

Archibald McDonald wrote to Edward Ermatinger from Fort Colvile on January 25, 1837:

“Frank happily joined me here from the plains 10<sup>th</sup> of last month & would as usual have spent the holidays with us before starting on the trip for below but the cold weather gave us the alarm & off he was with 2 Boats & 15 men on the 22<sup>nd</sup>. On the 23<sup>rd</sup> I heard of his being icebound ½ the way to the Spokane Forks. Immediately horses were sent to him & I was glad to see him safe back again just in time for the roast beef & plum pudding. As the stoppage was not attended with any of those disagreeable measures that usually follow similar events in the Indian country, we made ourselves very happy and I was almost going to say very fu’on the occasion. Little did we dream that he was still to be more effectually caught in frozen Rapids. After doing ourselves & about five & thirty men all justice that the profusion of good things at Colvile would admit of, he & party again left us on the 9<sup>th</sup>, being informed & assured by the Indians at the Cache that the river was free, which we did not at all doubt from the mild weather that came on immediately after his return. But what was my chagrin & disappointment when 3 days ago one of the young Rivets entered with a note from poor Monsr. Francois dated at the Grand Roche above Okanagan, again stopp’d by some of the old ice. He was nevertheless in good spirits with full control over about 80 Bags of flour, pease, corn & gammon ... to enable them to stand it out fairly till a general breaking up of the river relieves them ...” Cole, pages 118-119. (Gammon is the hind leg of a pig or ham).

Archie also wrote that during their winter time visits they would dream or imagine their settling in St. Thomas, Ontario and imagining how their farms would be. He wrote in the a letter of January 25, 1837: “Many were our plans here this winter, but all were to be subservient to a location at St. Thomas. Our houses are already built, there very shape & size of the kitchens selected, indeed very happy imagination is carried so far that Frank actually disputes the palm with Work & I that his field of wheat is 25 percent better cultivated than ours! Joking apart, if God spares us, the day may come when something of this kind may be realized in the neighborhood of St. Thomas.” Francis and Archie would one day have farms in Canada but Archie died before Francis could settle there, while John Work stayed out West, settling at Vancouver Island.

Archie writes of Francis’ promotion to chief trader in the same letter: “I wrote you last spring of all I knew respecting his probable speedy promotion, & he this fall himself had a very flattering letter from the Governor & Council – that is from Geordie (HBC Governor George Simpson) himself, setting forth their high sense of Frank’s talents & merit...”

Ermatinger spent a month at Walla Walla waiting for the ice in the river to break, and may have first met the Whitman’s during that enforced lay over in their vicinity. The Whitman’s desperately needed help just to survive the rigors of the winter, and the rough traders were sufficiently fascinated by Narcissa that it is very unlikely that Ermatinger could have resisted the urge to meet the lady and offer his services. He finally got away on February 16, giving [William] Gray a thrilling trip down the Columbia, which was alternately foaming and seething through the rock walls or frozen from shore to shore.

The portages seemed endless. On February 21 they finally arrived safely at Vancouver.”  
McDonald, p189-90

The personality of William H. Gray didn't seem to rub Francis Ermatinger the wrong way, as it did others. Few liked Gray, and he didn't seem to care if they did. They got along because they needed each other in the immediate future. Gray needed Francis to guide him through the Blackfeet country, and Francis needed Gray to escort his son, Lawrence, to the States. Francis had decided to send Lawrence Ermatinger back East with Gray to his brother, Edward's home in Ontario.

“To his fellow employees Francis was “Frank” or sometimes “Bardolph” by reason of his tippling (reference to a minor character in four of William Shakespeare's plays of the Henry IV series and Henry V, or possibly the character in Falstaff)), a merry companion who put valor before discretion, a teller of tales, a jokester. “Frank does nothing but bow-wow-wow!” Chief Factor McLoughlin is said to have exclaimed in exasperation, or it may be, in a light dismissal of Ermatinger's drolleries. Clerk George Roberts related with half-concealed relish the wag's treatment of the sanctimonious missionary William Gray:

I remember Ermatinger was particularly kind to him, at the same time had fun of him. I heard “E” say, “Mr. Gray and I were partaking of Brandy and water together” – Gray's confusion – “E's” saying, “I beg pardon, Mr. G., I was drinking the brandy and you the water.” Letters to Mrs. F. F. Victor,” Oregon Historical Quarterly, LXIII (1926) p. 211 and The Mountain Men and the Fur Trade of the Far West, Leroy R. Hafen, -Chapter on Edward and Francis Ermatinger by Harriett D. Munnick, p.159. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, Calif. 1971.



Mary Millicent Chaplin's *North West Canoe on Lake Ontario*, c. 1840 Watercolour, 18.9 x 30.7 cm National Archives of Canada (C-873) <http://www.civilization.ca/hist/canoe/can10eng.html>

Walla Walla 16th March 1837  
“My Dear Edward,

I am now, after the most harassing winter, upon the eve of starting for the Plains again, and as the Season is so far advanced, cannot think of visiting Colvile to see my valuable friends Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, and must write your letter here. I was as usual tolerably successful last year, got out to Colvile about the 8th December, left Mr. McDonald upon the 21st, and have been ever since, with the exception of eight days I was at Vancouver, working in the river. I was near 50 days from Colvile to Vancouver, owing to the many ice portages we had to make.

My speculation with Miss Maria has advanced nothing for the last two years, nor have I resumed the subject to the father. I shall, however, this year write the old Gentleman upon the subject and, if possible bring it to a point, when, it is not favourable, I think I shall make up my mind to cross the mountains next spring. My Boy Lawrence was hitherto with the Dr. At present he is with me, upon this road to Mrs. McDonald, and do not be surprized if next year you find him at Port Stanley. I have at this moment some idea of sending him to Buffalo via St. Louis, thence to you. There is a Mr. Gray with me now who goes on to the Flatheads to learn the language, and thinks he shall go down to the States in 1838, with him I shall send him if possible. He is a missionary. I have no other children upon this side. One fine little boy by a Flathead died last spring. The Dr. has a school at Vancouver and about 60 pupils in it but I do not admire the plan of it. The Company have a Chaplin[sic] (a first rate preacher) and his wife, but the Burgois [sic] and they do not tally - be this as it may hereafter - he is a fine man, and what is more, his name is Beaver. The Americans also have missionaries, posted all over, and next fall we expect a couple priests to complete our holy instruction. I shall leave Work, McDonald, the Dr. & to give you the news of the country and will continue myself to our own affairs.

In the first place, if you have not drawn any more cash upon my account from the Company, they will hold of mine upwards of 200 [pounds sterling] next June. Next, why did you give up the farm? I wanted it for myself, and trust you will get one or two good ones for me, as near St. Thomas as possible, whenever we can spare the Cash. Your railroad [the projected Canadian Pacific] is a thundering affair, and may do well, yet at present, I feel very little wish to embark large amounts upon it. Upon this subject, however, you can best judge, and I shall be inclined to run a little risk, if only to forward your views. I think you are "coming the old soldier over me" and will ultimately make me pay for the shirt at the old Barbers (when you were with Irish, do you remember the trick I played you?) by allowing me 5 percent for some cash, which I believe brings you upwards of 8. But do not be discouraged, I am not over serious, not do I wish to call your justice into question. Now to my remaining in the country. This is a point upon which I am undecided. I should like to forward you all the correspondence between the Governor and myself but it is too long for the present. Suffice it to say that his letters are most flattering and his public one to the Columbia contained a compliment upon my zeal &c.&c. Just below this was a resolve of a different nature upon Heron's Conduct. The fellow who was to Blast me in the service is to be tried for his ill deeds next summer, while I still hold my ground. Yet I am not satisfied. Compliments will not do for me alone. I must have something else soon. It is more than probable I shall go to the Bay in

‘38. If the Dr. gives me a decided refusal, I certainly will, and there determine upon the future. Lawrence is my only incumbrance and he I must get off as quick as possible.

Now allow me, My Dear Ned, to say, that under all my dangers and fatigues, nothing can possibly be a greater consolation to me than to hear of your welfare, and while I am toiling in this country, I feel pleasure, in having in some measure, been the means of driving you out of it. Should any unforeseen circumstances operate against you, I will remain for our mutual benefit. You are the only male of our family who I feel any interest in (perhaps when we are together we may quarrel as usual), and your lovely wife the only female. May God bless you both, with your little ones. In the mean time be misery and danger mine. Give my love and respects to Mrs. Ermatinger. Let me know how Dears gets on, and also how, if I do not send Lawrence by the route I mentioned, I should do so from Lachine, bearing in mind that I wish to be under as few obligations to relations as possible - about Montreal. I have now only to add that I can inform you of nothing decisive, as to my future plans. To remain much longer upon L100 per annum I will not, as I can get from \$1200 to \$1500 dollars from the Americans, and do not be surprized if my next letter should be dated from the Bay. I must conclude with every kind wish for you and yours, as you know, that it is easier to command me in any other kind service than that of writing, you must be satisfied with this and believe me  
My Dear Edward Your Affectionate Brother Frs. Ermatinger

P.S. When you are at Montreal endeavor to leave at the Office for me a Superior and two common Silver Pipe Tubes. Someone will bring them up for me.”

“Although Ermatinger’s stay in Vancouver was short, he managed to become a partisan in the feud between McLoughlin and the Rev. Herbert Beaver, although it had not yet reached the heated stage.” Beaver, an Anglican preacher, came in the spring of 1836 sent by the Hudson’s Bay Company governing committee to meet the religious needs of the fort, as chaplain. Beaver thought the fur-trade marriages as “concubinage” and not legal marriages at all. Soon Beaver and McLoughlin were in a great disagreement over his marriage to Marguerite. McLoughlin would not allow Beaver to “re-marry” them and quietly had his assistant, James Douglas perform the services. Later after the Catholic priests arrived, the McLoughlins joined that church and had their marriage blessed by a priest. Anyway this is the bulk of the trouble between Beaver and Chief Factor McLoughlin. When Beaver referred to Mrs. McLoughlin as “a female of notoriously loose character,” he was beaten by McLoughlin with his own cane. Beaver was back in England in two years.

With the streak of prudery which Ermatinger had in him, he began to examine Beaver’s charges of the inadequacies of the fort’s school and spiritual training with sufficient personal bias to make him an easy convert. Dr. McLoughlin had considered Lawrence as dull or “slow.” [Francis] decided that Lawrence’s less loveable traits resulted from poor handling at the school. He decided to take Lawrence away from Vancouver and leave him with Archie and Jennie McDonald until other arrangements could be made. It would have been like Gray to precipitate matters by putting in his two-cents worth. Ermatinger had little time to change his mind. He was running late in his schedule.” He and

Lawrence were at Fort Walla Walla on March 15<sup>th</sup>. Traveling with them was William H. Gray, who wanted to travel to the Flathead lands, so he could learn their language. "Somewhere along the way, Ermatinger found that nine year old Lawrence was a bed-wetter. All the more reason to rage at the Vancouver school. He was late, so late that he had decided to forego a visit to Colvile to see the McDonalds; he would send Lawrence to them by messenger. He did take time to go out to Waiilatpu to see the Whitmans and the new baby, Alice. Late in March Narcissa wrote to her mother of the visit and said she thought it rather an imposition on a new mother to put up overnight guests, Pambrun and Ermatinger." McDonald, p 191-92. Alice Clarissa Whitman was the "first" white girl born in the Oregon Country, but she would die as a young girl by drowning.

Mrs. Harriett D. Munnick wrote:

"Shortly after the birth of Alice Clarissa Whitman in 1837, Ermatinger and Pierre Pambrun called politely at Waiilatpu Mission, perhaps to congratulate the parents on the event and to enjoy the sight of a golden-haired white infant in a land of dark little papooses, although her mother complained with some resentment about the presence of several extra men to be fed when they talked only about the plowing to be done." ...

Letters to Mrs. F. F. Victor," Oregon Historical Quarterly, LXIII (1926) pp. 55 & 211 and The Mountain Men and the Fur Trade of the Far West, Leroy R. Hafen, -Chapter on Edward and Francis Ermatinger by Harriett D. Munnick, p.163. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, Calif. 1971.

Francis and party by chance met Mr. Spalding on his way to Ft. Colville, Spalding was going there supplies. He, Francis and Gray had a good time in conversation, as they talked, William Gray mentioned that he had decided to go back east to the Mission Board that summer instead of next year. Gray had grown discontent with the Whitmans and all affairs concerning them. He had plans of recruiting more missionaries and getting himself a bride while back in the States. Seeing his chance to send Lawrence back to his brother, Edward, that year, Francis asked if Gray would take Lawrence with him and see that he got to Edward. He would then return the favor, by meeting Gray and his returning party at the 1838 Rendezvous. It was decided that Edward would meet Gray and Lawrence either in Buffalo, New York or Lachine, Quebec. Francis wanted his son out of the west in case he decided to quit the Hudson's Bay Company and retire to St. Thomas, Ontario.

Francis and his brigade, with Lawrence and Gray, caught up with the main Flathead camp at the Big Hole, on May 31<sup>st</sup>, 1837.

"For the Flatheads the Big Hole Valley constituted the southern-most fringe of their homeland. According to anthropologist, Carling Malouf, the center of Salish social and economic life was the Bitterroot Valley. Others believe the earliest homeland of the Salish was near the headwaters of the Missouri River. From either place they travelled extensively. The Salish moved seasonally as far east as the Big Horn River in eastern Montana and as far west as the Nez Perce country of southwest Idaho and eastern Oregon. The Big Hole, however, remained a popular area for hunting game such as elk, deer and antelope. The valleys of the Big Hole and Horse Prairie also served as a

gateway to the eastern plains where the Salish joined with the Nez Perce to hunt for buffalo.” <http://www.fs.fed.us/npnht/skinnermeadow/bihohoprindians.pdf> -History of the Big Hole and Horse Prairie Valleys



This "American Trapper of the Ancien Régime" is from Robert Brown's *A Graphic and Popular Description of the Countries of the World Illustrated* (part 5), published in 1867. Hudson's Bay Company Archives, Archives of Manitoba, HBCA PP2150 Part 5, p. 153 (N13869)

Gray wrote in his book, "A History of Oregon, 1792-1849, drawn from personal observation and authentic information", Harris & Holman, Portland, 1870, pp. 170-172: "Ermatinger and company were detained fourteen days under the lee of a big rock just opposite Cape Horn, waiting for the east wind to subside and allow them to pass up the river. Ermatinger was a traveling trader of the Hudson's Bay Company. That year he was with the Flathead tribe. Gray continued with him, having his own tent and traveling equipage. The route traveled was nearly that since explored and located as Mullan's military road. We struck Coeur d'Alene Lake and took boats, passed through the lake and up the Flathead River, making two portages with our boats and goods before we reached Flathead House, as it was called, a common log hut, covered with poles and dirt, about 16 by 20. At this point our horses came up. Their packs and equipage were all put on board the boats, while the horses came light through the woods and along the rough river trail. At the place we found our boats, we found a number of friendly Indians, also at the head of the lake, and a few at the Flathead House or hut. Here we found an old Frenchman in charge, with a small supply of goods, and about two packs of beaver which he had collected during the winter.

We were joined by a part of the Flathead tribe. In a few days all were ready. The tribe and trader started over the mountains on to the waters of the Missouri, to hunt buffalo and fight the Blackfeet. Our route was along the main branch of Clark's fork of the Columbia, till we reached the Culas Patlum (Bitter Root). A halt was made to allow the natives to dig and prepare the root [bitterroot] for the season. The root is quite nutritious, answering the Indian in place of bread it is somewhat bitter in taste, and to a person not accustomed to its use, it is not a very agreeable diet. This root secured for the season, the camp continued over the dividing ridge into the Big Hole, or Jefferson fork of the Missouri. In this place we were joined by the balance of the buffalo Indians. All parties, persons, and property were carried upon horses. The camps usually traveled from

ten to fifteen miles per day. It is due to this tribe to say that truth, honesty, and virtue were cardinal principles in all their transactions. An article of property found during the day was carried to an old chief's lodge; if it were so light that he could hold it in his hand and walk through the camp, he would pass around and inquire whose it was. Sometimes several articles would be lost and picked up; in such cases the old chief would go through the camp on horseback and deliver them to the owner.

Their system of courtship and marriage was equally interesting. A youth wishing to marry a young miss was required to present a horse at the lodge of his intended, ready for her to mount as the camp should move. In case all were suited; her ladyship would mount the horse and ride it during the day; at night a feast was had at the lodge of the bride, the old chief announced the ceremony complete, and the parties proceeded to their own home or lodge. In case the suit was rejected the horse was not suitable; he was left for the owner to receive at his pleasure; the maid mounted her own horse and proceeded about her business....

Our sketches perhaps would not lose in interest by giving a short account of a fight which our Flathead had at this place with a war party of Blackfeet. As was the custom with the Flathead Indians in traveling in the buffalo country, their hunters and warriors were in advance of the main camp. A party of twenty-five Blackfeet warriors were discovered by some twelve of our Flatheads. To see each other was to fight, especially parties prowling about in this manner, and at it they went. The first fire of the Flatheads brought down five of the Blackfeet to the ground and wounded some five more. This was more than they expected, and the Blackfeet made but little effort to recover their dead, which were duly scalped, and the bodies left for food of the wolves, and the scalps borne in triumph into the camp. There were but two of the Flatheads wounded; one had a flesh-wound in the thigh, and the other had his right arm broken by a Blackfeet ball.

The victory was complete, and the rejoicing in camp corresponded to the number of scalps taken. Five days and nights the usual scalp-dance was performed. At the appointed time the big war-drum was sounded, when the warriors and braves made their appearance at the appointed place in the open air, painted as warriors. Those who had taken the scalps from the heads of their enemies bore them in their hands upon the ramrods of their guns.

They entered the circle, and the war-song, drums, rattles, and noises all commenced. The scalp-bearers stood for a moment (as if to catch the time), and then commenced hopping, jumping, and yelling in concert with the music. This continued for a time, when some old painted women took the scalps and continued the dance. The performance was gone through with as many nights as there were scalps taken.

Seven days after the scalps were taken a messenger arrived bearing a white flag, and a proposition to make peace for the purpose of trade. After the preliminaries had all been completed, in which the Hudson's Bay Company trader had the principal part to perform, the time was fixed for the meeting of the two tribes. The Flatheads, however, were all careful to dig their war-pits, make their corrals and breastworks, and, in short, fortify

their camp as much as if they expected a fight instead of peace. Ermatinger, the company's trader, remarked that he would sooner take his chances for a fight off-hand then endure the anxiety and suspense of the two days we waited, for the Blackfeet to arrive. Our scouts and warriors were all ready, and all on the watch for peace or war, the latter of which, from the recent fight they had had, was expected most. At length the Blackfeet arrived, bearing a red flag with H. B. C. in white letters upon it, and advancing to within a short distance of the camp, were met by Ermatinger and a few Flathead chiefs, shook hands and were conducted to the trader's lodge, the largest one in camp, and the principal chiefs of both tribes, seated upon buffalo and bear skins, all went through with the ceremony of smoking a big pipe, having a long handle or stem trimmed with horse-hair and porcupine quills. The pipe was filled with the trader's tobacco and the Indians killikinick (kinickinick). The war-chiefs of each tribe took a puff each of the pipe, passed it to his right-hand man, and so around till all the circle had smoked of the big medicine pipe, or pipe of peace, which on this occasion was made by the Indians from a soft stone which they find in abundance in their country, having no extra ornamental work upon it. The principal chief in command, or great medicine chief man, went through the ceremony, puffed four times, blowing his smoke in four directions. This was considered a sign of peace to all around him, which doubtless included all he knew any thing about. The Blackfeet, as a tribe, are a tall, well-formed, slim-built, and active people. They travel principally on foot, and are considered very treacherous.

The peace made with so much formality was broken two days afterward by killing two of the Flatheads when caught not far from the main camp.” William Gray This was the Little Robes band of Blackfeet and Jemmy Jock Bird was with them and he met with Francis Ermatinger. “Jemmy Jock Bird: marginal man on the Blackfoot frontier, by John C. Jackson, page 89.”

In 1825, a woman named variously Bundosh, Qanqon, Ququrok patke, Ko-come-ne Peca, the Letter Carrier and Madame Boisvert is mentioned in the journal of John Work, Hudson's Bay Company trader at Flathead Post. Described as a courier, a guide, a prophet, a warrior, and a peace mediator, she often dressed as a man and had a wife. “There was general agreement among my informants that the Kutenai berdache was born and raised in the Lower Kutenai country. Informants denied that she was an intersexed individual, word of which would have been impossible to conceal from her people. Her baby name, according to Mary White Pete, was Ququrok Patke, 'one standing (lodge) pole woman'. As a young woman she was said to have been quite large and heavy boned. She wished to marry at this time, but because of her unusual size none of the young men were attracted to her. The Kutenai girl reached maturity at the time employees of the North West Company were first entering the Kutenai country from the east. Eneas Abraham†[a Native informant] said that a party of fur traders arrived in the Lower Kutenai region, and upon their departure she accompanied them.” We are fortunate in having information about the marriage of the Kutenai woman from David Thompson who in 1811 refers to her as “the Woman who three years ago was the wife of Boisverd, a Canadian, and my servant; her conduct was then so loose that I had to request him to send her away to her friends ...

After more than a year's absence Madame Boisverd returned to her own people. She had a strange tale to relate. According to her story, her husband had operated upon her and thereby transformed her into a man. She told her relatives, 'I'm a man now. We Indians did not believe the white people possessed such power from the supernaturals. I can tell you that they do, greater power than we have. They changed my sex while I was with them. No Indian is able to do that.' Thereafter she changed her name to Kauxuma nupika, 'Gone to the spirits'. And whenever she encountered anyone she performed a little dance as an indication of her sexual transformation. Soon she began to claim great spiritual power. Her people were unable to understand these strange happenings and some believed she was bereft of her senses.

Following Madame Boisverd's return, she began to assume the habits and pursuits of the opposite sex. Men's shirts, leggings and breech cloths were now substituted for the women's dresses she had previously worn. She seems to have had little or no difficulty adapting herself to the new garments, since she evaded detection in such garb at Fort Astoria for an entire month. She also began to carry a gun as well as bow and arrow. Now she wished to marry a person of her own sex and is said to have approached several young unmarried women in succession, all of whom refused her.” Claude E. Schaeffer's "Kutenai Female Berdache"

Twelve years later the Kutenai berdache (or two-spirit roles where: individuals take alternative gender roles like men doing women's work or women performing men's roles like hunting and warfare. Out In All Directions is mentioned in the journal of William H. Gray while he was traveling with Francis Ermatinger.



A party of Flathead had been surrounded by Blackfeet, and Bundosh had gone back and forth trying to mediate between them. On her last trip she deceived the Blackfeet while the Flathead, as she knew, were making their escape to Fort Hall. Bundosh was killed by the Blackfeet after saving the party of Flathead, the people with whom she had been intimate in her later years. Her story is still passed down through oral story telling among some Kutenai tribes. (The Ways of My Grandmothers, Quill Press 1982, pp. 70, 71)  
<http://users.wi.net/~maracon/lesson2.html>

Gray's journal reports: "June 13th ... We have been told that the Black Feet have killed the Kootenie woman, or Bowdash, as she is called. She has hitherto been permitted to go from all the camps, without molestation, to carry any message given her to either camp."

The modern Kutenai are unaware of Qanqon's role as intermediary in Flathead Blackfoot peace negotiations, although Eneas Abraham stated that 'she got mixed up with two groups fighting one another.' Instead they assign the cause of her death to a Blackfoot Indian ambush.... [Francis Simon, a Native informant, relates:]

It had taken several shots to seriously wound her. Then while she was held in a seated position by several warriors, others slashed her chest and abdomen with their knives. Immediately afterwards the cuts thus made were said to have healed themselves. This occurred several times but she gave no more war cries.

One of the warriors then opened up her chest to get at her heart and cut off the lower portion. This last wound she was unable to heal. It was thus Qanqon died. No wild animals or birds disturbed her body, which is said to have gradually decayed."

The Flatheads were joined here by hunting camps of Shoshones, Pend d'Oreilles, and Coeur d'Alenes. The camp moved at a rate of 10 to 15 miles a day. Their goods were packed on horses.

"When the tension was eased at last Gray, with some Indians and Ermatinger's little halfbreed son, left the tribe and the trappers on June 15 and crossed the Divide to Salmon River. The little party moved southwest to Fort Hall, visited Captain Thing for a while, and resumed the march toward rendezvous. Not far from Horse Creek they caught up with the Hudson's Bay party under John McLeod. McLeod had letters for Gray from Spalding and Whitman bearing on his new mission and was chaperoning four Indians whom Spalding had selected to go with him." DeVoto, p328-29 (Spalding had not selected the four Indians). The combined parties reached the Rendezvous site at Green River on June 28, 1837.

A little note on Captain Thing's pancakes:

"3 August 1836 "Came to Fort Hall this morning distance eight miles. A cool breeze made our ride very pleasant. Husband & myself were alone entirely behind the dust and camp & enjoyed a sweet repast in conversation about home & dear friends. Particularly Mother Loomis in her new situation. Thought a sight of her in her dairy would be particularly pleasant. Was much cheered with a view of the Fort at a considerable distance. Any thing that looks like a house makes us glad. Called and were hospitably entertained by Capt Thing who keeps the Fort. It was built by Capt Wyeth a gentleman from Boston, whom we saw at Rendezvous, on his way east. Our dinner consisted of dry buffalo meat, turnips, and fried bread, which was a luxury. Mountain bread is simply coarse flower and water mixed in Buffalo grease. To one who has had nothing by meat for a long time, this relishes well. For tea we had the same, with the addition of some stewed service berries." Narcissa Whitman, Oregon Missionary

Captain Thing's Fried Cakes

Recipe sent by Narcissa Whitman to her sisters in a letter from Fort Hall, Aug 3, 1836

Ingredients

Flour dough

Water

Beef Fat

Method

You can have the pleasure of taking a little flour and water, make some dough, and roll it thin, cut it into square blocks, then take some beef fat and fry them. You need not put either salt or pearlsh in your dough. [http://www.forthall.net/recipes/#Capt\\_Thing](http://www.forthall.net/recipes/#Capt_Thing)

Archibald McDonald wrote from Fort Colville on January 25, 1837, "indeed I may almost say there is not a man in the district that can sign his own name for Ermatinger

with the exception of a couple of weeks in December I never see; his sojourn being constantly in the F. Head camp & the Kootenais business is in charge of Big Charles & Antoine Felix, old Rivet is the summer master & deputy Gov'r of Colville, so you cannot say that our bill of expense for clerks is extravagant."

"A final word about W. H. Gray's and Lawrence's adventures. In a word, they were catastrophic, although the two of them made it through to St. Louis. With the impatience which typified him, Gray had been unwilling to wait at the Rendezvous for wagons returning to St. Louis after the trading ended. When he was unsuccessful in recruiting a party to start early he took off alone, except for the Flatheads who had come with McLeod from the missions to go with Gray. They were apprehended by the Sioux, and none of the Indians were allowed to live. It was generally believed by the trappers in the Rockies, and by the Flatheads, that Gray had deliberately sacrificed the Indians without a struggle when he thought there was doubt of his getting through with his own scalp. Exactly what did happen is not known. DeVoto declares that Gray doctored his journal so that even that sketchy account is probably not reliable. His tale of being robbed of all his personal belongings is contradicted by the fact that the letter written on June 1, 1837, by Francis to his brother Edward, traveled safely with Gray and was delivered with Lawrence to him." McDonald, p 194 This incident took place at Ash Hollow, Nebraska, on August 7, 1837. Traveling with Gray and Lawrence Ermatinger were the four Flatheads of McLeod's party, a Nez Perce, and the great Iroquois and adopted Flathead, Big Ignace LaMousse (LaMoose). Gray had also with him a herd of horses, which he planned to exchange for cattle in the east, then drive back to Oregon. These horses were stolen by the Sioux.

The letter that Gray carried for Francis:

Flathead, 1st June 1837

"My Dear Edward

While at Walla Walla, last March, I wrote you a hurried letter to go by the usual route and shall now give this a chance via St. Louis and fancy it will reach you the first of the two.

In mine from Walla Walla, I proposed to you to send down my son, Lawrence, to Canada, and had then a Mr. Gray in my eye to entrust him with. But then it was in view that Mr. G. should remain a year with the Flatheads to learn their language, and Lawrence, in the meantime, was to be placed with Mr. McDonald's family. These plans, however, have been changed in consequence of its having been determined among the Missionaries that Gray should go on to the States this summer to make arrangements there. As I think the opportunity too fortunate to be passed over, with him the Boy goes at once. He passes along the Lake, will deliver him at your house and for his future welfare I must trust to you. In taking this step so suddenly I am actuated by several motives. The first is to give the little fellow every chance in my power to improve himself in the common branches of education and ultimately to gain a livelihood in some honest line of business. Secondly, it is not every year that such a chance occurs of procuring a good guardian to take him down. And lastly to disencumber myself, in case I

should at any time, think proper to leave the service upon the impulse of the moment. To give you a character of the Boy, I am unable. This much I think, that he is vicious and requires a curb. At Vancouver he remained too long; not that I have to complain of the kindness of Mr. McLoughlin's family, as far as giving him plenty to eat and, I believe, good will, but they have so many about them, of all tribes, that they cannot pay the attention to them that children require. The consequences are that their morals are not too good, nor their habits of cleanliness charming. Lawrence has imbibed the vile practice of piddling his bed and he must absolutely be broke of it before you can recommend him a decent one. I have, since he has been with me, succeeded tolerably well, by making him get up before going to bed myself. His ears, too, have been neglected. They are equal to those of my mule, and I doubt whether, even with care, they can be brought to a reasonable compass. Give them a trial and let him wear hats, for with caps we can never succeed. Now, Edward, with these hints I leave it to you to place him as you think best. You know my means, and the object is to obtain the most good for him at the least possible expense, bearing in mind, however, that I do not wish him to be neglected to save expense. Mr. Gray will, of course, let you know the amount of cash he may be out of pocket upon the account of Lawrence, and I depend upon you to reimburse him at once. If this should put you to inconvenience, negotiate a Bill upon the Company. They will hold a balance in my favour from this day of Two hundred and twenty five pounds Stg. or something near that sum, unless indeed a Bill which I drew of twenty-nine pounds for Clowes, in March, should, contrary to the usual routine, be taken out of their hands, instead of off the current year in the Fur trade account.

Dears is, I suppose, with or near you. It was a most unfortunate resolution of his to take down his woman, and the means he took to prevail upon her to accompany him (So I am told in a letter from Mr. Ogden, which I received a few days ago) were shocking. She was, Ogden writes me, adverse to leave this country, and Dears, he adds, actually split open her head and embarked her while in a state of insensibility. This may be true, you have my author for it. In the mean time, I should feel pleasure in hearing that he is much happier with her, than I can at present imagine possible.

With respect to myself, I shall watch the next selection of Traders with a jealous eye and certainly form my resolution upon the result. Promotions are becoming very irregular in the service. A Captain who made one voyage to the Columbia, altho' he left the service, was immediately handed a tradership, and another who came out with the Steamer last summer, expects the first vacancy. If this system is to be followed up, what security can we have who have toiled some twenty years? To the Dr. I have written in such a precise way that he cannot, I think, leave his views in further doubt. He must, if he writes me at all upon the subject, say yes or no, as far as he himself concerned. Of course, under any circumstances I shall still have to gain the consent of the young lady herself. However I do not think, at present, it will ever come to this. The old gentleman will hardly make up his mind and he may expect a better match for his daughter. Be this as it may, it is time we came to a point. She is a fine Girl, and has improved much by the company of the Ladies from England and America. If I am ever to marry, I have little time to lose. Either from care or age my head is raising a crop of Gray Hairs and it is time that I removed from the vagrant life I lead. I am harassed all the year round, and if I

have a few social days through the year, it is in the fall with Mr. McDonald's worthy family. Jenny has made a good wife. Are you still averse to land speculation? I cannot get over the impression that they are good: at least I should like to have a good small farm with orchard &c. &c. as near St. Thomas as possible, or if your Town it likely to increase fast, and we can spare the cash, I think with submission, it would be a good spec[ulation] to buy ground for building lots. In some well chosen locations it is wonderful, the immense augmentation that has taken place in the value of land through a single life. But St. Thomas may be ill-placed and, in this case, it would scarcely be worth, to risk much upon such speculations near it. Mr. McDonald often talks of settling near you. He is really a worthy man and his wife the most ambitious of the ladies of this country to render herself useful to her husband in the meantime, and capable of making a good house wife hereafter. They are very snug at Colvile, having abundance of means, with the farm, to prepare themselves for Canada, and I must add they improve themselves upon the means they have in their power. I have great esteem for the family and am, comparatively, happy while with them. Work is still on the coast. What his intentions are, I have no idea, possibly with Manson, Birnie &c. &c., he will take refuge in the Willamette or upon the Cowlitz. Several of the great folks, have already sent to the Spanish settlements for Cattle, in order, I believe, to commence a hide and tallow speculation. I, my Dear Edward, must change in opinion greatly if ever I can be brought to join them. When I leave the service it will be, if holding my present prejudices, to leave Indians also. Of them I have had enough since our appointment to the Columbia to suffer for a long life. In fact it is possible, that if I get a negative from the Dr. I shall cross the mountains in '38. I have become so heartily tired of my presents harrassing line of duty, to say nothing of the continual risk of my Scalp, that if they do not soon remove me of Their Honors' own good will, I shall be driven to take the power into my own hands. Had I a commission it should go very hard indeed if either by "Hook or by crook" I do not manage to get clear. Even as a clerk I must, I fancy, come to finesse or resolution. Applications are of no avail. I only get butter in answer to them. I wish you could see the letters that have passed between his honor [Governor Simpson] and I.

Through all my own cares I have a pleasure in the imagination of your happiness. Some years ago, if I remember well, you in a measure reproached me, for having been so determined upon one of us leaving the service. What is the result? You have a respectable home and a family with whom you are happy. Different indeed would have been your lot, had you remained under the most favourable circumstances. Subject often to the whims of some empty fellow, and always of course under control, and if you had married in the country, had the additional mortification to have found yourself with offspring, the subjects of derision and contempt. No Edward, even under your reproof, I never regretted my determination, rather that I did not form it some years sooner. Any difficulties you experienced were of the mind, and I attributed them to your want of confidence in your own abilities. Your melancholy anticipation's were momentary; resolutions would have overcome them at once. Not so with me, mine continue still. The result proves the truth of this.

Your family increases fast, may God bless and prosper it. I trust ere long, either as a visitor, or as a neighbor, to embrace the whole. Let me hear from you by Gray. If I

remain in the Columbia it will reach me in July. Of course, write as usual by the express also. And if you do not conveniently procure the Silver Tubes I requested in mine from Walla Walla to forward by him, send none by the express. I will do without them rather than we should lay ourselves under any obligations to the good folks upon the outside of the mountains.

Let me know by Gray how Lawrence gets on. He has not yet, I believe, been inoculated. Place him for the best but have an eye occasionally to his improvement yourself.

You must of course, if you intend to write me as I have suggested, make arrangements with Gray to either see or hear from him before he starts for St. Louis. With every good wish for you and your lovely Wife's happiness, believe me to be truly

My Dear Edward    Your Affectionate Brother    Frs. Ermatinger"

After finishing his trade during the next few months, Francis returned to Fort Colville, reaching there in early December. After a brief visit with the McDonalds and a dance held in his honor, he went down to Fort Vancouver.

"This Blessed Wilderness – Archibald McDonald's Letters from the Columbia, 1822-44" edited by Jean Murray Cole, UBC Press, Vancouver/Toronto, 2001, page 127-128:

Archie writes on February 2, 1838 to Edward Ermatinger at St. Thomas, Upper Canada: "Frank's letters I sent off to the FHds beginning of Novr & on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of next month he himself gave us a very agreeable surprise two days before we expected him. After 11 months separation occupied on both sides by all the scenes & vicissitudes of fortune peculiar to this blessed country, I need scarcely say time did not lack on our hands the first night. Were I not afraid some of your temperance friends might overhear you read this letter I would say good strong Beer, Port, Madeira & excellent Cognac gave increased stimulus to the conversation of the evening. We acknowledged in suitable terms the honour you did us in a drop of Brandy & water while concocting the Colville letters, by drinking yours in a bumper with something like three times three. .... How much soever I would delight in the company of your brother for the holidays, the miseries of last winter were too keenly felt to risk a repetition of them this .... Off he went on the 20<sup>th</sup> with one Boat & 8 men & just as much of the good things of Colville as would enable him if necessary to pass a reasonably good Xmas on les isles de Pierres & his New Year on Cape Horn; but I believe he would have managed it otherwise – the one with [Jean] Gingras & the other with friend [Pierre] Pambrun. We however took the precaution to show off something on the fantastic toe [a dance] at the Kettle Falls itself before his departure, in which our Belles exhibited a striking example of the march of improvement, though of course still far behind the fascinating assemblage of female elegance our friend Mr. Dears so bewitchingly describes at St. Thomas."

A letter written to Edward from Fort Colville:  
Colville, 19th March 1838

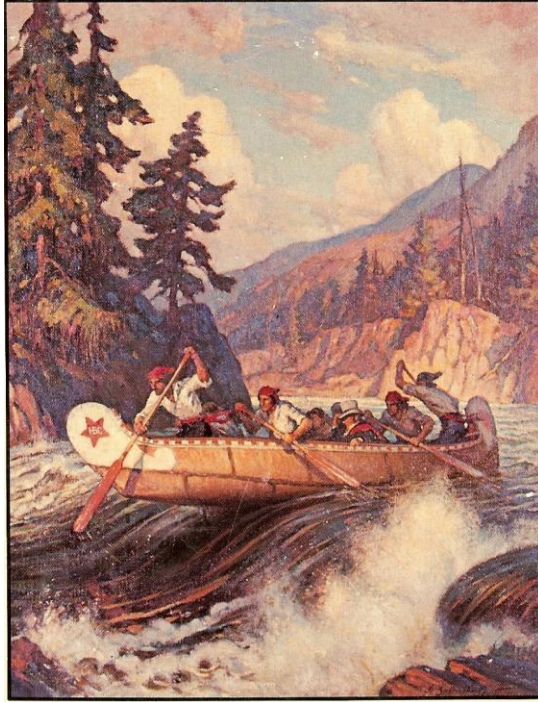
“My Dear Edward

Here am I once more safe and sound after a summer campaign, distressing indeed, and a winter trip as usual over ice and through an abundance of snow. I am now preparing for the voyage to the Flatheads, and devote part of this day to acknowledge your three letters of 1837 which afforded me pleasure indeed. While I was at Vancouver, I made every effort for a permission to cross this spring and the Dr. for a time encouraged me but ultimately appointed me to the Willamette expedition (the California Brigade). In my turn, I appeared to consent to his views, but when I considered that it must be two years before I could have any communication with my friends, I pared off and at this moment I am in doubt how affairs will terminate. In the first place I must go to the Flathead House to set things a-going there, but I do not follow the camp this ensuing summer. I shall do my best to be here before the express leaves this, when I will be at the Dr. again. My application for Miss Maria was answered with a no, and if appearances do not deceive me, your friend Rae will be the happy man. I am too gray for the young Lady and the fact is, Edward, if ever I am to be married it is time. Your widow, you may dispose of to the first friend who may feel disposed to take the incumbrance off the parish, but if you can fall in with a lady, age 27, of sufficient recommendations, I shall probably have no objections. Of money matters I have little to say. My balance in the Company 1st June '38 will be about L164, which you can draw for if necessary. However, I think it is well that they should hold a little in case of a call upon me from any other operator. They now allow 4 percent when the sum they hold is L500, and 3 1/2 if under. Our friend the Dr. has been called out upon business, and I fancy must go this spring. He had resolution this winter to finish a good and commodious house, and as it is a great epoch in his administration, he expressed great anxiety that I should write to you about it. The truth is, the accommodations for the junior class still remain as when you were there, nor would their honors be yet much better berthed, had not the men who were called to prop up the old House, still unfinished, caused an alarm by telling the family that it would soon be down upon them. So much for the credit I allow him for building. The old House you know, and could appreciate the accommodation it afforded you, and you may suppose that it could not be much bettered by the removal from the Hill to where it at present stands. Mr. Douglas is to take the place, in the mean time, of the Dr. The other gents are as usual. The Blackfeet killed 4 of my trappers and wounded some others, yet the returns were tolerable and I believe my service continues to give satisfaction. Be this as it may, I am disaffected to the service and have become callous to flattery. It is now time that some thing should be done for me. Yet I consider the prospect bleak, nor do I think that the Dr. takes that trouble to recommend his young men out of his own department, he ought to do. To me (while with him he is extremely kind), had he interested himself in my behalf, I think he would have succeeded. The appointment he proposed for me, I consider unjust, for surely I have lived a vagrant life long enough, and by placing me there I was secured for two years at least. It was at Vancouver that I wrote Dears, and I beg that you will tell him how I now stand. I am glad that he had so much discretion and trust he will continue to prosper. Poor Work, I am told is going down hill fast, and I think that it is time for him to think of settling in some place where he can attend to the improvement of his young family. I saw two of his daughters at Vancouver, and altho' they learn to read there, I do not think they will be much improved. I fear he

will be a Willamotte [sic] man at last. At least, I hear that the little wife wishes him to become so. He would wish to place his girls with the Beavers, but our chief and they are still at "daggers drawn." We have no want of American persons, Doctors &c. and temperance men, yet I have not become a proselyte. By-the bye, I believe you are enrolled amongst the water drinkers. Pray provide your house with a filtering stone, by the time I reach you, and have made a convert of Mr. McDonald. It is true, that while he was yet a novice, and upon my first night here last fall, he managed in talking over the contents of our letters from you to empty a few tumblers [of water] (I had almost said flaggons) to you and your family. But there his prowess stopped. For you, when he sees the Bottle he trembles, and if I venture to ask him to take a glass [of water] he extends his hand, shakes his fingers and says it makes him nervous. I beg that you will write nothing more to him about temperance until you are certain we have separated or have nothing more to drink.

I am very anxious to hear how my poor boy behaves and gets on. If he is a good boy and takes pains I shall not regret the expense of his education &c. The little fellow, like the father, has had his share of misery in his childhood, and I fear from the neglect he has experienced and the habits he has formed, it will require a peculiar treatment to bring him round. Dull, in spite of the Dr.'s opinion, I do not think him. Obstinate and Dirty, as no pains were taken latterly to check him, he may be. His poor mother, I hear, hung herself last spring, but I do not wish that he should know this, nor do I wish he should ever know who his mother was. You, my dear brother, appear to be increasing in family fast, and I shall expect to find lots of little nieces and nephews when I go to St. Thomas, and I look forward to that day with extreme anxiety. In the mean time I pray to God, that he will, of His infinite mercy, preserve and bless them all together with their worthy mother and yourself. It is true that I apparently enjoy my usual flow of spirits, but when I consider the years I have, under the most favourable circumstances, yet to live, I wish to leave the service and enjoy a few years of a Christian life before I am called into the presence of my God. At present my faith is in Him, and under His providence we shall again meet and live in true brotherly love.

