

CHAPTER III

DOWN THE COLUMBIA

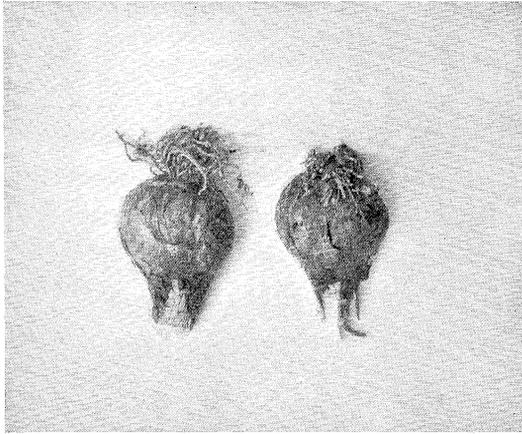
HE who for weeks has lain upon a bed of suffering, feeling that each day might be his last on earth and who, when convalescent, is wheeled about among the trees and flowers and grass; who again hears the birds carol and sees the sun as it steadily holds its way across the heavens, who rejoices almost, as it were, in a new birth and life—such an one can understand what these adventurers must have felt when, breaking away from the last outliers of Rocky ridge, they came into the warm breezes, the open prairies, the wide, timber-fringed kamas plains of the Chopunnish.

What if they were sick from the reaction and change of climate and diet! They still had Rush's and Scott's pills and "Captain Clarke gave all the sick a dose of Rush's Pills, to see what effect that would have," Gass says. What if they must needs retrace those "dismal, desert mountains!" That was now months in the future and their recent experience would enable them to be the better prepared for it. Surely, they could feel that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" and not borrow trouble for the morrow so far away.

The next move is foreshadowed by Gass, when, referring to Clark's trip to the river, he says: "He thinks we will be able to take the watter again at the place he had been at."

On the 24th of September, 1805, the party, with the exception of Colter, who went back to hunt the lost horses, "set out" for the Kooskooskee River, following down the

Jim Ford Creek of the present day. What a change of scene! "All around the village the women are busily employed in gathering and dressing the pasheco root [kamas], of which large quantities are heaped up in piles over the plain." The kamas is still found on the Weippe prairie and the Nez Percé women still wander in there and dig it, although the farms of the white man and his rail fences circumscribe their labors.



Kamas Bulbs, Used as Food by the Chopunnish and Other Indian Tribes.

Lewis and some of the later arrivals were "very ill," and the Captain "could hardly sit on his horse, while others were obliged to be put on horseback, and some, from extreme weakness and pain, were forced to lie down along side the road for some time." At sunset they reached the river, to find but little fresh meat at camp and two of the hunters ill.

On the 26th the entire party moved down the Kooskooskee five miles, to where the north fork joins the main stream, passing, on the way, the mouth of Rockdam, now Oro Fino, Creek, and on the south side they established their canoe

camp "in a handsome small bottom." Two chiefs and their families camped with them, and the weather was so hot that several more of the party were taken sick. It was a camp of invalids, but Clark was for pushing things, so, having distributed the axes and divided the men into gangs, on Friday, September 27th, they began

at an early hour, the preparations for making five canoes. But few of the men, however, were able to work, and of these several were soon taken ill, as the day proved very hot. The hunters too, returned without any game and seriously indisposed, so that nearly the whole party was now ill.

They remained at Canoe Camp until October 7th, pushing canoe construction as rapidly as possible. Gass says that to save the men from hard labor, "we have adopted the Indian method of burning out the canoes." The men recovered but slowly, the purgative effects of the roots they were compelled to eat, in the absence of game, weakening constitutions already enfeebled by the privations and enforced fastings which they had endured. Change of climate also had a most debilitating effect, under the circumstances. What little game they did get, whether deer, wolf, "panther," or pheasant, was relished by the invalids, and in addition they killed a colt which made a nourishing soup for them. "Some of these roots" which they were forced to eat, they say, "possess very active properties; for, after supping on them this evening, we were swelled to such a degree as to be scarcely able to breathe for several hours."

On October 5, 1805, the canoes approached completion, two of them being launched that evening. The journal recounts that

the canoes being nearly finished it became necessary to dispose of our horses. They were therefore collected, to the number of thirty-eight, and being branded and marked were delivered to three Indians, the two brothers and the son, of a

chief, who promises to accompany us down the river. To each of these men we gave a knife and some small articles, and they agreed to take good care of the horses till our return.

A branding iron used by Lewis and Clark was found in 1892 on one of the Sepulchre, or Memaloose, Islands in the Columbia River, three and one half miles above the Dalles. It is now in possession of Geo. H. Himes, Assistant Secretary, Oregon Historical Society, Portland, Oregon, and is a very interesting relic in a good state of preservation.



*The Branding Iron of Lewis and Clark,
Found in 1892.*

The hollow interior was evidently intended to be filled with such additional letters, marks, or devices as the occasion demanded, as is the case with movable type hand stamps of the present day. The back was fashioned for a handle that could be clamped, and this was attached to the instrument by the round lugs at the ends, much as the handle of a modern carpet-sweeper is. Its use was undoubtedly to brand horses, canoes, saddles, utensils, etc.

Canoe Camp was an extremely interesting point topographically. Past it ran the drainage of almost all the Clear-water country. Clark says of the stream that it is "about

150 yds. wide and is the one we killed the 1st Colt on," which last statement Dr. Coues thought "was a wonderful inference the great geographer drew—that here again was the same river on which the first colt was killed—considering that he never saw it from Colt-killed Creek to Village [Jim Ford] Creek." There was no inference about it; Clark knew it as any topographer would have known. While he did not actually see the water itself after he left the stream near the old fishery and climbed back to the trail on the ridge, he overlooked the rough winding gorge of the creek, or river, during all their travel along the ridge from the Snowbank Camp to where the ridge broke down southeast from Bald Mountain, and at the forks of Hungry Creek he was again but a few miles from it. With what he had seen with his own eyes, added to the information given him by the Chopunnish, his correct sense of topography easily grasped the truth, and it would have been strange indeed had he come to any other conclusion.

Clark says that below the forks of the river opposite their camp the stream "is called the Kooskooskee." It seems to be a fact, however, that Indians do not name streams as such. Rev. Mr. Parker¹ states that this word should be Coos-Coots-ke. Cooscooske, he says, "signifies the water water, but Coos-coots-ke signifies the little water; Coos, Water; coots, little; ke, the; The Little River."

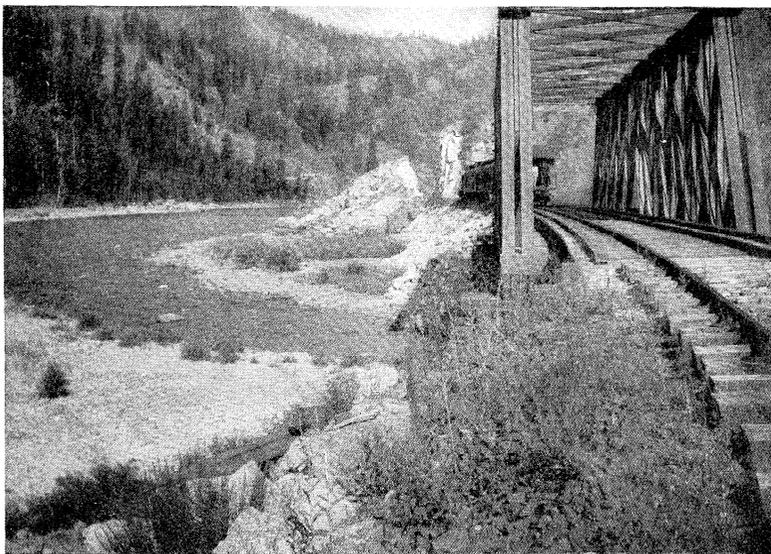
Kous-kouts-ki is another form of the word I have seen on an old map. Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor² records an interview with Lawyer, a renowned Nez Percé Chief, which is of value in this connection:

We told him we had come a long way to see the man who had talked with Lewis and Clarke,—at which he smiled in a

¹ *Journal of an Exploring Tour beyond the Rocky Mountains in 1835-37*, published in 1840.

² *All Over Oregon and Washington*, 1872.

gratified manner. When we asked him how old he was when Lewis and Clarke were in the country, he indicated with his hand the stature of a five-year-old child; but he must have been older than that, to have remembered all he claims to about the great explorers. It was his father [Twisted-hair], who, while they explored the Columbia to its mouth, kept their horses through the winter, and returned them in good condition in the spring.



Junction of Collins, or Lolo, Creek and the Kooskooskee, or Clearwater, River, Idaho.

On asking him the meaning of *koos-koos-kie*—the name Lewis and Clarke gave to the Clearwater—he explained, in Nez Percé, to Mr. Whitman, that Lewis and Clarke misapprehended the words of the Indians; that, on being questioned concerning this river, and knowing that it was the object of the explorers to find the great *River of the West*—as it was then called—they had answered them that the Clearwater was *koos-koos-kie*; that is, a smaller river, or branch only of the greater one beyond. But Lewis and Clarke understood them to give it as the name of the stream. “What was the name of this river, formerly?” we asked. He could not tell us. If it ever had a

name it was forgotten; and thus, directly, the interview ended. It is remarkable, that so many of the rivers of the country are nameless among the Indians; and especially so, that the Columbia seems never to have had a name among any of the tribes residing either upon its shores, or in the interior.

Concerning the meaning of *Lapwai*, we were informed by Mr. Whitman that it meant the place of meeting, or boundary between two peoples, and that the Lapwai Creek really was the boundary between the Upper and Lower Nez Percés. The former tribe went to the buffalo-grounds, while the latter never did—hence the distinction.

As previously stated, the Indians did not give names to entire streams, but named *localities* or referred to peculiarities or attributes. While riding on a train, in 1902, in company with an intelligent Nez Percé, along this very part of the river, he gave me the Indian names for the waters of these streams, and these have since been confirmed by Mr. Stuart. Below the north fork he spoke of the river as *Keihk-keihk*, clear; the north, or Chopunnish Fork, is called *Ahsáhka*, narrow river; the Lolo Fork, or Collins Creek, is called *Náhwah*; the main stream, from the north fork to the headwaters of the middle fork and Moose Creek, is *Sélwah*; the Colt-killed Creek fork is *Lóchsah*; the south fork is *Tookóo-pah*, smaller river, also called *Lahkáhhtse*, muddy river, and these branches bear these names on some maps.

Regarding Mrs. Victor's statement that Lawyer was a son of the Chief Twisted-hair, who had charge of the horses of Lewis and Clark during the winter of 1805-06, Mr. Stuart is very positive that this is an error. The chiefs of that time, Stuart says, had certain districts that were considered, in a way, as their own, and where they and their particular bands roamed and hunted, and they were not supposed to poach upon each other's preserves, and this statement is largely borne out by the Lewis and Clark narrative. Lawyer's father lived in the region about the present Lawyer's Cañon Creek, or Kamiah, while the Twisted-hair of Lewis and Clark

was found, as the latter show, many miles to the north; he was, as Mr. Stuart puts it, "a North Fork Indian." If Mr. Stuart is correct, as I imagine he may be, Lawyer, who was without question a man of fine character and ability,¹ simply betrayed a common weakness of humanity, white and Indian, in wishing to bask in the reflected glory of Lewis and Clark, and it need occasion no surprise that he, passively perhaps, assented to, and assisted in, this apparent deception.

On October 7, 1805, the party, physically much stronger, started upon the last stage of their outbound journey. Their canoes proved fairly equal to the task of navigating the rapids and eddies of the Columbia, of which they encountered many. When the time came to start, the two chiefs who were to accompany them were nowhere to be found, but the party started, nevertheless.

On October 8th they passed a large creek on the right, to which they gave the name of Colter, after John Colter. This creek is now known as the Potlatch River. The Spokane-Lewiston branch of the Northern Pacific Railway south from Spokane follows the stream for some distance and down to its junction with the Clearwater River, and then continues down the left bank of the latter to Lewiston.

From the mouth of the Potlatch, the Clearwater extension of the railway follows the right bank of the Clearwater and up the south fork of that river, to beyond the mouth of the Middle, or Selwáh Fork—the one the explorers had camped on at Colt-killed Creek—and some miles beyond the farthest point reached by Lewis and Clark up the Kooskooskee.

Just beyond the mouth of the Potlatch, when grading for the railway embankment, it became necessary to cut through the nose, or end of a hill bordering the river. Unexpectedly, an Indian grave or two was uncovered and Lester

¹ Vide *Life of General Stevens*, by his son, Hazard Stevens.

S. Handsaker of the Engineering Corps located at the spot, on March 1st, 1899, began an examination of the graves. Beads, brass and copper ornaments, arrow-heads, knives, hatchets, an old flintlock musket, a sword, etc., were brought forth, the metallic articles greatly rusted and decayed. The handle is entirely gone from an old hatchet given to the



The Lewis and Clark Medal Found at Mouth of Colter's Creek, or Potlatch River, in 1899.

writer by Mr. Handsaker, and a bayonet is rusted to probably one half its original size. Handsaker, in his investigation, found something carefully wrapped in many thicknesses of buffalo hide. Unwrapping it, he uncovered one of the Lewis and Clark medals¹ of the Jefferson medallion grade.

¹ This particular medal passed into the hands of Edward D. Adams of New York City and was, by him, presented to the Department of Anthropology, American Museum of Natural History, New York.

This proved that the grave from which it was taken was that of a chief. The Captains had distributed several of the medals—of the three grades—to chiefs in this vicinity and along the Snake River. In Governor I. I. Stevens's report on the Pacific Railroad surveys occurs a passage in reference to one of these same medals. George Gibbs, in his report to Captain Geo. B. McClellan—afterward General McClellan—who had charge of a branch of Stevens's work, under date of March 4, 1854, says:

At the crossing of the Snake River, at the mouth of the Peluse [Palouse], we met with an interesting relic. The chief of the band, . . . exhibited, with great pride, the medal presented to his father, Ke-powh-kan, by Captains Lewis and Clark. It is of silver, double, and hollow, having on the obverse a medallion bust, with the legend, "TH. JEFFERSON, PRESIDENT OF THE U. S., A. D. 1801," and on the reverse the clasped hands, pipe, and battle-axe, crossed, with the legend, "PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP."

The medallion portrait is of Jefferson, of course, and the medal is two and one eighth inches in diameter. The one found at the Potlatch, when I saw it, bore slight traces of its long entombment. Dr. Coues mentions two other medals found, one at Fort Clatsop, and the other at the mouth of the Walla Walla River.

At the mouth of the Potlatch Neeshnepáhkeook had his village, and in the vicinity were the villages of Wcáhkoonut, Hohástilpilp, and Tunnachémootoolt. These were chiefs with whom we shall later, become better acquainted, and to each of them a medal of some sort was given.

The party's progress down the river was punctuated by a canoe striking a rock now and then on a rapid, when the men would wade ashore, repair the canoe, and launch forth again. The Indians were found on either bank at frequent intervals, and more or less barter, present-giving, and council-holding was indulged in.

On the 8th, they came upon the two chiefs who had deserted, but who now willingly joined them.

On the 9th

we were surprised at hearing that our old Shoshonee guide [Toby] and his son had left us and [had] been seen running up the river several miles above. As he had never given any notice of his intention, nor had even received his pay for guiding us, we could not imagine the cause of his desertion, nor did he ever return to explain his conduct. We requested the chief to send a horseman after him to request that he would return and receive what we owed him. From this, however, he dissuaded us, and said very frankly that his nation, the Chopunnish, would take from the old man any presents that he might have on passing their camp.

Gass, perhaps, suggests the true reason for the panic-stricken flight of old Toby: "I suspect he was afraid of being cast away passing the rapids." As we learn later, Toby and his son each took a horse belonging to Lewis and Clark with them.

On the 9th, Gass refers to a new article of diet for them: "We have some Frenchmen, who prefer dogflesh to fish; and they here got two or three dogs from the Indians." The Irishman also came to relish dog stew a little later.

On the 10th the party went on, having remained in camp an extra day to dry the luggage thoroughly; they soon passed the site of Lapwai, where Spalding established his mission many years later, and in the afternoon they reached the junction of the Kooskooskee and Kimooenim, or Clearwater and Snake, rivers. They "halted below the junction on the right side of the river," where the Indians "flocked in all directions to see us."

