

CHAPTER V

HOMeward BOUND

FORT CLATSOP TO TRAVELLER'S-REST CREEK

ON March 23, 1806, at 1 P.M., Fort Clatsop was abandoned, and the members of the expedition turned their faces homeward. The same party that on April 7, 1805, started west from Fort Mandan now began the return journey; not one was missing.

Several of the men were still sick, but once homeward bound, all of them save Bratton soon recovered. On the 22d, three hunters had been sent ahead in order to provide a supply of meat for the party previous to their arrival at camp on the 23d, which they were fortunately able to do.

According to Gass the party were embarked in six canoes. One of these the hunters had, and the other five, "three large and two small" ones, were not loaded at Fort Clatsop until the 23d, the day of departure.

Gass also states that:

Among our other difficulties we now experience the want of tobacco, and out of 33 persons composing our party, there are but 7 who do not make use of it: we use crab-tree bark as a substitute.

The party steadily made their way up the river, keeping their hunters in advance. At Deer Island near Kalama, Washington, the latter the point where the Northern Pacific Railway ferries its trains, entire, across the river, the party stopped for a day to "pitch"—caulk—their canoes and to add to their food supply.

Because of the large number of deer found here the Indians called this Deer Island, and the whites continue the name. There were vultures there also, and out of seven deer killed by the men in the morning, the vultures had devoured four within a few hours.

The party saw many Indians and stopped at most of the villages for a friendly smoke, and usually they were kindly



Courtesy of Oregon Historical Society.

*Old Fort Vancouver, Washington.
Established by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1824.*

received. Some of the natives accompanied them for a time in their canoes. Gass remarks that

the natives of this country ought to have the credit of making the finest canoes, perhaps in the world, both as to service and beauty; and are no less expert in working them when made,

which appears to have been also the opinion of Alexander McKenzie, who pronounced them far more expert than his Canadian *voyageurs*.

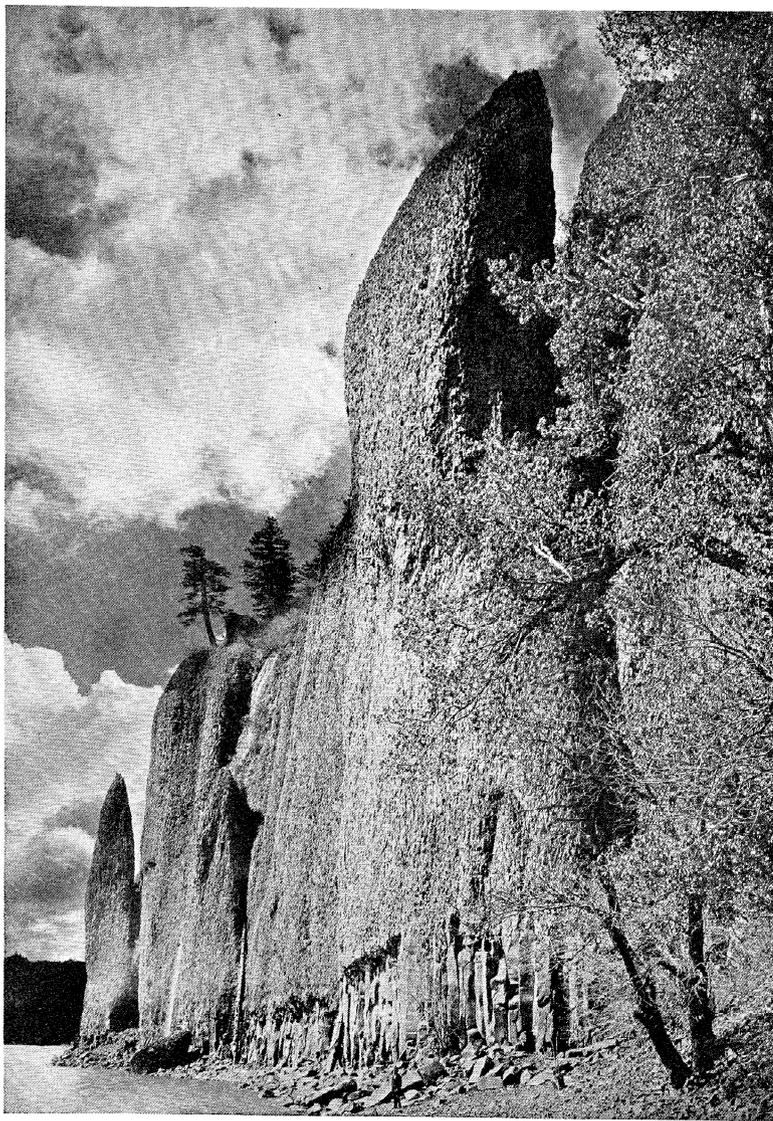
On the night of March 30th, the expedition camped at or near a point destined to become historic. This was Fort Vancouver, so long the seat of power of the Hudson's Bay Company west of the Rocky Mountains. Here on the banks of the mighty stream, Dr. McLoughlin dispensed a generous hospitality to friend and foe alike, and yet ruled over both the tribes of red men and his own minions with an autocracy that was absolute.

When, in the early twenties, the opposing fur companies of British extraction, rent and torn by the excesses of rivalry, formed a coalition under the name of the older, the Hudson's Bay Company, they abandoned Astoria, of which they had become possessed through the treachery of Astor's Canadian partners, and established the new post of Fort Vancouver, a few miles above the junction of the Multnomah, or Willamette, River with the Columbia, on the right bank of the latter stream.

Fort Vancouver and Dr. McLoughlin achieved international renown, and until the Oregon region became fairly well settled the place was the centre of power and influence over a wide extent of country.

Dr. McLoughlin, after his retirement from the Hudson's Bay Company, renounced his allegiance to Great Britain, settled at Oregon City, just above Portland, and died and was buried there.

After the region passed irrevocably under American dominion the post was transformed into a military one, purely, and as such it continues to the present time. It is one of the most attractive military establishments in the entire range of United States army posts, and it is particularly interesting to Americans from the fact that Grant, Sheridan, and other young army officers were once stationed here and some of them took their first lessons in Indian warfare in this region. Grant was stationed here in 1852-53.



Cape Horn, Columbia River, above Vancouver, Washington.

and writes interestingly of the country in his *Memoirs*. Sheridan was here in 1855-56, and took an important part in repelling two Indian uprisings, and he commanded a relief expedition from Fort Vancouver to succor those besieged at the historic block-house at the Middle Cascades, and for his success he was commended by General Scott in general orders. Sheridan describes it all in his *Memoirs*.

The night of March 31st, the party camped at the mouth of Seal, or Washougal River. Here they received information which caused them to remain until April 6th. They found many deer in the vicinity and the hunting was not difficult, and from the Indians returning from trading expeditions up the river they learned that the country between the Great Falls and the Lewis and Kooskooskee rivers could afford them no subsistence, there being no game on the plains, and that the Indians about and above the falls had already consumed their winter's supply of dried fish. They therefore remained at this camp and sent out the hunters daily in order to obtain a supply of meat to last them until they should reach the Chopunnish Indians.

And now our explorers are to make an important geographical discovery.

It has probably been noted that no mention has been made by them of any knowledge of the Multnomah, or Willamette River. The truth is that they failed to see the river either on the descent or ascent of the Columbia, and in some manner they failed too, in all their intercourse with the tribes while at Fort Clatsop, to ascertain that such a large stream existed so near them. But, on April 2d, while at the camp at Washougal River:

About eight o'clock several canoes arrived to visit us, and among the rest were two young men who were pointed out as Cashooks. On inquiry they said that their nation resided at the falls of a large river which empties itself into the south side

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of the Columbia a few miles below us, and they drew a map of the country with a [piece of] coal on a mat. In order to verify this information, Captain Clark persuaded one of the young men, by a present of a burning-glass, to accompany him to the river, in search of which he immediately set out with a canoe and seven of our men.

On the evening of April 3d, Clark returned with the news of the discovery of a new river. In going down the stream this time he followed the south side of the stream to the left of Diamond, now Government Island.

At three o'clock he reached a house of the Neerchokioo tribe, where he stopped, as was his custom with them, to say "How!" as we would express it to-day. But the Neerchokioo were not disposed to be neighborly.

Captain Clark offered several articles to the Indians, in exchange for wappatoo, but they appeared sullen and ill-humoured and refused to give him any. He therefore sat down by the fire, opposite to the men, and taking a port-fire match from his pocket threw a small piece of it into the flame; at the same time he took his pocket compass, and by means of a magnet which happened to be in his inkhorn made the needle turn round very briskly. The match now took fire and burned violently, on which the Indians, terrified at this strange exhibition, immediately brought a quantity of wappatoo and laid it at his feet, begging him to put out the bad fire. . . . Having received the roots Captain Clark put up the compass, and as the match went out of itself, tranquillity was restored, though the women and children still took refuge in their beds, and behind the men.

Captain Clark ascended the Multnomah twelve miles, which, if his distances were correct, would have carried him to where Portland now stands. But it is evident that he did not quite reach that point. A few miles of additional travel and he would have discovered the Willamette Falls at Oregon City, and time was not so pressing but that he might have done so.