I have nothing to say about money matters. Manage them for the best; however, I wish you would let me know the exact sums I have in the different joint stocks - for I am at a loss upon those points. I will add a postscript if anything occurs and I have an opportunity. You know [Francois] Payette. The poor fellow leaves the service this spring with about L1000, and as he may possibly go your way I have given him a letter to you, and beg you will assist him with your advice in purchasing a farm. He is a keen man and if he can keep clear of the bottle will do well - you must not suppose from this that he is a drunkard. God bless you and believe me  
My Dear Edward Your Affectionate Brother Frs. Ermatinger"



Archibald McDonald descending the Fraser River in 1828 from a painting by A. Sherriff Scott for the Hudson's Bay Company. From *Exile In The Wilderness – The biography of Chief Factor Archibald McDonald*, Jean Murray Cole

In the Flathead country he had made camp somewhere near Evaro or Arlee, Montana (probably O'Keefe's Canyon, or the Coriakan Defile), to settle down and trade with Salish tribes. (The Coriakan Defile was named after a Kanaka HBC employee killed by the Blackfeet). In order to get rid of his stock of goods and trinkets he knew he would have to get the tribes into a good mood before any serious and profitable business could be done. He devised an idea of a foot race, the contestants to be the women of the camp. The winner was to get an assortment of trade trinkets as prize. Being born gamblers the Pend d'Oreilles and Flatheads were ready for the fun. Forty or so hopeful girls lined up on a race course laid out on a trail. They were to race to a large pine tree and back, about two and a half miles. On a signal from Francis they dashed off, amid cheers and encouragement from the husbands and admirers, some of which excitedly galloped off with them on ponies. Mary Three Dresses (Cha-teel-she-nah) and her sister, Che-la-sil-shin-nah, were possibly some of the racers. The winner of the foot race was the "young and beautiful" Eugenie "E-sha-nee" (or Silemongelopo) Bear Tracks, wife of Charles LaMoose (one Big Ignace's sons). Who won a pile of cloth, beads and trinkets for her victory. Mrs. LaMoose was famous afterwards as the "race woman" in Flathead folklore. She was fleet of foot even in later years. When her young grandson playfully shot her in the back with his little arrow, she amazed him by hoisting her buckskin skirt and running him down." Francis gave consolation gifts to all the racers, and as a result he was able to carry on some very good trading. For years afterwards the place of the race was called "Course des femmes" meaning Prairie of the Women. "Ellen Big Sam, a full-blood of 71 years, says the race was held on a flat at the top of the Evaro Grade. The Indians call it Sin-shel-oi, which means "Place where water flows two ways." *Men and Trade on the Northwest Frontier as shown by the Fort Owen Ledger*, George Weisel, p 26-27 Course des Femmes Creek is



now called Finlay Creek, near Arlee, Montana. Arthur L. Stone wrote in the "Missoulian" as part of the "Following Old Trails" in 1913, "that Armitinger used to describe the race with keen zeal." Some say the race was at Arlee on the southern edge of Jocko Valley but others that it was at Evaro.

Whatever his methods of trading were, his superior, James Douglas, was satisfied with his returns, and wrote an excellent account of his management to the Committee in London. Douglas said he was noted for "zeal, activity, implicit attention to orders and general management of a difficult charge."



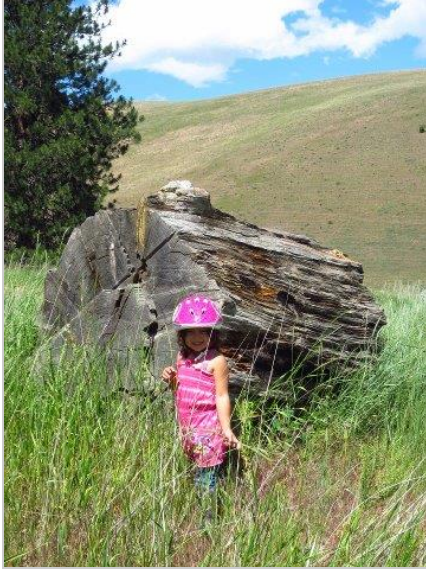
This giant yellow pine near Evaro has been called the tree the women raced around in the famous race. It was 1,100 years old and was tragically cut down by a lumber company in 1926. [cours de femmes](#) – Montana Yesterday

Picture on right: Ponderosa pine on Fritz Frey Ranch, West Fork Valley Creek, 8 miles west of Arlee, Montana. DBH 77 1/2 in. Cir. 20' 1 1/2". Photographer: Swan, K. D., for the U.S. Forest Service. Use Restrictions: Permission from the Forest History Society required for any use of this image.

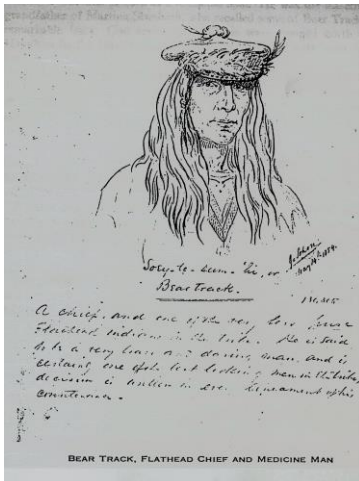
Repository Contact Information: Forest History Society, Inc.; 701 William Vickers Ave., Durham, NC 27701; Tel.: (919) 682-9319; Fax: (919) 682-2349.

Caroline Roesch Lee wrote on July 3, 2012:

"I have a piece of this! I'm looking at it right now! The other piece is on Evaro Hill, and the tribe had one, but I was told that it had rotted and was used as firewood. Also, it had been struck by lightning and the man who came to cut it and take it away (by the old railroad that used to run here) busted three or so cranes or trucks or something before finally deciding to cut it up and disperse it. I'm going to post a picture of what ours looks like, and I was JUST thinking today that I want my dad to teach me how to drive the tractor with the fork lift so I can put it up and out of the ground. It should be preserved. I have loved it all my life. Amazing that you posted this!!!! Is this the actual photograph?"



Caroline Roesch Lee: "Here is my chunk of the Valley Creek Ponderosa :)"



Bear Tracks  
Father of Eugenie LaMoose



Charlie LaMoose  
Husband of Eugenie LaMoose

In 1838 Chief Trader John McLeod became ill, and Dr. John McLoughlin, who was going on furlough, felt that Francis Ermatinger should take McLeod's place. When Francis took his outfit to the Flatheads, he told them why he wouldn't be back, and then he returned to Fort Colville. Here he met Dr. McLoughlin and John McLoughlin, Jr., on their way East with the York Factory Express. They talked over the coming trade season, and the Snake brigade, which Francis now had.

What Mary Threes Dresses thought of this isn't known, or what she thought of Lawrence Ermatinger's appearance in the Pend d'Oreille camp the year before. The Flathead Agency, Montana enrollment and allotment records of the first decade of the twentieth century reveal that he was known of by both Mary Three Dresses and her daughter, Mary Ermatinger Ashley, his half-sister. Grandmother Ashley even knew that he lived in Canada. As Francis wrote Edward that he separated with Mary in June of 1839, she must have been with him until then. Mary Three Dresses and her family remembered Francis

Ermatinger as “Francois Amatinga.” Francis knew that he was eventually going back to Canada, and he also knew Mary Three Dresses would be hard pressed to be accepted by the Canadian whites and that she would be very uncomfortable living there. She had never been in a house, slept on a bed, used table utensils, or cooked on an iron wood stove. He wanted to make the break with as little fanfare as possible. When one of the McDonald’s brought a portrait of Francis Ermatinger back from a vacation in Canada about 80 years later, and gave it to Mary Ermatinger Ashley she hung it on her wall without malice (she was 102 when she died). All his children proudly used the surname Ermatinger.

“The change in the usual assignment of duties in the trading country to the east threw Ermatinger late in the season. It was past mid-April before Ermatinger left Colville, having seen the express off for York. He descended the Columbia with Rae, who had come up as far as Colville to assist with the paper work involved in getting reports ready for the Council. In 1837, McLeod had been gone from Vancouver with his Fort Hall Outfit by April 18 in order to reach the Rendezvous by June 28. Francis was nearly a month behind schedule.

Coming up the Columbia with his outfit in early May, Ermatinger was involved in a canoe accident. Just below the Cascades, the boat in which he was a passenger upset, the cargo was lost, and Francis came close to drowning. In spite of these distressing circumstances, he managed to take time for a short visit to Waiilatpu and the Whitmans’ mission, a short distance off the trail that led from Fort Walla Walla toward Fort Hall.” McDonald, p205 With Francis traveled Jason Lee (who was returning to the States to ask for more help from the Methodist Mission Board), three of Thomas McKay’s sons, two other Indian youths, P. L. Edwards from Missouri, and F. Y. Ewing. The party reached Fort Boise in late May and pushed on, towards the Rendezvous.



Cascade Locks and Rapids, September 8, 1929



Cascades Rapids. Greenleaf Peak and Red Bluffs are visible in the background.

“The Cascades Rapids (sometimes called Cascade Falls or Cascades of the Columbia) were an area of rapids along North America’s Columbia River, between the U.S. states of Washington and Oregon. Through a stretch approximately 150 yards (140 m) wide, the river dropped about 40 feet (12 m) in 2 miles (3.2 km). From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

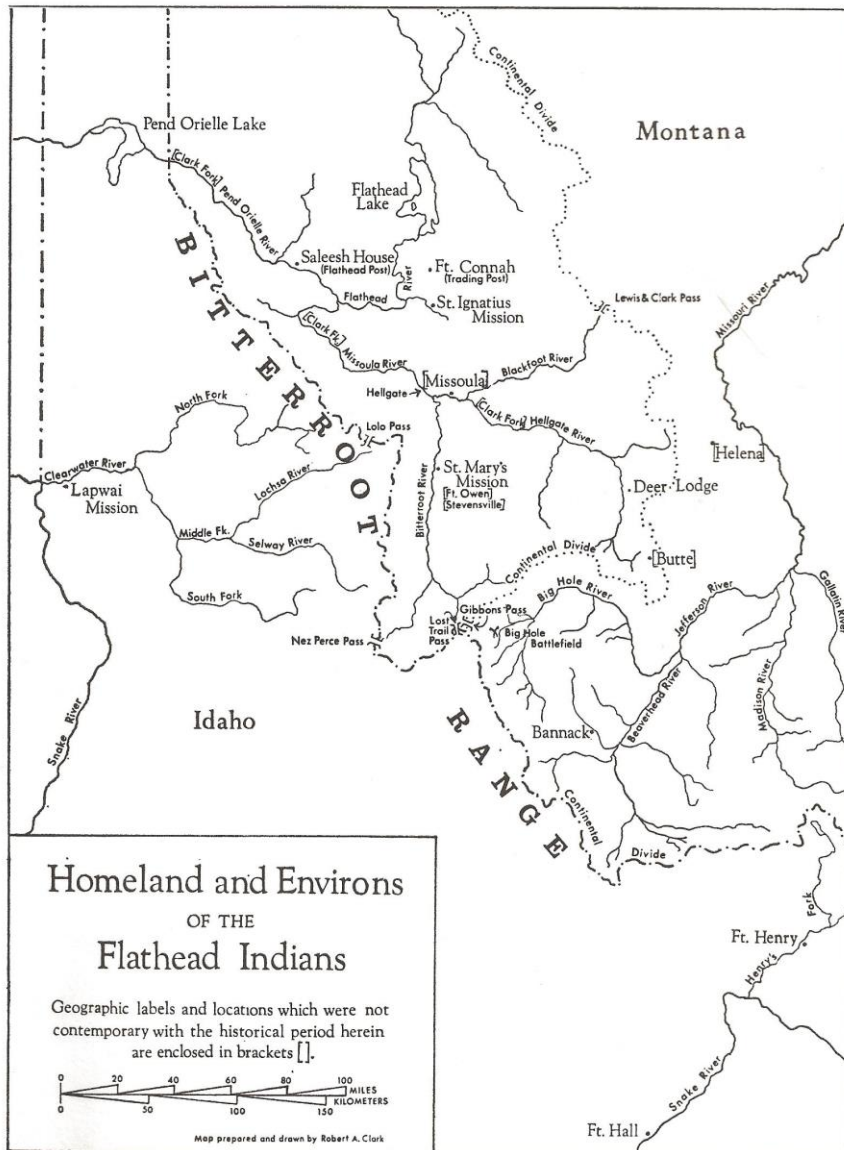
"In about 1450, an immense landslide tumbles off Table Mountain in Skamania County and completely blocks the Columbia River, shoving it a mile off course. A lake forms behind the dam extending as far as 100 miles. The river will eventually breach the dam causing a 100-foot-deep flood downstream and creating the Cascades rapids." Landslide blocks the Columbia River in about 1450. HistoryLink.org Essay 7797,

"The old Indian legend held that the Cascades here were formed when a great earthquake destroyed the 'Bridge of the Gods,' which at one time, according to tradition, spanned the Columbia at this place. Of course, this is not accepted today, but it is easy to understand how such a legend was evolved. Our picture shows the Cascades at a period far below the high water mark. The fall of the river through the Cascades is about 40 feet." <http://www.flickr.com/photos/osucommons/3679667170/>

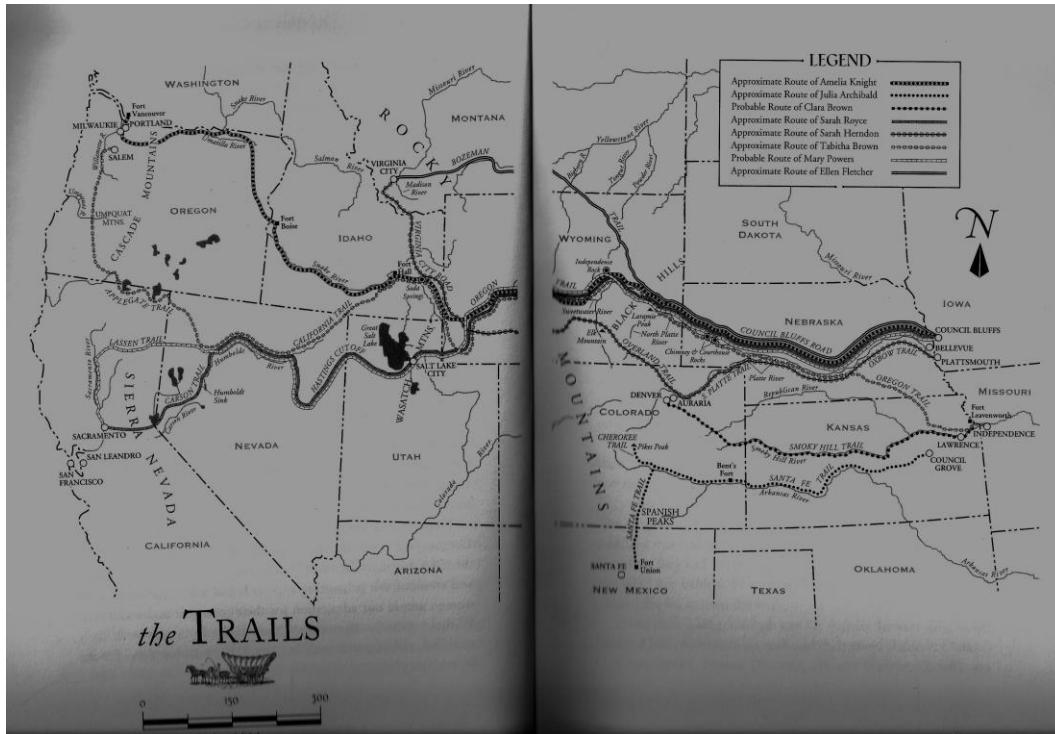
"The Cascade Rapids were also known as the "Lower Falls of the Columbia", and encompassed an area from Cascade Locks, Oregon, down to Hamilton, Island, Washington. Today this area also includes the Bonneville Dam, Bridge of the Gods, Bradford, Robins and Cascade Islands, and the community of North Bonneville, Washington. On the Oregon side was Tanner Creek, Oregon where Lewis and Clark camped on the night of April 9, 1806. The Cascade Rapids were four and one-half miles long, with early history dividing the reach into two sections, the "Upper Cascades" and the "Lower Cascades". Later years included a "Middle Cascades". The total fall of the river from the head of Upper Cascades to the bottom of Lower Cascades was 45 feet at high water and 36 feet at low water." [http://columbiariverimages.com/Regions/Places/cascade\\_rapids.html](http://columbiariverimages.com/Regions/Places/cascade_rapids.html)

E. E. Rich says, "On April 14, 1838, he left Fort Vancouver to take charge of the Snake Country trade at the posts of forts Hall and Boise. He reached the former post on June 17 and made it his headquarters, sending parties of runners from camp to camp during the winter of 1838-39 in order to keep a check on the strong American opposition." Rich, p212

Cornelius J. Brosnan says, "In 1838, two years after the Hudson's Bay Company purchased Fort Hall from Nathaniel J. Wyeth, the "Great Company," as it was called, sent Francis Ermatinger to take charge of the trading business at Fort Hall." McDonald, p207  
Francis Ermatinger was to turn Fort Hall into a miniature Fort Vancouver. Fort Hall was built by Nat Wyeth in 1834 and stood until he was abandoned and allowed to "wither and decay with the last of its timbers hauled away in 1863 to help build a stage station."  
(<http://www.forthall.net/>; Jack Alvord Idaho State Journal, 1962)) A fever raged the land again, an epidemic of flu, he again escaped the illness.



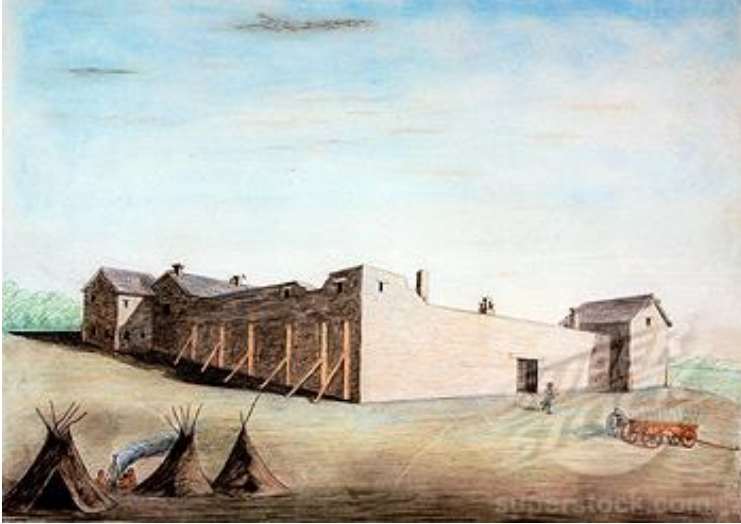




From "Heart of the Trail- The Stories of Eight Wagon Train Women" Mary Barmeyer O'Brien, A Twodot Book, 1997, Falcon Pub., Co.,Inc.



Fort Hall <http://idahoptv.org/outdoors/shows/pathwaysofpioneers/FortHall.cfm>



Fort Hall, About Three Miles From the South Banks of Snake River, August 25, 1849, Joseph Goldsborough Bruff (19th C. American), The Huntington Library, Art Collections, and Botanical Gardens, San Marino, California



Painting of Fort Hall. Image courtesy Bureau of Land Management.



Fort Hall, 1849. ISHS #1254-C  
Idaho State Historical Society - Fort Hall



Fort Hall trading post, in 1849, courtesy National Archives  
<http://www.legendsofamerica.com/id-forthall.html>



FORT BOISE ON THE SNAKE RIVER NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE BOISE

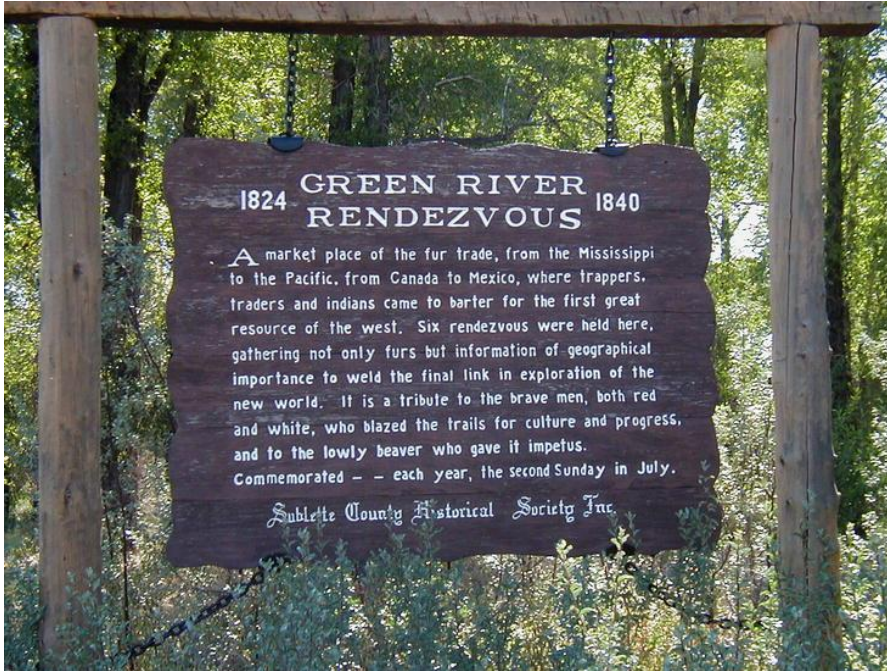
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### Francis went to the Green River Rendezvous in Wyoming:

“The Green River Rendezvous was an annual event in the 1830s. Mountain Men, Trappers, Travelers and Indians all gathered in a valley “below the Green” river and bartered, traded, sold, and swapped various items such as skins, pelts, guns, jewelry and whatever else they needed. All knew the place where Horse Creek flowed into the Green in the Upper Green River Valley, the site of six Rendezvous. The Rendezvous lasted anywhere from a few days to several months and was a time for getting new supplies, renewing acquaintances with old friends, story swapping, drinking and general rowdiness.”  
<http://www.pinedaleonline.com/RendezvousDays.HTM>

“An approximate 3,000 men ranged the mountains in the window between 1820 and 1840, the peak beaver harvesting period. While there were many free trappers, most mountain men were employed by fur companies. The life of a company man was almost militarized. The men had mess groups, hunted and trapped in brigades and always reported to the head of the trapping party. This man was called a “boosway”, a bastardization of the term bourgeois. He was the leader of the brigade, the head trader and overall CEO.”  
<http://www.myspace.com/mountainmanrendezvous>.”





<http://www.sublette.com/community/danielpage.htm>



<http://joobili.com/img/20110308/jb1299605925481R1014620337xl.JPG>



Green River Rendezvous <http://www.ovpr.us/images/fig14.jpg>

It was in July of 1838 that he arrived at the Rendezvous site at Green River with his outfit, but found it empty, and a letter tacked to Bonneville's old Fort Nonsense (Fort Bonneville), stating that the site of the Rendezvous had been moved to the Popo Agie River, and that white women were there. On July 8, he arrived at the new Rendezvous site. It was a Sunday. He met his old companion, W. H. Gray and his missionary recruits, all of whom were extremely glad to see him. He had sent a Cayuse Indian to locate Gray's tents, which no doubt put a fright into the white women, and to tell Gray that he had supplies for them. The supplies had been sent with Ermatinger by the Whitmans and Spaldings. At Gray's camp was a Swiss adventurer named John Augustus Sutter, of the 1849 Gold Rush fame, and who he would have problems with later in California. The missionaries had begun to think that no one would come into the Rendezvous to escort them across the mountains. Gray's party had been at the site for 17 days prior to Francis' arrival. The long time they waited had caused some anxiety, as their need for an escort was great. Francis had come in just four days before the fur caravan was due to return to the States. 'Their arrival,' wrote Sarah Smith, "fills our hearts with joy." Gray had been shown great hostility and his life threatened by the trappers, because of his actions at Ash Hollow the year before.



Green River Rendezvous by William Henry Jackson

[http://www.nps.gov/history/history/online\\_books/grte2/hrs3.htm](http://www.nps.gov/history/history/online_books/grte2/hrs3.htm)

"Green River Rendezvous," painted by William Henry Jackson. Rendezvous provided an opportunity for trapper to gather and trade news, stories, pelts, and supplies. The closest rendezvous to Jackson Hole was Pierre's Hole, west of the Teton Range. *Jackson Hole Historical Society and Museum*

Osborne Russell writes in his "Journal of a Trapper -1834-1843; July 1st we travelled down this stream to the plains and steered our course towards "horse creek" where we expected to find the Rendezvous. The next day we arrived at the place but instead of finding the Camp we found a large band of buffaloe near the appointed place of meeting. We rode up to an old log building which was formerly used as a store house during the Rendezvous where I discovered a piece of paper fastened upon the wall which informed me that we should find the Whites at the forks of Wind river. This was unwelcome news to us as our animals were very much jaded. We then went down Green river crossed and encamped for the night. The next day we travelled to Little Sandy 3d day - we camped on the point of the mountain on a branch of Sweetwater 4<sup>th</sup>. We encamped at the Oil Spring on Po po azia and the next day we arrived at Camp. There we found Mr. Dripps from St Louis with 20 horse carts loaded with Supplies and again met Capt. Stewart likewise several Missionaries with their families on their way to the Columbia river. On the 8th Mr. F. Ermatinger arrived with a small party from the Columbia accompanied by the Rev. Jason Lee who was on his way to the U S. On the 20th of July the meeting broke up and the parties again dispersed for the fall hunt. I started with about 30 trappers up Wind river expecting the Camp to follow in a few days. During our Stay at the Rendezvous it was rumored among the men that the Company intended to bring no more supplies to the Rocky Mountains and discontinue all further operations. This caused great deal of discontent among the Trappers and numbers left the party."



The original Green River Rendezvous site. <http://www.mmmuseum.com/scr-rendezvousgrounds.jpg>

William Gray had recruited three newly married couples, and a bachelor while back east. He had also gotten married. His new wife was Mary Augusta Dix, and she came out with him. The couples were: Elkanah and Mary Walker, Cushing and Myra Eells, and Asa and Sarah Smith. The bachelor was Cornelius Rogers.

"In February 1843, while Reverend [David] Leslie was away from Oregon, his daughters Satira and Aurelia, along with Satira's husband Cornelius Rogers, Nathaniel Crocker, and two Clatsop Indians were swept over the falls of the Willamette near Oregon City while canoeing and drowned." [http://www.salemhistory.net/people/david\\_leslie.htm](http://www.salemhistory.net/people/david_leslie.htm)

Gray had delivered Lawrence Ermatinger to his uncle Edward safely, but had brought a letter to Francis from Edward, in it was news that two of Edward's children had died, and that Edward had suffered a financial setback.

"He managed a hasty letter of condolence to go by way of St. Louis and told Gray that they were taking off for Fort Hall on the eleventh. It was probably the 13<sup>th</sup> or 14<sup>th</sup> before they actually started off, and in the haste of departure, Mrs. Gray left her coat behind and Ermatinger forgot the packet of letters for the coast he was to take with him. He made a hasty trip back to the Rendezvous for both." McDonald, p207

### Popo Agie:

"This piece of land is one of the loveliest in Wyoming. So rich in wildlife, it definitely ranks among my favorites. Along the western boundary, which Popo Agie (pronounced "po-po-zsha") shares with Bridger Wilderness, stands Wind River Peak, at 13,255 feet the highest point in the area. More than 20 other summits rise above 12,000 feet. The lowest elevation in the Popo Agie is the Middle Fork of the Popo Agie River at 8,400 feet on the eastern boundary. Bordering the north side is the Wind River Indian Reservation, outstanding country where visitors must first obtain a permit before entering."

<http://www.wilderness.net/index.cfm?fuse=NWPS&sec=wildView&WID=470>



"Popo Agie is a Crow Indian word that most people believe means "gurgling river." When the first white trappers arrived in the area the Crow people were here, and that is what they called the river."  
[http://sinkscanyonstatepark.org/index.php?option=com\\_content&view=article&id=130&Itemid=184](http://sinkscanyonstatepark.org/index.php?option=com_content&view=article&id=130&Itemid=184)



Popo Agie

Wind River 12<sup>th</sup> July 1838

"My Dear Edward

I arrived here a day or two ago and met Mr. Gray, who handed me your letter, and believe me I am truly sorry to hear of your family misfortune. I had never once thought it possible that such a bereavement would attend us. If Lawrence does not turn out well we must make a sailor of him, if indeed he can be made anything of. He was too long at that school in Vancouver, and I fear that it will cost much trouble to break him of the vile habits he learnt there. From Colvile I went to Vancouver and upon my way up just above the Cascades was near going to the bottom. I lost all I had with me. From Walla Walla I came on here with some American gentlemen (the Jason Lee party) and now I am about to start back with Mr. Gray to Fort Hall. This trip I made purely for their benefit. The situation I hold now is beyond all comparison the worst I ever had. So many drunken lawless fellows to deal with and the vexation of being cheated by them is too much for

me. Now these differences in Canada must operate against you and be the cause of my remaining to assist you.

It is impossible for me, my dear Brother, to write you here. Suffice it to say that I am well and shall be anxious to hear how your troubles will end. A Mr. Lee has gone down, and I shall expect a letter from you by him. My love to Mrs. E. and remember me to Mr. Dears.

Yours affectionately Frs. Ermatinger”

The 1838 Rendezvous had been the last of the big powwows of the series of mountain fairs that began in 1825. Two more were to be held, one in 1839 that was very small and one in 1840 attended by a few mountain men in an informal gathering. By 1838 the days of the beaver trade were over, due to in part to a change of style in men’s hat ware. Beaver hats were no longer the vogue. As a result of the 1838 Rendezvous had been smaller than that of 1837. There is evidence to support the theory that the American Fur Company had tried to keep the location of the 1838 gathering a secret from the Hudson’s Bay Company, in order to eliminate competition in that field. Practically no Indian tribes attended the Rendezvous that year. Francis observed half-hearted efforts of Andrew Drips to sign up trappers for the next years hunt. He openly contracted trappers to work for the Hudson’s Bay Company.

Traveling with Ermatinger and Gray were scores of mountain men, who had decided to give up trapping and head for the Willamette Valley in Oregon. Much to the Hudson’s Bay Company’s horror. As the parties rode through South Pass Ermatinger had his problems with them. “He encouraged the ladies as they clung to their horses on the steep trails by telling them, among other pleasantries, that they were crossing the backbone of America. Mrs. Gray appreciated Ermatinger’s attention and he approved of her. (In her diary kept at the Lapwai Mission, she made an 1840 entry telling that Ermatinger had brought her a gift of figs from Fort Vancouver. “He is the same lively, talkative man he used to be,” she wrote.) Mary Walker, on the other hand, disapproved of small talk, probably a facet of her inner battle for true piety. She wrote on July 12, 1838, “Mr. Ermatinger eats in our tent; loses the letters Mr. Lee sent to his wife by him.” And then on July 29, “About 10 o’clock Mr. Ermatinger comes to invite us to breakfast; says he just got up. After breakfast he comes again to invite us to have preaching at the Fort (Fort Hall).” In later years, Ermatinger was a frequent visitor at the Walkers’ farm mission near Spokane. Once he brought Peter Ogden with him to Tshimakain, and Mary recorded the event in her journal. She expressed regret for the time wasted by Francis’ jovial chatter when she might have been learning from the more serious Ogden.” McDonald, p-207.

John Augustus Sutter (of Sutter’s Mill and 1849 Gold Rush fame) and a group of six men were also in tow with Ermatinger’s party, Sutter referred to him as “Franz Ermatinger,” and said he was kindly received by Francis.

Others of the party not before mentioned were Paul Richardson and a mountain man named Stevens. A large band of Nez Perce, including Joe Meek’s wife, Mountain Lamb,

traveled with them. Mountain Lamb had left Meek at Popo Agee when that man was in a drunken stupor. Afterwards he sobered up and followed behind them.

The trip was hard, and feeling that the party was in dangerous country, Francis urged them to keep moving as fast as possible. Monday on the 16<sup>th</sup> proved to be an exceptionally hard day, 45 miles was covered, and 10 and a half hours were spent in saddles. Thirty-five of those miles were across a waterless desert. Mary Walker noted that they were forced to abandon “one yearling calf and the dog on the plain.”

As they left Popo Agie for the west, Asa Smith wrote, “as we approach the mountain the water is beautifully clear like streams in New England.” At Soda Springs, he wrote, “They are quite a curiosity, the water boils up in several places like water boiling and has the taste of soda water artificially prepared.”

On arrival at Fort Hall he wrote, “Had about 13 miles to travel to reach Ft. Hall. Set out as soon as it was light and reached the fort about 9 a.m. We were very kindly received and treated with much attention. Took breakfast at the fort and the privilege of sitting down to a table, which we had not enjoyed since we left the States. Our breakfast consisted of boiled ham and salted tongue with hard bread. The ham and flour came from Colville. Found here a company of six Nez Perce who had come to meet us from Mr. Spalding. They brought the intelligence of the death of Mrs. Lee, the wife of the Methodist missionary we met at the Rendezvous...”

Mrs. Lee was the first white woman to die in Oregon territory; she passed away on June 26, 1838. They had reached Fort Hall on July 27, 1838, having traveled 327 miles from Popo Agie to there in two weeks, an average of 23 miles a day. They had stopped longer than to rest only once, to dry buffalo meat. The party’s hunter, Paul Richardson, was sent to overtake Jason Lee and relay to him the sad news of his wife’s death. Francis and company left Fort Hall on July 31<sup>st</sup>, to make the last lap of the trip. Fort Boise was reached on August 15, with Gray having rushed on ahead to reach Waiilatpu ahead of the main group. On the 20<sup>th</sup> they started through the Blue Mountains.

“During the summer of 1838 John McLean, a junior clerk, was left in charge at Fort Hall during Ermatinger’s absences. Tom McKay was in and out of the fort for supplies as he traded and trapped the Upper Snake River. By the time Ermatinger had delivered his missionary party to the Whitmans’ Waiilatpu Mission and had made his way back to Fort Hall, American trappers had begun drifting in.” McDonald, p208

Robert Newell had missed Francis at the Rendezvous but later saw him at Fort Hall and noted in his journal that “I was well-received and treated by him (Ermatinger) and Mr. McClain(Tom McKay).” From that time on Newell worked as a trapper out of Fort Hall. As did the mountain man, Osborne Russell.

“A jovial nature was attributed to Ermatinger by every traveler who recorded meeting him crossing the country. .. In 1841, while travelling with the HBC brigade from Fort Hall to Boise, Joseph Williams recorded in his diary that “Our Captain Armington [sic] is one of the most liberal, free-hearted men in this country. He has shown us a great deal of

kindness, though far from being a religious man ... Our Captain is a very profane man, which seems to give fresh spring to swearers.” “Narrative of a Tour from the State of Indiana to the Oregon Territory, Joseph Williams, p.238.”

‘Ermatinger enjoyed telling how Asa and Sarah Smith, members of Gray’s 1838 party, fell behind the impatient Gray soon after they left the Rendezvous. They straggled across a stretch of waterless plain in the glaring noonday sun until Asa slumped to the ground, groaning that he was near death. His frantic wife searched the horizon and prayed for help. Sure, enough, Joe Meek hove into view, drunk as a coot and madder than a hornet over domestic difficulties of his own. Meek said a good many scathing things to Smith, all relative to his cowardice, hoisted Mrs. Smith on his horse in spite of her protests, and took her off to Ermatinger’s camp. Toward evening the revived Smith also appeared in camp.” McDonald, p210

“Not all of the Protestant missionaries who came west were well suited for working with Indians. Far from home and temperamental, Asa and Sara Smith failed as missionaries but left an important legacy. Asa Smith wrote the first Nez Perce dictionary and grammar, unwittingly taking the first steps in saving the Nez Perce language.

In 1838 Asa and Sarah Smith went west and for two years, would make their home and church near present day Kamiah, Idaho. The Smiths originally had set their sights on going to Asia to work in Siam (present day Thailand) but financial difficulties and the need for missionaries in the west changed their plans. They headed west in the spring of 1838, arriving at Marcus and Narcissa’s mission, Waiilatpu, in late August after an arduous trip. At first it was thought to give Waiilatpu to the Smiths to run while the Whitmans relocated to a more central location. Narcissa dissented and after further consultations with Marcus and a Nez Perce headman, known as Lawyer, argued that a station should be opened in Kamiah. The Smiths moved to Kamiah in the spring of 1839 to establish a mission.

After establishing a mission in Kamiah, Smith plunged into his work, taking a census of the Nez Perce and studying the language. Spalding and Smith had a vicious disagreement concerning how to Christianize the Indians. Whitman and Spalding thought the best strategy was to make the Indians farmers. Smith disagreed, thinking that this would make the Nez Perce too “worldly minded”. Moreover, Smith clearly saw that Spalding was exaggerating the number of Indians he was contacting. The last straw was two Nez Perce subchiefs *Insimmalakín* and his brother *Inmtamlaiakín* ordered the Smiths to leave Kamiah in retaliation for an event that had taken place at Fort Walla Walla when some Nez Perce were implicated in a beating of a trader.

The Smiths left Nez Perce country in 1842 and took up a position in the Hawaiian Islands until 1846 when the family returned to the United States.” <http://www.nps.gov/nepe/historyculture/asa-smith.htm>

Francis brought to Waiilatpu the first printing press in the Oregon country in 1839. “This press had been sent to the Hawaiian Islands in 1821 by the American Board of Foreign Missions. And with another press sent there in 1825, twenty-two distinct books were printed by the missionaries there. Whitman and Spalding needed a press for their missions. Since the work in the Hawaiian Islands was combined and only one press was needed there, it was arranged to have the other sent to Whitman and Spalding. Accordingly on April 10, 1839, the press with type, fixtures, paper, and binding apparatus, all valued at \$500, and accompanied by Edwin O. Hall, an experienced printer arrived at Vancouver. From here all were forwarded to Wallula by the Hudson’s Bay Company, in a canoe. At this point Mr. Hall and wife were met by Spalding and his family and all were taken by canoe to Lapwai, arriving on May 13, 1839. The press, on pack animals, in charge of Ermatinger, arrived at about the same time. It was set up immediately, and there it remained for many years.” *River of No Return (The Great Salmon River of Idaho)*, Robert G. Bailey, p60-61

The Edwin O. Hall’s:

“Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Hall arrived in the Oregon Country in 1839. They were members of the Hawaiian Mission, which was



another mission supported by the American Board. The Halls brought the printing press that the Hawaiian mission was donating to their sister Oregon mission stations. Mr. Hall helped set up the press at the Lapwai mission station. Mrs. Hall suffered from a chronic illness of the spine. To reach various inland destinations she traveled by canoe when possible. She was carried in a hammock from Ft. Walla Walla to Waiilatpu. On November 5, 1839, she gave birth to a daughter. The Halls returned to Hawaii in March 1840." <http://www.nps.gov/whmi/historyculture/whos-who2.htm>

"The health of Mrs. Hall has been feeble for a long time. A voyage to the region of the Columbia River has been recommended as a measure promising benefit. An opportunity now offers of a passage to Vancouver in one of the Hudson Bay Company's vessels, and Mr. Hall has concluded to avail himself of it. He will take passage with his wife in the ship *Nereide* to sail in about a fortnight. We shall send by him about 50 reams of paper, a small assortment of types and a card press, being the one which was sent to this mission some years ago, and for which we have had no use.

"Mr. Hall will make himself useful to the Mission in the Oregon Territory in various ways, and by putting up this press and printing such little works as the means which we are able to furnish will admit. His passage and freight of goods will be \$250 payable here. He will probably take charge of two or more natives of these islands who will go to assist the families of the missionaries in their domestic concerns."

"Leaving their little babe in the care of Mrs. Dimond, Mr. Hall and his wife left Honolulu March 2, 1839, arriving at Fort Vancouver, the Hudson Bay Company's principal post on the Columbia River, about April 10, 1839. An express was sent to Dr. Whitman at Waiilatpu and to Mr. Spalding at Lapwai, Clear Water, that Mr. and Mrs. Hall, with F. Ermatinger as a guide, would leave Vancouver on April 13, with the hopes of reaching Fort Walla Walla, April 30."

Mr. Spalding, in a letter begun at Clear Water, March 5, 1839, informs Mr. Greene, the secretary of the A. B. C. F. M.:

"April 22.

"Since writing the above the Co.'s vessel has arrived from Honolulu bringing Mr. & Mrs. Hall with a press, small fonts of type, binding material and a quantity of paper, all of which I believe is a donation to this Mission from Rev. Mr. Bingham's church and congregation. Also a quantity of sugar, molasses and salt. Mr. Hall has come to this country on account of Mrs. H's health, and while he remains will put our press in operation and labor otherwise as he may find occasion.

"Fort Walla Walla, May 3, Mrs. S. & myself arrived here 30 ult. & Mr. & Mrs. Hall with the press, etc. safe 29. Hope to start tomorrow. Mrs. Hall in a canoe, effects on horses." After a week's rest, leaving Fort Walla Walla, May 6, Mrs. Hall was poled up the Snake River in a canoe by three Indians with setting poles, the rest of the party riding on horseback along the water's edge, though sometimes obliged to make wide detours where impassable bluffs came down to the river. The navigation was not dangerous but tedious, as the distance to be travelled was about 150 miles. They camped together at night and took their meals night and morning in their tent. After a journey of eight days, including one Sabbath when they rested, they reached Mr. Spalding's station at Lapwai or Clear Water, near the present city of Lewiston, Idaho, on May 14."

A month after reaching Lapwai, Mr. Hall was called to attend at Waiilatpu the funeral of Dr. Whitman's only daughter, a child of but 2:14 years, who was drowned June 23 while attempting to get a drink from the river flowing near their house. She was interred June 29, the funeral being postponed to await the arrival of Messrs. Hall and Spalding. The summer weather was extremely hot-much hotter than any they had experienced at the Islands-and Mrs. Hall continued confined to her couch, as for two years past, not able to sit up but for a few minutes at a time."

