BRAND BOOK

Number 14

The Westerners

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

Dagosta

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Doyce B. Nunis, Jr. – Editor

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

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Los Angeles Corral

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Article headpieces and decorative art throughout the book
are from sketches by Westerner Andrew S. Dagosta

Preface

The American West has many faces. It is rich in many themes. It has been the subject of thousands of articles and thousands of books. Because of its multifacets and multithemes, the history of the American West seems inexhaustable. That history remains one of the most popular, if not *the* most popular, in the United States. And that history fascinates many abroad.

Testimony to the popularity of the American West can be found on all sides, the visual media being the most obvious. But there are numerous other examples, notably the impressive roster of corrals of Westerners scattered throughout the United States and abroad; the fact that Ray Allen Billington's monumental textbook, *Westward Expansion,* has just been published in a revised fourth edition; or the lead story in the *Sunday Times* of London entitled "Home on the Range in Oxshott, Surrey," illustrated by a typical cowman on his horse riding home. In the latter case the man was one of England's most distinguished artists, the portrait painter Terence Tenison Cuneo. An honorary deputy marshall of Tombstone, Arizona—a title given him after he painted Tombstone's famous Gunfight at the OK Corral between Wyatt Earp and the Clanton boys—Cuneo went to Arizona to collect his badge. Since then he regularly dresses up in Western garb to take his gelding on a gallop in the Oxshott woods. The staid *Sunday Times* also recently made much of the fact that cowboys would soon be on the M1—one of England's major freeways. So the story goes, a group of promoters plan a City Fantasia at Ridgmont in Bedfordshire which would "even overshadow Disneyland." Included would be a Wild West town. One citizen mused, "Imagine the confusion in a thousand years' time after the nuclear holocaust, some archaeologist digging down there and finding all that"—the American West in the heart of England!

For those interested in stamp collecting, the American West represents the single largest subject which has received continuing use by the United States Post Office on its postage issues. In 1972, calling attention to historic preservation, two of the four stamps issued were western—Mission San Xavier del Bac and a San Francisco cable car (in honor of its centennial observance). Not only does the American West hold a dominant interest for postal issues at home, but it also finds use abroad. In 1966, on the centennial of the Náprstek Enthnographic Museum in Prague, which highlighted an exhibit on the Indians of North America, Czechoslovakia issued a set of seven stamps, ranging in

value from a 20 *haleru* to a 1.40 *Kornua.* The subjects for the seven stamps included canoes and tepees, a tomahawk, a Haida totem pole, a Katchina, an Indian on horseback hunting buffalo, a Dakota calumet, and a Dakota chief. Nor has the Soviet Union ignored the lure of the American West. In 1969, in honor of the world conservation movement, it issued a magnificient stamp depicting two splendid American buffalo. Not to be outdone, Davaar Island off the coast of England, issued in early 1974 twenty-four values depicting American West Indians. The colored designs depict faces and busts of Indians with brief identifications on each. Thus the American West holds postal fascination for nations ranging in size from super power to tiny isle.

Possibly nowhere does the spirit of the American West thrive more than in the corrals of the Westerners. This is particularly true of the Los Angeles Corral which dates its founding from December 1946. In 1971 the Corral's Silver Anniversary was celebrated by publishing *The San Francisco Vigilance Committee of 1856, Three Views* to commemorate the event. That publication reflected the Corral's abiding interest in and dedication to the history of the American West. In doing so the Corral remained stalwart to its founding commitment—"to enable men with common interests to meet with reasonable frequency and to exchange information and knowledge relative to the cultural and historical background of what is commonly called *The West.*"

That abiding commitment continues to be maintained in the Corral's meetings, in its quarterly publication *The Branding Iron,* and in the Corral's occasional *Brand Books.* These Corral endeavors have produced a wealth of valuable data on the multifaceted aspects of western history. The Corral's published legacy will find recurring use by layman and scholar alike.

Thus, in the tradition of the Corral, it is with pride that we bring to publication *Brand Book Fourteen.* Like most of its noble predecessors, it is multithemed in approach. Its contents reflect some of the enduring aspects of the American West's history. There is the dauntless missionary-explorer; the dedicated missionary-priest; the Indian; the overland immigrant; the miner; the soldier-settler; the artist; the writer; the conservationist; the visitor-traveler; the foreign immigrant; the ethnic minority; the spectacular countryside, and the frontier legacy. Each of these familiar western images are interwoven in the articles which follow. Ably researched and written, it is hoped that this *Brand Book's* contents will add its full measure to interest and to inform those who have an affinity and affection for the history of the American West which fascinates so many, both at home and abroad. May it ever be so!

Los Angeles, California
March 1, 1974

Doyce B. Nunis, Jr.
Editor

Dagosta

An Aerial View of the Canyon of the Salmon River

"Flight Home"

by John Dunkel

Crawling the land, six seconds to the mile,
pacing the sun, buoyant on atmospheric thinness,
height wrinkles contours,
veins drainage patterns,
spreads alluvial fans,
maps geologic history.
Cloud shadows walk sunlit fields,
and on the northern horizon,
a storm system smokes high
in its ponderous continental waltz.

Below rolls the heartland,
sprawling rectangular crazy-quilt,
smooth and rich and dull,
too flat, too green,
too pocked by towns,
too smudged by cities,
too peopled, too machined,
too busy
to please a western eye.
Supplier to half a world
of wheat and corn,
beef and pork,
autos and aeroplanes,
engines, enzymes,
furniture, fuel,
fabrics and fabrications
of every description.
Things—
some needed,
some worthless,
gadgets, quick-buck, make-work,
and wasteful of the earth's wealth.

Thin concrete filaments tie
the dark hives for manufacture;
the distant city-clots cluster the rivers,
once their lifeline, their transport,
now their sewer,
and the water runs heavy and poisonous.
The scene passes slowly, monotonously,
only the promised glimpse
of the "father of waters"
holds interest:
it passes almost unseen,
cloud covered.

Then emptiness:
slim scar of railroad
cuts across grain-brown plain,
a giant straight-edge
measuring out,
every ten miles,
every ten sections,
the station required to justify
the grant of land that built the tracks,
the greatest giveaway of history.
Each one is marked
by the inevitable grain elevator,
bursting with wheat,
overflowing with rotting food,
too much of what the world has too little.
Down there now,
farmers are paid *not* to grow it.
And the elevator rats are cat-sized.

Gradually, the land changes,
the rectangles expand,
burst their fences,
swell to rolling oceans,
rippled and ribbed by badlands.
And closer now,
climbing toward us,
straining to meet the sky.
Tawnier, too,
after the invisible frontier
of the hundredth meridian,
drier, vaster, more challenging.
Out here the rivers
are sparse and spare,
narrow ribbons twining between wide floodbanks.

But they run cleaner, freer,
sparkling in the sunlight.
And the westerner begins to feel
at home.

Beneath passes the range of the buffalo,
long gone,
replaced by a lesser breed.
There, the hunting ground of Cheyenne and Comanche,
long conquered,
robbed, humiliated, patronized.
This is the domain of rich, short grass,
threaded by the trails of the longhorn,
peopled by the ghosts of rough drovers,
white and black and brown,
who made the names down there famous:
Dodge and Abilene,
Pecos and Cimarron,
Chisholm and Goodnight,
Matador and XIT.
The world's best rangeland,
become the prairie home of nester and sodbuster,
grandfathers still alive who,
in one lifetime,
nearly transformed this rich sea of grass
into a desert,
by turning the soil wrong side up,
heedless of the warnings of prophets
and Indians.

Suddenly ahead, that awesome escarpment,
mile high and a thousand long,
stretching north beyond even this god's-view.
The Front Range—The Rockies.
Here are the peaks,
lifting toward us,
that knew the mountain men,
Old Gabe and Kit and Bill Williams,
and Jim Beckwourth,
so long denied his black skin.
Rugged individuals personified,
half-Indian, half-animal,
men completely adapted
to a life so wild and free
other men have envied it ever since.
Heroes—once.
Loners in an empty paradise.

Spoilers now,
forerunners of rape and exploitation,
the dream gone sour.
Eeeow, old hoss!
Give thanks you're planted;
you wouldn't shine to this new world.
Even the towering peaks you knew,
bounding your life,
guiding your paths,
seen from *this* vantage,
look small,
dwarfed by mechanical man.

Beyond them now,
the great red table of the Colorado Plateau
sprawling out over four states,
careless of politics.
Cliff-stepped,
butte-pimpled, dry veined,
high desert country,
thin-aired and sun-filled,
with its four sacred mountains,
abode of Indian gods,
still remembered,
still necessary.
Nayenezghani, Tobajishchini,
Heavenly Twins,
born of the Earth Mother,
Sons of the Sun,
and to their Father returned in vengeance,
deliverers of their People.
O Slayer-of-Enemy-Gods, where are you now?
O Child-of-the-Waters, can you help us
in our need?

To the north, the great dark river,
but looking incredibly small and weak
to have cut that impossible gouge,
splitting the uplift,
halving the plateau.
And there, just beyond,
that swollen belly of muddy blue,
illegitimate fruit,
consequence of river's rape,
drowning a whole world of canyon beauty,
forever, past recall.

Flight Home

Gatherer of all southwestern waters,
have you now met your match in man?
Or will you, in the slow drip of time,
prevail once more,
as you did in the great canyon,
and sweep away the presumptuous dikes of man,
bury them under a stratum of sedimentary silt?

Already the descent begins,
we feel the acceleration,
hear the rush of air.
Down through the cloud deck,
momentarily lost, suspended in oblivion;
then pink cliffs glimpsed through a gauzy veil,
and the desert dropping away to desolation.
Dry meanders cut rifts in rock folds,
gold on green on brown.
The land is beautiful
even where it is harsh and hostile.
—Hostile?
Only for man,
who judges everything by his comforts,
whose short-sighted hen-scratchings
the land has endured for so brief a time.
Have they now become too irritating,
too dangerous?
Will nature suddenly shrug its shoulders,
in some slow movement of ice,
some continental upheaval,
and rid itself of the annoyance?

Now there, blue alpine waters,
cupped between green-forested ridges,
clear in the icy air,
crystal still and continent-wide.
But ahead looms the squat brown haze of the metropolis,
into which we must sink,
back to earth and reality.
Or was *this* reality?
The planet, seen whole,
in its fullness, its oneness,
vast, fertile, safe home for a species
able to appreciate it, care for it?

Ours?

Statue of Father Garcés on Yuma Hill, California, dedicated in 1928 at St. Thomas Indian Mission, site of Mission La Purísima Concepción, near the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers where Garcés was martyred in 1781.

Western History in 1776
Garcés and Escalante in Arizona
by Raymund F. Wood

The approaching two-hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence is certain to be celebrated, in each of the two countries most closely associated with that historic event, by a series of historical and commemorative productions of one kind or another. The majority of these, especially in the United States, will tend to emphasize the part played by the men of the Atlantic seaboard in bringing about the events that culminated in the document that was officially adopted on July 4, 1776, and was signed by the president and the secretary of the Second Continental Congress in the evening of that day. But the citizens of the southwestern part of our country, particularly those of New Mexico, Arizona, and California, have an equal right to celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of that famous year, though for totally different reasons—for it was in that same year of 1776 that the long-planned land route between the old Spanish settlements of the Rio Grande Valley and the new settlements along the coast of California was first proven to be both possible and practicable.

Although many persons in administrative, ecclesiastical, and military circles played important parts in the events that led up to the first exploration of this route—from Viceroy Bucareli, to Fray Junípero Serra, to Captain Juan Bautista de Anza—the names of two Franciscan missionaries stand out most prominently, Fray Francisco Tomás Hermenegildo Garcés and Fray Silvestre Vélez de Escalante. These two missionaries, coming to the Spanish borderlands from different Franciscan colleges in Mexico, and by different land routes,

did not know each other personally, and they probably never met each other face to face in their entire lives. Yet their paths crossed in north-central Arizona, and it is this crossing of their paths in 1776 that gives significance to this particular year in the long history of the Spanish exploration and development of the Southwest.

Francisco Garcés, to give him the shorter name by which he is usually known, was a Franciscan of the missionary-training college of the Holy Cross at Querétaro, Mexico. Born in Spain in 1738, Garcés was a young man of thirty when his superiors decided to send him, in response to his earlier expressed desire, as a missionary to "the Californias." Garcés was one of the many Franciscans sent to take over the existing missions of the Jesuits in Sonora and Baja California when the "Blackrobes" were forcibly expelled from all Spanish dominions in the year 1767. Garcés reached his assignment, the former Jesuit mission of San Xavier del Bac, near present-day Tucson, on June 30, 1768.

Between 1768 and 1774 Garcés made four *entradas* or journeys to the north and northwest of San Xavier, to the Gila, to the Colorado, down the Colorado to the Gulf, and to Mission San Gabriel in California (with Captain Anza in 1774). These journeys, partly through unknown country, and partly over routes already established by the Jesuits, particularly by Fathers Kino and Sedelmayr,[1] gave Garcés an excellent comprehension of the geography of the country, an understanding of the languages of the principal tribes living along the Gila and the lower Colorado, and above all enabled him to establish a firm foundation of friendship between most of these tribes and the Spaniards.[2]

In 1775 Garcés set out on his fifth *entrada*, one that was to take him in the following year to Oraibi in Arizona,[3] where his path would cross that of his fellow Franciscan missionary and explorer, Father Escalante, who in his own way, and from a different direction, was doing the same things as Father Garcés—finding new Indian tribes to convert, and trying to open a land route from Santa Fe to Monterey.

To understand the necessity, or at least the desirability, of such a connection, it is necessary to view the expansion of the Spanish borderlands as a single operation, which indeed it was from the point of view of the viceroy's administration. The Jesuits had been for a long time on the outer edges of the frontier movement northwest into the regions of Sinaloa, Sonora, and Baja California, while the Franciscans had likewise become well established in the older (though more northern) settlements in Texas and along the Rio Grande. The Jesuits had pushed their missions as far as to south-central Arizona by the mid-eighteenth century, and some of their earlier foundations in Sonora—

Tubutama, Caborca, Magdalena, and others—were well on their way to becoming settled communities. In Baja California the picture was much the same, though the land was less fertile and the small towns surrounding some of the missions, Loreto, for example, were poverty-stricken in the extreme.

Still, the general view of the Spanish perimeter, the land that Bolton has happily phrased "the rim of Christendom," as seen from the viceregal headquarters in Mexico City about the middle of the century, was not discouraging. Save for a few raids by uncivilized Indians, notably by the Seris and the Apaches, the land was relatively peaceful; taxes were gathered to a somewhat satisfactory degree; and the expense of maintaining soldiers and missionaries on the frontier was not thought to be excessive. And although Spain claimed jurisdiction over all the land from somewhere in the vicinity of El Capitan (later named Pike's Peak) as far west and northwest as Cape Mendocino, by virtue of the exploits of her *conquistadores*—Coronado, Alarcón, Cabrillo, and Viscaíno, to name but a few—still there was felt no strong urgency to occupy and settle all of this area, not even the vulnerable sea coast regions. The French, the English, and the Russians were all felt to be a menace to the security of the Spanish, it is true. The French encroachment was primarily from the east, towards the crest of the continental divide, along the Powder, the Platte, the Canadian, and the Red rivers during the first half of the eighteenth century. The English freebooters and other more legitimate English traders who followed Drake in the Pacific, and the Russian encroachment southward from the frozen north, constituted the two other aspects of the three-fold threat to Spanish security. In 1751 a certain Captain Fernando Sanchez, viewing this triple threat with more alarm than most of his contemporaries, drew up a set of "memorials," suggesting to the king and to the viceroy in Mexico City that, among other things, Alta California should be occupied. But the Pima Revolt of 1751 caused the government to postpone consideration of the Sanchez memorials, and in 1761–1762 the European treaties known as the Family Compact appeared to make France, at least, less of a competitor than before. But in 1767 two events, or rather two series of events, occurred which changed considerably the administrative outlook of the viceroy, and made even greater changes in those regions that lay just beyond the Spanish frontier of that time, the lands that ultimately became the states of California, Nevada, and Utah.

The first of these two events was the royal order for the sudden and complete expulsion of all Jesuits from all colleges, churches, and missions in every part of the Spanish dominions. The second was a belated but firm decision on the part of the Spanish government, as represented by Viceroy Teodoro de Croix and by the powerful *Visitador General* José de Gálvez, to undertake

the settlement of California. The two events had little to do with each other, but the man commissioned by Gálvez in October 1767 to expel the sixteen Jesuits from Baja California, and to turn their missions over to the Franciscans of the College of San Fernando, under the presidency of Fray Junípero Serra, was Gaspar de Portolá, the same man who was to become the leader of the four expeditions (two by land and two by sea) that resulted in the founding of San Diego and Monterey.

The story of the coming of the Franciscans to the abandoned Jesuit missions of Baja, and of their brief stay in the peninsula before being swept (many of them anyway) northward to found the new missions of San Fernando de Velicatá, San Diego de Alcalá, San Carlos Borromeo at Monterey, and the other missions of Alta California, has been told many times and needs not to be repeated. What is perhaps less well understood is that the same two events—the expulsion of the Jesuits, and the expansion of the frontier—brought about similar changes in Sonora and Arizona, namely, the replacement of the Jesuits by the Franciscans (a circumstance that brought Garcés to San Xavier del Bac in 1768), and, more significantly, a complete change in the concept of the Sonora region as a frontier. Under Gálvez' new plan the frontier was not to be Alta California; Sonora, together with what are now the states of Durango, Chihuahua, and Sinaloa, was to be made into a commandancy-general, with a capital city, not in Durango as formerly, but somewhere in Sonora, possibly even as far north as present-day Yuma; and this self-governing commandancy should have as one of its chief functions the supplying of the missions, pueblos, and presidios of Alta California.

In theory this was a good plan. As a matter of fact the king finally did approve of it, though it was nearly a decade before the first commandant-general was officially appointed, and a capital definitely established at Arispe, Sonora. The theory was that since it took so long for ships to sail from San Blas to San Diego or Monterey that the crews were usually decimated by scurvy en route, and that perishable goods could not be carried anyway, and that the route up the peninsula of Baja California was difficult and wearisome, there was a real necessity for a good land route from Mexico to California. The route northward by way of Nueva Vizcaya (Chihuahua) to the Rio Grande Valley was well established, but it did not bring the supplies close enough to California. A route up the west coast, through Sinaloa and Sonora, was now urged as the main supply route for the northern frontier. But the weak point in the route was the necessity of maintaining friendly relations with the Yuma Indians who controlled the crossing of the Colorado. If they, and the other tribes who lived above and below them, should prove hostile the entire route would be useless, as the Colorado could not be crossed except

between the areas around present-day Needles and Yuma. Upstream from the Needles area the river ran through precipitous canyons (so the Spaniards were told); below Yuma there was the barren and rocky desert on the east and the sandy wastes to the west—not absolutely impassable to an explorer, but very difficult for a regular supply train.

All during the period from 1768, when the project for the establishment of missions in Alta California was first discussed in detail by Gálvez and Serra at Santa Ana near La Paz in July of that year, until the California missions and presidios were so well established that the supply route was no longer felt to be of supreme importance, the viceroys, particularly Antonio Bucareli, who succeeded de Croix in 1771, gave continuous thought to the problem of defending and supplying California. To this end Bucareli instituted a series of measures, designed for both offense and defense, such as an exploration of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, to expedite the flow of artillery and other materiel from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and, closer to the present history, the opening up of a road from Tubac to San Gabriel in 1774, the preliminary to Anza's 1775–76 expedition which resulted in the founding of San Francisco in 1776.[4]

It was a furtherance of Bucareli's instruction that brought Garcés into northern Arizona in 1776. After the successful demonstration by Anza in 1774 that a route could be developed from Sonora to San Gabriel, and from there to Monterey, Bucareli was delighted, even though he was made aware, chiefly through the remarks of Fray Juan Diaz, who, along with Garcés, had accompanied the expedition, that success depended on keeping the Yumas as friends. Anza, promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel on October 4, 1774, went to Mexico City upon his return from Monterey, and he and the viceroy drew up detailed plans for a second expedition, one that would include colonists and their wives, and herds of beef cattle. This was the famous Anza Expedition that ultimately led to the founding of San Francisco, even though Anza personally led the colonists only as far as Monterey.

Garcés went along on this expedition also, but again only part way. On the 1774 trip he had gone only as far as to San Gabriel; on the second expedition he was ordered by the viceroy to stay even farther back on the trail, and not to accompany the expedition beyond Yuma. While his companion Father Font was to go on with Anza, Fathers Garcés and Tomás Eixarch were to remain "to look over the country and to treat with near-by Indian nations." Father Eixarch did indeed remain at Yuma, as a guest of Palma, the Yuman chief, in a building which, at Anza's orders, the Spaniards erected before they left.

Garcés was not the man to remain idle, and believing that Father Eixarch

alone was quite capable of maintaining the desired friendly relations with the Yumans, he almost immediately set off to do as the Viceroy commanded, "to look over the country." After a short expedition southward in December, Garcés returned to Yuma shortly after the New Year of 1776, and on February 14 he was off again, this time northward, up the Colorado. Garcés remembered the difficulty that Anza had encountered in the sand dunes in 1774, when they tried to get to San Gabriel by going around the south end of what today we call the Salton Sea. He wondered if a more northern route might not be feasible. When the Jamajabs (Mojaves), living near present-day Needles, offered to guide him to the Spanish settlements, since they did occasionally go in that direction for the purpose of trading with the tribes of the Central Valley and even on the coast, Garcés jumped at the chance to go along. On the way from there to San Gabriel he discovered the Mojave River, which he called the Río de los Mártires, ascending it almost to its source. Then, still led by his Mojave guides, he went over the San Bernardino Mountains not far from today's Cajon Pass. Reaching San Gabriel on March 24, he found he had caught up with the Anza Expedition once again, since the colonists were delayed at San Gabriel while Anza and some soldiers went south to aid in putting down an Indian revolt at San Diego. Garcés, lacking a horse because he and his Indian guides had been forced by hunger to kill and eat one along the Mojave River, was grudgingly allowed to take a mount from the stock belonging to the colonists camped at San Gabriel, and on April 9 he was again on his way.

In his diary entry for March 24 Garcés explicitly stated: "My principal objective on leaving the Jamajabs' country was to go straight to San Luis [Obispo] Mission, or further north, to make communication easier between the Sonora and Moqui provinces and Monterey (which is what His Excellency the Viceroy seeks)."[5] So now, on April 9, Garcés again set his face towards San Luis, going west from San Gabriel and then northwest, over the San Fernando Pass to the Santa Clara River, over Liebre Mountain to a corner of Antelope Valley, and from there over the Tehachapis to the San Joaquin Valley. Arriving at the southern boundary of present-day Tulare County, Garcés found that he was in the right latitude and was only about four days' march from San Luis Obispo. But he was unable to reach that coastal mission for two reasons; first, he could no longer advance without guides, and he had no more gifts with which to bribe the local Indians; and secondly, he was quite alone, having left his faithful companion, Sebastian Taraval (a civilized Indian from Baja California), and his Mojave guides near the San Felipe (the Kern) River with a promise to return shortly. He was already several days overdue on his return, and he feared they might think him dead

and abandon him. He returned to his companions on the San Felipe, and on May 14 began his long journey back to Needles by way of the Tehachapis and the Mojave Desert. This time, by going almost directly east, and not dipping down to San Gabriel, he would demonstrate the possibility, if not indeed the practicability, of a direct route between the Mojave villages at Needles on the Colorado and the sea coast at San Luis.

Garcés' knowledge of the desert country between the Colorado and the coast was now considerable. Having made two trips across it, he still felt that the viceroy's desire was not completely fulfilled unless he could establish a route from San Luis all the way to the Moqui people of the Tusayan province of northern Arizona, who had been frequently visited during the previous two centuries by explorers and missionaries from New Mexico.

Indeed, that idea had been in his mind all along, as is seen by a letter he wrote to Anza from San Gabriel the previous April (cited by Font on May 11) to the effect that upon leaving San Gabriel he, Garcés, would return to the Mojaves, and that from there, should he learn of anything worth his while (*"algun de bueno,"* as he says), he would keep on towards Moqui. So when he did reach Needles on May 30 and found that a letter from Anza, urging him to come down to Yuma within three days, had been written over two weeks previously, he guessed that Anza and Father Eixarch had very probably waited for him only the three days that Anza specified and had then moved on to Tubac without him—which as a matter of fact they had done. Under such circumstances Garcés felt justified in continuing his explorations.

He did find *"algun de bueno"* the next day, when an altercation arose between some young Mojaves and some members of a tribe who lived to the east, on the route between Needles and Moqui. Garcés defended these Hualapai Indians, and in gratitude they agreed to act as his guide along the route to their homeland, which was part of the way to Moqui. Garcés departed from Needles on June 4, leaving behind his hitherto-loyal friend Sebastian.

Garcés was now entering upon a country never before traveled by white men, if we except the expedition of Cárdenas in 1540, which had visited the Grand Canyon some 236 years earlier, but by a considerably different route from that by which Garcés was now coming. Garcés visited the gentle Havasu Indians in their home in the canyon of Cataract Creek, a tributary of the Colorado—the first white man to visit them, though they were well known, under the name of Cosninas, to the Zuñi Indians and to the missionaries of New Mexico.

He passed by the South Rim of the Grand Canyon on June 26, and like

most other visitors to the gorge he was duly impressed by its size. He named it the Puerto (Pass or Gateway) de Bucareli, clear evidence that the viceroy was ever in his mind. It has been objected by some historians that Garcés was by this time seriously exceeding his original instructions to "look over the land, and to treat with the near-by Indians," by coming so far from Yuma. Garcés normally gave names to rivers, mountains, lakes, passes and so on, either for some prominent natural feature, or for the saint of the day; seldom if ever did he name anything in honor of one of his civil superiors. But now, either as a means of satisfying his nagging conscience, or perhaps with a view to laying aside the possible wrath of the viceroy for having exceeded his orders, Garcés named this stupendous gorge, the greatest natural feature in the whole of his travels, after the most important personage in New Spain, Viceroy Antonio María de Bucareli y Ursúa.

Six days later, on July 2, he was in Oraibi, the chief town of the Hopi (Moqui) Indians. For Garcés this was the end of the trail. He was now in Moqui country, among a people who, though personally hostile to Christianity, were nevertheless in fairly close contact with the Spanish settlements on the Rio Grande. Garcés had accomplished his purpose; he had come from the vicinity of San Luis Obispo by an almost direct route that deviated very little from the 35th parallel, across inhospitable wildernesses and deserts to the land of Moqui on the frontier of New Mexico; from the fringe of one Spanish area of influence to the outermost fringe of another. He had accomplished the wish of the viceroy, even if he had technically exceeded his orders. Between May 11 and July 2, 1776, he had opened up a new road from California to Santa Fe, or at least he had personally demonstrated the negotiability of such a route.

Meanwhile, what of the other man who was to do his part in making this year of 1776 so famous in western annals, Fray Silvestre Vélez de Escalante? Father Escalante (to give him the name by which he is best known today, though his contemporaries usually called him Vélez) had been *Ministro Doctrinero,* or resident missionary, at the mission of Zuñi in western New Mexico since at least January 8, 1775. He was a native of Tresenio, in the Bandalija Valley of the province of Santander in northern Spain, being born there about the year 1748 (or perhaps in 1750, since different accounts of his age at various times in his life would indicate different birth dates). He had taken his vows as a Franciscan in the province of Santo Evangelio (Holy Gospel) in Mexico City nine years earlier, that is to say, in 1767, and had been assigned to the *Custodio* of the Conversion of St. Paul, which was the official name of the Franciscan province of Upper and Lower New Mexico,

probably in 1773. Some time about Christmas of 1774 he had been assigned to Zuñi, an outpost on the western border of New Mexican civilization, but an ancient pueblo in its own right. Zuñi, on the site of the aboriginal Halona, was one of the fabled, golden "seven cities of Cíbola" which the Coronado expedition of 1540 had sought in vain, finding instead only the sun-baked pueblos of Halona, Hawiku, and a few other villages of the Zuñi Indians. Zuñi had been a Christian community for almost a hundred and fifty years, ever since the establishment of a mission there by Father Figueredo in 1629.[6] Father Escalante was therefore more of a parish priest than a missionary in the sense that Garcés in Arizona, or Serra in California, were truly missionaries to the Indians. His formal title was *Ministro Doctrinero,* meaning that he was charged with the temporalities of the church as well as with the responsibility of his partly civilized charges in the doctrines of the Catholic faith. Still, it was not so demanding a position that he could not get away upon occasion, and he did leave his post for a short while, at the command of Governor Pedro Fermín de Mendinueta, in the early summer of 1775, to obtain information about the possibility of a road from Santa Fe to Monterey, by way of the country of Tusayan, which was an older name for Moqui.

Escalante, on the occasion referred to above, had set out with a small party, and on June 25 had reached Gualpi Mesa. On the 27th they crossed Second Mesa, as it is called today, past the present Hopi towns of Mishongnovi and Shungopovi (which may or may not have been then in the precise locations they occupy today), to Third Mesa, crowned then as it is today by the ancient pueblo of Oraibi. At Oraibi the party found the Moqui as obdurate as they had ever been, refusing to hear anything about the Christian faith. Defeated on this point, Escalante nevertheless did find out some valuable information about the road to the west, which the governor was more concerned about anyway. By chance he had a long talk at Gualpi with a visiting Cosnina (Havasu) Indian, a member of the tribe whose home was then, and still is, at the bottom of the canyon formed by Cataract Creek. The Cosnina told Escalante that there was indeed a trail of some sort between Oraibi and his own country, and between there and the land of the Mojaves (whom Garcés always called the Jamajabs), and of course one could always go down the river from there to the Yumans. The Cosnina even drew a map of the route with a piece of charcoal, sketching it on the leather breastplate of one of the soldiers of the expedition. Escalante was delighted with this information, and with it he rode back to Zuñi, and ultimately to Santa Fe, to pass on to the governor this encouraging piece of information that the viceroy was so anxious to obtain—that a road of some sort did exist westward from the Rio Grande at least as far as the lower reaches of the Colorado. The

only problem was to find it; and in view of the strong possibility of opposition from the sullen Moqui, an alternative route to the north, perhaps encompassing the friendlier Cosninas, was equally to be desired.

Meanwhile another important personage had arrived on the scene, the *Visitador Comisario* Francisco Atanasio Domínguez, who had been sent by his Franciscan superiors in September 1775 to make an ecclesiastical visitation of the entire area of New Mexico. He also had specific orders to implement the expedition of the previous summer with a full scale exploration of the route to Monterey.

Early in June 1776, his ecclesiastical visitations being nearly completed, Domínguez turned his attention to this final responsibility, and to this end he asked Father Escalante to come from Zuñi to Santa Fe, to make detailed plans for this long trip. The governor approved these plans, as indeed he had to, considering the constantly repeated wishes of the viceroy for communication with the coast. He promised to provide Domínguez and Escalante with men and supplies, as well as mounts and pack animals for the trip. July 4, 1776 was set as the departure date.

The plan was to go northwest, rather than west, to avoid the unfriendly Moqui, and also to avoid the extremely rough canyon country which lay generally to the north of the Moquis and the Cosninas. It still remains a bit of a mystery, however, why Domínguez, assuming the decision was his, decided to go so far north—to a point only about thirty-five miles south of Wyoming—before turning to the west. There seems little doubt about their intention to go at least a good distance north, for they took with them as guides men who had been as far north as the Uncompahgre and the Gunnison rivers on a previous expedition with Juan María de Rivera in 1765. Presumably one or more of these earlier explorers had heard about the precipitous canyons in the San Juan-Colorado River junction country, and the equally difficult regions of the Vermillion Cliffs, the San Rafael Swell, Capitol Reef, and the Hurricane Cliffs (to use modern terminology), and had persuaded Domínguez to keep well to the north, even though Escalante, on the basis of the conversation he had had in June at Oraibi, might have wanted to go by the more direct route through the Cosnina country. Father Domínguez did give in to Escalante to this extent, that he said the expedition might return from Monterey through the Cosnina country, "to confirm that nation in its good intention of being Christianized," as he stated in his letter of July 29 to his superior, the Provincial Minister, Fray Ysidro Murillo.[7]

At any rate, for whatever reasons seemed best to them at the time, the decision was made to swing far to the north, and if necessary to approach Monterey from the northeast; and eight men, one of them a retired captain

and engineer, Bernardo Miera y Pacheco, the other seven being traders or trappers—or what we would call "frontiersmen"—agreed to join the expedition to be led by the two friars, and agreed to be ready by the target date of July 4.

At this point it might be asked why the Spaniards did not try a more direct route from some point along the Rio Grande, say about the location of the present Elephant Butte Dam, and by crossing the continental divide just north of the Mimbres Mountains, strike the watershed of the Gila River, and then continue down that river to the general area of Mission San Xavier del Bac, or continue on to the friendly Yuma Indians at the junction of the Gila and the Colorado. The general direction of the Gila had been well known to the Jesuits who had explored most of the Pimería Alta during the early part of the eighteenth century. The Jesuit father Eusebio Kino, as early as 1694, wrote that he had reached the Gila River, "that flows out of New Mexico and has its source near Ácoma."[8] One of his Jesuit successors, Father Jacob Sedelmayr, also stated in 1746, "The Gila River takes its rise to the south of the high rock of Ácoma, which is a pueblo of New Mexico."[9] These are surprisingly accurate statements of geography, as a glance at a modern map of the state will demonstrate. This geographical information must surely have been known to the Spanish civil authorities. Why then did not the Spanish attempt this route in 1776? The answer is simple. The entire upper valley of the Gila was inhabited by warlike Apaches. Sedelmayr says, "Here is the seat of the Apaches, the haunt of this nest of robbers, who are the persistent enemies of the Spaniards and the missionaries of the Province of Sonora." As recently as 1743, when the Jesuit priest Ignatius Keller was on his way from the Pimas to attempt the conversion of the Hopi, the Apaches swept down from their hiding places in the mountains, attacked the travelers, killed one of the soldiers, and made off with their horses, so that Father Keller, as Sedelmayr put it, "had great difficulty in returning." After this the Spaniards abandoned all prospect of using that route until the entire problem of the Apaches could be settled.

Meanwhile, during the same month of June, while Domínguez and Escalante were laying plans for a trip to the west, Francisco Garcés was working his way eastward across Arizona towards them. He crossed the Colorado on June 5, and, guided by some Cosninas (whom he called Jabesúa), he reached Oraibi on July 2. None of this was known to Domínguez and Escalante at the time; nor did Garcés know that Escalante had previously been to Oraibi; nor did he know that the latter was, at that very time, planning a trip westward which might cover, in part at least, the same route that he, Garcés, had just completed.

Garcés did learn a lot at Oraibi, though. Late in the evening of July 2, after a day of frustration in vainly trying to get the Moqui to listen to him preach about Christ, a group of Christian Indians came to him and spoke to him in Spanish. They said they were from the towns of Ácoma and Zuñi, where they had been baptized. They also told him that their regular padre at Zuñi (Escalante) had recently gone to "the villa" (Santa Fe), and that his place had been taken by another padre.[10] In addition they informed Garcés that their padre from Zuñi (Escalante) had visited Oraibi "not long ago."[11]

All of this information had a tremendous effect on Garcés. He realized that he had practically established the desired line of communication between California and the settlements of the Rio Grande. The Zuñi Indians urged him to go east with them. "The road is good, and it has water," they said. Garcés was tempted to go; he realized he could get there without trouble; but how would he return? Without these friendly Zuñi to bring him back to Oraibi, and, still more importantly, without the friendly Jabesu Indians who had brought him from the west, how would he find the trail back to the Colorado? Garcés mulled over these ideas during a troubled night, and on July 3 he came to his decision. When the Zuñi came to him early in the morning, to see if he wanted to go with them, he told them he had made up his mind not to go, but to return to the west instead; but would they please take with them a letter he had written to their padre.[12]

The text of this letter which Garcés wrote to "the Father Minister at Zuñi even though I did not know his name,"[13] has been published several times in Spanish, from different manuscripts, and at least twice in English, once in a master's thesis written in 1920 (see "Notes on the Sources"), and again in 1956, in *The Missions of New Mexico, 1776,* p. 283 (cited in *note* 6), the latter being a somewhat more readable translation of this "short and incoherent" letter, as the editors describe it. "Garcés," the editors say in their Historical Introduction, "excelled in action, but hardly with his pen." The gist of this famous letter may be of interest here.

