, asked you if this was the house of God and you replied that it was. Then I said will you please let me say a few words. Most certainly was your reply. I then called for that beautiful hymn taken from Psalm 145:5 "I will speak of Thy wonderous work".

I love to tell the Story
more wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our Golden Dreams.

I love to tell the Story
It did so much for me
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee
I love to tell the Story.
It will be my theme in glory
to tell the old, old story
of Jesus and his love.

Now my reason for calling for this particular hymn is because when the Gospel was first preached to me it was accompanied with it.

As the congregation sang this and I stood in front of all the people I looked all around me and Oh dear Sir, what a different scene from the one I was surrounded with the night before. My joy was so great that I cannot describe it. With Christ in my Soul and meeting all the beautiful Christian faces which were looking at me I felt of a truth within me and I did exclaim within me, "once I was blind but now I can see. Once I was lost but now I am found." Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repents. Rejoice! I have found my sheep. And the angels echoed around the throne, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own."

I hope in my heart that what I said that night did somebody some good. If there was anyone present that did not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ they ought certainly of believed in the work that he did on me. We are told in the good book "blessed is the man that has not seen and yet believes." How will it be with those that have seen and heard that a notable miracle had been wrought on me. There was not a soul in Portland who knew me that could deny that "but for this people their hearts are wax gross".

After the meeting was over I was surrounded by loving and kind hearts who welcomed me among them.

If I was hired at the eleventh hour and received as much as the rest "who had stood the heat and burden of the day" they were different kind of Christians from those our Blessed Savior speaks of, for they all seemed to be so glad that the Lord had done so much for my Soul. From that very night my love for the "Brethren" begins with a pure heart. This too, I did not understand, for if there was a class of people that I hated and despised, it was the Christians. I have often thought of that. How foolish I was for entertaining such an idea because I never could give myself a satisfactory reason for this.

A FEW DAYS REST AT HOME, THEN
A REQUEST TO HELP WITH REVIVAL MEETINGS

Now among the many Christians who invited me to their houses to stay all night was a Mr W Jackson, one of Portland's first business men and a Christian. This was very thoughtful and was highly appreciated by me, and permit me to say right here that Christians ought not to overlook so important a thing as this because I have known men who have drifted into a religious meeting and were affected and probably made a resolution and when it was over they did not know where to sleep. I, myself, did not know where to go after the meeting. I gladly accepted his kind offer and I accompanied him to his house.

He showed me a room and at the same time invited me to take breakfast with his family. I declined and thanked him very much saying to him that I had not eaten any breakfast for I don't know how many years, and furthermore I said to him, "I don't expect I will rest very good as I had not gone to bed before two or three o'clock in the morning for the last twenty five years" I told him that I wished to know how to get out in case I should want to go out that I would not disturb anybody. I did not tell him what I thought, but my thoughts were this. I was making up my mind that I would have to be up very early to get my "Bitters" although I cannot say that up to this time that I had thought much about drinking.

After the short conversation was over he said, "We will kneel now and pray." He made me pray first. Praying was again something very new to me. After the sweet season of prayer he bid me good night and he said to me, "God will be with you tonight."

A short time after I was left alone I could not help noticing how everything smelled so different. It seemed that all of my senses were realizing the change. Instead of hearing profane language I heard the praises of God, instead of degraded humanity of men and women with the mark or crime upon their countenance, these people that I was now with had different expressions, different manners and a different way of talking to me. I saw at once that I did not need pistol or knife here. Everything that meets your eye in a saloon - barrels, demijohns, bottles - all containing something that will intoxicate you, fine glasses of all descriptions with pictures hung upon the wall to correspond, to entice and make you hungry to drink whiskey, and with your passions so inflamed led one in deeper depths of

degradation. How different was the picture that I beheld on every side for the last twenty four hours.

There was one more of my senses that I was afraid of and that was the sense of "Taste" and through that, appetite for Alcohol from which all other crimes come.

I laid down hoping the Lord would take care of me but before going to sleep I could not help thinking of these beautiful words - but I never expected to realize them, and it is the

following:

Many stormy seas I traversed.

Many tempest shocks I have known.

I've been driven without anchor on
the barren shores
and lone.

Now my Soul has found a haven

Never more by tempest lost

Where my Soul is safe forever

in the blessed rifted

"Rock"

In the rifted rock I am resting sure

and safe from all alarm

Rocks and Storms have all united

all in vain to do me harm.

Is this imagination that such a change should come over me? You might as well tell me that it is only imagination that I have to eat in order to keep alive.

Now let me tell you Sir, that I was disappointed when I awoke to think I had slept so sound. I wish I could describe the refreshing sleep I had that night. Could it be otherwise when I had received the earnest of the Spirit in my Soul? "Christ in you the hope of Glory". This is what is meant by the "anchor to the Soul". I said, Sir, that I was afraid of my sense of taste. Let us see what our blessed redeemer says about this. "O Taste and see that the Lord is good." Ps. 34-8. I did not awake as I expected with that desire for whiskey. No, No, I had tasted of the Lord and he "had filled me with good things."

I said a short prayer asking God to keep me that day. I dressed myself and came down stairs. Meeting the happy faces of the family, who wished me a good morning by the shaking of hands. The morning prayer and breakfast being over, I told them I was going out into the country to carry the good news to my wife.

But, bless you Sir, the news of my conversion had already reached her, and I related to her my religious experience and the great Change that had come over me. She thanked God and said she had been expecting this.

After I had been home two days, I received a note from Mr Wadham stating that where was a party of laymen going to Vancouver to hold some protracted meetings and that he wished me to come in and go with them. It did not take my wife long to decide on this, for she immediately spoke up and said, "Go by all means, dear, and work for the Lord. See what great things he has done for you." But I replied, "How is the living going to be made?" "Never mind that, the Lord will provide." With this I started in the "New Life."

Those who went to Vancouver were, Mr Jackson, Mr Chatman, Mr Northrup, Mr Wadham, Judge Breaunugh and some others that I cannot now call to mind. On my way over there I really thought I would die. I felt all a tremble and the cold perspiration poured off of me. Unless the Lord would of sustained me, I think if I had of been alone I would of taken a drink of whiskey. They all noticed that I looked very pale, but little did they know what I was suffering.

If I hated a man ever so bad I should never condemn him to feel as I did, about this time. No man knows anything about this except those who have gone through the same thing. It is while in this condition so many commit suicide. You must also remember what whiskey don't always help the poor sufferer if he is not too far gone. It will sometimes steady his nerves for a while but nine times out of ten the patient would rather be dead. If a man gets drunk and he is not in the habit of drinking hard he can drink water and it till taste good to him. But this is different. Though he is burning up inside he dares not put water on his stomach. Water is not what he wants at all. Nothing but the strongest distilled liquor will effect his stomach. Cold water applications on the outside feel good and that is the reason so many drown themselves. While in that condition the head seems to suffer the most, and what is the reason so many blow out their brains.

I told one of the parties that he would do me a great favor if on arriving in Vancouver he would get me some Jamaica Ginger, which he did the first Christian house we came to. He handed me the bottle with a glass, and while they were all talking and seeming so happy to meet one another I turned my back to the crowd behind the door and poured out a big drink of it, a drink that would strangle and kill dead ninety-nine men out of a hundred. I drank that down without water and it tasted like sweet milk to me. I would not do the same thing today if I was offered one million dollars and I was sure I would get it.

We speak of one being converted or of a conversion as though it was not anything much. Let us see what is the real meaning of it. It especially refers to 'one who turns from the controlling power of sin to that of Holiness.' Properly considered it is not confined to speculation alone, but affects the whole current of one's feelings and the tenor of his actions. As such a change carries with it the appearance of sincerity, the term is usually taken in a good sense. I claim it is still more than this. Now after every human invention has been exacted such as promises, jails, gallows, dungeons, chain gangs and others that could be mentioned, fails to change the heart of men.

REVIVAL MEETINGS
VANCOUVER AND PORTLAND

Now God came to that man and woman and without putting a finger upon him or her changes the person so completely that only the person so converted can realize it, and ninety nine times out of a hundred, the person converted doesn't understand it. There is no force like the invisible. You remember, Sir, what I told you about Vancouver and what I did there. The very place where I kept a saloon, where I had served shooting craps and where I served the Devil so well. That was the very place where the Savior sent me to speak for his cause. In giving me a new heart, he changed my entire nature by his holy Spirit. Paul knew what made him turn square around and so did I. "Woe unto me if I preach not the Gospel".

Here was at this place saloon keepers, gamblers and bad women that knew me well, and a good many came to hear me, for I took the trouble to go among them that they should come to hear me. Some made fun; some said I would not "stick", and some said that I was paid. This class of people, God have mercy on them. They usually stay in the back part of the Church as near the door as they can when they do come, but I took the liberty to go there to speak to them.

We held four meetings, Saturday night, Sunday morning, Sunday afternoon and Sunday night. I believe there was great good done. Let me tell you of one particular case. There was a very notorious woman in that town. Her man was in Virginia City "dealing Fero". She knew me better than most of people. She heard that I was coming and as she afterwards told me she could not believe that it could be possible that I had been converted. She came to all four of the meetings with a heavy veil over her face and each time she came she sat a little closer to the altar. So finally the last meeting when everybody had pretty much gone out of the Church, as I came down the aisle she threw her veil from off of her face and came out of the pew. (Up to this time I did not know who she was.)

"How do you do, Ned." Well, sir, you don't know how astonished I was to see her there. She said, "Oh! I want to be a different woman. I want to be changed as you were. I heard you and I want to love the Lord because he has been so good to you. Tell me what you did and tell me what I shall have to do to be saved."

As I was about to kneel down to pray with her someone whispered in my ear, "This is the hardest case in town. You cannot do anything with her." I could tell in an instant this was the work of the Devil and the man who uttered that was an unconverted soul though he had been working with us in the meeting. There was a sharp pain went through my heart as if it had been done with a dull edge. He spoke in a whisper, but I answered him aloud. I said to him, "The dear Savior can and will save this poor sister." with this I knelt down right where we were. I then told her how to do after she got home and be alone with God. I also told her I would go in the morning and see her.