On the fifth of November, 1839, Mrs. Hall gave birth to a daughter, whom they named Caroline Alice, a healthy child, though weighing less than nine pounds when a month old. An attempt was made to bring the press from Lapwai to Waiilatpu to accommodate Mr. Hall while printing the Nez Percés book, but on the first day of the journey the animal laden with it fell down a precipice. It was recovered not materially damaged, but was taken back to Mr. Spalding's. Mr. Hall was obliged to go on to Lapwai on January 20th to commence the printing, but after printing three or four forms of an elementary book prepared by Messrs. Smith and Rogers at Kamiah, he hastened back to his wife and baby on January 28th, leaving Mr. Rogers to complete the printing of the book. On February 29, they left Waiilatpu on their return to the Islands, Dr. Whitman accompanying them as far as Fort Walla Walla. They reached Fort Vancouver on March 6th, in three days from Fort Walla Walla.

While waiting for an opportunity to take ship for Honolulu, they made a visit to the Methodist Mission at the falls of the Willamette, about two days distant in a canoe, to call upon Dr. and Mrs. White, who had spent several months in Honolulu on their voyage out to Oregon. The account given of Mrs. Hall's call upon Mrs. White, the wife of the physician of the mission, in the book "Ten Years in Oregon, or the adventures of Dr. E. White and lady," is amusing, though not entirely accurate in all its details.

"Mr. E. O. Hall and lady also arrived, bringing with them a small printing press, a present from the Sandwich Islanders to the upper mission, and a man and woman who were very pious, and cheerful in rendering any service which they could do most usefully. Their principal object in visiting the Columbia River, was to seek the benefit of Mrs. H.'s health, which was very delicate. She had not for years been able to walk any distance. Mrs. White's impressions were very curious as she witnessed Mrs. Hall's singular entry into her house. Two Sandwich Islanders entered the house without speaking or knocking, bearing the sick lady in a mat litter, and deposited their burden unceremoniously in the middle of the floor, from which she arose as unconcernedly as though stepping from the little carriage in which the ladies of the islands are usually drawn by a single attendant. After some weeks had expired as Mrs. Hall's health was much improved and her husband had instructed the missionaries in the art of printing, they started for home, their departure much regretted by their entertainers." HALL'S VISIT TO OREGON IN 1839, <https://digital.lib.washington.edu/ojs/index.php/WHQ/article/viewFile/6480/5554>

Vancouver 26th Feby 1839

“My Dear Edward

I received your two welcome letters of the 17th March and 15th April last, and until within these few days past, I had made every arrangement, upon my part, for [travel] and was determined to acknowledge them in person. Now it is impossible, I believe, to work it, so that I can get permission before the spring of 1841. [Governor George Simpson would not give out leave of absence to anyone out West that year]. (Tod, who is with us here, amongst the rest), that I ought not to risk to giving offense at this moment by acting against the wishes of the Company. They tell me that it is more probable I will receive my commission this year. I have been told the same story long ago and when I heard last summer of Manson getting his before me, I was vexed and made up my mind to go to the Bay and tell them so. You see now what my resolution was worth. But I hope all yet will be for the best, and if I can once put my thumb upon the parchment. [Chief Trader commission] I will soon see you. In the mean time, we must wind up with the excuse for not doing it so soon as we both wish, that, after waiting so long, it would not do now to lose three or four thousand pounds for one or two years more service, however it may vex us both. [John] Tod is here but so busy that he scarcely has one moment to himself. We however steal a few minutes from business to chat of St. Thomas, the Squire, Mrs. Ermatinger, and the fact so much about you all, that I am more discontented with this country than ever. At times I feel inclined, at every sacrifice, to give it “leg bail” and run off to you via St. Louis. I told you in my last [letter] that I was in the Snake country and I am flattered to find my conduct in that department has given perfect satisfaction. It was a place of confusion and the business little understood. We however begin to see our way out now – and I hope some system will be established soon. [That is outfitting free American trappers]. The business is not as in your time merely trapping, but trade, and last year I had four clerks and 50 more to carry on our operation. This force is too great and we have reduced it. This business brings me often among the Americans and I will bet you a bottle of anything you choose to be drunk when we meet, that I can make a better bargain with them than you, altho’ you have gone the “whole hog” in this line for the last ten years. See what Irvin (Washington Irving) says of the H.B. Trader in the Flathead camp, in his Racking [sic](Rocky) Mountains by Boniville (Bonneville) - Bye-the-bye talking of bottles reminds me that Tod told me, except in your own house, the liquors about St. Thomas were very bad. Pray provide for this before I get your length [he means to your place] and have a few Gallons of the best Brandy, Gin &c.&c. that money can buy, and I will grant a few of the dividends of A.L. & Tire Company Insurance Company, C. Band, &c. &c., to pay for them.[Francis had money invested in those companies by Edward] I anticipate much pleasure and if you attend to this, altho’ at my own cost, I will not further “harp upon the interest” you allow. What do you mean? I do not recollect ever having done so but once! Now, to vex you, I have a mind to demand, why every Bill you have negotiated for me were always at 6, 7 or 9 Per Cent while I see those of others up at 17 and even 20. But no, if you are happy and my money can be of use to you, “go ahead” upon it, and whatever I may write or say we will never, I hope, quarrel upon the subject. The Company will be due me, 1<sup>st</sup> June 1839, about 246 Pounds. I mention this to regulate yourself upon if in need, and I think you must admit that it is more than you could possibly have supposed, and shows how economical I have been. You are now, I hope, firmly established, and I mean to spend in future a little more

than I have yet done. This spring I have sent to London for 50 Pounds worth of clothing (not to Clowes) to meet me at the Bay, ready for my move there. How does Lawrence get on? Pray keep him at work and let him, if possible, be taught to read and write, and in fact let him have every chance to show his disposition, when, if he is found to be hopeless, I will bring him back here and make an Indian of him. He was too long at our friend the Doctor's school here. The school master of which, from discoveries that were made by Mr. Douglas, was this year flogged in the most public manner twice, yet not half severe enough for the villain [John Fisher Robinson]. He ought to have been shot. The Dr. will burst when he hears of it, and it will give the person who went home (Rev. Beaver, who criticized the school master and he was ignored) a triumph over him. They never could agree, in all parson Beaver's reports to their honors, he was severe upon the immortality of the Big House. The school master, it would appear, has been in the habit of taking advantage of the female part of his pupils and our friend Work's daughter has had her share of the odium, altho' a mere child yet. Since I began this letter, I have been called of 20 times and am yet obliged to write it line by line. The express is to be off upon the 4th of March this year, and I am now upon the eve of my departure for Walla Walla with an Outfit, but am to return here again immediately and then take my departure for the Snake country.

I shall not trouble you about money matters, manage them for the best or to suit your own convenience. I have just been called out again to open preliminaries, for a love affair between a young buck [Courtney Meade Walker, one of Jason Lee's Americans of 1834] who goes to the Snake country and the lame daughter of Mr. McTavish (Chief Factor John George McTavish), perhaps you remember her. So you see that altho' I cannot get a wife for myself I am sometimes employed to make love for others. Apropos tell the Ladies of St. Thomas not to despair, they may still have a chance of getting an older trader. If I have not thrown myself in their way long ago, it was because I have no idea of seeing the one who may feel willing to share my cares sitting down knitting stockings to put the potatoes in the pot, but [I] wish to have the credit of paying for them myself and mayhap a piece of beef to eat with them (called off again for a day's job). All your old friends are well in the Columbia and many of them will write you. Arch McDonald will be greatly disappointed when he hears that I have been prevailed upon to remain this year, he expressed himself most anxious for my going out and I wrote him that I was determined to do so. He wishes to send his son Ranald down by me. I cannot help it. Even Tod, who advised me to remain a little longer and thinks I I stand the best chance for one of the next batch of commissions, now half regrets, upon your account, that I did not take a trip out to you. He tells me that you (I am actually – it is now half past ten – again off about this confounded wedding, I hope I shall not be so tantalized about my own, but I must be off), are very much changed, and attribute a good deal of your altered appearance to your not taking care of yourself and the anxiety you undergo. Pray cheer up, and take good care of your self. Do not allow the conduct of the Stanley fellow to occupy your mind now, but make the best of a bad bargain and think no more about it.

I actually began this letter some days ago and it is now the second of March, my baggage is made up and I must embark. Give my respects to Mrs. Ermatinger and believe

me, that I will see you all as soon as possible. I do not anticipate a very pleasant companion in my now-married young buck, and this which annoys me much at present. But Mr. Douglas insists that he must go with me and a good fellow who was with me last year (Donald McLean) came out, confound the arrangement. God bless you, and believe me to be

My Dear Edward Your Affectionate Brother Frs. Ermatinger  
P.S. Correct this letter yourself, I have no time but to send it."

### Robinson the schoolmaster's punishment for molesting the girl students at Fort Vancouver:

"[Rev. Herbert] Beaver departed for England about a month later, and the record becomes a bit obscure as to the subsequent fate of the schoolmaster. Evidently James Douglas, then in charge of Fort Vancouver during Dr. McLoughlin's absence on furlough, began to look into rumors and accusations of misconduct on Robinson's part, and by January or early February 1839 had uncovered a most unpleasant situation. It appears that the teacher was molesting some of the young girls entrusted to his care.

Douglas's reaction was swift and violent. Robinson was tied to one of the guns in front of the Big House and twice flogged "in the most public manner." There were some among the district's officers and clerks who believed the "villain" should have been shot. Needless to say, Douglas was soon casting about for a new schoolmaster."  
[http://www.nps.gov/history/history/online\\_books/fova/hsr/hsr2-10.htm](http://www.nps.gov/history/history/online_books/fova/hsr/hsr2-10.htm)

### A story about Courtney Walker by Nowell Dedear:

"Courtney Walker didn't leave the Wyeth expedition at Fort Hall. He went on to Fort Vancouver with the Lee party, then at John McLoughlin's suggestion, they all came back down the Willamette in canoes with Indian paddlers he provided, to what is now called Mission Bottom near today's Salem.

After Courtney completed his year's contract with Jason Lee, he went to work for Wyeth running Fort William on Wappatoo Island (now Sauvie Island) in the Columbia north of present-day Portland. Among other things, he was running an Indian moccasin-making enterprise, catching and drying salmon, etc., I think for supplying trapping brigades. He became friends with Ewing Young and sold him various provisions during that time because Young was being blacklisted by McLoughlin due a misunderstanding about some stolen horses down in California.

When Wyeth's outfit was unable to compete with the Hudson's Bay Company and went belly up (around 1839, as I recall), Courtney went to work for the HBC. It was shortly after that that he became clerk at Fort Hall under Francis Ermatinger.

In 1840 the entire fur trade was pretty close to being defunct, so Courtney joined up with Joe Meek, Caleb Wilkins, Doc Newell and other retiring trappers to take a couple of wagons from Fort Hall (southeastern Idaho) back to the Willamette Valley--which was the first time anyone had ever done that. That was the beginning of what in a few years would become the Oregon Trail.

Joe Meek and his Nez Perce wife Virginia had spent the previous winter at or near Fort Hall, where their son Courtney Walker Meek was born. I'm guessing that Courtney's wife Margaret McTavish Walker was there to assist at the birth, but being part Indian she rarely got an official mention." ([deged@delphian.org](mailto:deged@delphian.org), <http://genforum.genealogy.com/caffery/messages/119.html>)

#### More on Walker:

"Little is known of the youth of Courtney Meade Walker. Records indicate he was born in Kentucky in 1812. His mother was distantly related by marriage to President Andrew Jackson; his father, an attorney, was a veteran of the Revolutionary War and left home shortly after Courtney's birth to fight in the War of 1812. Courtney Walker was apparently well educated for the times, and he found work over the years as a surveyor, clerk, teacher, and, like his father, a lawyer.

Walker seems to have come to Oregon on impulse in 1834. When Oregon-bound missionaries Jason Lee, Daniel Lee, and Cyrus Shepard came through Richmond, Missouri, they hired Walker and a friend of his named Philip L. Edwards to work at their as-yet-unbuilt mission for one year -- Walker as a clerical assistant, and Edwards as a teacher.

The missionary party traveled west with the second expedition of Nathaniel Wyeth, an American entrepreneur who hoped to end the British monopoly on the fur trade in Oregon. Also with the expedition were two scientists: Thomas Nuttall, a botanist who resigned his position at Harvard to make the journey, and John Kirk Townsend, an ornithologist sponsored by the American Philosophical Society and the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia (among the many species first described as a result of their journey are Townsend's Warbler, Townsend's Thrush, Townsend's Gopher, and Nuttall's Little Hare). Townsend described the makeup of the group as they formed up outside Independence, Missouri:

The men of the party, to the number of about fifty, are encamped on the bank of the river, and their tents whiten the plain for the distance of half a mile. ... We have amongst our men, a great variety of dispositions. ... Some have evidently been reared in the shade, and not accustomed to hardships, but the majority are strong, able-bodied men, and many are almost as rough as the grizzly bears, of their feats upon which they are fond of boasting. ...

I am very much pleased with the manner in which Captain W. manages his men. He appears admirably calculated to gain the good will, and ensure the obedience of such a company, and adopts the only possible mode of accomplishing his end. They are men who have been accustomed to act independently; they possess a strong and indomitable spirit which will never succumb to authority, and will only be conciliated by kindness and familiarity. I confess I admire this spirit. It is noble; it is free and characteristic, but for myself, I have not been accustomed to seeing it exercised, and when a rough fellow comes up without warning, and slaps me on the shoulder, with, "stranger what for a gun is that you carry?" I start, and am on the point of making an angry reply, but I remember where I am, check the feeling instantly, and submit the weapon to his inspection.

We were joined here by Mr. Milton Sublette, a trader and trapper of some ten or twelve years' standing. It is his intention to travel with us to the mountains, and we are very glad of his company, both on account of his intimate acquaintance with the country, and the accession to our band of about twenty trained hunters, "true as the steel of their tried blades," who have more than once followed their brave and sagacious leader over the very track which we intend to pursue. He appears to be a man of strong sense and courteous manners, and his men are enthusiastically attached to him.

Five missionaries, who intend to travel under our escort, have also just arrived. The principal of these is a Mr. Jason Lee, (a tall and powerful man, who looks as though he were well calculated to buffet difficulties in a wild country,) his nephew, Mr. Daniel Lee, and three younger men of respectable standing in society, who have arrayed themselves under the missionary banner, chiefly for the gratification of seeing a new country, and participating in strange adventures.

- John Kirk Townsend, April 20, 1834

After fulfilling his one-year contract for employment with Jason Lee, Walker went to work for Nathaniel Wyeth at Fort William, a trading post Wyeth had established on the lower end of Wapato Island (now known as Sauvie Island) at the confluence of the Willamette and Columbia Rivers. Walker worked at Fort William for only a short time, as it was soon apparent that the American Fur Company was no competition for the entrenched Hudson's Bay Company. In 1838, Walker went to work for "the enemy," taking a clerkship at Fort Hall, an HBC trading post on the Oregon Trail run by Francis Ermatinger. Though there were few travelers on the Trail in '38 and '39, those who did pass through Fort Hall almost universally remarked upon the excellent hospitality offered by Ermatinger and Walker.

Walker briefly returned to the employ of Jason Lee in 1839 or '40, working as a teacher at the Methodist mission school in present-day Salem.

Though he never rose to the level of prominence enjoyed by many of the men he knew over the years, C. M. Walker was widely respected by his peers. He was one of the earliest American settlers to arrive in Oregon, and he had friends among both the American and British camps while the two factions were jockeying for political and economic dominion over the region. Indeed, the woman Walker courted and wed around 1840, Margaret McTavish Walker, was a blood relation of two powerful officials of the Hudson's Bay Company: Chief Factor John George McTavish (her father) and Governor Donald McKenzie (her great uncle).

Walker and his new bride settled in the Tualatin Valley, established a farm, and raised six children together. When Oregon was annexed by the United States in 1849, Walker was elected Chief Clerk of the Territorial Government. He remained in government service for several years, taking a post as Indian Agent for the Siletz tribe after his term as Chief Clerk expired. Walker earned a reputation among both settlers and Indians for being fair, patient, and understanding.

After leaving government service, relatively little is known of Walker's life. The 1860 census lists his occupation as a surveyor; his six children ranged in ages from 4 to 18. By 1870, Walker had relocated to Tillamook County and was living alone, his children grown and his wife apparently deceased. One of his contemporaries described him as being successful later in life, "...a courtly gentleman who...had the appearance of a man of culture and leisure." However, a letter written to his niece Georgiana in 1877 suggests otherwise:

Since my last [letter] I have continued at home pretty lonely and with all my care and watchfulness have suffered losses. I have quit the cattle business, having returned all I had upon and come out with out a loaf or half cent of my own. Two weeks since I went to the Settlement with the intention of returning in a day or two; but was caught there by a heavy storm which continued 15 days. I had approached within two miles of my home the 12th day and still unable to go on, from the high stage of the waters. Then on yesterday morning my only and very valuable mare got away, and anxious to reach home attempted to swim the Nestucca River and was drowned. And now I find myself without a domestic animal of any kind except for a cat. My children write occasionally, but none come to see me, or speak of doing so...

- Courtney Meade Walker, November 27, 1877

Walker lived alone until 1887, when he fell seriously ill. He managed to walk to a neighbor's house to ask for help, but he died there not long after. His friends buried him on a hillside behind their home.

Courtney Meade Walker was the only man to come west with Jason Lee in 1834 who remained to live out his days in Oregon.”  
<http://www.historicoregoncity.org/pioneer-families/78-courtney-walker>

“In 1839 Ermatinger made his way to the American Rendezvous for the last time. It was held on Horse Creek, a branch of the Green River, near Bonneville’s old fort. Robert “Doc” Newell now committed to Fort Hall as his source of supply, nonetheless went along with Ermatinger as an observer. The Rendezvous was always a bit of homecoming for the men. Many were missing from the ranks of 1839. Some had given up and gone home, or moved to the Southwest. Some were dead.” The gathering proved disappointing, very little beaver had been trapped and the trading was poor. The fur trade of the Rocky Mountains was over. While here, Francis met a German doctor, named, Friedrich Adolph Wislizenus, who had come west purely as a sightseer, he would later return to the East with Paul Richardson as his guide. Also at the Rendezvous were two self-styled missionaries, Asahel Munger and John Griffin, with their wives. The two couples had crossed the Plains with a caravan and were hoping to start a mission in Oregon. Their only flaw was the lack of funds or outside financial aid. When Francis Ermatinger headed up the Bear River to Fort Hall the couples tagged along. But before Fort Walla Walla was reached the Munger-Griffin party began to argue among themselves. They argued so much that they soon realized that once they settled on a mission, that they wouldn’t be able to live together. “Ermatinger knew how desperate the missions needed workers and guessed that the newcomers would be taken in joyfully by either Presbyterians or Methodists. At Fort Hall he provisioned them with flour, sugar, butter, fish and camas root. He replaced their jaded horses with five fresh ones and lent them an Indian for a guide. At the last minute, Ermatinger decided that he had business at Walla Walla and rode along with them. McDonald, p 220 The Griffins moved in on the Spaldings while the Mungers moved in on the Whitmans. William H. Gray later claimed in his book that Francis purposely stole or hid the Mungers horses so they would have to travel with him instead of the Griffins, to break up Griffiths missionary plans. This has been discounted by historians.

The Tragic Tale of the Mungers By Renee Rusler, Park Ranger, March 2012

“Asahel Munger, a carpenter, and his wife Eliza were members of a religious colony in Oberlin, Ohio. In 1838 they agreed to join Rev. Griffin in a missionary effort to the Indians in the Oregon Country. They had zeal, but no major missionary board would sponsor them. The lack of funding did not stop these “independent” missionaries.

Asahel wrote a long letter to his mother detailing his trip out. Like many who would later travel west, he reported both wonders and hardships. The trip was especially hard on Eliza who frequently felt ill. As the Whitmans and their colleagues had done earlier, Griffin and the Mungers made their way west by traveling with a fur traders caravan to the yearly Rendezvous in the Rocky Mountains. There they met a group of Hudson's Bay Company personnel, led by Francis Ermatinger, who escorted them to Fort Walla Walla.

By the time the Mungers reached the fort, they realized that being out west was different than dreaming about being out west. The Mungers needed an alternative plan. The Whitmans, who stopped by while the Mungers were there, needed a carpenter. Asahel wrote:

I this morning closed a bargain with Dr. Whitman and made arrangements to go home with him today... You can judge something of Eliza's health and strength if she is able after riding almost constantly for 4 months, to get on to a horse & ride 25 miles in less than half a day."

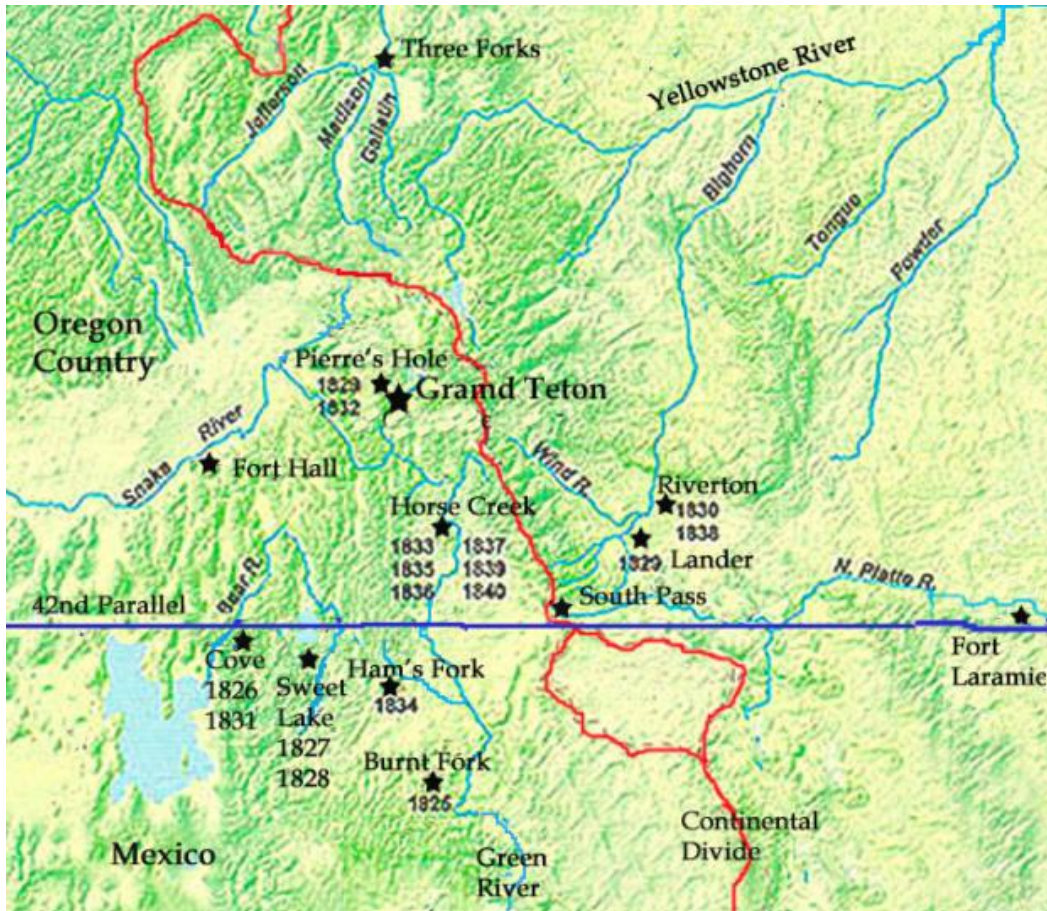
Both sides were very pleased. Asahel continued, "We have found friends...are surrounded by those that appear like brothers and sisters." According to Narcissa, "It seems as if the Lord's hand was in it in sending Mr. and Mrs. Munger here just at this time, and I know not how to feel grateful enough."

The Board that sponsored the Whitmans was not pleased by these "independent" missionaries and warned the Whitmans against being too friendly with them. But when these people showed up tired, hungry, and travel worn on their doorstep, what were the Whitmans to



do? By 1840 the Whitmans were harboring five independent missionary couples.

The Mungers, at least, proved useful for the Whitmans. Dr. Whitman wrote his Board: "He [Munger] is a good house carpenter. In that time I hope he will finish our house & make some comfortable furniture & some farming implements."  
<http://www.nps.gov/whmi/historyculture/the-tragic-tale-of-the-mungers.htm>



[http://www.thefurtrapper.com/rendezvous\\_sites.htm](http://www.thefurtrapper.com/rendezvous_sites.htm)



Horse Creek <http://westernamericana2.blogspot.com/2010/01/alfred-jacob-miller-and-1837-fur-trade.html>



Friedrich Adolph Wislizenus



Horse Creek Rendezvous 1837 by Alfred Jacob Miller

### Some notes on Friedrich Adolph Wislizenus:

(21 May 1810, Königsee – 23 September 1889) was German-born American MD, explorer and botanist. He is best known of his printed recollections from travels to Northern Mexico and today's state of New Mexico.

Friedrich Adolph Wislizenus was born on May 21, 1810 in the German town of Königsee to a family of pastor Johann Christian Anton Wislizenus as the youngest of three children; the roots of the family lead to 16th century Kingdom of Poland- therefrom, their ancestor, Jan Wiślicki emigrated first to the Kingdom of Hungary and later Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt. Both of the parents died in the early 1810s as victims of epidemic brought by Napoleon's soldiers retreating from Moscow; the orphaned children were taken into custody by their mother's brother, Dr. Hoffman, a man of the law.

Young Friedrich began his education towards becoming a clergyman at the Gymnasium of Rudolstadt- fragments of Hebrew would resurface throughout the whole course of his later life. Yet the interest in natural sciences prevailed and he entered the neighbouring University of Jena in hopes of becoming a doctor of medicine. Universities of Tübingen and Göttingen were his next steps.

On April 3, 1833 he played a serious part in the Frankfurter Wachensturm, a failed attempt to overthrow monarchy in Germany which was speedily dealt with. Some of Wislizenus' colleagues were imprisoned, others, among whom was Friedrich Adolph fled. He followed Johann Lukas Schonlein and left for Zurich, Switzerland.

Wislizenus graduated in 1834 and sought employment in Paris yet upon finding none, he set sail for New York. Having familiarized with the language and country he remained there for two years working actively as a pamphleteer and poet. In 1837 he joined his fellow exiles in St. Clair County, Illinois where he practised in Mascoutah but finding the country life dull and monotonous he ventured to St. Louis in 1839. There he found a long-sought opportunity. Accompanying one of the expeditions of Rocky Mountain Fur Company he embarked on a journey to the west. With the hardy pioneers he traveled far into the North-West, towards the source of Green River in the Wind Rivers Mountains. When the trappers turned back home Wislizenus joined a band of Flathead and Nez Perce Indians with whom he crossed the Rocky Mountains. With no guide willing to lead him through the Sierra Nevada he ventured back along the banks of Arkansas River to the border of Missouri. The voyage proved to be purely recreational due to the inability of finding facilities and lack of instruments.

Upon returning to St. Louis in 1840 he resumed his practice and soon became involved in various citizen activities of a growing city and country. He was a regular attendant at the Western Academy of Science where he aided his compatriot and friend, Dr. Georg Engelmann.

In 1846 his longing for exploration took hold and he joined a merchant expedition to Santa Fe. This time he was better prepared. Reaching the city news of the Mexican War emerged. Despite that Wislizenus managed to pass the border and traveled to Chihuahua where the whole group was imprisoned. Several months in a secluded mountain village resulted in collection of notes, observations and sketches concerning northern Mexico. Finally the prisoners were freed by Colonel Doniphan in the spring of 1847 and that same



year Friedrich Adolph returned to St. Louis. Due to the effort of senator Thomas H. Benton, with whom he became acquainted with, young explorer was summoned to Washington, D.C. and requested to publish his recollections. *Memoir of a Tour to Northern Mexico in 1846 and 1847* by A. Wislizenus, M.D. corrected erroneous views upon the western country and provided indepth description (with maps and sketches) of the lands near Rio Grande. The Senate ordered printing of 5,000 copies for distribution.

Among the trophies brought from the voyage were many new plants, later on studied by Dr. Engelmann, who, in gratitude to his explorer-friend, named some of the specimens with Wislizenus' name.

While engaged in publishing his memoirs, Wislizenus met his future wife, Lucy Crane, sister-in-law of George Perkins Marsh.

In 1849 he returned to St. Louis and served with vigour and devotion during the outbreak of cholera. As soon as the epidemic ceased he traveled to Istanbul where G.P. Marsh served as United States Minister to Turkey where he married Lucy at the Embassy on July 23, 1850. After visiting his hometown in Thuringen and some of the ancient cities of Europe, the newly married couple returned to the USA.

After a brief voyage to Panama and the Pacific Coast Wislizenus returned to St. Louis in 1852 and never left it again (save recreational trips to Kimmswick, Missouri). For the rest of his life he pursued scientific interest- was one of the founders of the St. Louis Academy of Science, indulged in meteorological and botanical studies until failing eyesight could allow. It culminated in total blindness a few years before his death yet there were always enthusiastic readers to entertain his eager mind.

Friedrich Adolph Wislizenus died on September 23, 1889 leaving a rich intellectual heritage.  
[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Friedrich\\_Adolph\\_Wislizenus](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Friedrich_Adolph_Wislizenus)

From the Diary of Asahel Munger and his wife, Eliza:

Jul 1--E. had hard headache. Camped again on Sweet Water. This morning some frightened by two Indian dogs which came into camp--found Indians nigh. Crossed Sweet Water twice halted to rest. E. ate nothing this morning--at noon some better--head aches yet. After noon had a long march to a spring 6 1/2 hours. E. & myself stopped once and turned a little to the right and took a drink of water from the river, that descends to the States, for the last time--Today on the height of ground could see the valley of the Green river which descends to the Pacific, and the Sweet water which descends to the States could see on our right more clearly the wind river mountains covered with perpetual snow...

1839 July 3 Wed. to July 11 Thurs.

“[The] mountains in sight and covered with snow most of the time. This is melting and running down in these streams, so that the water is cold soft and good. Camped on big Sandy.

July 4<sup>th</sup>. Thurs. at half past 10 today we halted to remain until we should hear from Mr. Dripse's camp, (who is the head of the American Fur Company). Soon he appeared himself and Capt. Walker (Courtney Meade Walker) with him, to the joy of all the camp. He brought us cheering news. Mr. Ermitinger one of the head men of the Hudson's Bay Company came over with 8 men and a company of Indians to rendezvous, who was expecting to accompany missionaries if any should come over. They expected to meet Mr. Lee and his company here. We started about noon ... traveled fast until after 4.

July 5<sup>th</sup>. Friday started soon after sunrise, and arrived at rendezvous about half past 10 o.c. had a friendly interview with Mr. Ermitinger & Dr. Newell one of the men

employed by the American Fur Company. Saw the Indians that came up with Mr. Ermentinger they all appear very friendly. The American Fur Co. have made a poor collection of furs this year ... are brin(g)ing their business to a close.

July 6<sup>th</sup>. Sat. pleasant morning. Our tent is near Mr. Ermentinger, and nearer Green river. This is quite a stream 15 or 20 rods wide, and where we ford it midside deep to a horse. We saw The Soldier, a Nez Perce Indian who has been much with the missionaries.

July 7<sup>th</sup>. Sab. Mr. G (Griffin) preached today twice. He had quite a number of white men and more Indians to hear him. After meeting many got drunk. The Am. Fur Company are ruining men as fast as they can with their alcohol.

July 8<sup>th</sup>. Mon. last night Mr. Ermentinger has two horses stolen from him by 2 of his own men.

July 9<sup>th</sup>. Tues. last night one of the men came back with the horse he had stolen, he was not careful to secure him safely, so the horse returned home in the night. He came boldly into camp to look for him. Mr. Ermentinger watched for him and saw him. When the man saw Mr. E. he cocked his gun to shoot him (the gun he had stolen too). He did not shoot but turned and ran off. This is a specimen of similar occurrences which are quite common in the mountains at this time. Bought meat today called jurk (jerked).

July 10<sup>th</sup>. Wed. Today we start for Ft. Hall, drove only three hours, camped on account of Mr. Ermentinger. The scene we have left is really distressing. These poor mountain men are receiving payment for labor in alcohol at an enormous price. These men must now scutter off, with their little tobacco and coffee & the like things which were the principal commodities except alcohol which were brought up this year from the States for the men, and seek a home and employment where they can, many of them are so poor they cannot go down to the States. What to do they know not.

July 12<sup>th</sup> Mrs. G's horse in passing a side hill which was very steep and dangerous slipped, and came near going down to the bottom of the hill, she partly fell, but her clothes caught on the horse and held her. She was very much frightened, though not injured, about 10 o'clock we passed up a very steep hill, which was very hard for our horses, and our wives as they walked up.....

July 13<sup>th</sup>. our way today very hilly, we pass over places on side hills and among trees that appear almost impassible, in some places the road is on the side hill, some 30 feet, and sometimes as high as 60 ft above the level, and on an angle of 40 to 60 degrees from a horizontal, in a narrow path where two horses could not pass with their packs.....

July 16<sup>th</sup>. made for the soda springs, arrived about 10 o'clock. We found the waters a luxury indeed, as good soda as I ever drank, boiling up out of the earth. There are several of these springs--all that we saw are sunk down a little below the surface of the earth. The mother spring of all we saw is said to be 10 or 12 feet across and no bottom has ever yet

been found. The water there is much stronger than at the springs we saw, these springs, which are called the Pots, boil up from the outlet of the mother spring which passes along under ground and runs into the river. The water is clear and has a smart taste like small beer, though it has more of the sting to it than any beer I ever drank. I drank freely of it. It had a very good effect. Below these springs is another curiosity, on the bank of the Bear river is a small hole in the rock about 6 or 7 inches in diameter nearly round running down on an angle of 45 degrees back from the river, out of which there is boiling or rather foaming water about blood warm. This is thrown out at intervals of about 4 or 5 seconds--it would seem to be gasping for breath drawing in wind which makes a guggling noise when passing in, then out comes the water in a half steam form, as though mixed with gas and pressed out with tremendous force. There is another similar, though not one fourth as large, and emits but little water. This is called by mountain men-- the steam engine. The whole surface of the earth about this place, and the soda springs, and finally all over this region presents every proof of having been a volcano, the lava covers the whole surface of the earth. The rocks all about have been evidently in a melted state. I took specimens of 4 different kinds some harder than others. There is a bed of white clay, about as white as our common white earthen (ware). This is used by the Indians in all parts of the mountains for whitening skins &c.

17 July 1839 Wednesday ... We left Mr. Ermitinger this morning and took another rout, for making meat [to] last us down the Columbia River.

July 18<sup>th</sup>. We traveled on in a northwardly direction toward a place called Gray's hole...our company consists of 14 men and two women. We have 35 horses and mules.

July 22<sup>th</sup>. Today our company are making meat. The hunters came in last evening. This is made by cutting into this slices and spreading it upon a rack which is made of rods laid upon poles raised about 2 feet above the fire--There we let it dry and half roast, or heat gradually until the juice or blood is dried, then it is taken of, packed together and pressed all night.....We are now descending the mountains toward the Pacific within 40 miles of Ft. Hall....E. almost worn down with hard traveling and hard thinking.

July 25<sup>th</sup>. moved on until we came within 6 miles of Ft. Hall....

July 26<sup>th</sup>. started about noon for Ft. Hall. Was welcomely received by Mr. Ermitinger and Mr. Walker who are the principal men in charge of this Fort -- Found Mr. Rodgers here from the mission west of the mountains. I returned a horse I received of him at Soday Springs. He would receive nothing for the use of him. Mr. Rodgers went home with me and stayed with me until this morning.

July 27<sup>th</sup>. Took Eliza and went up to the Fort and spent the afternoon. The men were drinking very much

July 29<sup>th</sup>. After dark I got on a strange mule to go in search of our horses. I rode about half a mile only, before she rared up, jumped, and kicked until she threw me off and

broke my right shoulder. Providentially there was a physician in camp who set the bone free of charge.

Aug 1<sup>st</sup>. E. has hard labors. Tuesday she washed and lamed her wrists-- yesterday she had to get her own wood and climb a steep bank for water. It was too much for her.

Aug 2<sup>nd</sup>. Today I finished copying the Journal up to this date to Dea Goodell--and finished my letter to mother and gave them to Mr. Richardson to forward to the States, as he with three men is to start tomorrow to return. We have had the privilege of living alone nearly a week.

Aug 5<sup>th</sup>. Mr. Griffin offered to help us this morning as we were about to move up near to the fort. We thought it would not be safe for us to remain where we are since the company left. Mr. Richardson and his company started yesterday for the States, and all the remainder or other part of the company had started before for Van Cover (Vancouver), so that we are left alone (of the original group from the states).

[At Fort Hall]

Aug. 9<sup>th</sup> 1839. This evening Mr. Ermitinger came down to inquire why we were destitute of horses, or why both claimed the same horses. I told him the reasons, how the money we had expended had been raised, how much had been expended than we anticipated &c. &c.

Aug. 10<sup>th</sup>. Sat. We have been kindly supplied with milk, sweet and sour, some butter, flower, sugar, &c. also berries from the fort.

12 Aug. 1839 "this morning all preparations made for a start for Walla Walla. Mr. E. furnished 5 horses which he had promised, and one for the Indian to ride who packed for us. The use of six horses gratis is no trifle for 500 miles travel, as I was leading the 5 horses over to the tent Mr. McKee told me that 3 of Mr. G's horses were gone--they had looked for them all morning.

Aug 14<sup>th</sup>. Last night I had a restless night quite unwell--kept E. awake-- she arose early and got breakfast--while I slept. Mr. G. unwell also...

Aug 16th. E. had taken cold--settled in her limbs--which renders it tedious for her to ride--my shoulder gaining....

Aug 17th. E. better able to ride than yesterday....

Aug 18<sup>th</sup>. Camped this evening on Snake river, or near it, on the opposite side are what are called Shoots. They are large springs of water shooting out of the rock 50 or 60 ft above the river. A man some years since, in attempting to swim across the river to look at this scene drowned. Mr. Ermitinger sent to Salmon falls 3 or 4 miles distant and purchased fresh Salmon.

Aug 19<sup>th</sup>. after riding about one hour we came to the falls--here we got a supply of fish to last us to Ft Boysa (Boise). Here the Indians have built three houses of willows and grass. These are not perpendicular falls, but rapids where they catch fish with their hands....

Aug 20<sup>th</sup>. In packing this morning Mr. E. told us to prepare our packs for crossing the river--rode only one hour before we came to the crossing place. This is rather a dangerous place, the bottom of the river here is gravel and lies like snow drifts--below these piles there would be deep holes, where a horse must swim or drown if he should get into them. The water was very clear, all arrived safe--no accident unfavorable...

Aug 22<sup>th</sup>. I have had some pain for several days this originates from a foul stomach.

23 Aug. 1839 This day proceed onwards towards the Fort.....came in sight of the Fort between 3 & 4. Camped in a field; on a bank of the river near the fort--found the people here friendly indeed. Eliza feels almost worn out, and no wonder....I took cold today in bathing, had some fever, removed my cold by sweating. Mr. Ermitinger has been exceedingly kind to us since we started, he has acted the part of the gentleman indeed & continues to do so. He said to us "make up your minds how much flour, and meal, fish, sugar, butter & cawesh (Camas) you want, and I will supply you".

26 Aug. 1839 Today Mr. Ermitinger again advised us not to make up our minds where to go until we had seen Dr. Whitman, I told him we should not.

Aug 27--Left Boiza (Boise) about 10 o'clock for Walla Walla...

Aug 31--more hills today--a shower stopped us a few minutes today--drove late camp'd on the grand round as it is call'd, a small river. Mr. Griffin tried to employ a guide here to conduct him to Mr. Spauldings.

Sep 2--Commenced traveling through the Blue Mountains. These are principally covered with pine....at noon we descended a long hill off the Blue Mountains 2 or 3 miles long found an encampment of Indians--heard by them that Dr. Whitman was not at home--was at Mr. Spauldings. They expected him next Thursday...

Sep 4--..after 5 or 6 hours we reached the Walla Walla river and stopped to rest...Mr. Griffin left us this morning for Mr. Spauldings without a guide. In 3 or 4 hours we reached the Fort--This was the end of our journey as anticipated when we left Oberlin. We were welcomely received by Mr. Pomber (Pambrun) the keeper of the fort. This man has a wife and 6 children. He has raised some vegetables this season. He had quite a patch of potatoes--2 or 3 acres, had some cabbages and melons, beets, turnips, fowls, bread, salt and fresh salmon, and in fact everything of living kind which we want.....This Fort is situated upon the Columbia river. Here is the point where we first saw the river.

Sep 9--Mr. Pomber, we understood by Mr. Ermitinger, had concluded to give us an invitation to spend the winter with him and busy ourselves teaching his children, and the like, if we dont find an opportunity to spend the winter with Mr. Whitman. This he has done for our accomodation and not for his convenience. This morning Mr. Smith and Mr. Rogers arrived and the man that helped us from the States. He told us that Mr. Griffin arrived at Dr. Whitman's on Wednesday last. He drove very fast in order to get there before we should. When he arrived he found the family were not at home, and only stayed 3 or 4 hours--hired a pilot-- started for Mr. Spauldings with the intention of arriving there before they left. But it proved otherwise. Dr. Whitman and his wife, Mr. Hall the printer from Sandwich Islands and his wife arrived here soon after noon. They had been here but a few hours before the way was prepared for us to go home with them and spend the winter. They wanted joiner work, and such other things as I could do....

Sep 10--I this morning closed a bargain with Dr. Whitman and made arrangements to go home with him today. Mr. Ermitinger had a long talk with him and all the other missionaries that were here--Brother Geger (Geiger) and Mr. Johnson (D.G. Johnson who left soon for the Sandwich Islands) called on Dr. Whitman (as they had gone on ahead from Ft. Hall) and helped pave the way that led us to the harbor we are in this fall. Left the Fort in company with Dr. Whitman & his wife on horseback... We lingered along some when first setting out on account of Mrs. Hall, she is not able to ride on horse back--having been diseased for years with a spinal affection, and came here for the purpose of recovering her health. 3 men took a canoe, and are going up the Walla Walla river with her. We rode on after leaving them tolerably fast--arrived at home before sunset 25 miles. You can judge something of Eliza's health and strength if she is able after riding almost constantly for 4 months, to get on to a horse & ride 25 miles in less than half a day.

We found Dr. Whitman in comfortable circumstances. He has raised about 100 bushels of corn, raising of a 1000 bushels of potatoes as he thinks, though they are not yet dug--some wheat, peas, beans, beets, carrots, turnips, squashes, melons, onions, broom corn, hops, summer and winter squashes, pumpkins, &c. He has provisions enough for his family for the year and some to spare to the Indians to pay them for their labor. I commenced preparing a bench and tools to work with. Dr. W. had a house built of brick, or dobies as they are called, made of clay without burning. This they wanted to have finished, as soon as possible-- as Mr. Hall is to occupy it this winter. He had good pine timber seasoned and piled up in house ready to finish it off, and all the materials to do it with. All that was lacking was a joiner. I commenced working at one of the rooms (the one designed for the parlor) about two weeks ago, and finished it today. My arm has recovered nearly its usual strength. Eliza's health is good--I knew it better. She is now assisting Mrs. Whitman in her household affairs. Mrs. W. is teaching the Indian children. The school commenced since we came here. They have delayed the school for want of a Book. They have now acquired a sufficient knowledge of the language to teach and communicate religious instruction on the Sabbath. They have quite a large school--children quite interested to learn. The collection for a school is yet a novelty with them--How long they will continue to be as deeply interested no one knows.