Garcés first states that he has traveled along the Colorado from its mouth to about the 35th degree of latitude, and through the various nations that dwell in its vicinity from Sonora to Monterey (this last being a slight exaggeration). Then he says that he has now come to this pueblo of Moqui (he does not name it in the letter, but he does call it Oraibi in his diary), where he has been shown no courtesy at all, a sharp contrast to the situation prevailing everywhere else in his travels. He then goes on to say that he would gladly have gone to New Mexico by way of the Gila, through the Pima nation, but that the Moqui (whom he elsewhere equates with the Yavapai or Apache), enemies of the Pimas, would not permit it; so that he would have had to

return to Sonora to obtain soldiers and gifts, which would have meant a long delay in obtaining the governor's permission.

He next goes on to say that despite the enmity between the Pimas and the Apaches, communication and trade with New Mexico can still be established by way of the Yumans and the Mojaves (whom he calls Jamajabs), who are friends of the Apaches. He also expresses his hopes for permanent missions among the Colorado River tribes.

Finally, after the customary polite inquiry as to the good health of the recipient of the letter, he asks him to be so good as to inform the governor of his arrival at Moqui. He asks him to convey his, Garcés', sincere compliments to the governor, and in conclusion "your humble brother kisses the hand of your Reverence." The letter was signed and dated at Moqui, July 3, 1776.

The Zuñi Indians took this letter with them when they left on the morning of July 3, and showed it to Father Rosete a few days later. He promptly forwarded a copy of it to Sante Fe, using as his messenger one of the Indians who had brought the original from Oraibi, a man named Lázaro, a native of Ácoma. He did not send the Indian forward, however, without first subjecting him to a rather close examination, to be sure that the whole thing was not a hoax. But Lázaro gave Rosete such convincing answers to the questions put to him that the padre was satisfied that this explorer was indeed a Franciscan (he wore a robe like Rosete's), a priest (he read prayers from a black book), and he had come from Sonora (his robe was grey, not blue like those of the New Mexican Franciscans).

If everything had gone according to the original plan, Fathers Domínguez and Escalante, with their eight companions, would have left Santa Fe on July 4, and would not have read the letter that Lázaro brought, and would not have learned the startling news that a Franciscan had arrived from California.[14] But, as it happened, the expedition did not leave on July 4, by reason of a series of minor delays. First there was a military expedition against some Comanches during June, and Escalante was asked to go along as chaplain to the soldiers. Then, when this was over, he went on a brief trip to Taos, where he was taken violently ill. Domínguez, visiting him there and finding him somewhat recovered, ordered him to remain there for at least another week, while he himself returned to Santa Fe.

During this time Lázaro arrived with a copy of Garcés' letter, together with a letter from Rosete in which he described the interrogation he had conducted with the poor Indian, and there were further delays while Domínguez, Escalante, and Governor Mendinueta each examined the long suffering Indian once more, to see if they could find discrepancies in his story. But

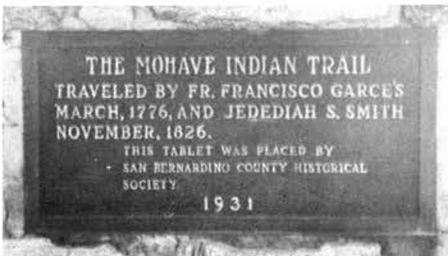
no discrepancies could be found, and the three leaders fell to discussing the implications of this astounding piece of news. A Franciscan missionary, traveling alone except for help from friendly Cosninas, had come from the mouth of the Colorado (more correctly from the San Joaquin Valley of California) to the land of Moqui! What implications did this have for their own proposed trip, which was due to start in a few more days?

It was finally decided that they should go ahead with their own expedition as originally planned. Even if the main objective, to pass from Santa Fe to Monterey, appeared to have been achieved by this Father Garcés (at least in the reverse direction), they would still learn much about the country, and they would perhaps find a better route to Monterey, and they could return by way of the Cosninas and convert them. All of this Father Domínguez detailed in two letters to his superior, the Franciscan Provincial Minister, Fray Ysidro Murillo, dated July 28 and 29, the second letter being written just before the expedition finally got under way.

The Escalante Expedition (as it has come to be called, by reason of the excellence of this padre's diary, though the administrative leader was really Father Domínguez) departed from Santa Fe on July 29, 1776; it failed of its primary objective, which was to reach Monterey; but in the more than one thousand miles of discovery its members succeeded in exploring much of north-central Utah, and of discovering the fresh-water Utah Lake, as well as learning about, though not actually seeing, the Great Salt Lake a few miles to the north.

The diary which Escalante wrote has been translated and published at least four times, most recently in the book *Pageant in the Wilderness* by Herbert E. Bolton (Salt Lake City, 1950). Because of the ready accessibility of this book, which contains both the diary and a lengthy commentary on it, there seems no need at the present time to outline the course of the expedition, save to say that they took a northwesterly course through New Mexico, and north through western Colorado, entering the present state of Utah just south of the point where the Green River crosses the Colorado-Utah line. From here they proceeded west to Utah Lake (Lake of the Timpanogotzis, as Escalante called it), near whose shores the city of Provo now lies, then south to the country which is often called the "Dixie of Utah," crossing the Virgin River on October 15. They had, a few days before, made the decision not to attempt to go on to Monterey, but instead to seek out the Cosninas, about whom they constantly inquired, and whom they believed to live not far to the south of them.

Fortunately for them, they were unable to descend the very precipitous



top: The hilltop town of Oraibi, little changed from the time of Garcés and Escalante
right: Plaque on the statue on Yuma Hill
above: Plaques in commemoration of Garcés at San Gabriel Mission and at Monument Peak above Cajon Pass

Hurricane Cliff in their attempt to reach the Cosninas, and after several fruitless attempts they gave up and turned eastward, along the general area that today is called the North Rim country. Had they succeeded in descending Hurricane Cliff, and perhaps found themselves at the bottom of the canyon by way of Whitmore Wash, or by some other steep side canyon in the Toroweap Point region, they would have been in the area of the roughest rapids of the Grand Canyon, where the river is entirely unfordable, and where they would have been many miles below the mouth of Cataract Canyon, where the Havasu (Cosnina) lived, on the south side of the Grand Canyon.

Unaware of the topography of the country ahead of them to the east, they nevertheless struggled across the North Rim country, passing near present-day Fredonia, skirting north of Jacob Lake, across the Vermillion Cliff region, and past the future site of Glen Canyon Dam, to a point where, with great difficulty, they finally crossed the stupendous gorge of the Grand Canyon at a place subsequently called, in their honor, the "Crossing of the Fathers," a point that now lies submerged beneath the waters of Lake Powell. Once across the river they continued on to the south, passing close to present-day Tuba City, meeting with occasional groups of Cosnina Indians.

It was now early November, and freezing cold. On November 10 they reached a junction of the trails, one leading west to the Cosninas (the route over which Garcés had traveled), and the other leading to Oraibi. They chose the latter, because of the cold and the near exhaustion of men and animals, and arrived at Oraibi on November 16. As usual the Moqui were hostile. Escalante tried to win their friendship with gifts, and he gave one woman a woolen blanket. She gladly accepted it, but her brother pulled it off her and threw it back at the padre, making a great speech about how, a year earlier, this same priest had come to Oraibi and had talked with one of their enemies, the Cosninas, who had told him about the trails and had even made a map for him. And now he had come back by that same route, with soldiers. It was all a Spanish trick to conquer them. They should have nothing to do with the Spanish priests or soldiers. After this harangue the party moved sadly on to Gaulpi, eastward of Oraibi, and on the road to Zuñi. Escalante probably tried to ask questions of the Moqui about Father Garcés, since he had consistently asked about him of other Indians all along the trail, trying to find out by which precise route he had come and which Indian tribes had been friendly to him. But if he asked any questions about Garcés at Oraibi he did not record the fact in his diary. Perhaps he did ask but was not understood. He writes that it was necessary for him to talk to them "partly by signs and partly in the Navajo tongue." It was very hard to communicate with them, he says, because "they did not understand the Castilian tongue,

nor we the Moquino." Domínguez and Escalante did not have the advantage that Garcés had had, some months earlier, of being guided by Cosninas who understood Moquino.

The party left Gualpi, the last of the Moqui towns, on November 20, and reached Zuñi, Escalante's own mission, four days later, remaining there for a while to recuperate. Finally, on January 2, they reached Santa Fe. Escalante finished the last entry in his diary, signed it and dated it, and presented it to the governor on January 3, 1777. The great expedition of 1776 was over.

Garcés, meanwhile, completely unaware of this expedition being led by his fellow religious, had returned to his own mission of San Xavier del Bac, by way of the Grand Canyon again, down into Cataract Canyon once more for a week's stay there, then to the Colorado, to the Gila, and finally home, arriving there on September 17, about the time that the Escalante party was crossing the Green River, at a point less than fifty miles from Wyoming. One month after reaching San Xavier del Bac, Garcés, still unaware of the 1776 expedition that was still going on, received a copy of the report of Escalante's 1775 trip to Oraibi and back; and when he later went to Tubutama to collaborate with Father Font in putting his own diary into proper shape for presentation to the viceroy, he made a long commentary on Escalante's report. He approved the latter's suggestion that the authorities in New Mexico should arrange for an expedition "through the Yutas' country." "Once the Colorado is crossed," wrote Garcés in Point VII of his "Reflections on the Diary" which he appended, "one should continue southwest, down to the territory of the Cajuala Chemevets [a Shoshonean tribe living in the northern part of the Mojave Desert], then to the San Felipe River [the Kern], and by it to where I was [in Kern and Tulare counties]." He went on to tell the viceroy that a way could easily be found from the country of the Yutas to "the harbor of San Francisco" or to Monterey, by following the above course.[15]

Both travelers accomplished far more than they were aware of. Garcés opened up a route from the Colorado to Moqui over a trail that no white man had seen for 236 years; Escalante and Domínguez explored a more vast unknown territory, says Bolton, than Daniel Boone or even Lewis and Clark.[16] Garcés may have felt a sense of defeat because he did not personally reach Santa Fe; Escalante's group certainly experienced a sense of failure because they did not come anywhere near to Monterey. But each expedition holds a high place in the annals of exploration in the west. The events of July 1776 on the Atlantic seaboard were perhaps of more political significance

for our nation than those occurring in the west. But the year 1776 will always stand as one of the most significant in the history of the western United States; it was the year in which the future city of San Francisco was founded; and it was the year in which two outstanding expeditions, one from the east and one from the west, their paths crossing each other on the mesa-top pueblos of the Moqui in Arizona, brought thousands of square miles of unexplored territory and thousands of uncivilized Indians to the knowledge of the Spanish crown.

If we are to celebrate the year 1776 as the year in which it was determined that the American colonies should no longer be under a British flag, so we should also celebrate that year as the one which determined that California, and Colorado, and Utah should remain firmly under the Spanish flag, so that in due time, by the terms of the 1848 Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, all of these areas could be added intact to the federal union.

Commentary on the Sources

The following notes on the source materials dealing with Garcés and Escalante are limited to those appearing in English translation. Nearly every one of the works enumerated below informs its readers as to where the original Spanish manuscripts are presently housed, how many times they have been copied, and where, if at all, they may now be read in the original language.

The source materials are divided as follows: I, the documents for the founding of San Francisco in 1776; II, the Garcés journal for the year 1775–1776; III, the Escalante journal for the year 1776–1777; IV, source material describing New Mexico as it was in 1776.

I. The diaries, letters, and other documents covering the 1774 and 1775–76 Anza Expeditions from Sonora to Alta California, culminating in the founding of San Francisco, have been translated and collected into the five-volume set, *Anza's California Expeditions*, edited by Herbert E. Bolton (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1930). This work has been republished by Russell & Russell, New York, 1966, again in five volumes. Possibly the most important of these many diaries is that of Father Font, which fills the whole of Volume IV. Volume II covers the year 1774, and it includes three diaries by Garcés; but his 1775–76 diary is not included anywhere in the set, since he did not accompany the expedition of that year beyond the Colorado River. The collection of five volumes is cited in the text and footnotes as "Bolton, (vol. and page)."

II. Father Garcés' diary of his historic journey in 1775–76 from Tubac, by way of San Xavier del Bac, the Gila River, the Colorado to Needles, to San Gabriel, then to the Tulares, then back by the Tehachapi Pass to the desert and to Needles, and from there to the Grand Canyon and to Oraibi in Arizona, and finally returning to San Xavier del Bac, has been translated and published twice.

(a) The first translation was made by Elliott Coues, and published under the title of *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer* (New York: Francis P. Harper, 1900), 2 volumes, paged continuously. A new edition of this work was promised for 1968, but as yet it has not appeared. This work is cited in the text as "Coues, (page)."

(b) The second translation of Garcés' diary was made from a different manuscript, by John Galvin, under the title of *A Record of Travels in Arizona and California 1775–1776* (San Francisco: John Howell—Books, 1967), 113 pages. This work is cited as "Galvin, (page)."

Each of these translations is furnished with prefatory material, illustrations, maps, footnotes (vey extensive in the case of Coues), appendices and index. There are minor variations in the wording of the text, and each edition is valuable in its own way. Galvin's has better illustrations, in color, and the text is far easier to read; Coues' has much longer explanatory notes and digressions of all kinds, and has more photographs of buildings and sites as they were at the turn of the century. The serious student of Garcés, or of Spanish southwest history, has need of both editions.

III. Escalante's journal of the famous expedition, technically led by his superior Father Francisco Domínguez, has been translated four times, and three of the translations have been published. They are listed chronologically as follows:

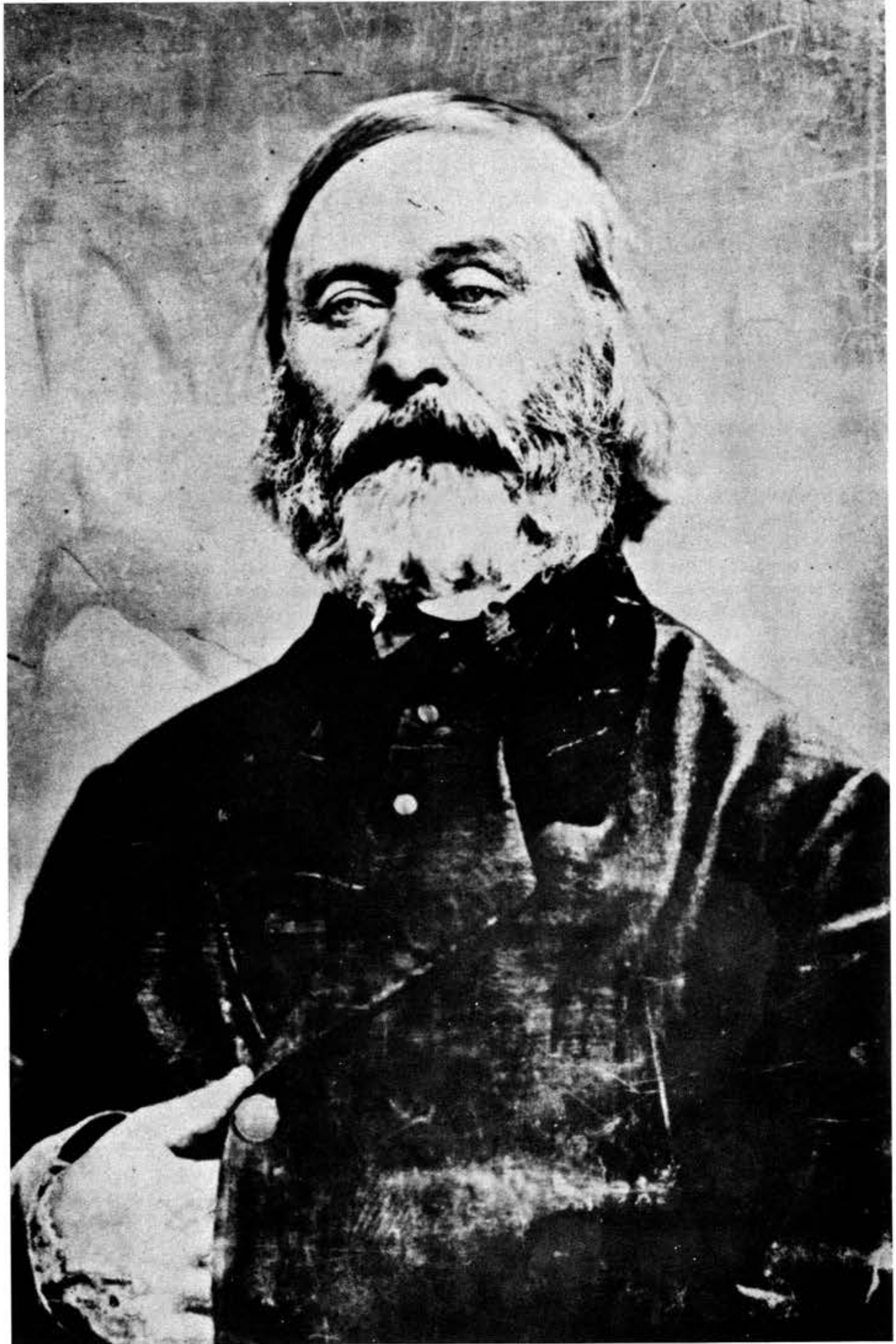
(a) Rev. William Richard Harris, *The Catholic Church in Utah, 1776–1908* (Salt Lake City, Utah, 1909), 350 pages. This work contains a translation of the diary, but it is unfortunately marred by many mistranslations and inaccuracies, chiefly directional in nature, such as "south" for "north," "west" for "east," and the like, which render it difficult to use as a guide for following the expedition.

(b) Jessie Hazel Power, *The Domínguez-Escalante Expedition into the Great Basin, 1776–1777; Translation of the Original Documents with Introduction and Editorial Notes* (Master's thesis, University of California, Berkeley, 1920), 220 pages, unpublished. This excellent work, which includes a translation of eight additional letters and reports pertinent to the expedition, including the famous letter from Garcés to "the minister at Zuñi," of July 3, 1776, has until recently existed only in its original typescript at Berkeley, and in microfilm form. Recently a full size (8½ x 11) copy has been made from the microfilm, and is available for inspection at the library of the Southwest Museum, Los Angeles. Other enlargement copies of the microfilm may exist elsewhere, in libraries or in private hands. This work is cited in the text as "Power, (page)."

(c) Herbert S. Auerbach, "Father Escalante's Journal, 1776–77," *Utah Historical Quarterly,* 11 (1943), 1–132. This is a good translation, with adequate notes and commentary. It differs only a little from the Power translation. Unfortunately it soon went out of print, and the Utah Historical Society did not see fit to reprint it, preferring to arrange with Professor Bolton for a new and enlarged translation, listed as item (d) below.

(d) Herbert E. Bolton, *Pageant in the Wilderness; the Story of the Escalante Expedition to the Interior Basin, 1776* (Salt Lake City: Utah Historical Society, 1950), 265 pages, 2 maps in pocket. Also published as *Utah Historical Quarterly,* 17 (1950). This work is practically the "definitive monograph on the subject," according to the preface. It is divided into two parts, the first 129 pages being a "Historical Introduction," and the latter part, pages 133 to 250, being a new translation of the journal, concluding with an eight-page report written by Bernardo Miera y Pacheco, summarizing the expedition for which he acted as engineer and cartographer, a report that is not included among those added by Miss Power. Bolton's translation of the diary is very much like that of Power's, but the text reads more smoothly. Both texts have adequate footnotes, usually of a locational or directional nature, but they by no means duplicate each other. A serious student of Escalante should have access to both texts. The Bolton translation is cited in the text as "Bolton, *Pageant,* (page)."

IV. A great deal of light was shed on conditions in New Mexico in 1776 when the report of the *Visitador* of that year, Fray Francisco Domínguez, was finally published in English translation in 1956. The report which Domínguez drew up and submitted in great detail to his superiors, upon his completion of the visitation of the *Custodio* or region of New Mexico, was discovered by Dr. France V. Scholes, in 1928, in the Biblioteca Nacional de Mexico; it was subsequently translated and edited by two other scholars of New Mexican history, Eleanor B. Adams and Fray Angelico Chavez, O.F.M. They added valuable footnotes, as well as an appendix of "other contemporary documents," such as the letters of Fr. Domínguez and those of Escalante, a list of all Franciscans serving in New Mexico at the time, a glossary of terms used, and a detailed index. The book is also illustrated with line drawings of most of the pueblo churches of New Mexico, and with a few maps. The complete bibliographical citation for this excellent work is as follows: *The Missions of New Mexico, 1776; A Description by Fray Francisco Atanasio Domínguez; With Other Contemporary Documents;* translated and annotated by Eleanor B. Adams and Fray Angelico Chavez; drawings by Horace T. Pierce (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1956), 387 pages.



Father Pierre Jean De Smet

The Jesuit Mission
to the Flathead Indians

by Gloria Ricci Lothrop

Before mid-nineteenth century a combination of forces inextricably fixed the attention of Americans westward. The early dream of a continental empire expressed in letters of a youthful John Adams while still a student at Harvard College had become a national aspiration. By the 1830s the dream of a "passage to India" across the continent had matured into a patriotic axiom reinforced by westerners like Jackson and Clay who reminded prospering Americans that their progress would inevitably lead them westward to a wondrous Xanadu. It was America's "manifest destiny!" William Gilpin, Thomas Hart Benton and Hall Jackson Kelly avoided no opportunity to remind Americans that before them still lay their "untransacted destiny" to subdue a continent.[1]

The period seemed auspicious for the acquisition of lands bordering the "Southern Sea." A contagious spell of wanderlust touched citizens from all parts of the United States. Responding to the lure of vacant western lands, frontiersmen moved out beyond the Blue Grass region of Kentucky into Ohio and Alabama, soon edging their way into lower Illinois. Restless growth pushed pioneers westward toward Missouri along the trappers' trails which threaded across the wilderness into the disputed Oregon country. The migrants shared a feverish optimism encouraged by glowing reports of the fertile Willamette Valley, the ease of transportation afforded by the Columbia River, and the ready markets beckoning across the Pacific. No less was this mood stirred by the pioneer spirit, "the 'strong bent' of men's spirits, the desire to blaze

new trails, to accept a difficult challenge, the thrill of opening a new country, as hunters had done in the Kentucky wilderness."[2]

At the same time fortuitous developments in the mission fields of the middle United States provided an opportunity for renewed missionary activity among the members of the Society of Jesus. Although the Order had been officially restored by Pope Pius VII in August 1814 at the nearly unanimous request of the Christian world, the ranks of the Society had been appreciably weakened by the tidal wave of international disapprobation and expulsion occurring between 1750 and the issuance of the Brief of Suppression by Pope Clement XIV in 1773. As a result, the Jesuits had been hard pressed to staff their existing institutions in the United States, which included parishes in Maryland and Pennsylvania and a college at Georgetown. In fact, a band of Belgian youths who had entered the American novitiate at Whitemarsh nearly faced dismissal because of lack of funds. It was for this reason that in 1815 the Society was at first forced to refuse a request from Bishop Louis de Bourg to assume missionary responsibility for his far flung diocese of Louisiana. The frontier bishopric consisted of the territory west of the Mississippi, reaching indefinitely to the northwest and comprising the bulk of the Indian territory. The diocese itself was bounded by the diocese of Kentucky and Florida on the east and the "Sea of the South" to the west.

Although Bishop de Bourg initially failed to secure the aid of the Society, he did engage the services of the Lazarist Father Joseph Rosati who in 1827 became bishop of Upper Louisiana.[3] Despite Bishop Rosati's continued requests for Jesuit missionaries, the Society found it impossible to augment the small band of American Jesuits centered at the Maryland mission. Not until 1833 did the appeals of yet another Bishop of New Orleans, Antoine Blanc, persuade Father General John Roothaan to assign four young Jesuits to that vast diocese. This missionary vanguard included Fathers Pierre Jean De Smet, Nicholas Point and Gregory Mengarini.[4]

Other requests were to receive more prompt attention from the Society. In 1823 a handful of Jesuits was assigned to catechize a group of frontier tribesmen who fondly though faintly remembered the "Black Gowns" who had preached to them half a century earlier. With the support of the *Propaganda Fide*, Bishop de Bourg had appealed directly to the General of the Society, Father Aloysius Fortis. Upon the advice of the Secretary of War, John C. Calhoun, this was soon followed by Bishop du Bourg's proposal to Father Felix Van Quickenborne, Master of Novices at Whitemarsh,[5] that he would be given a tract of land near the See of St. Louis if the Society would establish a novitiate there.[6]

The company, headed by Van Quickenborne, set out from Whitemarsh

in April 1823. Three wagons carried personal articles as far as Wheeling on the Ohio River, where the group purchased two flatboats. The company of twelve, however, made the entire trip "*pedibus apostolorum*, staff in hand," as Father Pierre Jean De Smet put it.[7] The seven novices, three lay brothers and two priests finally arrived at what was to be their new novitiate at Florissant, only to find that pressing work among the whites, now pouring into the new country and forming settlements in Missouri and Illinois, was to demand their attention for the next decade. Van Quickenborne soon discovered six hundred Catholics where the presence of eight had been reported. The independent mission status of 1830, Father Roothaan changed to vice-province a decade later.

Among the accomplishments of the small group was a project outlined by Pierre Jean De Smet. Though still five years from ordination, he wanted work—missionary work—to be achieved by building a boarding school for Indian boys where not only Catechism, but reading, writing, spelling, tool forging, blacksmithing and carpentry would be taught. The plan sounded good to General William Clark, superintendent for Indian Affairs for the government in the area. He stirred the interest of Andrew Jackson in the White House, and soon Secretary of War Calhoun signed an appropriation for the support of St. Regis Seminary.[8] As funds diminished, however, and the Indians loaded their ponies and pulled their teepees farther west, De Smet heard the empty echo of defeat. He was to hear it again at the mission to the Kickapoo, and later among the Pottawatomies.

Upon De Smet's return from assignment in Europe from 1833 to 1837, the young priest was chosen to serve as resident missionary to two thousand Pottawatomi Indians recently settled along the Missouri River in what was later the Nebraska Territory. Senator Thomas Hart Benton and General George Rogers Clark, with the support of President Martin Van Buren, favored the plan in hope that a Jesuit would provide a sufficiently powerful scourge against the "blood-wild" neighboring Sioux, the gambling, the laziness and the whiskey. "When the Pottawatomies received their government pension money, they poured it out for liquor; and after the cash was gone, they bartered blankets, horses, food—even their own children—for drink. Then they murdered and mutilated—hacking at each other's ears and noses with bloody knives."[9]

In addition to the distress De Smet felt at being surrounded by examples of superstition, polygamy and plague, he expressed particular concern over the neglected condition of the children, adding: "Their hair seems never to have undergone the operation of a brush so that their heads look like masses of cobwebs. Many have eye trouble, and their faces and all their limbs look as if water never touched them."[10]

It was during the second year at St. Mary's mission among the Pottawatomi, near Council Bluffs, that two strange Indians beached their canoe on the muddy bank of the Missouri. In recounting this first meeting with Pierre Goucher and Young Ignace, De Smet recalled:

> On the 18th of last September two Catholic Iroquois came to visit us. They had been twenty-three years among the nation called the Flatheads and the Pierced Noses, about a thousand Flemish leagues from where are [St. Joseph Mission, Council Bluffs]. I have never seen any savages so fervent in religion . . . All that tribe strictly observe Sunday and assemble several times a week to pray and sing canticles. . . . We gave them letters of recommendation for our Reverend Father Superior at St. Louis. They thought nothing of adding another three hundred leagues to the thousand they had already accomplished in the hope that their request would be granted.[11]

This had not been the first request for priests expressed by the Indians from the Oregon Country. As early as 1821 Hudson's Bay Company employees, mostly French Canadians and Iroquois, sent a petition for spiritual aid to Father Joseph Rosati, the Vicar-General of Upper Louisiana. He answered that it was impossible to meet their wishes. In 1834 this same group petitioned the Catholic hierarchy in Canada to arrange with George Simpson, governor of Rupert's Land of the Hudson's Bay Company domain, for the assignment of a Catholic missionary to serve at the Cowlitz River Station in undisputed British-American territory.[12]

Finally, in 1838 the Very Reverend Francis Norbert Blanchet, Vicar-General to the Bishop of Quebec, with Father Modeste Demers, his associate, "crossed the Rocky Mountain through the Athabaska Pass, and descended the Columbia River to Fort Vancouver, where they established the first Catholic mission in the Oregon country."[13]

The first notions the Northwest Indians had about Christianity had been provided by Christian Iroquois of the Caughnawaga mission, perhaps of the original 1811 group in the employ of Hudson's Bay Company. Two decades later, Captain Benjamin L. Bonneville and Nathaniel Wyeth, American fur traders, who arrived among the Nez Perce long before missionaries, found them proudly familiar with Christian teachings.

At Fort Colville on November 6, 1838, a large number of Colvilles, Pend d'Oreilles, Spokans and Flatheads flocked to see the French priests. There Abbé Blanchet assembled them several times during his three-day stay to instruct them in the elements of religion. Among them were some so desirous of learning more about the Faith, that they seriously expressed a desire to acquire their own Black Robe. Imagining that they could buy one, they inquired of the Canadians how many horses and beavers it would take to

have one of these "chiefs of the French" stay with them, saying: "He would want for nothing."[14]

An even more dramatic appeal for missionaries was laid before Bishop Rosati and the Society during that same decade—an appeal which had culminated in the visit to De Smet among the Pottawatomies. In 1831 a party of four Indians of either the Flathead or Nez Perce nation, one or both, appeared in St. Louis to request a Black Robe.[15] Since the number of the Fathers at the Missouri mission fell altogether below actual needs, the distant enterprise was impossible. Consequently, the appeal for Jesuit missionaries was to be repeated by a second deputation of Rocky Mountain Indians arriving in St. Louis in 1835. This time the Flatheads commissioned Old Ignace, an Iroquois, to seek a priest to minister to them. With his two sons, Ignace arrived in St. Louis in the fall of 1835.[16] But again no priest, only a promise, accompanied them upon their return. Consequently, a fresh deputation was dispatched in 1837. Old Ignace was once again at its head. It was this group that met death at the hands of the hostile Sioux at Ash Hollow, Nebraska.[17]

Not until 1839, was the fourth and final attempt successful. Left-handed Pierre Goucher and Young Ignace upon reaching Council Bluffs were to fulfill the designs of Providence;[18] the appeals to Father General Roothaan had borne fruit. Pierre Jean De Smet was appointed to join the Flatheads that spring. Soon the teachings of the Society would extend from Baltimore to the shores of the Pacific. With this joyous news young Goucher returned to the long suppliant Flatheads, leaving Ignace behind as De Smet's guide.

On April 24, 1841, De Smet was eager to hit the trail to the Oregon Country at a hard gallop. With his Iroquois companion, who served as guide and interpreter, he raced along the Platte River into western Wyoming where Flathead scouts guided him north along the Rockies into Montana.[19]

De Smet's arrival heralded a signal feat. The Jesuits had now breached the heartland of the Northwest, both by land and by sea. Missionaries had traveled from Lachine to Vancouver along the Hudson's Bay Company's well worn routes. Others followed De Smet's trek overland from Westport along what would become the Oregon Trail. Still others sailed from various European ports to reach the distant Columbia River shore.[20]

As a harbinger of Jesuits to come, De Smet pressed on to his destination. He crossed the Snake River at the lower end of Jackson's Hole to Teton Pass and into the valley of Pierre's Hole at the foot of the Three Tetons. There he met the main camp of the Flatheads, numbering about sixteen hundred. In their company he traveled to Jefferson Fork, arriving at the source of the Missouri River on August 21, 1840.[21]

The two-month mission with the Flatheads, which consisted of religious

instructions three or four times a day, resulted in the conversion of one hundred and fifty adults and two hundred children. That brief sixty days also allowed De Smet to devise some plan which he could propose to his cooperator in the "Vineyard of the Lord," the Very Reverend Francis Blanchet. Rather than remain at his post, De Smet planned to go back to St. Louis before the winter and return in the spring with a caravan of missionaries. As he explained in a letter to Blanchet, August 10, 1840, "The *Shoshones* and *Serpents* desire to have an establishment; the *Tetes Plates* and Pend d'Oreilles having nothing more at heart. The Nez Perces seemed to be tired with these self-dubbed ministers *a femmes* and show a great predilection for Catholic priests."[22] There was much to occupy missionaries in the mountains, he assured Blanchet, and he fervently hoped to secure a small corps to aid in the task at hand. The field was ripe for harvest; it merely awaited the laborers. That destined band, recruited from Italy, Belgium, France, would soon gather at Westport, on the fringe of American settlement, to assume the challenging burden. Their pilgrimage into the wilderness was to evoke a nationwide response from the American Protestant Church.

The response was not only prompted by the Protestants' rediscovered missionary committment, it was also symptomatic of unsettling socio-economic changes within the nation itself. The series of wars of liberation sweeping across Europe in the 1830s and 1840s, had altered the population pattern along the eastern seaboard. In 1831 foreign immigrants numbered 22,633. In 1842 the number of newly-arrived foreigners exploded, reaching 104,564. Irish and German immigrants predominated, in part because of Germany's restrictive legislation against Jews, and because of economic distress in northern Ireland and factionalism in southern Ireland.[23] This influx not only resulted in an "urban press," but this implied threat to established patterns fed the nascent forces of "nativism" which would later burst into full flower in the Know-Nothingism of the 1850s. Attendant upon this apprehension of foreigners was a growing suspicion of "popery" associated with the Catholicism espoused by most immigrant arrivals. News that Catholic missionaries were laboring in the Oregon Country provided yet another reason for a fervent advance upon the Northwest.

Among Protestants, missionary activity among the frontier Indians, ignored in large part since the days of the Reverends John Eliot and Samuel Kirkland of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, was suddenly reinforced by several factors. In 1833 the Second Provincial Council of the Catholic Church in the United States met at Baltimore. That assembly petitioned Rome to place the care of the Indian missions in the United States under the care of the Society of Jesus. Rome acceded the following year.

Young Ignatius, an Iroquois, staunch friend of the Flatheads, for whom he helped to obtain missionaries.

Francis Oulstilpo, the Flathead chief who escorted the missionaries from Fort Hall to the Flathead country.

The interior of a chief's lodge faithfully reproducing in color items elsewhere described in words.

A closer view of some of the things to be seen in a chief's lodge, including the dog and the cock.

Jesuit Flathead Mission

Anti-Catholic sentiment was galvanized by the prospect of Jesuits overrunning the Oregon Country.[24] Soon virulent feeling against the Jesuits in the United States approached a level of demonic melodrama. It was reflected in the popular literature of the day. Horror literature, charging Jesuits with casuistry and treasonous plots, appeared under such prejudice-labeled titles as *Jesuit Juggling, Intrigues of Jesuitism* and *A Night with the Jesuits in Rome.*[25]

In a letter to his sister, De Smet referred to this tense mood: "It seems that panic has taken possession of the Protestant ministers because of the national council of the bishops of the United States which took place in the month of October last . . . The awful inquisition is about to be established in this beautiful country, the land of liberty."[26]

The vigorous renewal of missionary activity among American Protestants grew not only from fear that despotic Jesuitism would soon reign over the ruins of traditional Protestantism. In explaining the enthusiastic response to the request for missionaries made by the Indian delegation to St. Louis in 1831, several other trends must be considered.[27]

By the 1830s the clarion call for social reform had been sounded. The ensuing militant concern with social betterment and renewed sense of social responsibility, found especially among New England Protestants, sought expression. Not only did the concern extend to Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker; beyond the issue of abolitionism lay the fortunes of the "noble savage."