The explanation given in the narrative for not discover-

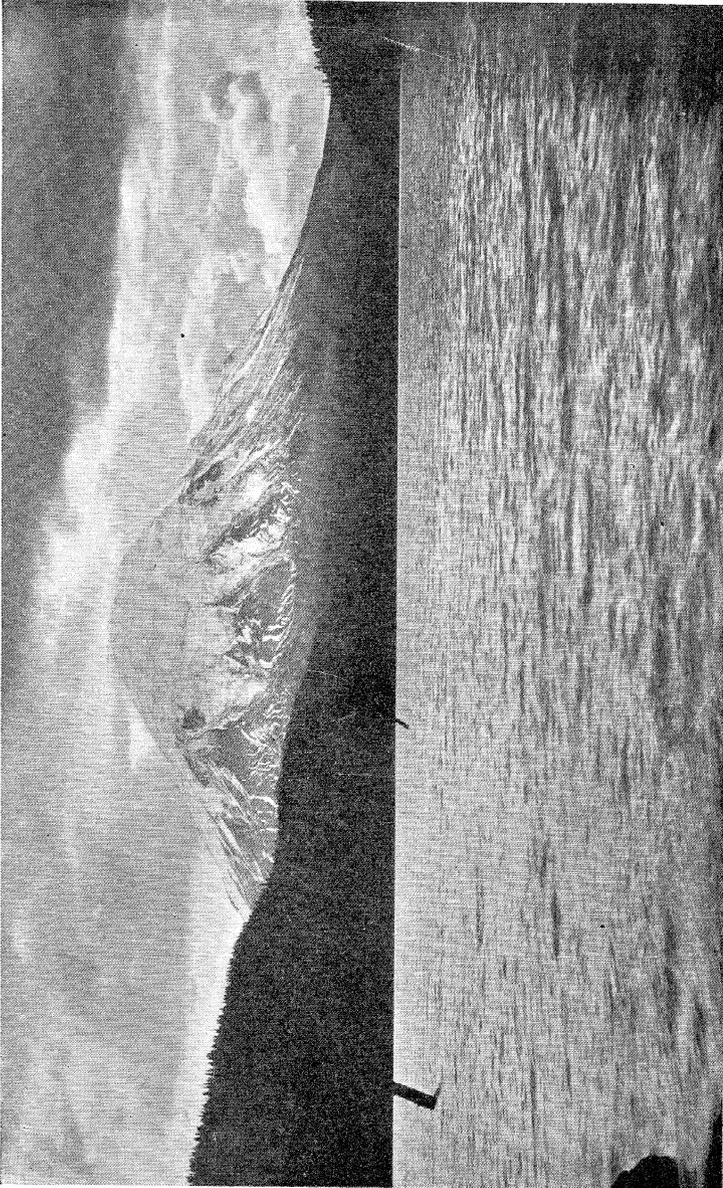
ing the Multnomah was, that when he reached the mouth of the river he found

what we had called Image-canoe Island to consist of three islands, the one in the middle concealing the opening between the other two in such a way as to present to us on the opposite side of the river the appearance of a single island. At the lower point of the third, and thirteen miles below the last village, he entered the mouth of a large river, which was concealed by three small islands in its mouth from those who descend or go up the Columbia. This river, which the Indians call Multnomah from a nation of the same name residing near it on Wappattoo Island, enters the Columbia one hundred and forty miles from the mouth of the latter river. . . . From its entrance Mount Regnier [Rainier, or Tacoma] bears nearly north, Mount St. Helen's, north, with a very high humped mountain [Mount Adams] a little to the east of it which seems to lie in the same chain with the conic-pointed mountains before mentioned. Mt. Hood bore due east, and Captain Clark now discovered to the southeast a mountain which we had not yet seen, and to which he gave the name of Mount Jefferson. Like Mount St. Helen's its figure is a regular cone, covered with snow, and is probably of equal height with that mountain.

Clark's explanation of the failure to discover the mouth of the Willamette hardly strikes one who sees this spot at the present time as a possible and reasonable one. But from trustworthy information from those residing at Portland, Oregon, who have known the locality for more than fifty years, I am satisfied of its entire reasonableness. The mouth of the Willamette changes its location occasionally, and it is doubtful if it is now where it was in 1805-06. The three islands mentioned are not now to be seen, but islands have come and gone since Lewis and Clark coasted along there.

The sketch that Clark made from the old Nechecolee's map—referred to later—shows the situation as it was then. There is now a lighthouse at the junction of the streams.

The view of the five snow-white mountains referred to



Mt. St. Helens, from the Columbia River.

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forms one of the grandest pictures of the kind to be found on earth; there is nothing like it to be seen elsewhere in this country. The peaks are so different in everything except their glacial, snowy covering, that the contrasts make the study of them extremely interesting aside from the mere pleasure of looking upon them.

These peaks are collectively visible from several points of view near Portland, and the passenger on either the Astoria and Columbia River or the Northern Pacific railway trains enjoys a fine view of them from near the junction of the Multnomah and Columbia rivers. Travellers on the many steamers, which go up and down the river of course enjoy the same privilege. It is evident from the narrative that Clark had no suspicion that Mount Adams, the "very high humped mountain," was the one that they had supposed to be Mt. St. Helens from the Umatilla River region, even though he now had both peaks in sight at the same moment.

Clark ascertained that the Multnomah, or Willamette, was deep and navigable for ocean-going ships. One conclusion, however, that he naturally enough drew at that time of scant geographical knowledge proved to be erroneous. He said:

Its regular, gentle current, the depth and smoothness and uniformity with which it rolls its vast body of water, prove that its supplies are at once distant and regular; nor, judging from its appearance and courses, is it rash to believe that the Multnomah and its tributary streams water the vast extent of country between the western mountains and those of the seacoast as far perhaps as the waters of the gulf of California.

As is now well known, the Multnomah, or Willamette does not reach within five hundred miles of the Gulf of California.

Although it is frequently said that there is nothing new under the sun, we are inclined to ignore the saying and

to congratulate ourselves on the improvements and inventions which we originate. One of the present-day fads, conveniences, improvements, or what not, is the apartment house in its many variations, for the form of all of them is practically the same. And yet, in the year 1806, Captain Clark found, on the banks of the Columbia among the unlettered natives of the Nechecolee tribe, an apartment house based practically on the same ideas which are dominant in the present-day structure and which was of essentially the same form of arrangement. At this house resided the guide who had conducted Clark up the Multnomah, and here the Captain stopped for a time. Read what he writes about the house and the people.

This large building is two hundred and twenty-six feet in front, entirely above ground, and may be considered as a single house, because the whole is under one roof; otherwise it would seem more like a range of buildings, as it is divided into seven distinct apartments, each thirty feet square, by means of broad boards set on end from the floor to the roof. The apartments are separated from each other by a passage or alley four feet wide, extending through the whole depth of the house, and the only entrance is from this alley through a small hole about twenty-two inches wide and not more than three feet high.

. . . . In the house were several old people of both sexes, who were treated with much respect, and still seemed healthy, though most of them were perfectly blind. On inquiring the cause of the decline of their village, an old man, the father of the guide, and a person of some distinction, brought forward a woman very much marked with the small-pox, and said that when a girl she was very near dying with the disorder which had left those marks, and that all the inhabitants of the houses now in ruins had fallen victims to the same disease.

He then entered into a long conversation with regard to all the adjacent country and its inhabitants, which the old man explained with great intelligence, and then drew with his finger, in the dust, a sketch of the Multnomah [River] and Wappatoo Island. This Captain Clark copied and preserved. He now purchased five dogs, and taking leave of the Nechecolee village, returned to camp.

At this point in the diary of the expedition there is introduced a brief description of the Columbian Valley, which, as the explorers understood it, extended from the Cascade Range to the Coast Range of mountains and was of unknown width. They concluded that it would "if properly cultivated, afford subsistence for 40,000 or 50,000 souls." Portland alone is a city of more than 100,000 inhabitants—but just how much of its subsistence is drawn from this valley it would, perhaps, be hard to say.

On April 6th the expedition again started, but at that night's camp, they were wind bound until the 9th. In the narrative for this day occurs the following passage:

During the whole of the route from our camp we passed along under high, steep, and rocky sides of the mountains, which now close on each side of the river, forming stupendous precipices, covered with fir and white cedar. Down these heights frequently descend the most beautiful cascades, one of which, a large creek, throws itself over a perpendicular rock three hundred feet above the water, while other smaller streams precipitate themselves from a still greater elevation, and evaporating in a mist, again collect and form a second cascade before they reach the bottom of the rocks.

This is indeed a brief, tame, and decidedly unsatisfactory description of those cascades on the Oregon side of the river which form a series of most lovely and extraordinary waterfalls dropping daintily from the cliffs, hundreds of feet to the level of the Columbia. These falls are of a decidedly unusual character. They are narrow, somewhat hidden in the clefts of the rocks as if affected by extreme modesty, and seem to float or flutter down more like long streamers of lace than in the conventional manner of waterfalls. They are, as seen from the steamers, swaying threads of spray, each, however, having its own individuality.

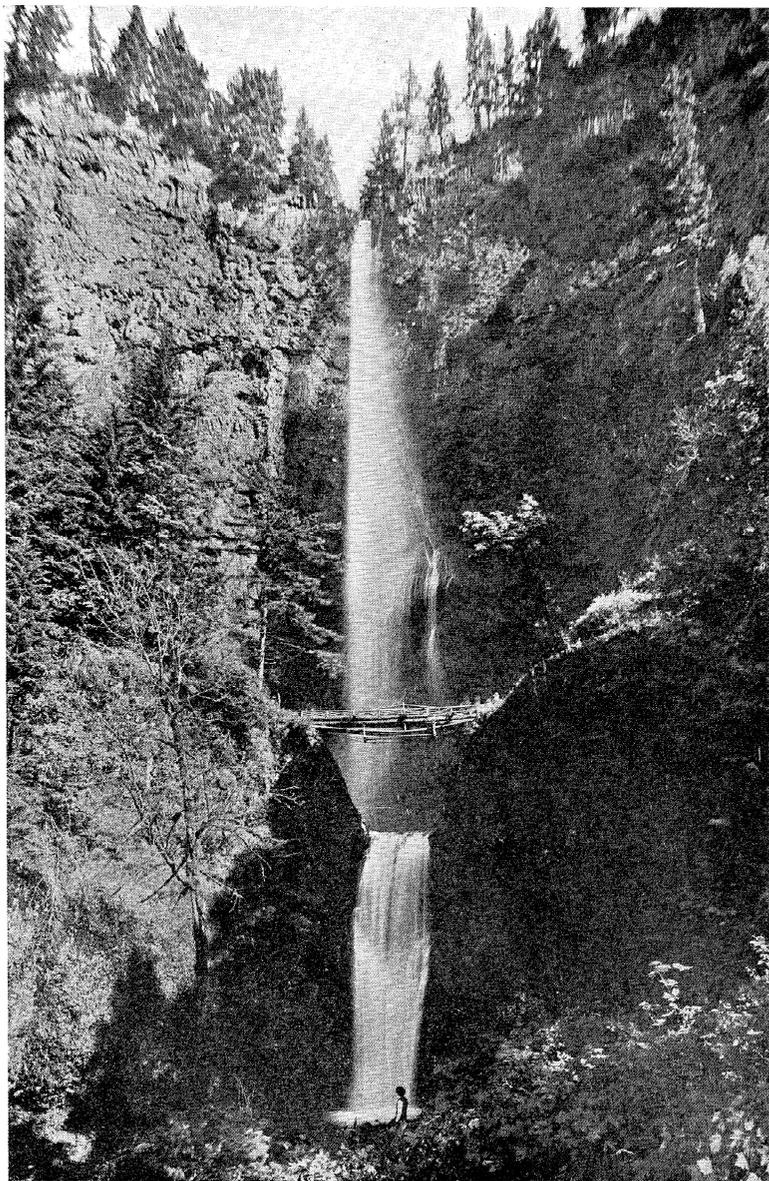
The most striking and best known of these is Multnomah Fall, reliably stated to be more than eight hundred feet

high, although it seems impossible to believe it. It descends in two graceful flights, its first being much the higher, but the effect is not lessened by this breaking of unity. Of course there is a Bridal Veil Fall, and Latourelle, and Horse Tail falls are others.