Mr. Ermitinger called here on his return to Ft. Hall. Just before he arrived a Lawyer by the name of Farnam arrived from the States to our great surprise. He had started with quite a company, but they had been falling off, one after another until there were only about a half dozen when they arrived here.

Mr. Griffin's horses were found. It is said they were stolen by the Indians and Mr. Walker at Ft. Hall gave one of them for finding the other two. We have found friends as you will judge from what I have said--are surrounded by those that appear like brothers and sisters. We expect in a few days to commence keeping house....”

<http://www.oregonpioneers.com/munger.htm>

We will see more about the Mungers later in this story.

Eva Emery Dye devoted chapter 22 in her book, “McLoughlin and Old Oregon – A Chronicle, A.C. McClurg & Co., 1900 to Francis .. Dye called it “Ermatinger Guards The Frontier 1840.” In it she tells of McLoughlin and Douglas sending him to snoop out the Americans. And she gives him a German accent! Although Eva Emery Dye was a good researcher and historian she wrote in the flowery and descriptive style of her days. She is pro-American and anti-HBC and it shows in her fanciful and partly untrue treatment of Francis Ermatinger. He was not short, being the average height for those days, spoke perfect English, and was honest to a fault, and a jovial and kind companion!

“McLoughlin and Old Oregon by Eva Emery Dye  
Chapter XXII ERMATINGER GUARDS THE FRONTIER 1840

Consumption was eating away the vitals of Tom McKay. This was not strange, in view of the winter bivouacs on the Missouri, the dog-sled journeys to Colville, the fights and flights at Okanogan long ago, the days of wet moccasins and nights of damp blankets, the weeks of sand-dust and alkali along the Shoshonie. His brigade was handed over to Ermatinger.

"Tom will spend the winter in California," said Dr. McLoughlin.

There were reasons for despatching Ermatinger to the Shoshonie. More and more St. Louis trappers were crossing the Rockies and disputing grounds with the Hudson's Bay Company and the Blackfeet.

"This opposition must be frozen out," said Dr. McLoughlin. "We must fight fire with fire," said Douglas.

So Ermatinger rushed over the twisted aromatic sagebrush of the upper country, snuffing the air for rivals. Witty, skilful, affable, he was the trump card, and they played it.

How kind Ermatinger was, how insinuating ! How hospitably he received a rival camp ! inspecting their outfit from the corner of his eye. He knew to a skin how much the Americans carried. He counted every gun, and reckoned up the value of the goods. How trickily he misled them! worse than Jemmy Jock! How deftly he planted the seeds of discontent ! "Your leader pays you ha beggarly rate ; hour men would never put hup with it." How he fomented disputes, how disinterestedly he conveyed word to the Indians, how he played on their superstitions "These Bostons bring trouble. If you deal with the Bostons we shall sell you no more smoke-smoke. These Bostons hare swindlers. They charge ten dollars for scarlet that just falls to pieces. We charge honly thirty-two shillings for cloth that will last a lifetime.

But when the missionaries came Ermatinger was in his glory. Gray, Walker, Eells, Griffin, Munger, and their wives, all passed under his convoy. "Surely there is no danger in missionaries," he said ; "they come not to trap nor to trade nor to make settlements, they come only to teach the Indians." Ermatinger flew around among his men. "Company to-night. Company to-night Put hon your best faces, boys. Serve up the supper hon has clean ha mat has you can find, Baptiste. Let them see that we live on civilized fare. More cakes, Gabriel, plenty of fried cakes." The quick Canadians, trained to obey, turned camp over at his call. Cook Gabriel, blowzy at the fire, dropped ball after ball of flour and water dough into the boiling tallow, stirring it afar off with a pointed pole to avoid the blistering heat.

Skipping out to meet his guests, the little man bowed profoundly "Come, ladies hand gentlemen, let me hintroduce you to the chairs hand tables hand hedibles."

There was something almost homelike in Ermatinger's companionable camp, with regiments of buffalo ribs propped up before the blaze on dress parade, and savory fumes of fleece meat bubbling in the kettles. There had been a great hunt; even now the buffalo

runners were restless in the camp, the hills east of the Snake were black with shaggy herds, and their deep-mouthed bellowings rolled like thunder far away. Some of the Canadians were still busy with hatchets, cracking the marrow-bones, to lay bare the rolls of trappers' butter contained within; others had cleaned the intestines, turned them inside out, and tucked them full of strips of salted and peppered tenderloin, and beside the ribs these long, brown festoons of trappers' sausage snapped and crackled with their juicy contents.

The missionaries, young men just out of the seminaries, and their rosy-cheeked brides, sat down on the Indian mats spread on the grass. Ermatinger kept up incessant chatter.

"I'm 'ungry's a grizzly. Pour the coffee, Baptiste. Notice hany trappers this side hof the Rockies? 'Elp yourselves, 'elp yourselves. Don't stand hon ceremony. To-day hit his buffalo 'umps hand marrow-bones, tomorrow hit may be mice. We starve when we must, but when we 'ave plenty we heat the best first, for fear hof being scalped by han Injun before we Ve henjoyed it."

On their brushwood beds the wandering missionaries slept in this early Oregon time. The wolves howled them to sleep every evening, howled them awake every morning; all the night long the wolves bayed at the moon as she rode in a cloudless sky. Under their heads they hid the meat for pillows, to keep it away from the wolves even then some sly old gray-back would come in. the night and pull it out.

"Harise ! Harise ! Harise ! " was Ermatinger's daylight call. "Hi 'I1 be 'anged hif the wolves 'ave n't grown so bold hand saucy they Ve come to the fire to warm themselves !" There they sat, three great gray wolves, with noses pointing to the fire. One touch, over they toppled, dead, set up by this joking hunter in the night to frighten the tenderfeet from over the Rockies !

"Hi 'I1 be 'anged if the dogs 'ave n't heaten my moccasins," was the next discovery. Perhaps the remnant of a cap chewed out of recognition lay under a tent edge. More than likely one leg of a pair of buckskin pantaloons was all that was left of somebody's apparel.

The missionaries laughed, laughed, laughed as at holiday. How could they look for guile when all went merry as a marriage-bell under the lead of this good-humored, winsome host? To Ermatinger they confided their plans and acted on his advice. He slapped them on the shoulders, lounged round their tent doors, and sat in their secret councils. He penetrated their inmost hearts, warned them against trespassing the regulations of the great company.

"What are the regulations of the company?" asked the incoming missionaries.

"Hamericans must not trade with Hinjuns, they must confine themselves to hagriculture hand mission work, hand keep to the south side hof the Columbia," was the answer, impressed like a solemn law. And he tricked them, tricked them out of their tame cattle for long-horned Mexican heifers that needed to be caught with a lasso and held for milking, tricked them out of their gentle American horses for wild Indian ponies. Even at Whitman's he tried his wiles.

"You live too plainly. You dress too plainly. Splendor wins the Hinjuns. You must put hon more style hand get all the hinfluence possible. The Hamerican Board agrees to give you your living; that living must not be mean." Then the tempter passed, leaving a worry in the heart of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, foi to some extent they knew his words were true. Sometimes the conversation fell on politics. Then Ermatinger fired :

"If the Hунited States tries to drive hus from the country the Hudson's Bay Company will harm ? er height 'undred mixed bloods, and with their knowledge hof the mountain fastnesses we can 'old Horegon hagainst the world. Ham hi not ha marvellously proper man to go a-soldiering? "The little man drew himself up, and his big nose shone. Of course everybody laughed, "It is only Ermatinger." Even Dr. McLoughlin would laugh, " Bow-wow-wow ! It 's only Ermatinger."

"Ho, no, this country can never be settled," said Ermatinger, slyly taking the missionaries through the most difficult goat-trails over the mountains. " J Ow could wagons hever get through these jungles ? " Over sharp-cut rocks he led them, through dense woods, and over mountain patches of snow where never man or beast had trod before. Long since, the Indians had revealed to Dr. Whitman wide, comfortable trails that the company had hoped to keep secret. But Ermatinger, leading the new-comers a thorny chase, laughed, laughed, laughed because he had fooled the missionaries. "Be silent, exclusive, secret' said the company, "lest the furry folk be frightened away. We shall be undone if colonies of people supplant our colonies of beaver. Mill-dams break up beaver-dams ; they never flourish in the same water."

"Why have you never taught the Indians agriculture?" inquired Dr. Whitman. "Hoh, beaver is hour business. Why meddle with the plough?" was Ermatinger's careless answer.

"How came the Spokanes, then, to plant and plough?"

"The Spokanes 'ave planted for twenty years. Hastor's men built Spokane House hand made ha little garden. The Hinjuns watched them, tasted their vegetables. When they left the squaws saved the seed hand tried their 'and hat gardens."

"Does n't that prove that all the Indians want is a chance that they are ready to take up civilization?" Dr. Whitman was standing by that historic wagon with his foot on the hub.

Ermatinger knocked the ashes from his ever-burning pipe with an impatient snap.

"Yes, too ready, if anything. We don't want 'em civilized we want 'em to catch skins. That is why the company gets along better with the Injun than you Hamericans do we leave 'im to 'is own ways. You try to change 'im. All along your border states you say, 'ere, take a farm and settle down like white folks, or get hout That 's no way to get halong with Hinjuns."

"Exactly." Never before had Dr. Whitman grasped so clearly the difference of the two policies. Then began the nervous walk in which he indulged when under the pressure of exciting thought. "It's here in a nutshell, Ermatinger. The fur-hunter meets the Indian half-way, he intermarries, he perpetuates barbarism. The American brings the rifle, the axe, the home. For the beaver-dam and buffalo-range he substitutes the plough, the mill, the school, the railroad, the city." Ever after Dr. Whitman seemed to hear a voice sighing in the wind like the worried ghost of the great company: "Away! Away! You must not civilize our Indians. Away! Away! Your mills, your ploughs and schools and shops must not frighten our beaver."

Silence brooded over Oregon, the silence of the grave. England looked upon the great fur preserve as a waste, a desert where a few wild beasts gained a scanty living. As the fur-traders tramped the forest they knew of coal, but they never told it; they knew of marble and iron, but they kept it secret; voyageurs discovered ledges of gold, but were enjoined to silence; the Indian was not more quiescent to publish to the world these vast savannas and belts of a greater Britain would bring in people, and people frighten away the game. So Oregon slept behind her battlements, waiting for the prince at whose magic kiss the gates should fall, the forest trails expand, and her thousand industries leap to life."

Francis' grandchildren gave Miss Dye "hell" over the way she wrote about him:  
The following sent to David "Chalk" Courchane by Robert A. Darling, 815 East 31st St., Bremerton, WA 98310 - May 1995: Following are two notes the first by Robert Darling and the second by his sister, Emily.

(1)"This note sent with the copy of the letter to Robert A. Darling from his eldest sister Emily Coakley nee Darling. Mrs. Markey is our Grandmother's sister, Harriet Ermatinger Markey nee Crawford." Robt. A. Then in handwriting: "Hope you like her reasoning about F.E. and his dropping H's (signed) R."

(2) "This letter in is answer to a complaint from Aunt Hattie [Harriet E. "Hattie" Crawford (1870-) see her photo above], objecting to Eva Emery Dye's, characterization of Francis Ermatinger in her book McLoughlin and Old Oregon—Which I have, Emily."

"Oregon City, Oregon, October 11, 1910

My Dear Mrs. Markey,-

You cannot imagine how glad I am to hear from the granddaughter of Francis Ermatinger. Yes, I found out that I was mistaken about the h's, the Barclay girls, daughters of Dr. Barclay, were quite put out about it. "Frank Ermatinger never talked that way," they said. But you know I liked Ermatinger and had to have him talk, and the things I cd gather from old timers were so fragmentary that I tried to fix them up to attract more attention to him. I wanted to fight his battles, too, when he was changed contrary to his wishes and made it pretty strong. Not more than the case wd warrant, however.

The Barclay girls live here at Oregon City, Mrs. W.E. Pratt, and her older sister, Miss Kate Barclay, unmarried.

Yes, I have three books now, McClurgs published them all, and all have more or less of the H.B. Co. I am now writing a story of Old Oregon and the Islands, that is, the Sandwich Islands as they used to call them, and expect to sail for Honolulu a week from to-day. As this story deals with Oregon City in the '40's, just when Frances Ermatinger was here, I may have something about him again and will be careful not to drop the h, though I like to. I wonder if he ever kept a diary or journal. If he did it might help in picturing that day of beginnings. He was in charge of the Hudson Bay store here in 1842-

4 and perhaps longer. I do not know just when he left. I wish you wd find out whether there is any possibility of a journal by him.

Yes, Cyrus Emery was my father. He died just one year ago and I was there a month, returning here in November. I wish I had known of you then. Surely we wd have had a visit. And so you live in Morrison. I have an old friend there, Samuel Maxwell. Perhaps you know him. I also knew the Ramsays, the sister of Judge Ramsey was my most intimate chum, and I visited her when in Chicago a year ago. My old home was in Prophetstown where my father lived for more than 50 years. (By the way, Mrs. Ramsay was a McKenzie, related to Sir Alexander McKenzie...")

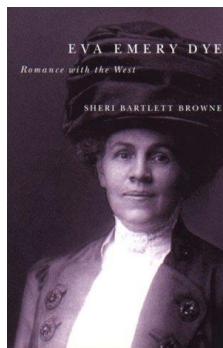
If I cd get hold of a lot of Frank Ermatinger's jokes, they say he was always the life of any company he was in, I might be able to use them, but the Barclay girls were not born then and few or none remain now who wd be able to tell them.

I have always felt the Lord directed my work, so wonderfully have things come to me, almost without an effort on my part. And so, in this case, very likely you may be the one to unfold to me long lost and forgotten matters concerning the birth of Oregon.

I shall be absent on this Honolulu trip perhaps a month or six weeks, in that time you may be able to write your relatives in St. Thomas and see whether they have any old letters or journals. I know there must be a lot of stuff in London but I never been at liberty to take that trip. And even if I cd it might not be possible to obtain access to that old H.B collection they are so conservative.

Hoping to hear from you again, and to meet you some day, I am, Yours very truly, Eva Emery Dye."

*Notes on Eva Emery Dye:*



Dye, Eva Emery, OrHi 87523.  
Oreg. Hist. Soc. Research Libr., OrHi 87523

Eva Emery Dye (1855-1947) As an impressionable and imaginative girl growing up in Illinois, Eva Emery pored over every historical novel written by Sir Walter Scott. Within the pages of *Waverley*, *Rob Roy*, and *Ivanhoe*, she found an inspiring concoction of chivalry, adventure, romance, and cross-cultural conflict. Later, as a student at Oberlin College in the 1870s, she delighted in the epic poetry and literature of Homer and Hesiod. These works—as well as those of Irving, Longfellow, Carlyle, Emerson, and Fuller—would encourage the talented and exuberant writer to compose what she believed were America's epic stories: the contested settlement of the Northwest Coast in the 1820s, the Lewis and Clark Expedition, and the Overland Trail migrations. Pioneering the genre of historical fiction in the Pacific Northwest, Dye adopted a style that was a curious blend of fact, fiction, biography, and romance.

Eva Lucinda Emery was born in Prophetstown, Illinois, to Cyrus and Caroline Trafton Emery. She began writing poetry at a young age, encouraged by her father's storytelling and her deceased mother's poems and schoolbooks. At age fifteen, the *Prophetstown Spike* published "Dreamland," and soon other midwestern newspapers issued her poems under the pseudonym "Jennie Juniper." Despite her father's opposition, Emery was determined to attend college. She taught primary school in Prophetstown and ultimately raised the funds for one year's preparatory training at Oberlin in Ohio.

Oberlin opened new intellectual worlds for the inquisitive young woman, who took courses in the classics and submitted poetry to the *Oberlin Review*, the student newspaper. Emery joined the Ladies' Literary Society and was the poet laureate of her class. Like many white, middle-class women of her generation, she found a purpose in the temperance and suffrage movements, moral and political causes that would inspire both her writing and activism in her later years.

In 1882, Emery graduated from Oberlin and married classmate Charles Henry Dye, a native of Fort Madison, Iowa. In 1890, the Dyes migrated to Oregon City, Oregon, where Charles developed a thriving real estate and contract law practice. Charles's financial success allowed Dye to concentrate on her writing and enabled them to raise four children. The Dyes soon helped organize the Willamette Valley Chautauqua Association, which brought religious and educational speakers to Gladstone Park every summer for over thirty years.

Almost immediately after arriving in Oregon, Dye began a chronicle of the turbulent history of American Protestant missionaries and pioneers and their British fur-trading counterparts in the Oregon Country. Her first book, *McLoughlin and Old Oregon* (1900), represented more than the romanticized biography of Dr. John McLoughlin, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company's Columbia Department. As in all of her books, Dye highlighted cross-cultural interactions and themes as well as the roles and activities of women, although she frequently embellished the text with inventive dialogue and her characters often possessed the flatness and simplicity of heroic archetypes.

Dye's success with *McLoughlin* encouraged further study of America's epic adventures. She turned to the nation's empire-building in the late eighteenth century and found her heroes in William Clark and his brother, Revolutionary War surveyor, scout, and Indian fighter George Rogers Clark. *The Conquest: The True Story of Lewis and Clark* (1902) was a collective biography of the Clark family and a celebration of westward expansion. The Lewis and Clark Expedition framed a central part of her narrative. The text brought Sacagawea, the young Shoshone woman who accompanied the explorers on their eighteen-month trek, to general readers for the first time.

The Lewis and Clark journals depict Sacagawea as useful in pointing out landmarks in territory with which she was familiar, helpful in finding food for the explorers, and clear-headed in a near-disastrous incident with one of the pirogues. *The Conquest* remains true to the expedition journals in these aspects, but Dye believed Sacagawea represented traits of nineteenth-century true womanhood. She embellished Sacagawea's character with scenes of domestic tranquility and imagined her state of mind, portraying Sacagawea as a youthful mother and civilizing force among male adventurers. Although critics have erroneously claimed that Dye's depiction of Sacagawea derived from her desire to promote the suffrage movement, her focus was on Sacagawea as an ideal maternal figure, a symbol of pioneer motherhood that the author later would promote.

Dye published two works of romantic fiction: *McDonald of Oregon: A Tale of Two Shores* (1906) and *The Soul of America: An Oregon Iliad* (1934). Her lasting legacy, however, endured in the area of research. She was determined to bring her stories to life with as much detail and veracity as possible. Few pioneer descendants were beyond her reach, and she assiduously recorded and preserved their recollections before translating them into her own epic vision. Pursuing every lead, she unearthed valuable diaries and documents of the West's early explorers, as well as extant letters and pioneer reminiscences that she donated to libraries and historical societies.

In 1903, Dye was instrumental in discovering several of William Clark's expedition notebooks, letters between Lewis and Clark and Thomas Jefferson, and fifty of Clark's maps. It was these indefatigable research efforts, together with her lifelong writing and enthusiastic public speaking on the western past, that made Dye a popular and respected champion of regional history and literature. Oreg. Hist. Soc. Research Libr., OrHi 87523

Notes on Forbes Barclay, father of the Barclay girls mentioned above that were "put out" by the way E.E. Dye had Francis Ermatinger speaking with a German accent:

Dr. Forbes Barclay (1812-1873) 'Arctic explorer, physician, public official, philanthropist' Dictionary of Oregon History, Binforde & Mort, 1956. After a reportedly disastrous voyage into the Arctic in search of a 'northwest passage' and other exploits of his young adulthood, Dr. Barclay came from Scotland to Fort Vancouver as a Hudson's Bay Company physician in 1840. In 1850, he and his wife Maria Pambrun Barclay and their seven children moved to Oregon City, where they became prominent in community affairs. Dr. Barclay served variously as mayor of Oregon City, superintendent of schools and the first coroner in Oregon, as well as a physician. Dr. and Mrs. Barclay are now buried in the Mountain View Cemetery in Oregon City. Their home, built in 1849, remained in the Barclay family until the 1930's, when it was moved up the hill from the waterfront to its present location adjacent to the McLoughlin House. It was added to the National Park System in 2003, along with the McLoughlin House, as a unit of Fort Vancouver National Historic Site. The Barclay House currently houses offices for the National Park Service and the McLoughlin Memorial Association. The Barclay House gift shop offers many hard to find books on northwest history and its pioneers, traditional toys, handcrafted goods, and other gift items. <http://www.mcloughlinhouse.org/barclay.html>

Biographical Information on Dr. Forbes Barclay from the Fort Vancouver Historic Structure Report, Vol. 2 (1976). It states that "the surgeon at the Fort Vancouver depot was Dr. Forbes Barclay, who has been described as 'a Scotsman of excellent training and unique experience.'

Born in the Shetland Islands on Christmas Day, 1812, he was afflicted with a cleft palate. His father was a prominent physician who lectured on anatomy at Edinburgh and had authored a book on the movements of muscles. Young Barclay studied medicine in Edinburgh and, beginning in 1834, spent several summers as a surgeon with exploring expeditions to the Arctic. One of these voyages ended in shipwreck, but Barclay was one of the survivors who were rescued by Eskimos and eventually returned to Britain in Sir John Franklin's ship. He was granted his medical diploma by the Royal College of Surgeons, London, on July 5, 1838.

The Barclay family had connections with the Hudson's Bay Company. Archibald Barclay, said to have been an uncle of Dr. Forbes Barclay, was appointed the firm's secretary in London in 1843; but either he or another uncle, the Reverend Thomas Barclay, had been known by Governor George Simpson for at least several years prior to that time. Perhaps this association was related to the fact that on June 4, 1839, Forbes Barclay entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company in the dual capacity of clerk and surgeon and was placed on the list of those awaiting assignment. That fall he sailed in the Columbia for Fort Vancouver, where he arrived in the spring of 1840.

Relieving Dr. W. F. Tolmie, Barclay at once went to work in the Indian Trade Shop and in the medical department. He served with distinction both as fur trader and physician until he retired from the Company's employ during 1850. He then moved to Oregon City, became an American citizen, and was prominent in professional and political affairs until his death in 1873. In 1842 Dr. Barclay married Maria Pambrun, eldest daughter of Chief Trader Pierre Chrysologue Pambrun and Catherine Humpherville, herself the daughter of an Englishman in the service of the Company. Born at Fraser Lake, New Caledonia, on October 5, 1826, Marie, as she was known to her largely French-speaking family, was a girl of character and beauty. Early in 1841, while living with her parents at Fort Walla Walla, she became engaged to Cornelius Rogers, an associate of the American Board's Oregon Mission. This event stirred up a storm among the Whitmans and Spaldings chiefly, it seems, because Marie was a Catholic, though the facts that she had Indian blood, could speak little English, and could boast of only a scant formal education evidently were also taken into consideration.

Chief Trader Pambrun died as the result of a fall from a horse during May of that year, and soon thereafter Catherine Pambrun moved with her children to Fort Vancouver, where she did 'fine needlework' to support and educate her brood. Although described as 'distressed,' the family was not in desperate circumstances, because Pambrun left an estate then estimated at not 'much short of 4000£' The elder Pambrun had much favored his daughter's planned marriage to Rogers, but shortly after his death Maria terminated the engagement. Her acquaintanceship with Dr. Barclay evidently began with the family's arrival at the depot and resulted in union during the next year.

The couple's first child, Jean Jacques, was born on December 13, 1845. He died of diphtheria on December 31, 1847. A second son, Peter Thomas, was born on April 6, 1847, and a third son, Alexander Forbes, on September 23, 1849. Four other children were born to the pair after they moved to Oregon City in 1850. It is known that prior to October 1850 Catherine Pambrun and her children moved from Fort Vancouver to live with her daughter and her son-in-law, Dr. Forbes, in Oregon City. Whether the Pambrun family had also dwelt with the Barclays at Fort Vancouver between 1842 and 1850 has not yet been discovered."

<http://www.nps.gov/fova/historyculture/dr-forbes-barclay.htm>



Dr. Forbes Barclay shown on a mural on a building's wall in Oregon City, Oregon.

<http://www.waymarking.com/gallery/image.aspx?f=1&guid=d81197fd-5378-4793-9ad8-e628904abcf9&lat=45.396333&lon=-122.2587&t=6>



Francis had been passionately pursuing Dr. McLoughlin's daughter, Maria Eloisa, whom he had hoped to make his wife. Maria McLoughlin more than once had said that he was the "finest gentleman at the Fort." He used to tell her when she was a child that he would marry her when she grew up, in jest, later he would be serious. When she grew into an attractive young woman he became infatuated with her. He had continually written Edward, about her throughout the 1830s. But he received a no in his question of marriage by both Maria and Dr. McLoughlin. When she wed another, a young clerk named William Glen Rae, he was deeply hurt, then furious and sore. It is said that he confined himself in his room at Fort Vancouver until he had a chance to escape the snickering by going on a beaver hunt. To console him, Dr. McLoughlin (who was preparing to make a trip to Quebec) said he would bring "a lilly" back to be his bride. When McLoughlin returned to Fort Vancouver he brought with him an 18 year old Catherine Sinclair, Mrs. John McLoughlin's granddaughter. It was love at first sight.



Dr. John McLoughlin, chief factor at Fort Vancouver from 1824 to 1846, was charged with the oversight of the Columbia District of the Hudson's Bay Company. He posed here with George Warren Hyde and Dan O'Neil and his granddaughters Margaret Rae Wygant and Louisa Rae Myrick. OHS neg., OrHi 45701

"The largest and most foolhardy of the parties crossing the Rockies in 1839 was from Peoria, Illinois. Self-named "The Oregon Dragoons," seventeen men that had little in common but the determination to go west and turn the British out of Oregon. "Oregon or the Grave" was their motto. The party quarreled among themselves early and often, each quarrel resulting in a formation of a new splinter group. None of the party reached the grave that year, 1840. During the fall and winter two separate contingents of the Peoria Party reached Fort Hall. Although it would have taken a great deal to astonish the HBC clerks, Angus McDonald and Courtney Walker, they must have marveled at the innocent babes wandering alone, or nearly so, through the plains. McDonald, p220-21

“Almost all the Dragoons were single, in their early twenties, with a romantic sense of adventure. When they left Peoria, each man had his own horse, a rifle with powder and 120 balls, a Bowie knife weighing as much as 7-9 pounds, and \$100-150 for supplies. The party jointly owned a tent large enough for all 16 men to sleep,, a wagon with two horse team, provisions and a communal kitty of \$100 for contingencies.”

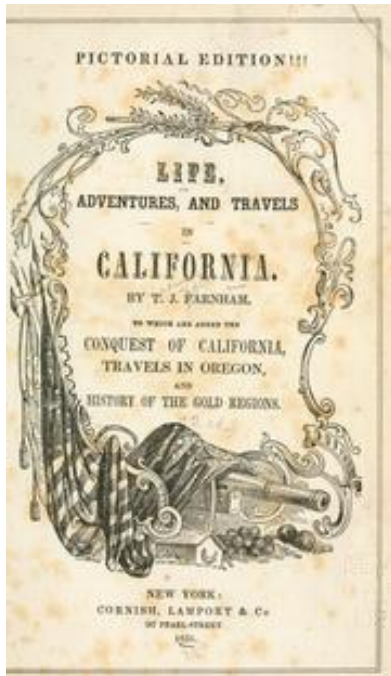
<http://oregonmag.com/OrHistArticle.htm>

Thomas Jefferson Farnham [1804-1848], one of the organizers and the Captain of the Dragoons before he was deposed, was the first to reach Fort Hall. With two men loyal to his command, Farnham arrived on September 1, guided by an Indian. Courtney Walker received Farnham with courtesy, and invited him and his men to clean themselves of the grim from the trail. The men were then fed fresh bread and butter, buffalo tongue and “a generous flagon of Old Jamaica.” Farnham did not linger; he hastened on, and by September 23, he was greeted by an astonished Whitman and Asahel Munger, the latter already at work as a carpenter. Farnham still enjoying the luxury of the oasis that the Whitmans had created along the Walla Walla River, when Ermatinger arrived at the mission. Farnham had no reason to doubt the warmth with which the Whitmans received him, but he wrote that Ermatinger’s arrival “created quite a sensation.” The Whitman’s were delighted to see Francis, for, as Farnham noted, “His uniform kindness to the missionaries had endeared him to them.” McDonald, p220-21

#### Farnham notes:

He was born in either Vermont or Maine, was a lawyer and married, he was inspired to go West by a lecture of Jason Lee. “Farnham wrote a petition for the American settlers while in the region. This document was signed by many of the U.S. pioneers, and called on the federal government to extend its jurisdiction over the area in order to protect Americans and their interests. He was extremely anti-Native American. Thomas Farnham then left the settlements of the Willamette Valley and sailed for the Sandwich Islands. Returning to the mainland, he landed at Monterey, capital of Alta California. While there, Farnham helped to secure the release (in 1841) of a group of Americans, British and Californios, arrested in Alta California in 1840 and sent by ship to San Blas, then overland to a prison in Tepic. Governor Juan Alvarado, assisted by military commander Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo accused the men, involved in what became known as the Graham Affair, of plotting a revolt against the Mexican government.

During the Graham Affair, Farnham traveled to San Blas, arriving on May 16, 1840, then went on to Tepic to meet with the prisoners. Following the prisoners' release, Farnham continued across Mexico to New Orleans. In 1841, he moved on to New York City, then to Wisconsin for a brief time. Farnham later moved to Alton, Illinois, before moving back to California in 1846. In 1843, Farnham wrote and published an account of his travels and studies of the West in, *Travels in the Great Western Prairies*. He also wrote *Travels in Oregon Territory, Memoir of the Northwest Boundary Line, Travels in California and Scenes in the Pacific, and Mexico, its Geography, People, and Institutions*.<sup>1</sup> Thomas Jefferson Farnham died in San Francisco, California on September 13, 1848. Farnham's widow Eliza moved to Santa Cruz, California and went on to become a leading abolitionist, novelist and early feminist.”  
[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thomas\\_J.\\_Farnham](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thomas_J._Farnham)



Francis endeared himself to the newcomers of Oregon, but he occasionally disobeyed a Hudson's Bay Company directive that ordered HBC traders to divert settlers towards California whenever possible, rather than have them continue to the northwest. The Hudson's Bay Company hoped to hold all land north of the Columbia River, letting the Americans have that which was south of it. Francis' genial nature made him oblivious of this directive. With the result that Ft. Hall standing on the inhospitable sagebrush plains of Idaho, came to be something of an oasis on the overland trail for many weary newcomers.

Another of Farnham's men Robert Shortess, a Pennsylvania native who had lived some years in western Missouri and who had joined the Dragoons in Independence, Missouri, found his way to Brown's Hole, then started alone to Oregon from there. He was met and probably saved from the wilderness by Joe Meek and Doc Newell. The two guided Shortess to Ft. Hall, where they turned him over to Francis Ermatinger and headed to the Green River. Francis having no one to escort him on his journey on to the Columbia, suggested "that if Shortess would undertake to accompany a load of furs intended for Ft. Vancouver, he would spare a few men (one a French-Canadian trapper named Sylvetry) and round up some Indians to transport them. Shortess agreed to see the furs through to Ft. Walla Walla, and a harrowing time he had of it, between the severe winter weather, and the desertion of half of the Indians provided for him." McDonald, p222

The quartet encountered blizzards so severe that the Native Americans turned back, leaving Shortess and Sylvetry to travel alone through deep, drifting snow. The latter pair reached the Whitman Mission at Waiilatpu in early December. From Dr. Whitman,

Shortess learned that his rival, Farnham, had visited there over two months before. The news that Shortess was so far behind the man he deposed as an incompetent leader must have been a shock. Any attempt to cross the Cascade mountains that late in the year was out of the question, so Shortess spent the winter as a guest of the Whitmans. Shortess left the Whitman Mission on March 12, 1840 and traveled alone to reach the Willamette Valley in April. Unlike Farnham, who returned east, Shortess spent the rest of his life in Oregon, became a prominent citizen and had a long career in government.

<http://oregonmag.com/OrHistArticle.htm>

Another contingent of the Peoria Dragoons to reached Fort Hall and is included because Francis Ermatinger probably dealt with them:

The four remaining members of the Peoria Party (Fletcher, Holman, Cook and Kilbourne), by now the closest of friends, remained throughout the winter at Brown's Hole. They built a cabin, hunted, and prepared for the next leg of their journey in the spring. Holman passed the time making rifle stocks and saddles. Those items were traded for a horse, supplies, buckskin clothing and beaver skins, the latter better than money on the frontier. In February, 1840 Sioux raiding parties were reported in the Brown's Hole area. The people there were warned that it was best to leave, and all the Brown's Hole trappers fled. The four Peoria Party friends took the advice as well and joined Robert Newell and set out for Fort Hall, a journey expected to take 10 days. They became caught in a blizzard that reduced them to a snail's pace. Where Newell had expected to find buffalo, none were evident. After four days without food, the men met a Native American woman who sold them two dogs, which were killed and eaten. Cook reported that it was not very good eating, but it was better than starving to death. Later, they killed an old buffalo for sustenance. A trip that was to take 10 days concluded after 40 days through the snow to Fort Hall. The men at Fort Hall at that time were all French-speaking Canadians, which made communication difficult. The French-Canadians were, however, excellent hosts and shared their dried salmon and corn. (Where was Francis Ermatinger?)

Newell stayed at Fort Hall, but the Peoria four joined a Hudson Bay Company agent (Francis Ermatinger?) and traveled to Fort Boise. From here, the quartet traveled alone to The Dalles and then Fort Vancouver. Holman termed the trip from The Dalles to Fort Vancouver the hardest part of our journey. Trails along the edge of the Columbia River were covered by high water and the men had to hand lead their horses along the cliffs of the Columbia Gorge, a fact that Dr. McLoughlin could hardly believe when they arrived at his house at 11 on the morning of June 1, 1840, 13 months after leaving Peoria, Illinois. The four men were thin from near starvation, with long hair and heavy beards, clad in buckskin and bare headed. They traded their beaver skins for clothing and food. Fletcher still had some money, but was charged 20 per cent to change it to British coin.

<http://oregonmag.com/OrHistArticle.htm>

"In December 1839 the mountain men who frequented Fort Hall decided that they could no longer accept the British Flag flying over a fort that they considered to be in American Territory. There was a brief, but colorful revolt by the American trappers.

An account of this event was related by Rufus B. Sage following his visit to Fort Hall in November 1842:

"During our stay at Fort Hall an incident connected with its early history was narrated to me, which, as it tends much to illustrate the bold daring and spirit inbred republicanism possessed by the mass of trapping parties frequenting the mountains, I am tempted to describe:

Soon after this post came into the hands of its present owners, several squads, on returning from their regular hunts, rendezvoused in its vicinity. According to the custom of the Hudson Bay Company on such occasions, the British Flag was hoisted in honor of the event. Thereupon the proud mountaineers took umbrage, and forthwith sent a deputation to solicit of the commandant its removal; and, in case he should prove unwilling to comply, politely requesting that, at least, the American flag might be permitted to fly by its side. Both propositions were peremptorily refused.

Another deputation was then sent announcing that, unless the British flag should be taken down and the stars and stripes rose in its place within two hours, they would take it down by force, if necessary. To this was returned an answer of surly defiance.

At the expiration of the time named the resolute trappers, mustering en masse, appeared before the Fort, under arms, and demanded its immediate surrender.

The gates had already been closed, and the summons was answered by a shot from the bastion. Several shots were forthwith exchanged, but without much damage on either side; the trappers directing their aim principally at the British flag, while the garrison, feeling ill-disposed to shoot down their own friends in honor of a few yards of parti-colored bunting, elevated their pieces and discharged them into the air.

The result was that the assailants soon forced an entrance, took down and tore in pieces the hated flag, and mounted one of their own country in its stead, amid deafening huzzas and successive rounds of riflery. The commandant and his sub-cronies, retreating to a room, barricaded the entrance, when the trappers promptly demanded their surrender upon the following terms:

- 1st. The American flag shall occupy its proper place hereafter.
- 2d. The commandant shall treat his captors to the best liquors in his possession.
- 3rd. Unless the offenders comply with these conditions, the captors will consider Fort Hall and its contents as lawful plunder and act accordingly.

After a short parley the besieged agreed to a capitulation. In compliance with the second article of the terms, a barrel of whiskey, with sugar to match, rolled out into the yard, where its head was knocked out, and the short but bloodless campaign ended in wild frolicking, as toast after toast was drunk in the fancied honor of the American flag, and round after round of responsive cheers told who were they that stood ever ready to proudly hail it and rally beneath its broad folds." <http://www.forthall.net/broadsheet/#rebellion>

Francis wrote Edward:  
Vancouver 6th February 1840

My Dear Edward

I have been here some days from that rascally Snake Country, and as I expect soon to be upon the move again, I devote this evening to you. I received your letters upon the 25<sup>th</sup> November last and have much pleasure from their contents, but I regret I cannot get out to see you this year. For this disappointment I prepared you in my last, but if they keep their word with me as I do mine to them, (for I promised to remain two year) I will, with the blessings of God, see you in 1841. (Douglas wrote to the Committee, Oct. 1839, that Francis had applied to go out to York in 1841 and he had granted permission in McLoughlin's absence, HBRV VI, p, 233.) I received a kind enough letter from the Governor in which he expresses himself as anxious to oblige me, that he would allow me to nomilly [nominally] retire, as he could not afford leave of absence, and he would take care that I should have my place again. With respect to promotion he adds I may expect early consideration. What a word after 22 years' services! There are four vacancies to be filled up next year, and from what I have heard and from what I have done, I had every reason to expect to be put into one. The Doctor, who is again with us and uses me kindly as ever, would strengthen my hopes, yet from other sources I learn that four others are certain – men who have done little and suffered less. In 1841 I think I shall get one, and one year makes little difference. Yet I am vexed at the preference, not at the loss of the money, and if they through (throw) obstacles in my way to prevent my going to Canada, I do not know what I may be foolish enough to do. I have [had] both Mr. McLoughlin and Mr. Douglas promise that I shall go out, but it is a doubt with me whether I shall be alive. More of this by-and bye.

It pleases me much to hear that you have even faint hopes of Lawrence's improvement. The terms I consider high, yet would not grudge more if he is a good boy and benefits by the expense. I have no idea of making a gentleman of him. Neither would I wish to see him come to this country, but my utmost desire is to make him a moral, industrious farmer or tradesman after a few years education. I laughed at your jokes about the Lady. Can you make love by proxy for me, as I must have a wife, and your recommendation will have much weight with me. I see you have read Bonnivelle [sic] did you see what he said of the H.B. trader whom he met with in the plains? Upon accounts I shall say little. The Company will have a balance of mine next June of L300 stg., but I find they have for two or three years omitted to carry my money to interest. I shall write to know the reason. I feel for poor (Thomas) Dears and trust he has recovered. If he gets low upon it, you may sound him about coming back to the service. It is true I shall not wish to see it, but if he would rather do so, I think by the interest of Mr. McLoughlin we could manage it. It was he who gave me the hint. One thing, should Dears dispose of his farm, purchase it, if possible for me, and I shall go hard if it ever goes out of our family in my life. I do not desire a good bargain of it, but to pay the real value. I am told by Tod that it is a pretty place. The Doctor is back with us, notwithstanding it was the general opinion that the Company would never reappoint him, and had additional honors and L500 Per An. for extra services. The Company have great speculations on foot here. They have all the Russian establishments to the North, and now are working a Sheep farm upon the



Cowlitz, the capital of which is L200,00. Of this, their honors hold 4/5 and the other 1/5 to be taken by the winterers. I have not yet taken up any shares nor do I think that I shall, for I am so tired of the Indian country that I wish to get clear of it as soon as possible with all I have. I now regret that I did not leave the service 10 years ago. Now it is too late to do so without the parchment (Chief Tradership). These points we will settle when we see each other. In the mean time, keep up your spirits and if you want cash draw away upon my account. It is impossible [for you] to imagine how my ideas of wealth have changed. It is true that I cannot yet be brought to spend my money foolishly but I never thought less of what I have made than at this moment, and I only now value it as it may be useful to you or of benefitting Lawrence. You pay me a compliment in your last letters, upon my expressions of religion, which I scarcely deserved. I have been slumbering upon this important subject and scarcely find myself awake yet. My thoughts are generally so confused upon temporal affairs that I am afraid to blend my spiritual ones with them. I trust, however, that I feel a change and by the grace of God that I may become awake to His mercies. Upon another subject I hope to strengthen myself. I never was a tippler nor was I often in a bouse [booze], but I have often enough been over spirits and drank enough to make a fool of myself and endure language unbecoming. I do not mean, *at present* to join a temperance club, but I will endeavor to keep myself in check. (He didn't). My whole thoughts have undergone a great change and happy shall I be (at least I now fancy so) when I can bring myself to the resolution to leave this country for ever. How humiliated am I now. The Company do not know what I have suffered for their profit. The result of my exertions they cannot help seeing, and applauding.

My campaign in the Snake country I consider to have been my master work and must have removed any doubt, if any existed, of my abilities as a trader. We doubled returns and reduced the expenditure much and had a ruined country to work upon. I brought out 3300 Beaver and better, and received compliments enough here, but they cannot avail me for next year. Pambrun, who is and has been snug at Walla Walla for 10 or 12 years past, deserves the preference and must be brought in before me. Be it so, I will be patient for the present. The Snake country is not as when you were here, a snug little party to conduct to their trapping ground. We have to deal with as lawless a rabble, the scum of all nations, as can possibly be gathered together. I left Fort Hall upon the 26th November and soon afterwards received an express informing me that a party of the scoundrels had been at the Fort and run off all the horses, at the same time left a note threatening my life and declaring that "their fathers fought for the country and the Company shall not possess it." I have again, in consequence of these threats, consented to head the party, for I am determined to make them see how they have neglected me, and if I come clear off, I hope it will be my last risk in that quarter. Do not let these things trouble you, for notwithstanding their having made the threat, I cannot believe they intend any harm to me individually. The good folk here treat the thing lightly, and I am sure I hope they may have no cause to change their opinion before two or three years are passed.

