

I proposed forwarding in my last despatches, but received too late for transmission.

With great respect, I am, dear sir,

your most humble and obedient servant,

ELIJAH WHITE,

Sub-agent Indian Affairs, W. R. M.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Thrilling story—A slave slain and buried with his master—Strange custom—Inducements to the doctor to take the journey home—Endeavors to discover a new route through the Cascade mountains—Sealing a mountain—Vegetation—Snows—Fine view—Masses of rocks—Mt. Hood—Disheartened—Return to the base of the mountain—Molalah Indians—Disappointment—Wheat—Petrified ash—Advantages for settling—Deer and elk—Wild cat—New determination—Fine country—Mounds—Mt. Spencer—Ascent laborious—Shrubs—Incident—Stupendous view—Descent.

DURING the year 1844, Mr. Perkins arrived in the colony, bringing with him a boy whom he had released from the dead-house at Wiscopum. He was a bright looking little fellow, intelligent and active, an object of universal interest and attraction, and the account of his late dismal nocturnal imprisonment, created mingled feelings of pity, horror, and disgust. Of his earliest history they could learn nothing, except that, at five or six years of age, he was captured from his own tribe, the Chestes, by the Clamuts. It seems that the men of the tribe were hunting, and the women taking their offspring with them, went out into the woods and prairies to pick berries, when their enemies found and killed a portion of them, taking the boy away into slavery. He was afterwards sold to the chief of the Wascopums, to be the companion of his own son, about the same age, and soon endeared himself in a thousand childish ways to the whole family. The boys were much attached; whatever were the amusements of the young chief, his fellow participated. He

received a part of his feathers, shells, and little presents. Some time after this, Mr. Perkins arrived among them, and a great reformation commenced in this as well as adjacent tribes. The sachem's whole tribe were converted, much to his chagrin and anger. He absolutely resisted whatever influence of the spirit which he might have felt, and reproached his tribe in bitter terms for their recreancy. He sometimes, with flashing eye and angry voice, commanded them to abandon their old-womanish notions; and at others, with the winning tones, and touching words, which the Indian can so well adopt, attempted to persuade them to return to the religion of their noble ancestors. But the work was not arrested till—as it was computed—nearly a thousand of these benighted beings were converted. The missionaries were very solicitous about the rebellious chief, mourning his obstinacy, and fearing that some awful calamity would fall upon him, and Mr. Perkins with untiring zeal, labored to place before him the consequences which might follow if he persevered. But he turned a deaf ear, saying, “he feared not the power, nor cared for the vengeance of the white man's God.” The event too truly showed that the predictions were verified, for two years had hardly rolled away, before disease and death made frightful havoc in his family. His brother died; his wife and children one after another wasted and vanished from his sight, wringing his proud heart with anguish. At length his darling, only son was stricken down. Every means known to their jugglery and superstition were employed, but it soon became apparent that he was following his mother and sisters. The afflicted father then hastened to the man of God for help, begging anxiously, abjectly, for restoratives for his poor boy. Medicine was given him, and with flying steps, and panting chest, he sped to his

gloomy, solitary home. He rushed to the mat, and forcing open the lips of the sufferer, placed the medicine upon the already palsied tongue. It was unavailing; the child could not swallow; the pure gem was stolen from the frail casket, the young spirit had fled. I cannot describe the stern sire's awful grief, hours and days of wordless, noiseless anguish, for no man mourns as does the Indian, who has no certain knowledge of again meeting the beloved one. Especially for a son does the warrior lament, and a warrior was this father; in him he had hoped to see the brave of his younger days, loved and admired by the tribe, his praises chaunted in the war song by the men, and sung in love notes by the maidens. At length by meaning looks and gestures rather than words, it was found that the chief had determined that the deceased boy's friend, who had been his companion in hunting the rabbit, snaring the pheasant, and fishing in the streams, was to be his companion to the spirit land; his son should not be deprived of his associate in the strange world to which he had gone; that associate should perish by the hand of his father, and be conveyed with him to the dead-house. This receptacle was built on a long black rock in the centre of the Columbia river, around which, being so near the falls, the current was amazingly rapid. It was thirty feet in length, and perhaps half that in breadth, completely enclosed and sodded, except at one end where was a narrow aperture just sufficient to carry a corpse through. The council overruled, and little George, instead of being slain was conveyed, living, to the dead-house about sunset. The dead were piled on each side, leaving a narrow aisle between, and on one of these was placed the deceased boy, and bound tightly till the purple, quivering flesh puffed above the strong bark cords; that he might die very soon, the living was pla-

ced by his side, his face to his, till the very lips met, and extended along limb to limb, and foot to foot, and nestled down into his couch of rottenness, to impede his breathing as far as possible, and smother his cries. And so they left him, unheeding his piteous prayers, although his shrieks and screams were so agonizing that a tear stood in the eye of even his master, and he closed his ears that he might shut out these fearful sounds. They left the child surrounded with heaps of hideous, festering dead; the cold, clammy reptile crawling over his quaking flesh, as it toiled to and fro in its feast of loathsomeness, choking with the hot, fulsome, putrid vapors of his ghostly bed. That night the intelligence reached Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, and till morning they were obliged to endure the agony, for it was nothing else, of imagining the sufferings of the victim, for it would have been worse than presumption to attempt his rescue, for the night was intensely dark, and in the day time the rock was extremely difficult of access. At the dawn of day, Mrs. Perkins looking almost like a corpse, they left their home and reached the rock, some three miles distant, before sunrise. Mr. Perkins forced open the tomb, and after waiting till the steaming, death-fumes had partially escaped, they entered and searched for the boy. They found him stretched on the ground, for in his struggles he had kicked himself off the pile of dead, and now lay perfectly insensible and almost breathless. They conveyed him to the open air, which with all their anxious efforts, for a long time failed to revive him. He at last gasped convulsively, but his senses for some time refused to communicate to his bewildered brain, the reality. Imagining he was yet in that horrid cell, he was mad with frantic terror. He strained his blood-shot eyes in their sockets, threw about his poor freed limbs,

screamed, and raved of the sights he had seen, and voices of the dead he had heard whispering in his ears, and their cold, bony hands griping his throat; in short, every frightful thing, the fancy of a child is so fruitful in conjuring. His hearers could not avoid shuddering. But when he became conscious of his situation, it was affecting to witness his transports. He clasped his mutilated arms around Mrs. P.'s neck, kissed her passionately, and caressed her face and hair with his swollen hands, and called her by the most endearing names, and her tears fell upon his burning brow, as she held him in her arms, his head pressed against her cheek. This seems to contradict the received assertion of some, that the Indian is created without gratitude, but if this boy's feelings were not those of gratitude, it was something of a still more holy and elevated nature. When Dr. White saw him, three and even six months after, his limbs yet showed the traces of his torture, for where the ligatures had been drawn the tightest the wounds were yet raw and unhealed, causing considerable suffering.

Mr. Shortess, a member of the legislature, and a respectable gentleman, on his way to visit the Willamette settlement, some sixty miles below fort Vancouver, hearing a very singular wailing on shore, put in. He found considerable of an encampment of Indians. He was received in perfect silence, some sitting and others standing about, seeming scarcely to notice the intruder except by a simple raising of their dark eyes. At length seeing one of them, a man, in a state of extraordinary restlessness, though uttering no sound, he ventured to break the stillness by inquiring the cause. A chief informed him that the man was a slave, his master had lately died, and that he was doomed to death, and to be buried with him. Shortess was startled, and used