On April 11th the Cascades were reached and the portage occupied two days owing to the river being very high, and also because of the unfriendly disposition of the Indians, the Clahccllahs, who were discovered to be arrant rogues and thieves. They now felt the absence of their Chopunnish guides of the previous year, "our two chiefs," Twisted-hair and Tetoh, whose good offices had smoothed over many difficulties of this sort. The men had to leave armed guards at each temporary camp and carry their arms along the portage, which handicapped and delayed them greatly. Their numbers alone saved them from attack. They stole Captain Lewis's Assiniboin dog, which, however, was recovered, and Shields was compelled to attack two of them with a long knife, upon which they fled into the forest. The chief, however, seemed kindly disposed and to some extent acted as an escort.

In dragging their canoes up the angry flood one of them was wrenched from them and "irrecoverably lost." This loss they found it necessary to replace and they were able to exchange "two robes and four elk skins" with the Yehuh's—*not* "Yahoos," happily—for two small canoes. Between this point and their old Fort Rock, just below the Dalles, the most noteworthy event was the meeting with a tribe who rejoiced in the name of Weocksockwillacum, and very civil and decent folk they proved to be notwithstanding that their hearts might well have been bowed down by weight of name.

Fort Rock was reached on April 15th. Here it was necessary to change from water to land transportation, from



Multnomah Fall, Columbia River. More than 800 Feet in Height.

canoes to horses. They had much difficulty in bartering for horses, but finally they obtained eleven from among the different villages, by paying exorbitant prices for them. They found here, too, a Chopunnish Indian who agreed to guide them to his nation. This fellow was a decent Indian, quite in contrast to the Skilloots and Eneeshurs, and had two horses "one of which he politely offered to carry our baggage."

These river Indians they found to be most expert and persistent thieves, and, despite the utmost care, several tomahawks and other articles were pilfered and hostilities were narrowly averted. Gass says:

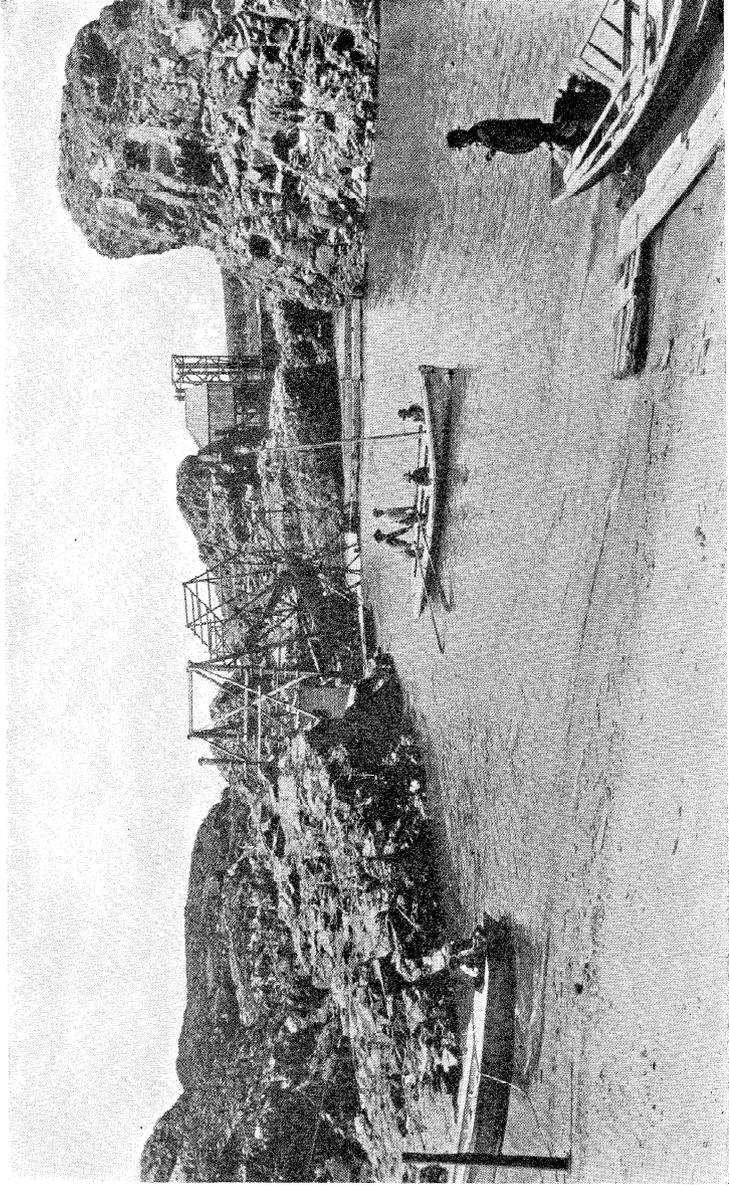
While we were making preparations to start, an Indian stole some iron articles from among the men's hands; which so irritated Captain Lewis, that he struck him; which was the first act of the kind, that had happened during the expedition. The Indians however did not resent it, otherwise it is probable we would have had a skirmish with them.

The man was kicked out of camp and Lewis recited the Riot Act, or its equivalent, to the Indians.

The portage around the Dalles was laborious and slow, but it was made much easier than it otherwise would have been by the use of four horses which Captain Clark had succeeded in procuring. The journal states that it would, at this time, have been impossible to go either up or down the Narrows, or Dalles, with boats.

When both the Narrows and the Great Falls were finally passed and they were ready to set out in earnest, they had only ten horses of their own and one borrowed one. It was necessary, in addition, to use two canoes to transport their luggage, and these seem to have been in charge of Gass: Bratton, who was utterly unable to walk, had to ride a horse, and the others walked.

Their horses were stallions and vicious, restless, and



Fish Wheels on the Columbia River.

difficult to control. They were constantly breaking away, both day and night, and had to be continually guarded. One incident shows the troubles experienced from both Indians and horses.

Chaboneau's horse became frightened at his pack turning, and ran away. This happened near an Indian village, toward which the horse ran. Just as he reached the village, a robe which had hung to the pack and been dragged, loosened and fell off and an Indian quickly grabbed it and hid it. Two men went for the horse and robe, but could not find the latter, and the Indians denied having it. Lewis thus recounts the rest of the incident.

Being now confident that the Indians had taken it I sent the Indian woman [Sacágawea] on to request Capt. C. to halt the party and send back some of the men to my assistance, being determined either to make the Indians deliver the robe or burn their houses. they have vexed me in such a manner by such repeated acts of villany that I am quite disposed to treat them with every severity, their defenseless state pleads forgiveness so far as respects their lives.

Labiche, however, found the robe in a hut before discipline was administered.

The narrative here states that "we were obliged to buy wood to cook our meat"; cooking fires only could be afforded because of the great scarcity of fuel and timber. They were again among the sand-dunes and had to do without campfires at night. One who has not practically experienced the hardship of this condition can hardly appreciate it. In Arizona I have paid the Indians seventy-five cents for a very small armful of piñon pine sticks, each about two feet long and as thick as one's wrist.

On the 24th of April they were able to buy three more horses from the Wahhowpum tribe which, with three more that they hired from another Chopunnish whom they over-

took, and who returned with them to his nation, enabled them now to proceed entirely by land, on the north side of the river.

The Indians tried a bit of sharp practice on the explorers here, but got badly beaten in the end. In trading for horses the former had agreed to accept the two canoes in part payment, but finally refused to do so, thinking to get them for nothing through their abandonment. But, the narrative runs:

Disgusted at this conduct, we determined rather to cut them to pieces than suffer these people to enjoy them, and actually began to split them, on which they gave us several strands of beads for each canoe.

On April 27th, still on the north bank, the party passed the mouth of the Youmalolam, or Umatilla, River and some miles beyond

were joined by seven Wollawollahs, among whom we recognised a chief by the name of Yellept, who had visited us on the 19th of October [1805], when we gave him a medal with the promise of a larger one on our return. He appeared very much pleased at seeing us again, and invited us to remain at his village three or four days, during which he would supply us with the only food they had and furnish us with horses for our journey. After the cold, inhospitable treatment we have lately received this kind offer was peculiarly acceptable, and after a hasty meal we accompanied him to his village, . . . about twelve miles below the mouth of Lewis's River.

Immediately on our arrival, Yellept, who proved to be a man of much influence, not only in his own but in the neighbouring nations, collected the inhabitants, and after having made a harangue, the purport of which was to induce the nations to treat us hospitably, set them an example by bringing himself an armful of wood and a platter containing three roasted mullets. . . . They now informed us that . . . there was a [good] route which led to the mouth of the Kooskooskee, on the south side of Lewis's River; . . . and as the report of our guide was confirmed by Yellept and other Indians, we did not hesitate to adopt that course.