The next morning I went to her house. She was expecting me. She had two very pretty little girls age four and six that she had by this man. After the prayer she said she wished me to write to Wash, her man, and tell him that she was from

this day going to be a different woman and that she wanted him to come to her now, that she had asked forgiveness of God and now she asked forgiveness of him. I wrote him a good letter making mention of the Lord and his dear woman and little children. I promised my prayers and told her if she put her whole trust in the Lord that it would be well with her. I heard afterwards that God had visited this couple in great mercy, he being a gambler and a man well known on the Coast among that fraternity.

I came back home feeling the Lord had blessed us all. I did not miss a meeting. I went where ever I was called. I felt in my heart that as I had spent so much of my life in the service of Satan, I would now make up by working for the Lord with all my might. The more I did this the better I felt and the more I was in the company of the Christians, the more I loved them, and this enlarged this thought in me. I was surprised to find so many good people in the world. This I found out. This also was very strange to me because up to this time I had entertained a very different opinion of the Christians. I thought like all great sinners that they were my bitterest enemy and this was carried to such an extent I thought that they were plotting my destruction all the time. I imagined they were watching me all the time and if they did not do it themselves they would hire men to do so. Hence my avoiding them all the time. If by chance I happened to be thrown among them I was in "hot water", because I thought they could read by my looks now many sins I had committed in the course of my whole life. But now, thank God, I have found out different.

No man coming to the Savior will receive the blessing unless he makes an unconditional surrender. Remember the rich young man, "Sell all that thou hast and follow me," "Seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness and all these things will be added unto you."

TINSMITH TEMPTED BY THE DEVIL

CHRISTMAS 1875

A man cannot have one foot in the saloon and the other in the Church nor anything there is any sin in. You cannot say in your heart, "If I knew the Lord would prosper me I would become a Christian. This would be equivalent to saying "I will quit sinning if you, God, will pay me.

After I had got the witness in my heart, I began to destroy all of the gambling devices that I had. I did not leave a visage of them. These things are very valuable to a Sportsman, but I knew if the Lord was able to take me out of the saloon, he would provide a way for me to make an honest living. But I had no go through great trials.

I started a small tin store on the corner of Yamhill and First. It was an old condemned place, nine rooms upstairs, none of them occupied, and they were in a fearful condition. I did my own cooking and occupied one of them. The only furniture in the room was two boxes, a straw tick in the corner, no bedstead and the stove cost two dollars and let as tell you right here that I was happier in this

situation than I was in my fine room at the saloon where I had everything I desired. This is not very strange, it is only the promise. He says, 'I will give you rest unto your Soul.' There is where the poor sinner needs rest. It does not matter how many fine things we have to lay on if the heart is not right it will avail nothing. This in a measure was something like Job.

Do you suppose that the men and women that were my neighbors in the saloon business did not find me? Well they did and made all manner of fun of me. I told them what great things the Lord had done to my soul but like so many, they said I was out of my head.

Business did not go very well. The rent being more than I could stand, I moved up town and I think in a worse place. This was about the middle of November, 1875. I had partitioned the store, leaving ten feet for the business part. The back part of the store room was eighty feet deep with nothing in this room but my straw tick and a very lit1e stove. It was very stormy, and. having no accommodation for my wife, she came in seldom.

The second day of December, I received a letter from Wells Fargo stating that I had a package there. I closed the door and went down. I called for the package and it was prepaid. I hurried sack to the Store to see what was in it. To my great surprise it was a set of "Fero", complete with a full assortment of "prepared cards". Well, no one can imagine what feelings came upon me. The devil could not of picked on a weaker point. They were all spread on the straw tick and as I looked at them and prayed, I began to cry. Just at that very time a lady came into the store. I had a faint recollection of ever seeing her before. I tried to appear as though my heart was glad, but she said to me, "You have been crying." As I was so full that I could not speak I opened the middle door and pointed to those things on the bed. "Why," she said, what are those? " They are things to gamble with, mam." "What are you going to do with them?" "I will put them in the stove presently." "Why you do your own cooking here and sleep here also?" "Yes, mam." The saint, it was all she could do to speak. She went away and I don't think it could of been more than a ha1f hour till she came back with another person, both loaded with good things. Who will say that this was not the angel of the Lord that he had sent to administer unto me. I had no acquaintance with this lady, but when she came in I felt the Lord had come in with her. This was none else than Mrs Sexton, old Mrs Bancraft's daughter.

This is the same time, General, that I went down to your office in Portland with those gambling things and if you remember, we prayed over it, after which you assisted me as you always did to put bread in my children's mouth and don't you know you dictated a letter to this gambler, Tom O. and I said I had no more use for those kind of things and you sent him a Bible with the letter.

Things went along, the Lord blessing us all the time, until the week before Christmas. I was wondering and praying how my children were to have Cnristmas presents. One Stormy afternoon a carriage stopped in fton of the door. I watched to see who it was. It was the dear old Mrs Kutch. I saw her look at the numbers and presently she came to my door. She looked up at me and said, "You are Mr__?" "Yes, mam." Here is something for you." She cast her eyes around the store and said as she went out, "I am praying for you dear Brohter. May the Lord

keep you." There are few persons better known in Portland for piety and charitableness than this same Christian old lady.

Now God's children all understand this but what will unbelievers make out of this? Will they call it an accident? Who ever saw the righteous forsaken? I don't understand it any more than an Indian that never heard of the Gospel. I can only say that these things happened to me. This too was "not as the world giveth". They never expected anything in return. They were giving the Lord's money. They were "his surds".

Every time these people came about me I could not help saying in my heart of a truth. There is a God in heaven and these are his children.

1876

REVIVAL MEETINGS IN SALEM

TEMPTED BY THE DEVIL

About this, time there were revival meetings going on in different parts of the state and every time I was invited to them I made it a point to be there. One time there was a queer coincidence which took place. I received two letters from Salem, one was from brother Powell, a minister of the Gospel. The letter was really a prayer desiring very much that I should come and help him with his meetings. The other was from Charlie ___, a gambler, who stated in his letter that he wished me to come up immediately. The letter read this way. Dear Ned, come as soon as you can. There is a big game of Poker going on at Burns Saloon. Bring "star" and "plaid" backs cards. They are playing with those two kinds. I will meet you at the Bennet House. I will 'ring' the cards in myself.

Now I have no doubt but that Charlie, the gambler, had heard of my conversion but he did not believe it, I suppose. Before I started for Salem I read these two letters in an open meeting at the Y.M.C.A. Room. I needed money very had but I was satisfied then as I am now that God has more riches than the devil. This would seem a great temptation for one who was but a "Babe" but he says, "My strength is made perfect in weakness." Sir, you would ask where was the way of escape? You know yourself how many friends the Lord gave me. My family and myself had all we wished. If the business did not go, the Lord made it up in some other way. Here was another promise fulfilled in my heart. I had the "earnest of the Spirit" which told me you are sure of this life and the one which is to come.

Arriving at Salem I had the minister's address. I went direct to his house and when evening came we walked to the Church together. At whatever business a man is engaged in he always likes to do well. By whatever means I employed, if I saw a large crowd in the saloon, I felt that my chance to do well was good. So now seeing a large assemblage in the Church I thought sure we would do a good business in winning souls for Christ.

I can say this meeting was a very good one. Several came to the front and a good many asked for prayers. I looked at the congregation several times to see if Charlie, the gambler was among them but I not see him. However, I saw a few of

the lesser grade of gamblers and one saloon keeper. What do you suppose my friend Charlie thought of his disappointment? I would of liked to have met him but I did not get to see him.

The little business that I was engaged in finally went clean under. I kept on praying and availed myself of every opportunity to attend to every religious meeting I could.

EXPRESS WAGON DRIVER

I was now what you might call idle. My Christian friends thought that this would not do. They started me to driving Express. This was humiliating enough. I had to be on the streets all the time and the sports made all manner of fun of me. But far from being angry at them I wished and as I often told them if they only felt as I did in their Souls, they would not act in that manner. But one day I was put to the very test. I was called to a tin smith and I backed my wagon to the sidewalk. There was put in my wagon a beautiful ice chest made out of galvanized iron. After it was on the wagon, I asked where it was going to. He said take it to Lizzie__, No. __ Third Street. When he said that it was all I could do to keep my hat on my head on account of my hairs standing on ends . What was I to do. I could not say, "I don't want to take it." The man had already gone into the store. If I had been so brave a man all my life, should. I now be a coward because I was the Lords? No, this cannot be. I decided to go.

The place where I was to take this to was a first class sporting place for men and women. A place where a few months before I had won and lost thousands of dollars. A place where a person can get rooms with board or without. A place where the upper class are "thrown down very hard". These places are usually kept by a woman with a "man in the lookout Chair".

Now, dear Sir, to cap it all, this load I had on my wagon would fetch me in twenty five cents when I delivered it. "All the same" I took it. When I got to the fine mansion I backed my wagon and I rang the bell. One of the "girls" came to the door. On seeing me she looked but she was so dumbfounded she did not know what to say. As I asked her where she wanted that ice chest put (this was made expressly for keeping wine cool) she went back into the house and. ca1led Lizzie, the mistress. She came to the door and said, "bring it in." I followed her through the hall into the room where the 'Sideboard" was. By this time everyone I think, about the house, knew it was me. I set it down and Lizzie said to me, "Why Ned, what on earth is the matter with you? Are you reduced to this? I always thought you had more sense than to listen to those crazy Christians. You ought to know that you never can be a Christian. You ain't cut out for one. I give you another month to stick." One of the men spoke up and said, "The boys have been watching Ned since he give Paul the key to his saloon and I think by God he is in earnest." "Well, I will tell you what I will do, " said Lizzie, "I am sure you cannot make a living with that wagon. I will give you a good stake for you to deal Faro on. You can deal in a private room and the Christians will never know it.