Being again reduced to fish and roots, we made an experiment to vary our food by purchasing a few dogs, and after having been accustomed to horseflesh, felt no disrelish to this new dish. The Chopunnish have great numbers of dogs, which they employ for domestic purposes, but never eat; and our

using the flesh of that animal soon brought us into ridicule as dog-eaters.

Their camp was opposite the present city of Clarkston, and diagonally opposite Lewiston, at the base of a line of basaltic hills some two thousand feet high, a most impressive sight, and surmounted by a magnificent and highly fertile plain.

The country at the junction of the two rivers is an open plain on all sides, broken toward the left by a distant ridge of high land, thinly covered with timber; this is the only body of timber which the country possesses, for at the forks [of the Lewis and Kooskooskee rivers] there is not a tree to be seen [there are many there now], and during almost the whole descent of sixty miles down the Kooskooskee from its forks there are very few. This southern branch is, in fact, the main stream of Lewis's River, on which [the Lemhi] we encamped when among the Shoshonees. The Indians inform us that it is navigable for sixty miles; that not far from its mouth it receives a branch from the south; and a second and larger branch, two days' march up and nearly parallel to the first Chopunnish villages we met near the mountains. This branch is called Pawnashte, and is the residence of a chief who, according to their expression, has more horses than he can count.

The Chopunnish, or Pierced-nose nation, who reside on the Kooskooskee and Lewis's rivers, are in person stout, portly, well-looking men; the women are small, with good features and generally handsome, though the complexion of both sexes is darker than that of the Tushepaws. In dress they resemble that nation, being fond of displaying their ornaments. The buffaloe or elk-skin robe decorated with beads, sea-shells, chiefly mother-of-pearl, attached to an otter-skin collar and hung in the hair, which falls in front in two queues; feathers, paints of different kinds, principally white, green, and light blue, all of which they find in their own country.

The dress of the women is more simple, consisting of a long shirt of argalia or ibex skin, reaching down to the ankles without a girdle; to this are tied little pieces of brass and shells and other small articles; but the head is not at all ornamented. The dress of the female is indeed more modest, and more studiously so, than any we have observed, though the other sex is careless of the indelicacy of exposure.



Junction of Kooskooskee, or Clearwater, River and Colter's Creek, now Fowlatch River, Idaho. Mark X shows where the Lewis and Clark medal was found by L. S. Handsaker, in 1899.

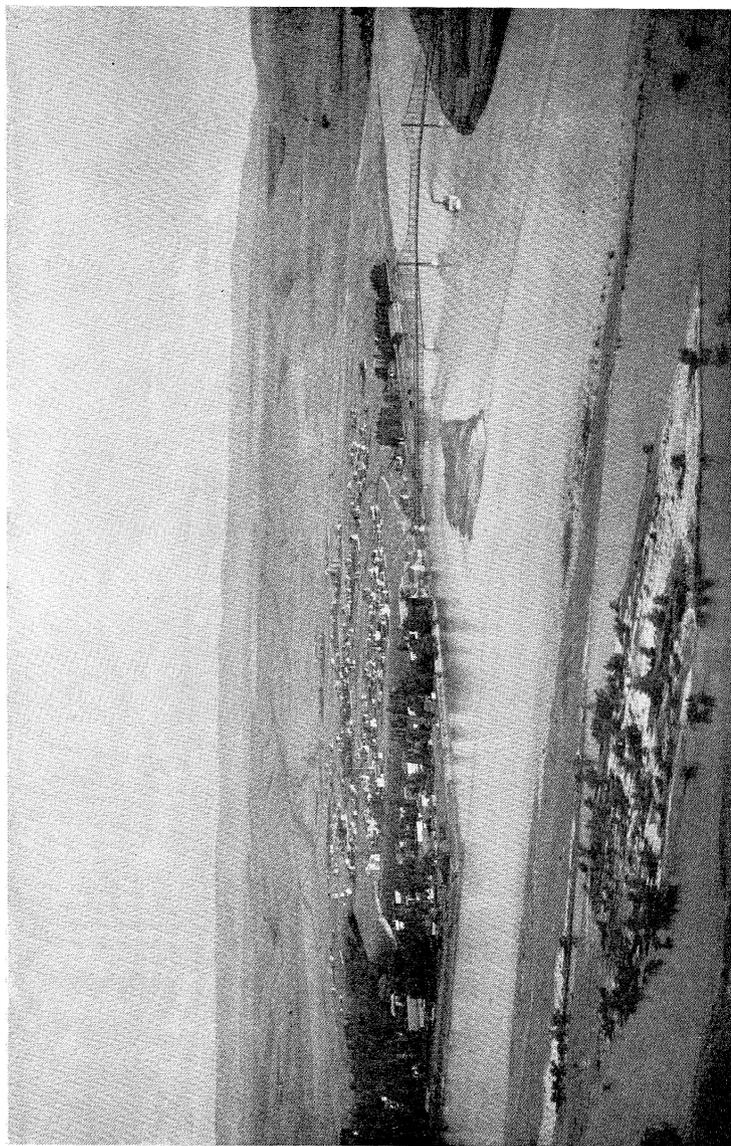
In recognizing the Kimooenim as the stream on which they had camped when among the Shoshoni, the explorers were simply utilizing again their geographical common sense. It was not so difficult as one might at first think to reach this conclusion, for they had necessarily made the geography of this region a study, and the instruction given them first by the Shoshoni, then by the Flatheads, or Salish, and now by the Chopunnish, was of the simplest, most accurate sort, so that it was comparatively easy to correlate the knowledge gained from the last-named with that of the Shoshoni and to come to the accurate conclusion at which they arrived.

The Pawnshte River is the Salmon River, and the name which the explorers gave to the Kimooenim, or Snake River, was, of course, Lewis, already applied at the headwaters of the Salmon. This name should never have been displaced. It was the first name of the stream, given by the first explorers, and their rights in the matter have been inexcusably disregarded and ignored. A movement set on foot during these days of Louisiana Purchase and Lewis and Clark revivalism to restore some of these original names would be a merited one and might be crowned with success.

As understood by the Nez Percés of to-day, the name Kimooenim, or Kah-móo-enim as it is given to me, is applied, strictly speaking, to the south fork of the Lewis, or Snake River, although it is sometimes used for the entire stream. The word means "the stream or place of the hemp weed," which grows there.

The junction of the Kooskooskee and Lewis rivers is called by the Indians, Asótin, according to James Stuart. A lateral stream of the Lewis River, a town, and a county in Washington, south of Lewiston, all bear this name.

The Snake, or Lewis River, drains an enormous area. Nearly the whole of Idaho, and portions—more or less extensive—of Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, eastern Oregon, and



Junction of Lewis, or Snake, River with the Kooskooskee, or Clearwater, River. The town is Lewiston, Idaho, and the bridge spans the Snake River.

Washington, pour their waters into the Pacific Ocean through the Snake River. Its ultimate head streams come from the southern portion of Yellowstone Park, in close proximity to the headwaters of the Yellowstone River, which flows in an opposite direction to the Gulf of Mexico.

The figure that this river, with the Columbia from the junction, cuts on the map is almost the counterpart of the constellation Ursa Major, or the Dipper, the Columbia River being the handle.

Lewiston, at the junction of these streams, is practically the head of navigation of both the Snake and Clearwater rivers.

Lewis and Clark make the distance from Canoe Camp to their camp just below Lewiston fifty-nine miles. The railway follows the river for this entire distance, which, from Ahsáhka to Lewiston, is thirty-nine miles by accurate survey.

The explorers' statement regarding the scarcity of timber below their Canoe Camp is still true, and there is yet fairly good timber about the junction of the Ahsáhka, or north fork, and the main Kooskooskee. But in the country drained by the Ahsáhka Fork and by Colter Creek, or Potlatch River, there are immense areas of standing pine of which our explorers knew nothing. It is said that the largest and finest body of standing white pine now in existence in the United States is to be found along the Clearwater River, in the western foothills of the Bitter Root range.

Altitude and climate are two valuable assets of this region. The altitude of Lewiston is less than seven hundred feet above sea level, and the general mildness of the climate, latitude and longitude considered, may be judged from this low elevation.

Dr. Coues was unable to find any authority for the statement that Lewiston, Idaho, was named after Captain Lewis.

Upon inquiry I have found it somewhat difficult to establish this fact, as definite proof seems lacking and other contentions are made as to the meaning of the name. The prevailing opinion, however, I find to be that it was either named directly for Lewis, or indirectly for him after the Lewis River.

Through the efforts of Geo. H. Himes of the Oregon Historical Society, Portland, Oregon, and J. C. Painter of Walla Walla, Wash., I have been placed in possession of a letter from Hon. Geo. E. Cole of Spokane, Wash., at one time Governor of Washington Territory. In it occurs this passage:

Col. Lyle, Capt. Ainsworth, Lawrence Coe, Vic. Trevett, and myself selected the location and named the place Lewiston, in the latter part of May or the first part of June, in 1861, in honor of Captain Lewis of the Lewis and Clark expedition.

I assume that this can be accepted as authoritative.

In very recent years the growing little city on the opposite shore of Lewis River in Washington has been named Clarkston after Captain Clark.

This section is now quite well settled by the whites. Lewiston, at the junction of the Clearwater and Snake rivers, is one of the wealthiest places of its size in the country, and a fine steel bridge across the Snake joins Lewiston and Clarkston. Oro Fino, Pierce City, and Weippe, not far from where Lewis and Clark made their canoes, are prosperous towns. South from Lewiston are Grangeville, Kamiah, Florence, Elk City, and other mining towns, and surrounding them are rich mining districts, of which Buffalo Hump is a prominent one. Out of this region, there have been taken more than \$100,000,000 of gold since the early sixties.

The plateau agricultural lands are remarkably productive, averaging from forty to sixty bushels per acre for wheat.

To the north, in the Palouse country drained by Colter Creek, or the Potlatch River, one finds to-day vast areas of wheat fields and diversified fruit ranches. The towns lie thick there, and Spokane, one hundred and forty-four miles from Lewiston, is the seat of this inland empire. Yet in this now fertile region Lewis and Clark lived on dried kamas roots, stewed dog, and dried salmon.

The climate of this region is peculiarly favorable to fruit growing and the entire country, both valleys and plateaus, is developing into one of the finest and most varied fruit regions in the United States.

An authority from another part of the country says:

To give an idea of the very large number of good varieties of fruit that may be grown here, it may be mentioned that fifty-four varieties of grapes are growing in one vineyard, and nineteen varieties of peaches. The adaptation of the region to a varied production of fruit products is very wide. Almonds, soft shelled and hard, flourish. The same is true of many kinds of nuts, including English walnuts. Peanuts may be grown with much success, and the production of sweet potatoes is almost fabulous. One specimen from Lewiston, exhibited at a fair in the West, is said to have been three feet long, and to have weighed six and one-half pounds. Chestnuts are a decided success.

The statement is made—whether true, I know not—that in 1838 a Nez Percé chief planted some apple seeds and that from the resultant trees crops of apples are still produced.

The method of harvesting wheat is peculiar to this hilly, plateau country, and is of universal interest. The machine used is a combined harvester and thresher. Some years since the writer, while at Lewiston, was privileged to witness the operation of one of these mammoth machines. To the right was the standing grain; at our left, the bags of threshed wheat were being automatically dumped in triplets on the ground, ready for shipment to elevator or mill. One



A Combined Harvester and Thresher, Used in Harvesting in the Clearwater and Walla Walla Regions, Idaho and Washington.

minute, probably, sufficed to complete the process. The machine was drawn by thirty-two horses hitched six abreast, with two of them in the lead. These two were the only horses driven, the others following them like well-trained animals.

There were large, iron brakes attached to the five or six wheels under the machine, and if the horses attempted to run, or if there was any clogging or an accident happened, an application of these brakes brought the machine instantly to a standstill. It required five men to handle the harvester. The machine is so constructed that it can accommodate itself to sloping ground even where the angle is of 45° inclination, the body of it, the thresher proper, being maintained in a horizontal position. The combined harvester and thresher can cut and thresh from thirty-five to forty acres of grain per day, and in doing this it will travel about sixteen miles. The straw is deposited on the ground behind the harvester in a continuous yellow wind row.

The journey of the explorers down the river from this point to the Columbia proper was without special incident beyond meeting Indians, running many and dangerous rapids, sometimes striking rocks and damaging canoes, and finding it difficult to kill game. From the Indians they continued to buy dogs and fish and roots. Gass succumbed to dog diet gracefully, and admits that dog meat, when well cooked, tastes very well.

With Indians the sweat house or vapor bath was an important domestic institution. The bath was used a great deal and it was a social relaxation as well as a bath proper. Below the junction of the Lewis and Kooskooskee rivers, the party encountered a new style of bath house.

While this traffic was going on we observed a vapour bath or sweating house in a different form from that used on the frontiers of the United States or in the Rocky Mountains. It

was a hollow square of six or eight feet deep, formed in the river bank by damming up with mud the other three sides, and covering the whole completely except an aperture about two feet wide at the top. The bathers descend by this hole, taking with them a number of heated stones and jugs of water; and after being seated round the room, throw the water on the stones till the steam becomes of a temperature sufficiently high



An Old Indian Sweat-Bath House. The rocks seen have been heated and used to produce the vapor bath and then have been thrown away.

for their purposes. . . . Among both these nations it is very uncommon for a man to bathe alone; he is generally accompanied by one or sometimes several of his acquaintances; indeed, it is so essentially a social amusement that to decline going in to bathe when invited by a friend is one of the highest indignities which can be offered to him. . . . Almost universally these baths are in the neighborhood of running water, into which the Indians plunge immediately on coming out of the vapour bath, and sometimes return again and subject themselves to a second perspiration,

On Wednesday, October 16, 1805, after having passed a succession of bad rapids,—Fish Hook and Five Mile rapids—in the last case making a portage of three quarters of a mile, the expedition reached the main Columbia, and while no mention is made of it, if they did not give three rousing American cheers it was a wonder. There were troubles enough ahead, but—the great river itself was reached.

The explorers were received in royal Sokulkian style.

We halted above the point of junction on the Kimooenim to confer with the Indians, who had collected in great numbers to receive us. On landing we were met by our two chiefs, to whose good offices we were indebted for this reception, and also the two Indians who had passed us a few days since on horseback, one of whom appeared to be a man of influence and harangued the Indians on our arrival. After smoking with the Indians, we formed a camp at the point where the two rivers unite, near to which we found some driftwood, and were supplied by our two old chiefs with the stalks of willows and some small bushes for fuel. We had scarcely fixed the camp and got the fires prepared when a chief came from the Indian camp about a quarter of a mile up the Columbia, at the head of nearly two hundred men; they formed a regular procession, keeping time to the noise, rather the music of their drums, which they accompanied with their voices. As they advanced they formed a semicircle round us, and continued singing for some time. We then smoked with them all and communicated, as well as we could by signs, our friendly intentions toward all nations, and our joy at finding ourselves surrounded by our children.

Gass records that, “we encamped on the point between the two rivers. The country all round is level, rich and beautiful, but without timber.” He then makes an important geographical notation:

The small river, which we called Flathead and afterwards Clarke’s River, is a branch of the Great Columbia, and running a northwest course, falls into it a considerable distance above this place: we therefore never passed the mouth of that river.



Group of Indians Living at the Junction of the Snake—Lewis—and Columbia Rivers, and Showing the Rush Mats Used in the Construction of their Houses.

The explorers measured the widths of the Lewis and Columbia rivers; the former was 575 yards, the latter 960 yards wide.