To the vogue of reform was added the spirit of romanticism, already influencing American arts and letters. The idealized image of the primitive beatified by Rousseau was reflected in the *Leather Stocking Tales* of James Fenimore Cooper. If Natty Bumpo did not rouse the admiration of the urbane, there was the image of the noble Sacajawea leading white men to the "great western sea."[28]

These two impulses made Americans more than receptive to the noble entreaties of the Flathead Indian delegation appearing in St. Louis in 1831 purportedly in pursuit of the "Great Book of Life." Church groups, not yet rent by sectionalism and the issue of slavery, eagerly responded. Lyman Beecher toured the East with his "Plea for the West," and the *American Protestant Vindicator* urged the formation of Flathead societies.[29]

It is obvious that the Oregon missionary movement was deeply rooted in the social milieu of the times. It was further stimulated by William Walker's report published in the New York *Christian Advocate* on February 18, 1833. As part of a letter written by George P. Disoway, Walker's story carried by the Protestant press suggested that these Indians had come in search of the Bible or "The White Man's Book." It had not been given to them!

The impact of this report is reflected in the following passage written

by Mrs. Wilbur Fisk, the wife of the president of Weslyan College. She describes the event to Samuel Leckey in the following words:

> The evening the *Advocate* arrived which contained the account of the four flat Head Indians visiting St. Louis in search of the white man's God, my dear husband . . . came to me and observed that he had something interesting to read . . . The next day he began to take measures, to collect funds for this mission, and I believe that between $700 and $800 were raised in our small City to assist in its outfit.[30]

Protestant missionary activity to the Northwest had been attempted before the appearance of the Indian delegations to St. Louis. The organization of the missionary movement to Oregon was supported by several Protestant denominations in both the United States and England long before 1833.[31] Others proposed as early as 1820 to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions that the rude and barbarous coast of the Northwest be settled and the Indians converted. That proposal, however, was reversed, when the Reverend Jonathan Green, sailing on the *Volunteer,* submitted an adverse report after visiting the coast.[32]

Another attempted means of proselytization was the education of selected Indians at Hudson's Bay Company settlements. As early as 1825, the Reverend David T. Jones persuaded Governor George Simpson to send two Spokane Indian youths to the Red River settlement. To one was given the name "Spokan Garry" and to the other, "Kootenay Pelly." In the summer of 1829 the two returned to their tribe.[33] Such was their enthusiasm that five more joined them in 1830. There Pelly died the following year. Correspondence between Dr. John McLoughlin and Simon McGillivray suggests that by this time Spokan Garry had been preaching among the tribes of the Upper Columbia for some months.[34]

Such isolated efforts pale, however, when compared to the enthusiastic support given to Indian missionary projects following the report of the delegation to St. Louis. Within months, the buckskin successors of the frontier circuit riders sought out the upper reaches of the Missouri River. Perhaps the earliest Christian missionary to preach in what is now Montana and Idaho was the Reverend Samuel Parker of the Congregational Church of Middlefield, Massachusetts.[35] After reading the 1833 account of the Indian delegation in the *Christian Advocate,* he had promptly decided to pursue a missionary life.

In September 1834, Jason and Daniel Lee with a party of Methodists also answered the call. This group eventually settled in Oregon, Jason Lee at a mission in the Willamette Valley and Daniel Lee along with two lay brothers at the Dalles or Narrows along the Columbia River. By 1841 other Methodist

missions had been established among the Chinooks at the mouth of the Columbia. An attempt to establish yet another among the Nisqually Indians near Puget Sound foundered when the Indians disappeared.[36]

But apart from these efforts, the formal inauguration of missionary work among the Indians was sponsored by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, sustained by the Congregational, Presbyterian and Dutch Reform churches, and usually referred to as the "American Board." It was this group which had promptly heeded the "Macedonian Cry" from the Indians of Oregon. In 1836 the American Board sent a party consisting of the Rev. Henry Harmon Spalding, a missionary, and Dr. Marcus Whitman, a physician and catechist, with their wives as assistant missioners, and William H. Gray, a mechanic, to establish a mission among the Flatheads and the Nez Perce.[37]

The group was met en route by the Nez Perce, faithful to the promise made to Dr. Whitman the year before to lead him to their tribal land.[38] In her diary Eliza Spalding records that event of November 29, 1836: "Yesterday reached this desirable spot, where we expect to dwell the remnant of our earthly pilgrimage. As yet our dwelling is an Indian lodge, which must serve us sometime, for there is no preparation for a building yet."[39]

Such was the dedication of the young bride of the Rev. Spalding. Along with the recently wed Whitmans, they had made the arduous overland journey in the company of two Nez Perce boys, Tuetkas and Ites, whom Whitman had taken to the East with him the previous autumn. On April 7, 1836, they reached Liberty, Missouri, where the group awaited the arrival of the *Diana*, the American Fur Company's steamboat.[40]

Fortune was to draw three of the company toward Fort Vancouver. There with the aid of Mr. Gray, the energetic Whitman built a station at Waiilatpu on the Walla Walla River.[41] It was there that the first Presbyterian Church in North American west of the Rockies was established among the Cayuse. Work also progressed at the Rev. Spalding's mission station at Lapwai near Clearwater.[42] By 1838 the number of workers increased with the arrival of reinforcement including the Reverends Cushing Eells and Elkanah Walker.

In a few years, Eells' branch of the mission while showing less that was encouraging, also showed less of a discouraging nature than any other station. It moved evenly. Lapwai had a congregation of one to two thousand, a great revival and a school of several hundred, and yet Rev. A. B. Smith abandoned Kamiah partly because of ill treatment from the Indians. Spalding was also greatly troubled by them. At least an order was issued by the Board to discontinue stations at Lapwai and Waiilatpu. The order was countermanded when Whitman returned East in 1842.

At the time of the Indian uprising at Waiilatpu in 1847 the first chartered church organization in the West included:

> . . . six charter members including Joseph Maki and his wife Maria, Hawaiians in Whitman's employ. Charles Compo a mountain man, as well as the two Whitmans and Mrs. Spalding. As pastor Spalding was excluded. In 1838 when Mr. Gray returned, eight more were added . . . also included were twenty Nez Perce and one Cayuse convert.[43]

Soon after the arrival of the missionaries the major thrust of their work was redirected toward the organization of white settlers. On May 25, 1844, "The Presbyterian Church of the Willamette Falls" was formed. On September 19, 1846, Lewis Thompson organized another at Clatsop Plains south of Astoria.[44] Settlements at Salem and Oregon City followed.

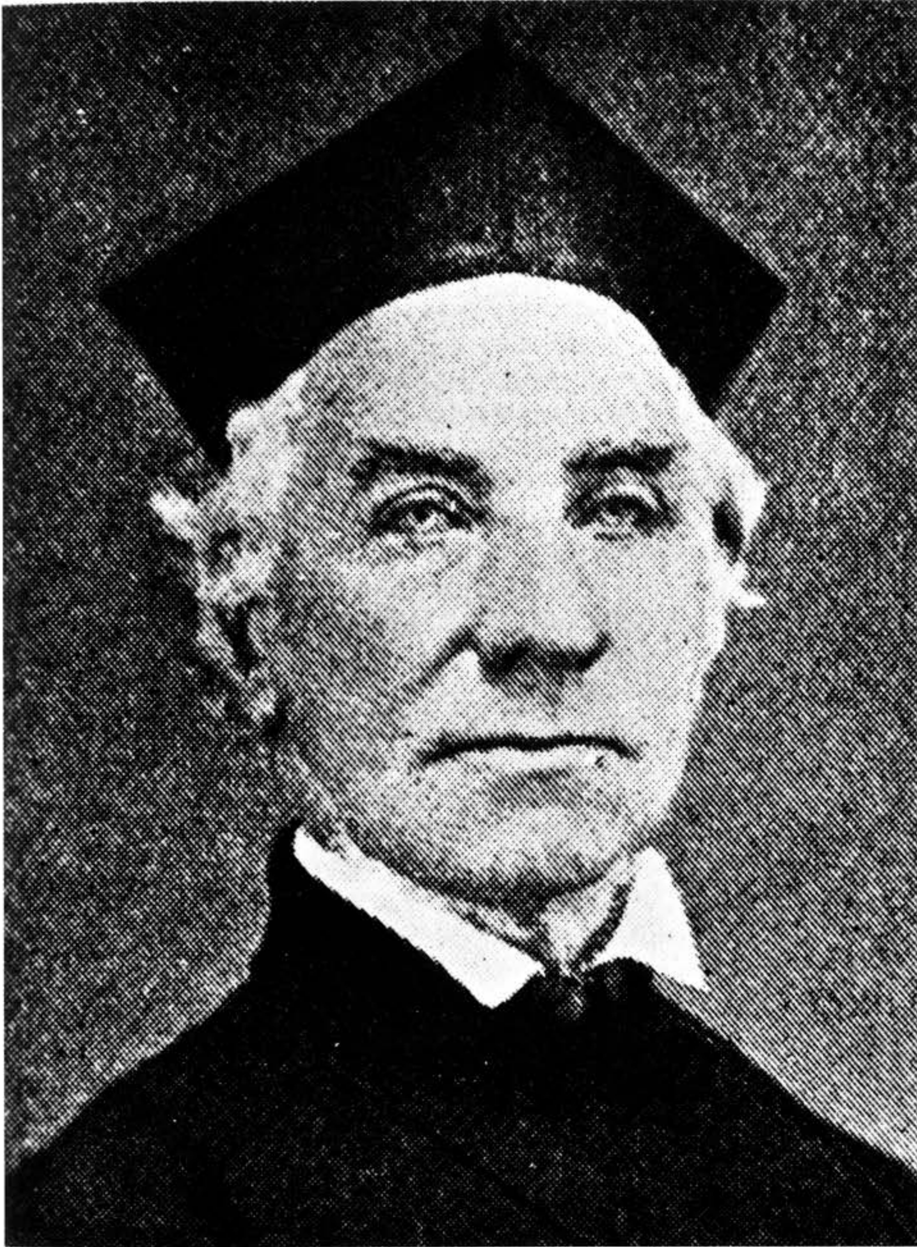
Clearly, the focus of the Protestant missioners had gradually turned toward the white settlers. Pioneers were crossing the Rockies in growing numbers and were peopling the Oregon valley. The more stable these settlements, the more firm became the United States' claim to the land disputed by Great Britain.

Perhaps another reason underlay this turning away from the native Indians. Throughout the Protestant ranks there was general frustration with the catechetical program. In 1839 the first printing press had arrived. The next year was spent translating and printing portions of the Bible and school books for Indian use. But of this first printing done in the Oregon Territory, the Rev. Spalding was to observe in dismay: "Every verb seems to be endless in its conjugations and combinations. I have carried an active transitive verb through several thousand forms."[45]

The frustration was compounded by the evident progress of the Catholic missionaries who found the Indians remarkably teachable. But as one judicious soul observed: "The slower pace at which they [the Catholics] led their wards toward the white man's civilization at least kept the Indians alive longer than did the Protestants with their more rapid rate of progress."[46]

More impulsive writers attributed the success of the Catholics to the fact that their rituals appealed to the savage minds. One added: "Heathenish superstitions and idolotry produce a state of mind and heart well fitted to give credence to papal superstition and idolotry."[47]

The problem of educating the Indians also beset Cushing Eells. Writing in the *Missionary Herald*, February 25, 1840, he noted: "I cannot learn that they have any realizing of the odiousness of sin . . . They do not lack the ability to learn, but rather the inclination." Aware of this tendency, Jason Lee emphasized the material arts of civilization, and called his mission establishment the "Methodist Oregon Mission Indian Manual Labor School."[48]



Father Gregory Mengarini

Lee continued using the funds sent by eastern congregations in a program modified to suit the manifest needs of his flock.

The difficulties experienced by Lee and Eells in the Willamette Valley were soon overshadowed by the massacre of Dr. Whitman's group at Waiilatpu mission in 1847. The immediate explanation of the atrocity appeared to be Indian suspicion of Whitman's designs in treating the natives during a measles epidemic. Some believed that in an effort to secure Indian land, Whitman had poisoned them. The fact that this violence was followed by trouble at Spalding's Lapwai mission suggests something more. Hostility and suspicion flamed across the land. Soon rebellion reached St. Mary's in the Bitterroot Valley, the first Jesuit mission station in the territory.

While the American Board missionaries labored in the Oregon country, Father Pierre Jean De Smet freely pursued his own missionary dream. The fervor of the Flatheads exceeded his expectations. Thus, after baptizing three hundred and fifty, he decided to return to St. Louis in order to raise funds and gather additional men. Soon he would return well-supplied to his "vineyard ripe for harvest." With a visionary's zeal he again climbed the precipitous "Stonies" and traversed the endless prairie land before reaching St. Louis. From there he journeyed to Philadelphia to request that a general collection be taken throughout the diocese to finance his program. In New Orleans as well additional funds were raised.[49]

At length, on April 24, 1841, De Smet departed in the company of Fathers Gregory Mengarini and Anthony Eysvogels, the latter assigned to the Pottawatomi mission of St. Joseph. Traveling with them were Brothers Huet, Specht and Claessens.[50] Before them lay six to eight months of distressful journeying across an uncharted wilderness. On the day they finally left St. Louis, Mengarini wrote to Father General Roothaan: "The Caravan has been found and today, April 24 . . . we are setting out for Westport where we shall find Fr. Point and thence proceed to the Rocky Mountains."[51]

At a camp not far from the shore of the Kaw River near the Sapling Grove rendezvous, the missionary party was joined by what was to be the first wagon train of emigrants to the Pacific Coast.[52] According to John Bidwell, a member of the party, the sixty-four overland pioneers joined De Smet's small group of seventeen.[53] De Smet had secured the assistance of Thomas "Broken Hand" Fitzpatrick as guide. Bidwell described him as pilot of the whole "tho he had never been across the continent, but had been a hunter and trapper in the neighborhood of the headwaters of the Columbia."[54]

On May 10, the combined groups departed from Westport and wagon wheels rolled along the trail leading to the Platte River.[55] Of the seventy-seven members of the company only fifty were capable of managing a rifle. The

number increased, however, as stragglers joined, the last of whom was Joseph Williams, a Protestant minister from Indiana, described by De Smet as a man of "ingenious simplicity."[56] Williams noted De Smet's kindness, but also displayed a certain self-righteous outrage in describing the company in his *Narrative:* "There were some as wicked people as I ever saw in all my life. . . . Our leader, Fitzpatrick, is a wicked, worldly man and is much opposed to missionaries going among the Indians.[57]

The missionaries and their party traveled with the advance party. Each day the captain, known to most Indian tribes as *Tête Blanch* (White Head), would give the signal to rise, and planned the march, choosing the stops to make camp. Generally, the company paused on the wooded bank of a river where the wagons would be arranged in the general pattern of a circle or a square, providing a secure, enclosed grazing land for the animals.

Thus the caravan traveled across eight hundred leagues. Often the group was without water. Often the road was lost. "But why speak of road," Mengarini complained, "when no such thing existed! Plains on all sides. 'Plains at morning; plains at noon; plains at night.' And this, day after day."[58]

By the end of May the prairies gave way to higher bluffs bordering the Platte River where there was increasing evidence of buffalo. They saw six flatbottom boats loaded with hides floated down the shallow Platte. Soon the surrounding plains were covered with buffalo bones and skulls. Within a few days more, while traveling up the north side of the South Fork, the group saw a herd of thousands of buffalo.[59]

Thus far the journey had been relatively calm, but between Grand Island and Green River (reached July 23) a number of events occurred, "including two weddings, one death [James Shotwell] by accident, some 'desertions,' a few accessions, a company of trappers under command of Henry Fraeb, and Nicholas Dawson's encounter with Indians."[60]

May, June, July had scorched their pathway when the group finally parted. By August 15 the party reached Fort Hall in southern Idaho.[61] Here, De Smet left the caravan and journeyed ahead with a small group of Flatheads who had met him the day before. Of this De Smet wrote from Fort Hall:

> It was on the eve of the beautiful festival of the Assumption that we met the vanguard of the Flàt Heads. We met under the happiest auspices, and our joy was proportionate. The joy of the savage is not openly manifested—that of our dear neophytes was tranquil; but from the beaming serenity of their looks, and the feeling manner in which they pressed our hands, it was easy to perceive that, like the joy which has its source in virtue, theirs was heartfelt and profound.[62]

The main camp had awaited De Smet's arrival between July 1 and July 16 at an agreed upon point along the Wind River. As provisions diminished the Flatheads had been forced to withdraw into the mountains. From his

interpreter, Prudhomme, De Smet also learned that "the whole tribe had determined to fix upon some spot as a site for a permanent village; that, with this in view, they had already chosen two places which they believed to be suitable, that nothing but our presence was required to confirm their determination . . ."[63] The little band traveled north from Fort Hall until it reached the Beaverhead River in southwestern Montana. There the group met the rest of the tribe, who warmly greeted De Smet. On September 9, the last stage of the Jesuits' journey began. Accompanied by the Flatheads they moved toward Hell Gate. "If the road to the infernal regions, " wrote Father Mengarini, "were as uninviting as that of its namesake, few I think would care to travel it."

Down the steep trails lurched the first wagons to cross western Montana. Along precarious ledges the precious cargo swayed as hostile Indians spied at a distance. Though De Smet was delighted at the prospect of meeting new tribes, Mengarini, "like a bishop donning robes and clutching his mitre, hastily put on his cassock. When asked where his gun was, he confidently displayed his reliquary."[64]

The journey to the Flathead country through the chasmed defiles of the Great Stonies might be likened to a religious procession. The destination was the extreme western portion of Montana between the Continental Divide on the east and the Bitter Root Range on the west. In the basin drained by the Clark's Fork of the Columbia between the present town of Stevensville and the ruins of old Fort Owen, St. Mary's mission was established.[65] On September 24 the Jesuits unhitched their squeaking carts and laid claim to a new citadel dedicated "to the honor and glory of God."

Since it was already September when the company of missionaries arrived, it was important to choose a site for a reduction where at least temporary shelters could be erected. The valley, protected from the Blackfoot on the south by a chain of mountains, was sheltered from the north by another range on whose slopes grew the timber needed for construction. "Between these two ranges ran the river the Flatheads called the Bitterroot."[66] Since most of the significant events of the long trip had occurred on some Feast of the Blessed Virgin, the mission was to be called St. Mary's.[67]

De Smet and his band of Jesuit priests and lay brothers set about establishing this center for religious and socio-economic training according to plan. The plan was similar to that developed by the Society in Paraguay. De Smet referred to his missions as "reductions," a term borrowed from the South American system in which nomadic neophytes were taught to be farmers and artisans. According to De Smet, the field west of the Rocky Mountains suggested to him many similarities with those among the native races of South

America. In both the main obstacle to conversion had been the pernicious example and blatant vice of the whites. Consequently, De Smet stated that he expressly made a *Vade Mecum* (a personal translation) of the *Narrative* of Muratori, the historian of the Paraguayan missions.[68]

In essence the application of the principles of the reductions by the Society in the Oregon Territory was:

> Law, government, family, all is modeled upon and conforms to the principles of true Christian civilization and to the directions given to this new Reduction by the missionaries. Guiding and inspiring us are the impressive accomplishments of the famous missions of Paraguay, described in great detail in Muratori's *Il Christianismo Felice.*[69]

De Smet described the system in four steps: (1) the nurturing of a simple, firm faith; (2) a respect for authority; (3) industry and a love of labor; (4) flight from all contaminating influences or from what the Gospel calls the world.[70]

Jesuit procedures in the Montana reductions more or less followed this pattern. A site for a mission was carefully selected and developed. The rudiments of a basically agricultural economy were introduced to the Indians, partly with the obvious intention of civilizing them, and partly to bring them within the range of the missionaries for spiritual guidance. From this mission center, then, the Jesuits radiated outward, like spokes in a wheel, into numberless valleys and plateaus. In this way eight distinct centers were established and from these the Jesuits worked, covering most of the state well before the end of the nineteenth century.

Their efforts in this project are described even more graphically in the following passage:

> The Jesuit Fathers then set out two and two, like the disciples of our Lord, with little more than a staff and a prayer-book, accompanied by some of the native Indians who had been already converted and who were to act as interpreters; and by these simple means they attempted the execution of this vast enterprise. They began by pointing out to the savages the numerous inconveniences in their present mode of life, whether they considered the precarious nature of their maintenance, the discomfort of their dwelling-houses, or their defenseless condition in the frequent wars in which they were engaged; and they invited them to come and live together in some settled spot, to build houses, and to cultivate the ground.[71]

The plan was quickly implemented at St. Mary's. Thus, when De Smet, returned from a five-week trip on December 8, 1841, with provisions and farm implements purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Colville, he could report:

> The Flatheads, assisting us with their whole heart and strength, had, in a short

> time, cut from two to three thousand stakes; and the three brothers, with no other tools than the axe, saw and auger, constructed a chapel with pediment, colonade and gallery, balustrade, choir, seats, &c. by St. Martin's day; when they assembled in the little chapel all the catechumens, and continued the instructions which were to end on the third of December, the day fixed for their baptism.[72]

The Indians valued the chickens, hogs and cows De Smet had returned with, but the seeds he brought from Fort Colville which consisted of a few bushels of oats, wheat and potatoes caused consternation among the Indians. As planting season arrived they watched the sowing and planting with curiosity and criticism. They thought it very foolish for the Fathers to tear up the soil and grass for their ponies and then bury in the ground that which seemed good to eat. They could not believe that under the soil the seed would reproduce itself, despite the reassurances of Brother William Claessens. They would, therefore, spend hour after hour, day after day perched on the fence awaiting the first shoots which represented the first agricultural experiment in Montana.[73]

"Thus did the material and the spiritual temple of the Divine Master progress among them," wrote Mengarini.[74] He had been named administrator of the mission outpost. His responsibility was to convert, to teach and hopefully effect a transition from a nomadic life style to sedentary agriculturalism. Mengarini had breached a continent to devote himself to this missionary endeavor, journeying as part of the first wagon train west. Now he headed the first Jesuit mission in the Interior Columbia Basin. The trajectory of events would eventually lead him to California, there to help organize Santa Clara College, one of the first colleges in the state. His story reflects the story of others who joined the lonely spiritual ministry along the frontier, but assumes the significance of historical precedence, enhanced, by his remarkable talents.

After their first meeting, De Smet observed in his notes: "Rev. Mr. Mengarini, recently from Rome, was specially selected by the Father General himself, for this mission because of his age, his virtues, his great facility for languages and his knowledge of medicine and music."[75]

De Smet's biographer added that Mengarini was a "man of tried virtue and gentle nature, a skillful physician, a musician of no mean order and a remarkable linguist."[76] He was skilled in folk medicine and herbalism. During his lifetime he manifested a continuing interest in Indian ethnology contributing several studies to journals of anthropology and ethnography.

The uncharted wilderness of the North American heartland is an unexpected setting for an urbane European scholar. It would be unusual not to ask why one of Mengarini's birth and position embarked upon this westering venture.

He had been born into a distinguished, aristocratic Roman family on the feast of St. Ignatius, July 21, 1811.[77] Consequently, Mengarini had witnessed the tumult of revolution and reaction which raged over Europe after the Congress of Vienna. The political unrest was particularly evident in fragmented Italy, callously referred to as "a mere geographic expression." The brief union imposed during the Napoleanic occupation had been disenchanting as the ineluctable hope of union succumbed to cynical manipulations which further shamed a proud people.

Many fled. Those who remained, witnessed the famines, epidemics and commercial stagnation following the negotiations of 1815. They paid increasing taxes, which rendered truthless the Italian aphorism, *"chi ha pratto ha tutto"* (who has land has everything).[78] In contrast to the poverty, Italian emigrants wrote of the vastness and wealth of America's interior land mass, perpetuating and reinforcing the American myth.

Mengarini was tempted by the additional appeal of the "noble savage." The spirit of romanticism had spread southward to Italy where to Rousseau's sensuality and nativism, Allesandro Manzoni had added an ardent Catholicism.[79] The spirit of Francis Xavier, of St. Thomas the Apostle and Isaac Jogues epitomized the romanticism of the age. It undoubtedly touched young Mengarini who during his second year of theology heard read in refectory of the Roman College, Bishop Joseph Rosati's account of the first Flathead delegation to St. Louis. He was filled with a desire to minister to those Indians of the Rocky Mountains.[80] In a letter to his Father Provincial, December 25, 1839, he explained that this desire to serve as a missionary had been born within him years before. Each of the eleven years since his entry into the Society, he added, he had implored of "Saint Francis Xavier the grace to pursue what one might call this second vocation from God."[81]

After the young Jesuit was ordained in 1840[82] he hastened to Leghorn in the company of Father James Cotting, believing that a mere estuary separated him from "the wigwams of Idaho." Instead, there was a five week delay before boarding the *Oriole,* and yet another delay of five weeks as tempests and gales beset the crossing.[83] The landing in Philadelphia presented still another challenge. Despite Mengarini's facility with languages, few understood him. The prices were unexpectedly high. And travel proved difficult as the two ventured to Baltimore and from there to Georgetown to prepare for the trip West, and his eventual position as pastoral head of the Flathead mission outpost.

The records of these years are provided by Mengarini in his lengthy though infrequent communications with the Society in Rome. Invariably the detailed narratives are laced with humor and human interest as when he explains

how he first engaged the support of the Indians in constructing St. Mary's:

> We soon set to work to erect a log cabin and a church, and built around them a sort of fort protected by bastions. The earth was already frozen and the trench for the foundations had to be cut with axes. Trees had to be felled and trimmed in the neighboring forest, and hauled to the place destined for the buildings. The Indians were not inclined to lend a helping hand, and we needed their assistance. "Example is better than precept," thought I, and seizing an axe, I began to work. Some half-breeds would have deterred me by telling me that thus I would lose authority with the Indians. I let my advisers talk and worked away. Soon a chief, throwing down his buffalo-robe, stepped forward, asked for an axe and joined me in my labor. The young men hastened to follow him, and our house progressed beyond expectation.[84]

In his reminiscences, also appearing in *The Woodstock Letters,* the witty Roman ruefully adds that one should not sneer at this first building, although the cracks between the interlacing logs were filled with clay, and "the partitions between the rooms were of deer-skin." Furthermore, he adds that "the roof of saplings was covered with straw and earth. The windows were 2x1, and deer-skin with the hair scraped off supplied the place of glass."[85]

In a few weeks' time, the log chapel was completed. The primitive structure had no floor, no pews. Nevertheless, a Solemn Mass of dedication was offered in the new shrine on the first Sunday in October—The Feast of Our Lady of The Holy Rosary. Resplendent in gaily beaded costumes, the proud members of the congregation sat in semi-circles on the bare ground facing the altar.

On December 3, the feast of St. Francis Xavier, Father Mengarini, despite his illness, gathered the two hundred catechumens in the solemn candlelight of the log chapel, covered with mats of rushes and festoons of green on the walls and ceiling. The thirteen who were considered qualified to serve as sponsors, as well as the Great Chief Paul, a nonegenarian, who had been baptized two years before, witnessed the entire interrogation, which, "except for the time taken for dinner . . . lasted from six o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock at night."[86] Perhaps the eager acceptance of this new doctrine rests upon the fact that the miraculous and inexplicable, so much a part of Catholicism, adapted itself to Flathead vision quest concept.[87]

An organized system of instruction patterned on that used by the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine in Rome was followed. Catholic doctrine was summarized in several hundred questions and answers to be committed to memory. During the daily hour of instruction, interspersed with song, tickets of approbation were given to those who answered correctly. The tickets served to indicate attendance, express approval, and since indicating a measure of mastery, prompted parents to urge improvement in the children. The device thus involved the entire community.

The method of instruction was to reduce the Catechism to question and answer forms.

> These were committed to memory by the neophytes and on appointed dates 'catechism bees' were held in the church, one contestant asking the question of another. Failure to answer naturally disqualified one from sharing the prizes. These contests were limited to children under thirteen, for in the children lay the future greatness of the mission.[88]

Another favored device employed with success by the missionaries was to assign one phrase of a prayer to each group of children. Then placing each child in the proper position, the whole of the prayer was recited, phrase by phrase, until the entire group knew the prayer as a unit.[89]

Father Mengarini and Father Point may also have utilized the "Catholic Ladder" or the "Sah-kah-lee Stick," purportedly developed by Father Francis Blanchet during his evangelization of the Indians of the Pacific Northwest. On the long stick were cut forty short parallel lines or notches giving the appearance of a ladder. Each line or notch represented a century, and the whole forty represented the traditional 4,000 years of the world's history prior to the advent of Christ. These lines were followed by thirty-three points or dots and three crosses to show the years of Christ's life and the manner of his death. A church and twelve perpendicular marks denoted the beginnings of the Church at the death of Christ, through the twelve apostles. Eighteen further horizontal lines or marks (each a century) and thirty-nine points (each a year) indicated the lapse of time since the death of Christ.[90]

Of course, the religious life of the community also included the adults. Mengarini hastened to add:

> When the Angelus rings, the Indians rise from sleep; half an hour after the morning prayers are said in common; all assist at Mass and at the instruction. A second instruction is given in evening at sunset and lasts about an hour and a quarter, . . . One of the Fathers each morning visits the sick, to furnish them with medicines, and give them such assistance as their wants may require.[91]

Father Point, upon returning from the winter hunt, to what was now an enclosed farm and village, wrote that he joined the other priests in preparing the Indians for the reception of the sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion in order that they make their Easter duty. Point goes on to say: "Pentecost Sunday of 1842 was the most beautiful day that had ever shone on the village of St. Mary's for on this day its elite received for the first time the Bread of Angels."[92] Their fervor is also noted by Mengarini, who writes: "At the first tolling of the bell, they ran with great speed to the church as a band of famished to an oven of baking bread."[93]

In summarizing the effect of the first year's missionary activities, De Smet observed that in addition to the baptisms at which he officiated in the spring of 1842, and "with 500 baptized last year, in different parts of the country, mostly among the Flatheads and Kalispels, and 196 that I baptized on Christmas day, at St. Mary's, with the 350 baptized by Rev. Fathers Mengarini and Point, make a total of 1654 souls, wrested from the power of the devil."[94]

The mission to the Flathead was now in operation and the fathers were no less impressed with these Indians than had been earlier visitors. Though the leader of the welcoming delegation, Oulstilpo had claimed: "I am only an evil and ignorant man," De Smet reserved his highest praise for members of the tribe.

> They [the Flatheads] little resemble the majority of the Indians, who are, generally speaking, uncouth, importunate, improvident, insolent, stubborn and cruel. The Flatheads are disinterested, generous, devoted to their brethren and friends; irreproachable, and even exemplary, as regards probity and morality. Among them, dissensions, quarrels, injuries and enmities are unknown.[95]

There is common agreement regarding the fact that the Flatheads were considered superior Indians by allies, enemies and visitors as well. Traders were very much impressed with their character and integrity as compared to other Indians, extravagantly praising them for friendliness, honesty, frankness, truthfulness, courage, cleanliness, obedience to their chiefs and the chastity of their women.[96]

In fact, praise of the Flathead appears to be universal.

> All traders, perhaps, had favorite tribes; but almost without exception the men who had experience in the far West developed a respect, sometimes a fondness, for some of the Rocky Mountain people. This attitude centered upon the Nez Perce and Flatheads, especially the latter. All that was good about Indian society seemed embodied in these traits. Their kindness, generosity, and reverence impressed many traders. Peter Skene Ogden, a man of devastating realism, chose the Flatheads as his favorites.

Not only were the Flatheads admired, but they were defended from detractors as well. When a captivity narrative of dubious authenticity described bondage, torture, and indignities at the hands of the Flatheads, William H. Ashley wrote an indignant letter to the editor of a St. Louis newspaper, prompted by "a desire to do justice to those who have it now in their power to vindicate themselves." This fur-trade pioneer challenged the integrity of the author and went on to offer a generous and heart-warming character reference for the Flatheads.[97]

A description of the Flatheads by Major Peter Ronan, penned shortly after Father Mengarini launched St. Mary's mission, is worthy of note:

> Both sexes were described as comparatively very fair, and their complexions a shade lighter than the palest new copper after being freshly rubbed. They are remarkably well made, rather slender and very seldom corpulent. The dress of the men in those days consisted solely of long leggings, which reached from the ankles to the hips, and were fastened by strings to a leathern belt around the waist, and a shirt of dressed deer skin with loose hanging sleeves, which fell down to their knees. The outside seams of the leggings and shirt sleeves had fringes of leather. The women were covered by a loose robe of the same material reaching from the neck to the feet, and ornamented with fringes, beads, hawk-bills, and thimbles. The dresses of both were regularly cleaned with pipe clay, which abounds in parts of the country. They had no permanent covering for the head, but in wet or stormy weather sheltered it by part of a buffalo robe, which completely answered all purposes of a surtout.[98]

One of the most talented to portray the tribe observed: "And it must be admitted that in the eyes of the vain man the costume of an Indian riding through camp at a full gallop is not without its charm."[99]

As for the physical disfiguration which the name Flathead implies, there is no evidence in historic time to justify it, although neighboring tribes traditionally believe that when the Flatheads first arrived from the lower Columbia, they practiced the head shaping or deforming typical among the latter tribes. The explanation offered by contemporary scholars is that in sign language the symbol for the tribe is often interpreted as "pressed side of head" or "pressed head," hence Flathead.

Although insulated by mountain barriers, many differences between the Flatheads and their neighbors on the Plains were no longer distinct. Spanish horses transmitted by means of Apache raiders to Shoshone traders had facilitated the seasonal migrations, the most important of which was the buffalo hunt. In 1846 Mengarini accompanied thirty Flatheads and forty Pend d'Oreilles on one of their semi-annual hunts. Despite the fact that he doubted the benefit of his presence, he confessed that he felt moved to join in at least one expedition.

Although the Indians of the Interior Plateau generally subsisted on smaller mammals and trapped others including weasels and porcupines for ornamental purposes, the buffalo hunt held symbolic importance.[100] The greatest part of the Flathead's sustenance came from hunting the sheep, goat, elk and deer indigenous to their own area. But the horse had made feasible the pursuit of the bison to the Lower Musselshell and the Big Horn, and as far south as Fort Hall.[101]

It was also true that buffalo hides were eminently tradeable items. The sale of 67,000 buffalo robes to the American Fur Company in 1840, rose to 110,000 in 1848. In that same year, St. Louis traders purchased 25,000

buffalo tongues for gourmets around the world.[102] Furthermore, the construction of a single Indian lodge required between fifteen and twenty hides. Within the lodge buffalo meat was used for eating, the bones used as implements, the hair for decoration, the muscle for whips and bows, and the hide for endless items including kettles, boats, saddles and halters, shields, clothes and bed coverings. Mengarini reports that after successful hunts the Indians often gave him three tons of buffalo meat to be eaten with berries and grease, or for variety, with grease and berries![103]

With the advent of the horse in the early 1700s, the entire village became involved in this massive economic enterprise. Once in motion, the hunting caravan presented an impressive panorama.