"But let me tell you, Lizzie, I could easily deceive the Christians but I could not deceive God. I am happier now than I used to be when I would stay in this house until two or three o'clock in the morning. What good was there in my leaving the house with three hundred dollars in my pocket and all the whiskey what I could pack? Let me tell you all and take my advice, leave this business, turn over a new leaf and let the Lord take possession of your Soul while you have a chance. The day will come when you will wish that you had of done as I did. Be not deceived. There was a time when I made fun of these things as you now do, but I have found that there is a reality in religion and that Christ did come upon earth to save sinners of whom I am Chief.

I believe this was another place the Lord sent me to testify for him. Let me tell you, Sir, that I felt very strong when I left that house and I considered it another victory over sin.

ASSISTED IN THE CONVERSION OF
A GEAT SINNER
REVIVAL MEETINGS

About this time there was a Friend of mine by the name of W. Beaumont whose business was that of keeping saloons and gambling. He had previously spoken to me about my conversion but he was in doubt. He was something like Nicodemus, he always managed to see me at night. He must have been looking out for me. Finally one night it did seem to me that the holy spirit was working on his heart. I questioned him more closely and then I prayed with him. He then began to tell me how the whole police force was watching me and how he himself had been doing so because he said, all the sports and saloon keepers in town said you were only "playing" the Christians but, continued he, "They are mistaken and you are in earnest."

Praise be to God that he has so changed me that I could "let my light before men" There was a prayer meeting to be held in the Methodist church the following night and I told him that if he would meet me here that he might come and I thought it would do him good. We accordingly went. There was a request made that they who had anyone that they wished him to pray for to write it down on a piece of paper. All of the papers when they were read by the preacher all read about the one way, pray for a friend, pray for a husband, pray for a brother, but when it came to mine it read "Pray for my friend, Beaumont and myself, Ned" I asked him when I was about to write if he would like to be prayed for. He said, "Yes, but don't mention my name." But I did. Now, as he was so well known there was a feeling of great rejoicing went all through the congregation. When his name was read out he give me a terrible look, but thank God, this seemed to have broken "Chains", for from that time he began to seek the Lord in earnest and it is a well known fact to everyone who knew him that he became a good Christian.

GROCERY BUSINESS
DEATH OF SINNERS WHO OPPOSED
THE TRUTH

The spring of 1876 some of those big hearted, whole-soul Christians started me in the grocery business. This was a strictly temperance store. I had to depend wholly upon the Christians for support. I could not expect any trade from the drinking class for they did all they could to prevent a success of all the business that I had been in. This required finer figuring than I was capable of doing. This I found out when I had not been but a short time in it.

Having been used to making money very fast; and seeing so small a profit in everything, I had to keep a delivery wagon, rent high, a large family to support, I did not know what to do. My neighbors all made money in the same business and why was this. Everybody knows that there is more profit in one bottle of whiskey than there is in selling one barrel of flour. I had enough pride about me to be ashamed to make a failure of this and imposing on my friends, but I could see it coming. I ruined my business on the start by charging too much for my goods. I lost all my customers with the exception of a few friends like yourself who stuck to me out of charity. About this time my wife was taken very ill, and everything looked gloomy but the good book says "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shall thou dwell in the land and verily thou shall be fed."

The Christian women sent a nurse to take care of my wife at fifteen dollars per week. They also sent a doctor at their own expense. General Babett, the dear old man, paid the rent. Some of the Christian merchants brought my bills receipted. Said they would charge it to profit and loss and you, dear Sir, may God bless and prosper you, you did as much or more than all the rest put together.

Anything on the downward grade goes very fast and it was not long until what remained of the store was sold at auction. The day of the auction you should of been present to of seen what took place. The saloon, the gamblers and all the haters of religion came there to "rig" and make sport of it. It is needless to say that they passed all kinds of remarks.

One day after the sale I received a letter from a wholesale liquor dealer stating that he had a mortgage on a fine saloon for eighteen hundred dollars and that if I wished to take it he would put a "fine stock of liquors in it, renew the license and pay one months rent in advance for me, that he would take an estimate of and charge me only fifty per cent of it, that he would give me my own time to pay it in, ending his letter by saying to come and see him, that he might even do better than that. I think I have this same letter among my papers yet. I found out a few months later that the above offer was made by certain individuals to prove that religion was a fraud.

I showed Mr Wadham, Capt Wilkinson and several Christian brothers this letter and it was read against them in several religious meetings. "The Lord is a friend in time of need." Here again at the very point the Lord sends me all the friends and money I need. This is the time you, yourself gave me three hundred

dollars and in fact in a few days I had as many goods in the same store that I had before.

I remember one day I was standing in front of the store when a couple of men who made a very bad end, (of which I speak by and by) "Why, hello. Have you another store, Ned?" "Yes," I replied, "don't you know that my Father in heaven is rich enough to start me with a store, if I were to bust every week? Take my advice, "Seek first the Kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness then all these things will be added unto you."

Now, sad as it is to relate, I made notes and kept run of all those who abused, insulted and persecuted those Christian ladies while they are trying to help the fallen. This all took place with the exception of one or two cases within one year from the time I was converted. I relate this because I firmly believe the hand of God was upon these people. First was Eli Rouse, my barkeeper. On several occasions he took the trouble to leave my saloon to go and help abuse the crusaders on the corner of First and Morrison Streets. This was one of the saloons where the Spirit was fought very bitterly. Shortly after this he died with the Smallpox.

Next comes Joe McBride who kept the Fountain Saloon. A fine looking young man. He was so racked by strong drink and of remorse that he went to the ferry boat slip on Stark Street and drowned himself.

Charlie Detes died in a house of ill fame under such circumstances that it would be too disgusting to relate.

Gregor, a saloon keeper and one who opposed the cause of religion with all his might, hung himself in his sister's kitchen from one of the beams. John Wall, a gambler, drowned himself above the sawmill in the Willamette River. Old Rolland was found dead in a haystack in Oakland, California. Johnny Morgan blew his brains out in his own saloon behind the bar. Vangon, the Frenchman who turned the hose and deluged the poor Christian women with water while they were praying on the sidewalk, died in a fit from strong drink. Johnny H., who came on purpose to the religious to make sport, he too passed away in the prime of life. Don't ask me how he died. Bill O.B., a saloon keeper- sad end. L. V. finally went crazy. Oto Fruit, a saloon keeper who insulted the Crusaders every chance he got, he too made a bad end. P. Sanders, a saloon keeper who assisted in abusing the Crusaders and took particular pains to make sport of my religion and myself every time he would meet me, this man was taken from his saloon to the Insane Asylum. Johnny D. died delirious in Victoria.

I could write two chapters on the keeper of that saloon on the Corner of First and Morrison, but I will refrain on account of relations, not because it is a secret, for everyone who was living in Portland about that time knows what took place there and what became of the man.

I will not say any more about the man who caused the arrest of those Christian ladies. To me it seems as though the Lord let him live in order to punish him because for certainty he has got a "Thorn" in the "Flesh".

I am surprised that the unbelievers cannot see what is taking place every day through the preaching of the Gospel. Are not the words of the Scripture fulfilled every day? Let us see. What advice did that great Doctor of the law give those in the council? (His name was____) "And now I say unto you, refrain from these men and let them alone for if this council or this work be of men it will come to naught. But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it lest happily ye be found even to fight against God."

REVIEW OF BENEFITS AND JOY SINCE CONVERSION

And, furthermore, dear Sir, these things are never done in a corner. I suppose I was as well known in Portland as that poor man whom they laid daily at the Gate of the Temple. I was in my right mind then as I am now that a notable miracle had been done, no one could deny.

Up to the time of my conversion I never could see what fun, what recreation, what amusement, what good and what benefit it was to anyone to go to those dry, stale, dreary and unmeaning religious church meetings. But let me tell you after I had tasted the sweet and glorious refreshment it brought to my Soul I could not keep away from them. So completely was I changed in this respect that I have often wondered at it. I loved the Church and the people of God so much that I could not help keep account of how many meetings I went to the first year.

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And I can say that I never came away from a religious meeting but that I felt better for having went. I had been away from my Father's house and table for so long that my Soul was nearly starved. Oh if the world only knew what feasts the Christians enjoy and how our Father in Heaven desires his table to be full. This is what my Soul had been longing for. This is the end for which it was created.

No wonder I could not be happy. Those momentary pleasures always left me in a bad condition and the Spirit of hatred was the first and last thing with me.

I was questioned and questioned concerning the change that had come over me by all sorts of people and, strange to say, the only direct answer I could give them was the word of the Scripture, "One thing I do know, once I was blind but now I can see."

QUALIFICATIONS OF A SCOUT

Now comes the very interesting part of my life, how God in his own good time fitted me for a Scout and at the appointed time sent me on the greatest mission of my life. There are a good many who call themselves Scouts but the reliable ones are few and far between. This is well understood in army circles. I have met a great many but I have the first one to see yet who is strictly temperate. Do they always tell the truth? What is next to a liar? How many are there who understand the great responsibility resting upon them when they are sent out to ascertain facts?

Now we hear the word Scout. How many people are there who could give you a right explanation of what must be in a man to qualify him for one.

I will now endeavor to tell you what constitutes a No. 1 Scout and from what you already know of me and the duty I did while acting under you, Sir, you cannot help saying that I had all those qualifications.

First, a Scout must be a good man and of good morals. Second, reliable and truthful. Third, brave and cautious. Fourth, good judgment of humanity. Fifth, know the country well enough to travel by night as well as by day. Sixth, a No. 1 horse rider. Seventh, should be able to speak several languages. Eighth, must understand the nature of the Indians. Ninth, to know when to be silent for silence is of eternity. Tenth, of a good constitution, of great endurance and hardship. Eleventh not subject to sickness by change of climate, diet or water. Twelfth, should understand Indian signs. Should be a Canadian Frenchman and no stranger among the Indians.