The Indians met here were called Sokulks. They were of the Shahaptian family, as were the Chopunnish, and with them were a few families of the Chimnapum. They lived in a new style of house made of rush mats, oblong in shape and common, in a general way both then and now, throughout the lower Columbia basin. The Captains found these people very interesting, and they mention now, for the first time, seeing the flattened heads of the Indians which, by the rule of contraries, has given name to a tribe that claim never to have practised the habit:

The language of both these nations, of each of which we obtained a vocabulary, differs but little from each other, or from that of the Chopunnish who inhabit the Kooskooskee and Lewis's rivers. . . . The most striking difference between them is among the females, the Sokulk women being more inclined to corpulency than any we have yet seen; their stature is low, their faces [are] broad, and their heads flattened in such a manner that the forehead is in a straight line from the nose to the crown of the head; their eyes are of a dirty sable; their hair, too, is coarse and black, and braided as above without ornament of any kind; The houses of the Sokulks are made of large mats of rushes, and are generally of a square or oblong form, varying in length from fifteen to sixty feet, and supported in the inside by poles or forks about six feet high; the top is covered with mats, leaving a space of twelve or fifteen inches the whole length of the house, for the purpose of admitting the light and suffering the smoke to pass through; the roof is nearly flat, which seems to indicate that rains are not common in this open country, and the house is not divided into apartments, the fire being in the middle of the large room, and immediately under the hole in the roof;

The Sokulks seem to be of a mild and peaceable disposition, and live in a state of comparative happiness. The men, like those on the Kimooenim [Snake, or Lewis River], are said to content themselves with a single wife, with whom we observe the husband shares the labours of procuring subsistence much more than is usual among savages.

The teeth of these Indians were either much decayed or entirely worn down to the gums, caused, presumably, by eating uncooked roots covered with grit, and fish with "scales, rind and all," also uncooked.

While camped at the mouth of the Snake River, Captain Clark took a canoe and ascended the Columbia nearly to the mouth of the Taptcal, or Yakima River. Just above the point where the Northern Pacific Railway bridge spans the former river, between Pasco and Kennewick, he landed and made a friendly call upon some Indians.

On entering one of the houses he found it crowded with men, women, and children, who immediately provided a mat for him to sit on, and one of the party undertook to prepare something to eat. He began by bringing in a piece of pine wood that had drifted down the river, which he split into small pieces with a wedge made of the elk's horn, by means of a mallet of stone curiously carved. The pieces were then laid on the fire, and several round stones placed upon them; one of the squaws now brought a bucket of water, in which was a large salmon about half dried, and as the stones became heated they were put into the bucket till the salmon was sufficiently boiled for use.

Referring to the great quantities of salmon in the Columbia, Clark says:

The multitudes of this fish are almost inconceivable. The water is so clear that they can readily be seen at the depth of fifteen or twenty feet, but at this season they float in such quantities down the stream, and are drifted ashore, that the Indians have only to collect, split, and dry them on the scaffolds. . . . The Indians assured him by signs, that they often used dried fish as fuel for the common occasions of cooking.

The great value of the Columbia salmon fisheries is now well known and the unique fish wheels seen on the river are sights of interest to travellers.

On October 18th they turned the prows of their canoes down the Great River of the West, with their stock of

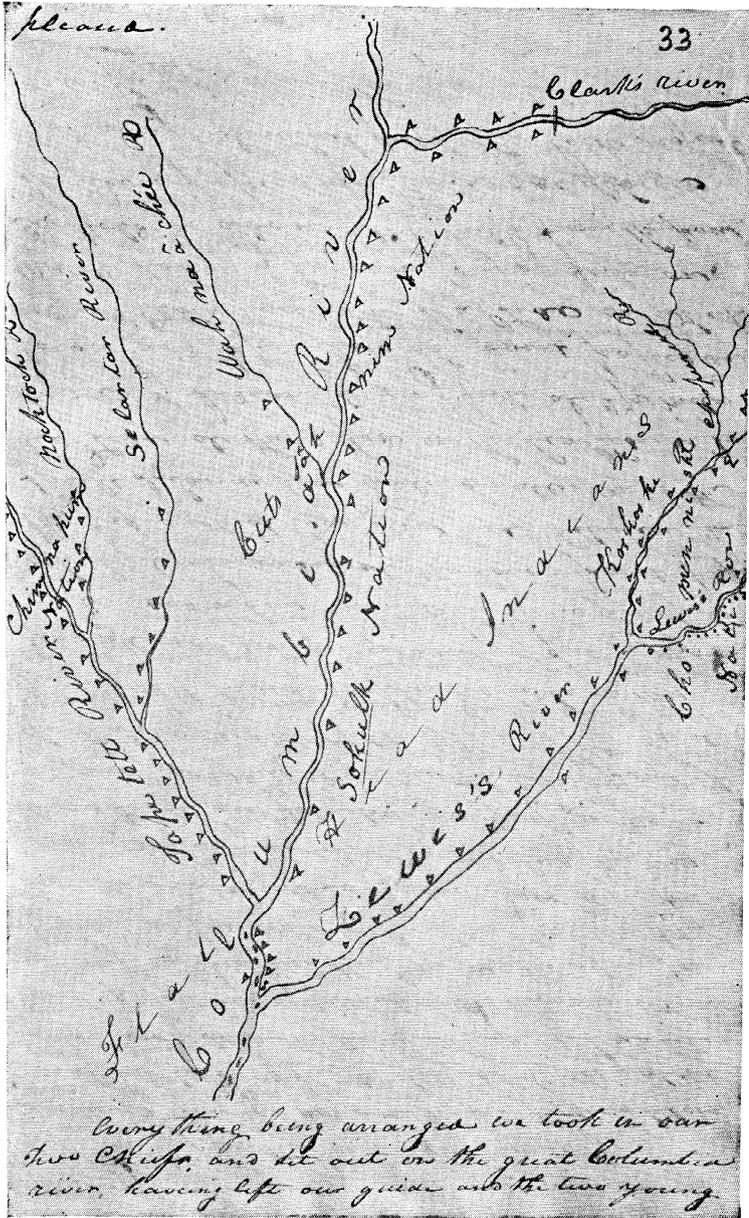
provisions increased by forty dogs purchased from the Sokulks. They passed the mouth of the Walla Walla River and "saw a mountain bearing S. W. conical form covered with snow," which was their first view of Mt. Hood.

The banks of the Columbia above the mouth of the Snake River bear ample evidence of the former presence of large numbers of Indians in the remains of their ancient clam-bakes. Large numbers of arrow points have been found also, and I am reliably informed that Indians of recent time disclaimed any knowledge of the art of making arrow points and stated that when they wanted them they hunted along the shores of the streams for those made and left by former generations of Indians,

At their camp, early the next morning, they were visited by Yellipit, or Yellept, "a handsome, well-proportioned man, about five feet eight inches high, and thirty-five years of age, with a bold and dignified countenance," of whom we shall hear more when the Captains return to this point in 1806.

They now passed many Indian villages on both sides of the river, and found the inhabitants mostly engaged in drying fish, of which there were large quantities on the drying scaffolds. The Indians were generally terrified at sight of our adventurers and fled in wild dismay to their houses. As the party neared the Umatilla—Yu-matilla—River they came to a rapid, now known by the same name, around which they were compelled to portage.

As Captain Clark arrived at the lower end of the rapid before any, except one of the small canoes, he sat down on a rock to wait for them, and seeing a crane fly across the river, shot it, and it fell near him. . . . Captain Clark was afraid that these people had not yet heard that white men were coming, and therefore, in order to allay their uneasiness . . . he got into the small canoe with three men and rowed over toward the houses, and while crossing shot a duck, which fell into the



Facsimile of Page 33, Codex "H," Clark, being a Map of the Country at the Junction of the Columbia, Lewis, or Snake, and Tapetell—Tap-teal—or Yakima Rivers, Washington.

water. Landing near the houses, he went toward one of them . . . and pushing aside the mat entered the lodge, where he found thirty-two persons, chiefly men and women, with a few children, all in the greatest consternation. . . . He went up to them all and shook hands with them in the most friendly manner; but their apprehensions, which had for a moment subsided, revived on his taking out a burning-glass, as there was no roof to the house, and lighting his pipe. . . .

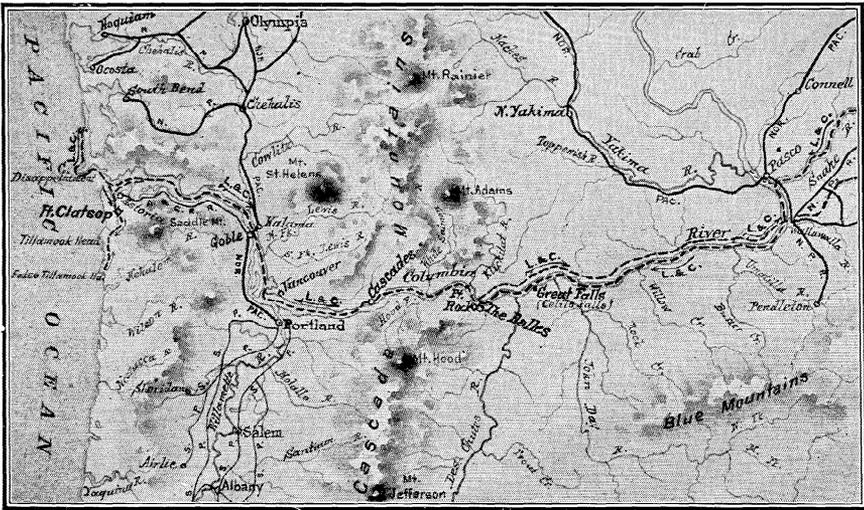
After leaving the houses he went out to sit on a rock, and beckoned to some of the men to come and smoke with him; but none of them ventured to join him till the canoes arrived with the two chiefs; who immediately explained our pacific intentions toward them. Soon after [ward] the interpreter's wife landed, and her presence dissipated all doubts of our being well disposed, since in this country no woman ever accompanies a war party. . . . They told the two chiefs that they knew we were not men, for they had seen us fall from the clouds; in fact, unperceived by them, Captain Clark had shot the white crane, which they had seen fall just before he appeared to their eyes; the duck which he had killed also fell close by him, and as there were a few clouds flying over at the moment, they connected the fall of the birds and [with] his sudden appearance, and believed that he had himself dropped from the clouds; the noise of the rifle, which they had never heard before, being considered merely as the sound to announce so extraordinary an event. This belief was strengthened when on entering the room he brought down fire from the heavens by means of his burning-glass.

No wonder these benighted heathen were sore afraid of beings who killed water-fowl by means of a loud noise and who brought down fire from the heavens. The mere presence of the little Bird-woman, as is now and again seen, was a guarantee of peaceful intentions, and just how many difficulties her appearance on the scene may have resolved, perhaps they never knew, but the taking of Sacágawea with them from Fort Mandan proved a rare exercise of good judgment.

In making the portage mentioned, Clark, the two chiefs, —who were as good as are endorsements on a note, for the

party, among strange tribes—Chaboneau, and Sacágawea walked together. On the way, from a high cliff, Clark saw to the west, at the distance of about one hundred and fifty miles,

a very high mountain covered with snow, and from its direction and appearance he supposed it to be the mount St. Helens, laid down by Vancouver as visible from the mouth of



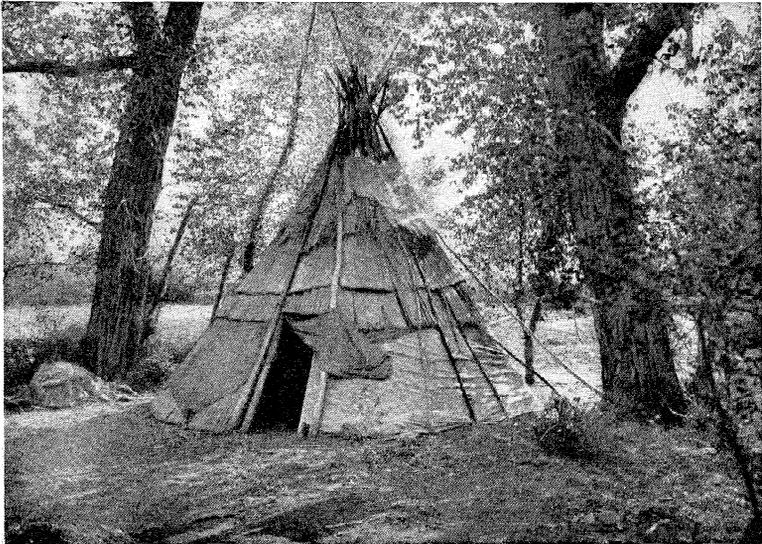
The Route of Lewis and Clark. Mouth of Snake River to Fort Clatsop.

the Columbia. There is also another mountain of a conical form, whose top is covered with snow, in a southwest direction.

The mountain to the southwest was Mt. Hood, which they had seen the day before, but the mountain to the west was not Mt. St. Helens, but Mt. Adams. The earlier explorers all mistook Mt. Adams for Mt. St. Helens; Frémont made this error from the identical locality in later years, and others made the same mistake.

From this Umatilla region the peaks are in the same

visual line, but Adams, 12,250 feet high, is east of the main Cascade range, and St. Helens, 9750 feet in elevation and therefore 2500 feet lower than the former, is west of the range, and except from some very elevated and exceptional spot, the latter peak is not visible from this locality. This conclusion, aside from my own observations, has been confirmed by correspondence with an old and intelligent resident in the country.



A Umatilla Indian Tepee of Rush Mats on the Columbia River in 1904.

What served to confuse the traveller, was the fact that Mt. St. Helens was well known, descriptively, while Mt. Adams was not known at that time by name, and being in the Cascade range and so near St. Helens, naturally became confused with it. This confusion was emphasized by reason of the fact that, in going both up and down the river in canoes, neither Adams nor St. Helens was to be seen, after once leaving either, until the voyager was abreast of or beyond

the other, when the angle of vision again was such that either peak was, not unnaturally, mistaken for the other.

In order to allay the apprehensions of the river Indians, the Captains sent the two Chopunnish chiefs in advance as heralds to announce their coming, with the result that Indian curiosity overcame all fear and the natives gathered in crowds to greet and view the strangers. On October 20th, the party inspected the first burial-ground of the Columbia River Indians.

These sepulchral spots are an interesting feature of this river and were as often found on islands in the river as on the mainland. These islands are known, generally, as Memaloose Islands, or Memaloose Alahee, or Illihee, the place of the departed. This first seen repository of the dead is thus described by the explorers:

This place, in which the dead are deposited, is a building about sixty feet long and twelve feet wide, [and constructed] . . . so as to form a shed. It stands east and west, and neither of the extremities is closed. On entering the western end we observed a number of bodies wrapped carefully in leather robes, and arranged in rows on boards, which were then covered with a mat. . . . A little farther on, the bones, half decayed, were scattered about, and in the center of the building was a large pile of them heaped promiscuously on each other. At the eastern extremity was a mat on which twenty-one skulls were placed in a circular form, the mode of interment being first to wrap the body in robes, and as it decays the bones are thrown into the heap, and the skulls placed together. From the . . . vault were suspended on the inside, fishing nets, baskets, wooden bowls, robes, skins, trenchers, and trinkets of various kinds. . . . On the outside of the vault were the skeletons of several horses, and great quantities of [their] bones [were] in the neighbourhood, which induced us to believe that these animals were most probably sacrificed at the funeral rites of their masters.

The expedition was now more or less delayed by rapids, some of them very bad ones, but it managed nevertheless to make from thirty to forty miles a day. They were now

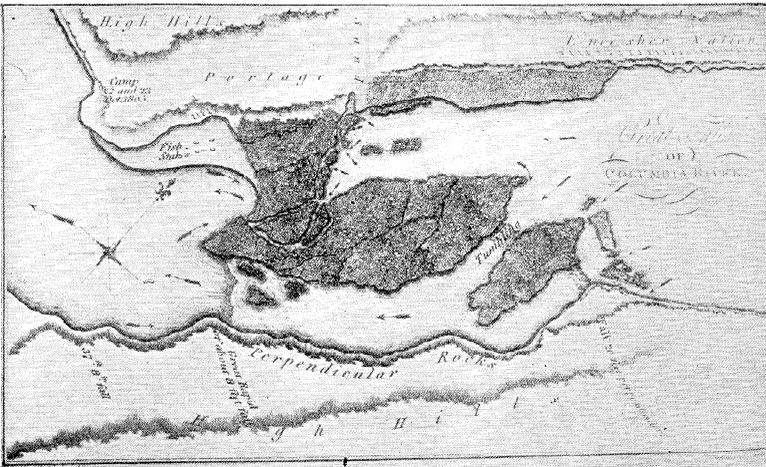
approaching the mountains, leaving, gradually, the open country with its great scarcity of fuel and plenteousness of sand, piled high in smooth, rounded, billowy hillocks, a fascinating sight, but worthless for purposes of cooking.