All our old acquaintances are well. Rae will leave this soon after the ship arrives from England with 3 or 4 clerks for Northward to take charge of a Russian post and establish another. Here they are working away to raise wheat &c. for the Russians. How will a war with America overturn all these splendid spec[ulations] and lower the profits of the Company. Tod must go back to New Caledonia again, but all these will write you

themselves. Work, I have not seen in 10 years, he is always off before I can get down here. He has a large family and looks very old I am told.

Once more let me beg of you to keep up your spirits for you cannot be more anxious to see me than I am to see you. I fancy under any circumstances I must make up my mind to serve the Company four or five years more or sell out. But we will talk over these points when we meet, and come to some determination. I am truly tired of the country and now rejoice that I did not marry in it. Mrs. Rae is really a good woman and an affectionate wife, but I fancy had she been mine it would be a task to separate from the family. I am sanguine enough at times to think that I may still get a wife in Canada. At all events I propose to myself to try. Should anything happen to me, you have my means, and keep them. The Company owes me enough to educate Lawrence and he must earn his own living. Besides I cannot think that the Company will be mean enough to withhold the benefit of my commission from the family. I have already had some conversation with the Dr. upon this subject. But let us hope for the best; all may go well. I have another boy with the Flathead camp, a fine little fellow and I have written to McDonald to get him from the mother [Mary Three Dresses] and take care of him. We separated last June and I have carefully avoided all connexions since, nor do I think it likely that the mother will come my way again. Nor do I desire she should. However I shall think it a duty to supply her while she remains single. If I find any secure conveyance, I will write you via St. Louis; by that time I shall know how affairs are likely to turn out, but do not get anxious should you not receive a letter, for I may not have a chance to convey one. Give my love to Mrs. E., and that God may bless and preserve you both, is the fervent prayer of

My Dear Edward Your Affectionate Brother Frs. Ermatinger”

The little Ermatinger boy wasn't picked up by Archibald McDonald, and may have died before McDonald got to the Flathead camp. Or he was hidden as Grandma Mary Ashley was by her mother's relatives. Although there is no family record or remembrance of him, or tribal notice of him.

In 1840 Francis took Tom McKay's command of the lower Snake brigades. Tom was ill with consumption. The 1840 hunt was fairly good, and Francis took 1700 pound sterling worth of furs from the now fur desolate country. The Rendezvous was very small and he didn't even go that way. He arrived at Fort Hall on June 14, with 80 loaded horses, the supplies for the summer hunt. Men who had wintered near Fort Hall had been out on their spring hunts and had already returned. Among the American trappers who crossed the mountains to camp with the British were, Osborn Russell, Robert "Doc" Newell, Andrew Drips, Henry Fraeb, Black Harris and Joe Meek.

Francis wrote to Edward on March 15, 1840 from Fort Vancouver:

“My Dear Edward

The bustle has commenced and “all hands” are busy packing up for the express, Tod, who goes to New Caledonia, with the rest. Since I wrote you, I have made a trip to Walla Walla and there received letters from the Snake Country, smoothing down the former reports from that quarter. But I pay little attention to either. The clerk we have at Fort Hall is a fool and not to be depended upon, one way or the other. (Probably Courtney Walker). However I know the men I have to deal with, and if a war takes place between England and America am convinced that our outfits in their quarter will go for it. The truth is I can scarcely look the man in the face for I consider his continual bickering to have been both ungenerous and unjust. He sees that I feel he has not pushed me forward as he promised to do and as he ought to have done, and he takes every opportunity, I presume, to humiliate me before whoever may be by us. Be it is so, I never stood higher as a trader than at this moment and he knows it, and I fear he pursues this line of conduct to cloak his real feelings. We struck the Snake balance the other day and find L1700 clear again. Now, not one of my predecessors ever upon the same amount of Outfit made L300, nor will they again if they try it. This year, if I get the same guarantee of Beaver (I have already L1300 upon the ground) our profits will be splendid, as I have reduced the charges at least L700 from the amount of the former year. Had not my faith upon the Company been so great I could have earned my two thousand dollars Per annum to Conduct the Am[erican] Camp’s affairs – and I have refused a Ship from Boston. They say that I make Beaver.

I spoke to a friend of mine, a Doctor, about Lawrence’s habit of wetting the bed, and he says it is easily cured. I enclose his note, and it will rest with you the remedy or not; one thing I should like to give the boy a chance to make a good and decent man. If you are not short of cash do not draw upon my account until we meet. It is true the Company owes me 300 pounds but I have orders out to different tradesmen for about 150, and some of them may be paid [directly by the Company] out of it. This time next year instead of writing I trust to be preparing for a trip to you and see you, for I am determined to go out in ’41. Be my rank what it may, and upon these terms alone, would I consent to remain with the Dr. for this year. Manson goes out with the express and talks about going down your way, but I fancy he will not be able to do so.

Do not be disappointed if you do not hear from me via St. Louis. It is not always that I can get a letter down – and then I have to get some one to take it whom I can depend upon to pay the postage. N.B. I have written to London for a Watch, so do not send one to me.

Give my respects to Mrs. Ermatinger and that God may bless and preserve you both is the prayer of

My Dear Edward  
Your Affectionate Brother  
Frs. Ermatinger”

**Nancy Anderson**

4:20pm Sep 6

"I left Fort Vancouver on the 22nd of March 1841, by the Express, accompanied by the following gentlemen -- Messrs. Ermatinger, McKinlay, Payette, and Dr. Tolmie -- in four boats -- and twenty eight men.... Mr. Ermatinger, being the oldest Clerk of the party, the command of conducting the party, so

far as he went, of course, devolved upon him." It appears Ermatinger went as far as Fort Colville, but certainly to Walla Walla; you will have to decide for yourself as Allan is not clear on this subject. But McKinlay would have stopped off at Walla Walla...." from Nancy Anderson September 6, 2012

On June 14, 1840, he arrived at Fort Hall with the summer's Outfit of supplies on 80 loaded horses. "Men who had wintered at the Fort, erecting lodges among the cottonwood trees, had been out on their spring hunts and had already returned. Osborne Russell was one of these men; he had found the Fort Hall library a great source of enjoyment during the winter weeks, having read some of Byron, Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott and the Bible. Scientific books were also available." McDonald, pp. 229-230 Others at the fort were Robert "Doc" Newell and his Nez Perce wife, Kittie, but they left after getting an Outfit for the Green River Rendezvous on April 3<sup>rd</sup>. Andrew Drips and Henry Fraeb had brought a small supply of trade goods from St. Louis, Missouri. Moses "Black" Harris brought that year's crop of new missionaries to Fort Hall and managed to get into a scrape with Doc Newell over them.

In 1839 a party of missionaries, comprising of the Rev. Harvey Clarke, his wife, and the P. B. Littlejohns and Asa Smith, had managed to get their two wagons as far as the Green River where mountain men, Doc Newell, Caleb Wilkins, William Craig, George Ebberts, and William Doty were encountered. "The following is taken from the annual address delivered at the meeting of members of the Oregon Pioneer Association at Salem, Oregon, on June 16, 1876, by the Hon. Elwood Evans of Olympia, Washington, and printed in the Transactions for that year:

"Let me now refer to the statement of the late Dr. Robert Newell, Speaker of the House of Representatives of Oregon in 1846, a name familiar and held in high remembrance by ancient Oregonians. It is interesting for its history, and the present occasion illustrates the difficulty, at that time, of getting into Oregon. It details the bringing of the first wagon to Fort Walla Walla, Oregon, in 1840, the Wallula of Washington Territory. The party consisted of Dr. Newell and family, Col. Jos. L. Meek and family, Caleb Wilkins of Tualutin Plains, and Frederick (should be Francis) Ermatinger, a chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. It had been regarded as the height of folly to attempt to bring wagons west of Fort Hall.

The Doctor suggested the experiment, Wilkins approved it and Ermatinger yielded. The Revs. Harvey Clark, A.B. Smith and P. E. Littlejohn, missionaries, had accompanied the American Fur Company's expedition as far as Green River, where they employed Dr. Newell to pilot them to Fort Hall. On arriving there they found their animals so reduced, that they concluded to abandon their two wagons, and Dr. Newell accepted them for his services as guide. (And a set of double harnesses).

In a letter from the Doctor (Newell), he says: "At the time I took the wagons, I had no idea of undertaking to bring them into this country. I exchanged fat horses to these missionaries for their animals, and after they had gone a month or more for Willamette and the American Fur Company abandoned the country for good, I concluded to hitch up and try the much-dreaded jog of bringing a wagon to Oregon. I sold one of those wagons to Mr. Ermatinger at Fort Hall. Mr. Caleb Wilkins had a small wagon which Joel Walker

had left at Fort Hall. On the 5<sup>th</sup> of August, 1840, we put out with these three wagons. Joseph L. Meek drove my wagon. In a few days we began to realized the difficulty of the task before us, and found that the continual crashing of the sage under our wagons, which was in many places higher than the mules' backs, was no joke. Seeing our animals begin to fail, we began to light up, finally threw away our wagon beds, and were quite sorry we had undertaken the job. All the consolation we had was that we broke the first sage on that road, and were too proud to eat anything but dried salmon skins after our provisions had become exhausted. In a rather rough and reduced state, we arrived at Dr. Whitman's mission station in the Walla Walla Valley, where we were met by that hospitable man, and kindly made welcome and feasted accordingly. On hearing me regret that I had undertaken to bring wagons, the Doctor shook me heartily by the hand; Mrs. Whitman also welcomed us, and the Indians walked around the wagons, or what they called "horse canoes", and seemed to give it up. We spent a day or so with the Doctor and then went to Fort Walla Walla, where we were kindly received by P. C. Pambrun, chief trader of Hudson's Bay Company, superintendent of that post. On the first of October we took leave of those kind people, leaving our wagons and taking the river trail, but we proceeded slowly."

Newell wrote in his "Travels in the Teritory of Missourie":

"I left for fort hall with Meek and one other man for goods arived thare Safe got my Supplies 45 horse loads and arived on green river mouth of Blacks fork 9th of november nothing to eat on to Browns hole found all Safe thare except about 100 head of horses that had been Stolen by the Shyanes and on account of that the whites a party from Browns hole heded by phillip Thompson and michel [went] to fort hall and Stole 14 horses and on their Return Stole 30 from the Snakes the horse thieves about 10 or 15 are gone to California for the purpose of Robbing and Steeling Shuch thing never has been Known till late. I left Browns hole for fort hall on 7th February 1840 with 300 beaver after a long trip of 45 Days I arived snow verry bad and provisions Scarse

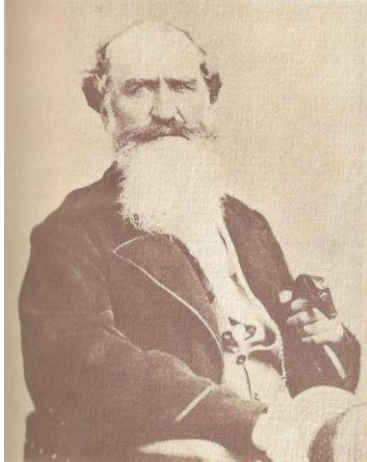
This 3d of april fine wether plenty of indians all over the country no goods times hard &c &c the horse thieves or banditti consists of Phillip Thompson. [of] Mo., William New, Eleven michel. [of] Ohio. Richard owens. [of ] Oh. Kelly belcour, Exevia Malona. [of] St Louis, Mo.

Mr Eramatinger arivd 13th June

I went to the Amarican randezvous Mr Drips Feab & Bridger from St Louis with goods but times was certainly hard no beaver and everything dull some Missionaries came along with them for the Columbia Messers Clark[,] Smith[,] Littlejohn[.] I engaged to pilot them over the mountains with their waggons and succeeded in crossing to fort hall thare I bought their waggons also of which I perchased and Sold them to the H Bay Co while at Rondezvous I had Some diffiquilty with a man by the name of Moses Harris I think he intended murder he Shot at me about 70 or 80 yards but done no damage only to him self. I left the randezvous our little party consisted of 9 men and 3 woman in 17 days we arived at fort hall found all well and on the 27th of September 1840 with two

waggon and my family I left fort hall for the Columbia and with Some little Difiquly I arived at walla walla thare I left one waggon and the other I had took down in a boat to vancouver and have it at this time on my farm about 25 miles from vancouver west. I arivd at the willamitte on the 15 of December 1840 and on the 25 of the Same month came to this place called the Folitine [Tualatin Plains] planes I likewise brought 2 american cows with me. this is to be remembered that I Robert Newell was the first who brought waggon across the rocky mountains and up to this 19th of April 1841”

We are further told by Bancroft, that in 1841, Dr. Newell returned and took his wagon down the Columbia, so that it was absolutely the first wagon to reach the Willamette Valley from across the plains and mountains.” “Doctor” Robert Newell: Pioneer, T. C. Elliot (The Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society, June 1908, pp 106-107



ROBERT NEWELL  
Courtesy of  
Oregon Historical Society, Portland.

### Another version:

#### FIRST WAGONS OVER THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

Before the Oregon Trail could be opened for covered wagons from the Missouri frontier to the Columbia River, three great obstacles had to be surmounted. It had to be demonstrated that (a) women could cross the Rockies; (b) that wagons could cross the Snake River desert of what is now southern Idaho; (c) and that wagons could be taken over the Blue Mountains of what is now eastern Oregon. The successful crossing of the Rockies by Narcissa Whitman and Eliza Spalding in July 1836 opened the mountain gateway to Old Oregon. Whitman's stubborn insistence in taking Spalding's wagon, reduced to a cart, as far west as Fort Boise, had opened the Oregon Trail to that point. There remained until 1840 the unconquered and formidable barrier of the Blue Mountains.

Among those who crossed the plains and the Rockies in 1840 with the last caravan of the American Fur Company to go to the Rendezvous was the first non-missionary family to make the overland journey to Old Oregon. They were Joel P. Walker, his wife, a sister, three sons, and two daughters. Also traveling with this caravan were the three independent missionary couples previously mentioned. When Walker and the missionary party arrived at Fort Hall, Walker had one wagon and the missionaries had two. Walker sold his wagon at Fort Hall to Caleb Wilkins, a mountain man, and continued his westward journey, with his family, on horseback. When they arrived at Waiilatpu, the Whitmans were away, attending the Mission meeting at Lapwai. This is probably the reason why no reference to the Joel P. Walker family has been found in the extant Whitman correspondence. After spending the winter of 1840–41 in the Willamette Valley, the Walkers migrated to California in the fall of 1841 where Joel was later to play a prominent role in political affairs.

As has been mentioned, the three missionary couples met Robert Newell at the Rendezvous who traveled with them to Fort Hall. There Newell traded some fresh horses for the two wagons which the missionaries had managed to take that far west. Newell had with him his Indian wife and their three sons, the youngest of whom had been born on April 17, 1840, and who was named Marcus Whitman. Newell sold one of the wagons he had obtained from the missionaries to Francis Ermatinger, who was then in charge of Fort Hall. Ermatinger, wishing to have this wagon taken to the Columbia River, hired another mountain man, William Craig, as the driver. Craig and Newell had married Nez Perce women who were sisters. With Craig was his friend, John Larison (or Larrison).

Still another mountain man to join the party was Joe Meek, who had met the Whitmans and the Spaldings at the 1836 Rendezvous. Meek's first wife, a Nez Perce woman, had deserted him after giving birth to a daughter whom he had named Helen Mar after Lady Helen Mar, the heroine of Jane Porter's *The Scottish Chiefs*. Meek took another Nez Perce woman for his wife. Realizing that their

trapping days were over, these five mountain men—Newell, Wilkins, Craig, Larison, and Meek—headed for the Oregon country west of the Blue Mountains to begin life anew. The men, with their three wagons, left Fort Hall on September 27. They were several weeks behind the Joel P. Walker party, who had pushed on ahead. “In a few days,” wrote Newell in his diary, “we began to realize the difficult task before us, and found that the continual crashing of the sage under our wagons, which was in many places higher than the mules back, was no joke and seeing our animals begin to fail, we began to light up—and finally threw away our wagon beds and were quite sorry we had undertaken the job.” The men, however, persisted and succeeded in taking the bare chassis of the three wagons over the Blue Mountains. The party arrived at Waiilatpu sometime during the first week of November. Thus the Oregon Trail had been fully traversed by wheeled vehicles, although three years had to pass before other wagons were taken over the same mountains.

Regarding the reception extended to him and his associates at Waiilatpu, Newell wrote: “In a rather rough and reduced state we arrived at Dr. Whitman’s station in the Walla Walla Valley, where we were met by that hospitable man and kindly made welcome and feasted accordingly. On hearing me regret that I had undertaken to bring the wagons, the Doctor said: ‘O you will never regret it. You have broken the ice, and when others see that wagons have passed, they too will pass, and in a few years the valley will be full of people.’” In all probability one of the wagons was left at Waiilatpu, as Whitman in a letter to Walker dated May 8, 1841, made reference to a “wagon or cart” being at his mission. This is the first discovered mention of a wheeled vehicle being at Waiilatpu. The inventory of the property at Waiilatpu at the time of the massacre listed four wagons. Evidently Whitman had been able to obtain wagons from the immigrants who streamed by his station in great numbers in 1843 and following years. One of the wagons brought by the Newell party was evidently left at Fort Walla Walla and the third was taken down the Columbia River to the Willamette Valley. While at Waiilatpu, Meek persuaded the Whitmans to take his two year-old daughter, Helen Mar, into their home to be reared and educated.

Narcissa later in a letter to her sister Jane wrote that the child’s body was dirty and covered with lice, and that she was half-starved. She found the child fretful, stubborn, and difficult to control [Letter 105]. Narcissa had kept the clothes that Alice Clarissa had worn and now used them. To a certain degree, the little half-breed girl filled the void in the hearts of Marcus and Narcissa, who could never forget their own little girl who had been drowned a little more than a year before. Craig and Larison did not go with the other three mountain men to the Willamette Valley but instead went to Lapwai, probably because their wives hailed from that area. Craig’s wife was a daughter of the principal chief of Lapwai Valley, Thunder Strikes or Thunder Eyes, whom Spalding had renamed James. On November 20, 1840, Spalding noted in his diary that the two men intended to spend the winter at Lapwai and added: “I have seen enough of Mountain men.” Craig later settled on Lapwai Creek about eight miles up from the Clearwater mission. He is usually given the credit of being the first non-missionary settler in what is now Idaho. He was unsympathetic towards Spalding and his work and would cause him much trouble over several years. THE FIFTH YEAR OF THE OREGON MISSION 1840–1841 [http://www.nps.gov/whmi/historyculture/upload/chapt\\_15\\_Marcus\\_Narcissa\\_byDrury.pdf](http://www.nps.gov/whmi/historyculture/upload/chapt_15_Marcus_Narcissa_byDrury.pdf)

On February 8, 1840, Chief Factor Samuel Black, was murdered by a Shuswap Indian, while tending to his duties at Fort Kamloops.

John Tod was sent up to Kamloops with three men where they found Black’s frozen body still laying where he fell. He was killed by a nephew of the Shuswap Chief Tranquille, Kiskowskin. “Simpson described Black as a huge man whom he would not like to meet on a dark night in London. Indeed, Black made himself more sinister by wearing weapons on his person (even to bed).” “The Fur Traders of Kamloops,” Ken Favrholt, curator and archivist of Kamloops Museum and Archives, December 11, 1986, page 4.

Francis wrote Edward about it:

Vancouver 10th March 1841

“My Dear Brother,

I never sat down to write you in worse spirits than at present. To this day my mind was full of my passage across the mountains, thence to St. Thomas, and I resisted every effort of Dr. McLoughlin to keep me back. But yesterday evening I returned from the Cowlitz farm and was met by the old gentlemen with such an appeal that he has overcome my resolution. The cause is, we have just heard that Mr. Black had been shot dead in his own house, Thompson River, and I have to start immediately there, with the gentleman (Archibald McKinley) who was to have succeeded me, who will remain there. I am to return and then resume my old charge for one year more. Capt.(William) McNeal (7 years service at L300 Per An.) [Pierre]Pambrun, Bornstein (Barnston) and Thomas Simpson were the traders of last year. Messrs. Douglas and [Donald] Ross, Factors.



With this list of promotions you may imagine that I had little to flatter myself and, but for this unexpected murder, the Company should never have got another day's service from me as clerk. I now stop upon the condition, that if I am not among the promotions of '41, my services shall be given gratuitously, as I will not consent to remain longer upon a salary. I am truly tired of the Service and am really ashamed of the manner in which I have been used - The Dr. is as kind to me as ever - yet I cannot feel the pleasure I used to do at Vancouver.

Poor Dears, his death I did not expect to hear of so soon. His wife with the youngest of the children, we must get back here. Her brother-in-law and son-in-law, both settlers upon the Willamette, are anxious to have her with them. Tod will be disappointed and vexed at my remaining. I was to have taken down his son who is here and must, I fancy, remain another year, as I do not like to trust him in other hands. Perhaps I may. I got through the last summer with less trouble than I expected when I wrote you and I regret having written you in such a strain. Pray cheer up and I trust we will yet meet - and live happily together.

I wrote to London, Per Mr. Manson for a Gold Watch for myself and a lady's one and guard. The latter I requested to be left at Moffit's enpassant. If he does so, and you see it, take it away and present it, with my love, to Mrs. Ermatinger.

I hope Lawrence will do well, but bear in mind, that I cannot make a gentleman of him. He must not be brought up with high notions, but be taught to work, and all I can do is give him a tolerable education and start.

I have been again successful in returns, and this while most other posts have fallen off, and if the Company have not felt the value of my services, it has only been when they had commissions to give away - not when there was something to be done. Leave them I will - we have the consolation to feel that we have not been bad bargains to them. I have really no time to write you as I wish. I must be off to Thompson river in a day or two - and have several letters to write. The Dr. though today will not let me from him, and I have only an hour in the evening to myself. Suffice it to say that I am well, and I trust not a worse man than I want to be. At least, my mind is often occupied upon the world to come. Pray keep up your spirits, and in cash affairs do as you please, at least as far as I am concerned. And that God may bless and prosper you and Mrs. E. is the constant prayer of My Dear Edward Your Affectionate Brother Frs. Ermatinger"

The whole of the Hudson's Bay Company was shocked by the news. Francis was sent north to investigate the murder. Archibald McDonald had sent nine men from Fort Colville to protect the men and property of the HBC at Fort Kamloops. The combined forces of the Fort Colville men, the Fort Kamloops men with Francis Ermatinger and Archibald McKinley (and later Donald McLean ) bullied and terrorized the local Indians to find the killer. Francis was particularly outraged as Samuel Black had been a friend for so long. Being satisfied that the Indians weren't in some kind of conspiracy he left McKinley in charge and returned south. McKinley's orders were not to issue ammunition to any Indians until the murderer was captured. Later John Tod offered rewards instead of threats and bullying to find the murderer and was successful after a

couple attempts by Tod's clerk, Cameron and the Shuswap, the Grand Gule. But while transporting the prisoner back to be hanged he jumped out of the canoe and was drowned.

During the fall and winter of 1840, Asahel Munger showed signs of insanity, as he steadily grew worse. Dr. Whitman began to think it would be better for all concerned if Munger was elsewhere, preferably the States. "Ermatinger of the Hudson's Bay Company, with whom Whitman had discussed his problem, said he knew of a man who was planning to make the overland journey to the Missouri frontier in the summer of 1841; he thought that this man could be hired to take the Mungers with him. Whitman grasped at this possibility and obligated the Board to cover the costs involved. Ermatinger agreed to escort the Mungers with their year-old baby to Fort Hall, where he hoped he could turn them over to this unnamed man (Osborne Russell) who would escort them on to the States." *Marcus and Narcissa Whitman and the Opening of Old Oregon*, Clifford M. Drury, v1, p406

Russell and the Mungers reached the Green River on July 5, 1841, but found that there was no one there, and that the Rendezvous wasn't being held that year. With no one to guide them east the Mungers returned with Russell to Fort Hall. That September, Francis escorted the frantic Mrs. Munger and her family down to the Whitmans. "We have only our imagination to suggest the anguish Mrs. Munger must have endured with an insane husband and her baby on their long horseback journey twice across the desert wastes along the Snake River. She left no diary or letters to tell of her difficulties and experiences. Narcissa later wrote that Munger was rational enough to be glad to return to Waiilatpu, "but his poor wife did it very reluctantly,"

"Since neither Fort Platte or Fort Bridger was open for business during the 1841 emigrant season, the Overlanders relied on the limited supplies available at the American Fur Company and Hudson's Bay Company posts. Most trading activity occurred at Fort Hall and Boise. At Fort Hall the Oregonians left their wagons, exchanged their oxen for pack horses, and secured provisions from the post commander Francis Ermatinger, who was as helpful and hospitable as his dwindling supplies permitted. The California-bound Bidwell-Bartleson party, traveling without a guide, also dispatched several men to Fort Hall for provisions as well as information on how to get to California." *The Plains Across: The Overland Emigrants and the Trans-Mississippi West*, John D. Unruh, page 245

A letter to Edward on March 19, 1841 from Fort Vancouver:

"I have been detained here, a few days longer than was expected, awaiting arrivals from the coast &c. and now write you at Mr. McLoughlin's request, who sends you some seed of the *Pinus Lambatiana* (Sugar Pine), and desires me to say that he will go and see you when he goes to Canada again. You may remember the nuts of the Pine, of which he sends you the seed; it grows in the Umpqua country. ("Discovered" by David Douglas) The Dr. is troubled in mind and would, I believe, like to leave the country. By every arrival this year we have the account of some death or other. Today Mr. Douglas returned to California and brought the report of the murder of Thomas Simpson – but we have faint hopes that it is not true. Be this may, Alexander has left his charge at the Sandwich Islands and gone home. We do not know how he got the tidings.

I have come to the resolution to send James Tod down to the farm at once, and have given him in care to Dr. (William Fraser) Tolmie (surgeon and clerk) who will, if he does

not go your way himself, see him sent off. I have some expectation of seeing (John) Tod at Thompsons river. It is thought that I am certain of a commission this year, that is, upon outfit 1841, but I have been so often flattered with the hope that I will not be disappointed again. The trade is getting worse every year at all the posts, except my own charge, and the profits of course are lower. If they continue to fall off a commission will be scarcely worth working for. However, I never thought less of money than I do at present – yet I do not throw it away in this country, nor do I wish to continue my services to the Company for nothing.

If you can so manage it, send Madam Dears back to this country. She, poor woman, will be much more at home in the Willamette, with her family, than she can be at St. Thomas. My love to my sister and believe me

Your affectionate Frs. Ermatinger”

Notes on the Sugar Pine:

*Pinus lambertiana*, commonly known as the sugar pine or sugar cone pine, is the tallest and most massive pine, with the longest cones, of any conifer. It is native to the mountains of the Pacific coast of North America, from Oregon through California to Baja California. The sugar pine is the largest species of pine, commonly growing to 130–200 feet tall, exceptionally up to 269 feet tall, with a trunk diameter of 5–8 feet, exceptionally 11 feet. Tallest ever recorded was "Yosemite Giant", an 269.2 feet tall specimen in Yosemite National Park, which died from bark beetle attack in 2007. Tallest known living specimens today grow in southern Oregon; one in Umpqua National Forest is 255 feet, and another in Siskiyou National Forest is 253.5 feet.

*Pinus lambertiana* is a member of the white pine group, *Pinus* subgenus *Strobus*, and like all members of that group, the leaves ('needles') are in bundles (fascicles) of five, with a deciduous sheath. They are 2–4 inch long. Sugar pine is notable for having the longest cones of any conifer, mostly 10–20 inches long, exceptionally up to 26 inches long (although the cones of the Coulter pine are more massive). The seeds are 0.4–0.5 inches long, with a 0.75–1.2 inches long wing that aids wind dispersal. The seeds of the sugar pine are also a type of pine nut and are edible.

Naturalist John Muir considered sugar pine to be the "king of the conifers". The common name comes from the sweet resin, which Muir found preferable to maple sugar. It is also known as the great sugar pine. The scientific name was assigned by David Douglas in honor of Aylmer Bourke Lambert. In the Achomawi creation myth, Annikadel, the creator, makes one of the 'First People' by intentionally dropping a sugar pine seed in a place where it can grow. One of the descendants in this ancestry is Sugarpine-Cone man, who has a handsome son named Ahsoballache.

After Ahsoballache marries the daughter of To'kis the Chipmunk-woman, his grandfather insists that the new couple have a child. To this end, the grandfather breaks open a scale from a sugar pine cone, and secretly instructs Ahsoballache to immerse the scale's contents in spring water, then hide them inside a covered basket. Ahsoballache performs the tasks that night; at the next dawn, he and his wife discover the infant Edechewe near their bed. The Washo language has a word for sugar pine, *simt'á:gim*, and also a word for "sugar pine sugar", *nanómba*. Wikipedia



Francis' charge of Fort Hall ended in the summer of 1841 and he had only lived there about three months that year, "and those must have been rather dull ones." McDonald, p234 . No Rendezvous that year so not many visitors. That year there was not the heavy wagon train traffic that was to come in a few years when Richard Grant was in charge of Fort Hall. Most of Francis' American mountain men friends, Doc Newell, Joe Meek, and Caleb Wilkins had settled in the Willamette and Kit Carson led others into New Mexico. Only Jim Bridger stayed to compete against the powerful Hudson's Bay Company and his "dusty little fort" was a welcomed landmark to the wagons going west. Bridger offered goods and guide services. He and Francis Ermatinger were trusted friends. McDonald, p235. Somewhere along the way, either at Fort Hall or possibly at the recently established Fort Bridger, Ermatinger met his old friend, Jim Bridger, who persuaded Ermatinger to take with him his five-year old half-Flathead daughter, Mary Ann, to Waiilatpu for Narcissa Whitman to rear and educate.

Notes on Jim Bridger:

James Felix "Jim" Bridger (March 17, 1804 – July 17, 1881) was among the foremost mountain men, trappers, scouts and guides who explored and trapped the Western United States during the decades of 1820-1850, as well as mediating between native tribes and encroaching whites. He was of English ancestry, and his family had been in North America since the early colonial period. He was also known as "Old Gabe."

Jim Bridger had a strong constitution that allowed him to survive the extreme conditions he encountered walking the Rocky Mountains from what would become southern Colorado to the Canadian border. He had conversational knowledge of French, Spanish and several native languages. He would come to know many of the major figures of the early west, including Brigham Young, Kit Carson, George Armstrong Custer, John Fremont, Joseph Meek, and John Sutter. All of these attributes served Bridger well, and made him adaptable to just about every situation he found himself in. By the end of his lifetime, Bridger could claim the titles of trapper, trader, guide, merchant, Indian interpreter and army officer.

Bridger was born in Richmond, Virginia. He began his colorful career in 1822 at the age of 18, as a member of General William Ashley's Upper Missouri Expedition and had a significant role in the ordeal of Hugh Glass. At the age of 17, he was the youngest member of the expedition. He was among the first white men to see the geysers and other natural wonders of the Yellowstone region. Bridger spent his first year with the company on the upper Missouri until Blackfoot Indian hostilities forced the expedition back down river in the spring of 1823. Bridger then accompanied Henry's brigade to the Yellowstone River, where, en route, Hugh Glass was attacked by a grizzly. Evidence would indicate that Bridger volunteered as one of Glass's caretakers, but that he abandoned Glass believing he would not live. Glass miraculously survived and apparently exonerated Bridger's desertion due to his youth. In the winter of 1824-1825, Bridger gained fame as the first European American to see the Great Salt Lake (though some now dispute that status in

favor of Étienne Provost), which he reached traveling in a bull boat. Due to its salinity, he believed it to be an arm of the Pacific Ocean. The following spring, Weber's brigade spread along the Wasatch Front to trap. In May, Bridger was probably at the Ogden-Gardner trappers' confrontation near present Mountain Green; however, there is no documentation that indicates he participated in the proceedings. That summer Bridger attended the Rendavouze Creek rendezvous, just north of the Utah-Wyoming border near the present town of McKinnon, Wyoming.

The winter of 1825-1826 was spent by Bridger and most of Ashley's men in the Salt Lake Valley in two camps: one at the mouth of the Weber River and one on the Bear. Bridger continued to trap the regions of the Wasatch Front for approximately the next four years, spending some of his winters in the Salt Lake Valley. He was present at all the rendezvous, including the Cache Valley rendezvous of 1826 and the rendezvous of 1827 and 1828 on the south shore of Bear Lake at present-day Laketown, Utah.

After working for Ashley, Bridger trapped the Rocky Mountains with various companies and partnerships. Renowned by his peers, Bridger was an able brigade leader and an excellent trapper. Year after year he was able to avoid Indian attack and turn a profit from his trapping. In 1830, Jim Bridger and several other trappers bought out Ashley and established the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, competing with the Hudson's Bay Company and John Jacob Astor's American Fur Company for the lucrative beaver pelt trade. However, exhausted fur reserves and increased competition from John Jacob Astor's American Fur Company forced the company to venture north into hostile Blackfoot territory. The Rocky Mountain Fur Company was dissolved in 1834 and by the end of the decade the fur trade itself was over.

Although he would remain a trapper, Bridger easily turned to other means of income after the softening of the beaver market in the 1840's. In the summer of 1841, Bridger and Henry Fraeb began building a crude structure on the west bank of the Green River. They intended it as a trapping and trading base. Later that summer, the first wagon load of overland missionaries and emigrants rolled up and Fort Bridger was born. Jim did not recognize the significance of that moment, but in the coming years he realized the potential of his crude building. Years later he described it:

"I have established a small store, with a Black Smith Shop, and a supply of Iron on the road of the Emigrants on Black's fork Green River, which promises fairly, they in coming out are generally well supplied with money, but by the time they get there are in want of all kinds of supplies. Horses, Provisions, Smith work &c brings ready Cash from them and should I receive the goods hereby ordered will do a considerable business in that way with them. The same establishment trades with the Indians in the neighborhood, who have mostly a good number of Beaver amongst them." Another version is. "In 1843, Bridger and Louis Vasquez built a trading post, later named Fort Bridger, on the west bank of Blacks Fork of the Green River to serve Pioneers on the Oregon Trail." This new enterprise was to become one of the principal trading posts for the western migration, established specifically to serve the wagon trains heading to the far West. Bridger's post served many immigrants heading west, including the ill-fated Donner-Reed party.

Bridger rose to the status of the quintessential mountain man. Biographer Grenville Dodge described him as: "a very companionable man. In person he was over six feet tall, spare, straight as an arrow, agile, rawboned and of powerful frame, eyes gray, hair brown and abundant even in old age, expression mild and manners agreeable. He was hospitable and generous, and was always trusted and respected."

In 1835 he married a woman from the Flathead Indians tribe with whom he had three children. After her death in 1846, he married the daughter of a Shoshone chief, who died in childbirth three years later. In 1850 he married Shoshone Chief Washakie's daughter, with whom he had two more children. Some of his children were sent back east to be educated.

In June 1847 Bridger had his first encounter with the Mormon pioneers near the mouth of the Little Sandy River. At this gathering, Bridger and Brigham Young discussed the merits of settling in the Salt Lake Valley. Also during this meeting Bridger drew his map on the ground for Young depicting the region with great accuracy and conveyed to the Mormon leader his misgivings regarding the agricultural productivity of the Salt Lake area. This first meeting between the Mormons and Bridger appears to have been pleasant, yet this relationship was to become a bittersweet one for Bridger. The coming of the Mormons increased the number of immigrants at the fort. However, the Mormon settlements attracted away a significant portion of Bridger's trade, including that of the Indians, causing economic hardships for the post.

In 1850, looking for an alternate overland route to the South Pass, he found what would eventually be known as Bridger's Pass, which shortened the Oregon Trail by 61 miles. Bridger Pass would later be the chosen route for both the Union Pacific Railroad and later Interstate 80. Also in 1850 Bridger consulted and guided the Stansbury expedition, which established a road much of which would later become the route of the Overland Stage and the Union Pacific Railroad. The same year, the territory of Utah was created; it included under its jurisdiction the Fort Bridger area.

Animosity between Bridger and the Mormons festered in the summer of 1853. Mormon leaders were convinced that Bridger was engaged in illicit trade with the Indians, especially guns and ammunition, and that he had stirred hostility among the Native Americans against the Mormons. Mormon leaders revoked Bridger's license to trade and issued a warrant for his arrest; however, before the posse's arrival Bridger had fled.

By the end of 1853, the Mormons had begun to move in and secure control of Bridger's Green River Basin, opting to establish Fort Supply rather than occupy Fort Bridger. Bridger had gone to the east, but returned to the mountains in 1855. That summer, Bridger

sold his fort to the Mormons for \$8,000. The Mormons paid Bridger \$4,000 in gold coin that August; however, the final payment was not made until 1858, when Vasquez received the remaining \$4,000 in Salt Lake City.

The Mormons took possession of Fort Bridger in 1855, making much-needed improvements, including erecting a large cobblestone wall around the fort. However, in 1857, the fort was destroyed by the Mormons to hinder the advance of Albert Sidney Johnston's Army, which was being guided by none other than James Bridger. The army occupied the fort until 1890. Bridger tried to deal with the army regarding leasing the fort under the premise that the Mormons had forced him out and stolen it from him. During the 1870s and early 1880s, Bridger inquired about the army's lease, but without success.

In 1864, he blazed the Bridger Trail, an alternate route from Wyoming to the gold fields of Montana that avoided the dangerous Bozeman Trail. Later, he served as guide and army scout during the first Powder River Expedition against the Sioux and Cheyenne that were blocking the Bozeman Trail (Red Cloud's War). In 1865 he was discharged at Fort Laramie. Suffering from goiter, arthritis, rheumatism and other health problems, he returned to Westport, Missouri, in 1868. He was unsuccessful in collecting back rent from the government for its use of Fort Bridger.

He died on his farm near Kansas City, Missouri, on July 17, 1881, at the age of 77. For some 23 years, Bridger's grave was located in a nondescript cemetery just a few hundred yards from his farm house, but his remains were re-interred in the more notable Mount Washington Cemetery in Independence, Missouri in 1904. In the Independence Missouri School District, a junior high and then the middle school which replaced it, are named after the mountain man. At 77, he was one of the last living mountain men. After his death, the government paid his widow for the improvements of the post, which consisted of thirteen log structures and the eighteen-foot-high cobblestone wall, which, ironically, were built by the Mormons.

Jim Bridger was well known during his life and after-wards as a teller of tall tales. And with his remarkable sense of humor and he especially loved to shock tenderfeet and easterners with his tall tales. Some of Bridger's stories—about the geysers at Yellowstone, for example—proved to be true. Others were clearly intended to amuse. Thus, one of Bridger's stories involved a "petrified forest" in which there were "petrified birds" singing "petrified songs" (though he may have seen the petrified trees in the Tower Junction area of what is now Yellowstone National Park).. He would tell of glass mountains, "petrified" birds singing "petrified" songs, and reminisce about the days when Pikes Peak was just a hole in the ground. These stories were related in such a serious manner as to fool even skeptics into believing them, making Jim's laughter all the louder when his ruse was revealed.

Supposedly one of Bridger's favorite yarns to tell to greenhorns was about being pursued by one hundred Cheyenne warriors. After being chased for several miles, Bridger found himself at the end of a box canyon, with the Indians bearing down on him. At this point, Bridger would go silent, prompting his listener to ask, "What happened then, Mr. Bridger?" Bridger would reply, "They killed me." Wikipedia

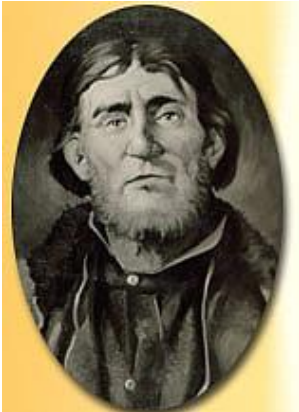
Sources used in this composite biography: <http://xroads.virginia.edu/~hyper/hns/mtmen/jimbrid.html>;  
<http://www.britannica.com/EBchecked/topic/79352/Jim-Bridger>; Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia;  
<http://historygo.utah.gov/people/jamesbridger.html>; James Bridger, Matthew Despain and Fred R. Gowans, Utah History Encyclopedia. And see: Cecil J. Alter, Jim Bridger: A Historical Narrative (1986); Fred R. Gowans and Eugene E. Campbell, Fort Bridger, Island in the Wilderness (1975); LeRoy R. Hafen and Harvey L. Carter, eds., Mountain Men and Fur Traders of the Far West (1982); and Dale L. Morgan, ed., The West of William H. Ashley (1964).

In a letter dated August 19, 1841 Archibald McDonald wrote from Fort Colville to Chief Factor John McLoughlin at Fort Vancouver:

It is now ½ past ten & Sir George Simpson having just retired I avail myself of a moment's relaxation ... to address you a few lines, as he proposes to start with the peep of the day tomorrow. By a very happy conjunction of good arrangements we were the night before last advertised of his approach; the plan suggested to him in my last communication ... succeeded to admiration & the Boat accordingly was back to me on the evening of the 17<sup>th</sup> with his Excellency's note of 11<sup>th</sup> dated "Grand Quoit Lac" [now Moyoe Lake, B.C.] in the heart of the Kootenais country. The Boat, as promised, they found on Coeur d'Alenes Lake & horses in abundance at the Pendant d'Oreille Bay. The governor's opportune arrival among us starts up new operations with respect to the Boat Encampment: a craft down of no less than eight Boats will be required this fall, say five for the Red River settlers that they are themselves to build at the portage under the direction of Mr. James Sinclair & to be guided down by Monique, & 3 Columbia River

Boats for the porkeaters, including the one now going up guided by Joseph Anawasan. (Simpson was passing through on his Around the World Trip)

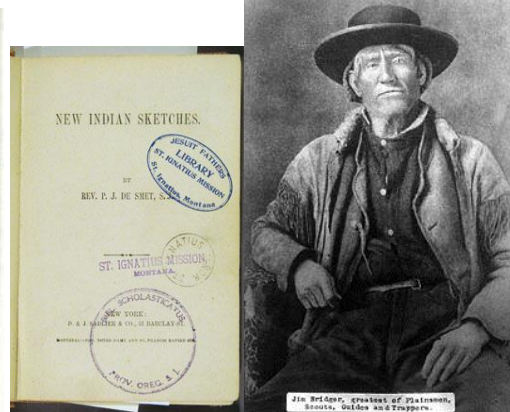
... From the Kootenais very little is expected this summer. About an hour ago one of our Flathead men came in with Mr. McPherson's news; his trade is but very indifferent, say 300 Beaver. He saw Mr. Ermatinger who was then about closing a bargain with Mr. [James] Bridger [American trader] to the tune of 1,500 Beaver." "This Blessed Wilderness - Archibald McDonald's Letter from the Columbia, 1822-44", edited by Jean Murray Cole, UBC Press, Vancouver/Toronto, 2011, page 188-189.