The most of my adventures and missions among the Indians will be taken from my diary. I was obliged to keep a correct account in order to give the government the exact situations and facts.

When God changed my heart he also changed my notion of what a Scout should be. Up to this time, dear Sir, as you have seen as I told my story, I thought the main duty of a Scout was to kill or cause to be killed as many Indians as possible, but you will presently see that it is not always might nor by power but by my Holy Spirit said the Lord. Anybody can spread strife, contentions, broils and finally get people to fighting, but he is the most noble with the smile of Heaven upon his head and the approbation of the better class of the community who prevents it.

A few weeks before you, sir, sent me up in the Northwest among the Indians, the news had been of such a character as to rightly apprehend great danger for the lives of the settlers. I have at hand several columns which I cut out of the Daily Oregonian and other newspapers.

The headings read in this wise: "EXCITING INDIAN NEWS! A SHERIFF'S POSSE IN YAKIMA ATTACKED BY INDIANS" "NEAR THE UMATILLA RESERVE INDIANS ATTACK FOUR WHITE MEN AND KILL TWO" "CONFESSON OF INDIAN SALUSKIN HOW THE PERKINS FAMILY WERE MURDERED" "CHIEF MOSES' COMPLICITY AND TREACHEROUS CONDUCT" "WAR CLOUDS" "ANOTHER BLOODY CAMPAIGN ON THE EVE OF ENACTMENT IN THE EASTERN EMPIRE" "FATHER WILBUR ASSAULTED"

"ROVING RENEGADES RALLYING" "INDIANS KILLING CATTLE, DRYING THE MEAT AND PREPARING TO GO ON THE WARPATH ON A GRAND SCALE" "WOMEN AND CHILDREN LIVING IN STOCKADE IN THE YAKAMA, NACHES AND KITTITAS VALLEYS" "SETTLERS DRIVEN BY INDIANS FROM CRAB CREEK COUNTRY" "CAPTAIN SIMMONS TOGETHER WITH THE SHERIFF OF YAKAMA COUNTRY RAISING VOLUNTEERS TO FIGHT AND PROTECT THEMSELVES"

This is a sample of the news that was telegraphed to the Newspapers. It is impossible for me to describe the condition of things in Washington Territory. Just about that time the white man and the Indians were at daggers point. Indians holding war councils and white men holding mass meetings to raise volunteers for the purpose of exterminating them. As there had been several murders on both sides, revenge was fanned into a rage for blood.

Let anyone imagine himself all alone in an Indian country hundreds of miles away from the settlements and traveling too, not as though you avoided to be seen or discovered but on the contrary, hunting up the Indians and the places where the most danger is supposed to be because where the rumors came from is where a Scout must go. He must never report rumors and in order to obtain facts he must go where he is most likely to be killed. This a Scout must do when it is to prevent bloodshed or a regular war.

But when the hostility has begun in earnest his duty is to ascertain the Indian's whereabouts unperceived. Another dangerous operation is to go into their camps to open negotiations after there has been blood spilt. This I did also several times as you well know.

My great aim was always to get into an Indian Camp unperceived, and once in the chief's lodge my life was always safe because there are few cases on record where a mountaineer was ever murdered in an Indian camp where the Chief was. As there are bad people among the whites so it is among the Indians. Even the "cowboys" are not all bad. Good or bad, I have had to meet them under all circumstances while out upon the "Range". A bad kind to be avoided are those refugees from justice who take Indian wives and make their home among them. This class are usually engaged in selling whiskey. The very bad Indians don't make their homes with any particular tribe long at a time. This class will steal anything they can lay their hands on and murder a man when they catch him in an out of the way place. Any of them will kill a man if they think it will not be found out. I have given this short description Sir, in order that you may be better able to judge how shrewd I had to be not to let anyone get the drop on me.

Now I think it will be well to tell you how I usually went to defend my life. I had a dragoon pistol, the barrel of it cut short enough that I carried in the inside breast pocket or holster. This pocket or holster was made out of buckskin with a strap over my right shoulder, the Pistol hanging under my left arm. The knife was made to order and I kept it thirty years. The blade and handle was fifteen inches long. I had two scabbards made expressly for it, one to carry it when in the cities or camps, the other when traveling on horseback. The one that I used when traveling on horseback was made after the fashion of an Indian whip. It hung to my wrist and by that means I always had the handle of it in my hand. I could draw it in an instant and no one would ever dream there was so formidable a weapon in it. As

occasion required I took a short repeating rifle also. I could use either the pistol or the rifle and still have my knife hanging to my wrist. I found this to be of great advantage on several occasions.

TRIP TO CHIEF MOSES
INDIAN AGENT WILBUR

In order to arrive at the cause of those great disturbances it is necessary that I should state a few facts. During the Bannock and Piutes war you made an agreement with Chief Moses that if he remained quiet, that you would do your best to get him his reserve. The Indian agent at Yakama, Father Wilbur told them at Washington that there was no need of troops, for he said it the Secretary of the Interior will give me permission I can bring Chief Moses and all his warriors upon the reserve. He well knew it would of cost him his life to have gone to see Chief Moses. He accordingly dispatched three of his Indians to Moses camp at Priest Rapids with the message for Moses to come to the agency, that Wilbur had General Howard's papers from Washington that he was looking for. This great chief, thinking to get news from General Howard and his land, immediately went to the agency. On arriving the Chief said, "Where is the paper from my friend?"

Wilbur said, "I have none but I will tell you what I will do for you if you move here with all your people. I will give you a good house, a farm, horses, wagons, harnesses, cows, blankets and clothing, provisions all you want and plenty of money."

The chief replied "You have lied to me. You said you had a letter from General Howard, and you have not. You have brought me here away from my people and you know all the white men want to kill me. You have offered me all those things as an inducement to bring my people here to starve. Did you think you could buy me in that way? No, you talk crooked and I cannot believe you any more. I will go home to my people."

Wilbur, seeing he could not induce him to make his home with him said, "I will go a piece with you."

Wilbur took him by Yakama City where it was a hundred chances to one that he would be killed. But as luck would have it there happened to be a few men in town that knew Moses was in it. Wilbur, hating to see him go back to his people without accomplishing what he thought, detained him all he could, but the Chief "tumbled" to Wilbur's game and said to him,

"Don't detain me any longer. My time is nearly up and if you don't let me go, there will be 500 warriors here before morning. Not being prepared for this, they thought better to let him go.

I went to Priest Rapids by the way of Naches, Kittatas Valley and Johnson's Canyon. Between the Kittatas and the Naches, I met five cowboys coming towards me at full speed. I was riding fast myself. As we approached each other one made motions with his hand for me to stop, which I did. This I suppose was their expression, "What are you doing here? Where are you going? I see you are a

stranger in this country. Don't you know that all the Indians are on the warpath? We have been to all the settlers to warn them of their great danger. Turn back with us or you will be killed by the Indians sure." I did not dare tell them my business for had they known that my mission was to prevent a war with the Indians I would of had to fight them before I could of proceeded on my journey.

I asked how far they had come and they said from the Stockade in the Kittatas Valley, ten miles distance. I told them I thought I could make that.

Good-bye, Good-bye — off we parted and were out of sight in a few minutes.

I went by the way of Ellensburg to change horses, and I continued my journey across the country to Priest Rapids. I found considerable excitement- the families haven taken refuge in this little place. Five houses and a stockade comprised the size of Ellensburg at this time.

Where I got on the divide, and just before going down Johnson's Canyon, I was met by two Indian scouts. As the Army has and uses Scouts, so does the Indian Chief, and they generally picked on their best men to do their work. You know Sir, that I speak Indian. So it is needless for me to that all my transactions with them were in the Indian tongue. They headed towards me, and I with as much confidence as though I had been on the streets of New York City, made straight for them.

The first word that was said to me, "where are you going?" "I am going to Priest Rapids." "What do you want there?" "I want to see Moses." "You cannot go there." "I must and I shall." "Don't you know that the ground will be red with blood in a few Suns?" "I do and that is the reason I want to see the big Chief." "Who are you, are you a Chief?" "I am, and I have been over this country before either one of you was born." "Who made you chief?" "I am a "King George Frenchman" and I was made Chief at Kit-Soth-Qua (Vancouver) by Douglas and Le-Ven-Pet, Mr Peter Ogden. (I told them the truth if you remember my connection with these two gentlemen) "Tell us what you want to say to Moses and we will tell him." "No, I must see him myself." "The Indians have taken a bad heart and they don't want no white man in the camp." "Don't detain me so long, I must go." When they saw that I was determined to go they then said if I went to the camp the Indians would kill me. I said, no they won't after they hear what I have to say.

"Why don't you tell us, don't you know we can kill you here?" "May be you could and may be you could not, and if you did you would kill the best friend the Indian ever had." When they saw that I had "no more control over my Spirit", an expression they make, when one is not afraid to die, one of them said "I will go with you, but if you have not talked straight you will pay for it with your life." "All right", I replied, and we both started on the run. When we got to within five miles of the Columbia River, we were met by a party of ten warriors who had evidently seen us coming and they all seemed to be much excited. They told me to stay there and they went a little short distance and held a council.

I knew that just about this time the sight of a white man was rank poison to an Indian. I was in great suspense. The talk lasted about fifteen minutes, but it seemed that many hours. Finally they agreed on something and when we started again for the camp I learned that Moses had not got back yet from the Yakama

country. I could tell from what was going on that they felt very anxious about his safety.

When we arrived at the Columbia River on that beautiful flat at the lower end of Priest Rapids, the first thing that met my sight was about one hundred or so of warriors. I suppose they thought for a while that I was a prisoner because when we got to them I was completely surrounded. For a while there was considerable excitement. As they were all more or less painted I could only recognize one, but he would not be friendly with me.