On October 21st they passed Lepage's River, named after one of their men, but now known as the John Day River, in honor of John Day, the Kentuckian, who figured so conspicuously in Hunt's Astorian party; and on the 22d they passed the Towahnahiooks, or as it is now known, the Des Chutes River, and reached the Great—Celilo—Falls of the Columbia.

Here it was necessary to make a portage of one thousand two hundred yards, but this was a slight obstacle after their previous experiences. Owing, doubtless, to the good offices of the two chiefs, the Indians found here were inclined to render assistance, though this was not the case in after years.

The Columbia River from the falls to below the Dalles, as they are called, is a marvellous product of nature. The region is a volcanic one, and from the monster chimneys of a subterranean furnace vast floods of lava have poured forth in all directions. The Columbia, for miles, has forced its way through these lava beds, and its escarpments and walls are lava cliffs of magnificent proportions, at places 2000 or 3000 feet high, forming scenery of the superlative sort. The brown-black lava palisades rise in noble terraces, towers, and obelisks, farther down becoming merged in the over-towering range. The congealed product of the volcano runs athwart the stream and seemingly, also, with it, forming a series of gigantic obstructions, across and through which the river has eaten its way in a succession of rapids, swirls, falls, and cross-currents. Massive blocks of lava are found in the very bed of the stream, forcing the latter into narrow, boiling, deep, and dangerous channels. Of these great blocks

of lava were the "high black rock" and "this tremendous rock" and the "rocky islands," etc., in which the narrative abounds at this point, but down the river the party must go, and extensive portaging was out of the question over such great obstacles. The portage around the falls was not a very difficult one, assisted as they were by the natives; but the latter, being great pilferers, recouped themselves amply for their labor.



Photographic Reproduction of Map (Made by Lewis and Clark) of the Great, or Celilo, Falls of the Columbia River.

The canoes were taken down the stream on the morning of the 23d. The contents of the canoes were transported along the right bank of the stream in making the portage, but the latter were taken down by the route which the Indians themselves used, along the left bank.

This operation Captain Clark began this morning, and after crossing to the other side of the river, hauled the canoes over a point of land, so as to avoid a perpendicular fall of twenty feet. At the distance of four hundred and fifty-seven yards we reached

the water, and embarked at a place where a long rocky island compresses the channel of the river within the space of a hundred and fifty yards, so as to form nearly a semicircle. . . . Having descended in this way for a mile, we reached a pitch of the river, which . . . descends with great rapidity down a fall eight feet in height. . . . We were obliged to land and let them [the boats] down as slowly as possible by strong ropes of elk skin which we had prepared for the purpose. . . . From the marks everywhere perceivable at the falls, it is obvious that in high floods, which must be in the spring, the water below the falls rises nearly to a level with that above them. Of this rise, which is occasioned by some obstructions which we do not as yet know, the salmon must avail themselves to pass up the river in such multitudes that that fish is almost the only one caught in great abundance above the falls; but below that place we observe the salmon trout, and the heads of a species of trout smaller than the salmon trout, which is in great quantities, and which they are now burying to be used as their winter food. A hole of any size being dug, the sides and bottom are lined with straw, over which skins are laid; on these the fish, after being well dried, is laid, covered with other skins, and the hole closed with a layer of earth twelve or fifteen inches deep. . . . On reaching the upper point of the portage we found that the Indians had been encamped there not long since, and had left behind them multitudes of fleas, . . . and during the portage the men were obliged to strip to the skin in order to brush them from their bodies. They were not, however, so easily dislodged from our clothes, and accompanied us in great numbers to our camp.

Almost, if not quite, along the very ground over which Lewis and Clark dragged their canoes around the falls, the railway trains of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company now run, and travellers can, from the car windows, see at the distance of a stone's throw this particular fall of twenty feet, and they have also a good view of this entire series of widespread and interesting cascades. The scene here, at low water, is a very fine one. The falls are not very high, only from twenty to forty feet, but the power of the one thousand or more miles of mighty river above seems concentrated here in one supreme effort to do something that

will give it renown, and taken in connection with the long, ragged line of cascades, or rapids, the falls form a lively and most fascinating bit of scenery. Below the falls, the river divides into various channels, the lava is formed into islands, and among them the water seethes and boils as if stirred by the Furies.

The remarks of the explorers relative to high water apply, of course, at the present time. When the Columbia is at flood tide, the water is so backed up and raised by the restrictions mentioned a little later in the narrative, that the fine fall becomes merely a pronounced curve, or rapid, in the stream.

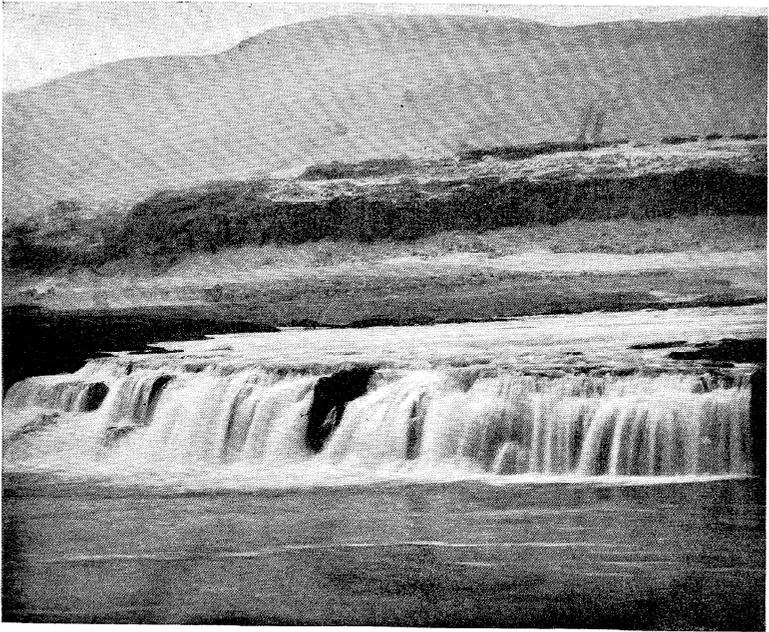
This spot was a favorite one with the Indians for fishing, and I have seen them thus engaged in recent years.

Near our camp [the narrative runs] are five large huts of Indians engaged in drying fish and preparing it for the market. The manner of doing this is by first opening the fish and exposing it to the sun on their scaffolds. When it is sufficiently dried it is pounded fine between two stones till it is pulverized, and is then placed in a basket about two feet long and one in diameter, neatly made of grass and rushes, and lined with the skin of a salmon stretched and dried for the purpose. Here they are pressed down as hard as possible and the top is covered with skins of fish, which are secured by cords through the holes of the basket. . . . The whole is then wrapped up in mats, and made fast by cords, over which mats are again thrown. Twelve of these baskets, each of which contains from ninety to a hundred pounds, form a stack, which is now left exposed till it is sent to market; the fish thus preserved are kept sound and sweet for several years.

I have stood on the river bank where Lewis and Clark lugged their canoes across the portage and where they encountered the fleas, and have seen stacks of fish standing, waiting until the Indians were ready to use them. Just above, at the beginning of the portage, there is now a white man's fishery.

At their camp below the falls the explorers

observed two canoes of a different shape and size from any which we had hitherto seen; . . . These canoes are very beautifully made; they are wide in the middle and tapering toward each end, with curious figures carved on the bow. They are thin, but being strengthened by cross bars about an inch in diameter, which are tied with strong pieces of bark through holes in the



Great, or Celilo Falls, of the Columbia River, around which Lewis and Clark made a Portage on October 23, 1805.

sides, are able to bear very heavy burdens, and seem calculated to live in the roughest water.

. . . We were informed by one of the chiefs who had accompanied us that he had overheard that the Indians below intended to attack us as we went down the river. Being at all times ready for any attempt of that sort, . . . we therefore only reexamined our arms and increased the ammunition to one hundred rounds. Our chiefs, . . . were by no means so much at their ease. . . . The next morning,

[THURSDAY] October 24th, the Indians approached us with

apparent caution, and behaved with more than usual reserve. Our two chiefs, . . . now told us that they wished to return home; that they could be no longer of any service to us, and they could not understand the language of the people below the falls; . . . and as the Indians had expressed a resolution to attack us, they would certainly kill them. . . . We however insisted on their remaining with us, not only in hopes of bringing about an accommodation between them and their enemies, but because they might be able to detect any hostile designs against us, and also assist us in passing the next falls, which are not far off, and represented as very difficult; they at length agreed to stay with us two nights longer.

These two chiefs, who were our friend Twisted-hair, and Tetoh, were indeed friends in need, and such they showed themselves to be throughout.

The explorers were now about to navigate the Dalles of the Columbia, one of the most remarkable portions of this remarkable river. It was a hazardous thing to do, but a portage was almost out of the question as it involved enormous labor and much time.

The journal describes this stretch of river as well, perhaps, as any one can, but it must be seen at close range really to understand it and to appreciate what were the dangers of this passage.

About nine o'clock we proceeded, and . . . found the river about four hundred yards wide. . . . At the distance of two and one half miles the river widened into a large bend or basin on the right. . . . At the extremity of this basin stands a high black rock; . . . so totally indeed does it appear to stop the passage that we could not see where the water escaped, except that the current appeared to be drawn with more than usual velocity to the left of the rock, where was a great roaring. We were no longer at a loss to account for the rising of the river at the falls, for this tremendous rock stretches across the river . . . leaving a channel only forty-five yards wide, through which the whole body of the Columbia must press its way.

Clark's own description of this exploit reads as follows:

As the portage of our canoes over this high rock would be impossible with our Strength, and the only danger in passing thro those narrows was the whorls and swills [swells] arriseing from the Compression of the water, and which I thought (as also our principal waterman Peter Crusat) by good Stearing we could pass down Safe, accordingly I deturmined to pass through this place not with standing the horred appearance of this agitated gut swelling, boiling & whorling in every direction which from the top of the rock did not appear as bad as when I was in it; however we passed Safe to the astonishment of all the Inds [Indians] of the last Lodges who viewed us from the top of the rock.

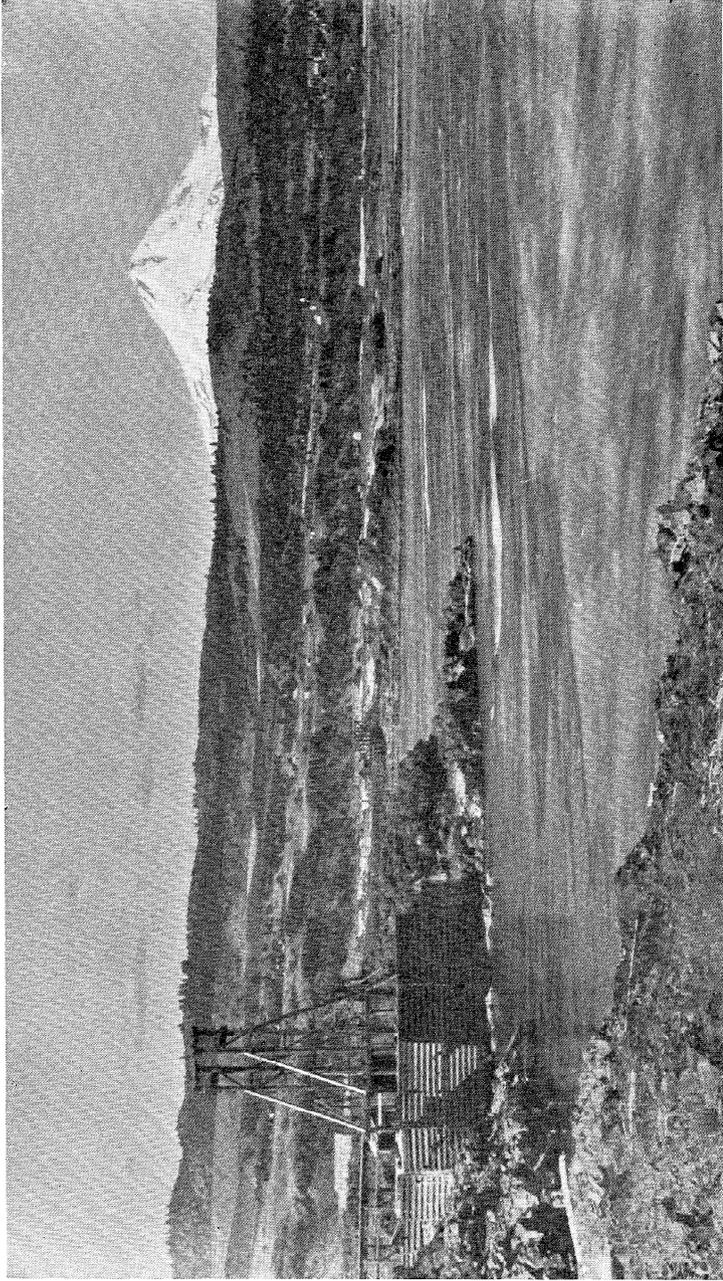
After passing another rapid, in part by portage, the party camped, on the night of the 24th, near an Echeloot Indian village, just above the last dangerous part of the river at the Dalles.

This place, the journal says, is known as Timm among the Indians, "which [word] they pronounce so as to make it perfectly represent the sound of a distant cataract." According to Parker, the Indians call the Great Falls "tum tum, the same expression they use for the beating of the heart." This word "Timm" is not an uncommon one among the coast tribes. James G. Swan¹ gives "*Tum'tum*" as the Chinook word for heart and *Tumtsuck* as the word for waterfall. Tumwater is a familiar form of the word which is used for a town, cañon, etc.

Captain Clark found more than ten thousand pounds of dried and pounded salmon at this spot, and as the Echeloots received the white men "with great kindness," a peace was easily arranged between them and the Chopunnish through the agency of the two chiefs who were with the explorers.

These Indians lived in fairly good houses constructed of wood, which were radically different from the Mandan earth

¹ *The Northwest Coast*, New York, Harper & Bros., 1857.



Mount Hood, 11,225 Feet High, and a Salmon Fish Wheel, from the Dalles, Oregon.

lodges; while long and wide, they were somewhat on the order of the dugout; vaguely, perhaps, like the Navajo hogan, and "exhibit a very singular appearance." The explorers describe them at length:

A large hole, twenty feet wide and thirty in length, is dug to the depth of six feet. The sides are then lined with split pieces of timber, rising just above the surface of the ground, which are smoothed to the same width by burning, or shaved with small iron axes. These timbers are secured in their erect position by a pole stretched along the side of the building near the eaves, and supported on a strong post fixed at each corner. The timbers at the gable ends rise gradually higher, the middle pieces being the broadest. At the top of these is a sort of semi-circle, made to receive a ridge-pole the whole length of the house, propped by an additional post in the middle, and forming the top of the roof. From this ridge-pole to the eaves of the house are placed a number of small poles or rafters, secured at each end by fibres of the cedar. On these poles, which are connected by small transverse bars of wood, is laid a covering of the white cedar, or *arbor vitæ*, kept on by the strands of the cedar fibres; but a small distance along the whole length of the ridge-pole is left uncovered, for the purpose of light and permitting the smoke to pass through. The roof thus formed has a descent about equal to that common amongst us, and near the eaves is perforated with a number of small holes, made most probably to discharge their arrows in case of an attack. The only entrance is by a small door at the gable end, cut out of the middle piece of timber, twenty-nine and a half inches high and fourteen inches broad, and reaching only eighteen inches above the earth. Before this hole is hung a mat, and on pushing it aside and crawling through, the descent is by a small wooden ladder, made in the form of those used amongst us. One half of the inside is used as a place of deposit for their dried fish, of which there are large quantities stored away, and with a few baskets of berries form the only family provisions; the other half adjoining the door remains for the accommodation of the family. On each side are arranged near the walls small beds of mats placed on little scaffolds or bedsteads, raised from eighteen inches to three feet from the ground, and in the middle of the vacant space is the fire, or sometimes two or three fires, when, as is indeed usually the case, the house contains three families.

Gass says:

This village has better lodges than any on the river above; one story of which is sunk under ground and lined with flag mats. The upper part about 4 feet above ground is covered over with cedar bark, and they are tolerably comfortable houses.