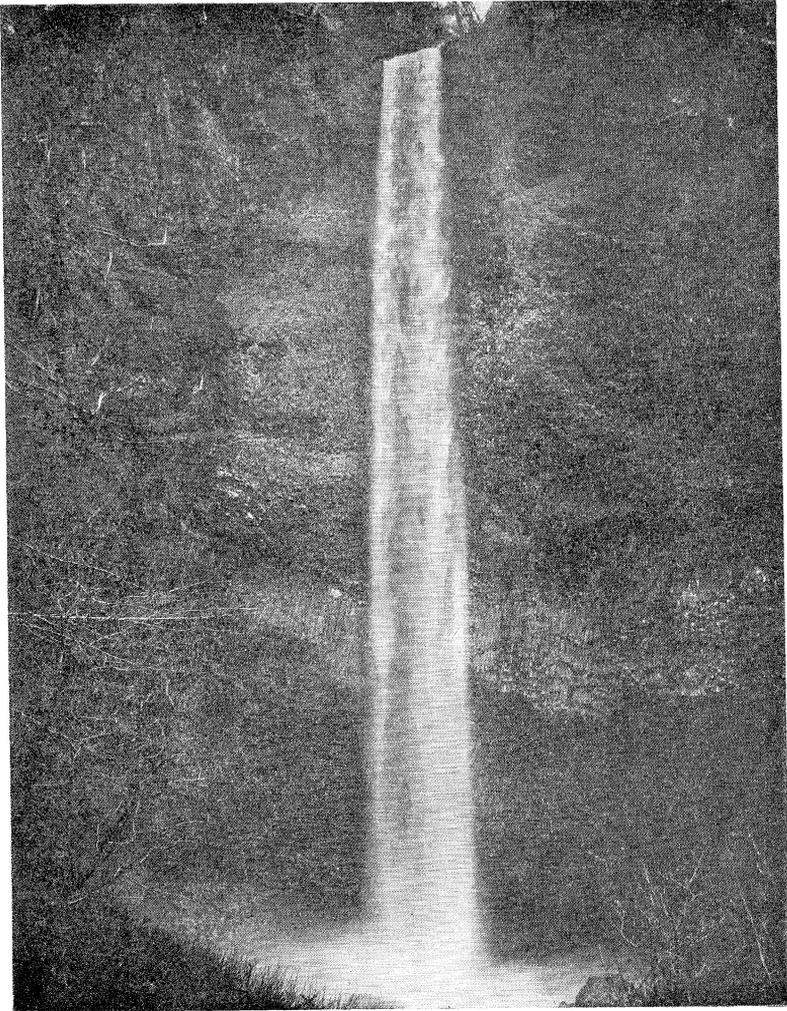
APRIL 28th. . . . Yellept brought a fine white horse and presented him to Captain Clark, expressing at the same time a wish to have a kettle; but on being informed that we had already disposed of the last kettle we could spare, he said he would be content with any present we should make in return. Captain Clark therefore gave his sword, for which the chief had before expressed a desire, adding one hundred balls, some powder, and other small articles, with which he appeared perfectly satisfied. . . . Fortunately, there was among these Wollawollahs a prisoner belonging to a tribe of Shoshonce or Snake Indians residing to the south of the Multnomah, and visiting occasionally the heads of the Wollawollah Creek. Our Shoshonee woman, Sacájaweah, though she belonged to a tribe near the Missouri, spoke the same language as this prisoner, and by their means we were able to explain ourselves to the Indians, and answer all their inquiries with respect to ourselves and the object of our journey.

Our conversation inspired them with much confidence, and they soon brought several sick persons, for whom they requested our assistance. We splintered the broken arm of one, *gave some relief to another whose knee was contracted by rheumatism* [italics mine], and administered what we thought beneficial for ulcers and eruptions of the skin on various parts of the body, which are very common disorders among them [and distributed much eye-water].

Dr. Coues,¹ in his work on Lewis and Clark, referred to a suggestion by the late Alfred J. Hill of St. Paul, who, on his part, referred to the narrative of the Wilkes Exploring Expedition as establishing the fact that Lewis and Clark met the Cayuse Indians, a tribe that the explorers do not mention. The fact is, that Lewis and Clark did meet some of the Cayuse, possibly without knowing it, but Dr. Coues's inference that Yellept was a Cayuse was, apparently, not a correct one.

In 1900, after *Wonderland 1900*, with its leading chapter on Lewis and Clark, had appeared, Mrs. Eva Emery Dye called my attention to the fact that an old squaw who had seen Lewis and Clark was still living on the Umatilla Indian

¹ P. 1038, vol. iii.



Latourelle Fall, on the Oregon Side of the Columbia River.

Reservation in Oregon. I at once opened a correspondence with Mr. Lee Moorhouse of Pendleton, Oregon, who knew this woman well and who had previously been for several years the United States Indian Agent for the Umatilla Indians, and I found that there was, apparently, no doubt that old Pe-tów-ya, the squaw in question, really did remember Lewis and Clark. Mr. Moorhouse had carefully and patiently tested the old woman's story and memory and was convinced of the reliability of both. In 1901, I visited Pendleton, and in company with Mr. Moorhouse drove out to see Pe-tów-ya.

The old squaw was then one hundred and ten years old, rheumatic, bent, quite blind I think, but so far as facial expression went, looked no older than many squaws of seventy or eighty years of age whom I have seen. Her mind seemed perfectly clear except that it was naturally a little sluggish in recalling events. The old dame, Mr. Moorhouse said, was sometimes a little capricious and disinclined to talk when interviewed on old-time subjects, but on this occasion she was in a complaisant mood and as soon as we were able to carry her back, mentally, to the period desired, she talked on easily, naturally, and in a reasonably connected way, prompted by a question, through an interpreter of course, now and then.

Mr. Moorhouse had heard her story several times, but at this time she added an item of information to which she had never before made the slightest allusion, and that was, that among the party with Lewis and Clark *there was a black man*.

Gass, in his narrative, makes several references to the "mat houses" of the Indians who lived along the Walla Walla River, and of those living, also, on the banks of the Columbia near the mouth of the former stream. In such a tepee I found Pe-tów-ya, and in such houses many of the Indians on the Umatilla Reservation live to-day. These



*Pe-tów-ya, a Cayuse Indian, who, as a Girl, Saw Lewis and Clark in 1806.
She Died in 1902. Aged 111 Years.*

rush-mat houses, in their structure, are entirely unlike the ordinary skin or cloth tepee, the Mandan earth lodge, or the adobe structure of the Pueblo Indians, and from the large number of them seen are, presumably, a conveniently made lodge and a comfortable one for that region.

Pe-tów-ya's lodge was not one of the better class, but she seemed to live comfortably and to be well cared for. After my visit and interview, Mr. Moorhouse kindly continued to question the old squaw, from time to time as he could, in order to obtain any additional items confirmatory of her story, if possible, and also further to test her reliability.

Pe-tów-ya died in 1902, aged one hundred and eleven years, and shortly before her death Mr. Moorhouse wrote to me giving in his own words the general result of his investigations, which I reproduce here:

I am just in receipt of your letter and note what you request in the matter of old Pe-tów-ya.

I have talked with her several times since you were here.

She says that she remembers Lewis and Clark perfectly well, that she was then a young girl about 15 years old, and that her father was a *Cayuse chief* and when Lewis and Clark passed up the Columbia River in 1806 on their return, they camped with a Wallawalla chief by the name of Yellept, on the north bank of the Columbia opposite the mouth of the Wallawalla River, and while encamped there they treated a number of Indians for various complaints, among them *her father whose knee was contracted by rheumatism*, and after this the Indians gave her father a new name and called him Tom-o-top-po.

She also remembers Capt. Clark's negro servant York and says they thought at first he was a white man painted black.

She says that a few years after the first white men (Lewis and Clark) left, the chief Yellept, who entertained them, lost all of his sons by death and that when the last one was buried he insisted on being buried alive with him.

I do not think there is any doubt whatever as to the truth of the old squaw's statement, because I have talked with her dozens of times and she always tells the same story.

She says that she can remember things that happened when she was young much better than later events.

The italics in the letter are my own. At my interview with Pe-tów-ya she spoke again and again of the large number of horses which her father had owned, and stated that he had, also, several wives.

Pe-tów-ya's story seems to fit the facts in every particular. "The Cayuse," of Waiilatpau family, Powell says, "lived chiefly near the mouth of the Walla Walla River, extending a short distance above and below on the Columbia, between the Umatilla and Snake rivers"; Lewis and Clark practised medicine extensively while camping with Yellept, and one of their patients was, as previously mentioned, a man with a rheumatically crippled knee.

The extreme longevity of this woman is by no means unusual among Indians, and in the case of Pe-tów-ya it is well authenticated by the Government records, I understand.

Ross Cox mentions a *Walla Walla* chief, very friendly to the whites, whom he calls *Tamtappam* and who lived near the mouth of the Walla Walla River. I do not find that Cox mentions the Cayuse, and it is probable that *Tamtappam* and *Tom-o-top-po* are one and the same chief, no distinction being made by Cox between the tribes.

While sorrowing for the old chief, at the bereavements which overwhelmed him, one can but admire the Spartan spirit of Yellept, the friend of Lewis and Clark, and therefore the friend of all of us. If his grave were now identifiable, the State whose soil it honors might well emulate the State of Tennessee, and erect a monument to his name and deeds, with the simple inscription, "Yellept, a Walla Walla Chief, the friend of Lewis and Clark."

Lewis and Clark gave Yellept a medal, which it has been stated was found in 1892 on an island near the mouth of the Walla Walla River.