Now here was another great obstacle. I had to cross the Columbia River before I could get into the main camp. Here I was questioned and questioned, but as I was a "Chief", I could not afford to speak to the common people (it would of been out of place). After some talk, I prevailed on them to put me across and take me to Moses' lodge. When I got up the river bank the sight was so grand that I imagined myself an Indian also. My whole Soul was in this and I believe they knew it.

Before going any further I must briefly tell you what these Indian headquarters looked like, for such this really was at this time, for there were warriors and representative men from all the surrounding tribes.

The Indians were all painted in various ways. A good many of their bodies were bare to the waist, painted in strips, black, yellow and red. The first thing that caught my eye was a large fearful looking Indian going through the ranks of a company of about one hundred and fifty Indians making a speech on horseback. The most of them were armed with breech loading guns.

A short distance from the bluff was another large crowd beating drums and singing. I desired to go at once to Moses' lodge and the scouts who had first challenged me conducted me to it without further delay.

This lodge was probably eighty feet long. All the principle men of the tribes were sitting in a circle with Moses as the head, holding a council. It is needless for me to say that it was a great surprise to see a white man enter their camp just at such a time. As I shook hands with Moses he gave me a fearful look and as though he was inclined to be hostile said to me, "Frenchman, what do you want here?" As I did not interrupt him I replied, "Then you get through I will let you know." In the course of ten minutes he turned to me, "Now, Frenchman, speak."

I said in substance, "My people and your people were always friendly. I come among you in time of war and in time of peace. You all know that I am your friend and that I will advise you for the best. I know your wants, troubles and grievances and I will represent you to your white friends, those who love God."

This is what Moses said, "You know the Nez Perces were always the friends of the whites. You know at the time of the Whitman Massacre in 1847, all the Indians took a bad heart against the white man but the Nez Perces tribe. You know at that time one white man ran to them for protection and got it. They always glorified in never having spilled a white man's blood. Now when General Howard was fighting Chief Joseph and his people the Indians were holding councils and talked strong to me that I should help him, but I did not take a bad heart and make the ground red.

Again this summer when General Howard was fighting the Piute and Bannocks it was all I could do to keep all these tribes from killing all the whites in the Wenatchee, Kittatas and Yakama valleys. But I did not spill blood. You remember a long time ago-1854-General Palmer called all the Indians together and he told me and my people that I could always stay around from White Bluffs, Moses Lake, Priest Rapids, Moses Coulee, Grand Coulee and Wenatchee. We were strong then and there were few Bostons (white settlers). They were poor and afraid of us. Now the Bostons are strong and they don't want the Indian to live. We look upon this land as we do on the Sun. This land is our fathers and mothers. I take a bad heart in my dreams because of my land and my people. Strongly I tell you to part with my land is like parting with my flesh. It is now two moons since Gen. Howard and I spoke together. Has he talked crooked to me or has he talked straight? My people say to me, "Moses, you are an old woman. You will never get any land. You have taken bad medicine. Gen. Howard and all the Bostons are laughing at you." The white men all around me have taken bad hearts because of the Indians. They are here to kill my people. The Indians have no friends to talk strong to the great father at Washington. Does the great father at Washington know how we need to be pitied? Is not the white man's blood red and the Indians blood red? Do we not all turn our faces towards the Sun? Oh, Frenchman, my heart is heavy and sick. The old men and the old women cry to Moses. The mothers are looking for places to hide their little ones. The young men have lost their senses and have become as wolves. They want to tear the white man's flesh with their teeth and drink his blood. Help me to talk strong to my people that they may take the right road. I am done."

To this speech I replied, "I know you have a good many troubles and your grievances are great. You have everything to lose and nothing to gain. (As I was familiar with all this subject I referred them to every Indian war that has taken place since 1847 and how useless it was to fight the government.) You love your old men and old women, your wives and children. That will become of them? If you go to fighting the settlers a good many of the young men will be killed and those that are not killed will be gathered up and taken to a far-off country the same as was done to Chief Joseph and his people. Besides here is something of great importance to you. You are looking for the government to give you a reservation. If you go on the Warpath you make

Gen. Howard your enemy and he will have to fight you and I tell you before all your people that you won't get land enough to stand upon.

Then Moses said, "What am I to do? The Bostons are coming here to attack me." I said, "When the volunteers get here lay down your arms and meet with them with white pieces of cloth on the ends of sticks and do not fire a gun though they make you a prisoner and take you off."

Moses replied, "I do not believe my people will consent to that." "They must." I said, "Do you know that if the White men around here knew that I was here to prevent a War that they would kill me? You understand that I am risking my life for the red men don't you?"

It was then about midnight and I went. Outside the lodge to be to myself to ask God to help me because I thought I was doing his will. The night was by no

means still for the head man of all the dreamers was having his medicine songs and the drums re-echoed against the bluff of rocks which made a fearful noise.

This great leader I speak of has caused much trouble. He never would believe in anything but in the God of the Indians. The "wa-wa" went on. Angry speeches were made in the council inside. From the loud tone of the voices I heard, the prospects for peace seemed very gloomy but I hoped for the best. After feeling sufficiently strengthened with power from on high, I re-entered the Lodge and with God helping me I again pleaded with them with tears in my eyes. There were several very old men in the council, which usually constitute the brains of the tribe, that had not said anything yet and with the permission of the great chief, I asked to hear their views on this all important subject. They began to talk and I am glad to say that I struck the right material to preserve the peace. Their "wa-wa" occupied the remainder of the night and when it got sufficiently light outside I visited the more warlike portion (the Drummers). Finally, towards noon, Moses said to me "Peace is made." I knew this would hold good if I could keep the soldiers from attacking them. I shook hands with him and his people and left immediately to communicate the information to you, dear General.

On the way back I found the settlers very much alarmed and tried to quiet them. I hurried on night and day by the help of fresh horses and reached the Dalles of the Columbia, the nearest telegraphic point two and one half days, including two nights, the whole distance being 220 miles.

To my great joy and the disappointment of all evil disposed persons, I telegraphed the success of my mission to you, dear General. You stopped the troops, a good many of which were under marching orders. Having known of a secret nature to impart to you I also stated in my dispatch that I would report at headquarters as soon as I could get there. (On the morrow).

Things had now got so complicated and war seemingly evitable that the Governors of Oregon, Idaho and Washington Territories appointed a day to meet General Howard for the purpose of conferring with him and ascertaining why he did not send his troops and immediately begin a war upon the Indians. Each Governor was provided with what they thought up to this time with the true state of things in the "Upper country." (All the news they had was what they got from newspapers.) But as is usually the case in matters of this kind the Government is always better posted than the "outsiders" and little did they know that General Howard, through his shrewdness was in possession of all the facts and understood the exact situation.

1879-80 TRIP TO SIMCOE AGENCY AND FT COLVILLE

But there is a class of men in all frontier country what delight in bringing on war with the Indians. This class tried in every conceivable way to bring on trouble.

You had moved 600 Piute and Bannock prisoners on the Simcoe Reservation, two companies of calvary, Capt. Winters commanding. This was in the dead of the winter 1877 (I think) [Feb. 1879] I crossed the Simcoe Mountains seven times that

winter, camped in the snow four feet deep with only one blanket. I did this to keep open the communication between the headquarters and this command.

Having heard, while at this point, from the Yakama Indians that there was an Indian arrested in Colville who confessed that Chief Moses was in the Perkins murder, I knew at once that this was another plan to bring on trouble with the Indians, I immediately set out for Colville.

You know now the bad whites undertook to make out Chief Moses and some of the leading Indians to be murderers in order to induce you, Sir, to make war upon Moses, his people and the other bands. But by your skillful management you headed them off in this also. This was another instance where you avoided another big war, saving so many lives and hundreds of thousands of dollars to the government. I state this one out of so many instances to show what evil people will resort to in order to bring on war.

The citizens captured one of the Indian murderers and lodged him in the Colville jail, and the news came to you that he had made a confession implicating Chief Moses in several murders.

It was five hundred miles from this point to Colville so this made a thousand mile trip that I had to take on horse back in the month of February. I need scarcely state that all of these trips had to be made as quick as horses could take me. After I got across the Spokane River it had been raining all day. Now it set in to snowing as thick as it could come down. I kept on, expecting to reach Walkers Prairie, but the timber is thick in those mountains and the night was dark. I finally lost my way. I tried to make a fire but everything was too wet and my hands were very numb. Can anyone imagine the dreadful night I passed. I sat down upon a rock and waited for daylight. I did not feel a bit alarmed and I earnestly thought if my time had come to depart this life, I could not be better prepared to meet the Lord.

The next morning I was so weak and stiff with cold that I could not get on my horse until I had walked several miles. I reached the Prairie about noon, got something to eat and continued my journey with a fresh horse. Arriving at Colville I set out about my business in a sly way. I made the acquaintance of the sheriff and also gained his confidence. By this time I had found out how to have an interview with the Indian prisoner without being detected.

One morning I was on the watch for the sheriff, knowing that he would soon come along to come and feed his prisoner. "Ah," he says to me, "Good morning. I am going to feed my bird. Come along and see him. He opened the jail door and the instant the Indian saw me he dropped his head. (The Indian was in irons). The sheriff says to me, "This Indian's confession is sure to hang Chief Moses. The sheriff then said, "You stay here a little while, I have to go around the corner to feed my horse." Here was the very opportunity and the chance I had been working for.

As soon as the sheriff got out of the jail I said to him in the Indians tongue, "What is the reason you told the Bostons here that Moses was with you. when you killed the Perkins family? "I did not say that." He replied. "You did for everyone says so. What made you say that?" He replied, "The Bostons here told me if I would say that they would let me go." That was enough. This information was well worth the thousand miles I had to ride. When the sheriff came back I said to him, "

I thought this Indian said that Moses was with him when they killed the Perkins family." I made the Indian acknowledge in his presence that Moses had nothing to do with it. As I was not afraid to be recognized any more, I made the Indian make this statement in the presence of the Commanding Officer of Fort Colville.