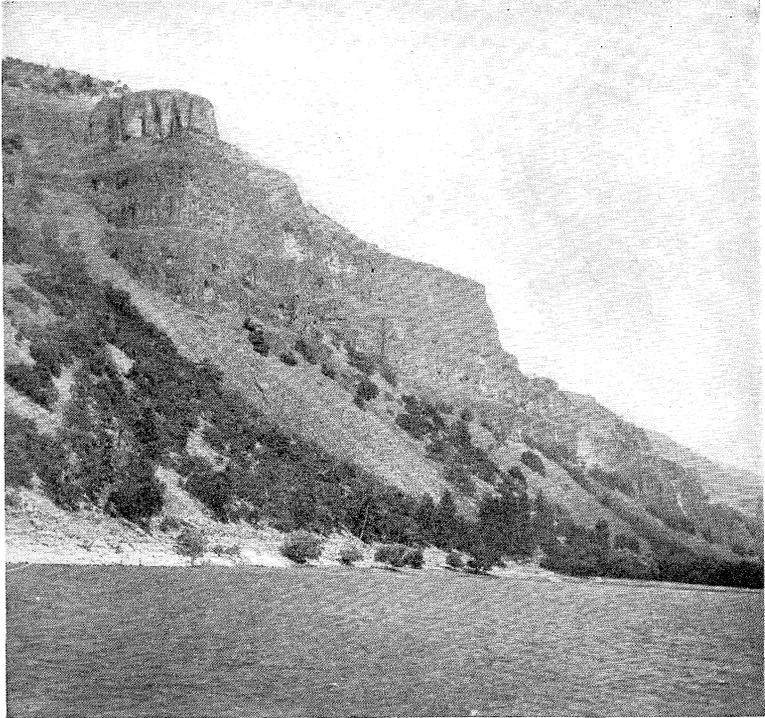
And now for the trip through the Long Narrows, the last link in this chain of portage experiences! This dangerous ride was taken on Friday, October 25, 1805, after a careful inspection of the dangers involved.

After sending some of the party with our best stores to make a portage, and fixed others on the rock to assist with ropes the canoes that might meet with any difficulty, we began the descent, in the presence of great numbers of Indians who had collected to witness this exploit. The channel for three miles is worn through a hard, rough, black rock from fifty to one hundred yards wide, in which the water swells and boils in a tremendous manner. The three first [*sic*] canoes escaped very well; the fourth, however, had nearly filled with water; the fifth passed through with only a small quantity of water over her. At half a mile we had got through the worst part, and having reloaded our canoes went on very well for two and a half miles, except that one of the boats was nearly lost by running against a rock. At the end of this channel of three miles, . . . we reached a deep basin or bend of the river toward the right, near the entrance of which are two rocks. We crossed the basin, which has a quiet and gentle current, and at the distance of a mile from its commencement, and a little below where the river resumes its channel, reached a rock which divides it.

And here they "smoked a parting pipe" with the two chiefs, Twisted-hair and Tetoh, who had, from the Kooskoo-see, been to them guides, philosophers, and friends. These fine fellows had each bought a horse and were to return home by land.

Within five miles after again setting out, the explorers reached the mouth of a (Quenett, or Mill) creek on the left and

halted below it under a high point of rocks on the left, and as it was necessary to make some celestial observations we formed a camp on the top of these rocks. This situation [Fort Rock] is perfectly well calculated for defence in case the Indians should incline to attack us, for the rocks form a sort of natural fortification with the aid of the river and the creek.



Grant's Castle, on the Columbia River, Characteristic of Columbia River Bluffs.

Of all the reaches of the Columbia River none is, or ever will be, more observed than that between the Great Falls and the lower extremity of the Dalles, or, as modern names go, from Celilo to Dalles City. It is a most interesting bit of scenery and historically has played an important part in

the narrative of every adventurer or explorer who ever ascended or descended the river.

The French word *Dalles*, meaning slabs, or flagstones, has been applied, in a technical sense, to that part of the stream extending from the Great Falls to the end of the Narrows, or the obstructed portion of the river, a distance of between twelve and fifteen miles, but popularly, the name is used in a somewhat wider sense than this. The word refers to the enormous blocks or slabs of basalt which beset the stream and completely block further navigation, which latter now extends from Astoria and the mouth of the river entirely to the Narrows. Mrs. Victor gives *Winquat*, "surrounded by rocky cliffs," as the Indian name for the Dalles.

This piece of river between the Dalles and the Cascades may very appropriately have been called Robbers' Roost, Rogues' Cañon, Freebooters' Pass, or the Devil's Gorge. The Indians here seem to have been pretty generally possessed of the devil, and in very early days to have harried every exploring or trading party that passed down the stream. Numbers alone prevented or lessened wanton insult and injury, while even then stealing and pilfering were most ingeniously and successfully practised. The experiences of Lewis and Clark on their return journey, exasperating as they were, were mild and scarcely worth mentioning in comparison with the tribulations of some of those who came later. Many of the early writers who navigated the stream, particularly Ross Cox, in *Adventures on the Columbia River* in 1812 *et seq.*, and Irving, in *Astoria*, devote pages to describing the difficulties and dangers from the Indians which here beset them. Parker, however, in 1835 appears to have passed without annoyances, and was even assisted by the Indians.

The Indian village of Wishram, which occupies so prominent a part of Irving's narrative, was situated at the

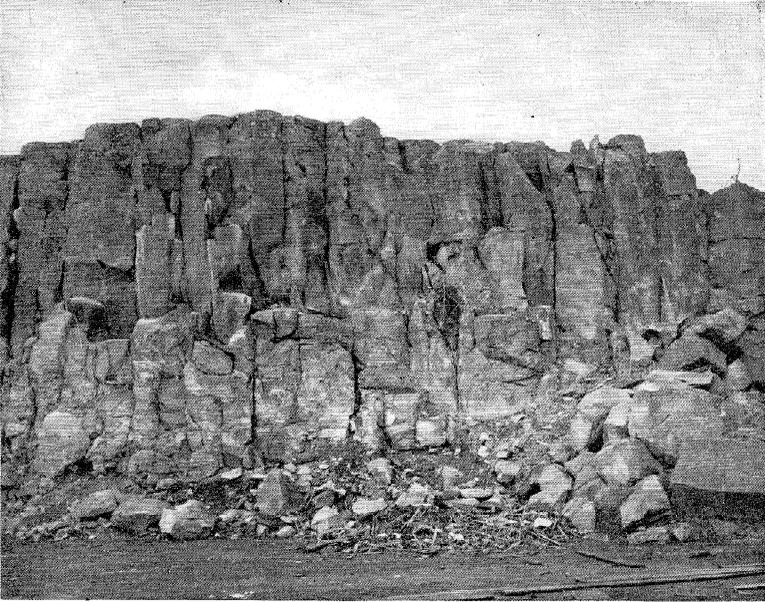
head of the Long Narrows, or, probably, at the point where our Captains found the large Echeloot village. I have seen this part of the Columbia several times. I have driven among the rocks and over the trackless sand-dunes and clambered about the basaltic slabs, or flagstones, where I have picked up arrow points, in order to study and examine the locality. The places named by the explorers may easily be identified.

In 1902 I drove up to the Narrows, and, under the guidance of S. L. Brooks, of Dalles City, struggled across a part of the river bed which, at high water, is a rushing torrent, to the brink of the long narrow channel and chasm through which Lewis and Clark took their canoes, where I overlooked the swirling waters as they boiled and raged. The "deep bend or basin" towards the right, with the two rocks at the entrance and its "quiet and gentle" waters beyond, were in plain view.

As we drove homeward along the high ground on the left or south bank, we had a wide, sweeping view both up and down the river for miles. In the distance, to the west, the Cascade Range closed in upon the stream; somewhat nearer at hand were the spires and chimneys and houses of Dalles City climbing the hillside; and behind us was the wide, basalt-strewn river channel, with here and there a bit of shining water. Dimly could we descry, at intervals, an Indian hut or two on the rocks or sands, a reminder of the ancient *régime*, while, as if to emphasize the great change which had overtaken the region aside from the unchangeableness of nature itself, a railway train with Pullman coaches filled with people came whirling along the track beneath us bound for Portland. And then, as if to complete the picture appropriately, from among the shadows cast by the waning day and out from the sombre rocks far over on the other side of the river, following one of the many

narrow, thread-like channels, crept an Indian canoe bound for the town below.

The narrative says that from the point where the parting pipe was smoked with the chiefs, "the river is gentle, but strewn with a great number of rocks for a few miles."



Fort Rock, at Mouth of Quenett, or Mill, Creek, the Dalles, Oregon, where Lewis and Clark Camped in October, 1805, and in April, 1806.

Down this rocky stretch this other, modern canoe wound its way, the dripping paddles flashing as they were raised from the water by the descendants of those whom Lewis and Clark had met here. We kept abreast of them, and both reached Dalles City at the same time.

Without doubt a series of locks will ere long be constructed around the Dalles, as has been done at the Cascades below, in which work the quiet and navigable stretches of

water noted by Lewis and Clark will be utilized. By so doing many miles of river now useless will be rendered available for navigation.

The spot at which the expedition camped is just below the steamboat landing at Dalles City, and across Mill Creek, or Quenett, or Quinett Creek, as the explorers understood the Indians to call it.

The place is a somewhat remarkable one. A great flow of lava extends from the hills to the river, and is bordered on the north by the great river and on the east by the creek. Following down the creek and around the river the face of this basalt plain is for the most part an absolutely vertical escarpment from twenty to sixty feet high, with here and there a break in the columnar face, forming a sort of stairway. Some distance up, and back from the mouth of the creek, this verticality gives way to a much less precipitous face, and when the party returned in 1806 they went up the creek and around the bend to encamp.

At the base of this basalt sheet, on the creek side, and jammed up against the cliff, the railroad round-house and shops now stand, a trestle leading to them across Quenett Creek.

One morning I made my way across this trestle and climbed to the top of the rocky plain. It is a curious spot, and the appropriateness of the name of Fort Rock, given to it by Lewis and Clark, flashed over me in an instant. Besides the vertical cliff faces mentioned, I found that the surface above was besprinkled with depressions from ten to thirty feet deep, some small in area, but many quite large, and having vertical sides, thus forming natural fort-like places for camp and defence. One spot in particular impressed me, from its situation, size, and adaptability, as being very likely the identical one where these adventurers unrolled their beds and kindled their camp-fires.

From this rock they saw Mt. Hood, "the falls mountain or timms mountain," as they then termed it, "toped with snow." Mt. Hood from this spot is a picture. Clean-cut, like a cameo, white, with everlasting snows and glaciers; monolithic in appearance and comparatively near at hand, it lives in one's memory like a strain of rapturous music from one of the masters.

At Fort Rock they made more "celestial observations," entertained the Indians, in doing which Cruzatte's fiddle was strong medicine, and incidentally studied ethnology.

The Echeloots they found to be, linguistically, quite different from the Eneeshurs above the falls, although but a few miles from them. The former were the first members of the Chinookan family the expedition had met; the latter were the last of the Shahaptian family, the dividing line between these families falling at the Dalles, and the Echeloot or Chinook jargon was not current linguistic coin above the Dalles.

Regarding some characteristics of these people the journal remarks:

To all these tribes the strange clucking or guttural noise which first struck us is common. They also flatten the heads of their children in nearly the same manner; but we now begin to observe that the heads of males, as well as of the other sex, are subjected to this operation, whereas among the mountains the custom has confined it almost to the females.

Swan, in *The Northwest Coast*, discusses the language of these people at some length. "This jargon," he says, "is composed of Chenook, French, and English languages," and it was not, as was formerly supposed, formed by the Hudson's Bay Company for trade purposes. He thought it an old language on the coast, and as to sounds, it seemed to be "a compound of the gruntings of a pig and the clucking of a hen." His explanation of this sound is this:

The peculiar clucking sound is produced by the tongue pressing against the roof of the mouth, and pronouncing a word ending with *tl* as if there was the letter *k* at the end of the *tl*; but it is impossible, in any form or method of spelling that I know of, to convey the proper guttural clucking sound. Sometimes they will, as if for amusement, end all their words with *tl*; and the effect is ludicrous to hear three or four talking at the same time with this singular sound, like so many sitting hens.

Parker thus refers to the practice of piercing the noses and flattening the heads:

These Indians are the only real Flatheads and Nez Percés, or pierced noses, I have found. They both flatten their heads and pierce their noses. The flattening of their heads is not so great a deformity as is generally supposed. From a little above the eyes to the apex or crown of the head, there is a depression, but not generally in adult persons very noticeable. The piercing of the nose is a greater deformity, and is done by inserting two small tapering white shells [*dentalium*], about two inches long, through the lower part of the cartilaginous division of the nose.

It is stated that both these practices were discontinued many years ago.

In the very early days the Methodist Episcopal Church established a mission at the Dalles, which was afterward turned over to the Presbyterians; it was abandoned by them at the breaking out of the Cayuse Indian war in 1847.

On October 28th the explorers once more started down the river, not to be again bothered with rocks and portages until the Cascades were reached.

They now began to see evidences of the occasional presence of white men on the river. An Indian visited them having on a round hat and a sailer's pea jacket. At some of the Indian villages, of the Chilluckittequaw tribe—Chinookans—they saw a British musket, a cutlass, brass tea-kettles, a sword, blue and scarlet cloth, etc., obtained from the traders.



463 Lower Columbia River Indians of the Present Time, and their Rash-Mat Houses.

Having left the rocks behind, they meet another foe in the shape of head winds. Between the Dalles and the Cascades the river is apt to be swept by strong winds, particularly in the vicinity of Wind Mountain, which the party are now approaching. On one of my trips up the Columbia in a steamer the Storm King had his grip on mountain and river here-about and we were regaled with a magnificent storm effect. The mountains rise high, are heavily timbered, and form gigantic headlands. As the rain swept in heavy sheets across the wide river or along the slopes, deluging everything it touched; with the white, more fleecy clouds, nestling about the higher peaks and the heavier masses hugging closely the lower slopes or depressions; and with a constant shifting and changing of the entire panorama, it formed a scene of grandeur not soon forgotten.

Not far below the Dalles and passed by the party on October 29th, is the real Sepulchre, or Memaloose Island, or rock, one of the many burial-places of the river Indians and the best known of them. This island lies in the middle of the river, is in plain view from passing trains and steamers, from which can be seen the remains of the old burial houses, or vaults, many of which have tumbled to ruin. Lewis and Clark counted "13 vaults" on this rock on their return in 1806, "some of them more than half filled with dead bodies." But its noteworthy feature now is, that on the most prominent elevation a white man, "Vic" Trevett, an old Oregon pioneer, already named in connection with the town of Lewiston, lies buried. Trevett died in San Francisco in 1883 and requested that his remains be interred on the island. This was done and a plain but substantial monument placed over his body. From the commanding point upon which the monument is placed it is naturally a very conspicuous object and attracts the attention of travellers, to the island. I recently visited this sepulchral spot and found myself in a

place of the dead, truly enough. Grinning skulls, bleached bones, beads, Indian utensils of all sorts, and decaying charnel houses are visible everywhere.

The stream now known as Hood River, Lewis and Clark called Labiche's River after one of the party, and at the mouth of the little river we now find the town of Hood River.

From this point, twenty-seven miles of stage-coach travel



Memaloose Alahee, or Sepulchre Island, Columbia River. Shows the Trevett Monument and the Remains of Old Indian Burial Huts and Indian Skeletons.

for a few miles alongside the brawling Hood River itself, and then through the Cascade forest, now take the traveller to Cloud Cap Inn, perched upon a jutting shoulder of Mt. Hood, 6500 feet above sea level.