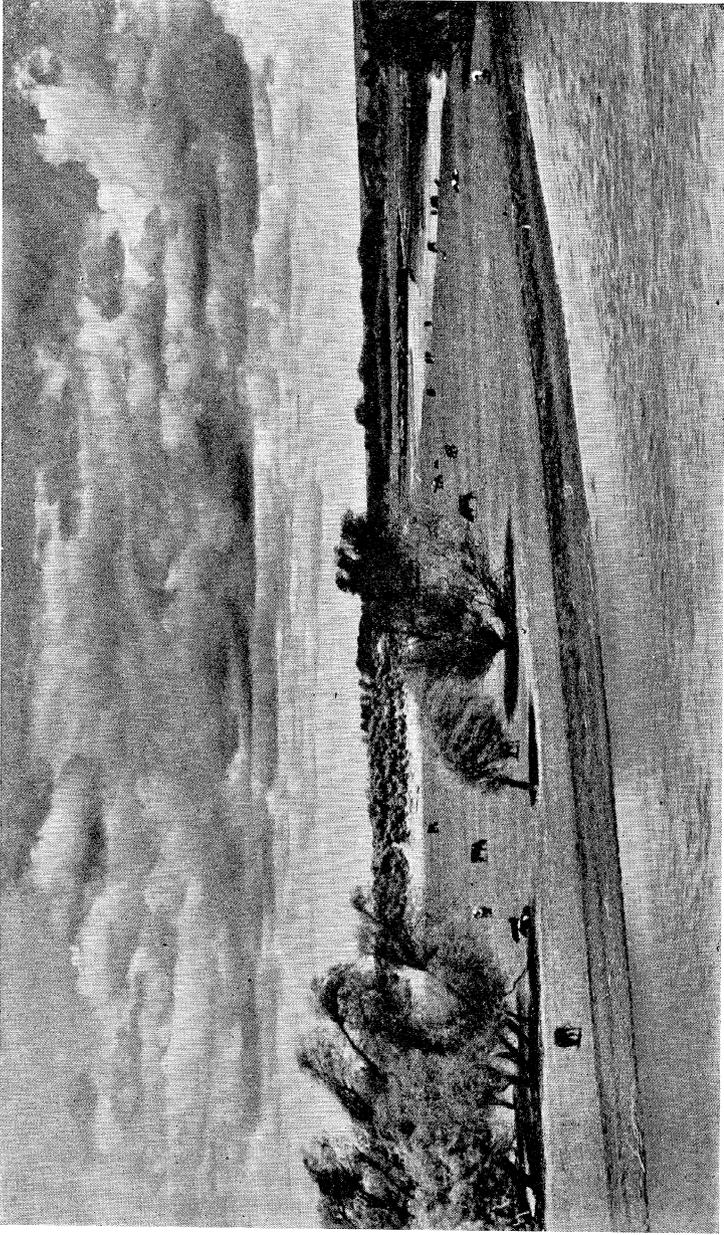
In a work by Rev. Gustavus Hines, entitled *Exploring Expedition to Oregon*, published in 1851 and treating of life

in Oregon in the forties, I find referred to at length what must beyond doubt be the incident of Yellept's death and burial. Yellept is not mentioned by name, but as "the most successful warrior, and renowned chieftain of which the Walla Walla could ever boast," and the tale is, substantially a repetition of what Pe-tów-ya told.

The junction of the Walla Walla and Columbia rivers was, subsequent to the visit of Lewis and Clark, the site of a Hudson's Bay Company post—Fort Walla Walla, now Wallula—which exerted a wide influence throughout the region. Subsequently still, the United States Government erected a military post of the same name east of the old fort, which is still thus occupied. Here the town of Walla Walla now stands.

The explorers formed a very high opinion of the Walla Walla Indians, and justly so from their experience with them. Lost knives found by the Indians were returned to them, and a steel trap, inadvertently left behind by the party when leaving, was found by an Indian, who rode a day's journey to restore it to them. No wonder that they recorded that "we may, indeed, justly affirm that of all the Indians whom we have met since leaving the United States, the Wollawollahs were the most hospitable, honest, and sincere."

In going from the mouth of the Walla Walla to the Kooskooskee River the expedition followed first, the Touchet (Tooshay) River to Waitsburg and Dayton, now railway points on branch lines of both the Northern Pacific and the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company's lines; thence slightly northeast, from Dayton to a point a few miles below the junction of the Kooskooskee and Lewis, or Snake, rivers. They crossed the latter stream between four and five miles below the junction. When about half-way between Dayton and Lewiston they met their old friend Weahkoonut, who, having heard that they were approaching, hastened out to meet them.



Mouth of Walla Walla River, near Hunt's Junction, Washington, where Lewis and Clark Camped with Yellept, April 27-29, 1806.

The party had strange luck with their guides. On the morning of the day that they met Weahkoonut, their guide and also some Walla Walla Indians who were escorting them suddenly left them "and never returned," and it was not far from here that Toby and his son had run away the year before.

At the point where the party crossed the Snake River they found the chief Tetoh and their old river guide, both of whom, with Twisted-hair, had accompanied them to the Great Falls the previous year.

On May 5th the expedition camped at the mouth of Colter Creek, now Potlatch Junction. Here they struck a new lead, as a miner would say, in trade. Their medical practice of the preceding year was remembered and patients were brought from near and from far for treatment. They say regarding this:

We are by no means displeas'd at this new resource for obtaining subsistence, as they [the Indians] will give us no provisions without merchandise, and our stock is now very much reduced; we cautiously abstain from giving them any but harmless medicines, and as we cannot possibly do harm, our prescriptions, though unsanctioned by the faculty, may be useful and are entitl'd to some remuneration.

At this point Neeshnepáhkeekook, or Cut-nose, lived and it may have been his medal that was found here in 1899.

Here the Captains saw three men of the Skeetsomish, or Cœur d'Alêne tribe of the Salishan family, and here too they or Biddle tried to incorporate in the narrative a geographical instruction. This was in reference to the river that Captain Lewis called Clark's River. But the Captain was badly mixed regarding his rivers, which is not surprising, considering that he knew personally little or nothing about them. The Indian information which he received seems to have embraced the Spokane and the Clark fork of the

Columbia, and possibly also, the Colville and the Kootenai rivers, and Lewis failed, utterly, to differentiate between them. The stream to which he really applied the name Clark was the Spokane River, but he supposed this to be the continuation, or trunk stream of Clark's, or the Bitter Root, upon whose headwaters they had camped. The stream to which Clark's name is attached is now the Clark fork of the Columbia, and this *is* the continuation of the Bitter Root. This stream, in its entirety, might well be dubbed "The River of Many Names," for Clark's is but one of them. The stream really rises just south and east of Butte, Montana, where the creek is known as Silverbow. Then in succession follow the names, Deer Lodge, Hellgate, Missoula, and Clark fork. The Big Blackfoot, which we shall know later, flows into the Hellgate, and it is at the junction of the Hellgate and Bitter Root rivers that the name Missoula supersedes the name Hellgate.

The river is a beautiful one, and Clark's name should apply to the whole stream, or at least, to that part of it from the junction of the Bitter Root and Hellgate to the Columbia. At Lake Pend d'Orielle the river expands into a very large lake, one of the finest in the West, and surrounded by high, timbered mountains.

The Northern Pacific Railway follows this stream, except for a short distance through the mountains, from the Silverbow River to and around the north side of Lake Pend d'Oreille.

On the night of May 6th, the party went to bed "supperless in the rain." A nice fat horse, received as a medical fee, was being led along by Drewyer and Colter, when a quarrel of some sort ensued and the horse made his escape.

On May 7th, at a distance of thirteen miles east from Colter's Creek, they crossed the Kooskooskee River to the south side, and on the 8th, while on the march, they met

Twisted-hair, in whose charge they had left their horses, Neeshnepáhkeecook, who had now joined them, and Twisted-hair had a serious quarrel, which, it turned out, was about these same horses. Lewis and Clark finally reconciled the chiefs, and, Twisted-hair having caught and turned over most of their horses, the party proceeded southeasterly and



Kooskooskee, or Clearwater, River, near Colter's Creek, or Potlatch River, Idaho. Lewis and Clark Forded the Stream near Here on the Homeward Journey, in 1806.

parallel to the Kooskooskee River and, perhaps, not far from it, to the village, or camp of Tunnachémootolt, the principal Chief of the Chopunnish nation, who dwelt on the banks of Commearp, now Lawyer's Cañon Creek.

The village of Tunnachémootolt was but three and a half miles from the Kooskooskee, and here the party re-

mained from May 10th to May 13th. The Chopunnish overwhelmed the party with hospitality. They bartered readily for roots and at reasonable prices, refused pay for all horses that the party needed for food, put up a large tent for them to lodge in, presented them with several fine horses, and so lavish were they in their favors that the narrative records of Tunnachémootoolt that

the hospitality of the chief was offended at the idea of an exchange; he observed that his people had an abundance of young horses, and that if we were disposed to use that food we might have as many as we wanted. Accordingly they soon gave us two fat young horses, without asking anything in return, an act of liberal hospitality much greater than any we have witnessed since crossing the Rocky Mountains, if it be not in fact the only really hospitable treatment we have received in this part of the world.

Have the Shoshoni and Yellept and his Walla Walla been "so soon forgot"?

Among the roots mentioned by Lewis and Clark as used for food by the Indians, particularly the Chopunnish, are the quamash, or pasheco, and the "cows."

The first is the root now generally known as the kamas, camas, or camus. Hon. Granville Stuart¹ of Montana gives the Shoshone, or Snake word for kamas as *páh-sée-go*, meaning "water, or swamp scgo," because it is found in low, swampy lands. He says: "It is a bulbous root about the size of a plum. It has a sweet gummy taste, and is very nutritious. It forms an important item of food among the Indians from here [Montana] to the Pacific Ocean. They dig it, cook it in kettles, and dry it, when it becomes very hard, and will keep for years if kept dry. It is also very good boiled when freshly dug. White men, Indians, and hogs are very fond of it."

¹ *Montana as It Is*, C. S. Westcott & Co., New York, 1865.