These regular seasonal migrations presented one of the greatest obstacles to the Jesuits, however. In spring and summer the Flathead resided in the Bitterroot Valley, living on camas roots, berries and small game. In June and July the men crossed the mountains for a brief hunt to obtain meat and hides. Again, after the end of the berry season in September and October, the entire tribe would move to the plains near the upper tributaries of the Missouri River, returning to dig bitterroot in March or April. Thus the Flatheads were involved in a long winter hunt for fully half a year.[104]

Although the neighboring Kutenai, Pend d'Oreille and Shoshone recognized the territorial rights of the Flathead on the plains during the migratory buffalo hunts, the Blackfoot pushing southwestward from Alberta toward the Rockies and the northern tributaries of the northern Missouri presented a formidable obstacle. Armed with guns and a ready supply of shot and powder obtained from white traders along the Saskatchewan and mounted on swift horses, they attacked the Shoshones, Flatheads and Kutenais, who were armed only with primitive bows, arrows and lances.

> By the end of the century the Blackfeet had become masters of the northwestern plains from North Saskatchewan River southward to the northern tributaries of the Missouri and from Battle River eastward to the Rockies . . . years later a middle-aged Flathead recalled the hectic days of his youth when his courageous people unable to defend themselves against repeated attacks by the better armed Blackfeet decided to leave the plains to find peace behind the Rocky Mountain barrier.[105]

The predictably hostile reception of the Blackfoot resulted in elaborate precautions in communication and organization. Because of their desire for the superior Flathead horses and also because of Flathead excursions in areas recently settled by the Blackfoot, the enmity was bitter. The gun and the lessons of fur trade had transformed Blackfoot aggression into an ever more stealthy tactical acquisition of wealth in the form of horses.[106]

A dance called the "Mad Dog"
was ceremoniously performed during a festival visit.

The horse that carries the calumet on the march
is exempt from all other use and she who leads him is the
most honored woman of the tribe.

Maceration was one form of torment practiced under diabolical influence.

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Most Indians were firm believers in signs and portents.

In the face of this threat, western tribes banded together to form large scale hunting expeditions on the plains. They also began to seek new rituals to protect themselves.

In the 1840s the Flathead confederacy, which made annual excursions to the buffalo plains east of the mountains and traded buffalo products for supplies, comprised the Flathead or Salish, the Kalispel and the Kootenai. At that time the Salish numbered about four hundred and fifty. The confederacy included six hundred Kalispels; three hundred and fifty Kootenai.[107]

By the first decade of the nineteenth century, Crow Indians began obtaining large numbers of guns at the Mandan and Hidatsa villages on the Missouri and proceeded to trade them with the Shoshones and Flatheads.[108] By 1808 and 1809 the Flatheads secured guns through direct exchange with Canadian traders after David Thompson and Finan McDonald had built Nor'wester Fur Company trading posts near them. By 1810 the Flatheads with twenty guns supplied by traders successfully dealt with their enemies, killing sixteen Piegans who had formerly referred to the Shoshones and by implication, their allies, the Flatheads, as "miserable old women whom they could kill with sticks and stones."

The Flatheads were now in a position to retaliate against Blackfoot harassment and horse theft as well as prepared to insist upon their prior right to hunt the buffalo on the plains. Though they traveled in large bands and cautiously moved south, they still suffered heavy losses.[109] Despite an offer made by Ross Cox to negotiate a peace between the warring factions, the bloody conflict continued through the mid-nineteenth century.

Mengarini frequently alludes to the problem of weapons and the constant Blackfoot menace, citing this chronic hostility as one of the major challenges facing the missionary. The extent of Blackfoot harrassment is explained in the following passage:

> To get rid of the Blackfeet was harder than to get rid of mosquitos, for the Blackfeet were the hereditary foes of the Flatheads. Hence the history of our mission would, if written fully, be an account of Blackfoot inroads and Flathead reprisals. I have already related how, when we were but a few days in the mission, the long-robed Blackfeet came and drove off the horses of some of our Indians who were about twenty miles distant. I have now to record that they came by night to our mission itself and drove off our horses and mules. The frequency of the visits of the Blackfeet will cause no wonder when it is known that, had not a pestilence decimated the tribe a year before our arrival, our mission at St. Mary's would have been impossible. Moreover, the chief virtues of a long-robed Blackfoot were two, namely: to kill men, and steal horses. Of a *long-robed* I say, because there were *short-robed* Blackfeet, men small in stature, but sinewy, and capable of great endurance, though inclined to peace. The long-robed were bent upon war and pillage.[110]

Perhaps it is for these reasons that Point was to describe the Indians of the mountains as Low Britons, while those of the Plains, he likened to Parisians, cunning and deceitful.[111] Perhaps also because of this difference, the Blackfoot failed to respond to the appeals of the Jesuit missionaries until Father Peter Prando's work at St. Peter's mission in 1881.[112]

Additional hardships led to the description of the Rocky Mountain missions as: "*Loca vastissima, aspera, pleracque* (A place most desolate, rugged and harsh).[113] First of all the cold was such that around the layers of several blankets and buffalo robes, in which the men slept, they awoke at dawn to find robe and blankets covered by a sheet of ice. Shortly after the house was finished, a little incident occurred which Mengarini uses to illustrate the intensity of the cold.

> I had filled a pan with water and placed it on the floor under my bed. It was not yet sunset when suddenly I heard a crackling noise, proceeding from the direction of the pan; I went to examine matters and found the water converted into one solid cake of ice, which, rising into a kind of hemisphere, was splitting into four parts.[114]

Obviously, it was impossible to say Mass without some heat beneath the altar for the water and wine would freeze. Loss of hands and feet from frostbite was not infrequent.

As spring replaced the heartless winter, the mosquito, equally as unwelcome as the Blackfoot, rose from the peaceful St. Mary's River. Because of the continued discomfort which resulted, Mengarini searched for a solution to the problem which reflects both humor and imagination.

> Some great-great-grandfather mosquito must, I think have established a monastic order among them, for no Carthusian or Cistercian could be more assiduous in choir duty than they were; or he must have given them at least a great love for religious orders, so persistently were they bent on dwelling with us. More than usually troubled one day by their assiduous attentions, I determined to rid myself of them. I therefore darkened my room so that the light was admitted at only one corner of the window. I then filled my room with the smoke of buffalo chips, and awaited the result. Soon, in single file, my tormentors made a rapid retreat towards the light, and left the room. I went outside to see the success of my experiment, and found quite a number of Indians drawn up in two lines and enjoying the rapid exit of the mosquitos.[115]

Hunger however could not be dismissed as lightly. From the time of their arrival at Fort Hall where the missionaries' depleted supplies were replenished with a few bags of toro, famine was not unknown. During the winter hunt of 1842, Mengarini, along with the others left behind, starved to the point of unrecognizable emaciation. A young Iroquois returning after an absence of six months asked if the young father who had been at the mission had

left, so shrunken and unrecognizable was Mengarini from his diet of boiled roots. Nor was there wine for this young Italian. For daily Mass only a thimbleful was taken, since the year's allotment was but one gallon.[116]

Reasons for these appalling scarcities were manifold. The goods, of course, could be transported only in fair weather on mules because of the treacherous terrain. Furthermore, in his yearly report to Father General Roothaan dated September 30, 1847, Mengarini clearly and pointedly outlined the defects in the Society's system of order and supply. First, he noted that the original church and home, made to serve for three weeks, was still in use after six years though twenty-two supports were needed to keep it standing. "We have been at various times forced to escape quickly in order to avoid the rats. When it rains or if the snow deepens, we cannot say Mass."

The depressing litany continued as he explained that it would take two years for the black wool ordered to replace their tattered soutanes to arrive. "Until the twenty pieces arrive from London in 1849, the priests must use the blue fabric the Hudson's Bay Company sells to the Indians to make leg coverings." He hastened to add that if the Order would not deposit the mission funds with the Hudson's Bay Company via the English Jesuit Procurator, Father George Jenkins in London, but instead send it directly to the missions, he could buy at one-third the price from the competing American Fur Company. Here again, Mengarini proposed a practical solution. Armed with a volume of facts and figures, he further observed:

> In other words, little more than 15,000 francs in all have been received by the three missions in the mountains, during the preceding three years. This subtracted from the 190,000 francs allocated to the missions during this period, leaves about 175,000.

Nor did the difficulties end there. He added that what was ordered two years before was seldom what arrived two years later after passage through the many bureaucratic channels. "At the same time," he added, "the missions close to the forts at Walla Walla and Colville easily avail themselves of these sources for flour, animals, and all else they need, including the repair of their plows, etc."[117]

The difficulty of communication is also underscored by De Smet in a letter to the editor of the *Precis Historiques* in Brussels.

> I have this month dispatched a perfect cargo to him [Father Adrian Hoecken] by a streamer which was about to ascend the Missouri. It consisted of tools, clothes, and provisions of all kind. The boat will go 2,200 miles; then the goods will be transported by a barge, which will have to stem the rapid current about 600 miles; there will then remain 300 miles by land with wagons, through mountain defiles; so that the objects shipped in April can arrive among the Flatheads only in the month of October.[118]

The Association of the Propagation of the Faith, which furnished aid through the Jesuit Father General, proved to be the main material support of the missions. In both 1844 and 1845 the sum of 40,000 francs (8,000 dollars) was appropriated to the Oregon missions from this source. With the outbreak in continental Europe of the revolutionary troubles in 1847 and 1848, the Propagation subsidies began to diminish. In 1848 Father Roothaan was able to assign to the Rocky Mountain missions 32,549 francs of Propagation money, but in the following year the allocation did not go beyond twenty thousand.

Mengarini minced no words in bringing to the attention of the Father General the inequitable distribution of funds and supplies among the missions in the Oregon Country. He presented a painfully clear case illustrating the inefficiency of the Society's procurement system, and also presented facts and figures to prove the exorbitance of the Hudson's Bay Company prices as well as the indulgent extravagance of certain members of the Society.

Perhaps because of these impolitic assertions, or perhaps because of his unflinching insistence that the existing missions be properly staffed before any plans for expansion be considered, his profession was delayed.[119] Finally, on December 9, 1850, Gregory Mengarini was admitted to the professed of the Society, a rare and high honor for any Jesuit.

No doubt, Father Accolti's earlier letter to Father General Roothaan which contained an unrestrained praise for the young Roman's work contributed to his advance.

> Father Mengarini is the only outstanding missionary who does what is expected of him and in reality receives very little help and if abandoning the Indians would not result in an uprising, I would advance the proposition that he be professed . . . While on this subject, Your Paternity, allow me to express my surprise that this forgotten missionary has not yet been advanced to profession in light of his zeal, his singular abilities with the Flathead language, as well as other talents which should be considered along with his seniority. Indeed, Mengarini exemplifies the qualities the Society associated with the rank of professed.[120]

Even after the heartbreaking end of his efforts at St. Mary's mission, Mengarini, the administrator, proved to be the salvation of the Oregon Mission. In 1853 he wrote to Rev. Francis Pellico in Rome: "I must have the wherewithal to buy provisions for the coming year, otherwise I will pay six per cent interest and we will again be dependent upon the Hudson's Bay Company."[121] Apparently, the plea was effective, for next year's report includes a thanks for the sum "sufficient to pay all three years' debts."[122]

In 1844 while on his way to the Willamette Valley to meet De Smet who had recently disembarked from a seven month voyage on the Belgian brig *l'Infatigable,* Mengarini's spirits were at low ebb. An uneasiness accompanied

him as he journeyed to meet five more recruits. At one point along the way his frustration was mirrored by a departing Protestant missioner he encountered who banefully observed that considering what the Indians were and what he had, he could be of little help.

Fortunately, another party of assistants "had set out from Havre on March 20, 1844. Three of the party, Fathers Joseph Joset and Peter Zerbinatti, along with Brother Vincent Magri, reached St. Mary's by traveling overland from New York by way of St. Louis."[123] On Monday, October 7, 1844, the three along with Father Tiberius Soderini, a temporary replacement, arrived at the mission. Without guides they had journeyed to Fort Hall, and thence to the Bitterroot Valley.[124]

After the arrival of this party, the wheels of progress began to move both literally and figuratively. Among those who had returned with Mengarini from Fort Vancouver was a millwright by the name of Peter Biledot. With Brother William Claessens and Father Anthony Ravalli he set to work. In addition to Ravalli's medical and artistic talents, it was soon evident that he also had a mechanical bent.[125] The former system of grinding flour by passing it through an ancient coffee mill was soon replaced by the first water powered grist mill in Montana producing ten to twelve bushels a day.[126]

The three also soon contrived to make a sawmill from old wagon tires twisted and bent to form a crank. Another they hammered and filed for a saw.[127] Soon they expected an abundance of planks for the construction of a new residence and a replacement for the ramshackle church.

Throughout Mengarini's reports from St. Mary's there is abundant evidence of his saving wit which buoyantly carried him through snow, cold and bitterroot broth. Mengarini was an Italian with a native talent for embellishing adversity with a humor which punctuates the dry administrative protocol of his yearly report to the august Father General. In addition to reporting how many Flatheads were baptized annually, the young missionary also explains his elaborate system for coping with every Flathead's penchant for confessing each night before retiring, leaving Mengarini little time for sleep.

In another report the chronicle of the Flatheads' musical education appears as no less a tribute to Mengarini's sense of humor, than to his ardor. Soon after arrival he had translated several canticles into the Flathead tongue. The music for two he had composed himself. As time passed, the priest organized a band.

> . . . a conglomerate affair . . . We had a flute, two accordians, a tambourine, piccolo, cymbals, and a bass drum. And we played according to notes; for Indians have excellent eyes and ears; and our band, if weak in numbers, was certainly strong in lungs; such as wind instruments spared neither contortions of face nor exertions of their organs to give volume to their music.[128]

Vicissitudes beset the music project, however. An organ that Mengarini had painstakingly transported from St. Louis was rendered useless by a group of Nez Perce who had come to view the Catholic ceremonies from the choir gallery of the small mission church. As they observed, they rested their arms on what seemed to be a table. But under the oil cloth cover lay the organ pipes unwittingly crushed and useless when it was time for vespers. His black curly head bent over the soundless keys, Mengarini drolly observed to De Smet, "There will be no music tonight. We are indeed poor amidst great riches."[129]

At Christmas 1845, the midpoint of the missionaries' sojourn at St. Mary's, De Smet's glowing description includes the fact, that "twelve young Indians, taught by Father Mengarini, performed with accuracy several pieces of music during the midnight Mass."[130]

With the few hours left in the day, Mengarini applied the particular linguistic talents for which he had been singled out for missionary work. In addition to translating songs, the young priest set about translating the catechism into the Flathead tongue. By firelight, often far into the night, he labored at mastering yet another language. Master of flawless Italian and Latin, a fluent writer and conversationalist in French and Spanish, he now acquired facility in Salish. Each biographical commentary notes that as a result of his practice, it was impossible to detect a European accent when he spoke in the Flathead tongue. Soon the young missionary composed a basic grammar of the Salishan tongue published in 1861 from the third manuscript copy, the first two having been lost by Indian carelessness or accident. Today his study remains the standard reference for the cognate dialects.

The rudimentary Salish vocabulary transcribed for the first time at St. Mary's formed the most important part of the later *Dictionary of the Kalispel or Flathead Indian Language*. Mengarini began to work on it in 1846. When he departed for California in 1852 after the closing of St. Mary's he left the manuscript behind for the use of other missionaries.[131]

Once having mastered this new tongue, Mengarini was eager to learn more about his comrades, adding:

> As my knowledge of Flathead increased, I was naturally curious to learn from our Indians the history, traditions and mythology of their tribe, therefore gathered together some of the most respected among them and questioned them upon these matters: One answered my questions, and the others nodded their approval of his answers. *Of their past history they knew nothing*. [Italics added.] Nor is this to be wondered at, since the Indian is a being of the present day, caring nothing for what is past, and leaving the future to take care of itself, provided that he has plenty to eat today.[132]

Despite this unconcern with the historical, Mengarini was able to garner

from the Indians sufficient information to write his remarkable ethnohistory. It is not enough, however, that the 1848 "Memorie" be identified as ethnohistory, for Mengarini's work presents another unique facet. As he explained in his later recollections published in the *Woodstock Letters,* as soon as he has mastered the language, he began to ask the people about their beliefs. Only the elders were still able to reconstruct and describe in detail what they had learned as children of the Flathead cosmology. Their legends of creation, salvation, and the securing of sunlight and fire strike dramatic parallels with the Judeo-Christian tradition. He tells of Amòtkan angered by the men he has created and of the appeals of his mother Skomèlten who dissuades him from further punishing mankind. Such descriptions of Salishan cosmography are recorded in no other nineteenth century account. Although ethnologists including Weisle, Clarke and Gibbs have recorded parallel legends (sometimes inaccurately abstracted from Mengarini), only Mengarini has reconstructed an unbroken account of the beliefs of the Flatheads or the "Salish Proper" which includes discussion of the immortality of the soul, the destiny of man, the end of the world, and the rewards for the just and evil.[133] Mengarini's "Memorie" also includes several Sincelèp tales, variations of the Little Coyote myths recurrent throughout North American Indian tradition.

To this fund of knowledge the isolated Jesuit scholar added information he had gathered about Indian herbalogy and natural history. The account of the phenomenon which destroyed a large part of the tribe about half a century before Mengarini's arrival could well provide needed information regarding volcanic eruptions in the Pacific Northwest during the 1700s currently being studied at the University of Washington.

Mengarini's study includes an extensive disquisition on the linguistic roots and patterns of Salishan speech. "They speak slowly, rarely reflecting personal agitation," he observed, adding that language which "serves this region of the American wilderness as does the French language in more civilized centers, embodied a singular flexibility." He goes further in describing this unique and highly versatile language:

> One might say that these savages actually have four languages. In other words, that they speak in four different ways. The first is with simple and separate words as is characteristic of European languages. They use this idiom when conversing with whites in order to be better understood. The second which is truly their language is a laconic contraction of words. The third which might be called their familiar language is broken and extremely terse, and consequently extremely difficult to understand . . . which might be called the mute language is expressed solely with gestures.[134]

Of the death rituals he observes: ". . . when a man dies the others gather around the corpse during the night to chant their medicine songs. When

burying him the next day, they surround him with all he owned at the time of his death—blankets, shirts, handkerchiefs." Mengarini adds data most useful in classifying the Flatheads in terms of culture patterns. Like Indians of the Plains the Flatheads slaughtered the deceased's horses at the grave site. "On occasion even the wives kill themselves in order to be buried with their husbands."

The study also focuses upon Flathead character traits—their hospitality, their horror of theft and lying, and their unusual respect for the remains of a fallen enemy. Of their sensitivity to reprimand Mengarini records: "Recently, the elders have explained to me that one angry word was sufficient reason for a woman to immediately hang herself from a tree or a man to kill himself with arrows. As a result, the elders estimate that a homicide or a suicide occurred every six days."

The family was the basic unit in Flathead life. Despite this monogamous structure and the economic advantage enjoyed by the woman as food processor, Mengarini explains: "Men generally had but one wife, but they changed them as casually as another might change a pair of shoes which hurt his feet."[135]

Clearly, Mengarini transcends the scientific data gathering approach of such ethnologists as Turney-High and Swanton.[136] Mengarini's is a descriptive style. His eye-witness account of the buffalo hunt notes the routine, the division of labor, and the method of attack. He observes as well, however, the occasional digressions and indiscretions, the disappointments and the hunger.

By strict definition the "Memorie" provides us with an ethnographic portrait of the Flathead culture.[137] Mengarini's description of the ritual naming of the new born child is an example. He also provides a detailed description given him by the elders of the ceremonials surrounding the acquisition of the guardian spirit.

> For seven days they [the young men] remained on the mountain, fasting, dancing and sleeping. The animal which appeared and spoke to them in their dreams between the fifth and seventh days became their guardian spirit. From that time forward the Flathead initiates believed that each time they sang and smoked, their bodies besmeared with all sorts of pigments, they would attract their particular guardian spirit who would reveal his presence by singing to them.[138]

Mengarini also attempts an analysis of the Flathead value system and also offers a detailed description of the various kinds of medicine and an explanation of the Flathead pattern of musical composition. His analysis of the governmental structure is extensive, but concludes with the observation: "We do not know exactly how to define it: it is monarchy, it is anarchy; that is, call it what you want."[139]

In discussing the challenges facing the missionary, Mengarini lists the buffalo

hunt as having the most deleterious influence because of the long period of separation from the mission and the contact with unconverted and often hostile Indians. He also expressed concern over the highly permissive child rearing practices. And addresses himself at some length to the unique position of women in the culture, in some instances resulting in severe physical mistreatment, while in other instances permitting such matriarchal autonomy that "some women are such masters over their men that the latter were not allowed to manage even the smallest household detail or manner of living.

> At morning and at evening the wife served portions of food to both husband and children. This not infrequently aroused the ire of the husband, for if his wife was displeased with him he was certain to pass the day without eating, or at best receiving a few animal entrails as would befit a dog.[140]

To this catalogue of societal patterns Mengarini has added another element which gives increased significance to the document. As he describes the pattern of annual migration, he also refers to the traditional enmity with the Blackfoot, and the consequent alliance of the Indians of the interior plateau. Thus, to his data he has added the dimension of history, as he records the inevitable collision of the horse and gun cultures of plateau and plain. Although Mengarini does not focus upon the formulaic diffusion-assimilation of culture traits as a result of this encounter, he does provide an ample number of examples where the status-wealth symbol of the one tribe was pursued by the other.

His account records the historic contacts with Iroquois, whites, and eventually the Black Robes. Although the "Memorie" confuses the delegations, the narrative does provide hitherto unknown information regarding the names of members of the delegations. Mengarini's account of the entire history of the search for the Black Robes carries particular validity since it was drawn directly from the firsthand recollections of Old Gervais and others.[141]

Certainly, the closing of St. Mary's mission, which Mengarini claimed resulted from the incursions by white settlers, the incessant attacks of Blackfoot, as well as the Flatheads' failure to make the transition from unspecialized hunting and gathering to the agricultural system necessary to survive the onslaught of the more complex white culture, is a distressing record. But it is meaningful because Mengarini has placed it within an historical context.

The document has special significance in another sense as well. To this day ethnographers and anthropologists have had difficulty in identifying the Flatheads' place of origin or classifying them according to culture traits. As Mengarini notes, although inhabitants of the interior plateau, they made semi-annual forays onto the plains and there adopted much of the Plains culture complex. As a result, in his first culture area mapping of American

Indians, Clark Wissler placed the Flathead Indians within the Plains Area, noting that their pattern of traits included dependence upon the buffalo, a limited use of berries and roots, an absence of fishery and a lack of agriculture. The use of the tipi as a movable dwelling and transportation over land by means of dog and travois (later the horse) and clothing of buffalo and deer skin were some additional characteristics shared with the Plains culture. Most of these Mengarini clearly describes in his documentation of Flathead life.

Necessarily, the study has limitations since every selector of facts will be persuaded by his predilections as well as convictions. In this case Mengarini was burdened by two limiting frames of reference through which he viewed the Flathead. Because of what he was forced to ignore or draw into this respective focus, we have a distorted picture. The observer was a European and quite logically applied that culture as the paradigm in judging what he concluded were "savages," a term he consistently uses. Their economic, governmental, educational and familial patterns judged according to European criteria necessarily were seen as negatives by Mengarini.

Furthermore, it must not be forgotten, that it was at the invitation of the Indian that the missionary came. As a Catholic evangelist, he responded to their supplications and offered the conversion they sought. In pursuing this plan, he perforce insisted that they abandon the culture patterns inimical to this doctrine.[142] Status-laden polygamy and the pursuit of the *sumesch* were pronounced anathema. Practices adopted from adversaries on the plains, the taking of scalps, the taking of the horse and gun of a vanquished adversary, and the participation in the Skull Dance by the wives and sisters of the victors were all enjoined.

As with all cultures, the Flathead way of life was a web of traditions composed of a variety of accumulated techniques, institutions, and ritualized forms of behavior. Alteration of a portion of the basic social pattern profoundly affected the remaining parts. For example, the annual economic cycle of the Flatheads with its succession of movements and activities evolved in conformity with changes in local plant and animal life. The Indians shifted regularly between areas of most hunting and gathering until the agricultural pattern which conflicted directly with the Flathead migratory pattern was introduced.

Mengarini marveled at the rapid demise of certain cultic practices. No mention was made of them; instead the Flatheads overwhelmingly embraced Catholicism, fasting for days at a time and requiring the distribution of from 50,000 to 60,000 consecrated hosts per year, so frequent was their reception of the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist.[143]

At the time of his writing, he discounted the possibility that faith in the traditional rituals as well as those absorbed from the plains was held in abeyance while the "High Medicine" was being tested. The previous winter a few Flathead had encountered a large force of Blackfoot on the plains. In the ensuing battle fifty of the latter were killed without the loss of a single Flathead. Could it be possible that the religion of the Iroquois and the white man had finally made them invulnerable to the Blackfoot's savage rapacity? With the Black Robes among them, they would now know for certain. The curious absence of any reference to the sweat house, the Blue Jay dance, the Prophet dance, or the Skull dance in Mengarini's account give added credence to the hypothesis that part of the traditional culture pattern was not divulged and the adoption of Christian patterns was a qualified acceptance.

Perhaps unaware of this cultural schizophrenia, Mengarini in his later letters avoids the opportunity to explore the sudden rejection of Catholicism during the Little Faro rebellion of 1847. The Black Robes had been referred to as "men of high medicine." Furthermore, they were as white as the immortal sons of Amótkan. As they spoke of eternal life, they epitomized the invulnerability to death that the beleagured Flathead sought. But old age, epidemics, and battles had proved to the Flatheads that they had remained mortal despite their submission to Christianity. It had not been a protective solution to the given alternatives of defeat or surrender proposed by the advancing perimeters of hostile Indian and white.

The reasons for this eventual reversion are, in fact, historical, anthropological and psycho-social. First, as has been noted, the 1830s and 1840s presented a period during which Indians of the interior plateau were constantly threatened and found their food supplies limited by the aggressive Blackfoot. This adversary was soon joined by the white settler who often felled the bison, simply for sport, as he shot from passing railway cars. In facing neither adversary had the "High Medicine"—in other words, Christian teachings—made the Indian invulnerable.

From the anthropological point of view two factors portending a negative prognosis for the success of Christian evangelism should have been considered. First of all, the weakest element, among the interior tribes, had been religion. Simple fetishism, with neither cult nor priesthood and only the beginnings of spiritual concepts, resulted in a theological vacuum in which Christianity was eagerly embraced. The white man's religion was welcomed though only as a cultural overlay in a society experiencing upheaval as a result of recent assimilative contact with the war-hunt complex of the plains culture.[144]

Added to this instability of the recipient culture was a problem presented

by both Catholic and Protestant conversion. Both religious sects saw as part of conversion adaptation to their own economic order: Industry should supplant sinful idleness; farming would encourage private property and thus economic and social stability. Since both Indian and missionary viewed the culture of the other as a totality, the Indian convert to Christianity was also a convert to civilization and perforce doubted the sanctity of his own kin who had not been similarly saved. In such an instance, not only did he find himself alienated from his indigenous culture and his traditions suspect, but having become truly Christian he was logically forced to be anti-Indian and thus experience a day-to-day sense of alienation and anomie.[145]

It may well be that the 1847 Whitman Massacre at Waiilatpu, with the avowed intent of killing all the "Boston People," may have resulted from more than a frenzied fear that the recent measles epidemic had somehow been of Whitman's doing. Underlying the massacre, the outrages at Lapwai, the treachery of Little Faro, there was the confused protest of a society inevitably facing annihilation by an advancing foreign culture.[146] Its precursors, these dedicated evangelists had simply hastened the process although the significance escaped them. Their disappointment was made more acute by the increasing number of non-religious whites who settled in the West. The exploitation and the double standards of morality exhibited by white settlers, and most of all, the loss of identity the Indian sensed as he was overwhelmed by the advancing white culture, led to these antipathies. The result was violence, or capitulation, or even withdrawal to such primitivism as preached by Smohalla in the 1850s.[147]

Rather than joyfully rejoining the lost sheep with the flock, the missionary, both Protestant and Catholic, had served as harbinger of a socio-economic and cultural system painfully alien from the Indians' own.

The Golden History of the Overland Emigrations

by John D. Unruh, Jr.

In 1855 a distraught father had a special lead coffin made, filled it with alcohol, and took his recently deceased son's body from Shelby County, Missouri to Washington Territory where, six months and nearly 3000 miles later, the funeral procession ended with the boy's burial beneath the towering Western pine trees he had been so anxious to see.[1] A bizarre incident, to be sure, but extreme, strange and poignant occurrences could constantly be seen along the ruts of the Oregon-California Trail during the several decades it served as the major channel of America's westward movement. Indeed, a panoramic view of the entire human experience was occasionally afforded at a single campground, as on a Sunday in mid-June, 1846, when three companies of overland emigrants all made their encampment within a two mile radius. Before their oxen were yoked for the next day's travel a child had been born, a young couple had been married, and a small boy had been buried.[2]

Similar tales of pathos, of courage and cowardice, of generosity and selfishness, of heroism and grandeur have echoed and re-echoed through American scholarship ever since the interest-kindling overland caravans began, in 1841, to wend their way westward with regularity. Books and articles concerning the emigrants, the trails they followed, and their covered wagons which have become the symbols of America's westward movement continue to appear with astonishing frequency—this has easily been one of the most fascinating topics for writers, folklorists and historians of the American West.[3] The over-

landers themselves foreshadowed this productivity by clearly recognizing the uniqueness and anticipating the historic significance of their travels. They took such pains to record their activities for posterity that in the entire American experience probably only the Civil War has called forth a commensurate cornucopia of letters, journals, diaries, memoirs and reminiscent accounts, a veritable "folk literature" of one of the nation's greatest achievements.[4]

Most of this material falls into several clearly distinguishable categories. There are the trail histories, researched in libraries or in the field, both scholarly and popular, endeavoring to accurately locate the various main routes and cutoffs used by the overlanders, often so that the present-day tourist can approximate a similar route over modern highways. Then, there are the hundreds of daily diaries and journals painstakingly kept by individual emigrants, many of which have since been carefully edited and published, often with lengthy and enlightening introductions about various facets of the overland experience. Closely related, if somewhat less trustworthy, are the reminiscences written in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century by former overlanders, either to satisfy their own author instincts or the curiosity of relatives. These recollections often make for exciting reading since, as 1853 overlander George B. Currey admitted in his 1887 reminiscent address to the Oregon Pioneer Association, "every genuine old pioneer is in honor bound to have had the hardest time on the plains of any other person living or dead."[5] Finally, innumerable articles and books have singled out certain aspects of all this for more concentrated attention.

In analyzing more than a century of scholarship and literature it is at once evident that the record of the overland emigrations has been, with few exceptions, presented in either the narrowly particular or the broadly general, and that comprehensive analytical and interpretive accounts are rarely encountered. If they have not been editing an individual diary or assessing some particular phenomenon, most writers have chosen to illustrate the overland story by incorporating a few entertaining quotations and intriguing occurrences as examples from which to generalize about the entire emigrating experience over several decades.

The widely held view that certain emigration years were of critical importance to the history of the nation—1843, 1849, and, to a lesser extent, 1846—has further resulted in the "typical" examples for generalizations usually being drawn from these "typical" years which have become, in their overuse, the framework undergirding most of the writing about the overland emigrations. It is also apparent that so many articles and books have concentrated so exclusively on the years of the California gold rush—mainly 1849 and 1850—

that this event and these years have become so exceptionally "typical" that writers have tended to depict the entire complex history of the overland migrations with illustrative data of a distinctly golden hue.

This can be seen in the selection of diaries and journals to which scholars have devoted their best and most frequent attention. In 1959 Dale L. Morgan expertly edited James A. Pritchard's 1849 overland diary and appended to it a listing of all the then known 132 diarists of 1849, with a tabulation of precisely when each diarist reached over sixty locations upon the route, a monumental task no one has attempted on a similar scale for any other emigration year.[6] More 1849 diaries have since been located and diaries of that year continue to find their way into print. To be sure, diaries of other emigration years have also been appearing—including many for 1850—but with neither the frequency nor the acclaim of those of 1849. Further confirmation that the most perceptive editorial work has been lavished on 1849 diaries came when a highly respected scholar, himself a sometime laborer in the overland vineyard, recently chose the "best edited" overland diaries. All had been kept by 1849 overlanders.[7] In excellence and comprehensiveness of modern coverage only the 1843 and 1846 emigrations compare with the gold rush years. Indeed, 1846 has been termed by one scholar as the "best-documented year" in western travel history.[8] Almost all of the known diaries of 1843 and 1846 have been published, although, at least with those of 1843, not usually in book form. Jesse Applegate's delightful account of "A Day with the Cow Column in 1843," however, is probably the single most widely quoted overland account.[9]

There is reason, of course, for the fact that these three emigration years have been singled out for special attention. All of these years have at one time or another been heralded as "watershed" years in the history of the west, if not of the nation itself. From such a perspective the approximately nine hundred persons who reached Oregon in the "Great Migration" of 1843 provided the necessary manpower for the organization of a provisional government, put the Hudson's Bay Company on the defensive, thereby "saving" or "winning" Oregon from Great Britain. The 1843 overlanders also served history, it has been said, by demonstrating that wagons could be taken successfully to the Dalles—a necessary occurrence if there was to be ever increasing family emigration and thus eventual American occupation in subsequent years.[10] It is therefore no surprise that one of the four murals adorning the Oregon state capitol building depicts the arrival of the 1843 overlanders.[11] In spite of the fact that in a penetrating article many years ago Frederick Merk established that the 1843 overlanders had only a minimal influence on the outcome of the boundary negotiations,[12] the full-blown theory continues

to be used, especially in more popular writings. And even though the yet larger overland contingent of 1844 was preparing to cross the continent with wagons irrespective of the results of 1843, there is no denying the rather pivotal nature of this first large and successful emigration.[13]

To Bernard De Voto, 1846 was "a turning point in American destiny," and therefore *The Year of Decision.*[14] His discerning book by that title was doubtless important in refurbishing the pre-eminence of that year's emigration, even though the approximately 2700 persons on the trails were of marginal importance to some of the national energies with which De Voto concerned himself—the treaty with Great Britain finally dividing the Oregon country, the beginning of the Mormon hegira which would take the Saints the following year to their new refuge in Salt Lake Valley, the inception of the Mexican War, the imminent acquisition of California and the Southwest, which, for De Voto, meant the certainty of Civil War.[15] It was an important trail year as well. The Applegates forged a significant new route into the Willamette Valley, the Donner Party found its macabre niche in history in the Sierra snows,[16] and from his western trip Francis Parkman fashioned his famous account of *The Oregon Trail.*

Three years later the hordes of humanity hurtling westward by all possible routes in search of California's gold were caught up in a movement which Dale Morgan has contended "altered the course of history in so many ways that scholars will never trace them all."[17] Not only did they help influence national and world population movements, economies, finance, politics, transportation and settlement, the gold seekers traveling the South Pass overland route also enabled the Salt Lake Saints to insure the success of their Great Basin empire, spawned in their wake fledgling communities, fostered Indian hostility—thereby hastening the ultimate confrontation which would destroy the Indian way of life, and altered the nature of the overland trail and trip in a myriad of ways.[18] It is now increasingly recognized that not only did the legendary forty-niners and their even more numerous followers of 1850 comprise a disproportionate percentage of the overlanders between 1840 and 1860, they stood against the grain of those overlanders in motivation as well. Most came not to settle or build but to quickly plunder and, with a stake for the future, to return to their homes and families back in the "civilized States." The gold rush, it has been argued, was thus an interruption of the traditional westward movement, an aberration and not a climactic culmination.[19] Of course, many gold rushers, lacking the means to return, remained, eventually found success in seeming adversity, and by the time they recorded their reminiscences often believed they had initially come to settle. And many who went home—with or without their pile—soon returned to the Pacific Coast

with their families, this time to settle and build. Frequently they again made the journey on the overland trail, enjoying some of the services and conveniences their first momentous expeditions had brought about, and also chancing the increasing dangers which they had likewise accentuated.