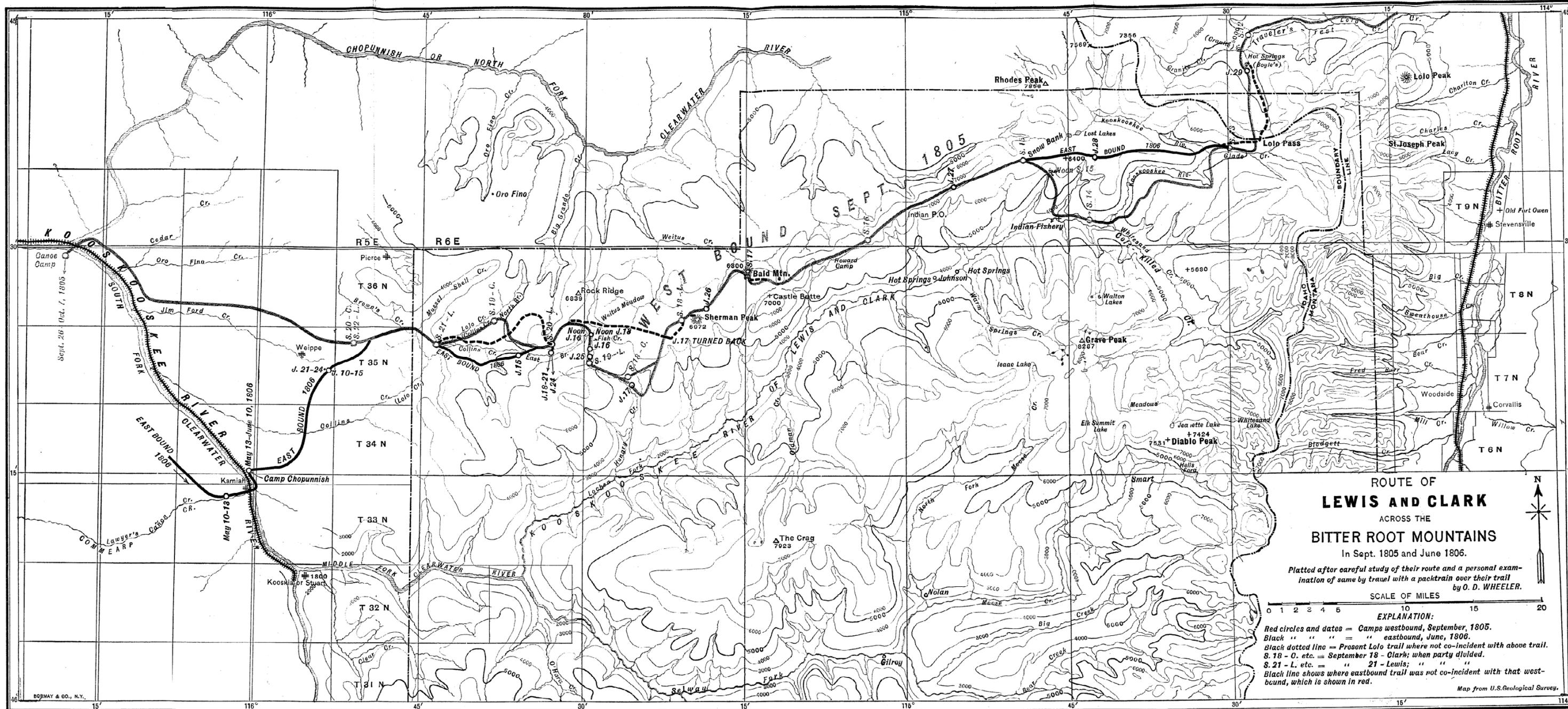
The inn is a quaint tavern of logs, granite, and angles, one story in height. A platform on the roof affords a view

wonderful indeed, in its scope and character, and such as can be found only in this region. From the windows of dining-room, lounging-room, and bedroom, the eye roams o'er a wide, rolling, black and green, corrugated landscape, the great Cascade Forest, punctuated by white obelisks, Mts. Rainier, Adams, and St. Helens, while the gorge of the great Columbia is faintly seen. In distances from Hood, these peaks range from about sixty miles for St. Helens to more than one hundred for Mount Rainier.

Mount Hood is peculiar in that from whatever side I have yet seen it, it appears the same—one sharp, angular peak and only one, a mammoth, natural, alabaster-like pyramid. In the early days it was thought to be 19,000 feet high, but it is really only 11,225 feet in height.

The narrative, on October 29th, refers to the Rocky Mountain goat, which, having the skin only to refer to, the explorers unfortunately called a sheep, and thereby caused a great deal of confusion for naturalists. This remarkable animal, *Oreamnos montanus*, has been in the past, and is even now, in the popular mind, very generally confused with another equally remarkable animal, the Rocky Mountain sheep, or "big horn," *Ovis montana*, although there is not the slightest superficial resemblance between them. Had the explorers seen the goat itself, having already seen the sheep, they would have easily noted the difference.

The writer has a vivid recollection of a fall hunt some years since in the Bitter Root Mountains,—south from where Lewis and Clark crossed the range,—under the guidance of Mr. Wright, after these same white goats. Such a quest one cares for just once and no more. The experience is an interesting, fascinating, but very fatiguing one, as these animals usually frequent the highest, most inaccessible parts of the range. They are stupid brutes, not difficult to hunt if properly approached, and their heads make attractive



**ROUTE OF
LEWIS AND CLARK**
 ACROSS THE
BITTER ROOT MOUNTAINS
 In Sept. 1805 and June 1806.

Platted after careful study of their route and a personal examination of same by travel with a packtrain over their trail
 by O. D. WHEELER.

SCALE OF MILES

0 1 2 3 4 6 10 15 20

- EXPLANATION:**
- Red circles and dates = Camps westbound, September, 1805.
 - Black " " " = " eastbound, June, 1806.
 - Black dotted line = Present Lolo trail where not co-incident with above trail.
 - S. 18 - O, etc. = September 18 - Clark; when party divided.
 - S. 21 - L, etc. = " 21 - Lewis; " " "
 - Black line shows where eastbound trail was not co-incident with that westbound, which is shown in red.

Map from U.S. Geological Survey.

wall ornaments for a hunter's den, and their thick, white, long-haired skins make fine floor rugs.

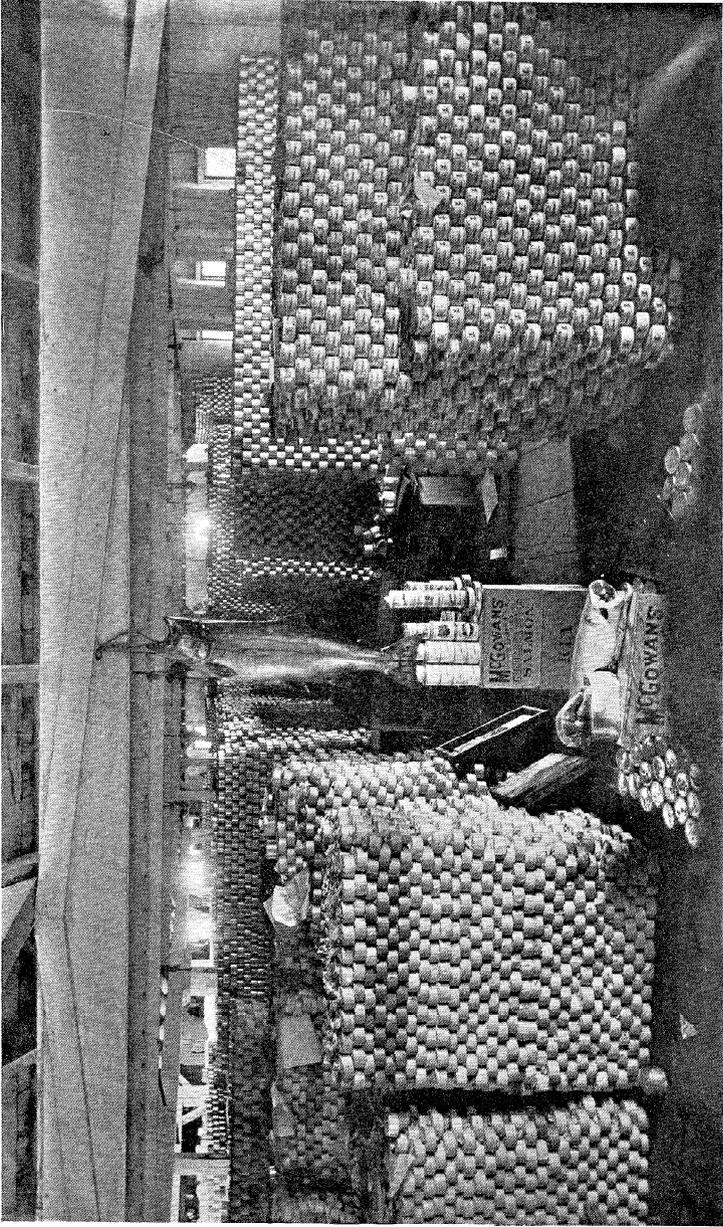
The range of the goat is quite extensive, reaching from Montana and Idaho and the Cascade Range northward into British Columbia and Alaska. In hunting the "big horn," or sheep, the hunter has to contend with a quite different animal, one vigilant, wary, very active, and hard to approach.

On October 30th the travellers reached the now well-known and historical Cascades.

The Cascades comprise a stretch of several miles of river known as the Upper and Lower Cascades. Some writers have added a third division, the Middle Cascades. The Upper Cascades are the Cascades proper, and here are found the greatest fall and the finest scenery. This is the site of Lewis and Clark's "Great Shoot." At this point the river wheels suddenly at right angles, from west to south, and rushes down over a somewhat acute pitch for four hundred yards, as the explorers state, then, sharply turning again from south to west, it resumes its former general course.

The river at the Upper Cascades, at the first turn, the point of greatest velocity, narrows to less than half the average width of the stream above, and the channel is strewn with rocks and rocky islets. The fall of twenty feet, as given by Lewis and Clark, is not meant for the entire descent here, but for the "Great Shoot" alone, the total fall being some forty feet or even more. Dr. J. S. Newberry gives the descent as "sixty feet in three miles."

Most of the early writers devote considerable space to describing the Cascades. One of the best of these accounts which has come under my observation is that of Major Osborne Cross, who, in 1849, accompanied a regiment of United States riflemen across the country and down the Columbia. Cross describes the Cascades as they were before the Government improvements were begun.



Interior of Salmon Cannery on the Columbia River. 200,000 Cans of Salmon in Sight.

The Cascade of the Columbia River [he says] is not more than three-quarters of a mile in length, and there is no part where the water has a perpendicular fall. At the commencement of the rapid the rocks project from the left bank, and form a reef partly under water, until it nearly crosses to the upper island. This is the first ripple where the water receives an increased velocity, and glides swiftly down for about a quarter of a mile, when it passes a high rock, and, in a short distance, meets with some half dozen more, where it commences to boil and foam with all its fury. The river between the island and left bank contracts considerably, and the whole column of water of the Columbia River passes down over masses of rock, forming in its way whirlpools through the whole distance, which cause the water to roll up as if there were some immense pressure below. It makes a magnificent scene; the sublimity of it can hardly be described or surpassed.

Lewis and Clark camped on an island right at the head of the rapids just above the point of portage. While Lewis went up to an Indian village just above them, Clark, with Cruzatte, "the principal waterman," and Jos. Fields, went down stream for three miles to inspect the portage and rapids. On the following morning he continued his exploration, finding several abandoned villages and an old burial-ground.

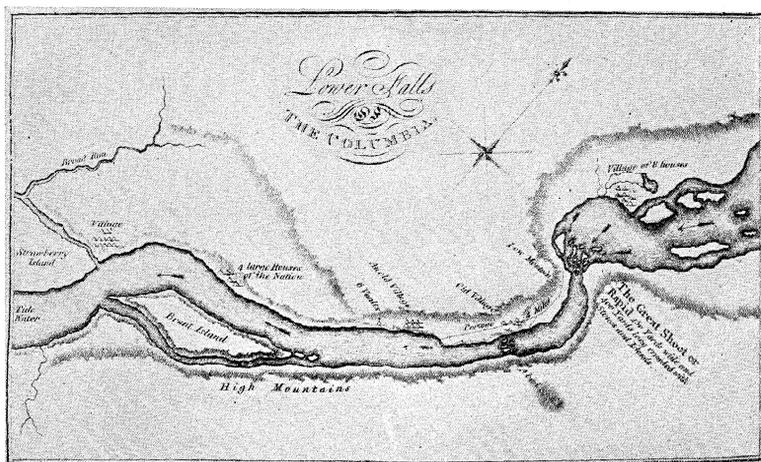
The explorers seem to have made no attempt at fine descriptive writing after Lewis's effort at the Great Falls of the Missouri. In regard to the Cascades they give only the bare facts, leaving the finer touches to later travellers. A part of their description reads as follows:

At the extremity of the basin in which is situated the island where we are encamped, several rocks and rocky islands are interspersed through the bed of the river. The rocks on each side have fallen down from the mountains; that on the left being high, and on the right the hill itself, which is lower, slipping into the river, so that the current is here compressed within a space of one hundred and fifty yards.

The appearance of the mountains here seems to the layman indicative of landslides, to which cause are also

attributed other phenomena seen above the Cascades, viz.: the so-called submerged forest, and the quiet, almost currentless, lake-like stretch of water between the Cascades and the Dalles, due to an obstruction at the Cascades.

These phenomena are referred to by Lewis and Clark on their return journey, which I will to this extent anticipate:



Photographic Reproduction of the Map Made by Lewis and Clark of the Lower Falls, or the Cascades, of the Columbia River. The Cascades are "The Great Shoot."

From the Rapids [the Cascades] to this place [the Fort Rock and the Dalles], and indeed as far as the commencement of the Narrows, the Columbia is from half a mile to three-quarters in width, and possesses scarcely any current. . . . During the whole course of the Columbia from the Rapids to the Chilluckitquaws are the trunks of many large pine trees standing erect in water, which is thirty feet deep at present, and never less than ten. These trees could never have grown in their present state, for they are all very much doated [*i. e.*, decayed], and none of them vegetate; so that the only reasonable account which can be given of this phenomenon is that at some period, which the appearance of the trees induces us to fix within twenty years, the rocks from the hillsides have obstructed the narrow

pass at the rapids and caused the river to spread through the woods.

Apparently, whole mountain-sides have been ripped, sliced, torn violently from the mother range, and slid boldly toward and into the stream. Above the Cascades, near Viento, the stumps of submerged trees may be seen in the water along the beach.

Dr. Newberry,¹ however, gives another explanation for the obstructive dam. He says:

As I have mentioned, the vicinity of the falls [Cascades] has been the scene of recent volcanic action. A consequence of this action has been the precipitation of a portion of the wall bordering the stream into its bed. This impediment acting as a dam, has raised the level of the water above the Cascades, giving to the stream its lake-like appearance, and submerging a portion of the trees which lined its banks. Of these trees, killed by the water, the stumps of many are still standing, and by their degree of preservation attest the modern date of the catastrophe.

Latterly, scientific men have accounted for these phenomena by two other theories. Captain Dutton claims it to be due to "an uplift" of the mountain country, some five and one half miles wide, across the stream, which dammed and gradually raised the river above the obstruction. Mr. Emmons of the United States Geological Survey refers favorably to an Indian legend that a natural bridge once existed here, across which the Indians of distant generations crossed the river dry-shod. The lava stream spread across the river, resting on an unstable, friable conglomerate, which in time was eaten away by the water, leaving a natural lava bridge, and this eventually tumbled in and formed the dam. Writing to my friend, G. K. Gilbert, Chief Geologist of the United States Geological Survey, regarding these phenomena, he

¹ *Pacific Railway Reports*—Report of Lieut. Abbott, 1855, p. 55 of Newberry's Geological Report.

replied that, after considerable study of them, based upon his own independent observations in 1899, he "was satisfied that Newberry had given the true explanation."

The Indian tradition of the bridge has taken firm hold of many minds and one hears much of it in the Oregon country. It has been woven into a novel entitled *The Bridge of the Gods*.

Below the Cascades and the portage, Captain Clark, in his exploration,

came to a house, the only remnant of a town which, from its appearance, must have been of great antiquity. . . .