Clark writes of the "cows," or kowse as "a knobbed root of an irregular form, rounded, not unlike the gensang." The natives rubbed off the thin black rind, pounded the root, and exposed it to the sun to dry. According to Lewis the kowse was made into cakes one and one quarter inches thick and "six by eighteen inches in width," and when dried was eaten thus as bread, or boiled to a thick, mucilaginous consistency and then eaten. Lewis thought it more agreeable to the taste in the latter form.

The kowse was gathered early in the spring, and was succeeded by the kamas and both roots were important items of food in the domestic economy of the Indians.

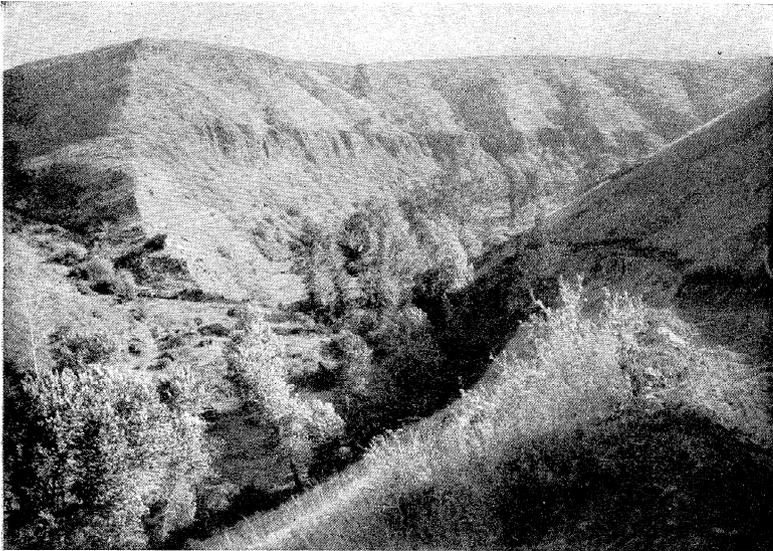
Granville Stuart also states that the Shoshoni called the Chopunnish, or Nez Percés "*thóig-a-rik-kah*, or cowse-eaters," from this root, called by the Nez Percé, cowse, and "by the Snakes 'thoig.'" He says: "It has a pungent disagreeable taste, yet many of the mountaineers are fond of it."

At this village the explorer-physicians practised medicine to some purpose, for their eye-water was in great demand, it aided them to procure food supplies, and was of benefit to the Indians. Dr. Clark was "the favorite physician."

They held a council with the four principal chiefs of the tribe, who rejoiced in the names of Tunnachémootoolt, Neeshnepáhkeekook, Yoompáhkatim, and Hohástilpilp. Their council was a peculiar one. The Captains spoke in English to one of the men (Drewyer, undoubtedly); he repeated it in French to Chaboneau, who in turn transferred the message in Hidatsa to Sacágawea; it was then given in Shoshone to a Shoshone prisoner, who finally repeated it in Chopunnish to the chiefs. French, Hidatsa, Shoshone, Chopunnish—four foreign tongues, four chiefs, four wonderful names, four interpreters! No wonder that after they had "at last succeeded

in communicating the impressions we wished," they "then adjourned the council," for nature had some rights and demanded rest.

In discussing the names of these chiefs with James Stuart, I was again impressed with the difficulty of two persons catching the pronunciation of Indian names alike.



Commearp, or Kam-i-yáhp, or Kámiah, or Lawyer's Cañon Creek, Idaho, on which Lewis and Clark Camped from May 10 to May 13, 1806.

Neeshnepáhkeekook, or Cut-nose, my friend gives as Noosh-nu-apáh-ken-kin; Hohástilpilp becomes Hoht-hóhs-il-pilp, and it means red flute; Yoompáhkatim is Hay-yóom-pah-kah-tím-na, five big hearts.

The word which Lewis and Clark render Commearp should be Kam-i-yáhp, or, as we give it in English, Kámiah, the name of the town at the mouth of the Commearp, or Lawyer's Cañon, Creek. What it means is uncertain, but

it seems probable that it is "pretty valley," which expresses but faintly the scenic beauty at this point.

On May 13th, the party proceeded down the Commearp, or Kam-i yáhp, Creek to the Kooskooskee, crossed the river, which was very high, on the following day and, at a suitable spot kindly chosen for them by the Indians, established Camp Chopunnish. Here they remained until June 10th, as it was useless to attempt to recross the Bitter Root Range before the snow had had time to melt, the streams to pass the flood stage, or the trails to become dry.

After Forts Mandan and Clatsop, Camp Chopunnish and vicinity was the place at which the expedition remained the longest, after leaving Wood River, and here they were, perhaps, more happily circumstanced, all things considered, than at any other point. They were in a beautiful valley, the hunting was fairly good, there were plenty of fat horses and nutritious roots to be had and at reasonable prices, and they were among the finest lot of Indians, the most intelligent and manly, that they met in all their journeyings. The latter had all the hospitality of the Shoshoni, with a much higher order of intelligence and nobility. If they had, originally, intended to kill the explorers, as the old tradition relates, they made ample amends for it in their subsequent treatment of them.

As soon as the party reached the Chopunnish people, in the neighborhood of Colter's Creek, the Indians informed them that the mountains would be impassable until some time in June. They had, therefore, but to wait patiently for that time and in the meantime make themselves as comfortable as possible.

Their camp was on the east, or right, bank of the Kooskooskee River between two and three miles below Commearp (Kam-i-yáhp), or Lawyer's Cañon Creek.

It was about forty paces from the river, and formerly an

Indian habitation; but nothing remained but a circle thirty yards in diameter, sunk in the ground about four feet, with a wall around it of nearly three and a half feet in height. In this place we deposited our baggage, and around its edges formed our tents of sticks and grass. This situation is in many respects advantageous. It is an extensive level bottom, thinly covered with long-leaved pine, with a rich soil affording excellent pasture, and supplied, as well as the high and broken hills on the east and northeast, with the best game in the neighborhood, while its vicinity to the river makes it convenient for the salmon, which are now expected daily. As soon as we encamped, Tun-nachémootolt and Hohástilpíl, with about twelve of their nation, came to the opposite side and began to sing, this being the usual token of friendship on such occasions. . . . Hohástilpíl presented to Captain Lewis an elegant gray gelding, which he had brought for the purpose, and was perfectly satisfied at receiving in return a handkerchief, two hundred balls, and four pounds of powder.

Gass says, on the 15th:

This was a fine morning, and some hunters went out early. The rest of the party were engaged in making places of shelter, to defend them from the stormy weather. Some had small sails to cover their little hovels, and others had to make frames and cover them with grass. Around our camp the plains have the appearance of a meadow before it is mowed, and affords abundance of food for our horses.

The spot where Lewis and Clark camped in May, 1806, is easily identifiable to-day, and in company with Mr. Wright and Mr. De Camp, I tramped all over it in the summer of 1902. It is in a fine bottom less than two miles below Kamiah, Idaho, and on the opposite side of the Kooskooskee River. The remains of the old Indian village, or, as may be likely, more recent ones also, are still visible. The "circles" which indicate where the old Indian houses stood are widely scattered over the bottom and in some of them trees of considerable size are now to be found. The railway, I was surprised to find, cuts right across the old village flat and the railway bridge spans the Kooskooskee at the same point.

The mountains rise immediately back of the plain and the old trails are plainly to be seen on the mountain sides, and they are still in use.

This valley, one of the most attractive I have ever seen,



Site of Camp Chopunnish of Lewis and Clark, in 1902, on the Kooskooskee River. The circle, from which the snow was removed to show the outline, marks the location of an old Indian brush house such as Lewis and Clark describe as in existence in 1806.

is rather circular and oblong in shape, and is surrounded by high, grassy mountain slopes. Above these slopes to the south stretch the wide, fertile plains of Kamas Prairie. Here live the Nez Percé, or Chopunnish, Indians of to-day and, sandwiched among them, are many white settlers.

The Indians have fine farms along the Clearwater and even high up among the hills, and both reds and whites ap-

pear to thrive with little or no friction. Grain and vegetables grow to perfection here, and grapes, cherries, peaches, and other fruits find a natural soil and a most congenial climate.

While the party were at Camp Chopunnish there was a great deal of rainy weather and they were but ill protected from it. Their tents were flimsy affairs of grass and brush reinforced in some cases by a piece of an old sail.

The narrative of the 17th says:

It rained during the greater part of the night, and our flimsy covering being insufficient for our protection, we lay in the water most of the time. What was more unlucky, our chronometer became wet, and in consequence somewhat rusty; but by care we hope to restore it.

On the 21st Gass notes that:

To-day we made a small lodge of poles and covered it with grass, for Captain Lewis and Captain Clarke, as their tent is not sufficient to defend them from the rain.

The hunters covered a wide range of country in their operations, and from personal knowledge of it, I know that all the game they obtained was at the expenditure of much time and labor. The mountains are steep and heavily timbered, the streams rapid and rocky, and hunting is hard work. Deer and bear were the game found here. Bears were extremely plentiful, "but as they are now ferocious," the journal states, "the hunters never go except in pairs."

The Chopunnish manner of cooking the bear is interesting.

They immediately prepared a large fire of dried wood, on which was thrown a number of smooth stones from the river. As soon as the fire went down and the stones were heated, they were laid next to each other in a level position, and covered

with a quantity of branches of pine, on which were placed fitches of the bear, and thus placing the boughs and flesh alternately for several courses, leaving a thick layer of pine on the top. On this heap was then poured a small quantity of water, and the whole [was] covered with earth to the depth of four inches. After remaining in this state about three hours the



A Nez Percé, or Chopunnish, Brush Wickiup, in 1902, at the Ford of Collins, or Lolo Creek, Idaho, such as were Used by Lewis and Clark at Camp Chopunnish, in 1806.

meat was taken off, and it was really more tender than that which we had boiled or roasted, though the strong flavor of the pine rendered it disagreeable to our palates.

The Indians were constant and welcome visitors; there were no thieveries; on the contrary, they shared with the white men their store of roots. Here is an instance of their generosity:

Observing that we were in want of food, Hohástilpilp informed us that most of the horses which we saw running at large belonged to him or his people, and requested that whenever we wished any meat we would make use of them without restraint.