These three years thus emerge as exceptionally significant years for western and national history, as well as for the history of the overland migrations. This importance does not, however, automatically make them sufficiently "typical" to illustrate the totality or complexity of the overland emigrations before the Civil War, even though a review of western scholarship indicates that this is precisely what has transpired.

The pre-eminent position of the gold seeking emigrants of 1849 and 1850 can be seen, for example, in the frequent concentration upon the adventures of the members of a single organized company, or of the rushers emanating from a specific community, geographic region or entire state. Although diaries can be used to good advantage in such studies, principally they have been derived from the pertinent local newspapers, thereby illuminating the manner in which the stay-at-homes were able to vicariously experience the dangers and excitement their fellow townsmen were encountering. Thus, the Boston-Newton Joint Stock Company of Massachusetts, the "Buckeye Rovers" of Athens County, Ohio, the Connecticut Mining and Trading Company, New Jersey's Newark Overland Company and the Charlestown, Virginia Mining Company have all had their chroniclers.[20] Similarly traced in some detail have been the escapades of the Ann Arbor and Marshall, Michigan and Jersey City gold rushers.[21] The gold seekers from Missouri's "Boonslick" region have been studied, as have the gold rush movements in Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, Ohio, Arkansas, West Virginia, New Jersey and Massachusetts.[22]

An abundance of more particularized surveys of additional phases of the overland experience have appeared, primarily in the journals of western history. Dorothy O. Johansen has advanced a stimulating treatise on why certain types of Americans chose to go to Oregon and others favored California during the mid-nineteenth century migrations.[23] Walker D. Wyman has probed the general importance of the Missouri River outfitting posts in several studies, and Merrill J. Mattes has endeavored to determine the relative prominence of the several outfitting towns.[24] Several scholars have scrutinized one or more of the guidebooks so hopefully purchased by uncertain emigrants. Underway in this connection, for example, is a re-evaluation of the much maligned Hastings' guidebook of Donner Party notoriety.[25] Dale Morgan has published an exhaustive series on "The Ferries of the Forty-Niners," and George Root has authored numerous studies on the various Kansas ferries, some of which were patronized by overlanders.[26]

Chimney Rock, Independence Rock, Devil's Gate, Ash Hollow and the old Lone Tree are only some of the striking natural phenomena along the trails which have been reviewed in survey articles, generally by a repetitious reprinting of each and every observation about the place by a host of overlanders.[27] Forts, especially Kearny and Laramie, and occasionally trading posts have been staple topics,[28] as have been geographic studies of the major cutoffs favored by overlanders.[29] Various types of federal aid to the overlanders and the trail, the organizational problems of emigrating companies, the impact of diseases, the numbers and experiences of women and children on the trails, culture among the overlanders, and even the "Food of the Overland Emigrants" have generated more or less scholarly attention.[30] As the titles and contents of many of these articles indicate, the focus here again has been largely upon the feverish years of the California gold rush.

It is strange that so little scholarly attention has been given to the relationships between the emigrants and the Indians—the topic which the mass media has so perverted. Robert L. Munkres has recently made a useful beginning in assessing the Indian threat to the overlanders which is doubly welcome because of its coverage of pre and post gold rush emigration years. Noting that emigrants were attacked far less frequently than popular folklore would have it, indeed, that many overlanders rarely saw an Indian during the entire trip, Munkres also suggests that the Indians very probably were blamed for many instances of white theft. However, while Munkres properly points out that the Indians were not as potent a negative force as has been believed, by restricting his attention to the plains region east of Fort Bridger, the author somewhat distorts the historical record, for both California and Oregon bound overlanders were harrassed and killed more frequently west of that point. Munkres might also have paid more attention to the factor of change through time—he has provided no comparative assessment of the decades of the 1840s and 1850s insofar as relative danger was concerned.[31]

While most article-length studies have dealt with restricted considerations, a few writers have adopted a broader thrust and attempted in such limited space something of an overview of the migrations. Surveying in turn the trails on both sides of the Platte River, but only as far as Fort Laramie, Robert W. Richmond sought to evaluate the increasing trading and ferrying facilities available to overlanders before 1854, an extremely useful approach which surprisingly few scholars have attempted.[32] In his article on "The Oregon Trail," Gerald Rawling confined his general observations to the period before the Oregon treaty was concluded. Though acknowledging as few have the frequent necessity of relief expeditions for incoming overlanders from the small settlements in Oregon and California, Rawling carried to extremes his

stress on the trip's difficulties when he stated that "The emigrants commonly arrived at their destination destitute, naked, starving and dispirited, with their nerves frayed to the breaking point."[33] Concentrating mainly on the 1842 to 1847 period, Jonathan Dorris in a much earlier essay also emphasized the hardships of the trek, especially those beyond Fort Laramie, but refrained from praising to excess the bravery and heroism of the pioneers.[34]

Amos William Hartman aspired to even more comprehensiveness in his survey of the migrations during the 1850s, a period scholars have consigned to an obscurity almost but not quite paralleling that of the overland migrations during and after the Civil War. Dividing the period into approximately two halves, he suggested that gold rushers and emigrants dominated travel through 1854, on essentially the traditional routes, while beginning with 1855 new routes were increasingly used and mail carriers, stage coaches and freight wagons were nearly as common as the overland caravans. But his article clearly evidenced the difficulties of all writers who have endeavored to generalize from a too limited sampling of overland diaries and journals. Hartman's particular meld of sources minimized the Indian threat and the frequency of accidental shootings and drownings and naturally so did his article. At the other extreme, one of his diarists disliked the Mormon guidebook which led Hartman to the dubious assertion that the Mormon guidebooks were "worthless."[35]

The titles of these articles reveal, as do the titles of virtually all of the books on this topic, another of the intriguing characteristics of the writing about the overlanders—it has almost always been the trails which have been celebrated and not the emigrants. Even though the overlanders have often been the principal focus, very few writers have so suggested by the titles they have chosen.

For F. G. Young, writing in the very first volume of the first western state historical society quarterly, this was a matter of patriotic concern. He reminded his readers that most Americans unfortunately spoke of the "California trail" or the "Mormon trail" which to him was bad history, in spite of the fact that more persons had probably traveled the route destined for California and the Salt Lake region. The Oregon pioneers had been first in time, they had proven the feasibility of the trip, they had decided America's Pacific destiny, they had taken and subdued a home for civilization. Accordingly Young argued that justice could only be served if the main overland trail was designated "The Oregon Trail," and he so entitled his article.[36] Having honored the trail Young went on to exalt the heroic pioneers who had wrought these wondrous accomplishments in the face of so many dangers. The very boldness of advancing over four times farther than any Americans had pre-

viously dared much impressed Young, as it did other writers during this period who were doubtless influenced by the reminiscent rhetoric offered by aging pioneers at the annual reunions of the Oregon Pioneer Association.

Jesse Applegate for example, thirty-three years after his now famous overland trip, underscored the excellence peculiar to the *American* pioneers: "No other race of men with the means at their command would undertake so great a journey, none save these could successfully perform it, with no previous preparation, relying only on the fertility of their own invention to devise the means to overcome each danger and difficulty as it arose."[37]

E. L. Eastham stressed in 1885 that "the bravery and hardihood of the effort was only equalled by the substantial fruits of the achievement," and enumerated the distinguished historical company in which he believed the Oregon pioneers belonged:

> Where else in the history of man, civilized or not, do you read the story of a 2,500-mile march through hostile country, over unexplored desert and mountain? The host led by Moses and Aaron wandered for years, but only accomplished a direct journey of a few hundred miles. Xenophon in his famous retreat from the Euphrates had a less distance to go before he reached safe harbor at home. No crusade ever extended over so great a distance, and most of the way through Christian and friendly countries. Napoleon on his disastrous trip to Moscow only essayed a march of 1,500 miles. Truly it was a performance of which all mankind may well be proud. Time is yet too young for the story to be fairly told. The descendants of Oregon pioneers shall yet hear their ancestors' glories sung as we now teach our children to glorify the heroes of the past.[38]

And George H. Himes, an 1853 overlander and long-time secretary of the Oregon Pioneer Association, recalled for his fellow pioneers in 1907 what they had superseded in their courageous treks through regions characterized by "unfordable rivers," poisonous waters, "almost impassable" mountains, "burning sands," and which were lashed by severe storms and inhabited by "wild beasts and by wilder Indians." As if this had not been enough, there had been diseases to survive, usually without benefit of physicians, and even starvation to test their fortitude. All of this, Himes remarked, provided *"a faint idea . . .* of the experiences that the greater proportion of those who came to make homes in Oregon in the Pioneer days had to undergo."[39]

Given enough such pioneer oratory, it is little wonder that scholars sometimes penned similar phrases. The secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society in 1913 proposed a division of this "royal highway" into three distinct eras—the Romantic period (to 1834), the Heroic period (to the Civil War), and the subsequent Practical period when the trail disappeared in favor of the railroad.[40] A year earlier T. C. Elliott had applied Darwinist terminology in saying that "The development of the 'Oregon Trail' may be otherwise

termed an example of 'the fittest to survive'."[41] And the Federal Writers Project concluded the more interpretive section of its guidebook-oriented *The Oregon Trail* with the notation that "The biological genes transmitting the characteristics that drained Europe of much of its vitality and made the United States an empire extending from coast to coast have not been bred out."[42] Here again was the explicit assertion that only in America had these glorious extended emigrations been made which somehow proved that Americans were a more "vital" people and served as another way of demonstrating the superiority of Americans and the civilization they were spreading.

These three temptations—regarding 1843, 1846 and/or 1849 as sufficiently typical or representative of all emigration years; generalizing about life on the trail from insufficient research; and intensifying the dangers surmounted and praising the patriotic heroism of the emigrants at the expense of analysis and interpretation—are equally evident in the flood of book length studies about the trails and the overlanders.

The earliest and probably still the single most widely known volume pertaining to this subject is Francis Parkman's *The Oregon Trail.*[43] The young Harvard graduate and budding historian went west in 1846 for wilderness adventure and to study Indians. But on that trip Parkman never penetrated any farther west than seventy or eighty miles beyond Fort Laramie and then while hunting with newly made Indian friends. He did encounter overland emigrants with some frequency while traveling to the fort and also in its environs, but he strangely seemed to regret every contact. Scholars continue to debate why it was that Parkman viewed the overlanders with such condescension and so completely overlooked their historic significance.[44] Concerned as he was with Indians, in only extremely limited fashion does Parkman's celebrated work provide any enlightenment regarding either the trail or the overlanders who followed it in 1846. The title of this classic book is simply not very germane to its content and is of little help in appraising emigrations.

John T. Faris succumbed to the temptation of relying on a few "typical examples" to illustrate the experiences of the westward moving pioneers in his 1920 book *On the Trail of the Pioneers.*[45] Attempting to cover the westward movement from its earliest days, Faris' assessments of the pioneers trailing to Oregon and California were little more than lengthy quotations drawn from several diarists.

The next year James Christy Bell's *Opening a Highway to the Pacific, 1838–1846* was published. Bell was primarily concerned with the social and economic factors which produced the increasing westward traffic of those years and accorded very little attention to the overland trip itself. In the one chapter centering specifically on the overland journey, he was content

with a general survey of the 1843–1846 emigrations, illustrating some of the difficulties and hardships experienced (several times relying for examples upon diarists who were making the trip as late as 1852!) but concluding that these early emigrants had perhaps an easier time on the trails than those who came in later years.[46]

Agnes C. Laut published in 1929 one of the most stridently nationalistic studies of the overlanders under the title *The Overland Trail.* Though Laut claimed to have traversed all the trails her main enthusiasm was really the splendid heroism of the pioneers who had been fulfilling Providential destiny in the triumph of civilization over savagery. Viewing the overland trail as a "racial highway" Laut correlated the emigrants with the Children of Israel in the westward racial march of progress—only the heroic American pioneers had evolved to clear superiority and the push to Oregon was thus the "culmination of that movement, the Overland Trail stands without parallel in racial history; and that is why it is held in honor today."[47] The scholarly underpinnings of Laut's work were barren, the chapters a frustrating amalgam of past and present in which the author even found occasion to allocate three pages to a description of the wonderful facilities of a modern Spokane hotel.[48]

Equally unsatisfactory was Maude Applegate Rucker's *The Oregon Trail and Some of its Blazers* which appeared the following year and brought together in disorganized fashion a number of accounts pertaining to the "great immigration" of 1843.[49] Almost all of these items—including the ever present "A Day With the Cow Column"—had been previously printed elsewhere and were clearly intended to serve as paeans of praise to Rucker's noble forebears, the Applegates, who, with their fellow overlanders of 1843, had overcome hardships and difficulties which made those experienced by New England's Pilgrims pale to insignificance by comparison.

The Great Trek, by Owen C. Coy, appeared in 1931.[50] Aimed at treating "as a whole" the overland emigration which revolutionized California in 1849 and 1850, Coy endeavored to trace the progress of the overlanders as they moved along both the South Pass and southern trails to El Dorado. Short on analysis and long on illustrative description, Coy's technique was the not unfamiliar one quoting at length from various diarists—his chapter "Up the Platte to South Pass," for example, was taken almost entirely from 1850 overlander E. A. Tompkins' diary. After getting the gold-rushers to California, Coy concluded with a chapter of vignettes of trail incidents which included everything from mirages to primitive surgery.

Also appearing in 1931 and likewise concerned with the California gold rush was Archer Butler Hulbert's prize winning *Forty-Niners: The Chronicle of the California Trail,* a strange hybrid of fact and fiction.[51] Based on a

reading of many diaries kept during the 1848–1853 gold-rush period, Hulbert's book was in the form of a synthetic diary in which almost all the factual occurrences of that period were experienced on one overland trip by a forty-niner party. The author further provided simulated conversation for his forty-niners, adequate maps of their route, and some interesting gold-rush songs and ballads. While occasionally stimulating and often enlightening, Hulbert's novel-chronicle is ultimately unsatisfying, either as history or literature.[52]

A. B. Guthrie's exceptional novel, *The Way West*, which has since been made into a very mediocre Hollywood movie spectacular, was published nearly two decades later but still invites comparison with Hulbert's pseudo-novel.[53] Whereas Hulbert was concerned with the tumultuous gold rush, the setting for Guthrie's narrative was an 1845 trip to Oregon by several families in which the author captured the quintessence of the entire experience, from the debates about going to the exultation upon arrival. Guthrie incorporated the former mountain-man guide, still able to feel only half at home in the civilization the train represented; showed the growth of some men under new responsibilities, shared hardships and dangers, and the inability of others to satisfactorily rise to the occasion; emphasized the rankled feelings brought about by months of enforced togetherness; noted the encounters with the Indians—who in the novel as in history were more often potentially dangerous and actually troublesome than the reverse; included lust, love, sickness, death, the monotonous quality of the trail, and the joys of new sights and the hopes of a new land. Accurate in a historical sense, *The Way West* is one of the few volumes aside from actual diaries able to convey the sights, sounds and smells of the actual experience, and was surely worthy of the Pulitzer Prize it won in 1950. While certainly a tribute to Guthrie's literary skill, it remains a rather striking commentary on the way scholars have approached and interpreted the overland emigrations that the one volume in a century of scholarly output adjudged to have such exceptional merit has been a novel.

One other novel deserving mention, though of lesser accomplishment, is Emerson Hough's fanciful *The Covered Wagon*.[54] Set in 1848 Hough had his overlanders literally hack their way through virtually all the western Indian tribes massed at different points along the way for a "final stand" against the plow carrying homeseekers. Two major battles are fought, one with nearly two thousand Sioux warriors, another with over one thousand Crow and Bannock braves—and the sharp-shooting overlanders kill in excess of one hundred of these Indians! Four former mountain men—Bill Jackson, Jim Bridger, Kit Carson and Caleb Greenwood—are prominently featured and Jim Bridger even ends up guiding part of the train nearly all the way to Oregon, for free! The romantic love story so central to the plot necessitates

Hough's brief attention to California mining in order for the hero to win the beautiful heroine.

When W. J. Ghent, writing in 1934, thus spoke of the void of comprehensive trail studies, he was obviously correct. But his resultant work, *The Road to Oregon: A Chronicle of the Great Emigrant Trail,* though based on the use of a representative sampling of original sources, fell into the familiar pattern.[55] Eighteen forty-three was the most important year, since "the Great Emigration" then took wagons beyond Fort Hall, thereby saving Oregon for America. Ghent, however, was sophisticated enough to recognize that 1849 was also a turning point of sorts, which separated the true "pioneer" period from the new and varied elements of the 1850s. He even included a chapter on "The Factious Fifties" but in the process of treating all the other western developments affecting the trail during that decade—mail contracts, railroad surveys, handcarts, the Mormon War, the Colorado gold discovery—he almost completely bypassed the overland emigrants and said nothing whatsoever about the changing circumstances of the emigration over the passing years.

So it was with another of the standard narrative histories, Jay Monaghan's *The Overland Trail,* issued in 1947, which also completely avoided the decade of the fifties.[56] Monaghan's approach was to select some person or group to demonstrate what he termed the "changing epochs" of the trail. Devoting approximately one-half his book to the pre-1840 period, Monaghan commenced his treatment of the famed decade with chapters on De Smet and Frémont. Then followed a chapter on the great migration of 1843 and the decade was closed with similar chapters on the Mormon Pioneers of 1847 and the fabled forty-niners. In between were chapters on Tamsen Donner and Francis Parkman of the 1846 emigrating year. After the gold-rushing '49ers, Monaghan leaped across the fifties to treat next the Pony Express.

In 1948, to commemorate the 100th anniversary of Oregon's territorial recognition, the American Pioneer Trails Association published Walter Meacham's *Old Oregon Trail.*[57] A pleasant little treatise, though extremely short, superficial, and inadequate, Meacham principally summarized the experiences and route of the "Great Migration" of 1843 and periodically inserted additional data on later developments.

Jacob R. Gregg's strangely organized and somewhat mistitled *History of the Oregon Trail, Santa Fe Trail, and Other Trails,* while extensively treating political and military matters in Oregon following 1849, has little to say about the trails during that period except that cholera was raging.[58] In addition to summarizing the emigration of the 1840s, Gregg places considerable stress on the vicissitudes of trail travel, with chapters on "Tragedies of the Trail," "Death Stalks the Trail," and "Mountain Meadow Massacre."

This persistent avoidance of the overlanders traversing the plains during the 1850s is puzzling. Apparently these latter-day emigrants have lacked the dramatic interest and importance of their predecessors, even though over four times as many overlanders traveled westward during the fifties—approximately 200,000 emigrants who proved of incalculable significance to western development. Interestingly enough, the overlanders of the 1850s were also considered far less newsworthy than those of the 1840s by the newspaper editors of their own day. Not to have been involved in a historically significant movement in its earliest years has generally relegated individuals and groups to scholarly oblivion, a fate post-Promontory Point railroaders knew well, and which post-Apollo moonwalkers will doubtless share. The experiences of the overlanders during the 1850s, however, were still extremely challenging—in some respects overland travel during the decade of the fifties was more dangerous than it had been in those boisterous earlier years. And certainly the nature of the journey was also much changed—for one thing it could cost considerably more, for another it was potentially faster and less rigorous. But writers, assuming that the emigrations in the fifties were simple repetitions of earlier years of no special historic significance, have bypassed them, as Harry Sinclair Drago did in a recently published survey, *Roads to Empire: The Dramatic Conquest of the American West.*[59] Aimed at the general reader, and encompassing accounts of the Santa Fe, Oregon, Mormon and California trails, Drago's work has little value for the serious scholar.

A somewhat different category of volumes is made up of those works which are in fact as trail oriented as their titles suggest and which endeavor, either solely or in part, to accurately pin-point the exact routes traveled by the overlanders. And, somewhat incongruously, it has been these avowedly "trail books" which have provided some of the best treatments of the overland migrations.

Irene D. Paden's intriguing approach to studying the trails is evident in her two helpful books, *The Wake of the Prairie Schooner,* concerning the main overland trail to California and Oregon, and *Prairie Schooner Detours,* covering the Hastings and Lassen Cutoffs.[60] Over a number of years the Paden family in conjunction with other trail devotees endeavored to locate and follow the exact routes traveled by the overland emigrants, feats which required a broad knowledge of the diaries and journals kept by the overlanders, considerable energy and ingenuity in gaining access to some of the more remote trail regions, persistent questioning of present day area residents, and much common sense in reconstructing the exact routes from such fragmentary data a century later. *The Wake of the Prairie Schooner,* especially, has helpful maps of the entire trail. Delightfully written, these two volumes uniquely

combine the field work experiences of the Padens as well as selected experiences of the overlanders taken from their diaries. Mrs. Paden's books sparkle with wry humor and some of her accounts of persons met during the field work ventures are most amusing, such as the five-year-old boy in the small Nevada town who mistook a slot machine for a gum machine and hit the jackpot.[61] Though not providing analysis or interpretation of the overland experience, these trail books are useful to those interested in precisely establishing all the twists and turns of the overland trails, all the streams and springs nearby, every mile of ground, rock or sand covered on the way west.

Two others who found the lure of family trail following irresistible were Julia Cooley Altrocchi and Frederica B. Coons. Altrocchi's *The Old California Trail: Traces in Folklore and Furrow* was the result of a dozen years spent seeking out the wagon ruts.[62] Though the format followed was very similar, as a historically important treatise, firmly based upon diaries and journals, the work was clearly inferior to the Paden volumes. Strongly oriented to culling out trail and town lore from oldtimers, Altrocchi managed even to work in two pages of quotations about Wild Bill Hickok's gunslinger exploits![63] Her vision of the overlanders was romantically heroic—the trail molded the emigrants into giant like creatures, the survivors of difficulties commensurate with those experienced in Dante's *Inferno* or along *Pilgrim's Progress*—in a word, "*uncommon* clay." Uncommon though they were, Altrocchi noted that there had not yet occurred a metamorphosis transforming some fabulous trail figure into larger than life legendary status, that the trail itself had become and remained the hero—an observation which the titles of the articles and books reviewed in this survey certainly bears out.[64] Unfortunately, Altrocchi's fascination with the Donner Party seriously imbalanced her volume—the Donners are on center stage throughout and it is the Donner Cutoff which Altrocchi followed and not the regular trail the overwhelming majority of the Californians took.

Despite her avoidance of such grandiose judgments, Frederica B. Coons' *Trail to Oregon* also compares unfavorably to *The Wake of the Prairie Schooner*—which volume the Coons family used as a guidebook in their trail seeking.[65] Eschewing analysis and interpretation, Coons' book consists of short chapters in which considerable quoting and paraphrasing is done from the very minimal number of sources used. Examples from both the 1840s and 1850s are included—and on rare occasions even from the 1860s, but in a very haphazard fashion. The book is of no real importance but does contain a suggested itinerary for following the Oregon Trail by car.

Ralph Moody in *The Old Trails West* has clearly been more concerned with those who first sought out the trails than with those who made the

most use of them, and therefore ends his chapter on "The Oregon Trail" without even permitting the 1843 overlanders to spill out onto his pages. With respect to California Moody of necessity devoted more attention to emigrants for they were more involved in the trail determining process than were the Oregon overlanders who followed routes already established by mountain men and fur traders. After erroneously placing the 1844 Stevens-Murphy party into the 1843 emigrating year Moody mentioned the Donners and the Mormons and had scarcely more than a paragraph left for the forty-niners.[66]

Todd Webb's *The Gold Rush Trail and the Road to Oregon* is noteworthy mainly for the nearly one hundred photographs of the several trails and cutoffs traveled by the author between 1955 and 1962 during which time he followed the routes several times in various conveyances.[67] In one of his opening chapters Webb reprinted Applegate's "Cow Column" in its entirety, and then proceeded to progress westward along the trails relying largely on ten diarists of the 1844–1852 period whose descriptions of scenery and experiences are either quoted or paraphrased. A concluding chapter identified current highways to be followed for the aficionado desiring to approximate the famed trails today. Similar is Margaret Long's *The Oregon Trail* which provides automobile logs with specific mileage readings for purposes of trail following as far as South Pass.[68] Presented in a non-narrative fashion, Long's volume is essentially a guidebook which reprints all the pertinent historical marker inscriptions, but provides virtually no additional information about the overland emigrating experience. Somewhat comparable, although issued in a limited edition and concerned only with the Chimney Rock to Pacific Springs section of the overland route, is Paul Henderson's pleasantly written *Landmarks on the Oregon Trail.*[69] The short text combines trail lore with an account of a 1951 route following trek but is noteworthy primarily for its thirty-two magnificent color photographs of scenic trail sites.

Three volumes in the American Trails Series deal with the South Pass routes followed by the vast majority of the overland emigrants. David Lavender's *Westward Vision: The Story of the Oregon Trail,* while engagingly written, is really a survey of the geographical penetration of men westward and neither a history of the overland emigrants nor a precise, map-oriented study of the fabled route they traveled.[70] Only fifty of Lavender's four hundred pages are concerned with what he terms "true migrants"—families traveling by their own resources without the benefit of large fur caravans as escorts, therefore, all emigration years following the Bidwell-Bartleson party of 1841. Fully seven-eighths of the book treats the precursors of the emigrants, from Spanish explorers and French voyageurs to the eager missionaries of the 1830s.

And when the author does consider the overlanders, only the 1842, 1843, 1844 and 1845 emigrations receive more than the barest mention and none are covered in any real detail. Lavender's account concludes with the 1847 emigrants and the Whitman massacre of that year.

Beginning in 1847 and continuing throughout the 1860s thousands of Mormon overlanders were also streaming westward. These Saints were, as Wallace Stegner's judicious and lucidly written *The Gathering of Zion: The Story of the Mormon Trail* demonstrates, both caught up in and yet decidedly apart from the overland emigrations to the Pacific Coast here under review.[71] The Mormons were emigrants too, of course, but their trip was considerably shorter, normally much less difficult and with apparently far fewer occurrences of either fatal disease or Indian attack. The Mormon emigrants sought separation from the Gentile hordes, hence their route followed the north side of the Platte River. This route, which has come to be known as the Mormon Trail, was quickly improved by Mormon pioneers for the benefit of oncoming Saints while overlanders on the Oregon-California Trail rarely made improvements which would aid those in the rear—rather, on occasion attempts were even made to hinder those behind. In addition to these contrasting attitudes toward the trail, the Mormons traveled much more consciously as a cooperating community, and their emigration was more disciplined, more systematic, better organized. But complete separation was imposible. The Mormon Trail beyond the upper crossing of the North Platte coincided with the regular Oregon-California Trail. Also, during the 1850s—to which Stegner devotes considerable attention—more and more Gentile overlanders chose to begin their journey at Council Bluffs on the Mormon Trail. And Salt Lake City was a haven of rest and source of supply for a great many coast-bound overlanders from 1849 on. However, Stegner's volume provides very little information on this Saint-Gentile interaction both along the trail or in Salt Lake Valley.

George R. Stewart's substantial contribution, *The California Trail: An Epic with Many Heroes,* is remarkably balanced between trail and emigrants.[72] Easily the best of the trail books and probably also the single most useful account presently available on the overland emigrations (this despite the fact that the entire Oregon migration movement is obviously not treated), Stewart's volume is marked by wisdom and wit. Often drawing helpful parallels between different migration years, he contends that with the 1845 year came a major trail change—henceforth it would be man competitively against man whereas initially it had been man against nature.[73] This interesting comment is at least partially belied by Stewart's own attention to the relief expeditions from California to aid lagging and suffering emigrants as well as his stress on the

good-natured, law abiding qualities of the '49ers. Stewart seems inclined to blame the Indians as much as the overlanders for the various conflicts which developed, and he punctures the colorful myth of the beleaguered emigrants surrounded by attacking Indians galloping about the encircled wagons.[74] He finds the American overland emigrations historically unique with the best possible parallel being the Great Trek of the Boers in South Africa, but in numbers, distance and influence the relationship was an oblique one. Paying attention to such normally neglected factors as the construction of the "prairie schooners," the mechanics of fording a stream or taking wagons over a Sierra "pass," and wryly pondering the diarists' silence on problems of sex and sanitary affairs, Stewart commendably provides also some coverage of the 1850s.[75] Nonetheless, a twenty-three page chapter for the entire decade, when compared with a chapter for each year between 1841 and 1849, reveals that Stewart's exceptionally fine book also essentially fits the familiar pattern.

Conspicuously missing in all of this scholarly and literary attention to the overlanders is a well-researched topical study which assesses changing trail developments through both the 1840s and 1850s. Shunning the topical approach, most authors have either progressed chronologically year by year to about 1849, as Stewart has done, or else progressed westward geographically mile by mile, injecting trail occurrences and/or developments from varied years, as Merrill Mattes has mainly done in his encyclopedic *The Great Platte River Road*.[76] For the region covered—to Fort Laramie, the easiest third of the way west—Mattes' book will doubtless long serve as the standard work. Too, it will be long and thankfully used by all future trail and overland researchers for its splendid bibliography—in the preparation of this work Mattes used approximately 700 overland narratives and he has identified the repositories where they are located. In addition to preparing excellently detailed maps, Mattes has advanced the most reliable statistical estimate thus far tendered of emigrant travel westward between 1841 and 1866. During the quarter-century under his microscopic examination, he suggests that approximately 350,000 overlanders trailed west.[77] The title is indicative of his conviction that the Fort Kearny to Fort Laramie portion of the overland trails—traveled by everyone virtually without cutoffs over an exceptionally good natural roadway—was the most important route west in America's history, the trunkline of the trails, and deserves a more descriptive term than the traditional Oregon-California-Mormon Trail designation, hence the Great Platte River Road.[78] While Mattes begins with several topically oriented chapters covering in brief fashion the difficulties experienced on this route and the manner and mode of traveling, essentially his technique is to document the "Grand Corridor of Westward Expansion" to Fort Laramie through short

quotations from the diaries, letters and reminiscences of the travelers, detailing—frequently at redundant levels—almost all occurrences, developments and descriptions of the outfitting towns, the different routes to Fort Kearny, the two forts, and the scenic natural sites of Ash Hollow, Court House Rock, Chimney Rock, Scotts Bluffs, and Mitchell's Pass. The volume is a vast treasure trove of information all future scholars will welcome.

One of the overlanders whose reminiscences Mattes occasionally quotes is Ezra Meeker, and surely the above-mentioned spate of trail-oriented books owes much to that tireless pioneer's amazing exertions in behalf of marking and memorializing the Oregon Trail. He was born in Ohio in 1830, the same year that fur trader William L. Sublette led the first wagon train westward along the Platte route, an historic event commemorated a century later when President Herbert Hoover proclaimed April 10 to December 29, 1930, as the "covered wagon centennial."[79] During that period more than one thousand celebrations were held at places like Independence Rock and on December 29 the Oregon Trail Memorial Association, whose existence was a testament both to Meeker's vision and persistence, honored the memory of its first president with a special dinner on the hundredth anniversary of his birth.[80]

Meeker had first gone west as an overland emigrant in 1852 and ultimately settled near Puyallup, Washington, where he made and lost a fortune raising hops.[81] Between 1898 and 1900 he made four round trips to the Klondike mines to sell vegetables, but it was in 1906 when, nearing age seventy-six, that Meeker began his most famous activity. Against the advice of friends—who counseled against anyone giving contributions to Meeker for monies would only help send him out on the plains to die—Meeker began, with one or two assistants and a faithful dog, to trek eastward along the old Oregon Trail in a covered wagon drawn by two oxen. As he traveled he gave speeches, endeavored—with considerable success—to get local communities to raise funds and establish markers along the trail, and wrote a book about his life and present effort to eulogize the old pioneers and locate the famous trail they had followed before it was obliterated by the passage of time and progress. Meeker did not die, although one of his oxen did, and by the time he reached Lincoln, Nebraska, where the first edition of his hastily written *The Ox Team* was printed, he was working an ox and cow together. By now the press was giving Meeker attention, and he claimed that over twenty thousand persons had attended dedication ceremonies for markers at various places along the trail.

The winter was spent in Indianapolis, selling his book and writing letters to newspapers and city officials he planned to visit in spring and summer for his new goal was to go to Washington to request government aid in marking

the trail. With an unbroken steer now matched to the remaining ox Meeker took his team and message throughout the East during 1907, became something of a cause celèbre in New York City where for over a month there was legal confusion about whether Meeker should be permitted to drive his outfit in the city. He finally reached Washington, D. C., where President Theodore Roosevelt viewed Meeker's outfit and pledged his support for the trail marking plans.