About half a mile below this house, in a very thick part of the woods, is an ancient burial place; it consists of eight vaults made of pine or cedar boards closely connected, about eight feet square and six in height; the top covered with wide boards sloping a little, so as to convey off the rain; the direction of all of them [*i. e.*, the vaults] is east and west, the door being on the eastern side, and partially stopped with wide boards decorated with rude pictures of men and other animals. On entering we found in some of them four dead bodies, carefully wrapped in skins, tied with cords of grass and bark, lying on a mat in a direction east and west. The other vaults contained only bones, which were in some of them piled to the height of four feet; on the tops of the vaults and on poles attached to them hung brass kettles and frying-pans with holes in their bottoms, baskets, bowls, sea-shells, skins, pieces of cloth, hair, bags of trinkets, and small bones, the offerings of friendship or affection. . . . The whole of the walls as well as the door were decorated with strange figures cut and painted on them; and besides these were several wooden images of men, some of them so old and decayed as to have almost lost their shape.

Ross Cox, in his *Adventures on the Columbia River*—in 1812-17—verifies Lewis and Clark's description of this cemetery "in the most gloomy part of the wood," and says that there were nine excavations.

Several of the boards are carved and painted with rude representations of men, bears, wolves, and animals unknown.

Some in green, others in white and red, and all most hideously unlike nature.

Parker mentions seeing these "depositories" of the dead in 1835, and also the forsaken villages.

In 1849, Major Cross wrote of these graves that they were

in a large, dense grove of hemlock and fir trees, whose limbs spread a shade over the whole spot, almost excluding the light of heaven, . . . which seemed, in defiance of the foliage, to shed its rays, now and then, upon the tombs of the dead. . . . Heaps of bones of all sizes and ages were lying about, and . . . all shapes, as far as the head was considered; for these people have a singular fancy, peculiar to themselves, of flattening the forehead. . . . Many of these skulls had been removed and scattered through the woods by persons, whose curiosity being satisfied, had dropped them where the wagon wheels had pounded them into dust.

Time, the railroad, and excavation by the whites have about obliterated this old sepulchral spot. The writer was presented with a string of the blue and white beads so prized by the natives which were gathered at this place.

Before making the portage the explorers witnessed an exploit by an Indian that exhibited the audacity of these natives and the risks they would incur in what we consider trivial matters:

One of the men shot a goose, which fell into the river and was floating rapidly toward the great shoot, when an Indian observing it plunged in after it. The whole mass of the waters of the Columbia, just preparing to descend its narrow channel, carried the animal down with great rapidity. The Indian followed it fearlessly to within one hundred and fifty feet of the rocks, where he would inevitably have been dashed to pieces; but seizing his prey he turned round and swam ashore with great composure. We very willingly relinquished our right to the bird in favor of the Indian who had thus saved it at the imminent hazard of his life.

The Indians at the Cascades—Clahclellahs—did not impress the Captains favorably. They were dirty, uncouth, ugly looking, weak-eyed, and they pierced their noses and flattened their heads.

On November 1st, the party successfully passed the Cascades, carrying the contents of the canoes overland and



Bridal Veil Falls, Columbia River.

letting the canoes down the rocks and rapids as best they could. Three of the canoes were somewhat damaged in making the portage and had to be repaired before going farther. They made but seven miles "from the head of the shoot" and camped at the head of a rapid near a village on the north shore at the head of Strawberry Island.

Until recent years the Cascades blocked continuous navigation beyond them to the Dalles on the upper river, but after fifteen years or more of work and an expenditure of

between three and four millions of dollars, the Government has now in operation a splendid lock at the Cascades, through which steamers pass with scarcely any loss of time.

“The Cascades” was an important military point in the days of Oregon emigration and settlement. There was often more or less trouble with the Indians, consequently block-houses were built and garrisons and military supplies kept there. The Cayuse war in the forties and the Yakima war in the fifties were serious affairs.

One of the block-houses was located on a prominent knoll on the north shore not far from, and overlooking, the island on which Lewis and Clark camped in 1805. The other house was situated midway between the Upper and Lower Cascades and stood on level ground. The lower block-house—this spot was called the *Middle Cascades* by many—was erected in 1855 and withstood an attack by Indians. The one on the hill at the Upper Cascades was built in 1856, but was never attacked. Both have long since shared the fate of the Indian villages and burial houses and have crumbled to decay, but a loopholed log from the latter fortress is said to be preserved in the Museum at Portland, Oregon.

I do not find that Lewis and Clark ever used the term “cascade” in connection with this range, and seldom, indeed, did they use the word itself. “Rapids” and “shoots” were generally used when rapid water was referred to. At one place they say, “of that chain of mountains in which Mounts Hood and Jefferson are so conspicuous, . . .” as if the idea of giving it a name was farthest from their thoughts. Neither the edition of 1840 nor that of 1844, of Parker’s *Journal of an Exploring Tour*, etc., contains the word “cascade” used in this connection, nor does his map, bearing date, 1838 show it. Frémont—in 1843–44—uses, at one point, the words, “The Cascade or California Range.” Later, he says:

We were now approaching one of the marked features of the lower Columbia, where the river forms a great *cascade*, with a series of rapids. . . . The main branch of the *Sacramento* River and the *Tlamath* [Klamath] issue in cascades from this range, and the Columbia, breaking through it in a succession of cascades, gives the idea of cascades to the whole range, and hence the name of the CASCADE RANGE. . . .

John Lambert, one of Governor Stevens's topographers in 1854, had a quite different idea as to what suggested the name, as the following will indicate:

Going down the Columbia, the reason of the Cascade Mountains being so named becomes apparent on the steep sides of that tremendous chasm. . . . Foremost among the wonders that attract the admiring gaze of travelers are the numerous and beautiful little falls which pour from every crevice, at every height, and frequently from the very mountain top. . . . As many as twelve of these fairy cascades can be counted within view in a single reach of the river. Some, descending from hanging rocks, are dissolved in spray less than half way down the fall; others steal down the crooked crannies of the mountain, never actually leaving their steep channels in which they glisten like a snow-wreath; and not a few seem as though they were frozen on the mountain side, so regular and imperceptible is the motion of the water, and a telescope is necessary to prove that they really are what they barely seem to be. Most of them are but tiny threads of foam; but on turning a projecting and sheltering cliff, there is found another little beauty in a nook adorned by groups of evergreens, where the water pours over a broader ledge, and spreads into a veil such as Undine might have worn.

Whoever formally suggested the name, or whether, like Topsy, it just "grewed" from either or both of the foregoing ideas, Lambert's description is a very truthful one of the many beautiful cascades that go tumbling down the sides of the cliffs.

An attempt was once made by Hall J. Kelley, an irrepresible Eastern enthusiast over the Oregon country, to rename the Cascade Range the Presidents Range, and this

attempt was seriously seconded by others. This patriotic nomenclature was inspired by the deep feeling engendered by the discussions over the Oregon question, and by the fact that the prominent peaks of the range, Baker, Rainier, St. Helens, Hood, etc., were named by Captain George Vancouver and his officers of the British Navy. In the readjustment of names growing out of this new¹ nomenclature, the important peaks were to be named after the Presidents, and Mt. Hood was to become Mt. Washington; Mt. St. Helens, Mt. John Adams; Mt. Rainier, Mt. Harrison; Mt. Shasta, Mt. Monroe; Mt. Pitt, Mt. Jackson; Mt. Baker, Mt. Polk; etc. The idea did not prevail, however, and the old names still remain.

Lieutenant Broughton, one of Vancouver's subordinates, named Mt. Hood, in 1792, after Lord Hood, of England; Mt. St. Helens was so called, also by Mr. Broughton, in honor of the British Ambassador to Madrid; Mt. Rainier was named by Vancouver for Rear-Admiral Rainier of the English Navy, and Mt. Baker was so called for Lieutenant Baker, a subordinate under Vancouver, who first of Vancouver's fleet saw it in 1792. The Indian names for some of these peaks were, for St. Helens, Lah-me-lát-cla or clough, meaning "fire mountain"; for Rainier, Ta-hó-ma, "nourishing breast" or "snow-covered mountain," both meanings being given for the word; for Mt. Hood, Páh-to, a "high, sloping mountain," which name seems also to have been applied by the natives to Mt. Adams.

Many interesting legends are told by the Indians concerning these glacial peaks. In one of these a terrible battle was fought between Rainier and St. Helens for the sovereignty of the region. Flames shot from their summits, smoke hid the sky, the earth trembled, great rocks were

¹ *Oregon and California in 1848*, J. Quinn Thornton, Harper & Bros., New York.

hurled at each other, and ashes and gravel were rained upon the waters of the sea which then flowed about them, and the interior plains and valleys were burned and strewn with the volcanic débris which was belched forth. The birds finally took the matter in hand and removed Ta-hó-ma far inland and matters then quieted down.



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Beacon Rock of Lewis and Clark—Columbia River. Now Known as Castle Rock.

The explorers, having now reached tide-water, saw many sea otters in the river; on November 2d, they resumed their journey. Taking no chances, they carried "the baggage by land" and then safely navigated a rapid, reloaded the canoes, and swept down the Columbia.

With what joy they must have penned "the rapid we have just passed is the last of all the descents of the Columbia"! As we read it, it is matter of fact enough, but what a relief the *fact* itself meant to them!

The narrative continues:

In the meadow to the right, and at some distance from the hills, stands a high, perpendicular rock, about eight hundred feet high and four hundred yards round the base; this we called the Beacon Rock.

On the return journey they say:

Beacon Rock, which we now observed more accurately than as we descended, stands on the north side of the river, insulated from the hills. The northern side has a partial growth of fir or pine. To the south it rises in an unbroken precipice to the height of seven hundred feet, where it terminates in a sharp point, and may be seen at the distance of twenty miles below.

This noble rock stands to-day just as it did when Lewis and Clark saw it. It is one of the unchangeable objects along the river; an isolated as well as an *insulated* landmark visible for many miles down the river, and, to the ungeological individual, appears to have slid bodily from the mountain back of it. It is a very precipitous rock, and is not known to have been climbed until the summer of 1891.

Parker called this Pillar Rock, and it is now generally known as Castle Rock, but the name given to it by Lewis and Clark should be restored.

The following extract means far more than it expresses in cold print, as I know from similar experiences:

The mountains on each side, are covered with pine, spruce-pine, cottonwood, a species of ash, and some alder. After being so long accustomed to the dreary nakedness of the country above, the change is as grateful to the eye as it is useful in supplying us with fuel.

The river now becomes wide, a great and mighty tidal stream, varying from one mile in width to ten or twelve miles wide down near the ocean. Ten miles below Beacon Rock "is a rock rising from the middle of the river to the height

of one hundred feet, and about eighty yards [in diameter] at its base." This is Lone Rock, near a landing-place for Columbia River steamers now.

The expedition swept on rapidly down the great river, meeting many Indians, who, although not Flatheads or Shoshones in character, yet knew how to navigate the Columbia in their large, serviceable canoes of peculiar construction and appearance, and they knew, too, how to pilfer deftly. Through these lower Columbia River Indians the party made acquaintance with the wappatoo, an edible root of great value to the Indians, "round in shape, and about the size of a small Irish potato." This became a common article of diet with the explorers.

The Indians on the lower river were not afraid of the adventurers, being familiar with whites through the traders who came up the stream, and on November 6th the party met an Indian who could speak some words of English.

In passing down, and again up the Columbia, the Captains noted most of the affluent streams, the islands, and many of the striking headlands, cliffs, and palisades that now so delight the traveller. In the mutations of time nearly all of the names of these places have been changed. Thus, Beacon Rock has, as we have seen, become Castle Rock; Diamond Island, is now Government Island; Wappatoo Island is Sauvie's Island; Point William is Tongue Point, etc. Lone Rock, rising from the middle of the river near Cape Horn, was noted, but Cape Horn itself, a high and mighty cliff, seems to have been passed without notice or comment. The party camped one night under the lee of "a high projecting rock, . . ." which from its description might be Rooster Rock, but the location as given in the narrative hardly fits the spot. Below the mouth of the Cowlitz River, which they call the Coweliske, "a very remarkable knob rises from the water's edge to the height of eighty feet, being

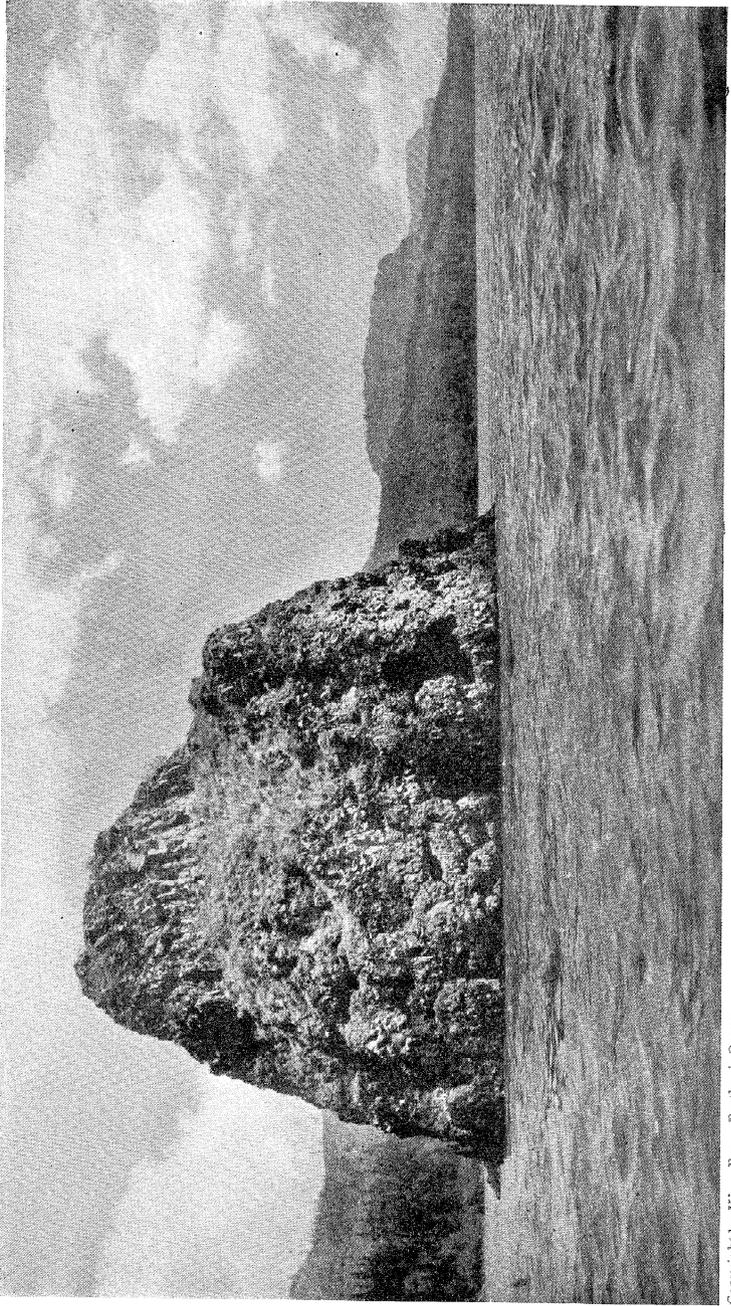
two hundred paces around the base; as it is in a low part of the island, at some distance from the high grounds, its appearance is very singular." This was Mt. Coffin of present maps, and was a Memaloose Alahee, or Ilahee, the place of the departed, whence the name. Referring to this rock, which he estimates is one hundred and fifty feet high, Irving says in *Astoria*:

This was held in great reverence by the neighboring Indians, being one of their principal places of sepulture. The same provident care for the deceased that prevails among the hunting tribes of the prairies is observable among the piscatory tribes of the rivers and sea-coast. Among the former the favorite horse of the hunter is buried with him in the same funereal mound, and his bow and arrows are laid by his side, that he may be perfectly equipped for the "happy hunting grounds" of the land of spirits. Among the latter, the Indian is wrapped in his mantle of skins, laid in his canoe, with his paddle, his fishing spear, and other implements beside him, and placed aloft on some rock or other eminence overlooking the river, or bay, or lake, that he has frequented.

The isolated rock in question presented a spectacle of the kind, numerous dead bodies [with their funeral trappings] being deposited in canoes on its summit [from which came the name of the knob].

On November 7th they saw a fine mountain to the southwest. This was Saddle Mountain, so named, and very suitably by Wilkes in 1842, from its resemblance to a saddle.