Of this nation came Chief Joseph.

At one time when rations were low Sergeant Ordway, with Frazier and Wiser, went across Kamas Prairie to the Salmon and Snake rivers to obtain some salmon. They got the salmon, but most of them were spoiled before they reached camp on their return. These men were probably the first white men to explore the lower Salmon River.

One day the party took an inventory of merchantable property at command.

On parceling out the stores, the stock of each man was found to consist of only one awl and one knitting-pin, half an ounce of vermilion, two needles, a few skeins of thread, and about a yard of ribbon—a slender means of bartering for our subsistence; but the men have been so much accustomed to privations that now neither the want of meat nor the scanty funds of the party excites the least anxiety among them.

Some of even this small stock was lost a few days later by a horse falling into the river when,

we therefore created a new fund, by cutting off the buttons from our clothes [and] preparing some eye-water and basilicon, to which were added some phials and small tin boxes in which we had once kept phosphorus.

With this merchandise M'Neal and York went out on a trading expedition and returned to camp loaded with roots, etc. Their experience recalls a similar one of my own. Late in the fall of 1876, J. H. Renshawe of the present United States Geological Survey, and myself with a topographic party, were slowly making our way down Meadow Valley Wash, in southeastern Nevada. Misfortune had been our

constant companion, and as we reached the banks of Muddy Creek, a beautiful, clear, and cold stream, one noon, we were rather a gloomy set of men. We were a month behind time, our horses were almost exhausted, all of our horse feed was gone, the grazing was worthless, we were out of money and



A Nez Percé—Chopunuish—Indian Woman of the Present Day.

there was no way to get more, and we felt that we were in rather a serious plight.

Soon after we camped a Pai Ute Indian appeared and within a few minutes several more came into camp. We soon found that they had a store of barley and corn and an exchange was quickly effected for certain surplus provisions that we had, and the poor horses were given a full

meal. When the beans and sugar were exhausted the Indians intimated that an old hat or coat would be acceptable for barter. This suggested a new line entirely, and to make a long story short, we bargained off all of our old hats, coats, socks, undergarments, handkerchiefs, pantaloons, etc., for nearly all of which we would soon have no use, for shelled corn and barley, until we finally had six hundred or eight hundred pounds of splendid grain on our wagon. Two revolvers were sold outright for precious silver dollars and a mouth organ, or cheap harmonica, was "great medicine" and brought splendid returns. When we were done, the Indians quietly withdrew, leaving us rich and cheerful, and our grain and money lasted until we reached the Mormon settlements, where we could replenish our supplies.

Indian nature was about the same in 1876 that it was in 1806, and many times when reading of Lewis and Clark's experiences in bartering with the red men, that day on the Muddy has recurred to mind. At first thought, such bartering seems one-sided and inequitable, but it is not necessarily so. What was of value or interest to the Indian may have been worthless to its white owner and *vice versa*. To the child, a jumping-jack or a new-fangled rattle-box is a precious possession, and the Indian was, and is yet in many respects, an overgrown child. So the home-made eye-water and the awls, knitting-pins, and tin boxes of Lewis and Clark, and the cast-off garments and mouth organ of our little party may have had a value to the Indian that is not quite apprehended by us.

The medical services rendered to the Indians by the Captains were constant and of real value. It was at Camp Chopunnish that Bratton, of their own party, had the rheumatism sweated out of him, and the same experiment was successfully performed upon a chief. Several of the party were quite sick while at Chopunnish, among them the

papoose of Sacágawea. In treating their patients these unlicensed doctors used laudanum, cathartics, and harmless eye-water, and they rubbed the rheumatic "with volatile liniment."

In summing up the character of these people, they are described in the narrative, as being

among the most amiable men we have seen. Their character is placid and gentle, rarely moved to passion, yet not often enlivened by gayety. Their amusements consist in running races, and shooting with arrows at a target, and they partake of the great and prevailing vice of gambling. They are, however, by no means attached to baubles as the generality of Indians, but are anxious to obtain articles of utility, such as knives, tomahawks, kettles, blankets, and awls for [making] moccasins.

Their ornaments were

beads, shells, and pieces of brass attached to different parts of the dress, or tied around the arms, neck, wrists, and over the shoulders; to these are added pearls and beads suspended from the ears, and a single shell of wampum through the nose. . . . Collars of bears' claws are also common. But the personal ornament most esteemed is a sort of breastplate, formed of a strip of otter skin six inches wide, cut out of the whole length of the back of the animal, including the head. . . . Tippetts also are occasionally worn. That of Hohastilpilp was formed of human scalps and adorned with the thumbs and fingers of several men slain by him in battle.

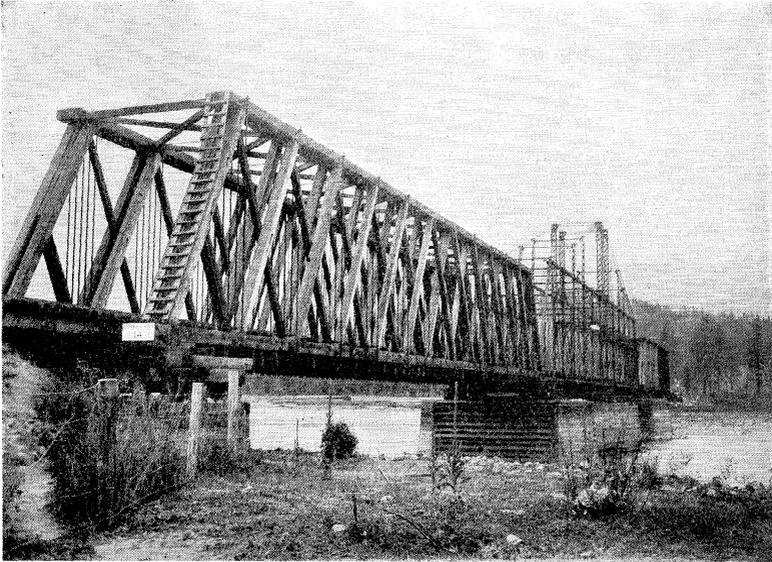
Regarding the Chopunnish method of sepulture, they say:

The Chopunnish bury their dead in sepulchers formed of boards, constructed like the roof of a house. The body is rolled in skins and laid one over another, separated by a board only, both above and below. We have sometimes seen their dead buried in wooden boxes, and rolled in skins in the manner above mentioned. They sacrifice their horses, canoes, and every other species of property to their dead; the bones of many horses are seen lying round their sepulchers.

Fort Clatsop to Traveller's-Rest Creek 277

In natural history the explorers continued to gather specimens and describe them. Dr. Coues states that "the earliest description of the Louisiana tanager (*Piranga ludoviciana*) ever penned" was by Clark, from a specimen obtained at Camp Chopunnish.

While the explorers were waiting at Chopunnish for the



Northern Pacific Railway Bridge across Kooskooskee, or Clearwater, River, at Lewis and Clark's Old Camp Chopunnish, which was at Farther End of the Bridge.

snow to melt, they watched the river as a mariner watches the barometer. Its varying stages were carefully noted as being indicative of the rapidity with which the snow was melting on the mountains.

After the month of June had come the party became impatient to set out. The Indians warned them against being precipitate, but they were anxious to start. They, therefore,

endeavored to obtain the services of guides, but as a great council was to assemble "in the plain on Lewis's River at the head of Commearp Creek," near where Grangeville is now, nothing definite could be arranged in this way, although Neeshnepáhkeekook promised that some of the young men should go with them. Had the Captains been a little less anxious to start homeward they might just as well as not have attended that meeting of all the bands of the Chopunnish, and no time would have been lost thereby, as will appear.

On June 9th the river "is now six feet lower than it has been, a strong proof that the great body of snow has left the mountains." On June 10th, therefore, they collected their horses and "at eleven o'clock set out for Quamash flats," otherwise Weippe Prairie. Ascending "the river hills," they crossed the divide, descended to Collins Creek, which was swollen, "deep and difficult to cross," again climbed the mountain and, going northward, reached the prairie and "camped on the bank of a small stream, in a point of woods bordering the extensive level and beautiful prairie" near where they had met the Chopunnish the preceding autumn.

It was with great interest that, with Messrs. De Camp and Wright, I followed this old trail in the summer of 1902. After reaching the divide we travelled for a mile across a pine and tamarack tree country, which is being gradually cleared by settlers, and then began the descent to the crossing of Lolo—Collins—Creek. The old trail and a modern wagon road had been more or less commingled, but now the road disappeared and we followed the fine old Indian trail, wide, plain, and deep, three feet or more at places, winding down through the forest and along the mountain side in the usual sharp, zigzag fashion. At last we reached the creek, a clear, rushing stream thirty feet wide and knee-deep, in a wild, secluded pocket in the mountains and forming a beautiful camping

spot. Other visitors had just arrived. A fine-looking Nez Percé Indian; his comely squaw and her mother, perhaps; a black-headed, black-eyed youngster, five or six years old and stark naked, and a tiny miss clad in a very dirty calico shift, were there. About a little fire the women were preparing a noon-day meal. To the young squaw's credit be it told, she carefully washed her hands and face at the border of the stream before beginning her culinary duties.

After some bantering conversation back and forth, we climbed slowly out of the cañon, over a hard, tiresome trail, and then, down a gentle grade through the deep, cool forest, made our way to the eastern side of Weippe Prairie, where we bivouacked for the night under a pine tree in a forty-acre pasture.

Like the Three Forks of the Missouri, Weippe Prairie was a converging point for trails from all directions. Here at the western extremity of the big trail across the mountains the Indian roads centred, and here to-day traces of them may yet be seen.

The Weippe Prairie is a wide, level stretch of country watered by the Jim Ford Creek, a very sluggish one, which flows to the north and into the main Kooskooskee River. Grain, including winter wheat, and the hardier vegetables, grow luxuriantly, but melons, cucumbers, etc., have not yet been successfully cultivated.