After returning west as far as St. Joseph, Missouri, Meeker then shipped his outfit back to Puyallup in 1908. But there was more to come. In 1910, now nearly eighty, he made a second trip eastward over the trail with his covered wagon, returning to Puyallup in August 1912. In 1916 he testified before the House Committee on Military Affairs in behalf of a military and post road from St. Louis to Olympia, Washington, to follow as closely as possible the old Oregon Trail, and to be called "Pioneer Way." Also that year he traveled cross country by car in the interests of the trail, as he did in 1924 by plane and in 1926 by train. When Meeker died two years prior to his hundredth birthday he was busily promoting the sale of Oregon Trail memorial coins.[82]

While caravans, celebrations and coins have done their part, also of considerable influence in shaping public understandings of the overland emigrations have been the great multi-volume histories so popular early in the century, as well as the more streamlined modern textbooks. Hubert Howe Bancroft, for example, found many opportunities to comment on the emigrations in his magnificent historical series on the western states. Bancroft, in fact, doubtless bears some responsibility for the interpretations so long in vogue, since already in 1888 he was writing of the strategic importance of "Three great emigrations, each three years apart . . . westward to the slope of the Pacific."[83] Moreover, he served up rather picturesque phrases depicting the hardships endured by the pioneers on the long overland route,[84] and clearly suggested that those who came overland not only braved greater dangers and experienced more of the "romance which danger brings" but were a nobler, stronger, better class of persons.[85] And the patriotic theme was also clearly sounded, as in this passage about the Oregon overlanders: "If I have not presented the leaders of the several migrations as heroes, to me they were none the less heroic; while the people were filled with a patriotism as lofty and purposes as pure as any appearing upon the highways of history."[86]

By virtue of the immense amounts of sometimes unrefined source materials included, Bancroft's histories differed from other voluminous narrative histories seeking to interpret the entire nation's history. Most of James Schouler's short commentary on the emigrations was confined to the California gold

rushers and, with Bancroft, he found the character of those choosing the overland route to be distinctly superior to that of those going by sea. Schouler's account of the overland journey clearly stressed the privations and hardships endured.[87] A similar emphasis upon hardship and danger characterized the single paragraph James Ford Rhodes spared for the forty-niners traveling the overland route,[88] and Edward Channing's lone paragraph reiterated this emphasis, finding it "remarkable" that so many safely reached California.[89] Woodrow Wilson likewise confined his overland commentary to the forty-niners and accented their hardships—"The plains were ere long strewn with the bleaching bones of men and beasts."[90]

John Bach McMaster, however, did not restrict himself to the forty-niner epic, nor was he only aware of the difficulties connected with the trip. From 1842 through 1853 McMaster avoided comment on only three years, and he took pains to provide statistical estimates of the yearly emigrations. Deriving much of his data from contemporary newspapers, McMaster was well aware of changing trail conditions over the years and of all those writing multi-volume national histories supplied the most comprehensive, balanced and accurate view of the emigrations.[91]

Neither the *History of American Life* series edited by Arthur M. Schlesinger and Dixon Ryan Fox or *The American Nation* series edited by Albert Bushnell Hart paid much attention to the overland emigrations.[92] Two superficial volumes in the *Chronicles of America* series, however, dealt with aspects of the migrations—Emerson Hough's *The Passing of the Frontier* and Stewart Edward White's *The Forty-Niners*.[93] Both authors emphasized trail difficulties and emigrant heroism, with Hough especially giving way to grandiloquent flights of patriotic fancy as in his assertion that as a nation "In the use of the Oregon Trail we first began to be great." Hough also believed that the female overlander was deserving of far more praise than she had received and wrote accordingly that,

> The chief figure of the American West, the figure of the ages, is not the long-haired fringed-legging man riding a raw-boned pony, but the gaunt and sad-faced woman sitting on the front seat of the wagon . . . There was the great romance of all America—the woman in the sunbonnet: and not, after all, the hero with the rifle across his saddle horn.[94]

Less romantic and considerably more detailed is Ray Allen Billington's account of the migrations in *The Far Western Frontier, 1830–1860,* a volume in *The New American Nation* series. Billington's narrative focuses entirely on the overlanders of the 1840s, summarizing the principal occurrences of each trail year between 1841 and 1846 and those of 1849. In terms of space allocations, 1843, 1846 and 1849, in that order, stand supreme, with 1841,

as in numerous other volumes, being the fourth most frequently cited emigrating year. The overlanders of the 1850s are again conspicuously absent.[95]

Charles and Mary Beard, in their *Rise of American Civilization*, were especially enamored with the Bidwell-Bartleson party of 1841 which departed for California without much idea of how to get there except to travel west. Contending that in comparison the Mayflower voyage was an easy one, the Beards went on to claim that even the imposing hardships surmounted by the Bidwell pioneers were nothing at all when viewed against the harrowing ordeal survived by only some of the Donner emigrants in 1846.[96]

The space plagued historians churning out contemporary textbooks have given the overland emigrations such sparse mention that rarely are even the emigrations of all three "typical" years mentioned. As might be expected, these brief treatments are quite superficial and tend to emphasize the hardships of the journey. Since the Donner disaster makes excellent copy for such a perspective, it is not surprising that several texts dwell at some length on the gruesome details. The authors of one text accuse "Hansford [sic] W. Hastings" of "an almost criminal negligence" for his role in fomenting the tragedy.[97] While most texts do have their facts straight, the writers of one recent volume aver that the Oregon Trail was "first used by covered wagons in the great migration of 1843."[98]

More extensive and sophisticated treatment is provided in the western history textbooks but the total impact is virtually identical to that arising from the monographic and periodical literature. Frederic L. Paxson and E. Douglas Branch, in two of the earliest efforts, accorded little more than statistical attention to the overlanders.[99] Cardinal Goodwin supplied considerably more information and came to the conclusion that the sufferings of the 1850 goldrushers "were perhaps unparalleled in the annals of overland emigration in America."[100] Dan Elbert Clark relied on the 1843 emigration—and Jesse Applegate's memorable account—to typify all the trail caravans. Submitting that the death rate was not "abnormally high" Clark felt that for especially the young and strong the trip had been "a long picnic excursion." And with Emerson Hough he had words of praise for the patient heroism of the wives and mothers.[101] LeRoy R. Hafen, W. Eugene Hollon and Carl Coke Rister's appraisal of the overland emigrations in *Western America* coincided perfectly. After quoting nearly two pages from Applegate's "Cow Column," they contended that Applegate's account of an 1843 trip "might have been any day of twenty-five other summers, with any of hundreds of other companies bound for California or Utah or other states of the West."[102] Hafen, Hollon and Rister likewise contended that the trip was "a delightful excursion" for the young and strong and also praised the pioneer mother

as the "heroine of the great trek." Moreover, they concluded, as had Goodwin, that the 1850 overlanders "endured sufferings among the most severe in the annals of overland migration."[103]

Hafen, Hollon and Rister affirmed that the "great migration" of 1843 saved the fledgling Oregon governmental effort;[104] Thomas D. Clark and Ray Allen Billington offered similar interpretations in their widely used textbooks. To Clark the crucial 1843 emigration was of "major importance" in America's population movement and the "most important" of the mass movements westward.[105] For Billington that year's emigration was a "turning point" in Oregon's history.[106] Both authors chose to stress the hardships involved in the westward journey during the 1840s, which meant devoting some attention to the Donner party; and regarding the perils of the forty-niners Clark wrote that their route to California was basically a "trail of tears and human tragedy" while Billington maintained that "those who survived to reach the gold fields were indeed well tested."[107]

More prosaic and condensed accounts of the emigrations are provided in Kent L. Steckmesser's *The Westward Movement* and in Robert E. Riegel and Robert G. Athearn's *America Moves West.*[108] And, though the overland migrations did not loom large in his volume, John A. Hawgood, the 1966 recipient of the Alfred A. Knopf Western History Prize for his *America's Western Frontiers,* also found the traditional interpretations to his liking.[109] Stressing the importance of 1843 for Oregon and 1844 for California—when wheeled vehicles were first forced across the Sierra passes—Hawgood had virtually nothing to say about changing trail conditions other than bare mention of the migrations through 1849.

The use of selections from a "typical" year for purposes of illustrating the overland emigration movement to the Far West is naturally even more standard in the volumes of source materials and readings. Robert V. Hine and Edwin R. Bingham rely on 1843 and principally upon Jesse Applegate for this in *The Frontier Experience,* as does Clark C. Spence in *The American West: A Source Book,* although he also includes a portion of Francis Parkman's 1846 description of the emigrants at Fort Laramie. Martin Ridge and Ray Allen Billington utilize diary excerpts from 1841, 1843 (Applegate) and 1846 to depict overland travel to the West Coast and cuttings from 1847 and 1856 diaries and reminiscences to illustrate the Mormon trek to Salt Lake.[110] Only Robert W. Richmond and Robert W. Mardock stand apart from this all-engulfing 1843–1846–1849 tide by using selections from John Hawkins Clark's overland diary of 1852 to depict experiences on the great western trails.[111]

While the scholars must be held accountable for their failure to treat the changing conditions of the 1850s and the 1860s, their dilemma has obviously

been a real one. With "humanity on the loose," to use Dale Morgan's illuminating phrase,[112] in each and every emigrating year—how can an inclusive and accurate account be prepared that is in any way manageable? The various approaches used have all made distinct contributions to total understandings. From those who have concentrated on the trails or portions of trails—now as well as then—we have gained a clearer understanding of where the overlanders went and how hard it was to go there. Those who have endeavored to treat comprehensively a single year have made evident the awesome complexity of the emigrations. Those who have generalized from the experiences of a few have reminded us of the crucial importance of the 1843 and 1849 movements. And those who have contented themselves with the competent editing of a single diary, or of several diaries kept by members of the same expedition—no mean task—have underscored the particularity of all the westering endeavors. No single writer has been able to do all of this at the same time, and do it well. Therefore, in spite of all the reprinted diaries and reminiscences, all the scholarly and semi-scholarly accounts, poems and novels, there is still no single volume about the overland emigrations which is widely regarded as "the" treatment of the subject. Perhaps there will never be.

It is clear, though, that most of the foregoing approaches, whatever their considerable merits, have tended to underplay the concept of change through time. Perhaps increased understanding and new perspectives about the overland emigrations can only come with an approach utilizing an even broader scope, one which incorporates the hitherto neglected years and seeks to trace the ways in which the trails and the west and the overlanders themselves were changing. Such an approach must recognize that while the emigrations called forth sufficient individualism, heroism and bravado for thousands of television and movie westerns, at base the overland movement was really a cooperative experience, as the Mormons so graphically demonstrated. The new approach must also make clear that it is in the hertofore neglected interaction amongst the overlanders themselves, the interaction between the overlanders and other groups in the West—the army, the Indians, the Mormons, the traders and other entrepreneurs, as well as in the interaction of the overlanders with the flora and fauna of the West that the real explanation of how the feat was successfully accomplished will be found.

The Roots of Russell

The Earliest Known Frontier Sketches of Charles Marion Russell

by Carl S. Dentzel

Charles Marion Russell is an indestructible piece of Americana. He is not a little piece, either, but one of the greatest men and talents the United States ever produced. He was an extraordinary man. His being, reflected in his work, looms larger and larger as his creations are studied and become better known. If he had never drawn a line, sketched an object, painted a canvas, or sculptured a figure, he would have earned prominence in American literature. His inspiring prose, whether a few lines of a letter to an old friend or a story out of his life on the American frontier, reveals an extraordinary depth of understanding. His picturesque view of life-spelling and expression conjures up in a few words, in a brief moment, what many writers try to say quite unsuccessfully in a long chapter. His keen mind, ready wit, sharp eye and deep understanding provide a mighty foundation for the world he creates: the unique world of Charlie Russell.

So much has been written about C. M. Russell that one would readily believe that little new could be added to the tales about his rich life. Fortunately, however, this is not the case, for Russell's life had so many episodes and so many dimensions that interesting material relating to him, his philosophy, his writing, and his art will continue to be forthcoming as Russell grows ever greater as a literary and art figure. As in the case of many extraordinary personages, a great deal of repetition exists because of the lack of

research. There is also considerable misunderstanding, exaggeration and the perpetuation of false facts. Many would-be extollers of Russell and his work actually do him an injustice because they have failed to understand the well-spring of the man's true genius.

Russell's great simplicity, directness and honesty link him to the almost mythical men of the American frontier. His serious and humorous sides reflect his concern for the passing of the frontier in nineteenth-century United States and the great changes in ways of life in the twentieth century. He was a product of the last of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. His greatest concern in living was for the effect of change on people, particularly Indians and their various ways of life relating directly to those monumental changes the nation was undergoing. He appreciated the old and distrusted the new.

The roots of Russell's art are in his drawings. They are the first views of the creative urge reflecting the true ideas of the artist. Drawings and sketches are the seeds from which paintings grow. In Russell's case his drawings in his first years of art are related to the work he did for the remainder of his fruitful life. His pen and ink drawings, his watercolors, his oil paintings and his sculpture are all branches from the sturdy trunk of philosophical and artistic development that grew from the deep roots Russell had in the American frontier experience and his own unique genius.

Drawings are the most revealing clues to an artist's personality and vision. In Russell's case they illustrate every aspect of his views. They reflect his superb sense of history. He could do more with a few lines and a few words than most thoroughly-trained professional artists and writers can accomplish in an article or a book.

Russell's sketches, reproduced here, are for the most part scenes from the life of a cowboy. Many appear to be autobiographical. They are signed C. M. Russell. Some time later in his life he began using the now familiar buffalo skull as his personal artist's brand. Many early drawings, watercolors and oils bear only his brand, the buffalo skull. Later he used the skull and signed the work as well. Later still he signed his works with his name and the skull, often adding "copyright by".

These sketches sent to Friend Pony, a fellow cowboy, are among some of Russell's earliest art. They show his interests and ability at the period when he was "still working on the range" around Utica, Montana. Even at this early time it was suspected by his friends that he was sketching for a magazine. His peers had already realized that there was something special about Charlie and the way he looked at things. Russell writes to his friend Pony, "I expect I will have to ride till the end of my days—but I would

rather be a poor cow puncher than a poor artist—I send you some sketches by this mail—well old boy there is nothing to wright about and as you know I am a very poor wrighter—I will close hoping to hear from you soon."

As Fate and the Muses would have it, Russell didn't have to ride to the end of his days and he turned out to be a better "wrighter" than a cowpuncher. He became more famous as an artist than a cowboy—he always enjoyed the appellation "The Cowboy Artist."

For permission to reproduce these early Russell drawings, as well as the letter to his friend Pony, gratitude is expressed to The Estelle Doheny Collection, The Edward Laurence Doheny Memorial Library, St. John's Seminary, Camarillo, California, which owns this unique portfolio.

Charles Marion Russell

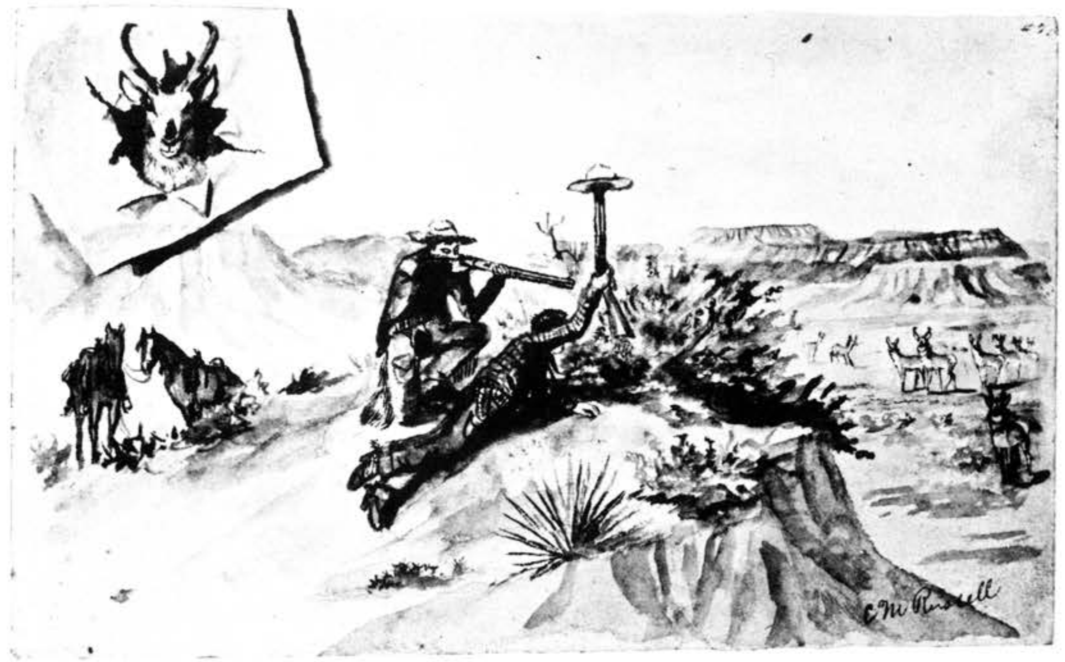
The Early Frontier Sketches of Charles Marion Russell

May 14th

Friend Pony
I received your
letter and was glad to here
from you I am still

in Montana and still
working on the range
we are at present bissy
gathering horses for the
spring roundup the cattel
have all been driven north
to milk rive and I leave
for then in a few days
it is a putty good cow
County the fellow that told
you I was sketching for a
Magizine was mistaken
as I have been on the range
all the time I have tride
several times to make a
living painting but could
not make it stick and
had to go back to the
range I expect I will
have to ride till the end
of my days
but I would rather be a
poor cow puncher than a
poor artist I send you
som sketches by this mail
well old boy there is
nothing to wright about
and as you know I am
a very poor wrighter I
will close hoping to
heare from you soon
I remane your
Friend
C.M. Russell
Utica Mt
Fergus County

C M Russell


C M Russell

C M Russell

C M Russell

C M Russell

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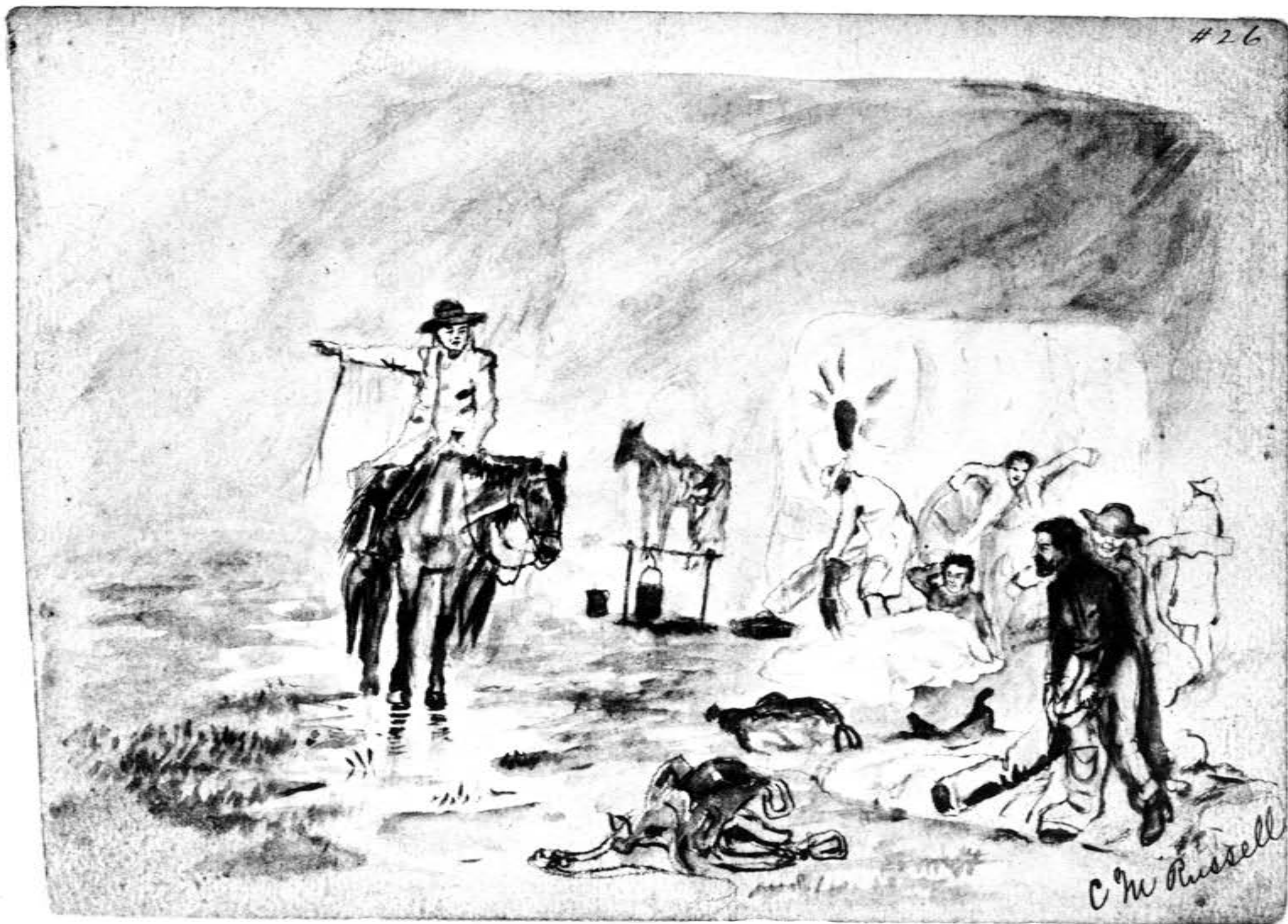
C M Russell

C.M. Russell

C.M. Russell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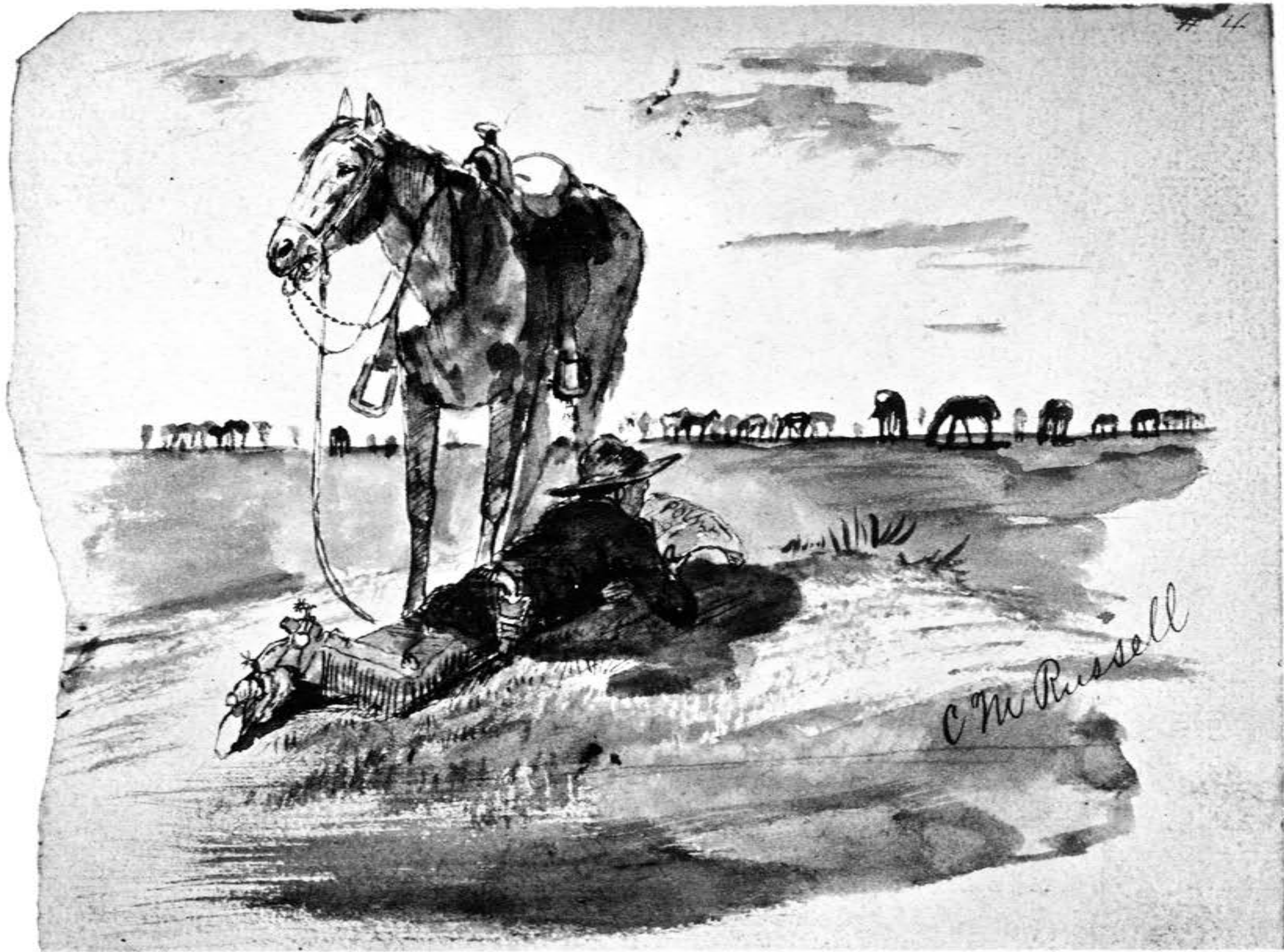

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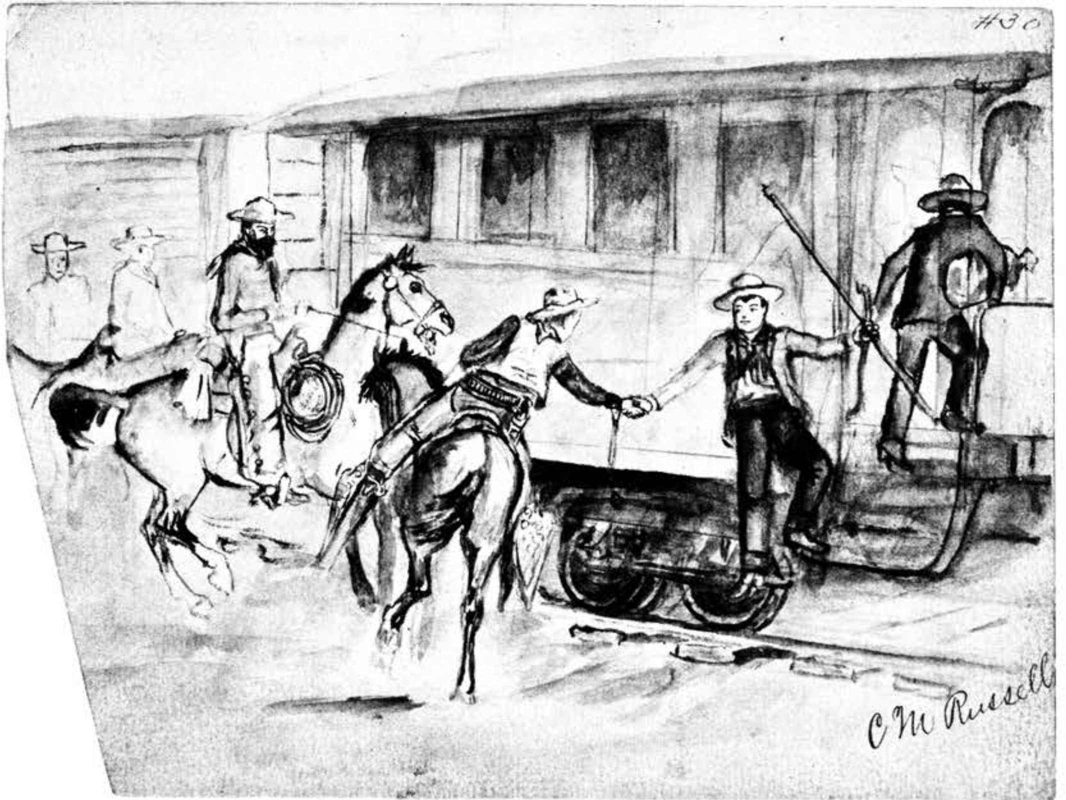
CM Russell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C M Russell

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C.M. Russell
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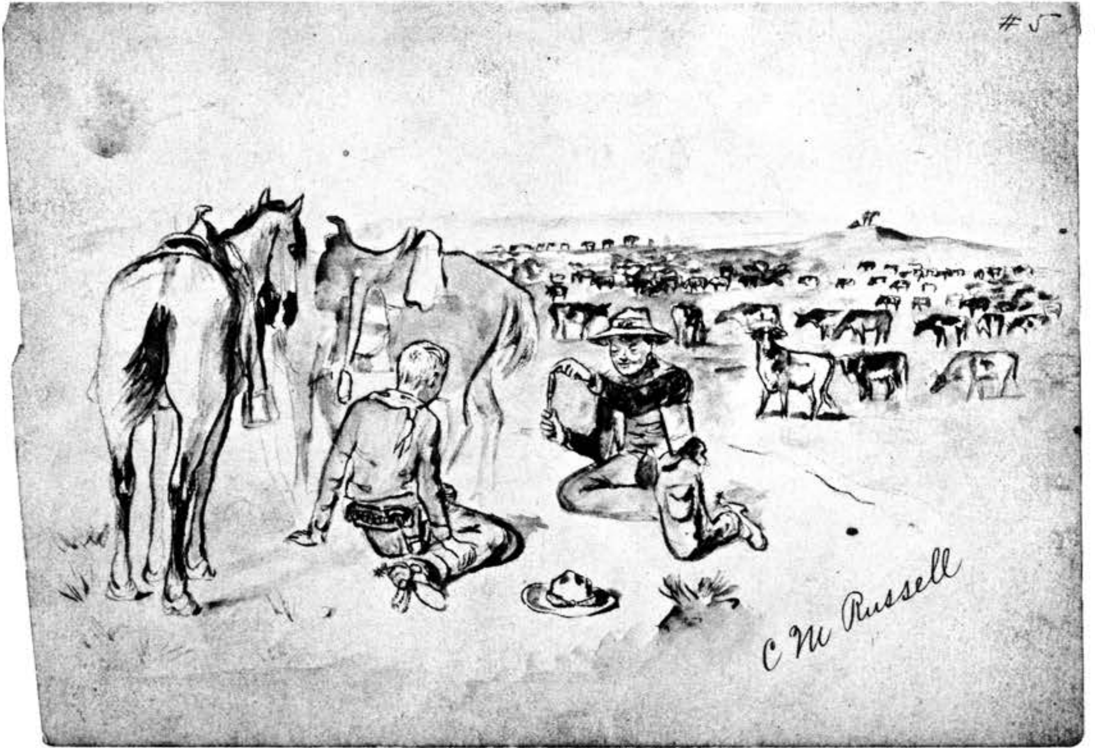
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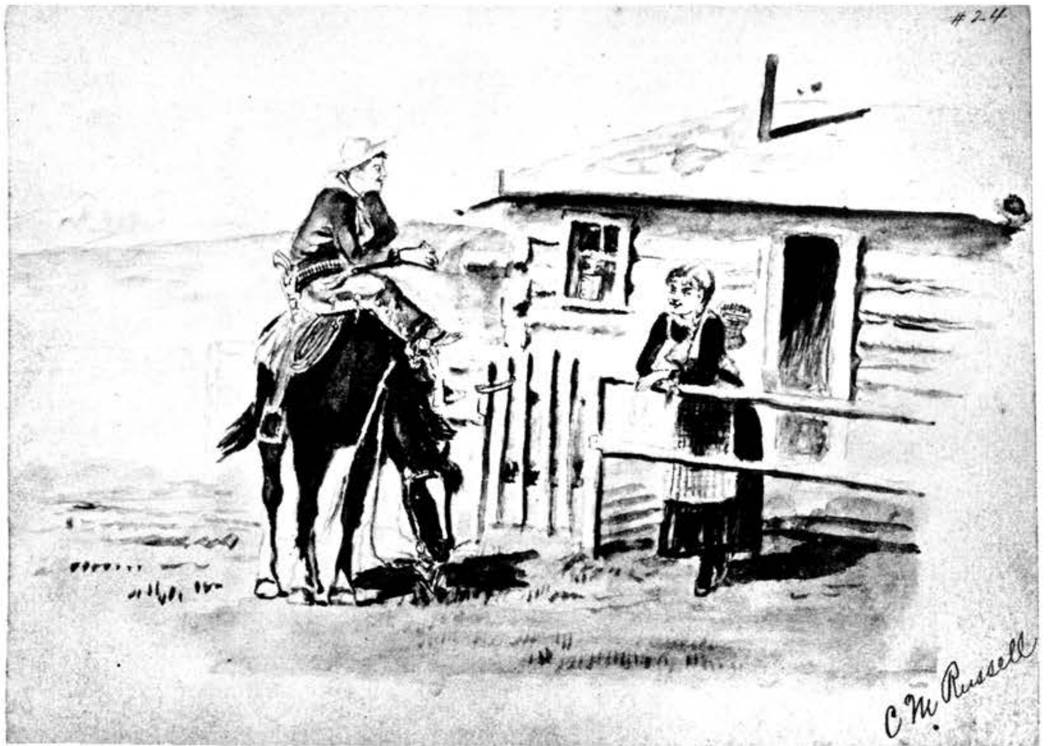
C M Russell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C M Russell

C M Russell

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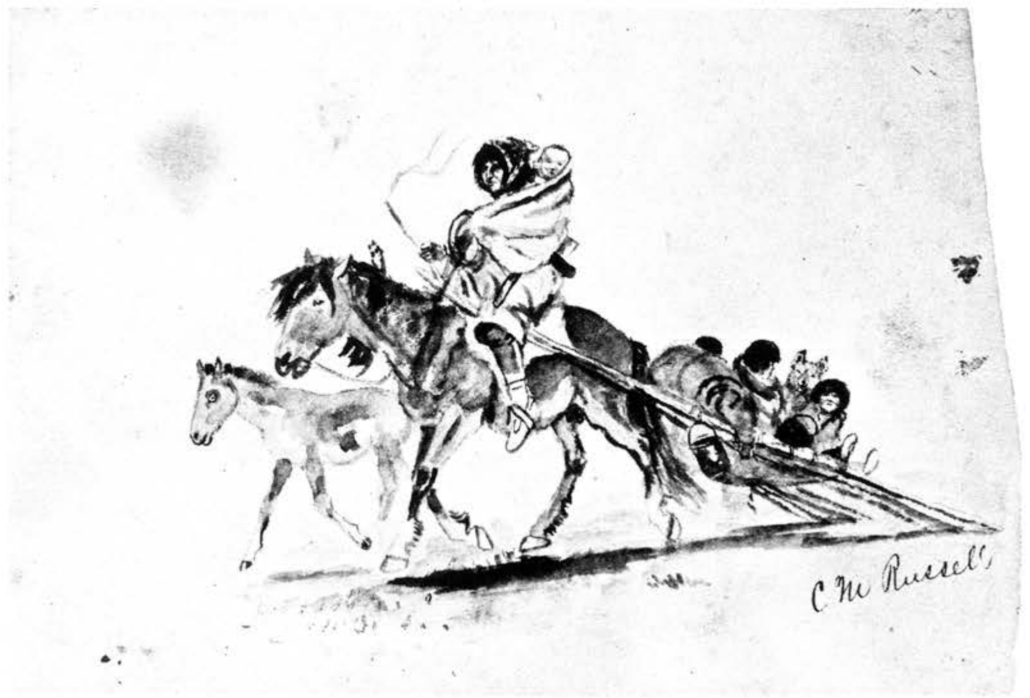

C M Russell

C M Russell

#14

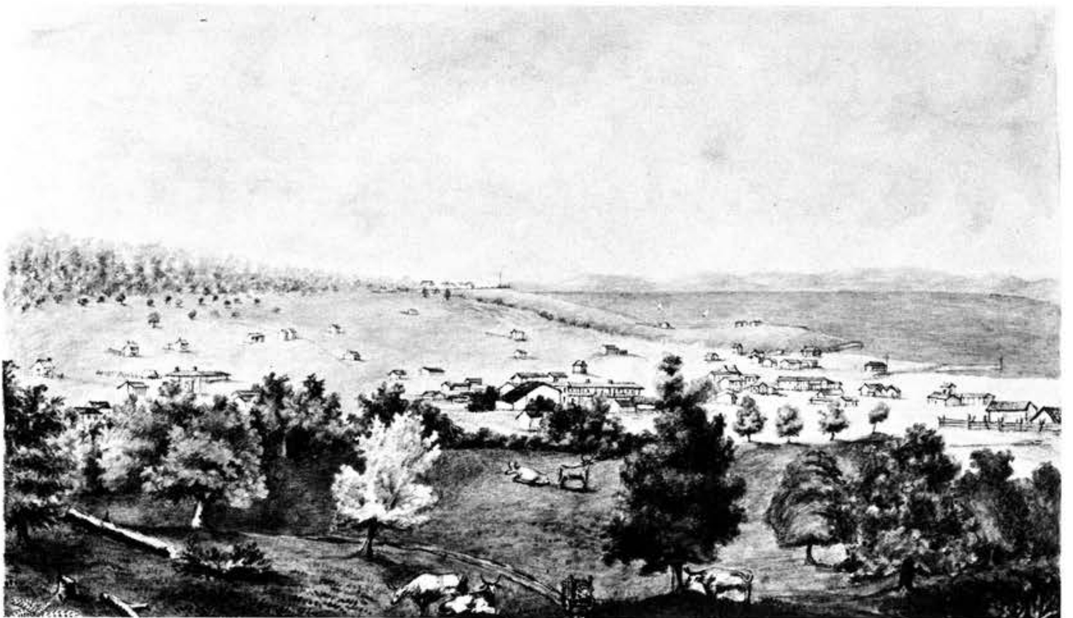
#14

~~Re~~An Indian

~~A Picture~~

C M Russell

above: Jonathan Drake Stevenson
right: Henry S. Burton
below: Monterey in 1847
From a sketch by William Rich Hutton



Jonathan D. Stevenson and the New York Volunteers

by Paul W. Gates

"Stevenson's Regiment—New York's earliest and noblest contribution toward the development and civilization of the garden of the far west."[1]

Historians of the First Regiment of New York Volunteers, which reached California in 1847, having little occasion to write about military strategy, deployment and battles must perforce expand upon the regiment's contributions to the civil life of the new commonwealth. Thus Colonel James H. Turner, who had been a member of the regiment but was ordered back to New York from Rio de Janeiro to recruit additional members and never reached California, summarized its role in 1875: "In California, the men who composed this regiment of youths from the Empire State, are a part of its history, they are at this time among the legislators, judges, capitalists, county officers, merchants and wealthy citizens, many alas are poor, as indeed are many of the early pioneers of '49 and '50."