SUMMER 1878
SECRET SERVICE AND SCOUT

The summer of 1878, aside of being a Scout, I was also in the secret Service. I kept traveling all the time. The country I traveled over is a vast domain and in order to accomplish anything I had. to travel thousands of miles. As there is a class of agitators among the Whites so it is among the Indians. This class kept me very busy. I could always keep track of them on account of their robberies and the speeches they would make. I was well acquainted with them and I usually told them to be careful that if General Howard found out where they were that he would be sure to put them in the Scow-Cum house (jail). They would then tell me he could not find them because they hid at such and such places. I would take advantage of this and as soon as I was out of the camp I would go to the nearest Government post and tell the commanding officer where he could find so and so. They would be arrested and sent down to Fort Vancouver. By this means I got rid of a good many bad Indians.

Probably you would like to know why I did not travel on the trail. This is my reason -everybody has heard more or less about the warpath or the Indians are on the warpath. In time of war the Indians flag some trails. This is a term that I heard the mountaineers make use of in 1847. What is meant by that is this: The Indians take red pieces of flannel or ravelings of any kind of red material and drop them on the trail if it is in the open prairie and if the trail is in the timber it is hung on the end of the limbs. One who does not know that sign would never suspect anything because these are not seen only from a fourth to one mile apart. Now in time of war any white man caught on these trails has to die. They are very superstitious about this and never break that rule. Now Perkins and his family were very well liked by the Indians and when they left their place on Crab Creek to go to Yakama City if they had not been on one of those warpaths or flagged trails they would not have been murdered.

The day had been very hot and I had rode about 75 miles that day. I came to a spring on the northwestern side of the Grand Coulee. On the side of the hills all that country is very rocky. I came into the camp after sundown, expecting to have a good rest. In going to the spring to get a drink, I came near stepping on a rattlesnake and as I jumped to get away from it, it is the greatest wonder in the world I did not get bit. Maybe I did but I had buckskin pants on. I stepped right on a big one. This scared me so that I was afraid to go to the spring, but I was dying for a drink and I don't think I could of lived until morning without it, so I began to throw rocks to scare them away. I finally got my drink. I made my way back to my horse, throwing rocks and hitting the grass with sticks to scare them away. I could hear them rattle all around. Had not my horse been almost give out I should of went on but I had to stay. I did not dare go to bed so I sat on my saddle all night.

These rattle snakes had come down for water and the place all around was alive with them

The next day I camped at Foster Creek on the Columbia River. The next day traveled up the Okanogan visiting the Indians here and there at Soyoos Lake, from thence to the trading post in British Columbia. I found there that the Indians could buy all the whiskey, guns and ammunition they wanted.

I returned by the way of the Simpoil above the rock island on the Columbia. Right here at this place there is a tribe of Indians whose reputation for stealing cannot be beat and I must say they are well deserving of the title. The Chief of these Simpoil is Col-as-kin. He is supposed to be a Prophet. I don't think that I ever was in an Indian village that had so many dogs. I had not been in the camp to exceed 15 minutes until there was an offering made. One Indian led a dog tied around. the neck talking to the top of his voice and hitting him with a stick at intervals until he killed him dead and during this time all the dogs in the tribe kept up a continued howl. This was a strange performance but I never let on.

They had heard of me and a few had seen me but strange as it may seem their Chief or Prophet had told them that I would be there that day. This I think was the dearest place I ever was at in my life. The cheapest thing I could get in this camp of thieves was five dollars. I was always too cunning to let anyone know how much money I had so when I got through with what money I had in sight, I began to trade off my effects. I was compelled here to get a new horse and they got very near all there was in sight. This is the place where they charged Father Dorsie, a Catholic Priest, \$10 to put him across the Columbia.

That same night they went through their worship, after which they had their medicine charm for my benefit. From what they had heard of me they had me put very high for they thought all I had to do to have the troops after them was to tell General Howard.

A bell was rung outside and this large lodge soon got filled up with Indians. The meeting began with a song after which there was murmur which lasted five minutes. They then all got up and all made the same motion at one another across the fire. The motion was the placing of the right hand over the heart and extending it out. This kept up ten minutes. The bell then rang and everyone went out of the Lodge but myself. There was then a silence for the space of five minutes. Presently the skin which serves as the door of the Lodge was removed and such another looking animal as came in no one but an Indian could invent. It was complete a grizzly bear as I ever saw, the teeth as long as my finger but what gave the thing away, it had fearful long horns.

Up to this time the dogs had not made much noise but now they all set up a howl at once. I was setting in the furthest end of the lodge and the fire in the center was blazing nicely. This thing which was supposed to be an animal moved slowly towards me. I immediately put my hand on my Pistol (I have already told you how I went to protect myself.) When it got to within six feet of me it stopped. They were undoubtedly watching from the outside because just at this time an Indian with a very coarse voice began to talk very loud on the outside. I never

budged a hair. This bear or whatever you are willing to call it stayed there until the speech was ended then it went out again.

The bell rang and only the men came in this time. The Chief broke the silence with these words, "You are a strong medicine man but my medicine is stronger than yours. When you go to Quit-a-quin (Cut-Arm) if you don't tell him that we are good Indians that we neither lie nor steal the next time you go out into an Indian country you will see crooked and lose your way and that same animal you saw tonight will devour you.

The next morning I continued my journey. Camped at the mouth of the Spokane River, then went on to Colville, thence across the mountains to Lake Pend Oreille, thence to Lake Coeur d'Alene, back to the Spokane Falls, thence through the country into Walla Walla.

On these trips which usually took several months, I went where ever I heard of whiskey rows or trouble of any kind. In making these rounds, it is useless for me to say that I would meet bad whites and drunken sets of Indians in out of the way places.

1879 JANUARY

UMATILLA RESERVATION AND PENDLETON

January the 7th, 1879 there were to be hanged three Indians at Pendleton, Oregon, on the very edge of the Umatilla Reservation. To my mind they were warriors and they ought not of been hung. By reason of those three condemned braves the Indians for a few hundred miles around had " taken a bad heart" and you, Sir, had rightly thought that there would be an effort made to rescue them, sent me to watch their maneuvers. I started out to gather what information I could, but before I proceeded where the Indians are the thickest, I called at the jail to see the prisoners. One of them knew me and at first he was not inclined to be communicative, but then I began to talk to him about his soul that got him started. Nearly every word that I will give you is almost the exact words he said upon the gallows which were afterwards published.

"Pass-High-Youks (Frenchman) listen to me. A long time ago there were men came to us and said they were sent by the Great Spirit and that they would teach us to be good, that they and the Great Spirit were in harmony together, that by and by as you will learn from us there would be no more lying, stealing nor fighting. The red man listened to this and thought it would be very good. The red men talked this over around the campfire, and began to watch these men to see if they were different from us.

We watched and we watched them but they did not know it. Up to this time we were very happy. Our hills were covered with Ponies, my father had so many I could not count them. We always had plenty to eat and never had any sickness. Things have grown worse every day. Our women were good. We did not know anything about firewater. When anyone would do us an injustice, we would complain to those men that the Great Spirit sent us but they could do nothing for us.

Now we have nothing left. The great father at Washington gave us a little piece of land, but the white men's stock ate all the grass. The red man is afraid to go anywhere. You well know, Frenchman, that there has been several red men killed around here and no one knows who did it. We endured until our three lodges had no more to eat and we had but two ponies. I took my gun to defend myself. The last thing left to me.

The white man says I had no right to do that and they will kill me with a rope in a few days." Here he took his little child in his arms and he child asked him why he did not come home. The Prisoner took the blanket from around his legs and showed the little boy the heavy irons he had around his ankles. He then turned to me and said, "Those whom I love cannot come with me now, but there is a good place that awaits them. My Spirit is there already. I have told all the white men that I did not want them to touch my body after my Spirit is gone. The white man has stood between me and the Great Spirit for a long time, but now I speak to him myself. The Great Spirit of the white man laughs when he is mocked but the Great Spirit of the Red man has heard our cries and he pities us when we are mocked. I am done."

By reason of those three Indians that were to be hung the Red men everywhere had the "Sulks" and what hate the two races have for each other was visible everywhere.

I made to the camps along the Columbia River. Very few were disposed to talk. I arrived at the mouth of the Snake River at Chief Homily's camp and stayed here all night. (This was about the 1st January, 1879. I was not received here very friendly. During the evening I explained to them as best I could about the hanging and advised them to stay away from Pendleton, as there would be a good many soldiers. Before I retired, I told the Chief I wished to be put across the Columbia in the morning and that I wanted him to select me two strong hearted Indians.

[notebook 1 trip 2: Early in the morning I began to make arrangement to go across. They tried to discourage me by telling me that the Indians had a bad heart over there. When they found out that would not do, they said they would take me across for twenty dollars. I said. all right. The Columbia at this point is over a mile wide and there was a great deal of floating ice. Everything being agreed upon, I give the Chief \$5 and. told him I would pay the \$20 when I got across.

Homily's camp, January 12th. The Columbia river is full of ice from Wallula as far as the eye can see. I tried to cross the Columbia river near the Snake in a small canoe with two Indians. The Indians got up on the ice and pulled the canoe across, then launched it again in the water. Some of the cakes of ice would be 100 feet across. The weather was extremely cold. We got part way across, but we were forced to come back on the same side of the river. We had drifted 4 miles. Had I been on urgent business, I would have tried to persuade those two Indians to put me across with my six shooter, but there was no need for it.]