The settling up and fencing in of the prairie have resulted in the obliteration, to a great extent, of the old trails. Two of them I learned upon inquiry came together near our camp and continued eastward along the edge of the timber. One of these was the trail followed by Lewis and Clark and by us also.

Upon the succeeding day, early in the morning, as we were proceeding mountainward, we saw "a point of woods" that exactly fitted the description of the place where Lewis

and Clark had camped, and which I doubt not was the spot.

Lewis and Clark remained at their Weippe camp from June 10th to 15th. In the meantime they sent one of the Fields brothers and Willard forward "eight miles to a prairie on this side of Collins Creek, with orders to hunt till



The Old Ford at Collins, or Lolo, Creek, between Camp Chopunnish, or Kámiah, and Weippe Prairie.

our arrival." Dr. Coues mistakenly supposed that this was Weippe Prairie. It may have been a prairie on either Brown Creek or Musselshell Creek. These streams are not far apart and there is a beautiful clearing on each stream, either of which meets the meagre description given by the explorers.

On June 15, 1806, at ten o'clock A.M., the party started

to recross the Bitter Root Range, and Gass states that when they left Weippe they had sixty-six horses.

Following their old trail to Musselshell Creek, they seem there to have diverged from it and to have reached Collins Creek, at a point south from the forks, where they overtook Fields and Willard. Then, crossing the stream, and the mountains which lie *south* of the eastern branch of Collins Creek, they reached this eastern branch at a point about ten miles above the main forks, where they camped in a little bottom.

On the 16th and 17th they virtually retraced their old trail, crossing Hungry Creek twice, as they state. In climbing the spur of the mountains leading from Hungry Creek northeast to the main divide between the North, or Chopunnish, Fork and the Lochsa Fork of the Kooskooskee, they found themselves

enveloped in snow from twelve to fifteen feet in depth, even on the south side of the mountain, with the fullest exposure to the sun. Winter now presented itself in all its rigors, the air was keen and cold, no vestige of vegetation was to be seen, and our hands and feet benumbed.

To proceed, therefore, under such circumstances, would be to hazard our being bewildered in the mountains, and to insure the loss of our horses, and even should we be so fortunate as to escape with our lives, we might be obliged to abandon all our papers and collections. It was therefore decided not to venture any farther. . . . Our baggage was placed on scaffolds and carefully covered, as were also the instruments and papers, which we thought it safer to leave than to risk them over the roads and creeks by which we came.

Having completed this operation we set out at one o'clock, and treading back our steps reached Hungry Creek, which we ascended for two miles till, finding some scanty grass, we encamped. The rain fell during the greater part of the evening, and as this was the first time that we have ever been compelled to make any retrograde movement, we feared that it might depress the spirits of the men; but though [they were] somewhat dejected at the circumstance, the obvious necessity precluded all repining.

It was a serious and gloomy time, but they bore themselves nobly in their disappointment. Again they learned by hard, bitter experience that the Indians knew prevailing conditions better than they, and had spoken the truth to them.

There was now but one thing to do, to return to the low ground, and if possible obtain guides. They retraced their steps, on the 18th, to the meadows on Collins Creek, just above their camp of June 15th, the Fields brothers remaining at Hungry Creek to hunt. On the way Potts cut his leg seriously, and Colter's horse rolled down the rocks of Hungry Creek and injured its rider.

Drewyer and Shannon (note how often young Shannon was one of two or three sent out on important missions) were at once sent back to the Chopunnish council on Kamas Prairie to engage guides. It was determined to remain at Collins Creek, where the pasturage was ample, until Drewyer and Shannon returned, if the hunters could supply the party with game. This was soon ascertained to be impossible, and accordingly, collecting their horses, on June 21st they returned to the old camp at Quamash flats, or Weippe Prairie.

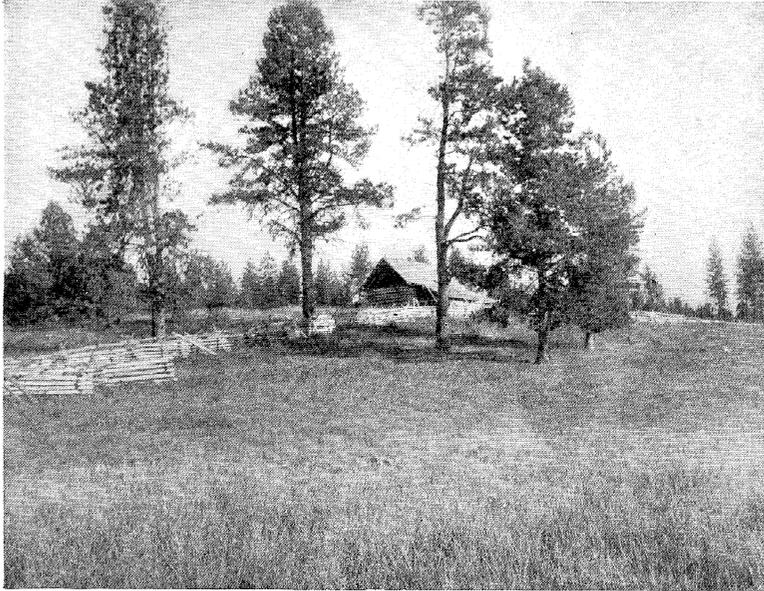
On June 23d Drewyer and Shannon returned with

three Indians, who promised to go with us to the Falls of the Missouri, for the compensation of two guns. One of them is the brother of the Cutnose, and the other two had each given us a horse at the house of the Brokenarm; and as they are men of good character, and respected in the nation, we have the best prospect of being well served.

On June 24th the party again set out to pass the mountains. At Collins Creek they picked up Frazier, who, with Wisner, had been sent ahead to hold two Indians, who were also waiting there, a day or two longer, and on a branch of Collins Creek, not Fish Creek as the narrative states, they

found Gass, Wiser, and the two Indians, and there they camped. That night the Indians set the woods afire "in order as they said to bring fair weather for our journey."

The next day one of the three Indians complained of being sick; this at first appeared to be a pretence and ominous of desertion, but the party proceeded, and the sick



The "Point of Woods," where Lewis and Clark probably Camped on Weippe Prairie, Idaho, June 10, 1806.

Indian and his two comrades overtook them on a branch of Hungry Creek. The fellow was indeed sick, and the Captains now endeavored to alleviate his suffering. They camped again on Hungry Creek just below their camp of June 16th.

On June 26th, they reached their *cache* on the mountain and found everything in good condition; the snow had melted nearly four feet since June 17th, and there was now about

seven feet of snow remaining on the mountains, along the trail. After a hasty meal they started on, now confident and sure, with good guides to lead them, and also urged on by the latter, for it was a long ride to where there was grass for the horses. "We mounted," therefore, the narrative reads,

and following their steps, sometimes crossed abruptly steep hills, and then wound along their sides near tremendous precipices, where, had our horses slipped, we should have been lost irrecoverably. Our route lay on the ridgy mountains which separate the waters of the Kooskooskee and Chopunnish [Ahsáhka and Lochsa forks], above the heads of all the streams, so that we met no running water.

They passed their camp of September 18th, 1805, near the point where they had first sighted Kamas Prairie, and late in the evening stopped at a "good spring of water . . . on the steep side of a mountain, with no wood and a fair southern aspect."

The following day, June 27th, they resumed their route

over the heights and steep hills of the same great ridge. At eight miles' distance we reached an eminence where the Indians have raised a conic mound of stone, six or eight feet high, on which is fixed a pole made of pine, about fifteen feet long.

Here they halted and smoked for some time at the request of the Indians. This mound, similar to those at the Indian Post-offices, is at or near what is now known as Castle Butte, and it is "one mile short [east] of their camp of September 17 [1805]," Lewis says. The point is a very commanding one and the journal has an interesting passage penned at that spot, as follows:

From this elevated spot we have a commanding view of the surrounding mountains, which so completely inclose us that, although we have once [in Sept., 1805] passed them, we almost

despair of ever escaping from them without the assistance of the Indians. . . . Our guides traverse this trackless region with a kind of instinctive sagacity; they never hesitate, they are never embarrassed; and so undeviating is their step, that wherever the snow has disappeared, for even a hundred paces, we find the summer road.

Gass has some interesting comments, on this day.

The snow is so deep that we cannot wind along the sides of these steeps, but must slide straight down. The horses generally do not sink more than three inches in the snow; but sometimes they break through to their bellies. . . . The day was pleasant throughout; but it appeared to me somewhat extraordinary, to be traveling over snow six or eight feet deep in the latter end of June.

Ten miles from the stone mound they passed their camp of September 16, 1805,—the camp nearest the Indian Post-offices—and after making twenty-eight miles camped on the ridge.

On the morning of the 28th, the horses “exhibited rather a gaunt appearance,” having had nothing to eat. Starting early, at six miles’ distance they passed their camp of September 15, 1805, and one mile and a half farther along, they passed “the road from the right, immediately on the dividing ridge, leading by the fishery” by which they had climbed the mountain in 1805 after leaving Colt-killed Creek, and which the Chopunnish guides now rejected.

June 29th was a red-letter day.

We continued along the ridge which we have been following for several days, till at the end of five miles it terminated; and now bidding adieu to the snows in which we have been imprisoned, we descended to the main branch of the Kooskooskec.

There they found a deer hung up for them by the hunters who had “been dispatched at an early hour.”

Crossing the river, they climbed “for two miles the steep

acclivities of a mountain, on the summit of which we found coming in from the right the old road [to Colt-killed Creek] which we had passed on our route last autumn."

At twelve miles' distance from their camp of the morning, they reached the Glade Creek flats, where they dined on the deer found at the river and let their horses graze.

If, upon reaching this point, they did n't break forth into the long-metre Doxology, they should have done so. That afternoon they reached the Hot Springs, "and most of us bathed in its water," Gass says.

The night of June 30th, 1806, the party were again at Traveller's-rest Creek, their old camp of September 9 and 10, 1805, not a man missing, and with six deer killed on the way down from the Hot Springs.