Jim Bridger



James Sinclair



At Fort Hall Francis was to meet a delightful visitor, Father Jean Pierre DeSmet. The Father arrived in the middle of August, his group being guided by veteran mountain men, Thomas "Bad Hand" Fitzpatrick and John Gray, and it included Fathers Nicolas Point and Gregory Mengarini, Brothers William Claessens (a Belgian), Joseph Specht (from Alsace), and Charles Huet (a Belgian), escorting them was a large band of Flatheads, which included Gabriel Prudhomme, Francois Saxa, Charley LaMoose, the famed Flathead warrior Pelchimo, Young Ignace (Chapped Lips) and Old Simon Peter (the oldest Flathead). Also with them were settlers bound for Oregon, they had traveled most of the way over the plains with the California-bound Bidwell-Bartleson wagon train. "Ermatinger's friends had reported seeing him at Brown's Hole and at the Rendezvous." McDonald p. 235

Father Palladino tells of their arrival at Fort Hall:

"The provisions of the Fathers were by this time nearly exhausted, and the animals, besides, were so jaded by the long journey that it was feared they would give out at any moment. After consulting over the situation, it was resolved to proceed in the direction of Fort Hall, where new supplies could be secured. Having also learned that the body of the Flat-Heads were then on their way to hunt buffalo and encamped on the banks of the Beaverhead, Gabriel Prudhomme, with another, was detailed to go and announce the coming of the Fathers, for whom he was also to procure a relay of horses to continue the journey. Father DeSmet now started ahead with young Francis [Saxa], and on August 15<sup>th</sup>, the Feast of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady, reached Fort Hall, where he was joined by the others on the following day. A few days later, Gabriel also arrived with a deputation of the Flat-Heads from the main camp and a number of fresh horses for the



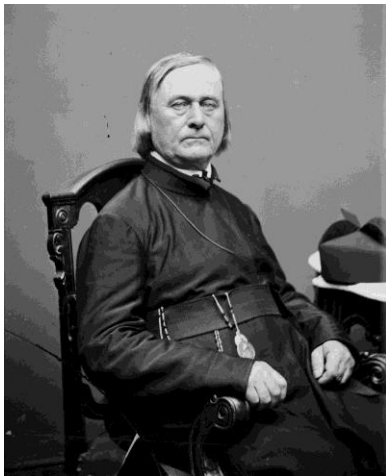
use of our travelers.” Indian and White in the Northwest, or A History of Catholicity in Montana,” Lawrence B. Palladino, S. J., John Murphy & company, Baltimore, 1894, Page 31.

Francis bid them a hearty welcome! Being in want of food, Father DeSmet’s party asked to buy some provisions, but all that could be spared were two bags of pemmican. But he sold them to the priests for only a dollar apiece. Francis was able to give them as an outright gift on his own other foodstuffs, enough for the rest of the trip. He also gave them the goods they would need in outfitting their mission as a gift. In a letter written at Fort Hall on Aug. 16, 1841, Father DeSmet paid tribute of appreciation to his host, Francis, who himself was an Episcopalian. The letter told how Francis made him an honored guest at his table, and how he sold them supplies at one-third the usual cost, also how he donated numerous articles in the way of provisions and equipment to them. The two would meet again in the far north in a few years.

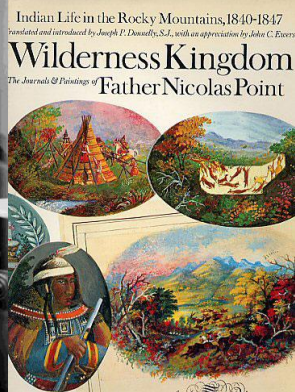
Since Francis Ermatingers spent many years among the Flathead (Salish), Pend d’Oreille and Kootenai people and their Metis family members he knew those men with Father De Smet. I will include notes on them to show what caliber of men were with the Jesuits.

On leaving Fort Hall Father DeSmet remembered:

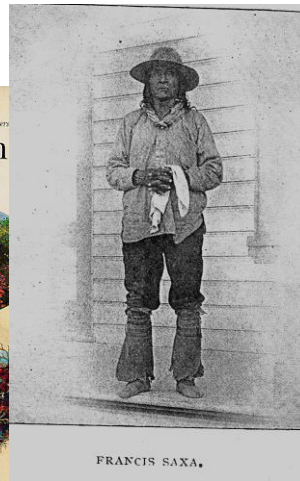
“From Fort Hall we ascended Snake river, also called Lewis' Fork, as far as the mouth of Henry's Fork. This is unquestionably the most barren of all the mountain deserts. It abounds in absinthe, cactus, and all such plants and herbs as are chiefly found on arid lands. We had to resort to fishing for the support of life, and our beasts of burden were compelled to fast and pine; for scarcely a mouthful of grass could be found during the eight days which it took us to traverse this wilderness. At a distance we beheld the colossal summits of the Rocky Mountains. The Three Tetons were about fifty miles to our right, and to the left we had the Three Buttes at a distance of thirty miles.” Father Jean Pierre De Smet



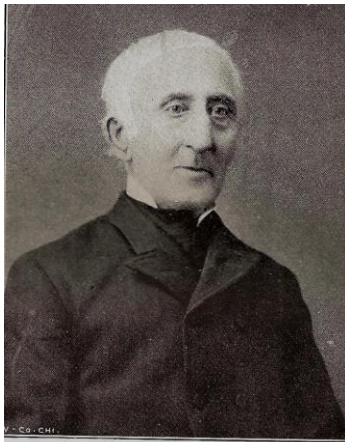
Father J. P. De Smet



Nicholas Point was an artist



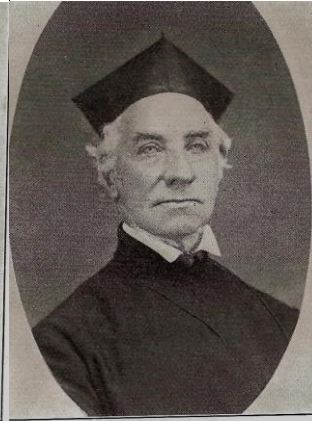
Francois Xavier Saxa



BRO. WILLIAM CLAESSENS, S. J.



BRO. JOSEPH SPECHT, S. J.



REV. GREGORY MENGARINI, S. J.

From "Indian and White in the Northwest, or A History of Catholicity in Montana," Lawrence B. Palladino, S. J., John Murphy & company, Baltimore, 1894, pp.31, 60 & 62.

### Notes on Father De Smet:

De Smet was born in Dendermonde, in what is now Belgium. He first came to the United States with eleven other Belgian Jesuits in 1821 to begin his novitiate at White Marsh, a Jesuit estate near Baltimore, Maryland. Part of the complex survives today as Sacred Heart Church in Bowie. De Smet and five other Belgian novices, led by Charles Van Quickenborne, moved to Florissant, Missouri, at the invitation of bishop Dubourg. Several academic institutions were immediately founded, among which the St. Regis Seminary where De Smet had his first contacts with indigenous boys. After further studies, he was ordained priest on 23 September 1827. Until 1830, he learned about Indian customs and languages as a prefect at the seminary. In 1833 he had to return to Belgium due to health problems. It was 1837 before he could return to Missouri.

In 1838 and 1839, De Smet helped to establish St. Joseph's Mission in what is now Council Bluffs, Iowa. Taking over the abandoned Council Bluffs Blockhouse military fort, De Smet worked primarily with a Potawatomi band led by Billy Caldwell, also known as Sauganash (of Irish and Mohawk descent, he was born in Canada and spoke English as well as some Indian languages).

De Smet was appalled by the murders and brutality resulting from the whiskey trade, which caused much social disruption among the Indian people. He tried to protect them. With little success in religious conversions, De Smet was said to secretly baptize Indian children. During this time, he also assisted and supported Joseph Nicollet's efforts at mapping the Upper Midwest. De Smet used newly acquired mapping skills to produce the first detailed map of the Missouri River valley system, from below the Platte River to the Bog Sioux River. His map shows the locations of Indian villages and other cultural features, including the wreck of the Steamboat Pirate.

De Smet's travels in the West meant that he spent years exploring and organizing missions. He was involved in extensive missionary work, especially among the Flathead. He was sent by Bishop Joseph Rosati after several pleas from the Nez Perce and Flathead Indians to receive a "Blackrobe". This was the name by which they referred to the Catholic missionaries, based on their traditional long black cassocks. One of De Smet's longest explorations began in August 1845. He started from Lake Pend Oreille, Idaho and crossed into the Kootenay River valley. From there he followed the valley, eventually crossing over to the source of the Columbia River. He traversed a portion of that valley, followed Sinclair Pass, recrossed the Kootenay and, using White Man's Pass, reached the Bow River valley, near the site of present-day Canmore, Alberta. From there he headed north to Rocky Mountain House. By this time it was October and he fulfilled one of his goals; to meet with the Cree, Chippewa, and Blackfeet of the area. At the end of the month, De Smet traveled to the east to search for more Natives. He was fortunate to find his way back to Rocky Mountain House and was guided from there to Fort Edmonton, where he spent the winter of 1845-1846.

In the spring, De Smet returned to Jasper House and, with terrible suffering, he reached the Columbia River and Fort Vancouver. He returned to his mission at Sainte-Marie on the Bitterroot River. Finally he returned to St. Louis, Missouri. His time as a missionary in the Rockies was over. In his remaining years, De Smet was active in work regarding the missions he helped establish and fund. During his career, he sailed back to Europe eight times to raise money for the missions among supporters there.

In 1868 he persuaded Sitting Bull to accept the Treaty of Fort Laramie.

He died in St. Louis, Missouri, where he was originally buried with some fellow early Jesuit explorers at St. Stanislaus Seminary near Florissant. In 2003, after some controversy, his remains and those of the other Jesuits were moved and reinterred at Calvary Cemetery in St. Louis, the burial site for many Missouri Province Jesuits.

His papers, with accounts of his travels and missionary work with Native Americans, are held by the library at St. Louis University, which he helped establish and added to with valuable books from Europe. [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Pierre-Jean\\_De\\_Smet\\_-\\_Brady-Handy.jpg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Pierre-Jean_De_Smet_-_Brady-Handy.jpg)

### A Note on St. Mary's Mission:

Father Wilfred P. Schoenberg, S.J. wrote the Introduction to the 2<sup>nd</sup> edition of Lucille Evans' book on St. Mary's Mission on February 3, 1976 :

"This saga of St. Mary's Mission is long overdue. Remembered mostly as the first of many Jesuit missions in the Pacific Northwest. St. Mary's was much more: it was the cradle of civilization in all Montana. Here the first gardens were cultivated with the help of Montana's first irrigation ditches; the first wheat was harvested and ground in Montana's first flour mill; the first logs were sawed and Montana's first doctor's office and dispensary, where Montana's first doctor practiced medicine; and last but not least in influence, here the first church was erected and the first pulpit placed for the preaching of Christianity." De Smet's St. Mary's lasted only nine years but was later restored by Father Joseph Giorda, S.J. "St. Mary's in the Rocky Mountains – A History of Montana's Culture," Lucille H. Evans, Montana Creative Consultants, Stevensville, Montana, 1975. Pages 1-2.

### Notes on Father Mengarini:

"Born in Rome on July 21, 1811, Gregory Mengarini entered the Society of Jesus in 1828. Finishing his religious studies, he served as an instructor in grammar in Rome, Modena, and Reggio for several years.

Mengarini's desire to serve in the Rocky Mountain Mission began with an appeal by Bishop Joseph Rosati of St. Louis, Missouri who gave a lecture while visiting Rome. Selected by the General of the Society because of his virtues, great facility with languages, and knowledge of medicine and music, Mengarini arrived in the United States in 1840. [He was slighter built than De Smet, with full lips and curly black hair, and a soft grace of manner. Evans, p 34] A year later he left St. Louis with a party headed by Peter DeSmet, S.J. and helped to found the first mission among the Flathead Indians in the Bitterroot Valley of Montana (St. Mary's) in the fall of that year.

At St. Mary's Father Mengarini recalled: "I scarcely dare attempt to describe the cold; even for now when I think of it a chill comes over me, so vivid is the impression upon me. At night we rolled ourselves in several blankets, and then in a buffalo robe; yet in the morning we woke to find robe and blankets frozen into one piece. We crept out of our frozen shell and set it before the fire to thaw; this we did daily throughout the long winter." The winter was so cold that the ditches for the new church had to be cut with axes. "St. Mary's in the Rocky Mountains – A History of Montana's Culture," Lucille H. Evans, Montana Creative Consultants, Stevensville, Montana, 1975. Page 48.

"Father Mengarini succeeded in extracting sugar from potatoes, and with barley and some native roots had made a non-intoxicating drink that was both agreeable to the taste and as nourishing as the pale beer of Europe." Evans, 94.

Mengarini stayed at St. Mary's until 1850, after which he spent two years in Oregon before going to California in 1852 to help found Santa Clara College, where he served until his death on September 23, 1886.

Mengarini was noted for his skills in both medicine and herbalism. A first rate scholar, he contributed articles to several ethnographical and anthropological journals in the United States. In addition to his knowledge of Latin and Greek, he was fluent in Italian, French and Spanish. His contributions to the Flathead (Kalispel) language provided a solid foundation for further studies by other missionaries, for the Indians claimed that he understood it as well as, if not better than, they." Excerpt from the "Guide to the Microfilm Edition of the Oregon Province Archives of the Society of Jesus Indian Language Collection: The Pacific Northwest Tribes". Copywrite, Gonzaga University, Spokane, WA, 1976

### Notes on Father Nicolas Point:

Born April 10, 1799, near Rocroy, two miles from the Belgium border, Point had attended school for two years when his father died in 1812. He dropped out and began work as a low-level clerk for a lawyer and then in the office of the local receiver general. In 1813, the Russians, Prussians, English and Austrians became allies and pushed Napoleon out of the Germanies and back into France. As a result, the French Marshall Michel Ney, Duke of Elchingen, set up shop in Rocroy, where he met the fatherless Point. Ney so liked the boy that he tried to adopt him, but the child's mother refused. After the defeat of Napoleon, Point began to study for the priesthood. He was accepted into the Society of Jesus on June 28, 1819. He continued to study in France at St. Acheul and Montrouge. The curriculum for a priest did not include art, a subject Point taught himself. France was not a pleasant haven for Jesuits in the early part of the 19th century. During one of his stints at St. Acheul, a mob stoned the rector and burned the monastery to the ground. Point finished his studies at Brigg, where he was ordained March 20, 1831. He was sent to Frielburg, Switzerland, where he assisted at a small college, until it too was closed because of opposition to the society. Point was then sent to San Sebastian, Spain, where he became vice-rector of the Jesuit college of St. Rock. The Jesuits were forced from Spain in 1834.

The young priest's route to the new world was circuitous and not without bumps. He departed Europe on Aug. 15, 1835, and arrived in New York on Dec. 15. Point's first posting in America was at a school, St. Mary's in Kentucky, after which he was ordered, based on his experience as vice-rector in Spain, to Louisiana to start a Jesuit college. Point's superiors described him as: "a good school man, a zealous priest, and a man of sufficient judgment and prudence to be inherently entrusted with a new venture."

In the spring of 1837, Point began the construction of St. Charles College in Grand Coteau. The difficulties of building a college from scratch were compounded by fevers that spread through the school's student body. Point was removed from St. Charles, directed to St. Louis in July 1840. It was there that he connected with DeSmet, who that year made a quick trip to the Rocky Mountains and was preparing a mission to the Upper Missouri country. Before sending Point on the mission, the bishop first sent him to Westport, Mo., a staging area for wagon trains headed west. There he built a small chapel that he decorated with religious painting done in his own hand. He drew and colored small holy scenes to be used as rewards for children in their religious studies

"Point traveled with bands of Flathead hunters when they left the area of the mission, searching for buffalo. He lived a nomadic life, drawing, painting and keeping a written journal of Indian customs, while he taught his moveable parish Catholicism. Father Pierre Jean DeSmet had established a mission [St. Mary's] among the Flathead Indians in 1841, and Point was one of its five members. (Flathead and Coeur d'Alene Indians are all part of the Salish Indians.) A gifted amateur artist, Point's pen and ink and pencil drawings are strong; his paintings are reminiscent of George Catlin's work, spiced with the addition of Christian fervor.

On April 30, 1841, six members of the mission led by DeSmet left Westport, with 64 [or 69] others. Point kept the official journal for the trip, and when the mission reached Fort Hall on the Snake River on Aug. 15, he drew plans for a residence, church and other buildings. Father De Smet and Mengarini also kept journals of the trip westward. As winter approached, the Flathead Indians who made up the membership of the new wilderness congregation had to leave the mission to hunt buffalo. They wanted a priest to accompany them, continuing to teach them through the winter, so DeSmet sent Point. For five months, Point followed the buffalo herds along with the Flathead people. It was on his travels with the Flatheads that Point met the Coeur d'Alene Indians and established a mission for them on the south shore of the lake with the same name."

[Father Point was of slender stature, with a long thin face and sallow skin. His sickly appearance excused him from heavy labor, but whenever he held a pencil he was in a happy mood." St. Mary's, L. Evans, p-32.]

One severe winter he was on the buffalo plains with 60 Flathead hunters and they had surrounded about 17 Blackfeet and were intent on killing them all. But Father Point after the Blackfeet appealed to him insisted that the Flathead spare them. They did so reluctantly and held it against him for meddling in their business. To top this off no buffalo had been sighted yet as they searched the hills through floods and snow and cold [it was February]. "no animals were to be seen. The dogs, driven by famine, devoured even the leather straps which tethered the horses at night." Evans, p 64. After Father Point had the hunters pray one night during Ember week, the next day, on February 7, they found buffalo and killed 153 of them.

"Point sought to put into practice in his new mission all the institutions which had been so successful with the Flatheads. He introduced orderly cultivations of the soil by Indians so they could be self supporting. He reorganized the educational system, introducing nuns as teachers. The parish buildings were repaired and a new stone church was built. Handling his own Jesuit subjects, Father Point was insistent that they not be overburdened with work and that they have regular periods for rest and rehabilitation. The years spent were probably Father Point's happiest."

"For Point, the mission proved discouraging. The Coeur d'Alenes hadn't had prior contact with whites or Catholicism, as had the Flatheads. By 1844, Point's health began to fail. He was 45 years old. He asked the bishop to send him to Canada, so that he could be among French-speaking people.

In the spring of 1847, after spending six years with the Flathead and Coeur d'Alene Indians, Point traveled by barge on the Missouri River from near its confluence with the Marias River to Fort Union in present-day North Dakota, and down river aboard the steamer Martha to St. Louis. Collections of his drawings include scenes at Fort Union, Fort Berthold and the Missouri River near what's now Bismarck-Mandan. DeSmet left his mark on the Upper Missouri as a missionary and peacemaker, especially among the Blackfeet and Sioux. Point has since slipped from memory, yet he was a remarkable man.

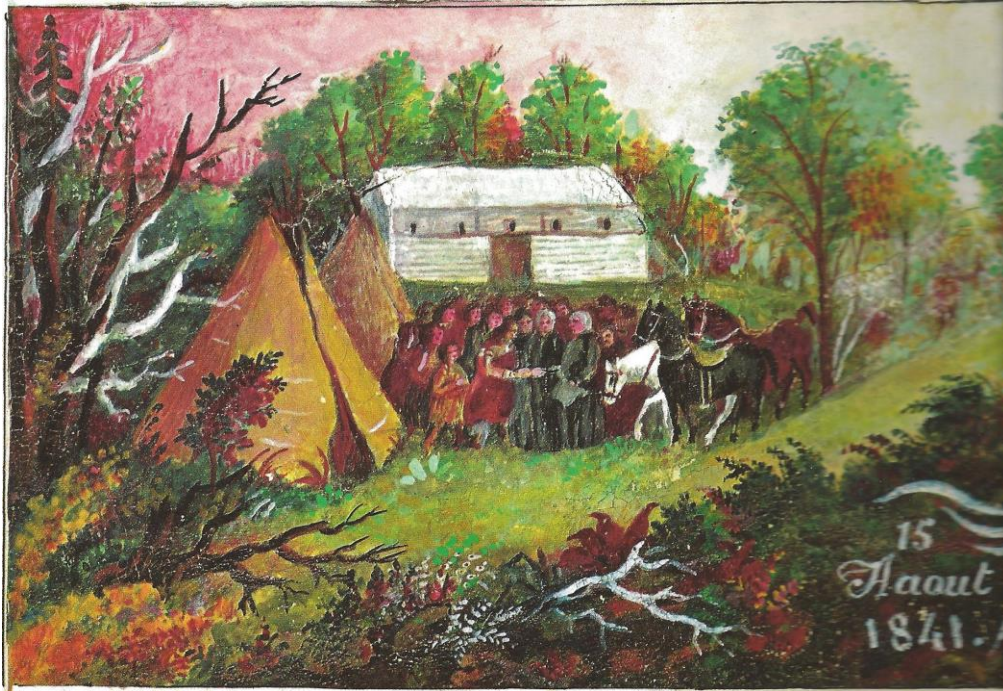
Meanwhile, Point accompanied DeSmet to Fort Lewis (Fort Benton) on the Missouri River, near the mouth of the Marias River, to help hammer out a treaty between the Blackfeet and the Flathead Indians. While there, Point began baptizing, mostly children, and by spring 1846, he had baptized 600. Finally, word came from the bishop. Point was posted to Canada. In March 1847, he traveled by barge to Fort Union and by the steamer Martha to St. Louis and, eventually, Quebec. On this trip, Point maintained a journal and sketched. The original journal is a part of the collection of the National Library of Italy. It's from this trip that today we have sketches of Fort Union, Fort Berthold and Upper Missouri landscapes. Point's new job was to reorganize the mission at Wikemikong on Grand Manitoulin, not far from what's today known as New Windsor, Ontario.

Jesuit historian Joseph P. Donnelly, in his editor's note for "Wilderness Kingdom: The Journals and Paintings of Father Nicolas Point," writes:

He retired at Sault-au-Recollet in 1859 to write "Reflections of the Rocky Mountains." Father Nicolas Point, far from his Belgian home, died in Canada on July 4, 1868, and is buried in the Cathedral of Quebec.- Ken Rogers  
Originally published under the title "Sacred Heart in the Big Sky" in *Lewis and Clark: Art of the Upper Missouri*. (Ken Rogers, Tim Fought, editors. Jim Bridges, publisher. Bismarck: The Bismarck Tribune, 2000.) Used with permission.

I have been unable to locate a portrait of Father Point.





This is a painting by Father Point of the Jesuits arrival at Fort Hall and their greeting by the Flathead advance party. August 15, 1841. Wilderness Kingdom – The Journals & Paintings of Father Nicolas Point – Joseph P. Donnelly, S.J., Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1967, page 36.

### Notes on Brother Charles Huet:

He was 35 years old in 1841 and from Belgium and was the blacksmith. One source refers to him as a Walloon. On the way to St. Mary's Mission he nearly drowned but was saved by the party's hunter, John Gray. The lay Brothers, not less than the Fathers, rendered valuable services to the mission, Brother William Claessens filling the office of carpenter, Brother Specht that of blacksmith, and Charles Huet, general-utility man and "Jack-of-all-trades." Besides the Fathers and lay Brothers, Father De Smet engaged three laborers, who under the direction of the Brothers were to undertake the hard work of the mission.

On the way out to the West provision ran low, "One day, as dinner was being prepared and provisions were scarce, Brother Huet suggested that the propriety of keeping something in reserve for supper. "be not uneasy," said Insula, "I never missed supper in my life. I trust in the mercy of the Great Spirit, he will provide for all our wants." They had just camped at night when the chief killed two stags. "Did I not tell you right?" he asked, smiling at Brother Huet. "You see, the Great Spirit does not only provide for our wants this evening, but he gives us also a supply for tomorrow." "St. Mary's in the Rocky Mountains – A History of Montana's Culture," Lucille H. Evans, Montana Creative Consultants, Stevensville, Montana, 1975. Page 40.

Leaving St. Mary on July 29, 1842, Father De Smet met with the hunting party [returning buffalo hunters] and instructed Father N. Point, who was with the hunters, to go with the Coeur d'Alene deputation, he and Brother Charles Huet, and establish a new mission, which they did on St. Joseph's river, a very beautiful place that time of the year, but mostly under water in the spring. He helped Father Point establish the Sacred Heart Catholic mission among the Coeur d'Alenes in November of 1842 on the St. Joseph River. In 1843 Father Point and Brother Huet were joined by the new recruits Father Adrian Hoecken and Brother McGean. Father Hoecken was go on to establish St. Ignatius Mission, first in northeastern Washington and then in the Mission Valley of Montana on September 24, 1844. In 1846 the Sacred Heart mission site was moved to the banks of the Coeur d'Alene River, and was known as Old Mission or Cataldo, and still later the mission was moved to De Smet, Idaho on Hangman's Creek. The life of Father de Smet, S.J. (1801-1873) E. Laveille

I have not been able to locate a portrait of him.

### Notes on Brother William Claessens:

He was 29 years old in 1841 and was from Belgium and was a carpenter, and expert mechanic. On September 30, 1847 Father Mengarini wrote in a letter that "Brother Claessens, the capable assistant, he observed, "is indefatigable. He does not save himself and does the work for many." Mengarini continued, revealing personal concern for each of his assistants; "But it seems that with time he is losing the use of his legs."

“Brother Claessens, the foremen-builder [of St. Mary’s], has contributed some additional information about these first primitive buildings. He writes that they were constructed of cotton wood logs, which were plentiful along the river bank. Two of the structures were roofed with split shingles, or shakes, made fast with pegs or wooden nails. Another of the buildings was roofed with poles covered with earth; the seams or chinks between the logs, both within and without, being filled with clay. The floor was made of rough planks, the material being whipsawed or thinned down with the axe.” “St. Mary’s in the Rocky Mountains – A History of Montana’s Culture,” Lucylle H. Evans, Montana Creative Consultants, Stevensville, Montana, 1975. Pages 48-49.

“The Indians valued chickens, hogs and cows De Smet had returned with [the first in Montana], but the seeds he brought from Fort Colville ( a 300 mile trip to and fro), which consisted of a few bushels of oats, wheat and potatoes, caused consternation among the Indians. As planting season arrived, they watched the ploughing, sowing and planting with curiosity and criticism. They thought it very foolish of the Fathers to rear up the bosom of the earth and spoil the grass for their ponies and then bury in the ground to rot that seemed good to eat. It was incredible to them that under the soil the seed would reproduce itself, despite the reassurances of Brother William Claessens. (William Claessens was still alive in 1894) They would, therefore, spend hour after hour, day after day, perched on the fence awaiting the appearance of the first shoots. When the green blades and tender stalks commenced to shoot forth from under the earth, the Indians seemed delighted to overjoy; and from that moment to the ripening of the crop, their expectancy was actually feverish. Happily, the yield was a rich and plentiful one, and all were made to share of its abundance.” This marked the beginning of agriculture in Montana.” Father De Smet also brought them from Fort Colville: sugar, coffee, tea, chocolate, butter, crackers and flour.

The Flatheads liked all the new varieties of vegetables such as potatoes, corn, peas, beans, turnips and carrots. “However, they refused to accept greens, and especially onions. The latter made their eyes water and the former was good only for horses. On one occasion when the missionaries found that onions and carrots were gone from their garden they noticed the next morning that, while more carrots were missing, the onions had been neatly replaced in their rows.” “St. Mary’s in the Rocky Mountains – A History of Montana’s Culture,” Lucylle H. Evans, Montana Creative Consultants, Stevensville, Montana, 1975. Page 69.

October 7, 1844 “After after the arrival of this party (Fathers Joseph Joset and Peter Zerbinatti, Brother Vincent Magri, and Father Tiberuis Soderini), the wheels of progress began to move both literally and figuratively. Among those who had accompanied Mengarini upon his return (to St. Mary’s Mission) from his recent visit to Fort Vancouver was a millwright by the name of Peter Biledot. With the assistance of Brother William Claessens and Father Anthony Ravalli, they set to work. In addition to Ravalli’s medical and artistic talents, it was soon evident that he had a mechanical bent. The former system of grinding flour by passing it through an ancient coffee mill was soon replaced by the first water powered grist mill in Montana, which produced from ten to twelve bushel’s a day.

The three soon contrived to make a sawmill from old wagon tires twisted and bent to form a crank. Another they hammered and filed for a saw. Soon they expected an abundance of planks for the construction of a new residence and a replacement for the ramshackle church.” On the day of its first operation, September 21, 1845 tragedy struck on Father Peter Zerbinatti drowned, his body being found after much searching by all the people, that night by torchlight.” Father Zerbinatti on a September day “not felling quite well, he betook himself to bathe his feet in the river. Whether seized by cramps brought on by the sudden contact of the cold, chilling waters of the stream, or struck by apoplexy, it is not known; he was found dead, his feet in the water and his hands holding fast to the limb of a tree projecting over the bank. His death was a sad and serious loss to the new Mission.” He was Father Mengarini’s assistant and was proficient in the Salish language. He was from Italy and he was the first priest to die in Montana.

Brother Claessens later wrote, “The Blackfeet were a great trouble to us, so much so that at 3 miles from the Mission we were not sure of our lives. Brother Joseph [Specht] and I spent many a weary night in sharp lookout on the top of our bastions with our guns. Fr. De Smet bade me never to undress at night, and to make a wooden cannon to keep the Blackfeet away. Ahead of the bastion I made a corral for the horses of the Indians, 2 of whom were constantly watching there in their lodge.” “St. Mary’s in the Rocky Mountains – A History of Montana’s Culture,” Lucylle H. Evans, Montana Creative Consultants, Stevensville, Montana, 1975, page 62.

Once after the Flatheads had killed two Blackfeet and then went on their fall buffalo hunt, Father Anthony Ravalli and Brother Claessens were left alone at the Mission except for an old man, two boys, and some old women and several small children. Of course during this time the Blackfeet came to revenge their fallen comrades, and at seeing them approaching the stockade they Jesuits were certain their days were numbered, “Resigned to their lot, and expecting to be slain, both fell on their knees to meet death in prayer.” But the Blackfeet were content just to menace the occupants by yelling and shouting, and decided to leave and as they were taking to the brush one of the boys opened the gate and peered out at them, he was shot dead in his tracks. The Jesuit priests and brothers stayed at St. Mary’s until 1850 when Father Mengarini closed it down and moved to St. Ignatius Mission. At St. Mary’s closing the only Jesuits there were Fathers Mengarini and Ravalli and Brothers Claessens, Bellomo and Savio.

“Father Hoecken to Father De Smet, “our brothers assist the Indians and teach them how to cultivate the ground; our blacksmith works for them; he repairs their guns, their knives, and their axes; the carpenter renders them great assistance in constructing their houses, by making the doors and windows; in a word, all we have and all we are is sacrificed to their welfare. Still, our poor Mission has never received a farthing from the Government.” Father Palladino’s Account of the St. Ignatius Development Describes Early Happenings, Mission History Tells of Spiritual Development,” Pioneer-Post St. Ignatius Centennial Issue, 1954

In 1866 “Fathers Joseph Giorda and Anthony Ravalli and Brother Claessens reopened and rebuilt St. Mary’s Mission on the west edge of the present Stevensville, Montana. Father Ravalli, who had served at the mission from 1844 to 1850, designed the new chapel, decorated the interior, constructed statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Ignatius Loyola, and built various items of furniture for the mission.” “In the Path of Father Desmet: The Catholic Church in the Rocky Mountains.” Ellin M. Kelly, <http://www.dioceseofcheyenne.org/pdfs/history/1840%20DesmetKelly.pdf>

“Sixteen years later, in 1866, Father Joseph Giorda, Jesuit superior for the Rocky Mountain area, called Father Ravalli and Brother William Claessens to re-establish St. Mary’s Mission, this time about a mile south of Fort Owen. Brother Claessens built a little chapel, the fourth he had constructed for St. Mary’s, and attached a study, a dining room, a kitchen, and a barn. Father Giorda established the “new” St. Mary’s as the Jesuit mission headquarters for the Rocky Mountain region. In 1879 an addition to the front of the building doubled the size of the chapel. St. Mary’s Mission offers stellar look at history.” *The Montana Catholic* — Volume 26, No. 7, July 16, 2010, Colleen Meyer

He died on October 11, 1891 at Santa Clara, California, he was a Jesuit for 50 years.

“Recollections of the Flathead Mission, Father Gregory Mengarini, S. J.”, edited by Gloria Ricci Lothrop, The Arthur H. Clark Co., 1977, pp. 52, 76-77, 97, 110; “Indian and White in the Northwest, or A History of Catholicity in Montana,” Lawrence B. Palladino, S. J., John Murphy & Company, Baltimore, 1894, pp-37-38; 45, 48, 62.

## Notes on Brother Joseph Specht:

He was a German from Alsace (France) and was the tinner and factotum and expert mechanic [jack-of-all-trades], born about 1808. Known as Brother Joseph.

“For some time, as previously related, there had been wheat at St. Mary’s, but there was as yet, properly speaking, no flour; none at least for domestic use. What little they had, was brought in once a year from Vancouver or Fort Colville, exclusively for altar purposes, and, more than once, there had not been enough to supply them with mass bread the year round. As to the “thing” made at the Mission by passing the grain through a hand coffee mill, or pounding it in the hollow of a stone, far from being flour, it was not even a distant substitute for it. The wheat was mostly utilized by roasting and boiling. Father Ravalli’s mechanical skill and ingenuity soon supplied the deficiency. He set to work and in a comparatively short time, with the help of the two Brothers, Claessens and Specht, had built, rigged up and running by water a miniature mill. This was the first grist mill in Montana. Flour and bread were now for the Indians a tangible reality, not less than associated ideas with wheat and wheat raising.” They turned out very fine flour.

Within a month of arriving at St. Mary’s Mission Brother Specht was wearing buckskins, and one of the Fathers had made his cassock out of an Indian blanket. Father De Smet was compelled to go on the long journey to Fort Colville for supplies riding his mule Lizette. That winter was severe, but after the cold winter past, the worst enemies of the missionaries were Blackfeet and mosquitoes. “To get rid of the Blackfeet was harder than to get rid of the mosquitoes, for the Blackfeet were the hereditary foes of the Flatheads. If written in its entirety, the history of St. Mary’s would be an account of Blackfeet inroads and Flathead reprisals. The Brothers carried rifles to work and on Sunday a second Mass was celebrated for those who had to be on guard.” Evans, p65.

St. Ignatius Mission – “The Mission, nestling close to the huge, bold mountains, appears almost like a fairyland village, and is indeed a jewel, whose beauty is enhanced by the setting. Fathers Adrian Hoecken and Joseph Menetrey picked out the site erected there a cabin. Some of the stock was moved thither in the spring of the following year, 1854. Brothers Claessens, McGean and Specht were among the first to reach the place.” “Father Palladino’s Account of the St. Ignatius Development Describes Early Happenings, Mission History Tells of Spiritual Development,” *Pioneer-Post St. Ignatius Centennial Issue*, 1954.

“There were six Jesuits on the staff at St. Ignatius Mission in 1857. They received word that a cargo of boxes for the Mission had been delivered up the Missouri River from St. Louis and was at Fort Benton. One of the Jesuits, Father Joseph Menetrey, S. J., volunteered to go for the unexpected shipment: “Father Menetrey, of his own free will, went to Fort Benton with a pair of horses (and a wagon!) ... The distance by the great road (Mullan Road) is 294 miles.

Upon his return with the cargo sent by Father De Smet, the joy at St. Ignatius was great indeed.

“Brother Joseph was beside himself with gladness when his eyes fell on the little packages of seeds, the files, scissors and other similar objects ...” “A Shining from the Mountains,” Sister Providencia Tolan, S.P., *The Sisters of Charity of Providence*, 1980, page 78.

In 1863 Father De Smet visited St. Ignatius and found it prosperous and flourishing.

In 1867 he with Father J. Vanzina were the only Jesuits at St. Ignatius for a period of time.

“A charred and battered old violin that bears testimony to untold chapter in the life of a pioneer missionary came home yesterday among friends in the Society of Jesus at Gonzaga University.” It was brought to Gonzaga by Roland R. Peterson of Hamilton, Montana and it had “an inscription carved on the inside of the backboard: “Made in February, 1842, by Brother Joseph Specht at St. Ignatius Mission, Montana territory.” It was found behind a false wall in an old Hamilton home and may be the first musical instrument made by a white in interior district of the Pacific Northwest. Mervin O. Corwin who found the violin in the wall, said it was in 39 pieces, he said, “I have been a violin repairman for many years and can’t figure out why the fiddle has any (playing) quality at all.” It is made very crudely and, except for the length, the dimension are all far from standard. But Brother Specht captured something violin makers have all missed. Perhaps the hand of the Lord was guiding him in his labor.” Corwin said the instrument which he at first was first going to throw away, turned out to have a sweet tone after he had fitted the pieces together and put several patches in place. During the turn of the 20<sup>th</sup> century Corwin said it was used in dances around Hamilton. Father Schoenberg of Gonzaga said it would be kept with Father De Smet’s clarinet. “Missionary’s Handiwork, Mystery Shrouds Violin”, Rowland Bond, *Spokane Daily Chronicle*, Saturday, June 10, 1960, page 10



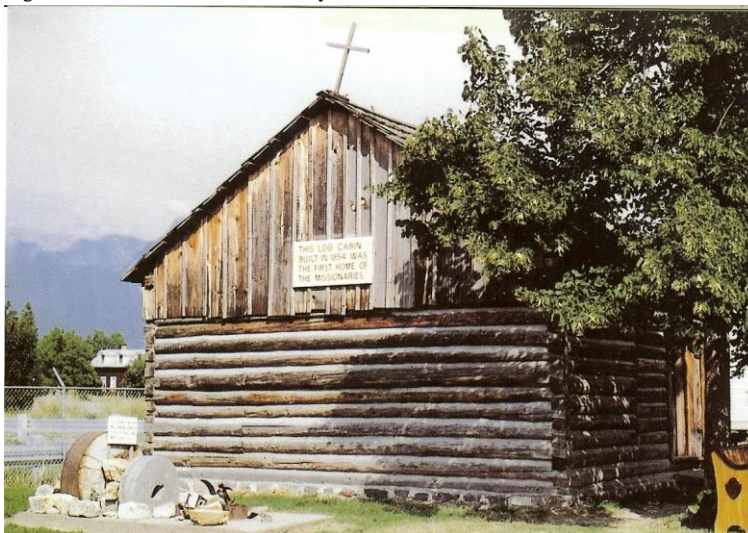
Brother Specht made a sledge hammer out of tin cans and it now is part of the St. Ignatius Mission artifacts. He had melted the empty tin cans that were once filled with food and had come over the mountains with the Missionaries. Brother Specht like the other missionaries lived and ate like the Flatheads, consisting on roots, berries, dried buffalo meat with its tallow, and elk and deer and "mountain trout." They lived in continual danger and isolation. He was forty years in Montana and he and William Claessens were in later times considered western Montana's oldest inhabitants.

He died on June 17, 1884 and was buried at St. Ignatius Catholic Cemetery on June 19, 1884. That same day the bones of Father Peter Zerbinatti were brought to St. Ignatius from St. Mary's Mission and re-buried beside Brother Specht by Father Joseph Giorda. Rev. Father Joseph Cataldo, S. J. wrote that he was "a man of beautiful charity," at his death. "Indian and White in the Northwest, or A History of Catholicity in Montana," Lawrence B. Palladino, S. J., John Murphy & Company, Baltimore, 1894, pp46, 62; "A Shining from the Mountains' Sister Providencia Tolan, S. P., Sisters of Providence, 1980, pp-28, 32 & 36.

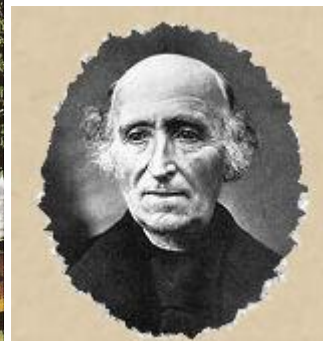


St. Ignatius Mission, Montana, taken by Chalk Courchane

Father Adrian Hoecken, S. J.



Taken by Chalk Courchane



Father Anthony Ravalli, S. J.

<http://www.saintmarysmisson.org/PhotoTourRavalli.html>

## Notes on Thomas Fitzpatrick:

He was known as Tete Blanche and Broken Hand (or Bad Hand), both names given to him by the Indians. He is said to have had a "great mane of white hair." He was called Broken Hand because of a deformed hand that was caused by an old break. He had guided the Whitmans to Oregon some years earlier. Tom Fitzpatrick was a top notch mountain man and an Irishman. Wilderness Kingdom: The Journals & Paintings of Father Nicolas Point, translated by Joseph P. Donnelly, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1967, page 270. Wikipedia says: "Thomas Fitzpatrick, known as "Broken Hand", was a trapper and a trailblazer who became the head of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. With Jedediah Smith, he led a trapper band that discovered South Pass, Wyoming. He shepherded the first two emigrant wagon trains to Oregon, including the Bartleson-Bidwell Party [about 69 people]. He was the official guide to John C. Fremont on his longest expedition. He guided Col. Philip Kearney and his Dragoons along the westward trails to impress the Native

Americans with their howitzers and swords. Fitzpatrick helped negotiate the Fort Laramie treaty of 1851, at the largest council ever assembled of Native Americans of the Plains. Among the most colorful of mountain men, Fitzpatrick was also a party to many of the most important events in the opening of the West." He was the adopted blood brother of Insula of the Flatheads, who was called The Little Chief. He was born in 1799 and died in 1854.

## Notes on Gabriel Prudhomme:

"Gabriel Prudhomme, the half-breed who lived among the Flatheads even before the Jesuits came, richly deserves recognition for his contributions to the earliest explorations and settlements in Western Montana. The Jesuit Fathers, Major Owen, and Governor Stevens' survey party all received invaluable aid from him. When Father DeSmet first met with the Nez Perces and Flatheads at Pierre's Hole in 1840, Prudhomme acted as his interpreter. He was also with the Indian delegation which met DeSmet in 1841 and led him to the Bitterroot, and afterwards he served as guide and interpreter for the fathers of St. Mary's Mission.

It is evident from the ledger that Gabriel Prudhomme was in the employment of Major John Owen for over a month before the purchase of the Mission property, which implies that he accompanied Owen from Cantonment Loring on the settler's first trip to the Bitterroot. As he was one of the earliest traders on the Emigrant Road, he may have been around Fort Hall at the time Owen was there with Colonel Loring.