The canoe was about twenty feet long. I put my saddle in and the Indians shoved off. When we got about 1/4 mile from the shore we saw there was more ice in the River than we thought. We were making very little headway and I saw that we had

drifted considerable. I kept cool but the two Indians began to get uneasy. They had hinted that they wanted to turn back but I would not listen to it. Finally we came to a cake of ice which was a third of a mile across. Here the one in the bow turned to me and said, "You see we cannot get across." With this he began to turn the canoe to go back. I took my pistol out of my breast pocket and told him if he did not get out on that ice and pull the canoe after him that I would kill him. For awhile they did not know what to do. I told them that I never turn back, that I was bound to go across or die. "See," I said, "we will be in the rapids soon." He pulled along side of the ice and got one foot out and when he found the ice did not sink with him he put out the other. The ice was from eight to twelve inches thick. He hauled the canoe up on the ice and in a few minutes we were across it. When we came to the water's edge again I made the one in the bow get in and the one in the stern shoved her off and got in himself. We had to cross one more in a similar way before we reached the shore.

Having arrived across, my two Indians said to me, "When we get to the camp you must tell the Indians that we are "brave Medicine" men, that we have a strong heart like you.

I threw my saddle over my back and made for the main camp, which was at the mouth of the Yakama River. As soon as I got into the camp in I entered the chief's lodge. I shook hands as usual but I perceived that they had bad hearts and not disposed to talk. I had not been in very long when the notorious Smohalla, the chief of the Dreamers, came in. There came a shudder over me but it was only momentary. After awhile he broke the silence with these words, "Frenchman, you always come among the red men at the wrong time. Strongly I tell you the white men ought not to kill those three Indians with the rope."

"You are a big chief", I replied, "and I am glad you are here. I heard that the red men were going to Pendleton the day of the hanging and I have come here to advise you for good."

"How did you know that? Yes, we are, and the Indians on the Umatilla Reservation will join us."

"That must not be. I know your cause is a just one but my heart pains me when the red man talks of getting into more trouble. Listen to the red man's friend. Everyone who is not your friend wants you to come so they will have a chance to kill you. All the soldiers from Walla Walla will be there and all the people from the surrounding country will be there with their guns."

Speeches were made pro and con. The scene became very exciting. All the main speakers had their hair done up in a murderous style, combed in such a way that when tied in a tuft on top of the head it would stand on ends. One chief, more excited than the rest (named Black John, well known in that country by all the cowboys and settlers) bit a piece of flesh off of his arm, he spoke in the Wenatchee tongue (so I could not understand him). While he was speaking, I noticed several of the Indians looking daggers at me. One Indian who was sitting close behind me whispered in a tongue that I could understand, "He is telling us to take a bad heart about you, but I will be your friend. For awhile I did not know what might happen, but after I had spoken to them again things took a turn for the best. We see the

rumors were well founded and there was a well laid plan. Praise be to God for a General like yourself who will do anything to avoid the shedding of blood.

MAY 1879

SHEEP EATERS IDAHO

I was kept traveling all the time but here are my orders for my next important trip.

Headquarters Department of the Columbia,

Vancouver Barracks, W.T.

May 6, 1879

To Mr C.

Sir:

The Department Commander desires you to proceed at once to Middle Idaho to examine the section of country reported as occupied by the Indians known as Sheep Eaters. You will endeavor to ascertain if there are any Bannocks and Piutes who escaped from the hostiles last summer among them.

Investigate thoroughly the report of the murder of Chinamen on Lone Creek and if it appears true, ascertain by what Indians this outrage was committed. You will make frequent reports to the Commanding Officer of Fort Howard the results of your investigations furnishing all information that can be obtained which may be of interest to the Department Commander. You will be accompanied by Mr. Burrell, who is directed to act under your instructions.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

J.A. Sladen, 1st Lieut 14th Infy, Acting Assistant Adjutant General

Out of pity for me, Sir, you sent this man with me but he proved to be a notorious coward. Outside of sending an Army Officer with me once in a while, I always went alone and for various reasons I much preferred it. This man Burrell had represented himself to be a great scout and all along until we got to where the danger began he did not cease to tell me of his adventures. One night in camp after he had been telling one of his yarns I said to him, "You must be covered with wounds." "No", he said, "I have been very lucky. I came out without a scratch. "Well", I replied, "You are a certainly a fortunate man. I never went through half what you did but I will show you the scars I have on my person, about nine in number some of which are five inches long." He did not know what to say.

The next morning I said to him, "From the looks of this country there must be some Indians not far from here. As I don't feel well I tell you what you had better do. You ride your horse to that yonder spur of the mountain and look up and down that canyon and the small streams that put into it. It is a good place to take observation. Look for camp fire smoke." He asked me how far it was. I said ten

miles. He started off and after he had gone I took another direction to see if I could find any Indian tracks. I came back to camp before he did but it was not long until he arrived also. While we were eating he began to tell me about his day's experience.

The next morning we saddled up and I told him to take his yesterday's tracks and show me the way. He hesitated and said he did not think he could. "What," I replied, "You cannot track yourself?" "No, I don't think I can." "I will do it for you," said I. I took his track and kept upon it until I came to a Spruce grove on the sunny side of the hill. Here I lost the track. I circled around for a few minutes and came to the conclusion that it did not go any further. I tied my horse and entered the Grove. I was not long in finding where he had laid down the whole day. This was one and a half mile from the camp. I looked up at him and said, "Well neighbor, you did not go very far." He was dumb. "Now, my friend, you and I have got to part. You have a good horse, here is some money and provisions. You can find your way into the settlements, Good-bye." "My God, you won't send me alone?" "Now you have a chance for your life and you had better take it. If you insist on going with me you might get left in a place where you would have no show." I shook hands with him and told him to look up. I rode off and left him crying.

I suppose you know, Sir, that there was a good deal of snow in the mountains yet. I journeyed along and came to that place I indicated to my friend and camped. This stream below was the South Fork of the Salmon River, and I determined to go down to it. No one has an idea of the roughness of these mountains unless they have been in them. It took me nearly all day to get down to the River. Fallen timber, snow, rocky precipice was in the way but courage, determination and the good will overcome all obstacles. Here I was glad to camp for night.

The next morning I began to prospect around on the River bottom. I was not long in finding Indian tracks but they were about three weeks old.

About two miles from my last camp I discovered a small log cabin partly in the timber. I went straight for it. I tried the door but, there was a prop behind it and it would open only so far. There was a square hole near the chimney and I looked inside. I saw the place was deserted, so I forced the door in. From the way things looked inside I made up my mind at once that something was wrong. There was a little book on the mantle and it proved to be a diary and the last time anyone wrote in it was April 22, 1879. I looked around and to my horror I found a dead man about twenty yards from the cabin. The tracks seemed to go up the River. I followed them to within one mile from the Cabin. Here the river came close to the bluff and I saw where there had been a ditch dug for mining purposes. About this time, Sir, there was a queer feeling came over me and looking around, holding my breath, not knowing why, I discovered the body of another man. (These two men proved afterwards to be the bodies of Dorsey and Johnson, both miners.)

I traveled up and down this River for two days and did not discover anything more. I determined then to go to Lone Creek. I made very slow progress on account of the snow and mud. The second day out I came to a deep Ravine and the snow was about twelve feet deep and the creek running under it. I led my saddle

horse and had my pack animal tied to the horn of the saddle. When we got half way on the snow the horses began to break through. The pack horse fell and I had to cut the rope. In doing so I came very near getting under the horse's feet. They both struggled to extricate themselves. The saddle horse made it but the pack one went under. This was quite a misfortune as all my provisions and bedding was on that horse. This put a stop to my going to Lone Creek and I consequently made for "Warrans Diggings". I did not have anything to eat the rest of that day but the next morning I killed a crane. The third day after losing my horse, thanks be to God, I found myself in the mines. Here in this little mining town was a man who had an Indian wife who belonged to this tribe and she told me for a fact that those Chinamen on Lone Creek were murdered and that there would be a good many white men missing in the spring.

Losing no time, I hurried on to Camp Howard, reporting to the Commanding Officer the result of my trip which led to the capture of 44 of those renegades who had taken refuge in the Salmon River mountains.

WARM SPRINGS AGENCY

FALL, SUMMER 1879

The next trip sent me to the Warm Spring Reservation with 52 Indians, men, women and children. They were some of those you captured during the Bannock and Piute war.

I found things here in a bad shape. The Indians were roaming around annoying the settlers and talking war talk. The Church was deserted. The attendance at the School was small. Everything indicated a backward tendency.

I located the Indians I brought with me on the stream near the agency. Taking in the situation I began to ride around collecting the Indians. I made them little feasts and counseled them for good on every turn. It took me six weeks work up an interest, restore confidence and establish good feelings. I will not go into the details of what I did while at this place. I will only give you a copy of a paper which was given to me before my departure.

October 18, 1879

To Mr E.C.
Agency

Warm Spring Indian Reservation

Dear Sir:

We, the undersigned employees and visitors at the Warm Spring Indian Reservation before your departure, for your faithful and devoted administration to the Indians of this reservation as well as your very interesting and instructive discourses on various occasions upon the morality, practical piety and religion in the absence of the agent or any missionary minister of the Gospel, desire to return to you our most sincere and heartfelt thanks.

Around your heart seems to grow rich clusters of fruit, not everywhere to be found. The study of some men seems to be to promote their private and selfish ends but yours to do good to others without reference to their condition in life, however, humble, degraded or unfortunate.

Pursue such course through life, and may you receive the approving smile of "Heaven's King", and be assured that the worthy and the good will appreciate nor can the unworthy and. had deprive you of the luxury you will enjoy in your disinterested and noble efforts to be good..

J.H. Parker, teacher at Agency

W.J. Farley, Physician at Agency

Charles Pitts Agency Sup. Of Farming

James Lucky, Sawyer, Agency

James J. Lewis, Interpreter for Piutes at Agency

William Parker,

E.B. Ramsby, Blacksmith

L.N. Smith, Visitor

Miss J. E. Smith, Visitor

M.A. Duncan

Mrs M.J. Farley

Miss Minnie Farley

I could write two interesting chapters about my work at this place showing the "power of God unto Salvation", but we will give praise unto the Lord and pass on to the next trip.