Turner went on to mention members of the regiment who had been elected to Congress, who had served in high command in the Civil War, and five captains who had acquired wealth; military historians might wonder what kind of record that was.[2]

The First Regiment of New York Volunteers was the largest military contingent to reach California during the Mexican War. Except for the operations of some of its companies in Lower California, fighting was over by the time the New Yorkers arrived after their long journey around Cape Horn, and the chances of gaining military glory were gone. Members of the Regiment

were compensated for their failure to win glory, as other regiments had in Mexico, by the opportunities in California for getting rich quick, and to these many of the more acquisitively inclined turned. In fact, the editor of the *Alta California* may well have had in mind the experience of the First Regiment when he wrote on May 31, 1853: "The desire of becoming suddenly rich has probably been the cause of more evil to California than to any other country. People have not, as a general thing, come here to stay but to get a certain amount of gold and then leave." He intended his statement to apply to speculators in wild land, city lots and commerce. There had been too much haste and waste, and too little consideration of the issues involved.

Bancroft has summarized the statistics of the Regiment. They arrived in March and April, 1847, increasing the population of California by five or six per cent. There were 33 officers and 916 men, 323 of whom deserted, some more than once, notwithstanding the severe flogging they received when captured. Six officers resigned, 136 men were discharged, 33 died (too many by drowning in California rivers), two were killed in action, seven were killed and two wounded in accidents, and 39 officers and 658 men were mustered out in California.[3] Five hundred and eight officers and men remained in California. A smaller number remained for a time (funds for their return passage were not given them) and then returned east.[4]

The First New York Regiment of Volunteers was authorized on June 26, 1846, by President Polk to be raised for service in "some province of Mexico, probably in Upper California . . ." It was to be composed of "suitable persons," that is, men of "good habit—as far as practicable of various pursuits, and such as would be likely to remain at the end of the war, either in Oregon or in any other territory in that region . . . which may then be a part of the United States." The men must be informed that at the conclusion of the war they were to be discharged wherever it was found desirable but within the American territory and without a claim for return passage.[5] In this way the government was proposing to colonize on the west coast a thousand men.[6] In view of the very substantial investments the officers and men made in California, either before or shortly after they were discharged, we may assume that some were men of considerable means. That at least 126 known members of the regiment were living in California twenty-five years after they enlisted is evidence of the attraction the new state had for them.

New York's Jonathan Drake Stevenson, a tough minded Democratic politician skilled in the art of maneuvering and manipulation characteristic of Tammany politics and a former New York state senator, was offered command of the regiment which was to be dispatched to the Pacific coast without undue delay.[7] His title came only from his service in the national guard.

Since the tender of command was offered for obvious political reasons, the Whigs took up the cry of favoritism, which the appointment obviously was, and in their press gave much attention to the fact that on his staff were a number of West Point graduates, including Lieutenant Colonel Henry S. Burton, Major James A. Hardie, Captains John E. Brackett, Henry N. Naglee, and Matthew R. Stevenson. The partisan Whig criticism of Stevenson, as expressed by Representatives George Ashmun, was that the commander was "a mere political adventurer," a Tammany hack "from the neighborhood of the Five Points . . . where the doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils . . .," is practiced.[8] Many of the enlisted men were drawn from the "notorious Fourth Ward" and in and about the Five Points of New York and were spoken of in the hostile press as "plug uglies," "careless, reckless d . . . ls, (yet of good heart) from the Bowery and East River side, that are the terror of the N. York police." At other times they were called "Stevenson's lambs." On the other hand the Democratic *New York Herald* said that none but respectable men were accepted for enlistment.[9] The equally Democratic *Albany Argus* expressed regret at the loss of "an intelligent portion of our own population."[10]

Three of the ten companies making up the regiment were recruited in up-state New York, one from Chenango County, with Kimball H. Dimmick as captain, one from Bath under Captain William E. Shannon, and one from Albany, included the Albany Van Rensselaer Guards under Captain John B. Frisbie. Among those accepted were farmers, "scientific engineers," "qualified editors," lawyers, physicians, merchants, actors, printers, members of the mechanical trades and "loafers." It was a youthful group of enlisted men, very few being over twenty-one; most were unmarried.[11]

Before arrangements could be completed for transporting the regiment, which had trained on Governors Island, its commanding officer was subject to a flood of scurrilous abuse from Whig opponents of the war. Apparently some parents had resorted to the writ of habeas corpus to secure the release of their children who had enlisted before they were of age. Some who enlisted failed to pass the rigorous physical examination but were held on the island by red tape for as long as twenty days before they could be released. Then too, Stevenson had been careless in arranging for the purchase of some items of clothing for the men and was charged with personally profiting from the transaction and with providing inferior goods. One account has the regiment "dressed up in uncouth Frenchified uniforms with caps bearing a close resemblance to an inverted geranium pot."[12] When the Regiment was about to sail, after numerous delays, an officer with a warrant tried to arrest Stevenson, but was frustrated by the captains of the ships on which the men were

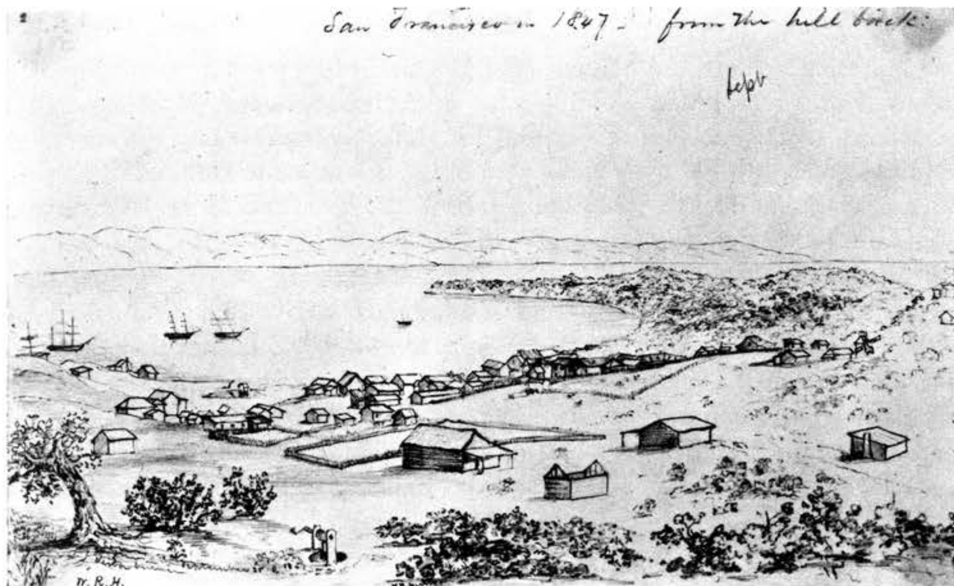
billeted.[13] The expedition finally departed but trouble followed during much of the journey around Cape Horn. There was insubordination and near mutiny, the diet of beans and pork and pickled cabbage not helping much to keep the men contented.[14] When the troops landed in California in 1847, they quickly became a source of great trial to the regular army officers, as is shown by the comments of William Tecumseh Sherman, in a letter of April 25, 1847:[15]

> Stevenson's men are a hard set, and it is still a question whether they are a blessing or a curse to the country. Several are now under trial by a court martial for offences that may cause them to be shot. I believe that Gen. Kearny designed keeping Stevenson so situated that he cannot do much harm. Here he is at headquarters where the General or Col. Mason can prevent his exceeding his authority.

Many years later Edward C. Kemble wrote of life in San Francisco in 1847 when he returned to it after a short absence and met up with a company of New York Volunteers:[16]

> I shall not easily forget the changed aspect of the place under the stimulus which the occupation by Americans had imparted. Stevenson's Regiment had arrived, and one company was quartered in the old adobe custom house on Portsmouth square. . . . Drinking-houses were in full blast; the sounds of a fiddle and the unmistakable strains of the "Arkansaw Traveller" came from a saloon situated near the road; the Leidesdorff House or City Hotel was brilliantly lighted and thronged with strangers and officers in strange uniforms; and above the hum of voices and loud laughter, as we rode by the long porch, arose the clink of glasses and the click of billiard balls.

San Francisco in 1847, from Rincon Point
Above and opposite sketches by William Rich Hutton



San Francisco in 1847 "from the hill back"

Yet one may question whether the conduct of the First New York Regiment was worse than that of other regiments of the time, considering the low pay of the men, the abominable food and living conditions," the harsh, unremitting, brutal discipline.[17]

Many of the enlisted men were a rough and ready lot who did not take to discipline willingly, were not disposed to work on the fortifications, were insubordinate and out "to sew wild oats and frequently were in trouble with their officers."[18] Many quickly deserted when news of the discovery of gold reached their quarters.[19] They formed themselves into squads or companies, seized whatever wagons or pack mules were available and appropriated army stores for the trip to the mines.[20] Others shared in the building of San Francisco and numerous smaller communities, grabbed ranchos of Mexican owners who were hard pressed to meet their taxes, pay usurious interest on their obligations, and protect their titles against squatters. They created banks, newspapers, small industries and farms. They were active in local and state politics. They also became bandits, resorting to robbery, pillage and murder, for which some of them were hanged.

In keeping with plans to discharge the men in the new west with the tools to aid in its development, the transport ships had been loaded with "stores, tools, saw-mills, gristmills" and a printing press.[21] Companies were stationed at Sonoma, San Francisco, Monterey, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles

and San Diego where the officers quickly established friendly relations with the local aristocracy and a number of marriages resulted. Most successful in making places for themselves and in acquiring wealth and economic or political influence were Colonel Stevenson, Lieutenant Colonel Henry S. Burton, Captains Joseph L. Folsom, John B. Frisbie, and Henry N. Naglee, Chaplain T. M. Leavenworth and Assistant Surgeon William C. Parker.

From his first appearance in California, Stevenson was a marked man because of his rank, the energy and ruthlessness with which he pursued his goals, and his "strong will and good executive ability," qualities that Bancroft conceded to him.[22] Again and again he was put on important fact finding and promotional committees and soon ranked among the most influential business leaders, "and indeed one of the richest, his wealth being rated as $350,000 in 1851." It was Stevenson who had urged David C. Broderick to go to California and later set him up in the coinage business, thus starting him on his way to wealth and political power. Broderick later turned against Stevenson, charging him and Archibald Peachy, a member of the most distinguished and successful law firms in the new state and other "millionaires" with trying to corrupt the legislature. To contemporaries this must have sounded like pot calling kettle black. In 1849 Stevenson was considered a likely candidate for a seat in the United States Senate along with John C. Frémont, Henry W. Halleck, William M. Gwin, John W. Geary, Thomas J. Henley, Robert Semple and Thomas Butler King. Yet on at least two occasions Stevenson threw caution to the winds and joined in the cry for hanging persons accused of arson and murder.[23] His impulsive nature got him into trouble more than once. When he was pressing his suit for the hand of a married lady who was being persuaded to take advantage of the easy divorce law recently enacted, a move to repeal the law aroused him to swift action, perhaps because he thought the move was being directed against him. He was reported to have said that if the law were repealed he would expose every member who had been bribed in that session to vote for the San Francisco Land Act that had just been adopted to validate all sales of lots by officials of the city, including the dubious Colton sales. It was of these latter sales that the *Alta California* said on June 6, 1851: "no more barefaced, impudent attempt to swindle was ever assayed by the grantor."[24] Stephen J. Field in the Senate attempted to meet the criticisms of Stevenson by annoucning that he was no longer concerned about the proposed repeal of the divorce law since the attachment had been broken off. Another senator added that the lady in question had decided not to marry Stevenson because he had made an assignment of his property.[25] All this low level discussion occurred on one unusual day when the tempers of several

members of the legislature had been rasped by a series of unfortunate events. The reporter, who usually showed great restraint in mentioning names unfavorably, on this occasion abandoned his restraint.[26]

That Stevenson was deeply involved in the enactment of a bill to provide confirmation of the sale by the city of its beach and water lots and did bribe a number of members of the legislature seems evident. Unlike political boss David C. Broderick, he made no bones of his part in pushing the bill through the legislature. Broderick, on the other hand, who owned many water lots, tried to hide his activities and to pose as "a paragon of legislative virtue," as the *Alta California* put it. Stevenson testified that he promised a number of members of the legislature they would get title to their lots on which they only had possessory rights if they voted for the water bill. Elsewhere the use of $4,000 to $5,000 was mentioned in connection with attempts to influence members favorably. Stevenson also said he lent members small sums of money, i.e., five and ten dollars, some of which had been repaid.[27] He also seems to have had a part in the purchase by the city of San Francisco of the Jenny Lind theatre for a municipal hall for $200,000, for which his share of the boodle was to be $5,000.[28] This action was taken by the Board of Aldermen under heavy pressure from Broderick (who had become the political boss of the inner ring of politicians) against the wishes of four fifths of the people, said the *Alta.* The action was "iniquitous," "abominable," an "act of perfidy" that called for the utmost efforts of the honest people to defeat it through appeal to the courts.[29] To the mortification of the "right-minded people," the veto of the mayor was overridden by the aldermen, and an injunction by a lower court was reversed by the Supreme Court. The purchase with its corollary boodle was carried through.[30]

Continued and widespread corruption in public affairs in San Francisco accompanied by numerous incidents of robbery, murder and mob outrages, and the ease with which the criminal element could obtain freedom from punishment through corrupt judges and juries produced a rising tide of popular indignation. When a prominent reform editor was murdered in 1856 a near revolution against the government of the city occurred. A Committee of Vigilance was then organized which thousands joined to rid the city of its corrupt and lawless element. Several persons were hanged after a summary trial and more were banished from the city. The reformers, working through the Committee of Vigilance, virtually controlled San Francisco city for a time but they aroused against them the beneficiaries of the earlier lawless regime who now presented themselves as a "law and order" party. Among the persons supporting this latter group were David S. Terry of the State Supreme Court, Volney S. Howard and Colonel Edward D. Baker, all well

known in the annals of the port city. Though he lay low during the tumult Broderick's relations were with the "law and order" office holders rather than with the popular Committee of Vigilance.[31] Stevenson, despite a partial break with Broderick, was also to be found with the "law and order" group. On a previous occasion—1851—when the lawless element had gotten out of hand and were subject to swift punishment and banishment, Stevenson had supported the Vigilantees. But this time his political obligations drew him into the same camp with Broderick, and though he was not particularly active he committed himself against the Committee of Vigilance. This change contributed little to his prestige or renown.[32] His name thereafter lost the prominence it had enjoyed in the press and in the community during the years immediately after his arrival, at least so far as the influential organ of the reform movement, the *Alta*, was concerned.[33]

Five months before he was discharged, Stevenson speculated intensively in San Francisco real estate. He acquired in his own name six 100-*vara* lots, six beach and water lots and, with Dr. William C. Parker of the same regiment, six more. Parker alone acquired thirteen fifty-*vara* lots and twenty-four beach and water lots. The commander's son, Matthew R. Stevenson, who was captain of company G, picked up two fifty-*vara* lots.[34] Stevenson also acquired the 8,890 acre Medanos rancho in Contra Costa County in partnership with Dr. Parker. They tried to promote "New York of the Pacific" as the most promising site for a commercial center above San Francisco but with slight success. William T. Sherman, who as first lieutenant was attached to General (and Governor) Richard B. Mason's, later General Persifor Smith's, staff, and who seemed to have had an abundance of leisure time, was hired with two other members of the First Regiment of New York Volunteers to survey the site and set off the blocks and lots. Advertising and newspaper publicity were resorted to in an effort to create interest in the town.[35] Stevenson and Parker urged the state legislature to establish the capital at "New York of the Pacific," offering to erect a capital building at a cost of $100,000 to be in readiness on January 1, 1851, and to have a temporary office building ready for the departments of state by May 1. They were in competition with men who had more resources and were equally keen to obtain the capital for their sites and who seemed more likely to carry out their promises. Mariano G. Vallejo and Captain John B. Frisbie (of the First New York Regiment) offered 156 acres at Vallejo and $350,000 for buildings and improvements; James F. Reed and Charles White offered to donate four blocks in San Jose for public buildings and two square miles of land nearby; Monterey promoters offered the already finished public building and a thousand acres for a botannic garden or a model farm. Thomas O. Larkin's and Robert Semple's lavish offer for

Benicia was made later. New York of the Pacific was easily rejected for Vallejo; later Benicia was chosen as the capital and still later, Sacramento.[36] The swift boomer growth of the "city" virtually disappeared. Many years later the site was to have a reincarnation as a thriving community, Pittsburg.[37]

Stevenson, Vallejo, Semple and other town promoters were doing nothing that speculators in town sites were not trying everywhere on the frontier. In fact, the scramble for the location of towns and cities on speculator's holdings and the bringing to them of territorial and state capitals, county seats, public land offices, state universities, private colleges and railroad terminals received more attention from state legislators, other public officials and newspapers than more important issues. In the process major errors were made. Until the capital was finally located at Sacramento, California was more than usually unfortunate in this respect. The townsite speculators deserved the sharp condemnation of the *Alta California* of September 28, 1850, which would, of course, have been quite content to have the capital in the city at the Golden Gate: "The project of locating the capital merely to build up a city around it and thus making real estate valuable, bringing the State to a subserviency to the plans of speculators, is not only absurd but wicked—wicked if it can be done with that purpose or through such influence." The *Alta* was particularly harsh in its denunciation of the Benicia promoters, "a few miserable land speculators" who were "remorseless" in urging their claims on the legislature. Benicia was an "essentially stupid, stale and most unprofitable speculation," one of the "most prodigious humbugs of the day," whose promoters employed the "most powerful, assiduous and concentrated efforts" to secure the capital, a naval station, and army headquarters.[38] In these terms Robert Semple, Thomas O. Larkin, and General Persifor F. Smith, who ordered the military storehouses, barracks and arsenal to be located at Benicia, were pilloried, though not by name.

After New York of the Pacific proved to be a bust, Stevenson concentrated his real estate business in San Francisco and Santa Cruz. He and Parker divided their 50 vara lots, erected buildings on piles on their water lots, and apparently built more substantially than was the wont of some real estate speculators. Stevenson bought out his partner, over extended his resources and was obliged to "assign all his property for payment of his debts" in 1852 after he seemed on the way to a fortune. Readers of the hostile *Alta* were assured, however, that he "is still . . . possessed of an independent fortune."[39] The inventory of his property in 1853 showed debts amounting to $106,908, including $32,500 owed to William C. Parker. The debts carried interest of five to eight per cent a month. Stevenson's property included Los Medanos and extensive holdings in Sutter, Santa Cruz, New York of the

Pacific, and San Francisco. The latter was yielding $2,805 monthly. Stevenson also had an interest in an 11 league claim along with Volney Howard, Charles Gilman and others.[40]

In addition to carrying on his extensive land business, Stevenson acted as a claims agent prepared to press claims against the United States government for goods and services provided during the Mexican War, for incomplete compensation for other services and for land warrants promised enlisted men who had served in the recent war. Through Elisha Cook in Washington, with whom he worked closely, he was prepared to prosecute claims for any amount on a fee basis. For example, he agreed to take before the recently organized Court of Claims a claim of Pablo de la Guerra for $40,000 with the understanding that if he won he would receive half of all he recovered, but if he failed he would receive nothing.[41] For a time securing land warrants for members of his regiment and for other ex-soldiers, despite the small fee he received, was probably the most lucrative part of this business, as many men who needed legal aid in obtaining their warrants naturally came to him for assistance. Between 1872 and 1882 Stevenson cashed in on his past political services again when he obtained the office of United States Shipping Commissioner at San Francisco.

Many of the early California pioneers who acquired wealth, especially in real estate, later lost their property and became impoverished through the gyrations of land values which rose and fell in rapid succession. They then sought pensions either from the state of California or from the national government, *i.e.* Vallejo, Sutter, Frémont. After his bankruptcy, Stevenson likewise fell upon evil days. He tried to obtain a pension and we may speculate that it was he who was the initiator of the move to secure additional compensation for the First New York Regiment and all other United States soldiers who served in California before 1850. In that year Congress had voted additional compensation for naval and marine officers and men who had been stationed off the California coast but had not extended its bounty to Stevenson's regiment or other army companies. Senator Gwin in Washington was responsive to petitions asking that the equivalent of double rations and pay be granted both soldiers and officers. The matter was brought out on the floor of the Senate in 1853 and 1855 but parliamentary tangles and a hostile Senate Committee on Military Affairs prevented final action. The value of the doubled wages and rations would have amounted to $200 for each man. The only excuse for the refusal to give this additional compensation to Stevenson's regiment was that its men had been provided free transportation to California, the inference being that no further aid would be justified.[42] In 1886 a move to secure a pension for Stevenson, supported by a formal petition, was unsuc-

cessful but the Colonel's friends did succeed in getting a measure through the state legislature to provide for the payment of $2,600 for surveying done by Stevenson in the early fifties.[43]

Dr. William G. Parker, was one of the largest purchasers of San Francisco lots. Although his original investment did not amount to a lot, still it was more than most army officers had or thought wise to invest. Parker may well have been the surgeon of the First Regiment who was said to have bought a bill of goods from one Hawley in Bridgeport, Connecticut, had it shipped around Cape Horn, and was persuaded by Hawley, who came to San Francisco by way of the Isthmus, to resell him the identical goods for 100% profit. Hawley recorded that he then promptly resold the goods again at a profit of 300 to 400%. Parker was in funds and could lend Stevenson $32,500 and engage with him in speculations in the Bay city and in promoting towns, as we have seen. In 1855 Parker with two others was appointed to appraise the estate of Captain Folsom.[44] Parker's early prosperity did not continue; many years later, as an old man, he was urging Stevenson to share with him a windfall he had just received from the State.[45]

Joseph Libby Folsom, a native of New Hampshire, was captain and assistant quartermaster of the New York Volunteers. After his arrival in San Francisco he was made chief of the quartermaster's department with headquarters in the city at the Golden Gate. This gave him an opportunity to do favors for businessmen from whom he might expect favors in return. He became collector of the port of San Francisco, through which a huge volume of goods was soon to pass, stimulated by the discovery of gold and the rush of population to California. The fees of the office gave him capital to invest in the beach and water lots officials were rushing into market to provide revenue for San Francisco's new public obligations. William T. Sherman, who doubtless attended the sale, noted sourly that although purchasers were supposedly limited to one in-lot and one out-lot, Folsom managed to get around this rule by having his clerks, orderlies and other persons purchase for him and transfer their lots to him.[46] The regulation against multiple purchases was flagrantly flouted; and though the bidding may have been done by individuals, transfers were made at once and the books of the city showed as the actual purchasers not the initial buyer but those for whom they had acted. George Hyde, Alcalde at the time of the sale, in trying to free himself of charges of misusing his authority to aid certain buyers of lots declared that Folsom and Charles L. Ross, a merchant, were part of a "ring" to control the sale of lots.[47] In this way Folsom and a partner, Captain William M. Warner, who had come out with General Stephen W. Kearny in 1846, and Ross acquired together seventeen lots, Warner and Folsom acquired three more lots and Ross twelve.

Between them they had thirty-two lots plus five from other San Francisco sales, all acquired for small sums. Other large purchasers in this and other sales of San Francisco lots by the city government were William A. Leidesdorff, thirty-nine lots, Mellus and Howard, thirty-one lots, Talbot Green, a business associate of Thomas O. Larkin, thirty-four lots, Sam Brannan individually and in partnership with J. W. Osborn, forty-four lots. It was from foresighted purchases of these lots that a considerable portion of the fortunes of Leidesdorff, Folsom, Mellus, Howard, Halleck and Larkin came.[48]

Folsom, like Stevenson, did not wait for the lots to rise in value through improvements made by others in their vicinity. He was the first to fill in a water lot, the returns from which were sufficiently high to induce other owners to follow his example. He quickly put up imported houses on thirteen well-selected lots and soon was drawing large rents from his improvements. He was greatly troubled by squatters who attempted to make improvements on his vacant lots. In one instance he tried to compromise with them, only to find that they then turned to other sites of his to make their improvements. At that point he cracked down hard, using his own builders to drive off the squatters and to destroy their fences and other light improvements.[49]

When William A. Leidesdorff died suddenly in 1848 without leaving any apparent heir, there was talk about his extensive estate being escheated to the state, Folsom searched out and located the deceased's mother and other heirs in the Island of St. Croix of the West Indies and bought their rights for $75,000.[50] Other parties intervened before the payments were completed and persuaded the mother that the estate was far larger than she had been led to believe. She then refused to complete the transfer. Folsom, through Halleck, Peachy and Billings, brought suit to compel completion of the bargain and won after a long fight in the state supreme court, but only after he had substantially increased the amount he had originally agreed to pay. Folsom thus came into possession of a very rich property, though at the time he made the purchase it was heavily encumbered. He owned more than 300 lots in San Francisco, many of them being well developed and returning large rents, and also had a promising rancho on the Sacramento, Rio de los Americanos. His great wealth made him known as the Croesus of San Francisco.[51]

Folsom did not live long enough to enjoy his riches in peace. There was prolonged litigation over the Leidesdorff estate and controversy with the United States government, which charged that he was in default to the tune of $200,000 for the years in which he served as paymaster of the California division of the army and collector of the port of San Francisco. In 1855 he died from dropsy. Meantime, real estate values had tumbled and the estate

which had been valued at more than two million dollars and had yielded $240,000 annually, was bringing in about half that sum. In 1856 two widely attended public auctions for the sale of Folsom's San Francisco real estate brought in only $607,605. This sum was regarded as much more than the property would have sold for two years earlier but was much less than its market value in 1852.[52] When finally settled Folsom's estate yielded $1,442,232 but it is not clear whether this was the gross or the net amount after the deduction of all debts and costs of administration. His heirs were a mother in New Hampshire and a sister and nephew; there were no public benefactions.[53]

In return for the enlistment in the New York Regiment of three members of the Russ family the father (Christian) and all his family were transported to California along with the Volunteers. The day after they arrived in San Francisco they acquired two fifty-*vara* lots to which they rapidly added as their resources permitted. By judicious investments and improvements, and careful planning they soon had a large and well developed estate, including the 300-room Russ House, the largest hotel in the city. Giffen concluded that the Russ family became the "largest property owners in San Francisco."[54] On the death of Christian Russ in 1857 the surviving members of the Regiment met together through the leadership of Alfred A. Green, to honor his memory.

Lieutenant Colonel Henry S. Burton, who commanded the companies sent into Mexico from California, was later made collector of customs at Monterey. He invested in lots in San Francisco and while stationed in southern California he concentrated his interests there. He married into an old and influential family of Lower California and acquired the two league Jamul claim in San Diego County which was patented to his heirs in 1876. After serving in the Civil War Burton settled in Rhode Island.[55]

Captain Henry N. Naglee of Company D, after being mustered out in 1848 organized perhaps the first San Francisco banking, commission and brokerage house in partnership with Richard H. Sinton who had come to California that year as paymaster of the *U.S.S. Ohio.* Unfortunately, in less than two years the firm had to suspend and then went into bankruptcy, the result of reckless management.[56] Despite this failure Naglee retained the confidence of influential people and was appointed receiver for Wells, Fargo and Co., when it got into financial difficulties and in a short time he was also made receiver of Adams and Co. In 1856 he won a judgment for the latter of $269,000 against Alfred A. Cohen for embezzlement.[57] Naglee purchased seven water lots while his banking firm was still functioning and it may have been the profits from this investment that enabled him to retain the confidence of the business element. Unlike Stevenson, whom he disliked,

Naglee gave his full support to the Committee of Vigilance in 1856.[58] He also made investments in Sacramento lots. Naglee seems to have accumulated considerable property, including a theatre in San Francisco, in addition to his ranchos where he had invested heavily in the growing of grapes and the making of wine. In 1859 he made a trip east to do some lobbying in Washington, and then went abroad, visiting England, France, Belgium, Holland, possibly to learn more about the wine industry. When the Civil War broke out he took his time to get back into the army but by late 1861 was trying to raise a regiment in Ohio of which he was to have command. By 1862 he was in command of a regiment in North Carolina where he had some minor military skirmishing and displayed some bravery over which he was inordinately proud, as shown by his publishing the details. Later he was in command of occupying forces in Norfolk and Portsmouth where his arbitrary actions stirred up a hornets nest of criticism. He was later detached from that sector and finally released, if not discharged, possibly for his identification with the opponents of abolition, his inclination to rush into print about his military operations, his support of General McClellan for the Presidency and his hatred of President Lincoln. Naglee jilted a lady with whom he had conducted a saccharine correspondence for more than five years and who anticipated marriage with him. She contemplated a suit for breach of promise but settled for publishing in 1867 his letters to her with the title *The Love Life of Brig. Gen. Henry M. Naglee Consisting of a Correspondence of Love, War and Politics.* Doubtless Naglee's business associates made much sport of these letters.

Naglee returned to California where, on his Los Coches rancho of 2,219 acres in Santa Clara County, and on his El Pescadero rancho of 35,546 acres in San Joaquin County he raised grapes and made brandy. His 140-acre home place in San Jose, elaborately laid out like a park with fountains, formal flower beds, flowering shrubs, and exotic trees, and watered by seven artesian wells discharging 100,000 gallons of water daily, indicates that General Naglee was a "man of great wealth."[59] In 1869 when he had the misfortune to have his brandy house burn with a loss of a thousand gallons of brandy he tried to get the government to refund him the amount he had paid in taxes on the $70,000 worth of brandy he had lost but seems not to have succeeded.[60]

Captain John B. Frisbie for some years cut a wide swath in commerce, banking, town and railroad promotion, land speculation and politics in northern California.[61] While he was stationed at Sonoma with a portion of the Regiment he saw much of Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, the wealthiest and largest owner of ranchos and most respected of the old Californios. He married one of Vallejo's daughters and was given charge of Vallejo's property, par-

ticularly the huge Suscol claim of 90,000 acres in Solano County. Frisbie opened mercantile stores at Sonoma, Napa and Benicia and with Vallejo promoted the town of Vallejo and induced the legislature to make it the capital in 1852. This was no small achievement in view of its raw and undeveloped condition and the keen competition of communities like Sacramento and San Jose whose natural advantages had given them a head start. Vallejo and Frisbie found they could not provide the subsidy of $350,000 they had agreed to give and the legislature decided to abandon their city for Benicia where Semple and Larkin had caught their fancy with lavish promises. Vallejo and Frisbie could not feel that all was lost, however, for Benicia was laid out on their Suscol claim and would surely create a demand for their unimproved lands. The need to raise capital for their activities induced Frisbie to dispose of Suscol, except some four thousand acres which he reserved.

A visitor to Suscol in 1860 commented on Frisbie's three thousand acres in grain, and his six hundred horses and cattle. He observed that Frisbie had fenced his tract early to avoid trouble with squatters. Frisbie had rented portions of the rancho to small farmers, supplying them with teams, farm implements, houses and furniture and asking half their crops. Much the larger portion of the rancho was sold in large tracts[62] to influential business and professional men who came to his aid when the Supreme Court struck down his title to Suscol. Frisbie had entertained no doubts as to the validity of the title, since it had been confirmed by both the Land Commission and the District Court. With invalidation he faced heavy losses and damage suits from his purchasers.

Frisbie was no stranger to lobbying. He had been pushing legislation for the city of Vallejo before the peripatetic legislature and in Washington. When news of the invalidation of Suscol reached him, he hurried to the national capital to secure legislation authorizing himself, and others who had bought their hundreds and thousands of acres from him and Vallejo, to preempt the portions they had purchased and "reduced to possession." He succeeded by conveying to Congress the impression that in asking for the right of preemption the buyers of the title who were associated with him were small settlers living upon and farming their land, not absentee capitalists speculating in wild land. Congress authorized the buyers to preempt the land they had bought. For the first time in American history preemptions of three, four and five thousand acres were made by wealthy capitalists who were not residing on their claims, though some had made some improvements. Upon the invalidation of the Suscol title, squatters had rushed in on the land, now that it had become "public" subject to preemption in 160-acre lots or to homestead entries. The result was a bitter and destructive warfare between

the settlers who demanded their preemption rights under the Act of 1862 and the claimants with titles from Vallejo insisting on their special "preemption" rights under the Act of 1863. Almost without exception the state court upheld the possessory rights of buyers from Frisbie; squatter-settlers were defeated by courts which had a deeper respect for the property "rights" of large owners than for the small claims of settlers.[63]

Frisbie had also acquired an interest in the four-league Tzabaco rancho in Sonoma County and together with other owners had urged its speedy approval by the courts. It was approved by the Land Commission in 1855 and by the District Court in 1857, was speedily surveyed and patented in 1859. Only then was it discovered that the survey lines had been run so as to include more valuable land in the Russian Valley than the hilly country originally intended to be included. On this improperly included land were numerous settlers who protested that they had settled upon public land which they were improving and planned to preempt. They induced Hall McAllister to take their case before the Circuit Court where it was brought out that the claimants to Tzabaco, in cooperation with government officers, had had its boundaries surveyed as they wished them, not as the original grant provided, and that contrary to law, adverse interests had not been given the proper notice of the action and the district attorney had not made the proper examination of the proceedings. With a patent already issued it was doubtful whether the government would revoke it.[64]

In addition to carrying on his extensive land business Frisbie promoted railroads to connect Sonoma and Solano County towns with Sacramento, shipped grain abroad and was president of a small bank, which failed in 1876, thereby bringing his father-in-law to near poverty. His own shattered fortunes led him to leave California late in life for Mexico where he tried to reestablish his family's position by developing mining claims.[65]

Thaddeus M. Leavenworth, a chaplain in Captain Frisbie's Company H, was appointed alcalde of San Francisco, where he made himself highly unpopular by his officiousness and indeed arrogance.[66] He acquired three lots in San Francisco but his unpopularity led him to leave the Bay City and to establish himself on Agua Caliente in Sonoma County where he acquired 591 acres of land; it was not patented to him until 1880. The local historian of Sonoma County, writing in 1871, observed that Leavenworth claims "to be the worst abused man in California." A neighbor of his on Agua Caliente was Colonel Joe Hooker, later "Fighting Joe Hooker" of Civil War fame, who acquired 550 acres of the same claim.[67]

Other officers like Stephen A. Harris, quartermaster sergeant, and Major James A. Hardie acquired lots in San Francisco, as, in fact, did most army

and navy officers stationed in California. Even enlisted men of Stevenson's regiment became large landowners. William S. Johnson and Preston K. Woodside acquired ownership of Pleyto rancho of 13,299 acres which had been granted to Antonio Chavez in 1845. Though rejected by the Land Commission, their claim was confirmed by the District Court and by the Supreme Court. This is one of the many instances in which Mexican claimants were persuaded, or perhaps compelled to dispose of their grants because of mounting debts and taxes.

Wealth was accumulated rapidly by some members of the Regiment, whether through gold mining, purchase and development of city lots or commerce, but it was also lost rapidly. A representative of the *Alta California* touring Sonoma and Napa counties in 1859 learned of five members of the New York Regiment who had all prospered, acquiring wealth and social prominence. Two were elected mayors, but misfortune later came upon them and they lost their property. One, John Cameron, returned to San Francisco in search of a second fortune, and there he was made a policeman. Two other members—Silas Higgins and George Story—went to the mines and were lost sight of by their fellow members in Sonoma and Napa counties. Story later turned up at Healdsburg, where Bancroft located him.[68]

All these persistent efforts on the part of officers and men of the New York Regiment to acquire Mexican land claims and property in San Francisco, Sacramento, and other promising centers well before they were discharged, leads one to wonder whether General Bennet Riley who was in command of the United States army and himself abstained from all such speculative activities knew what his officers and men were about while still in government service. In a letter of August 30, 1849, to Major General R. Jones, Adjutant General of the Army, General Riley spoke of speculators purchasing "fraudulent and invalid titles to large tracts of the public domain, and selling them off in parcels, and at enormous profits, to those who have recently arrived in the country, and who are necessarily ignorant of the real state of the case."[69] The record suggests that during the swiftly moving events from conquest to statehood no other element managed to acquire so much choice real estate as did the civilian officials and army and navy officers sent in from the East.