Prudhomme was soon recognized by the whites as a valuable guide and interpreter. When Lt. Mullan was first sent to St. Mary's Village, Governor Stevens suggested, "You are authorized to pay an interpreter at the rate of \$500 per year. He should, as you have suggested, be a guide; and the Flathead, Gahiel (sic), is recommended as competent and reliable: endeavor to secure his services." Mullan did secure Prudhomme's services and used them extensively, not only as a guide and interpreter, but as a source of verbal information about the country. "During the winter of 1853 many were the conversations held with whomsoever could give us information of the geography of the country; and through a half-breed named Gabriel Prudhomme, who had been a voyageur and traveling companion of the early Jesuits fathers on their pilgrimages through the Rocky Mountains, I was enabled to glean such data concerning a line from the Bitter Root Valley to Fort Benton that I was induced in the spring of 1854 to explore it." The route proved so feasible that Mullan was able to have an army wagon train brought over it in 1860. On the various expeditions that Mullan took during the winter and spring of 1853-54, Gabriel Prudhomme acted as the principal guide.

There is a simple entry made on the 15th of January, 1856 in the journal left by Major Owen: Gabriel Prudhomme died." "Men and Trade on the Northwest Frontier as Shown by the Fort Owen Ledger", George Weisel, 1955, Montana State University Press, pages 5 & 6:

## Notes on Francois Saxa:

Francois Xavier Saxa

According to Troy Felsman of Arlee, Montana Saxa is a corruption of the Salish word for Moose. Sxaslsq.

He is also known as Francois LaMoose and Eneas Francois.

He was born about 1823-4, the son of Big Ignace LaMousse and his Flathead (or Pend d'Oreille) wife.

"In 1835 a young Indian named Francois Saxa accompanied his father from the Oregon Rockies to St. Louis as a part of a "Flathead Delegation" seeking priests. He lived to become a respected Montana cattleman, to watch the Northern Pacific Railway thunder by his house for four decades, and to die after World War I in 1919." The Jesuits and the Indian Wars of the Northwest - Burns.

Francois along with Gabriel Prudhomme, Pelchimo, Simon Peter, and Charlie LaMoose escorted Father Pierre Jean DeSmet from Fort Hall, Idaho to the main Flathead camp on the Wind River. After provisions ran out including two bags of pemmican [dried & pounded meat, grease and berries] purchased from Francis Ermatinger at Fort Hall "the missionaries faced hunger and found it's visage as ugly as ever. But, with native ingenuity, Francois Saxa (Francis Xavier), taking a line and unbaited hook, went to a hole in the river, threw in his line and began to switch it from side to side. Father Mengarini recalls: "the hole must have been swarming with fish, for in a short time he had landed such a number, some caught by the fins, some by the belly, that all danger of starvation was quickly dispelled."

St. Mary's in the Rocky Mountains, Evans, page 38. "He had finally attached himself without reserve to the service of the mission and supplied our table with a daily mess of fish." Pierre Jean DeSmet.

In 1847 when he was 24 years old he served as the interpreter for the missionaries. His father as it has been mentioned elsewhere in this history of the Saxas, had been killed on August 7, 1837 by the Sioux at Ash Hollow, Nebraska. His mother was killed in 1846 by the Blackfeet. His wife died in the winter of 1846-47, and his three children a year after their baptisms, and he, himself, was ill for five weeks near death. In addition to these misfortunes his horses, the equivalent of his life savings, were stolen by the Blackfeet. From "Recollections of the Flathead Mission", Rev. Gregory Mengarini, S.J. and "Indian and White in the Northwest", Rev. L.B. Palladino, S.J.

## Notes on Charley Lamoose:

"Charles Lamoose, son of Old Ignace

Lamuh (Indian name)

Charles (in baptism)

Charles Lamoose-1/2 Iroquois and 1/2 Pend d'Oreille speaks English and French and lives with the Flatheads. Charles Saxa also known as Charlie LaMoose

Charles Lamoose was the eldest son of Old Ignace Lamoose, the Iroquois whom Palladino termed "the Apostle to the Flatheads." As a boy he accompanied his father and younger brother on the long and perilous journey to St. Louis to seek a priest for the Flathead. He was baptized Charles by Father Helias in St. Louis on December 2, 1835. His brother received the name Francis Xavier. Father Helias gave Charles' age as 14, his brother's as 10. He also stated that the boys were able to speak a little French, were handsome, very intelligent, and that their mother was a Flathead. (Garraghan, 1938, vol.2, pp. 246-247.)

Charles and his brother were of the party of 10 lodges of Flathead who went to meet Father De Smet on his return to the West in July 1841. (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol.1, p.30.)

Unless this man was the "Charles" who accompanied Father De Smet on many of his travels in the northwest as interpreter, his name was not mentioned in the later literature. Baptiste Finley said Charles Lamoose died in the Bitterroot Valley prior to 1891. His brother Francois Lamoose, also known as Francis Saxa, lived to old age among the Flathead, and was a well-known and respected informant on Flathead cultural history." From Gustavus Sohon's Portraits of Flathead and Pend d'Oreille Indians, 1854 - John C. Ewers - Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections, Vol.110, No.7, 1948, pp61-62

In St. Louis their baptism says:

"2 Decembris Carolus & Franciscus Xavierus fili legitimi Ignatii, partus Indiani ex tribu vulgo Flatheads solemniter baptizati fuerunt." He died in 1889 at St. Mary's Mission, Montana

## Notes on Pelchimo:

G. Sohon wrote in 1854:

Koilt-koi-imp-ty (Indian name)

Spoken of by Father De Smet as "Pelchimo". (by which name he is generally known), as a good and brave Indian. He is a great favorite of all the whites who know him, for his honesty and good sense.

"The modern Flathead remember him by both his Indian name and by the name "Palchina." They could not translate his Indian name exactly, because it is an obsolete form, referring to a blanket with some black on it. "In the Name of the Salish & Kootenai Nation - The 1855 Hell Gate Treaty and the Origin of the Flathead Indian Reservation, edited by Robert Bigart and Clarence Woodcock, Salish & Kootenai College Press, 1996, page 90-92.

Pelchimo was a brother of one of the Indians of the ill-fated third deputation (1837), the members of which were killed by the Sioux while en route to St. Louis to seek a priest. (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. I, p. 292; Palladino, 1894.. 30.) As "Palchinah" he signed the Blackfoot Treaty in the fall of 1855. His name does not appear among the signers of the Flathead Treaty.

Pelchimo was one of the heroes in the battle with the Blackfoot in 1840, in which Ambrose also distinguished himself. In this battle the Flathead, through greatly outnumbered, withstood their opponents for 5 days and finally forced them to retreat, leaving many killed and wounded on the battlefield. The Flathead lost but a single man, who died of wounds received in the battle. Pelchimo won honors in this fight by saving the Flathead horses from capture by the enemy. (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. I, pp. 319-320.)

Pelchimo as a great friend of Major Owen. Owen frequently referred to him as "Palchina" in his journals. In 1851 he accompanied Owen to Fort Loring on Snake River. They traveled together to The Dalles in the spring of 1855, and to Fort Benton in the summer of 1858. (Owen, 1927, vol. I, ( pp. 28-35.)

Owen considered Pelchimo the best veterinary in the region, and employed him to doctor his own favorite horses. He also had Pelchimo break his horses and permitted him to use the horses during the summer buffalo hunt in return for "getting them gentle." (Ibid., pp. 127-128.)

On April 4, 1863, Owen received a report that 70 horses had been stolen from Pelchimo's camp while en route from from the buffalo hunt on the plains. Two days later he was informed that Pelchimo had been killed by the party of Bannock horse thieves from whom Pelchimo sought to recover his stolen property. On hearing of Pelchimo's death, Owen paid high tribute to the man's character as one of the best Indians, brave when danger called, inoffensive but firm and exacting in his rights. (Ibid., pp. 278-279.)

The written record appears to emphasize Pelchimo's prowess in the traditional men's occupations of the Flathead. He was a courageous fighter, a clever hunter, and a skilled trainer of horses. His talents as a horse doctor must have given him considerable prestige as a medicine man among the conservative members of his tribe. He was not mentioned by the missionaries among the Flathead leaders who remained staunchly loyal to their cause after the closure of St. Mary's Mission in 1850. Nevertheless, Sohon's testimony as to his good character is confirmed by the writings of Father De Smet and Major Owen."

## Notes on Young Ignace Chapped Lips:

"Iroquois, probably a Mohawk from Caughnawaga Mission near Montreal, Quebec. Called "Young Ignace", "Petit Ignace", "Aeneas" and "Iroquois Aeneas". "Iroquois Aeneas. He came to this country with Pierre, but has not the industry or forethought of his "comrade" Pierre. He is poor but an honest and reliable man." Gustavus Sohon

The name "Aeneas" is readily recognized by present-day Indians on the Flathead Reservation as an American attempt to render the Flathead pronunciation of the French name "Ignace". Baptiste Finley, a 76-year-old mixed-blood living on that reservation, said that the Iroquois, Ignace, was his maternal grandfather. Baptiste volunteered the information

that this man, known as "Ignace Chapped Lips" to the Flathead, was the Iroquois who went to St. Louis with the party that was successful in obtaining a priest for the tribe, and that he returned with the first priest. Sohon's "Aeneas", therefore, was the "Young Ignace" or "Petit Ignace" who was one of Ignace Lamoose's most influential helpers in giving the Flathead their first knowledge of Christianity; who accompanied Pierre to St. Louis in 1839 to seek a priest; who spent the winter of 1839-40 in Westport waiting for the priest; and who accompanied Father De Smet on his first journey over the Rockies to the country of the Flathead. (Garraghan, 1938. Vol.2, p.238,footnote; Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol.1,pp-29-30.)

Young Ignace was one of the party who journeyed to Fort Hall to meet Father De Smet on his return to the West in the spring of 1841. "Iroquois Ignatius" also accompanied the priest on his visit to the Crow Indians in the summer of 1842. (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905.vol.1, p-399.)

Aeneas rendered valuable service to Lieutenant Mullan's expedition of the intermountain region in the winter of 1853-54. Mullan reported: I learned,through an old Iroquois Indian, called Aeneas, now resident in the Bitter Root Valley, whose wanderings amid the mountains had often thrown him with parties travelling with wagons at the southward, thereby rendering him capable of judging of the requisites of a wagon road, that a line could be had through a gorge-like pass in the Coeur d'Alene mountains. Our later explorations proved this to be Sohon's Pass.[Mullan, 1863,p.5]

In March 1854 Lieutenant Mullan sent one of his topographers, with Aeneas as a guide, to make a special examination of the locality Aeneas had recommended. Snow prevented their reaching the pass. Five years later Gustavus Sohon made the first scientific exploration of this pass that for many years bore his name. (ibid.)

Aeneas outlived his more ambitious comrade, Peter. Father Hoecken wrote from St. Ignatius Mission in the spring of 1857, "old Ignatius is settled here." (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol.4, p.1246.) Baptiste Finley said that Aeneas had two children, both of whom are now dead, and that Aeneas himself died about 1880, and was buried in the old Indian cemetery near Arlee.

The record indicates the Aeneas was of a more restless disposition than his friend and fellow tribesman, Peter. He was a wanderer whose knowledge of geography proved valuable to the Government explorers." Died 1880 in Arlee, Montana.

Father Nicolas Point painted the following portraits of the best Flathead warriors:



Young Ignace Chapped Lips



Francois Oulstilpo  
Francois Saxa?



Adolph "Red Feather"  
Chief



Moiese , "The Bravest of  
the Brave." Called Moses Titiche  
Loutso by Father Point. Chief  
Father of Chief Antoine  
Moiese





Pelchimo called Joseph Pepelchimo by Father Point.



Chief Victor



Michel Insula The Little Chief

Thus identified in *Kingdom of the Wilderness*, normally the names of the last two are reversed. And there is another version of both in de Smet.

### Notes on Moiese "Bravest of the Brave":

"Moiese (Moses) was second chief of the Flathead under Victor. In Salish, he was called Steit-tish-lutse-so ("Crawling Mountain;" also called "The Bravest of the Brave" see Sohon in Bigart and Woodcock 1996:76; Teit 1930:380). He is said to have been half Flathead and half Nez Perce (Curtis 1911:56n). When he died in 05 Mar 1868 the priest estimated his age at nearly 90 (D-35). He almost certainly was over 70; he well remembered the Lewis and Clark Expedition (Ewers in Bigart and Woodcock 1996: 80). On the other hand, his widow, Louise Frise, was said to be 76 in 1905 (E-32), implying birth in 1829. The difference in their ages raises the possibility that Moiese had another wife and family before Louise. Pierre Snatse may have been his son. A portrait of Moiese was painted by Father Point (1967:49) and a pencil sketch was drawn by Sohon (Bigart and Woodcock 1996:77). Ewers has compiled biographical information (in Bigart and Woodcock 1996:75-80), which need not be repeated here." R. Malouf

From "In the Name of the Salish & Kootenai Nation - The 1855 Hell Gate Treaty and the Origin of the Flathead Indian Reservation, edited by Robert Bigart and Clarence Woodcock, Salish & Kootenai College Press, 1996, page 76 -80: "Moiese (French for Moses) received his Christian name on baptism by Father De Smet at St. Mary's Mission on Easter, 1846. De Smet said he was surnamed "Bravest of the Brave." (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. I, p. 305.'vol. 2, p, 472.)

Moiese told Lieutenant Mullan that he had been present in the Flathead camp in Ross' Hole when Lewis and Clark visited it in the fall of 1805. He said the explorers took what the Indians knew as the Southern Nez Percés' trail, following the Bitterroot Valley to its fork, after they left the Flathead village. (Report of Explorations, etc., 1860, vol. I, p. 325.)

Moiese headed the Flathead delegation that went to meet Father De Smet at Fort Hall in 1841. He sent ahead his finest horse as a gift to the priest. After their meeting De Smet described Moiese as "the handsomest Indian warrior of my acquaintance" who was "distinguished by his superior skill in horsemanship, and by a large red scarf, which he wore after the fashion of the Marshals of France." (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. I, p.305.)

Moiese remained a great favorite of Father De Smet, who called him his "adopted Indian brother" whose "exemplary conduct took pace with his renowned bravery and he was generally looked up to with esteem." As an example of Moiese's moral refinement, De Smet recalled that on one occasion he and Moiese had called upon a chief who had just flogged a visiting Nez Perce youth. Moiese stripped off his buffalo robe, exposed his bare back, and called upon the chief to give him 25 lashes. When Father De Smet interposed, Moiese explained, "Father, the Nez Perce here present was whipped because he talked foolishly to a girl. My thoughts are sometimes bewildering and vexing and I have prayed to drive them from my mind and heart." De Smet prevented the carrying out of this self-imposed punishment. (Ibid., vol. 4, pp. 1225-1226.)

De Smet told of Moiese's calmness in encouraging his men before their successful battle with the Crow Indians east of the Rockies in the summer of 1846. "My friends," said Moiese, "if it be the will of God, we shall conquer - if it be not his will, let us humbly submit to whatever it shall please his goodness to send us. Some of us must expect to fall in this contest: if there be any who are unprepared to die, let him retire; in the meantime let us keep Him constantly in mind." (Ibid., vol. 2, p. 576.)

In 1857 Father Monetrey named Moiese among the four Flathead leaders who never failed to follow the teachings of the missionaries after the closing of St. Mary's Mission. (Garraghan, 1938, vol. 2, p. 388) Moiese was one of the Flathead chiefs who journeyed to St. Ignatius to fulfill his religious duties in that year. (Chittenden and Richardson, 1905, vol. 4, p. 1240.) After his visit to the Flathead in 1859 De Smet termed Moiese one of the greatest chieftains of the tribe, in whom real piety and true valor at war were united. (Ibid., vol. 2, p. 766.)

At the Flathead Treaty Council, Moiese remained silent until he was asked to sign the treaty. He refused to sign. Then he launched a bitter denunciation of the treaty. He claimed the Flathead leaders would not have come to the council at all if Lieutenant Mullan had not assured them there would be "no talk of land," and that its purpose would be to offer help the Flathead in their struggle against the Blackfoot. He refused to consider cession of any Flathead land. He had no faith in Governor Stevens' promise to make peace with the Blackfoot. Although Moiese was the only Flathead leader to express these ideas at the Council, and the only one to refuse to sign the treaty, it is possible he voiced the sentiments of a large segment of the Flathead opinion. In the course of his remarks Moiese also

revealed his independence of Victor. When asked directly if Victor, who had already signed the treaty, was not his head chief, Moise replied bluntly, "Yes, but I never listen to him." (Partoll, 1938, p. 311.) Although Moiese attended the Blackfoot Treaty Council that fall, and signed the treaty, he took no speaking part in the proceedings.

Scattered references to Moiese's activities in the years following the treaties appear in Major Owen's Journal: In early April, 1857, Moise sought Owen's assistance to dissuade some of the young warriors from going to war against the Bannock and Shoshoni. During Victor's prolonged illness in 1858 Moiese and Ambrose led the Flathead on their winter buffalo hunt. In March 1861 Moiese brought up the rear of the Flathead camp on its return from hunting on the plains. In the winter hunt of 1862-63 he was a leader. On May 18, 1865, Moiese started out with Victor and the Flathead party for the summer hunt east of the mountains but changed his mind and returned the next day in order to care for his growing crops. This is the only indication that any Flathead chief of the period was sufficiently interested in farming to permit it to interfere with his going to hunt buffalo. Apparently, even in this case, Moiese had some difficulty reaching a decision in favor of tending his crops. (Owen, 1927, vol. I, pp.160, 190, 234, 277, 330.)

Moiese died in March 1868, following a tedious year of sickness. Modern Flathead believe that he was buried in the Bitterroot Valley. At the time of his death Moiese must have been over 70 years of age. Ambrose became his successor as second chief of the tribe. (Ibid., vol. 2, p. 95.) Moiese, the headquarters of the National Bison Range, near Dixon, Mont., was named after Antoine Moiese, a son, who was also a prominent Flathead leader. Moiese was a leader who combined Christianity virtues with the tough qualities necessary for survival on the northwestern Indian frontier of his time. He was honest, God-fearing, brave in war, and both independent and frankly outspoken in council. Later events proved that Moiese possessed a keen and realistic insight into the military problems of the region."

### Notes on John Gray [Grey]:

John Grey, an Iroquois that lived among the Flatheads and then another who was a trapper and hunter, John Gray, who traveled across the Plains with Father De Smet's party and the Bidwell and Bartleson wagon train from Westport, Missouri. Iroquois name was Ignace Hatchiorauquasha. He was one of the trappers that deserted from Peter Skene Ogden in 1825. He later worked at Spokane House. John Gray was Mohawk and Scottish, his Mohawk wife, was named Marianne. "Most of their lives were spent in uncharted lands in the turbulent Western fur trade of the Rockies in and around the Tetons and the Snake River country."greyhunter.org

"His unusual ability to deal with the whites enhanced his stature as an Iroquois chief. . . he stood out as a gifted leader of his people, understanding and following their ways in a manner that would have been difficult for a white man. . . he not only explored the wilderness. . . he also helped to bridge the cultural gap between Indians and whites during the years of the fur trade, even though much of the time the Iroquois and white trappers did not get along together at all well, and the whites often resented his position on the Indian side when there were differences in outlook. More than that, his leadership of the Iroquois out of Ogden's camp, May 24, 1825, contributed substantially to the Hudson's Bay Company adoption of competitive pricing that limited the expansion of the St. Louis fur trade in the Oregon country." [Merle Wells, Idaho State Historical Society, on John Gray]" greyhunter.org

"When he came West in 1816, into the remote and beautiful and frequently dangerous Columbia and Snake River country as a beaver trapper with the Hudson's Bay Company, John Gray -- Mohawk of St. Regis [Akwasasne] -- was 22 years old, Jesuit-educated. His Saint was Ignatius of Loyola, founder of that Order, patron of warriors. [Occasionally in the Far West, John Gray used the name Ignace Hatchiorauquasha.] And his wife, Marianne Neketichon[Mary Ann Charles], Mohawk of Caughnawaga [Kahnawake], was 16." greyhunter.org

"He was the son of a Scottish-American veteran of the Revolutionary War, William L. Gray, who married into the Akwasasne Mohawks, became an important interpreter for the Indians -- and then also for the United States during the War of 1812 in which he was wounded, dying in British captivity in Quebec. [Occasionally, in a few of the numerous histories mentioning John Gray, one encounters the erroneous spelling, Grey -- a mistake initially made by the adversarial HBC field operative, Alexander Ross. Every generation of the family itself has consistently used Gray.]" greyhunter.org

"He generally had several rifles at any one time, about six horses, and at least a dozen beaver traps. For he and other Mohawks, the ballad of the Mountain Men, Shenandoah ["Across the wide Missouri"] came to blend with the old Iroquois songs." And, in time, he and other Mohawks became vigorous advocates for the Flathead Nation of the Northern Rockies -- warning them in detail about that which had happened to the Natives of the East at the hands of the Europeans and the Euro-Americans. Very early-on following his arrival in the Golden West, a deep valley right on the edges of the Teton country and just into the Idaho side of the present Idaho/Wyoming border, came to be known as "Gray's Hole. This was the late Spring and Summer base for him and his cohesive and communalistic family. And, in time, a small nearby river came to be known as John Gray's River -- and a close-by lake, now a national wildlife refuge just inside Idaho, is called Gray's Lake. From this camp, the Grays tended to travel fairly widely."greyhunter.org

Well before the angry -- and eminently successful -- confrontation with Peter Skene Ogden on that May day in 1825, the hard-advocating and fiery and math-knowledgeable John Gray was the focus of an increasingly jaundiced view by a growing number of British HBC managers and representatives. This became open hostility following the report by key HBC staffer, Alexander Ross, who had, from his perspective, the great misfortune of spending a part of a trapping season with John Gray and the other Iroquois in an atmosphere of significantly mounting mutual acrimony. Much of this stemmed from John Gray's fully successful campaign to hold up any Iroquois cooperation with Ross until the HBC man cut the costs of company trade goods in half and redid all of the account books to retroactively reflect the considerable change. In the aftermath of this, Alexander Ross referred frequently to John Gray with such hostile descriptions as " turbulent blackguard" and "a damned rascal." greyhunter.org

It was certainly extremely mutual. After the Ogden crisis, John Gray and his Native band tended to work much more closely with the Americans in, say, the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. The Blackfeet, who resented the growing Iroquois alliance with the Flathead Nation and who often tilted toward the British, killed John Gray's close colleague, the older much-seasoned Mohawk mentor, Old Pierre Tevanitagon.

And then they almost killed John Gray himself.

Suddenly jumped while on horseback by a number of Blackfeet who wounded him, John Gray rode like the highest of high winds straight to the Portneuf River. There, dismounting, he plunged into the Winter-cold waters, concealing himself in reeds -- from which he then made a kind of rudimentary raft. With this, he traveled the Portneuf down river for a short distance and then, with extreme difficulty, made it to his nearby camp. It took him a full two months to recover.

His taste for danger was, however, unabated. He had an increasingly demonstrated penchant for fighting and killing grizzly bears -- themselves the epitome of lethal ferocity. In addition to his guns, he used knives with great skill.

And at Bear River, in the southeastern corner of Idaho, Milton Sublette -- he of a very well known Western fur family -- made the signal mistake of physically demonstrating unwelcome interest in one of the very young Gray daughters. Deeply slashed in several parts of his body by the devoted father, Sublette was given up for death by all observers -- but somehow survived.

The Gray daughters were never molested again by anyone.

And, following that, John Gray killed even more grizzly bears."

"And so, with virtually all of his colleagues and their families -- a very few remaining with the Flatheads -- John Gray left the Far West in the Fall of 1835 and relocated at very small French Settlement on the banks of the lower Missouri. That community soon became associated with Westport -- a key Oregon Trail stop and a launching place toward the far off Rockies -- and those several small communities in the immediate area came to make up the basic beginning of Kansas City. In 1840, a detailed parish map of Westport, drawn by a Jesuit priest and an extremely gifted artist, Father Nicolas Point, indicates 26 resident Catholic families -- including that of John Gray and other Natives."

The Jesuits, encouraged by some of the Iroquois and also by Flathead emissaries to the Church at St. Louis, were now preparing to establish missions in the Northern Rocky Mountains. The arrival of the notable missionary leader, Father Pierre Jean De Smet, Belgium-born and based at St. Louis -- who was to become a major and life-long advocate for many of the Western tribes -- signaled the beginning of a historic trek. Six Jesuits, including Father Point -- a meticulous journalist and an increasingly splendid artist -- left Westport for the Far West in a larger party combined with other travelers, in mid-May, 1841.

And John Gray, accompanied by Marianne and one small grand-daughter, was the primary hunter for the Great Odyssey -- which moved slowly and with determination across the warm and humid prairies and out onto the hot high plains. And then, with the dark sentry mountains of Wyoming's East signaling, they entered the far-flung region of the Rocky Mountains.

In what is now central Wyoming on July 5, John Gray carved his name, "J. Gray" onto Independence Rock. So did twelve other members of their party so inscribe -- including Father Point, who sketched the Rock and added those names in an intricately printed column.

Somewhere along this great trip, Father Point did a very detailed sketch of John Gray -- the only known portrait depiction ever made. It shows a side-view of a pleasant, lean Native face, with strong cheekbones and jaw and prominent eyes. Dark, somewhat curly hair, pushes out from under a white, wide-brimmed Western-type hat. He wears a kerchief tie.

The Jesuit sketched Marianne as well: a side view of a seated, rather small and sturdy woman wearing a fringed buckskin shirt. Her hair is long and black, flowing from a full and very pleasant Native face.

In his journals, Father Point observed that John Gray "showed extraordinary courage and dexterity, especially when, on one occasion, he dared to attack five bears at once." The priest of the pen and paints did more than write that sentence. Rather heroically himself, he sat under a nearby tree and in an extraordinary sketch, depicted John Gray's simultaneous fight with the five grouped grizzly bears -- all of which the great hunter killed in what can only be viewed as a major climactic point -- in a life full of such mountain peaks.

Later in the summer journey, in August, John Gray and Marianne and the small grand-daughter made an extremely important personal side trip. Leaving the main party, they traveled their own way westward to the Portneuf River, stopping only briefly at the fairly new, small trading center known as Fort Hall which had been established by the HBC in 1834 at that point on the Oregon Trail.

From there, they had to ride only a very few poignant miles to the hidden valley of Winter Camp of the warm winter Sun, the super high ridge of Lookout, and the oft-shadowy secluded canyon/valley of Gray Hole so full of wild game in the winters. It was all there -- along with the charred wood remnants of their old camp fires. The sky was dark blue and the winds were cool.

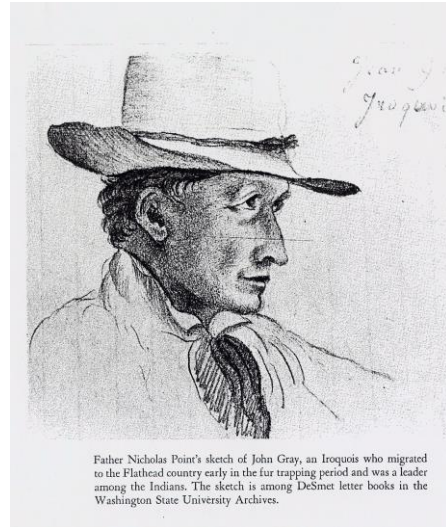
They stayed there for a few days. Then they returned, slowly, to the lower Missouri and Westport.

We do know that John and Marianne Gray and at least several members of their immediate family regretted -- many, many times over -- the move from the Rocky Mountains into the comparatively flat Missouri river lands of the prairies.



In 1843, a red-haired Shoshone woman, long regarded as an enemy of his family, knifed and killed John Gray at Westport. A year later, the Missouri flooded everything, destroying the Gray home and many others. Marienne Gray stubbornly moved up on a high bluff above their original location and, with several of their immediate family members in the area -- including Peter -- remained there for many years. She and two daughters made and sold fashionable dresses to well-to-do Anglo women.

But then, gradually, children continued to marry. Some stayed around. Others moved to the Four Directions. Accompanied by a daughter, Marienne Gray eventually moved well south of the developing Kansas City to Fort Scott, Kansas. She died there of cholera in 1862. Hunter Gray [greyhunter.org](http://greyhunter.org)



John Gray and Marienne Gray 1841 by Father Nicolas Point, S.J.

### Father De Smet writes:

It was here that we left Bear river. On the 14th of August our wagons, having proceeded ten hours without intermission, arrived at the outlet of a defile which seemed to us the end of the world. On our right and left were frightful mountains; in our rear a road which we were by no means tempted to retrace; in front a passage through which rushed a torrent; but so small that the torrent itself seemed with difficulty to force its way. Our beasts of burthen were, for the first time, exhausted. Murmurs arose against the captain, who, however, was imperturbable, and as he never shrank from difficulties, advanced to reconnoitre the ground. In a few moments he made us a sign to approach; one hour after we had surmounted every obstacle, for we had traversed the highest chain of the Rocky Mountains, and were nearly in sight of Fort Hall. On the evening previous to the departure of the camp from the Soda Springs, I directed my course toward the fort, to make a few necessary arrangements. The young Francis Xavier was my only companion. We were soon involved in a labyrinth of mountains, and about midnight we were on the summit of the highest chain. My poor guide, being able to see nothing by the weak light of the moon but frightful precipices, was so pitifully embarrassed that after veering about for a while, like a weathercock, he confessed himself lost. That was not a place, nor was it a time, to wander at random; I therefore took what I considered the only alternative, that of waiting for the morning sun to extricate us from our embarrassment. Wrapped up in my blanket and with my saddle for a pillow, I stretched myself upon the rock, and immediately fell into a sound sleep. Early the next morning we descended by a small cleft in the rocks, which the obscurity of the night had concealed, and arrived on a plain watered by the Portneuf, one of the tributaries of Snake river. We trotted or galloped over fifty miles in the course of the day. The whole way presented evident remains of volcanic eruptions; piles and veins of lava were visible in all directions, and the rocks bore marks of having been in a state of fusion. The river, in its whole length, exhibits a succession of beaver ponds, emptying into each other by a narrow opening in each dike, thus forming a fall of between three and six feet. All these dikes are of stone, evidently the work of the water (the trappers call them the work of the beaver) and of the same character and substance as the stalactites found in some caverns.

We arrived late in the evening, within half a mile of the Fort, [Hall] but being unable to see our way in the darkness, and not knowing where we were, we encamped for the night among the bushes, near the margin of a small brook and amid a cloud of mosquitoes." Father De Smet.

Letter by Father De Smet written at Hell Gate, 21st Sept., 1841,

"It is on a journey through the desert that we see how attentive Providence is to the wants of man," I repeat with pleasure this remark of my young Protestant friend, because the truth of it appears through the narrative which I have commenced, and will appear still more evidently in what is to follow. Were I to speak of rivers, the account would be long and tedious, for in five days we crossed as many as eighteen, and crossed one of them five times in the space of a few hours. I shall only mention the most dangerous among them. The first which we found it very difficult to cross was the South Fork of the Platte. But as we had been long apprised of the difficulty, we took our precautions beforehand, and some of our Canadians had explored it with so much care that we forded it, not

without great difficulty, but without any serious accident. The greatest distress was felt by the dogs of the caravan. Left on the bank when all had crossed, nothing but fidelity toward their masters could have induced them to swim over a river but little less than a mile wide, and having so rapid a current that it would have carried away wagons and carts, had they not been supported on all sides, while the mules exerted all their strength to pull them onward. The poor dogs did not attempt to cross till they found that there was no choice left between encountering the danger and losing their masters. The passage over these rivers is generally effected by means of a bull-boat, the name given to a kind of boat, constructed on the spot with buffalo hides. They are indispensable when the current is impetuous, and no ford can be found. Thanks to our Canadians, we wanted them neither on this nor any other occasion. The second difficult passage was over the North Fork, which is less wide, but deeper and more rapid than the Southern. We had crossed the latter in carts. Having mustered a little more courage, we determined to cross the North Fork on horseback. We were induced to do so, on seeing our hunter drive before him a horse on which his wife was mounted, whilst at the same time he was pulling a colt that carried a little girl but one year old. To hold back under such circumstances would have been a disgrace for Indian missionaries. We therefore resolved to go forward. It is said that we were observed to grow pale, and I am inclined to believe we did; yet, after our horses had for some time battled against the current, we reached the opposite shore in safety, though our clothes were dripping wet. Here we witnessed a scene which, had it been less serious, might have excited laughter. The largest wagon was carried off by the force of the current, in spite of all the efforts, shouts and cries of the men, who did all they could to keep themselves from being drowned. Another wagon was literally turned over. One of the mules showed only his four feet on the surface of the water, and the others went adrift entangled in the gears. On one side appeared the American captain," with extended arms, crying for help. On the other, a young German traveler was seen diving with his beast, and soon after both appearing above water at a distance from each other. Here a horse reached the shore without a rider; further on, two riders appeared on the same horse; finally, the good Brother Joseph [Specht] dancing up and down with his horse, and Father Mengarini clinging to the neck of his, and looking as if he formed an indivisible part of the animal. After all our difficulties, we found that only one of the mules was drowned. As the mule belonged to a man who had been the foremost in endeavoring to save both men and horses, the members of the caravan agreed to make him a present of a horse, as a reward for his services. We offered thanks to God for our escape from danger.

I mentioned before that great dangers awaited us on Snake river. This stream being much less deep and wide than the other two, and having such limpid waters that the bottom can everywhere be seen, could only be dangerous to incautious persons. It sufficed to keep our eyes open, for any obstacle could easily be distinguished and avoided. But whether it were owing to want of thought or attention, or to the stubborn disposition of the team, Brother Charles Huet found himself all at once on the border of a deep precipice, too far advanced to return. Down went mules, driver and vehicle, and so deep was the place that there scarcely appeared any chance to save them. Our hunter, at the risk of his life, threw himself into the river to dive after the poor brother, whom he had to pull out of the carriage. All the Flatheads who were with us tried to save the vehicle, the mules and the baggage. The baggage, with the exception of a few articles, was saved; the carriage was raised by the united efforts of all the Indians, and set afloat; but after this operation it was held by but one of them, who found that his strength was inadequate to the task, and crying that he was being drowned, let go his hold. The hunter plunged in after him, and was himself at the point of losing his life, on account of the efforts which the Indian made to save his own. Finally, after prodigies of valor, exhibited by all the Flatheads, men, women and children, who all strove to give us a proof of their attachment, we lost what we considered the most safe, the team of the carriage. The gears had been cut to enable the mules to reach the shore, but it is said that these animals always perish when once they have had their ears under water. Thus we lost our three finest mules. This loss was to us very considerable, and would have been irreparable, had it not been for the kindness of Captain Ermatinger. Whilst the people of the caravan were drying our baggage, I returned to the fort, where the generous captain repaired our loss for a sum truly inconsiderable, when compared with what must be paid on such occasions to those who wish to avail themselves of the misfortunes of others. We had escaped the danger, and were besides taught a very useful lesson, for it was remarked that it was the first day since we began our journey, on which, by reason of the bustle occasioned by our departure from the fort, we had omitted to say the prayers of the itinerary.

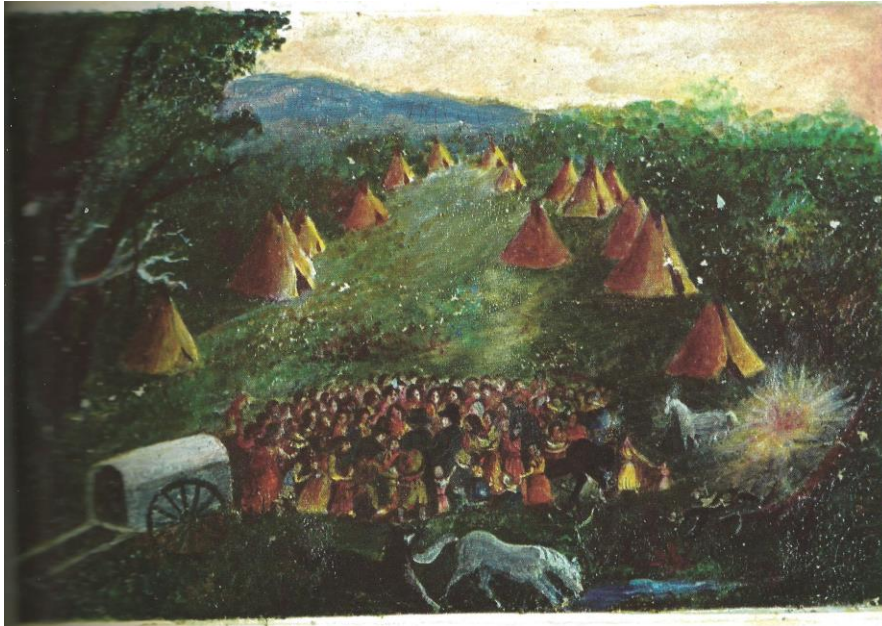
We had dangers of another description to encounter, from which we were also delivered by the aid of God's grace. Once as we traveled along the banks of the Platte, several young members of the caravan separated from the main body, contrary to the express orders of Captain Fitzpatrick, who, together with Father Point and myself, had started a little ahead to look out for a place of encampment. We succeeded in finding a proper site, and we had already unsaddled our horses, when all at once we heard the alarm cry: Indians! Indians! And in fact a body of Indians, appearing much larger than it really was, was seen in the distance, first assembling together and then coming full gallop toward our camp. In the mean time a young American, unhorsed and unarmed, makes his appearance, complaining of the loss he had sustained, and indignant at the blows he had received. He seizes the loaded rifle of one of his friends, and rushes forward to take signal vengeance on the offender. The whole camp is roused; the American youth are determined to fight; the colonel, as a man of war, orders the wagons to be drawn up in double file, and places between them whatever may be exposed to plunder. All preparations are made for a regular defense. On the other hand, the Indian squadron, much increased, advances and presents a formidable front. They manoeuvre as if they intend to hem in our phalanx, but at sight of our firm position and of the assurance of the captain, who advanced toward them, they checked their march, finally halted, and came to a parley, of which the result was that they should return to the American whatever they had taken from him, but that the blows which he had received should not be returned. After this, both parties united in smoking the calumet. This band consisted of eighty Cheyenne warriors, armed for battle?" The Cheyennes are looked upon as the bravest Indians on the prairie. They followed our camp for two or three days. As the chiefs were admitted to our meals, both parties separated with mutual satisfaction.

On another occasion we were in company with the vanguard of the Flatheads, and had penetrated into an impassable defile between the mountains, so that after having traveled the whole day, we were forced to retrace our steps. At night the rumor was spread that a party of Bannock Indians lay encamped in the neighborhood. The Bannocks had this very year killed several white men; but it soon appeared that they were more frightened than ourselves, for before daybreak they had removed from the place.

Without being aware of it, we had escaped a much greater danger on the banks of Green river. We did not know the particulars of this danger till after we had arrived at Fort Hall. There we heard that almost immediately after our separation from the travelers who were on their way to California, and with whom we had till then lived as brothers, they divided themselves into two bands, and each band again subdivided into two parties, one to attend to the chase, the other to guard the horses. The hunter's camp was guarded only by five

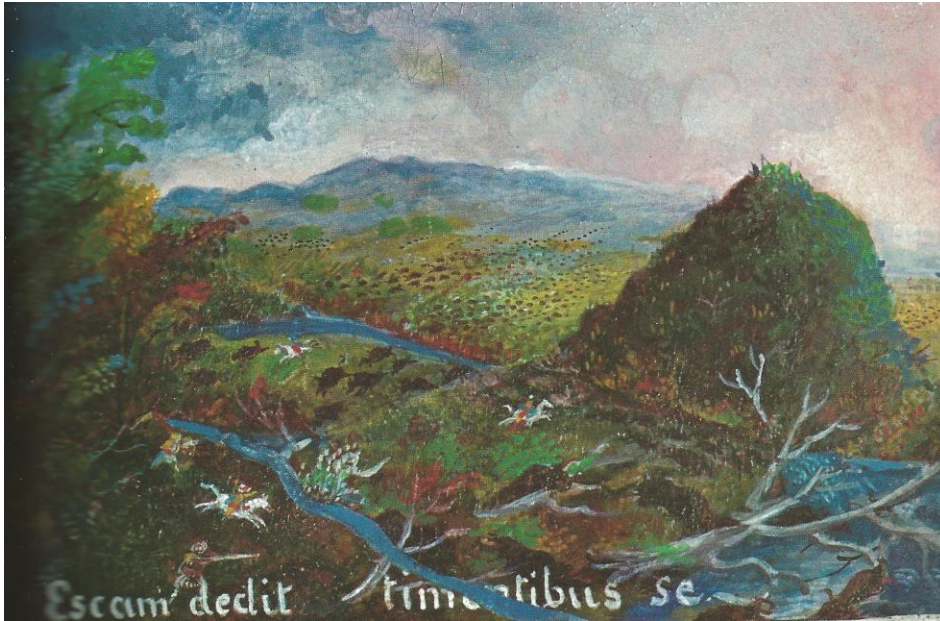
or six men and some women, who had also to keep watch over the horses and baggage of the others. A booty so rich and so much exposed could not but tempt the Indians who roamed in the neighborhood, and waited, as is their custom, till a seasonable opportunity should offer to commence the attack. When least expected, they fell first upon the horses and then upon the tents, and though the guardians made a courageous defense and sold their lives dearly, yet they burned and pillaged the camp, taking away whatever might be serviceable to them; thus giving a terrible lesson to such as expose themselves to lose all, by not remaining united to withstand the common enemy.