Late Fall 1879

CHIEF MOSES AND OTHER TRIBES

Mr C , Esq.

Dear Sir:

You will visit Homily, (Indian chief) and ascertain how far he is disposed to break into the arrangement with chief Moses. Endeavor to induce all who have not taken up land as white men to go to Moses Reserve and settle down.

Ascertain and report to me how many Indians of the Kittitas tribe have not conformed to the agreement either to take up land or to go to the Reservation. Do the same with regard to the Wenatchees and the Intiats and then visit Moses on his Reservation and see how matters are there, reporting any facts concerning the Indians to Col. Merriam or the Commanding Officer at Camp Chelan near the mouth of the Okanogan River, that you may deem essential.

Let your mission be friendly and peaceful, keeping your eyes and ears wide open so as to give me facts.

The Indians ought to be pretty well gathered in by this time upon their respective Reserves and not roaming over the country.

Take special note of any hindrance to the plan of the government and anything likely to produce a disturbance.

I rely upon your well known discretion. Find what Ok Smith, Tenas George and Granger are undertaking

Yours truly,

O.O. Howard

Brig. Gen. Commanding Dept.

Dear General

I know you can form a correct idea of how I labored at a great disadvantage to carry out your instructions, sometimes. Admitting that I rode only 40 miles per day on an average, when I was gone three months I had went over 3600 miles of country. Sometimes my horse would give out and I would be compelled to walk miles before I could reach an Indian camp, packing my saddle and the few things I had on my back.

Oh! how I would suffer for water and sleeping in their camps so much it was impossible to keep the vermin off of my clothes. The Indians too tried my patience in every way they could.

One time I came afoot to a camp on the Okanogan River. I told them I wished to purchase a horse. In order to find out if I had a Strong heart, they got the meanest one in the land. I knew I had to take him or walk. We had to throw him down and bind him before we could put the saddle on him. I knew what their object was and I would of rode him anyhow. Thank God I rode off with him and he did not get me off but never in your life did you ever see a horse buck so.

There were a good many things that would be of interest that happened on this trip but I will not dwell upon them. This I would say as I did not dare to tell anyone my business, I was looked upon with suspicion and this was a great disadvantage as there were so many horse thieves in the country.

INDIAN COUNTRY

COLVILLE, SPOKANE

Headquarters Department of the Columbia

Vancouver Barracks, W.T.

March 1, 1880

Scout C. in Gov't. Employment — Present

Sir:

The Department Commander, General Howard directs me to give the following confidential instructions for your guidance on your contemplated trip into the Indian country for the purpose of acquiring needed information.

1st. Go up the Columbia and leave the river at the Dalles. Visit the Simcoe Reservation and go thence to the Yakima country. Ascertain and report confidentially to me if the Bannocks or Piutes now on the Yakima Reserve are stealing and running off animals from the citizens. Find and report if they are deserting secretly and going east or elsewhere and generally any other important facts which should be known to the Commanding General of the Department.

2nd. Gather all needed information concerning the Indians in the Kittitas country. Have they yet complied with their promise? Report any agitators or leaders in disorder or deflection by name and their exact place of abode.

3rd. Proceed from the Kittitas country to the Wenatchee, visit them and thence proceed to Lake Chelan. Thence via Okanogan. Thence to Moses at Nespelem. Explain to him that Gen. Howard has gone to Washington and will see the Secretary about the Indians, the Colville, Spokan etc., and will try to remove all misunderstandings about his (Moses) papers he brought from Washington.

4th. Tell the Spokanes the same and further that the General while in Washington will try to secure them the Watkin's Reserve. Do everything in a general way to keep them quiet.

The general expects your return to be not sooner than the middle of May next.

Whenever you may be near a military Post while out on this duty go in to the Post and report to the Commanding Officer and forward your report to me through him confidentially.

Report now to the Chief Quartermaster General Sawtelle and he will provide you with the funds for the payment of your expenses, with saddle and pack, ponies and such portions of an outfit as can be supplied from the Quartermasters Department property.

Respectfully yours,

C. D. Greene

The above order means about 400 miles in the saddle and at the time of the year too, when the Indians are usually restless.

At this time in addition to the Indians on the Simcoe Reservation there are about 600 Bannock and Piutes prisoners which had been brought there late in Autumn. I found them in a very bad condition. They had miserable quarters and having to burn sage brush for firewood. There were about 200 of them who had sore eyes. Never did I ever see such a pitiful sight.

(Find and report if they are deserting secretly). From their condition is it any wonder that this was apprehended. I found out that a few had deserted. I had an interview with Sarah Winemaca who was there at the time and she said she did not blame them (neither did I) if they all left. We visited Nechees who seemed to be their Chief and he told such a pitiful story that it was all I could do to keep from shedding tears. But I insisted on their remaining at this place and told them if they undertook to leave the half of them would be killed, and the remainder would be in a worse place. To which the Chief replied, "It would be impossible to put us there we would suffer more".

2nd. Further north was the Kittatas, Wenatchee, Methow, Chelan and part of the Okinogans who had promised to settle down on the Moses Reserve. I visited all these and persuaded a good many of them to settle down and not roam over the country. I reported several agitators and leaders secretly who were subsequently arrested.

3rd. After doing all I could here, I proceeded to the Okanogan, Nespelem, Colville; Spokane, visiting all the little bands here and there. I would like to go into the detail of what took place in those camps but suffice it to say that my order was to "do everything in a general way" to keep them quiet. "To keep them quiet" this is what I was sent for and I assure you, dear Sir, that I did not let the grass grow under my feet, neither did I cease to implore the mercy of God upon these poor benighted people.

I went this round three times in four months, zigzagging in all directions. One time I got information from an Indian friend of mine that there was going to be trouble in the Yakima jail over the five Indians who were under sentence of death for the killing of the Perkins family. I was ninety miles from that point when I heard of it. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when I set out to prevent this.

I should of succeeded had I had an opportunity to change my horse for a fresh one. When I arrived at the jail the next morning about eight, it was over.

The prisoners had secreted some rocks when they went in the jail yards and fixed them in the toe of their moccasins which made a wicked sling shot. They attacked the guard with these. There were five in number and they had succeeded in almost getting the best of the guard but they had heavy irons on and they could not handle themselves very well and just at this time there happened to be two men coming in the jail door, who on seeing what was taking place, drew their pistols and fired at the Indians. One Indian had seized one of the guns from the guard and for awhile it was "nip and tuck". But the Indians were overpowered, being all shot pretty bad. Two of the guards were wounded bad, but I learned

afterwards that they recovered. There had been strange Indians around the little town for several days, but the citizens did not understand it.

My next chase was after a band of Indians who had deserted the Simcoe Reservation. This information also I got from an Indian. He told me where they intended to go, but the country is so large and they being shrewd enough to travel by night, I did not overtake them until they had reached the divide between John Day and the Deschutes River. There were 14 men and 3 women. They had but 2 guns. I came upon them one morning so suddenly and unexpectedly that they were completely demoralized. They pleaded and they pleaded with me to let them go on. I told them I could not do that because I would be guilty of their blood. I explained to them that the white man hated the Indians so much that it was impossible for them to travel without being discovered by someone (we were then within 52 miles of the Warm Springs.)

And that not one could reach their destination alive, but to come along with me to the Warm Spring Reserve, they were my friends and they would take care of them. These were part of Sarah Winamucha's people and it was the same pitiful story she had told me herself. There had been made so many promises and all broken that I was at a loss to know what to do. But "with God nothing is impossible". They finally agreed to go with me and I turned them over to the Indian Agent at that place to be treated you know how.

From thence I visited their summer resorts, the fisheries along the Columbia River and their racing grounds. This was a laborious summer but you can best judge how well I succeeded in avoiding an open outbreak.

I believe it was on the return of some of such trips that you give me the following letter as an appreciation of my service in the cause of humanity.

LETTER FROM GENERAL HOWARD

Headquarters Department of the Columbia

In the field

To whom It may concern:

Mr. Ned Chambreau, Esq. has done for the Government extraordinary service for the past three years. He has visited thousands of Indians hundreds of miles apart, gone into their lodges and camps, remained with them long enough to influence them effectually and to learn their secret purposes for the sake of preventing war and protecting the interests of the surrounding inhabitants. Several times he has enabled me to maintain my ascendancy over a tribe or a leader so as to cause the tribe or leader to forego meditated revenge and thus has saved thousands of dollars of expenditure by preventing an outbreak and consequently war.

For hard and prolonged labor, exposed to every kind of privation, Mr C. has done for the government what few men would be able to do.

Familiar with several languages, accustomed to the habits of the Indians, acquainted with the vast domain occupied by them or roamed over at will, he has so accommodated himself to the situation as to produce wonderful results for peace and good feeling in the midst of threatenings, suspicions, whiskey rows and brawls.

For these things I am deeply grateful. For his fidelity, truthfulness and perseverance he deserves the commendation of all good men.

Respectfully yours,

O.O. Howard

Brig. Gen. Commanding Department of the Columbia

After so long an experience, I should of liked to have remained in this deserving field of labor but as I did not belong to any "ring", as soon as you were called away from that Department, Sir, my services were no longer wanted. Although my good friend Doctor Lindsay did all he could to keep me at this work, he even wrote to the Secretary of the Interior, Mr Carl Shultz, but it was of no use. However, the Board of Home Missionaries offered me a small compensation, but not enough to support my large family.

Some people who live in that part of the country who will read this will naturally say, "It is a wonder I did not know that man." Probably you did and if you were to see him you would remember at once who it is. I was known by different names by the whites but the Indians all called me the Frenchman (each tribe having a different name for it.) There were a few good friends together with the Sheriffs of the different counties that knew me well and knew my business also. Being engaged in the Secret Service it will be understood why my name did not appear in public print.

In places where those things occurred that I make mention of in this narrative the reader will at once call to mind what a turn for good things would take and how different from what was expected the Indians would act.