This day was memorable in another way. Soon after leaving camp in the morning the fog, which is quite prevalent on the lower river, cleared away, and the ocean, supposedly, broke upon their view. Clark tells the story in his own way, and shows more sentiment and enthusiasm than usual for him. "Great joy in camp, we are in *view* of the *Ocian*, this great Pacific Octian which we have been so long anxious to see, and the roeing or noise made by the waves brakeing on the rocky shores (as I suppose) may be heard distictly."



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Lone Rock, Upper Columbia River, about 50 Miles above Portland, Oregon.

No wonder they felt joyful at the outlook. The goal was almost reached, after innumerable hardships, more of which were yet to come, but the great "object of all our labors, the reward of all our anxieties" was all but attained, and they could well rejoice.

Nevertheless, it is hardly possible that the party then really saw the ocean. During one of my trips on the river, with this very point in mind, I was particular to study the situation from the pilot-house of a steamer. Being extremely uncertain about it, I laid the case before the Captain, an intelligent and experienced river man, and he replied that the "ocean" could *not* be seen from there, but that *during a storm* the breakers *could* be heard. No storm, however, is noted by Lewis and Clark at this point.

The width of the Columbia just above Astoria and Tongue Point is between twelve and fifteen miles, and at the bar, between Point Adams and Cape Disappointment, it is six or seven miles wide, so that, while a wide expanse of water was undoubtedly visible, it seems questionable whether the explorers really saw the ocean, or, perhaps, even heard its "roaring," at that time.

Immediately opposite the explorers' camp of November 7th there rose in mid-stream another black lava rock "20 feet in diameter and 50 in height." This was Pillar Rock, but quite different in appearance from Lone Rock above. Both these rocks are seen from all passing steamers.

A new and decidedly uncomfortable experience now began to afflict the party. This was fog and rain, which was and is such a feature of the lower Columbia and which was to become an every-day thing with them at Fort Clatsop. The tide also troubled them. Their camping places were on low, narrow, and rocky spots which the rising tide flooded, especially if the wind was blowing up the river.

November 8th they camped on the west side of Willow

“nitch,” or bay, now Gray’s Bay, on the north side of the river. Here they had a hard time of it. A part of the journal for the 9th reads:

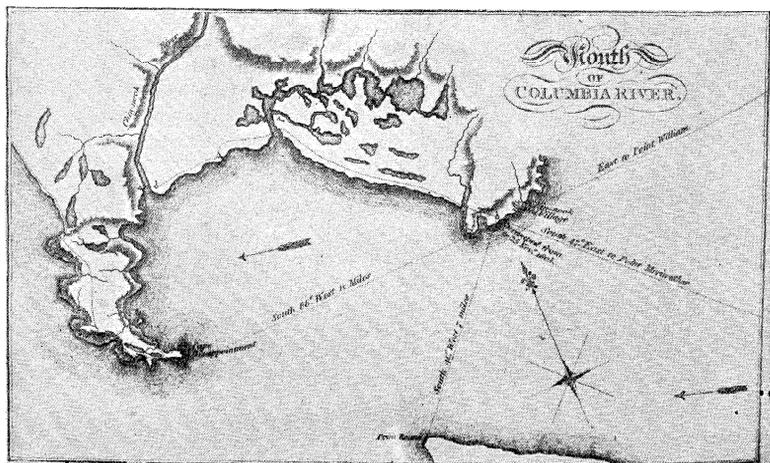
The immense waves now broke over the place where we were encamped; the large trees, some of them five or six feet thick, which had lodged at the point, were drifted over our camp, and the utmost vigilance of every man could scarcely save our canoes from being crushed to pieces. We remained in the water and drenched with rain during the rest of the day, our only food being some dried fish and some rain-water which we caught. Yet, though wet and cold, and some of them sick from using the salt water, the men are cheerful, and full of anxiety to see more of the ocean.

Gass tersely remarks on the 8th; “In crossing the bay when the tide was out, some of our men got seasick, the swells were so great” and many a one, in these latter days, when crossing the river between Astoria and Il Waco, for the space of a few minutes has felt a strange, uncomfortable sensation in the region of the stomach caused by these same “swells” which roll in from the Pacific.

On the 10th, the party were able to advance another ten miles, when the high waves compelled them to seek a camping spot, where they were forced to camp on drift logs to keep out of the water. This camp was on the lee side of Point Ellice, as it is now known. Point Distress is what Clark called it, while Gass thought that Blustry Point was about the proper name for it. This point is directly across from Astoria. The story of their stay of six days here is a tale of as miserable an existence as one cares to read. It was rain, rain, rain, until they were drenched through and through; they were cold, hungry, and unsheltered, and all because their canoes were unequal to riding the “swells” which rolled across the Columbia bar. “We have no tents, or covering to defend us, except our blankets [now worn and soaking wet] and some mats [of bark or rushes] we got from

the Indians, which we put on poles to keep off the rain," says Gass.

The rain . . . not only drenched us to the skin, but loosened the stones on the hillsides, which then came rolling down upon us. In this comfortless situation we remained all day, wet, cold, with nothing but dried fish to satisfy our hunger; the canoes in one place at the mercy of the waves, the baggage in another, and all the men scattered on floating logs, or sheltering themselves in the crevices of the rocks and hillsides,



Photographic Reproduction of the Map of the Mouth of the Columbia River, by Lewis and Clark.

the regular narrative recounts. Hardships and dangers were the common experience throughout the exploration of Lewis and Clark, yet so far as I know, there has never been any monument erected by a grateful State or Nation to commemorate this heroic band and their renowned achievements, except the one broken shaft in the centre of Lewis County, Tennessee, set up in honor of poor Lewis.

On November 15th the party managed in an interval of calm and clear weather to work around Point Distress to an

abandoned Chinook village at the mouth of a stream just beyond our Chinook Point. Here there was a good sand beach and, by using the boards found in the old village, they were now able to construct fairly comfortable lodges for themselves.

Here, says Gass, they "formed a comfortable camp, and remained in full view of the ocean, at this time more raging than pacific." Gass also has a name for this place—Point Open-slope—and no one who has ever seen the spot will for a moment question its appropriateness.

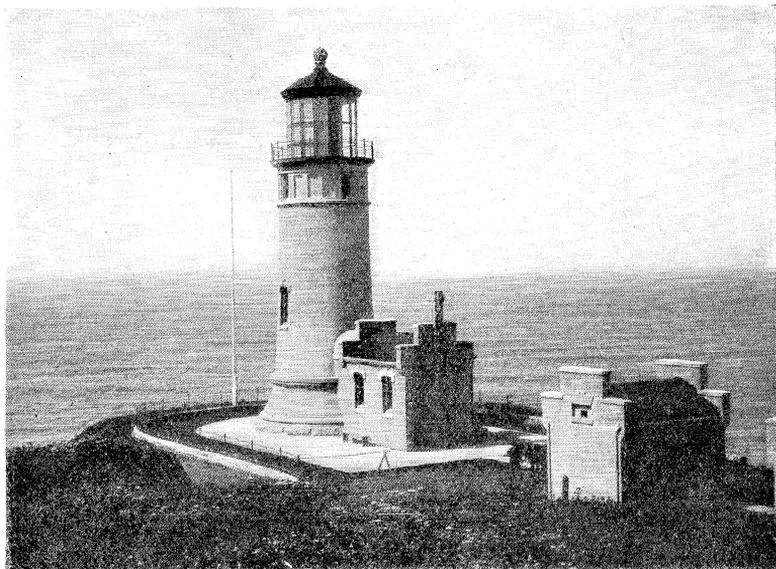
Fort Columbia, opposite Astoria, mounting the newest of heavy seacoast ordnance, is probably upon or near the site of the old camp of Lewis and Clark as well as of the ancient Chinook village of Comcomly, the one-eyed chief so often mentioned in Irving's *Astoria* and whose acquaintance we are soon to make.

The bay upon which they were now camped and where they remained until November 25th they called Haley's Bay, after a trader of whom they heard much from the Indians. It is now Baker's Bay, named by Vancouver, or Broughton, rather, for the Captain of the brig *Fenny*, whom Broughton found in the bay in 1792 when he, for the first time, entered it after Gray's discovery.

The important matter of a site for their winter's encampment now engrossed the Captains' attention. There were fuel and water everywhere, but the region the most frequented by wild game was the main thing to be determined upon. Besides good nourishing meat they must have skins suitable for clothing, for their raiment was in a most deplorable condition. One year and six months of such buffetings as they had experienced from rivers, mountains, and Fortune had played havoc with clothing and bedding.

While the hunters were scouring the hills, therefore, and bringing in a few deer, some brant, geese, ducks, and an

occasional crane or plover, both Lewis and Clark made explorations along the coast. They found little game, and the country was hilly and difficult to hunt over. Lewis had, by canoe and then afoot, examined the coast from Cape Disappointment northward for some miles, and Clark with eleven men, among whom were Ordway, Pryor, Shan-



North-head Lighthouse, Cape Disappointment, near Mouth of Columbia River.

ron, the two Fields brothers, Bratton, Colter, Chaboneau, and York, virtually duplicated Lewis's trip even to cutting their names on the trees, as the sailors had done before them. These trees bordered that part of Baker's Bay between Fort Canby and Il Waco, where the trading vessels anchored. Clark climbed to the top of Cape Disappointment, where the old lighthouse stands, and then went north to the other extremity of the promontory to where the

North-head Lighthouse now is. He then followed for some miles the splendid beach found there—now known as Long Beach and a well-known North Pacific Coast summer resort—cut his name on another small pine tree, and then, striking across the hills, returned to camp.

On this trip the hunters killed a deer which Clark describes, and Coues states that it is the original description of the Columbian black-tailed deer, *Cariacus columbianus*.

From the extremities of the Cape Disappointment bluffs Clark noted two headlands, one to the south, which *Lewis* called Clark's Point of View, and which is now, apparently, known as False Tillamook Head, and one to the north about Shoalwater, or Willapa Bay, which *Clark* named Point Lewis.

While camped here they were visited by two Chinook Indian chiefs, "Comcomly and Chillahlawil." The first was he who may be said subsequently to have become the father-in-law of Astoria, and well did the wily one-eyed chief exercise his prerogatives. He figures, however, but slightly in the narrative of Lewis and Clark.

In the endeavor to procure an elegant sea-otter fur robe from an Indian, Sacágawea again came to the rescue. Nothing that the others possessed could tempt the owner, and Clark records that "we procured it for a belt of blue beads which the squar-wife of our interpreter Shabono wore round her waste." What the "squar-wife" received in the arrangement doth not appear.

Here, too, the party made the acquaintance of the royal Chinookan *demi-monde*, "the wife of a Chinookan chief," with six of her protégées, daughters and nieces, deliberately establishing a camp near-by to tempt the not ironclad and invincible virtue of the party. But, if the Chinooks committed some breaches of propriety, they also supplied them with dried fish and wappatoo roots.

At length, after much consideration and various con-

sultations with their men and the Indians, the Captains decided to remove to the south side of the river for the winter. They left their Chinook camp on November 25th, and moved up the stream to Pillar Rock, there crossed the river and, on November 27th, camped on the south side of "a very remarkable knob of land projecting . . . toward Shallow bay, and about four miles round, while the neck of land which connects it to the main shore is not more than 50 yards wide." This point they called Point William after Captain William Clark, but it is now known as Tongue Point. At this place, "on a beautiful shore of pebbles of various colors," they were again storm-bound, until December 7th. This, however, did not deter Lewis from taking a canoe that they had bartered from the Indians, and which was adapted to rough water, and proceeding westward and down the left side of the river in search of a camping spot for the winter. While Lewis was absent, Clark, having an abundance of time on his hands, used some of it in establishing a record on a tree on the point on which they were camped. It read thus: "William Clark, December 3rd, 1805. By Land from the U. States in 1804 & 5."

On December 5th Lewis returned, having found a suitable place near which there seemed to be an abundance of elk, and to this ground they removed on December 8th. On the way they coasted round the site of the future Astoria, or Point George, as the English had christened it, and then, crossing a bay which they named Meriwether's—now Young's—Bay, after Lewis, ascended the Netul, now Lewis and Clark's River, for three miles, "to the first point of highland on its western bank, and formed our camp in a thick grove of lofty pines, about two hundred yards from the water and thirty feet above the level of the high tides."

One of the objects of the explorations made from the

camp on the north side of the river had been, as Gass tells us, "to see if any white people were to be found." Lewis, on his tramp, had seen "where white people had been in the course of the summer; but they had all sailed away."

In commenting earlier upon the letter of credit given by Jefferson to Captain Lewis, reference was made to the ap-



Fort George, or Astoria, in 1811. Tongue Point in the Distance. (Courtesy of Oregon Historical Society.)

pearance at the mouth of the Columbia of a ship from Boston, soon after Lewis and Clark arrived there.

On March 22, 1803, the American ship *Boston*, Captain Salter, from Boston, Mass., was captured by Indians at Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound, on the west coast of Vancouver's Island, and all the crew except two were massacred. One of the two was John R. Jewitt, an Englishman, born, curiously enough, in Boston, Lincolnshire, Great Britain. Jewitt's father was a blacksmith at Hull,

England, and John R. learned the trade, and, during a visit of the ship *Boston* to Hull, he shipped with Captain Salter as *armor*er. The chief of the tribe that killed Salter and his crew saved the life of Jewitt because of the value he might be to him as a worker of metals.

In July, 1805, Jewitt and a companion captive, Thompson, were rescued by the brig *Lydia*, Captain Hill, also from Boston, Mass. Jewitt, in due time, reached Boston, Mass., and published a journal of his adventures, entitled *A Narrative of the Adventures and Sufferings of John R. Jewitt, only survivor*, etc. I have seen two editions of this rare volume, one, a second edition printed in 1815 by Seth Richards of Middletown (State not given), and an edition of 1824 printed in Edinburgh.

After the rescue of Jewitt—in July, 1805—the *Lydia* went north from Nootka and then sailed south and, in about four months, Jewitt says, they crossed the Columbia River bar.

We proceeded [the narrative continues] about ten miles up the river, to a small Indian village, where we heard from the inhabitants, that Captains Clark and Lewis, from the United States of America, had been there *about a fortnight before* [italics mine], on their journey overland, and had left several medals with them, which they showed us.

The *Lydia* remained on the northwest coast until August 11, 1806, and then sailed for China and arrived at Boston sometime in May, 1807. The *Lydia* evidently again put in at the Columbia after Lewis and Clark had left Fort Clatsop, in 1806, for Captain Hill obtained one of the "papers" which the explorers left among the natives, relating to their stay there, and took it with him to the United States.

It seems incomprehensible, at first thought, that Lewis and Clark should not have known of the visit of the *Lydia* in 1805. Needing fresh supplies of all kinds as they did, one

would suppose that the natives would have been instructed to inform them at once if any ship appeared, but no record of it appears.

Jewitt states that, on the return from the Columbia, they reached Nootka in the latter part of November. If this be true, which I rather doubt, the *Lydia* must have been at her anchorage when the explorers were storm-bound near Point Ellice, November 8-15, and if so, they were within a short distance of each other. If, however, Jewitt is in error as to the month, and November should be December, the brig must have cast anchor soon after the site of Fort Clatsop was reached. From November 15th to 25th, at Chinook camp; and from November 27th to December 7th, at Point William, the party were camped in full view of the ocean,—as they were not at Point Ellice or Clatsop,—so that they would themselves have seen the vessel had it crossed the bar during that time. Jewitt's narrative, I think, allows sufficient latitude for this interpretation, particularly when coupled with his statement that the party had been among the Indians "about a fortnight before."

If Lewis and Clark really made no effort to be informed of the appearance of a ship, it was undoubtedly because they supposed that the season was too far advanced for one to venture to cross the Columbia bar, an undertaking which, in those days, was attended with more or less danger at all times.

As for the brig, either the Indians—Comcomly and his outfit, perhaps—may have deliberately misinformed Captain Hill, or the latter may have entirely misunderstood them, for he would hardly have gone away without making an effort to find the explorers had he known that they were there. Meeting Captain Hill would have meant so much to that band of adventurers, not only at Fort Clatsop, but afterwards; for a moderate replenishment, even of flour, pork,

salt, and clothing or bedding, would have been of immense benefit and comfort to them.

John R. Jewitt left descendants in this country, some of whom, living in northern Ohio, the writer personally knows, and one of whom, a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church when living, bore the identical name of the captive-author himself.

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