But a few days after we had received this sad intelligence we ourselves were much alarmed. We apprehended lest we should have to defend our lives against a large body of Blackfeet Indians, whose warriors continually infest the country through which we were then traveling. It was reported that they were behind the mountain, and soon after that they were in sight. But our brave Indians, glowing with the desire to introduce us to their tribe, were undaunted, and would have attacked them had they been a hundred times more numerous. Pilchimo, brandishing his musket in the air, started off with the greatest rapidity, and was followed by three or four others. They crossed the mountain and disappeared, and the whole camp made ready to repel the assailants. The horses were hitched and the men under arms, when we saw our brave Indians return over the mountain, followed by a dozen others. The latter were Bannocks, who had united rather with a mind to fly than to attack us. Among them was a chief, who showed the most favorable dispositions. I had a long conference on the subject of religion, and he promised that he would use all his endeavors to engage his men to adopt religious sentiments. Both he and his retinue left us the day after the arrival of the Flatheads, who came to wish us joy for the happy issue of our long journey. We here remarked how the power of reason acts upon the heart of the savage. The Bannock chief was brother to an Indian of the tribe who had been killed by one of the Flathead chiefs present on this occasion. They saluted each other in our presence and separated as truly Christian warriors would have done, who show enmity to each other only on the field of battle. Yet as the Flatheads had more than once been basely betrayed by the Bannocks, the former did not offer to smoke the calumet. I hope that we shall have no difficulty to bring on a reconciliation. The Flatheads will undoubtedly follow the advice we shall give them, and I feel confident that the Bannocks will be satisfied with the conditions.” Letter VIII, Letters and Sketches and Letter VI, Second Voyage, Voyages our Montagues-Rocheuses, both dated as above and addressed respectively to the Father Provincial and to Father De Smet’s sister, Afme. Rosalie van Mossevelde, Termcnde

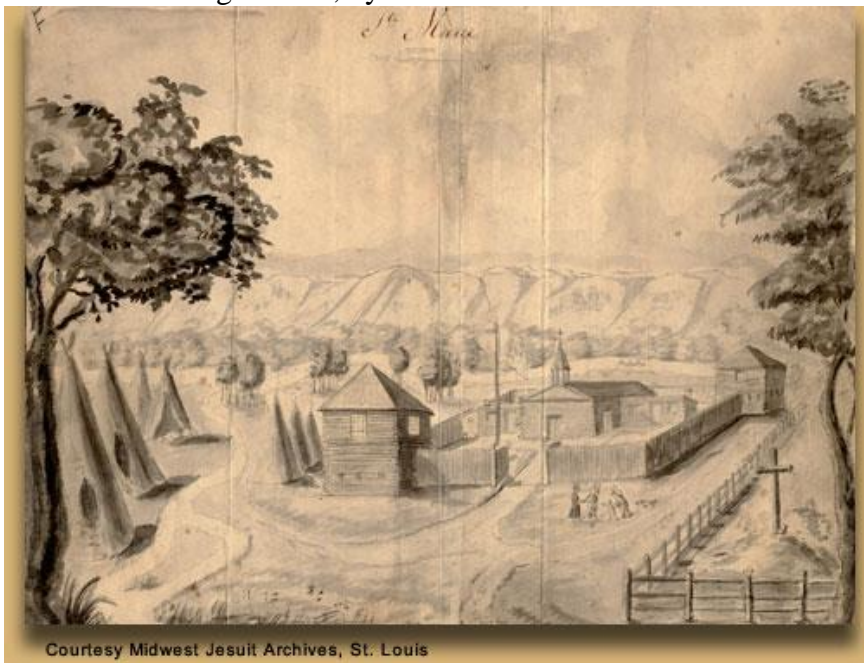


The Jesuit missionaries and main camp of Flatheads meet, the white horse was a gift to Father De Smet by the Flatheads.





Flatheads hunting buffalo, by Father Point.



Courtesy Midwest Jesuit Archives, St. Louis  
Saint Mary's Mission Conceptual sketch drawn by Fr. Nicolas Point  
at Fort Hall, Idaho, in August of 1841 <http://lewis-clark.org/content/content-article.asp?ArticleID=3147>

### This tidbit from

1841 - 1842 ~ A reduction in the Rockies ?, <http://users.skynet.be/pater.de.smet/pj-e/pagina15.htm>:

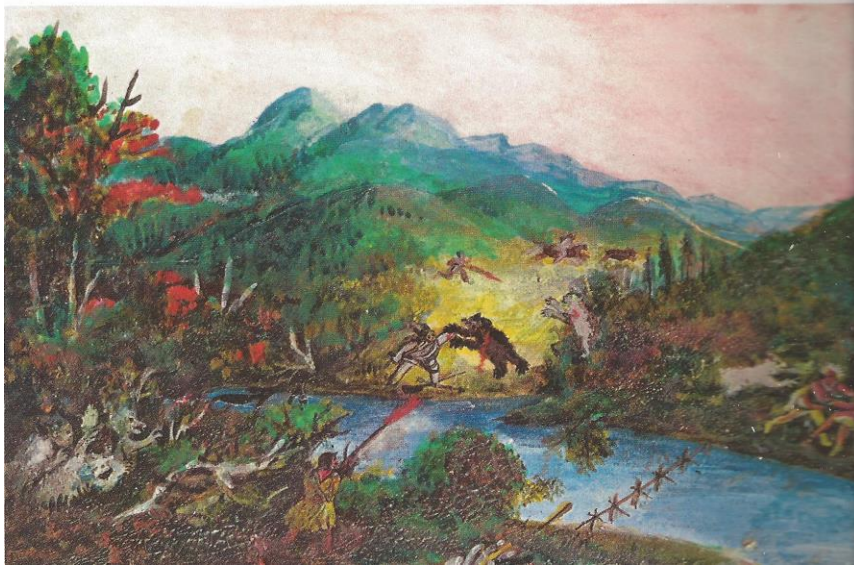
"This year [1841] the traditional rendezvous area looks very empty and quiet. A few remaining trappers (Henry Fraeb being one of them) and a small group of returning emigrants are the only people to welcome the weary travellers. A young Flathead awaits De Smet and his missionaries. It's Ignace's son, François-Xavier (Saxa). The missionaries continue their voyage with the Bartleson-Bidwell party in the direction of Ham's Fork. At Soda Springs on the Beaver River, the emigrant party decides to split. Bidwell with the principal group will stick to the original plan to travel southwest to California. The others 32 emigrants will carry on with Fitzpatrick and the missionaries. They will eventually continue northwest to Oregon. De Smet and François-Xavier hurry ahead to Fort Hall (Hudson's Bay Company) on the Snake River. When De Smet arrives in the fort on August the 15th, he realises that he left St. Louis 115 days ago. The missionary and his Indian guide are very much welcomed by Francis Ermatinger, the master of the fort. Two days later the rest of the emigrants and the other Jesuits also reach Fort Hall. In the meantime the main body of De Smet's Indian

escort arrived. These Flathead warriors are led by a man called the "Bravest-of-the-Brave"(Moiese). On August 20 bad news reaches the fort. En route to California the Bidwell party has been attacked by hostile Indians! De Smet writes a letter to John McLoughlin who lives at Fort Vancouver. He is the boss of the Hudson's Bay Company in the vast territory of Oregon. Ermatinger will guide the remaining emigrant party to Fort Vancouver and deliver De Smet's letter personally.

The missionaries leave with their escort towards Henry's Fork on the Snake River. En route they suddenly encounter 50 Blackfoot Indians of the Bannocks tribe. Conflict is avoided when the Flatheads explain that the sole purpose of their sortie is to escort the Black Robe to his final destination. Above Lake Henry they cross the continental divide to travel west, to the Beaverhead. On August 30, in a sheltered valley, they meet Big Face with the same the group of Flatheads Father De Smet visited last year. In September the whole Indian village moves via Hell Gate (today near Missoula, Montana) to the valley of the Bitterroot. September 29 they erect a cross in an elevated spot near today's Stevensville, Montana (30 miles north of Missoula). This symbolic gesture marks the creation of the first Jesuit Rocky Mountain Mission: St. Mary's. De Smet plans to create a series of Indian missions, based on the 17th century "reduction" model of Paraguay. In the neighbourhood of St. Mary other families set up their winter camp. Among them are Pend d'Oreille, Nez Percé, Kalispel, Kootenai and Coeur d'Alene bands, even some Blackfoot families.

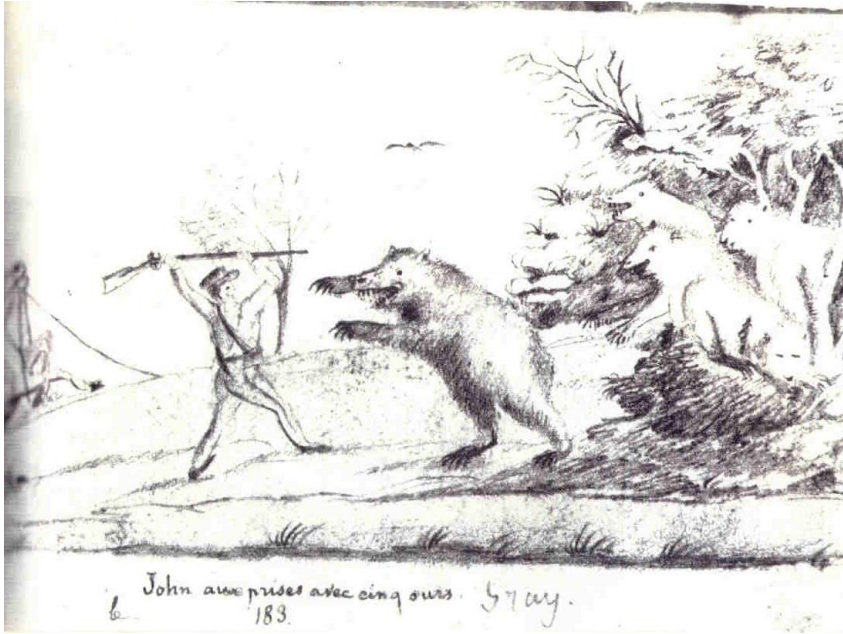
October 28 De Smet leaves with ten Flathead braves towards Fort Colville (Hudson's Bay Company). The fort is approximately 125 miles to the north, on the Columbia River, just above the Kettle Falls. The purpose of this trip is to buy some extra provisions. In order to start the reduction the Jesuits urgently need more food, clothing, sowing-seed, tools, agricultural implements, cattle and other working animals. On his way Father De Smet visits a Kalispel village. The trail skirts the Bitterroot and Clark Fork. On Sunday November 7, while resting in the Kalispel camp, eight Indians in two canoes emerge from the lake. One of them is Charles, the Flathead interpreter he used last year. Charles is now employed by the Hudson's Bay Company. His little party brings a message from Doctor Mc Loughlin. The letter dating from the end of September, contains also an invitation to visit the doctor at Fort Vancouver. Charles continues towards St. Mary and Father De Smet resumes his trip to Fort Colville. He stops in another Kalispel village and on November the 15th he reaches the fort. As usual he is made to feel very welcome by the local person in charge: Archibald Mc Donald. Near the fort Father De Smet becomes acquainted with some Franco-Canadians and a chief of the Kettles Indians. He can buy some of the much-needed provisions such as seeds, but there isn't any cattle for sale. De Smet and his escort retrace their steps using the same road. On December 8, 42 days later, Father De Smet returns safe and sound to his first mission post: St. Mary on the Bitterroot River."

*A bear, surrounded by hunters, will  
sometimes attack one who imprudently comes too close.*



By Father Point





JOHN GRAY AND THE FIGHT WITH THE FIVE GRIZZLY BEARS -- SKETCHED ON THE SCENE BY FATHER NICOLAS POINT, S.J., 1841 ON THE PRESENT BORDER OF IDAHO AND WYOMING <http://www.hunterbear.org/grizzlyfight.htm>

After his guest Father DeSmet had come and went, 'Ermatinger prepared to take off with the furs on hand. He left Fort Hall probably for the last time on August 23. This date was given by Joseph Williams, a lone traveler who had taken up with DeSmet's party somewhere in Kansas and was on a private tour of the missions of Oregon. Williams, in company of Mr. "Armington" (sic) one of the most liberal, free-hearted men in this country" reached Fort Boise on September 1, 1841," McDonald, p236; & "History of the State of Idaho," Cornelius James Brosnan, p76.

## Description of Fort Hall :

John Bidwell

T. 10th [Aug. 1841] "The day was fine and pleasant; a soft and cheerful breeze and a sky bedimmed by smoke brought to mind the tranquil season of autumn. A distance of 10 miles brought us to the Soda Fountain, where we stopped the remainder of the day.....Father De Smet, with 2 or 3 Flathead Indians started about dark this evening to go to Fort Hall which is about 50 miles distant."

Father Point

August 15, 1841 "On the day of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, toward sunset, during the finest weather imaginable, and when all our party were in excellent health and spirits, we arrived at Fort Hall...We found Father DeSmet here, who had arrived the day before; he was full of joy, for he was able to present to us the advance guard of our prospective neophytes".

Father Pierre-Jean De Smet

August 16th 1841 Fort Hall "Rev. and Dear Father Provincial: .....Here, here I much to relate that is not less etifying than curious; but before I enter upon the chapter of noble actions, I must conclude what I had commenced in my preceding letter. But I feel bound before all to pay Mr. Ermatinger, the captain of Fort Hall, the tribute of gratitude we owe him. Although a Protestant by birth, this noble Englishman gave us a most friendly reception. Not only did he repeatedly invite us to his table, and sell us at first cost, or one-third of its value, in a country so remote, whatever we required; but he also added a pure gifts many articles which he believed would be particularly acceptable. He did more he promised to recommend us to the good will of the Governor of the honorable English Hudson Bay Company, who was already prepossessed in our favor; and, what is still more deserving of praise, he assured us that he would second our ministry among the populous nation of the Snakes, with whom he had frequent intercourse. So much zeal and generosity give him a claim to our esteem and gratitude. May heaven return to him a hundredfold the benefits he has conferred on us. It was at Fort Hall that we took our final leave of the American Colony, with which we had, till then, pursued the same route... Those who had started, purely with the design of seeking their fortune in California [Bidwell and Bartleson Party], and were pursuing their

enterprise with the constancy which is characteristic of Americans, had left us, but a few days before our arrival at the fort, in the vicinity of the boiling springs that empty into Bear river. ....Early in the morning, we descended by a small cleft in the rocks, which the obscurity of the night had concealed and arrived on a plain watered by the New Port, one of the tributaries of the Snake River. We trotted or galloped over fifty miles in the course of the day. The whole way presented evident remains of volcanic eruptions; piles and veins of lava were visible in all directions, and the rocks bore marks of having been in a state of fusion. The river, in its whole length, exhibits a succession of beaver ponds, emptying into each other by a narrow opening in each dike, this forming a fall of between three to six feet. All these dikes are of stone, evidently the work of the water and of the same character and substance as the stalactites found in some canyons. We arrived late in the evening, within half a mile of the Fort, but being unable to see our way in the darkness, and not knowing where we were, we encamped for the night among the bushes, near the margin of a small brook."

Joseph Williams (Oregon emigrant)

Aug 20 [1841] "We turned off from the Bear River, and struck over on to the waters of Snake River. Next morning we started down one of its branches, but found we could not get along with the wagons. We therefore turned back again, and staid near where we had camped the night before. The next day we continued on up, and fell over on Snake River, at Fort Hall. Here the Flatheads met the Catholic priest, who, with his little company, left us and turned to go to the Flat Head tribes, where he had a mission. I felt sorry when we parted with him. After we had got some provisions, and the men had exchanged their wagons for horses, we pursued our journey. Our company is now going with Mr. Armington, who is our captain. We passed the Ponock Indians. They seemed to show some dislike to us. Our captain said, if they were not for peace, they would not come openly to us. Here news came to us that about two hundred Sioux had attacked Frap's camp, mentioned in another part of my narrative. We now started down on the Snake River. We have now beautiful plains to travel through. A Fort Hall we had to give one dollar a pint for flour. Fort Hall is a beautiful place, in a handsome part of the country." <http://users.skynet.be/pater.de.smet/pj-b-e/pagina144.htm>

"When Francis Ermatinger was relieved of the Snake Country command he was 42 years of age." McDonald, p 239 He was pretty near disgusted with the Hudson's Bay Company. But the months ahead would be eventful, his trip to California, his marriage, finally promotion to Chief Trader, and his eldest daughter, conceived while he was at the Severn District in the early 1820s would marry David (or James?) Bird at Churchill Fort in March of 1841.

"Fort Vancouver, 31st August 1841

Mr. Francis Ermatinger;

My dear sir; I am sorry I shall not have an opportunity of seeing you, as you will be off before my return from the Northward. The doctor informs me you are pressing in your desire to visit Canada next year. Leave of absence to that end cannot be afforded you for two reasons; the one is that in your present situation it would according to existing circumstances be irregular to grant such; and the other that your services are immediately & particularly required to conduct a trapping expedition to the interior of California. If you insist therefore on crossing the mountains next spring, it must be understood & considered that you retire from the Service, and such retirement I am of opinion would be ill-timed, exceedingly injurious to your interests, & unfortunate as regards your prospects in life. Confining myself therefore at present to the consideration of your own situation and circumstances, I would strong recommend your deferring your visit to Canada for a year or two, when I am in hopes you will be entitled to a rotation of furlough, should you then desire it. With kindest & best wishes, I remain, My dear sir, very truly yours, Geo. Simpson." Reel 3M19, D.5/59 fo. 23 Gov. Simpson's outgoing letters: (from Nancy Anderson)





Sir George Simpson, Governor  
of the Hudson's Bay Company



James Douglas

Willamette 20th Octb 1841

"My Dear Edward,

I am now, enroute, with the Southern party to trap the interior of California, and write this to beg that you will not make yourself uneasy should you not receive a line from me of a later date. To get across the mountains, I find impossible unless I leave the service and not long ago I received a most heartless letter from Sir George Simpson, upon this subject, which I have answered, and care not how he takes it. You will hear that I was not one of the four who came in this year (that is made chief traders). However, owing to the murder of Mr. Black and the death of poor Pambrun, killed by a horse, I am assured that my promotion will date from last June. But I can have little security from promises from men who broke their faith to me so often. I hear from Sir George's clerk, that you wrote him about me. This was useless, for whatever he may answer, while I can be of such advantage to the service, he will throw every obstacle in the way of my going down [to Canada]. I have not seen his honor - neither did he bring in any letters, consequently yours have not come to hand - nor is it, unless the express comes soon to Vancouver, likely that they will reach me soon. I fear Mr. Manson did not leave the watch &c. as I requested him and of which I wrote you last spring, but is bringing it on with him to the Columbia. I however hold myself responsible for the neglect, and the disappointment must be avoided in one way or another, mind you see to this. As to when it is likely we can meet I will not attempt to foretell. One thing certain is that I will not humble myself to them again, but if I find they are determined to wear me out and I do not marry in this country. I will leave the service in a very few years. In the mean time I may be entitled to a rotation. May you keep up your spirits, for your advice to me to hold on to my promotion has hitherto influenced me much. I have now, I am told, been promoted. Shall I throw it away?

It was as usual very successful last summer in the Snake country and I believe they will regret moving me. (Richard) Grant is to take my place there.

There has been a Squadron in the Columbia from the States, and the poor fellows lost one of their Vessels, Peacock, off the Bar - no lives lost. Walla Walla was burnt down a few days ago. Give my love to Mrs. Ermatinger and Believe me Dear Edward Your Affectionate Brother Frs. Ermatinger"

Archibald McDonald wrote from Fort Colville on March 15, 1842 to Edward Ermatinger at St. Thomas, Canada West. About Francis' promotion to Chief Trader and his to Chief Factor (a year later):

"As I told you last year, your brother & I owe our promotions to two singularly rare chances: a savage Indian & a vicious horse. On the footing we now stand, neither of us, without a departure from rules of the last deed poll can leave the service before the expiration of 4 years. Thank God one of them is now over & it is to be hoped thro His same infinite mercies we may live to guide through the other three without experiencing any great misfortune. When I last heard from Frank end of Novr. .. he left me to infer that he would be going down this season. That being the case I know you will excuse me for not entering on local news with my usual prolixity."

Archibald McDonald thought Francis was retiring and going back to Canada, which was indeed his intention but Chief Factor McLoughlin talked him into running the HBC's stores at Willamette Falls. Archie writes on March 22, 1842 from Fort Colville to James Hargrave at York Factory:

"Dugald [McTavish] & Squire [Francis] Ermatinger I shall be looking out for here every day [en route east] & shall defy the whole Indian country to produce better samples for enlightening others on all that is new & interesting in their respective departments and, and .. you have Monsieur Peter [Ogden], this time tout de bon, to complete the grand picture ... Rowand will have it that twas I with my beer, roast beef & plum puddings that was the cause of his not going out last season!" Archie later wrote on March 22, 1842 to Edward Ermatinger : "Your brother it would appear remains; he did not write me."

In September of 1841 the fur trade business in California was being investigated for possible profit by Governor George Simpson and Chief Factor John McLoughlin. Although some trapping had been done there in previous years, the HBC wanted to step up operations. Governor Simpson and Dr. McLoughlin planned to take the ship *Cowlitz* south to talk with the Mexican officials. While Francis, Michel LaFramboise, and Tom McKay were to take the fur brigade overland, snooping as they trapped. As Francis left Fort Vancouver on October 12, 1841 he added the two independent missionary couples the Alvin Smiths, the Littlejohns, and the Mungers, to his 100 or so people (men, women and children) of his brigade, he dropped the missionaries off at Jason Lee's mission in the Willamette Valley. During the week before Christmas, the deranged Munger committed suicide. Of this Narcissa wrote: "He ... after driving two nails in his left hand ... drew out a bed of hot coals and burnt it to a crisp, and died four days later." Drury, p 406-407.

"But a few months later things went terribly wrong. Narcissa wrote her friend: "Our Brother Munger is perfectly insane and we are tried to know how to get along with him." In another letter she reported, "Efforts have been made by my husband and Mr. Gray to

restore him, but all prove ineffectual." Marcus wrote: "Mr Munger who has been with us for some time has become a monomaniac & must be sent home with his family. He has become an unsafe man to remain about the Mission as he hold himself as the representative of the church & often having revelations." Sending the Mungers home turned out to be harder than they imagined. The fur caravans, so helpful in getting the missionaries out, had ceased. No longer did a large group return east each year. Ermatinger thought he might know someone who could take the Mungers. A concerned colleague of the Whitmans wrote: "Mrs. Munger is thinking to cross the Rocky Mts. with an infant at the breast & a deranged husband. It seems to me like presumption." But the plan didn't work out. Instead the Mungers ended up traveling west to the Willamette Valley with two of the other independent missionary couples. Eliza, who severely missed her friends and family back east, was extremely disappointed. Things did not get better for the Mungers. Shortly before Christmas Asahel Munger died while attempting to demonstrate a miracle by driving nails into his hands, then burning them in the fire." *The Tragic Tale of the Mungers*, by Renee Rusler, Park Ranger, March 2012 <http://www.nps.gov/whmi/historyculture/the-tragic-tale-of-the-mungers.htm>

"Three times as many horses as persons would have been required to handle the freight for such a party, much like the brigades that Ogden and Work had taken into the Snake Country a decade or more earlier. Most of the veteran trappers in Ermatinger's command had left their traps en cache on the California streams they habitually trapped. Ermatinger had only to take the men into California and turn them loose." McDonald p.241 Proceeding up the Willamette Valley he traced the Willamette River to its source. He then crossed over the height of land to the waters of the Sacramento River by way of a mountain, Francis called Pit Mountain (probably Mt. Shasta). They suffered much from the cold, walking three days through the snow which at times was three feet deep. One day it rained on them in torrents, so hard that it flooded the entire campsite.

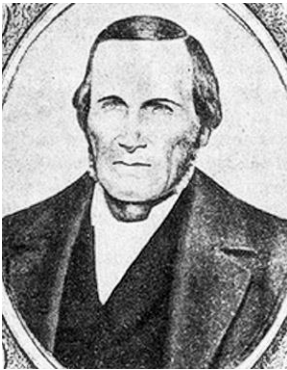
The next morning Francis led the rain-soaked men and their families out of the flooded area and across a plain that had been turned into a bog. The mire was so bad that it pulled at the horse's fetlock's, causing them misery and the party had to move at a slow pace. It wasn't until 11 o'clock that night that they reached higher and drier ground, five or six miles away. While his people pulled off their soggy, misshapen, and cold moccasins to rub warmth back into their feet, Francis made a quick count of heads. One Indian woman and some horses were missing. Daylight revealed the soggy crew that they were marooned on a green knoll in a vast lake. Nearby the woman and the horses were spotted, all were dead. Ermatinger described the scene to Governor Simpson, when they met, and Simpson's clerk wrote about it, "The missing animals were standing stiff and ghastly, upon their legs, with their loads on their backs." McDonald, p242, & *The Siskiyou Trail*, Richard Dillon.

From the swamped area Francis and his brigade proceeded to Cache Creek, there he sent trappers out in different directions. He gave his men orders to rendezvous with him near Sonoma on April 25, 1842. Since earlier brigades in the country had been literally eaten up by mosquitoes, it was deemed better to be out by April 25. As the trappers went off on their ways to find traps that had been cached the year before, Francis took the remaining 2 or 3 men, and women and children on down the trail. Once reaching the rendezvous site he set up a headquarters camp, two days from Sonoma. "Simpson became anxious to hear first hand what Ermatinger thought of the trapping potential, and while visiting General Vallejo in Sonoma, the Governor sent a messenger with a letter to Ermatinger in the interior." McDonald, p241 But Simpson had left there by the time Francis arrived, but he did see General Vallejo at his camp at the William Wolfskill's rancho near

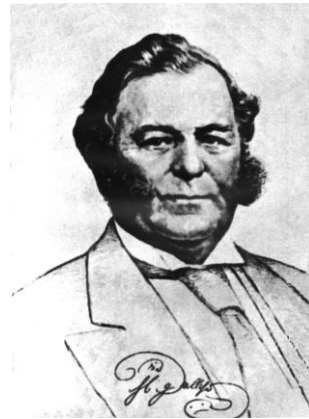
Freshwater Bay, which he called the “old mission.” “Ermatinger was not to be daunted by Simpson’s departure. He decided to ride overland and catch the Governor and McLoughlin in Monterey.” McDonald, p242

Notes on William Wolfskill:

William Wolfskill was a cowboy and agronomist that later settled in Los Angeles, he brought America the Valencia orange famous as the orange juice orange and Orange county, California was named after it. He came into California in 1830 with Jedediah Strong Smith, Kit Carson and George C. Yount. He at first hunted sea lions, then grew grapes and made wine, by his death in 1866 was producing 50,000 gallons of wine a year. He was the greatest producer of table grapes and considered one of the three most important men in the history California viticulture. “He was one of the wealthiest men in Southern California for his time, and owned large tracts of land throughout Southern California which were used for everything from sheep grazing to orange groves. Wolfskill is credited with starting the commercial citrus industry by selling a shipload of lemons to the gold miners for up to \$1 a piece and shipping oranges the following year. He is also credited with building the first schooner in California.”  
[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William\\_Wolfskill](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_Wolfskill)



William Wolfskill  
<http://mojavedesert.net/people/william-wolfskill.html>



General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo  
<http://haraszthyfamilycellars.com/door.php?return=/general-vallejo/&e=3600>

The following is to add Governor George Simpson’s comments in his “An overland journey round the world: during the years 1841 and 1842 by Sir George Simpson”, pages 193-194; 196.

“While returning to our boat, we were saluted by a horseman in Spanish costume, whom we at length recognized, through his disguise, to be Mr. Ermatinger, one of The Hudson's Bay Company's officers, who had left Vancouver for California, about the time of our return from Sitka, in command of our annual party of trappers. Having heard at Sonoma, that he had arrived on the banks of the Sacramento, I requested him by letter to follow me, if necessary, to Monterey, that we might have an interview on matters of business; and he had accordingly hastened to Yerba Buena, whence, finding that the Cowlitz had got the start of him by a few hours, he had pursued his journey by land to this place. After tracing the Willamette to its sources, Mr. Ermatinger had crossed the height of land into the valley of the Clamet River, thence making his way to the snowy chain which terminates in Cape Mendocino. The latter portion of this route ran through the country which had been the scene of the cowardly atrocities of some Americans ; but, though the Indians did, for a time, make the Company's innocent servants pay the penalty of the guilt of others, yet, through the influence of kindness and firmness combined, they have, within the last two years, permitted our people to pass unmolested. Mr. Ermatinger then crossed the snowy chain aforesaid by the Pit mountain, so called from the number of

pitfalls dug by the neighboring savages for the wild animals; and here, partly in consequence of the lateness of the season, he and his men had to march, for three days, through snow, which, in some places, was two feet deep. In fact, this mountain was notorious as the worst part of their journey, for, about ten years before, our trappers, being overtaken by a violent storm, had lost, on this very ground, the whole of their furs and nearly three hundred horses. The party now entered the valley of the Sacramento, described by Mr. Ermatinger as presenting in a length of eighty leagues, the richest and most verdant district on the western side of the Rocky Mountains. The country, however, is subject to inundations. On the 12th of December, while we were experiencing such heavy weather in Baker's Bay, Mr. Ermatinger and his people had encamped on a petty tributary of the Sacramento, when, in consequence of torrents of rain, the stream rose nine feet during the night, swelling into a tide that threatened to overflow, or sweep away, its banks. In the morning they proceeded towards some rising ground, about five miles distant. But the intervening plain had become a perfect bog, so that it was eleven o'clock at night before the party assembled, with the exception of one poor squaw and several horses; and, before daylight returned, their green knoll stood as an island in a considerable lake. The unfortunate woman was discovered to have died in the night; and the missing animals were standing, stiff and ghastly, upon their legs with their loads on their backs.

Hence Mr. Ermatinger proceeded to another tributary of the Sacramento, known as the Riviere la Cache; and here he dispatched his hunters in different directions, with orders to meet him at a certain spot, about two days distant from Sonoma, by the 25th of April, the latest date at which the swarms of mosquitoes would allow them to carry on their trapping in the haunts of the beaver and the otter. To the appointed place, Mr. Ermatinger immediately went in person, with two or three men and the wives and children of the party; and having there met the messenger with our letters, he first announced his arrival to General Vallego, and then made his way to Yerba Buena.

From Yerba Buena, Mr. Ermatinger's route lay along the bay as far as the Pueblo of San Jose de Guadalupe, thence advancing to the mission of Santa Clara; and from this establishment, again, it carried him through a beautiful district upwards of a hundred miles long, varied with hills and plains, woods and streams, all in a state of nature. I had myself intended to travel by this road from Yerba Buena to Monterey; and the more that I heard of it from Mr. Ermatinger, the more did I regret that I had permitted myself to be deterred from undertaking the journey, by exaggerated accounts of the danger and discomfort which, at this season, the state of the waters was likely to occasion."

"The country through which Ermatinger was to pass was not well policed, but if he were stopped for interrogation it could mean an annoying delay. Francis must appear as inconspicuous on the countryside as possible..." McDonald, p242

William Glen Rae, and his wife, Eloisa McLoughlin Rae, were stationed at the Yerba Buena store, on San Francisco Bay. The little village of Yerba Buena would grow into the city of San Francisco. As Eloisa Rae sat on the HBC store she saw a rider come riding up, as she later told it, "A jingling cavalier who seemed a typical Spaniard, in broad-

brimmed sombrero, with silken cord and tassel, profusions of lace and embroidery and buttons, pantaloons split on the sides and lace to the ankle. A long sword was thrust into the right boot of untanned deerskin, and silken sash dropped at the side.” At a closer look she saw it was none other than Francis Ermatinger. She told Francis that Governor Simpson and Dr. McLoughlin were in Monterey. After a short visit he proceeded on to Monterey.

From Governor Simpson’s report to the London Committee:

“While here (Monterey) we were unexpectedly joined by Mr. Ermatinger, who having received a communication I wrote him from Sonoma, came on direct to San Francisco, but finding we had taken our departure from thence, followed us across country to Monterey. He reported that his expedition had performed the journey from Fort Vancouver to the hunting grounds, with no molestation from or difficulty with Indians, that they had been dispatched in parties of twos and threes to make their hunts in the creeks and inlets, and within tide-range of the Sacramento and rivers falling into the Bay, but that the prospects were by no means favourable, as beaver were becoming scarce, and he did not seem to think there would be remunerating occupation for a trapping party in that quarter another year. While at his encampment had had received a rather authoritative mandate from Sutter to present himself at his establishment, intimating at the same time that he had no right to hunt upon the Mexican frontier, which he represented as being under his immediate care; but Mr. Ermatinger did not consider it necessary pay any other attention to Mr. Sutter’s notification, than to reply that he did not mean to comply with his desire nor to respect his assumed authority.’ McDonald, p242-243

California pioneer, Joseph B. Chiles visited Francis Ermatinger in Sacramento in January of 1842. Chiles with some ex-Missourians were going home via Sutter’s Fort. “Urmatingle” as Chiles wrote, made them welcome, not only by inviting them to camp, but by allowing them to sleep under the protection of his tents, because of the rare Sacramento Valley snowfall.

One time at the Rae’s a priest from San Rafael Mission, a bit overly drunk, commenced to embrace and kiss everyone present, in the Latin style. When the padre attempted to give the unsuspecting Francis a bear hug and kiss him on the cheek, he was knocked sprawling across the room by a backhand blow. “Stranger,” said Francis, “when I was in the Rocky Mountains I swore that I would never allow myself to be hugged by a Blackfeet Indian or a grizzly bear. But I would suffer the embraces of either in preference to those of a drunken priest!”

He wrote to Edward, “California is decidedly one of the finest countries in the world, surpassing all that poets dream of beauty and fertility.” He also wrote that if the Mexican government wasn’t so weak, he wouldn’t live any other place.

Richard Dillon in his book *Siskiyou Trail*, wrote that Francis was at French Camp (Stockton) with Michel LaFramboise, who was leader of the Siskiyou or California brigade, until it was phased out. In addition to trapping and trading the HBC men were to

negotiate terms with the increasingly restive Mexican government regarding the HBC's presence in their country. "No better emissaries than the affable pair of LaFramboise and Ermatinger could have been sent to arrange the matter of permits and duties, which once agreed upon were there after pretty much ignored by the traders."

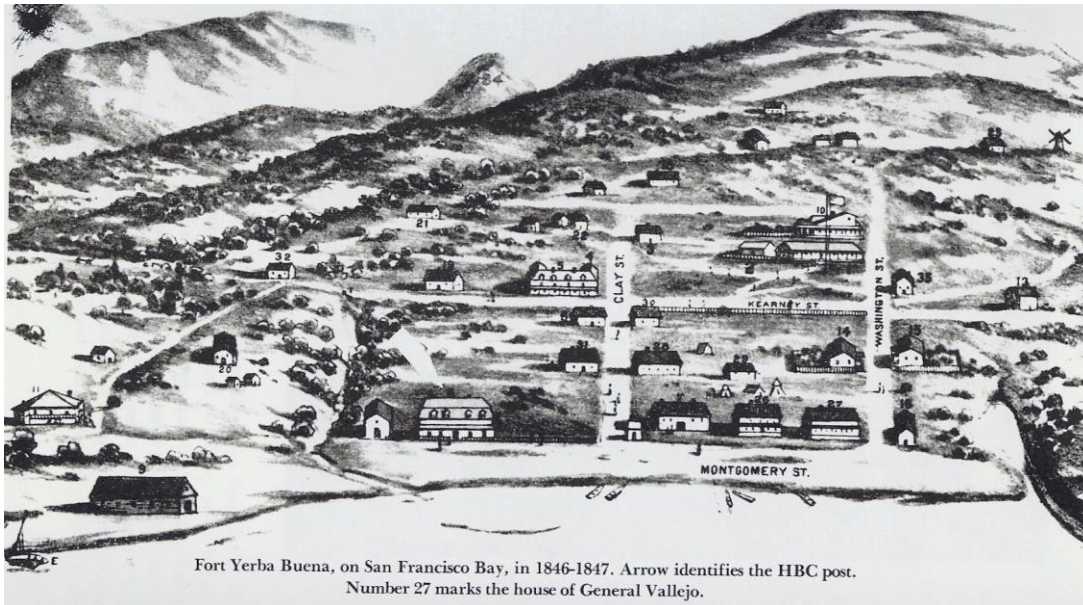
He spent some pleasant winter days visiting the Raes at the Yerba Buena store and watching the American ships anchored in the Bay. He acquired a drinking buddy in the person of William D. Phelps. Phelps described him: "He was a fair specimen of many who have risen to positions of responsibility by long and arduous service ... Ermatinger was a good representative of his class - hardy, vigorous and active, extravagant in word, thought and deed, heedless of hardship, daring in danger, prodigal of the present and thoughtless of the future."

Twenty-five years' life as a trapper and chief of trappers had accustomed him to perilous encounters with bears and Indians. His simple and frank manner in relating them contrasted singularly with the wild and startling nature of his themes. I was amused at a remark of his which showed the contempt in which these sons of the wilderness hold the comforts of civilized life. "Captain," said he, "this is the first time I have slept in a house for two years, and last night I did a thing I have not done for twenty-four years - I slept in sheets. But I was drunk, and Rae put me into them; therefore, the sin must be at his door." Fore and Aft, San Francisco, c. 1870, William D. Phelps.

"Francis Ermatinger lost little time after parting with Sir George Simpson and John McLoughlin in Monterey. He headed back to San Francisco where he had a few business arrangements of his own to make, as well as hoisting a farewell round of drinks with Rae. Having made a deal for the purchase of 83 cattle to take back to Oregon with him, he met his trapping parties north of Sonoma on April 25, at a pre-arranged Rendezvous. Ermatinger was back in Vancouver on July 6, 1842, the day he signed the indenture papers accepting his Chief Tradership and agreeing to serve out the required six years."

McDonald, p247 He had drove the cattle back to Oregon on the Siskiyou trail, on a speculation in the beef and tallow business, something he wasn't suppose to do as an agent of the Hudson's Bay Company. John McLoughlin knowing this bought the cattle from him in behalf of the Hudson's Bay Company. McLoughlin got a reprimand for this.





"Royal Family of the Columbia – Dr. John McLoughlin and His Family," Alberta Brooks Fogdall, Ye Galleon Press Fairfield, Washington, 1978

"Ermatinger repeated to Simpson that the southern fur trade was in serious decline; 'there was no field south of the Umpqua, where a part of more than 10 or 12 trappers in number can be employed to advantage.' In March Simpson wrote to McLoughlin:

From Mr. Ermatinger's report of the country both on the Sacramento and other rivers falling into the Bay of San Francisco, and that of the Rio Colorado, about Red Bay, it is quite evident that no good can arise from persecuting the Fur trade or maintaining the trapping parties in those districts of country; and after the operations of the present season are over, instead of sending an Expedition back to California, or forming a trading establishment at Pelican or Trinidad Bay, as was contemplated, or any other part of the coast or interior country, South of the Shasty Mountains, I have to beg that the Expedition be broken up ... in short, the sooner we break off all communications, either directly or indirectly with California, the better." Trading Beyond the Mountains," The British Fur Trade on the Pacific 1793-1843, Richard Somerset Mackie, page 269.

"John James (1809-1886), the founder of St. John, Oregon, was from Donnelsville, Ohio and after being raised by his grandparents made it to the West. John was secretive about his past and revealed little of the explorations that took him first to Sacramento, California and then, in the summer of 1842, to Oregon. He followed a trail approximating Interstate Highway I-5 in the company of Francis Ermatinger of the Hudson's Bay Company. He took room and board for several months from William M. Doughty, one of the famous Tualatin Valley mountain men, who lived just south of the present town of Gaston. He started two farms on the Tualatin Plains, the first was north of Gaston and the second was less than two miles from Forest Grove." <http://www.positivespin.us/NL12.htm>; he was also mentioned in California in: "The Works of Hubert Howe Bancroft: History of California. 1884-90", Hubert Howe Bancroft, p279; "The Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay company: including that of the French Traders of Northwestern Canada and of the North-West, XY, and Astor Fur Companies," George Bryce, p 241; "Trading beyond the mountains: the British fur trade on the Pacific, 1793-1843, Richard Somerset Mackie, p 114";

“Francis Ermatinger, 1841 would follow the Oregon Trail traveled by McLeod 1829, Ewing Young 1832 and John Work 1833 return to Oregon via the Pit River to the Shasta Valley opening the Siskiyou Trail from Mt. Shasta to the Siskiyou Mountains, to join Ogden's 1827 route from the Klamath Basin to Oregon and back to the Oregon via Goose Lake. (Note: Ogdens Journal).” <http://www.canvoca.org/lassenthread18.html> OCTA CA-NV Chapter Trails History.

“Note also that the author mentions that some of the Pacific Northwest tribes had no native word for horse. If that were also true for the northern California-southern Oregon region then one could understand how a name like 'Siskiyou,' a Cree Indian word meaning "bob-tailed race horse," according to Hudson Bay officer A. C. Anderson (see Gibbs Dictionary of Chinook Jargon 1863) could have been imported into the local Indian vocabulary since no local equivalent for "horse" would have been available.” Tolmie, William Fraser 1812-1886 and Dawson, George Mercer 1819-1901. *Comparative Vocabularies of the Indian Tribes of British Columbia, with a Map Illustrating Distribution.* Montreal: Dawson Brothers, 1884. 'Published by Authority of the Parliament.'

“The courtship that Ermatinger embarked on immediately upon his return to the Columbia can scarcely be termed a whirlwind romance. The arranging of a marriage between Catherine Sinclair and Francis Ermatinger had been in the works for some time, judging by the hints dropped by Francis in letters to Edward.” McDonald, 247 “Catherine Sinclair Ermatinger, a granddaughter of Mrs. Marguerite McLoughlin’s, was the daughter of Mary Wadin McKay, Mrs. McLoughlin’s daughter by her first marriage to Alexander McKay. In 1839 McLoughlin brought Catherine to Fort Vancouver on his return from Europe via Canada.” *John McLoughlin’s Business Correspondence 1847-48*, William S. Sampson, p131 The Sinclairs were at the Red River Colony at the time, and Catherine had been educated at the academy at Fort Garry (Winnipeg). ‘Six weeks Ermatinger duly courted her; and then they were married. *McLoughlin and Old Oregon – A Chronicle*, Eva Emery Dye The couple had slipped away without fanfare with John McLoughlin, his wife, and James Douglas, to the house of James Birnie at Fort George. They were married by the protestant Rev. Joseph H. Frost, on the Clatsop Plains, August 10, 1842.

Frost wrote, “1842 Aug. 12 - On the 9<sup>th</sup> I was very unexpectedly called upon to go to Ft. George (Astoria) in order to administer the ordinance of matrimony. On the 10<sup>th</sup> Mr. Francis Ermatinger and Miss Catherine Sinclair were married after dinner of the same day they came down with us and continued here (the mission of the Clatsops near Warrenton) until this morning. Mr. Ermatinger is one of the chief traders of the Hudson’s Bay Company, with Miss Sinclair is the granddaughter of John McLoughlin, Esquire. We had a very pleasant visit with them and hope their union prove a blessing to them through life.” Francis wrote to Edward, that Frost was “Rather a cold name for so warm a subject.”



Fort George [www.shingwauk.auc.ca/.../hbcfortgeorge.jpg](http://www.shingwauk.auc.ca/.../hbcfortgeorge.jpg)

From a letter to Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor by George B. Roberts:

“Frank Ermatinger was a stout Englishman a jovial companionable man, rather addicted to the bottle --- he married a Miss Sinclair a relative of Dr. McLoughlin’s wife, she was a niece of the (James) Sinclair killed at the Cascades. Ermatinger was rather too intimate with Dr. McLoughlin to be pleasant to Sir Geo., he was at the head of the Company’s business at Oregon City and a general favorite I think with the Americans – he was particularly kind to Mr. (W.H.) Gray tho he used to have much amusement at Grays expense.”

Francis was put in charge of the Cowlitz Farm, where he and Catherine set up housekeeping.