Not every officer of the First New York Regiment showed such anxiety to speculate in city lots or ranchos in rural areas. Edward W. Gilbert, a native of Cherry Valley, New York, who had been foreman of compositors and later assistant editor of the *Albany Argus*, returned to his craft when mustered out. He was influential in consolidating the *Star* and *Californian* into the *Alta California* of which he became the senior editor. Gilbert contributed to make the *Alta* a first rate newspaper that continually called for reform

in the dubious city and state governments and refused to give partisan support either to the strong but factionally divided Democrats or to the weak Whig party. The paper detested squatters, whose struggles it made no effort to understand, and was almost paranoid about William Gwin who could do nothing right in its eyes. Gilbert ran for alcalde, was a member of the constitutional convention in Monterey in 1849, was elected in 1850 to Congress as a Democrat, though one who would not take dictation from party bosses. His career was cut short in a duel with James W. Denver in 1852.[70]

Sherman O. Houghton, a sergeant of Company A of the Volunteers, became prominent in political affairs in San Jose, being elected mayor and member of Congress for two terms. He had the distinction of marrying in succession two sisters who survived the Donner tragedy. A third officer who was elected to Congress was Nelson Taylor of Company E, a dentist, who worked at the mines for a time, was a trader at Stockton, ran a ferry, was elected a member of the first legislature, and later, sheriff. In 1856 he returned to New York where he was sent to Congress in 1865, after serving as brigadier general in the Union forces for four years.[71]

One member of the First New York Regiment—Alfred A. Green of Company B—made a big splash and a nice pile of money through his efforts to find documentary proof of the pueblo claim of San Francisco and at the same time secure the rejection of the private claims which cut across the four leagues of the pueblo. However, he suffered the obloquy of being arrested by the Committee of Vigilance, even though he had earlier shown his sympathy with its milder actions, all because he was asking compensation for his knowledge of title matters.[72]

San Francisco was shingled over with a number of private land claims, about which little or nothing was known by local people until after American occupation had produced rapidly rising land values. Among the previously unknown or discredited claims were the José Limantour claim for four leagues or 17,712 acres,[73] the Santillan-Mission Dolores claims for three leagues or 13,284 acres, the claim of Benito Diaz—later Thomas O. Larkin—to Punta de Lobos, two leagues or 8,856 acres, the Potrero claim of Josefa de Haro for one half league or 2,214 acres, and the Sherrebeck claim for 2,200 acres. These five claims amounted to 44,266 acres, whereas the total acreage of present San Francisco is only 30,464 acres.[74] Local authorities in the Mexican period and their American successors acted on the assumption that the city was entitled to a pueblo claim of 17,712 acres. The authorities of the city in their haste to raise revenue had liberally granted or sold lots to residents who had built on them only to be faced with the prospect of having to buy their lots over again at much enhanced prices should the private land claims

be validated. After the confirmation of the Limantour,[75] Santillan and Potrero claims by the Land Commission and the Santillan and Sherrebeck claims by Judge Hoffman in the District Court, and the persistence of the owners of the Punta de Lobos claim in carrying it on appeal to the Supreme Court, many lot owners, alarmed at the success of the claimants, came to terms with them. One account indicates that $300,000 was paid to Limantour alone.

At this point Alfred A. Green entered the picture by publicly announcing that he had proof of the fraudulent character of the private land claims within the pueblo and documentary proof of the authenticity of the pueblo claim. Had Green been content to question only the really doubtful claims he might have been believed, but in raising questions about the correctness of the Vallejo line and of two claims that were quickly approved and patented, he contributed to doubts about his evidence. He charged that he had been prevented from presenting his evidence by the opposition of public officials who were interested in the questionable claims. To satisfy himself more fully of his position he went to Mazatlan, Mexico, in search of José P. Santillan, a priest. He found him, and after four months of endeavor persuaded him to give a deposition before the American consul stating that the claim he had sold to Bolton and Barron for $200,000 but for which he had only received $18,000 had been antedated. After preparing the forged concession and transferring the claim, Santillan had been persuaded to leave for Mexico where United States officers might not take testimony from him. Green offered to sell his evidence to the people of San Francisco for $20,000 but the Committee of Vigilance, now in power, took matters into their own hands. They arrested him and a number of his brothers and kept him in jail for six weeks to compel him to turn over to them the documents he had gathered. Green's own recollections do not entirely correspond with current newspaper accounts but he doubtless did receive in return for his information a large sum, perhaps $12,000 which had been collected from anxious property owners.[76] His most important influence in the years from 1856 to 1860 was in convincing many that all five of the claims were fraudulent, in encouraging them not to compromise with the claimants, and in carrying the battle to Washington where the noise he made had a part in alerting the attorney general to press for invalidation of the Santillan and Punta de Lobos claims.[77] One of Green's brothers sued a member of the Committee of Vigilance for false arrest and secured a small judgment. Alfred Green had his final vindication in 1877 when the legislature passed over the governor's veto a measure to bring his total compensation for the research he had done and the documents he had unearthed to $20,000.[78]

When the De Haro-Potrero case finally reached the Supreme Court in

1866, a delay that must have been nerve wracking for those who had invested within the area thus claimed, it gave Justice David Davis an opportunity to excoriate the methods which had been used to deceive the courts and judges. Davis found the grant spurious because it was based on antedated documents, that the officers of the late Mexican government had perpetrated the fraud and that a group of well known and influential *Californios* had obtained a livelihood for years by fabricating documents and attempting to maintain them as genuine by perjury.[79]

Unlike Stevenson and Green and some of the rougher and more turbulent members of the First New York Regiment, Captain Francis J. Lippitt from the outset stood with the Vigilantes in 1849, 1851 and again in 1856. He turned to the practice of law upon discharge, was a member of the first state legislature, prosecuted former members of the Regiment who took over leadership of the criminal group known as the Hounds, and ran unsuccessfully for lieutenant governor. In 1856 he was active in the reform movement, in the Committee of Vigilance, and supported the People's ticket against the old line patronage seeking Democrats, Whigs, or Americans.[80] After the opening up of silver mining in the Washoe area, Lippitt combined practice there with his well established law business in San Francisco. During the Civil War he was made general in command of a regiment.[81]

Others officers of the New York volunteers who were elected to and participated in the deliberations of the Constitutional Convention were Kimball Dimmick and J. M. H. Hollingsworth, whose diaries have been used in this paper, Captain Francis J. Lippitt, and Captain William E. Shannon. Thomas L. Vermeule who may have been an enlisted man, also was a member of the convention. William G. Marcy, son of the Secretary of State in Polk's cabinet, had come as a commissary of the New York Regiment, served as secretary of the Convention, became a member of the state legislature in 1866 and later was paymaster in the Navy. At least sixteen members of the Regiment, most of whom were enlisted men, were elected to one or more terms of the state legislature.

Though only a part of the Regiment saw fighting in Lower California the record of the enlisted men is marked with much violence. Seven were killed in fights with Indians, several after they were discharged. Nine are listed as "killed" presumably in quarrels; other deaths resulted from an explosion. One member was hanged by the Committee of Vigilance. A number are listed as killed in Nicaragua, presumably with Walker in his filibustering expedition. Two were hanged for robbery and attempted murder, Jack Powers, who had been sergeant of Company F, was called by Hittell a "notorious . . . highwayman and horse thief" and he might have added murderer.[82] Powers

was released from prison by a judge friendly with the "Law and order" Democratic leaders. He fled south to San Luis Obispo County where he plotted robberies and murder which aroused there a similar vigilante movement. Learning that the searchers for him were hot on his trail, he again fled, this time to Mexico.[83] He arrived in Guaymas in July, 1858, where he intended to make his home. He declared that all the stories about his past life were lies. The extent of the trading operations into which he entered indicates that he was well supplied with funds.[84] Though he tried to make friends with the Mexicans his past caught up with him and he was killed in a fight with Indians "whom he had wronged."[85]

The more lawless element in the regiment ran riot in 1849 when their strong feelings against the Chilenos led them to join in a series of ugly racist demonstrations in San Francisco. A hostile witness said that they marched through the streets, shouting imprecations, slashing and cutting and shooting the dark skinned people, breaking into stores and sacking them.[86]

Samuel Roberts and James Campbell of Company E, and John Pullis and Theodore R. Saunders of Company A were leaders of the Hounds or Regulators, as the lawless element was called. Pullis was made first sheriff of San Francisco County for his support of the Tammany style roughnecks in control of the city government. He was also owner of city lots and was noted for the frequency and variety of his profanity. The first of the Committees of Vigilance brought the leaders of the Hounds to trial. Captain Lippitt prosecuted Roberts and other leaders who were found guilty of "conspiracy, riot, robbery and deadly assault with intent to kill." They were ordered by the Vigilantes to be placed on a man of war and returned to some port in the United States, never to return to California under penalty of death. Campbell escaped expulsion in 1849 but in 1851 was charged by the Vigilance Committee of Mokelumne Hill with a wanton murder of a Chileno and was convicted of "Wilful Murder without provocation." The Committee informed the San Francisco Vigilance Committee that he "was released by the influence of gamblers and he fled below," and urged the San Francisco leaders to aid in bringing him to justice. A reward of $300 was placed on his head. Lewis Mack of the same company as Roberts and Campbell, was called by the Stockton Vigilance Committee a "notorious Horse Thief" who had been sentenced to four years in prison but had escaped and search was being made for him. Interestingly, one writer maintained that Col. Stevenson sought to defend the leaders of the Hounds who had been members of his regiment but without success. As if to compensate for his stand in behalf of the Hounds, Stevenson and at least three other members of his regiment were members of the Committee of Vigilance of 1851: James E. Ward, James C. L. Wadsworth and J. Mead Huxley.[87]

Another "damaged soul" who came to California with the New York Regiment was William Roach, a native of Ireland who emigrated to America in 1830. After a varied career he was attracted to enlist in Stevenson's Regiment by the prospect of trying life anew in the West. After his discharge he was elected sheriff of Monterey County but soon resigned when through a friend he was appointed guardian of a wealthy widow. His embezzlement of her cash was soon discovered and he sought flight to Mexico but was captured and jailed, and his bondsmen were compelled to make some restitution. He escaped from jail by ruse but became involved in a serious feud over his embezzlement in which there were a number of murders and his life was in danger. In 1866, fate caught up with him; he was murdered, not by those who had suffered from his misdeeds but, so a local scribe says, by friendly hands anxious to still his tongue.[88]

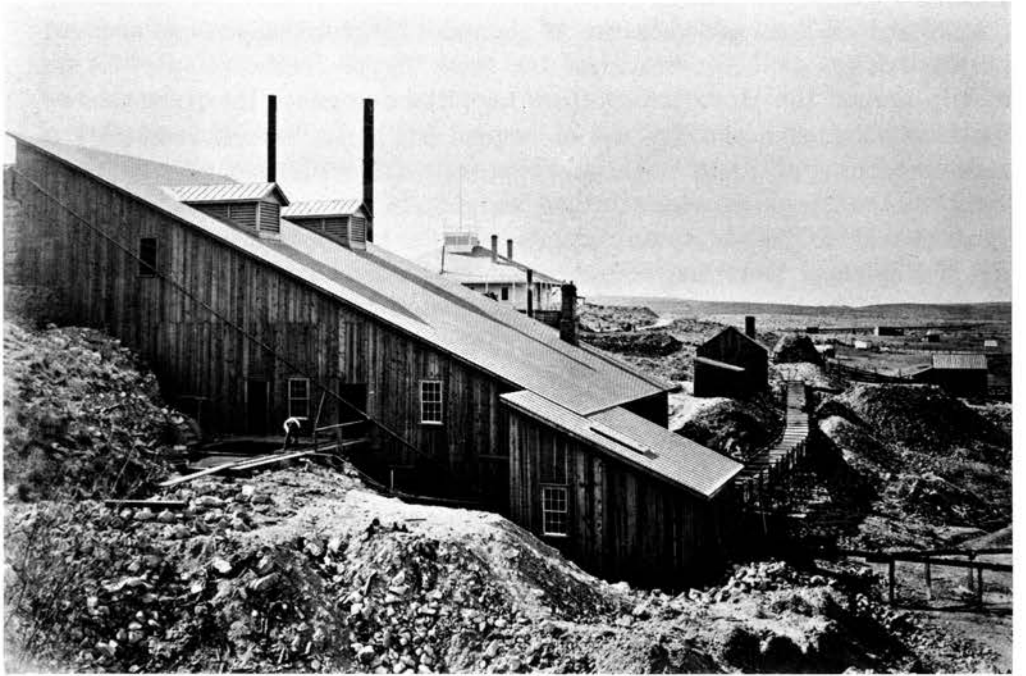
The New York Volunteers also contributed men of substance to the intellectual life of California. Walter Murray, a native of England, managed newspapers in Sonoma and San Luis Obispo, practiced law, was sent to the legislature, and subsequently elected district attorney, and later judge of the first judicial district;[89] A. J. Cox founded papers in Sonoma and Napa, James O'Sullivan edited the *Sonora Herald,* John C. Emerson published the *San Jose Mercury,* Lieutenant Theron Per Lee was part owner and editor of the *Placer Times* of Sacramento, and Gilbert, we have seen, was a founder and editor of the *Alta California.*[90] Edward G. Buffum, formerly with the *New York Herald,* became a reporter and editor of the *Alta California* and later editor of the San Francisco *Daily Citizen.*[91] He wrote *Six Months in the Gold Mines,* which was published in 1850. After traveling in Europe he brought out *Sights and Sensations in France, Germany and Switzerland: Or Experiences of an American Journalist in Europe.* William Ryan, known as "a man of much talent not only as a writer but as an artist," tapped the market for anything and everything about California by writing *Personal Adventures in Upper and Lower California in 1847–8–9* (2 vols., London 1850). One of the rarest of the California guidebooks was written by Dr. P. H. Wierzbicki, a Polish physician who enlisted but seems to have been discharged before the regiment sailed. Yet he reached San Francisco and wrote *California As It Is or As It May Be, or a Guide to the Gold Region.* This book was one of the first to be published in San Francisco and the first account of the mining region "to separate fact from fancy." Today it is quoted in the two and three thousand dollar range.[92] The fourth writer and member of the New York Volunteers was Francis D. Clark, a private, whose California career included mining, trading and running a ferry. Bancroft says he was a trader in New York City in 1855 and remained in the East thereafter, Clark was deeply interested

in the career of the First New York Regiment, collected data and wrote two works valuable for its history: *Roll of the Survivors of the First Regiment of New York Volunteers Commanded by Col. Jonathan D. Stevenson . . . and Disbanded on the Pacific Coast in the Fall of 1848 and Known to be Living January 1, 1874,* and *The First Regiment of New York Volunteers,* published in 1882.[93] He was also a leading figure in keeping alive memories of the California experience in the meetings of the Associated Pioneers of the Territorial Days of California in New York.

A more personal reminiscence of the First New York Volunteers is that of James Lynch of Company F, entitled *With Stevenson to California* originally printed in 1896.[94] An added feature of the work is the inclusion of an account by Frederick S. Hill, a member of the crew of the *Thomas H. Perkins* on its trip around the Horn transporting Lippitt's company. Here are related incidents showing a certain lack of respect for the officers. Lynch played a minor role in politics in Stockton, being rewarded with successive appointments as assessor of San Joaquin and weigher in the customs house in San Francisco. He followed Captain Lippitt in giving full support to the Committee of Vigilance. Sickening of corruption in the Bay City and the turmoil of urban life, he abandoned it for stock raising on his Tierra Redonda rancho of 5,045 acres in San Luis Obispo County. There he was a neighbor of California's great landholders: J. H. Hollister, D. O. Mills, Flint, Bixby and Co., and George Hearst.[95]

One other work written by a member of the Regiment was *The Memoir of James Allen Hardie, Inspector General, United States Army,* printed in Washington in 1877.[96] Hardie had come to California as major, had been in command of the United States garrison in San Francisco in 1847 and 1848, was owner of town lots, and in the Civil War had served as brigadier general.

In summary, I have discussed the later careers of fifty-two of the best known of the 949 officers and men of the First Regiment of New York Volunteers. This small sample reveals surprising range of character, skills and interests on the part of a group of men who entered the service as volunteers from New York State most of whom spent the rest of their lives in developing the new commonwealth on the west coast. We may generalize that the worst fears of the Whig critics of the Stevenson Regiment were not fulfilled but neither does the record justify saying that the Regiment was the "noblest contribution toward the development and civilization of the garden of the far west." One wonders what kind of social distribution would be revealed by similar studies of groups of recruits at other periods of American History.



View of M & M Company's Ten-Stamp Water Mill at Tombstone, Arizona

Big John Tretheway
A Day in the Life of a Western Miner

by Otis E Young, Jr. and Robert Lenon

The following is reconstructive "historical fiction," hopefully no more offensive than a museum diorama of a family of Cro-Magnons at work in front of their cave, but admittedly no more than an artificial model of the way things could have been. There were a hundred "Molly Pitcher" mines or locations, a thousand men named John Tretheway, but no camp called "Phonolite." This development is a gold mine whose geology is a simplified version of that of the San Juan range, and the time is taken to be December 1875. The ore is being explored and developed by drifting, preparatory to stoping, employing air drills and dynamite. In most other respects the state of the art is still fairly primitive. Readers familiar with underground mining will detect many omissions in the description of the mine layout and even the duties of the crew, omissions deliberately if reluctantly introduced in order to avoid conflict with the narrative. Withal it is yet early enough in Western history for the protagonist to have been born in Cornwall, just as his muckers hold childhood memories of the Potato Famine, but the great days of '49 have long gone, while the age of truly scientific mining has not by any means begun. Indeed, it will be another half year before the "Phonolite Tribune" runs the first fragmentary telegraphic reports of a big war on the North Plains near creeks called the Rosebud and, later, the Little Big Horn.

Mrs. Trego knocks firmly on the bedroom door calling, "Wake 'ee, wake 'ee!" Leading miner John Tretheway groans, senses the chill on his face,

and shoves an elbow into the ribs of his fellow-boarder, Penrose. "Op, Gearge!" he commands, swinging his legs out and feeling under the bed for the vitrified "bedroom companion." It is pitch dark in the room, colder than Presbyterian charity, and the union-suited Tretheway does not delay before sliding into his hickory shirt, pants, brogans, and blanket-lined jumper. While Penrose takes his turn at the pot, Tretheway stumbles out the door into the warm kitchen where Mrs. Trego hands him a pitcher of hot shaving water. There is a delicious smell in the air. Mrs. Trego has been up for two hours, building the men's lunch-time pasties which are now baking in the range oven. Gulping a cup of scalding tea, Tretheway takes the water back to his and Penrose's half-room. Penrose has the candle lit by now, and the two of them lather up and shave elbow to elbow, grimacing before the scabrous mirror and ignoring the upper lip completely.

Back in the kitchen, Tretheway and Penrose are joined at table by the two other boarders. One is young Polwheal, American-born, whose broad shoulders mark him as a promising miner. The other is old Uren, ancient of days, pumpman at the Molly Pitcher. Uren learned his trade at Deep Pool a generation past, and has tended pitwork everywhere from Cuba to Italy without being in the slightest assimilated. The men gab away—Cornishmen are not noted for taciturnity—but Tretheway observes young Polwheal and Mary Trego exchanging occasional glances. Poor Dick Trego was killed a year ago when his machine-man drilled into a missed hole: the machine protected the driller somewhat, but Trego was forward of the Burleigh as chuck-tender, and the flying muck cut him to pieces. The Odd Fellows gave Dick a fine funeral to be sure, but that was poor consolation to his widow who was left with three young 'uns and no income. Mary Trego turned her three-room "shotgun" dwelling into a boarding house, taking the four miners into a divided bedroom while reserving the kitchen for herself and the front room for her still-sleeping sprats. With hard work she is making ends meet. However she is still young (though a bit tired-looking), Polwheal wants a wife, and Tretheway half-suspects that come the Spring there will be a wedding. Then it will be time for him and the others to look for other lodging, should they still be working "up on the Hill" behind Phonolite.

The four men plow swiftly through a hearty Cornish breakfast and a gallon of tea while Mary Trego pours more tea into tank-like lid compartments of their lunch buckets, and draws the four sputtering pasties from the oven. These are football-shaped meat and vegetable pies. One to a man, they will be popped into the bottom of the buckets and later consumed with hands and teeth during the thirty-minute "croust" break at the level station. Since it is going on 6 a.m., the four men rise, slide into fleece mackinaws hanging

inside by the back door, pull on stiff felt hard hats, and clatter in hobnailed brogans down the wooden steps. Three head for the mine road through the blustery, arctic dark; Polwheal joins them after a few paces, having lingered for a swift kiss behind the kitchen door. Tretheway purses his lips. These young folk have little shame! It is probably the influence of American ways, for there was a more becoming modesty in courtship back in Dolcoath, as he remembers it.

The frozen ruts of the haulage road leading up to the Molly contain other small knots of men. Those coming off the night shift walk silently downhill with the flatfooted gait of fatigue. The upward-bound groups are augmented by a noisy procession sliding in from the path coming up the other way from Corktown, over which looms the steeple of St. Barbara's, the largest building in Phonolite. Tretheway overhears bits of their conversation. "Home Rule," "United Irishmen," and "Tilden" predominate. He shrugs. He is a Hayes man himself, as are all the other Cousin Jacks in the camp. The men ahead of him veer unexpectedly to the right, pause, then move on. Tretheway wonders what has excited their curiosity. Ten yards farther on he sees in the ditch a nearly naked human body. He too steps out of the rut, but one glance at the ragged breechcloth, the tattered blanket, and the empty bottle tell their own story. Somehow, one of the handful of Red Indians who hang about the camp begging, has managed to get some whiskey, so-called. Fresh off the boat twenty years ago, Tretheway might have thought of offering help. Now, he steps back in the road and continues upward.

The mine yard is full of activity, conversation, and light—all of it so familiar to Tretheway that he pays no attention to anything but his own business, this being to load an empty mine-car with necessary equipment and get it and himself to the headframe in time to avoid a bad-mouth from the day-shift cager. So intent is he that he nearly walks over the boy Albert Bolitho, recently added to his crew as tool-nipper. The lad is gaping about, entranced. His nostrils tingle at the wood smoke from the pump, compressor, and hoist boilers mingled with the spicing of steam cylinder oil and a whiff of coal smoke from the blacksmith shop. He is dazzled by the glare of boiler fires as they are stoked, and is fascinated by the high upcast column of white vapor rising above the shaft platform. " 'Ere, lad," Tretheway beckons. "Op h'over to they magazine h'and fetch one box of machine-powder. Bring she 'ere. Then go back h'and get . . ." The boy nods and makes off, followed by Tretheway's injunction to tell them buggers, Riley and O'Leary, to get wedges and lard-oil before they meet him at the shaft collar.

Taking an empty car spotted near the smithy, Tretheway pushes it to the racks of newly-sharpened drill steel, protected from the weather by overhang-

ing eaves. He helps himself to starters and changes sufficient for sixteen holes. "Eh, Ephraim," he greets the smith inside, a large man tying on his huge leather apron. " 'Ee damn machine be right?" This is in reference to the level's Burleigh drilling machine, a comparatively new invention that has begun to eliminate the hand drilling that so broadened the shoulders of miners everywhere. Ephraim, a transplant from rural Vermont, nods. "Ay-yuh." After this outburst of conversation he turns away to the pile of dulled steel dumped by the night shift, slides the bit-ends of several steel into the forge, and nods to his helper on the bellows. Tretheway is somewhat, but only somewhat, relieved. Hauling a repaired machine down to the face is hard work, but he also knows that if the machine has not broken down during the last shift, it will probably do so during his own, perhaps losing the crew an hour.

Under the headframe, men begin to congregate. The day shift-boss was circulating, counting noses and making reassignments to fill in vacancies of the crews. Tretheway's men drift up, one by one. Bill Bolitho, chuck-tender and father of the tool-nipper, hands Tretheway three candles and a glassed lantern. He knots the wicks of two through the buttonhole of his jumper pocket, lights the third at a lard-oil lamp, and inserts it into the lantern A sound overhead indicates that he has a few moments yet, for there comes to his ears a soft rustle as the hoistman begins a test run of the empty cage down to the sump and back—his first duty when coming on shift. He must then lower three other crews to deeper development levels before it is Tretheway's turn. Therefore John walks over to glance at the board displaying the drift assays of the previous day. Strictly speaking, this is none of his business, but the more a miner knows the better it is for him. Although Tretheway is barely able to write his own name, he quickly finds the assays for his level. As he has suspected, samples taken from the left side of the heading are distinctly leaner than are those from the center and the right hand side. This means some adjustments in his drilling pattern will be needed. The shifter will confirm, but it is best to be set up for it before his arrival.

Out of the corner of his eye he sees old Uren working about the pump engine. It stood idle during the night, but apparently the mine made enough water in the last twelve hours to require a start-up. Uren throws a few sticks of cordwood in the firebox, opens the damper, then checks the boiler gauge-cocks. He nods his bald head in satisfaction as water spurts steaming from the third-lowest. The night man has been on the job, keeping the boiler full and steam up. Uren walks around with an oil can, then cracks the throttle. There is a soft clink and hissing from the valve gear. The walking beam inclines and the flywheel begins to turn, ever so slowly. As more steam is admitted to the big vertical cylinder, the flywheel speed increases although Tretheway

can follow its spokes around with his eye. The large bull-gear rotates, and the triangular bob hanging over the pump compartment starts to tip upward in a dignified manner. Uren is content but keeps his hand near the throttle while rising mains and valve casings fill solidly with water. The huge timber pump rod depending from the nose of the bob slides upward, pauses, then eases down. After about a dozen strokes (perhaps a minute or two) a gush of water can be heard entering the wooden flume which leads it away from the vicinity of the headframe. Uren adjusts the throttle, then catches Tretheway's eye and points significantly to the shaft platform. Tretheway turns back, his boots ringing on the sheet iron flooring.

Car, crew, and cage are about ready. John glances into the car, making a final check on its contents. Drill steel, lunch buckets, a burlap sack of timbering wedges, the wooden case of dynamite, reel of Bickford fuse, and the small, innocuous box containing fifty blasting caps are mingled with a miscellany of small items. Tretheway fusses with the cap-box: he has seen much and heard more of what carelessness with that little object can do. "Dam'ee, h'Albert!" he reprimands the tool-nipper, " 'ee forgot she dirt box. 'Op to h'it!" The tool nipper rushes back to the secluded region where empty candle boxes filled with dirt are provided to be carried down to the level station for the accommodation of occasions of Nature. Turning to the toothpick-chewing toplander, Tretheway remarks, "H'after croust, usn's'll be wanting a set and collar braces. H'I'll send yon boy to 'elp 'ee." The toplander nods his head, letting it go in one ear and out the other. Tretheway makes a mental note to fire a shot under the shiftless wretch when the shifter come down; the lander is a lazy clot, always having to be told everything twice.

A distant bell tings, and the cage rises six more feet. The cager steps out from the lower deck. He is given a hand to push the loaded car onto the stub-tracks on the cage, then the cager reaches over and pulls once, smartly, on the bell cord adjacent to the shaft framing. The cage eases down until the upper deck is again level with the platform. Riley, O'Leary, and Bill Bolitho step on, turning like soldiers right and left to face the timber guides. At this moment the tool nipper stumbles up, clutching an odiferous wooden box. His father beckons him in, putting an arm about his shoulder. Tretheway enters and does a shuffling right-face. Last comes the cager who lowers the safety-bar and in the same movement grasps the bell cord. In the distant, darkened hoist-house two bells strike, then two more, calling the 5th level. Then one bell, and Tretheway takes a firm grip on the cage stanchion as the deck seems to fall away from beneath his feet.

Instantly, all is windy, rushing darkness, illumined only by the flicker of the single candle protected by Tretheway's lantern. Free fall clutches at his

stomach, but is ignored. The smells change as abruptly as was the transition from light to dark. There is moist warmth, the acrid taint of dead powder smoke, rock dust, and over all the indescribable dry odor of fungus-dripping timber. Tretheway carefully catalogs them with his nose. All are familiar and consequently of no moment, but mine fires usually start at shift-end and gain momentum disastrously in the hour when the workings are relatively deserted. He snuffs gently for the deadly scent of wood smoke. There is none. To this extent, then, he can relax.

The deck of the cage presses against the crew's feet as the hoistman far above eases on his brake. The light of a dim station oil lamp appears. The cager lifts the safety bar for the crew to shuffle into the station. They produce iron candle-holders and get a light from the lamp, but Tretheway prefers the old Cousins' method of fixing his own candle to the front of his hard hat with a lump of sticky clay. The cager brings up the equipment car which is dragged out onto the turnsheet flooring the station. Lunch buckets are removed. In the station is a plank from which several round palisades of timber spikes protrude. Snuffs, or half-used candles, will be lit just before croust-time, fixed in the center of the spike rings, and the top sections for the tea of the lunch buckets set atop the nailheads in the manner of a chafing dish to warm up the contents. The powder and blasting accessories are carried to a dry niche in the wall to await their time. Hand tools, the Burleigh and its column, left in the station by the night shift, all go in the car. Mackinaws and jumpers are discarded, hung high on convenient nails. The cager and cage have departed. It is time to go to work.

Two years ago, the Molly Pitcher was dying on its feet as the bonanza ore near surface was exhausted, and some small exploration found only low-tenor sulphide ore below. The Board then brought in young Smith, a brash but well-trained engineer, who proceeded to work his works after the gospel preached in the *Bergakademie* at Freiburg. He abolished hand drilling in favor of the new Burleighs. Smith sold off the old pan-amalgamation mill, useless in the face of sulphides, and demanded an assessment to install an up-to-date concentrator. Exploration revealed a series of sulphide ore bodies which are now being developed enough to pay current expenses while Smith plans ahead to get it out by stoping and gravity-transfer as soon as he knows for sure what the Molly has. Tretheway is grateful that life is being breathed again into "his" mine—he and thousands like him left Cornwall, where the adventurers preferred to close the tin setts rather than invest new money in new methods.

The four men take turns two by two pushing the car down the drift, while Albert Bolitho walks ahead to give them some light. The smell of dead powder

grows stronger. Rusty iron pipe depends from the timber sets, the pipe bottoms seeming to display drips of water miraculously petrified; actually, this is silica gel, deposited by the evaporation of slow seepage from above. Tretheway pays no mind to this phenomenon, but a great deal of attention to the tunnel sets as they pass by each. The Molly Pitcher is in sound country-rock, the footwall being a hard flaky schist and the hanging wall recent granite. Nevertheless, air-slaking or blast vibration can insidiously loosen a wedge-shaped block of granite which, if not restrained temporarily by the sets, might fall without warning. Before it goes now, however, it will bow downward the cap-timber, the wood popping or knocking at measured intervals as the stress comes on. Sight and sound are enough to give warning well in advance of the fall, provided only one is careful to check daily. Likewise, big lateral ground movements, often initiated by incautious mining elsewhere, will tend to throw the post timbers out of alignment. Like the hoistman's preliminary trip of the empty cage (another way of detecting ground movement, for a cage that sticks in the guides indicates moving ground in a shaft) a bit of forewarning enables the crews to prevent worse things—once ground has been allowed to start moving, it is very difficult to stop it. And Tretheway has not mined (and lived) for the past twenty-five years by neglecting small details.

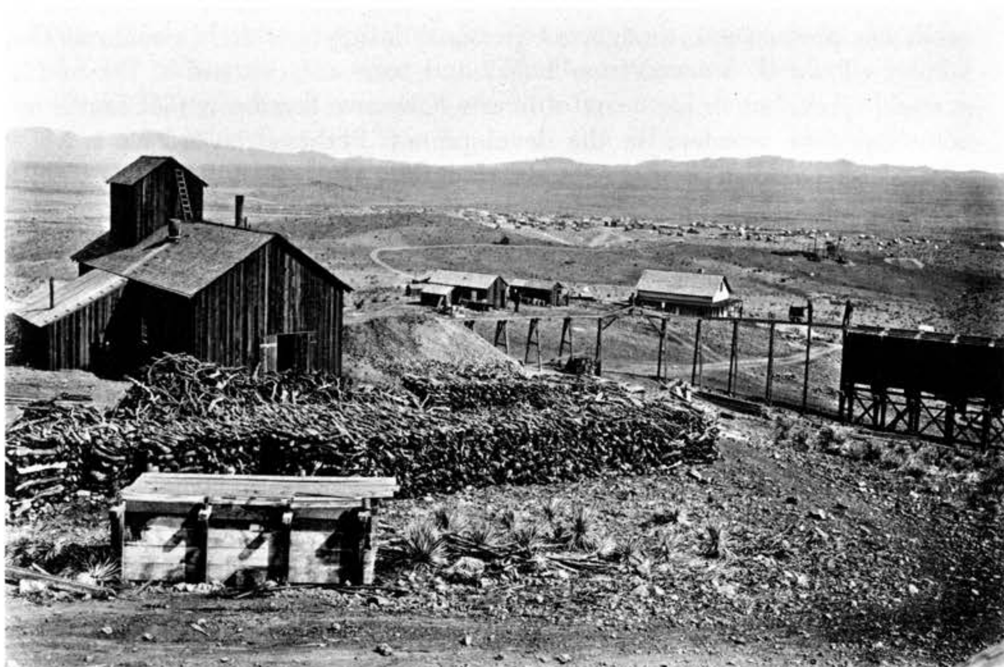
The fifty-yard length of drift terminates in the working chamber, the left side of which is encumbered by a large pile of shattered ore lying upon the iron mucksheet. The crew pulls the car forward off the tramming rails and begins unloading while Tretheway goes forward to inspect the effects of the last drift round. After a careful inspection, he nods in satisfaction; Tregaskis, the lead man on the preceding shift, is a good miner. He has left a deep, clean "corner" or vertical niche in the left half of the face, into which Tretheway's shift-end round can move the next block of ore (few laymen realize it, but when rock is blasted, there must be space into which it can freely move in order to gain the maximum effect). There are no humps, indicating holes which have missed fire, nor conical "gun pocks" of overloaded holes. Tregaskis apparently had informed himself, too, of the assay results, for the corner is a bit to the right of normal, indicating that the drift is being prepared to be bent toward the more profitable side of the ore body. Finally, the extreme right of the face is almost free of loose muck, allowing Tretheway and Bolitho to set up for drilling right away. It is a real pleasure to follow a good crew; some who Tretheway would not name, would have buggered up the whole job, either out of ignorance or in order to put more ore in the box than their due share, and so leave a rough setup for the other shift.

"Eh, then . . ." Tretheway's voice is pleased. "T'will be a good spell.

Yon Tregaskis is not bad, as St. Just men go. Riley, 'ee and O'Leary clean op 'ere first so Bill and me can set they bloody column. Bolitho-lad, bring op h'air 'ose and then fetch un's water bucket from 'ee station. Now 'ere's 'ow we do she . . ." In a few words Tretheway outlines the order of business, using a prospect pick to sketch the drilling pattern on the face. The Molly Pitcher is working a wide, sharply dipping stratum of gold quartz, sandwiched between the schist and the granite hanging wall. The ore itself looks somewhat like a band of coarse, crystalline sand which has been half-heartedly cemented together. It is quite distinct in color and texture from country rock, and very close inspection would reveal tiny bits of brassy mineral scattered throughout the ore. This is pyrite, carrying very small—indeed, microscopic—grains of gold. Copper, arsenic, and iron are present as well. The problem is that the valuable minerals are not at all evenly distributed throughout the quartz, but at this level tend to be confined to an indistinguishable "shoot" or zone of much higher relative concentration roughly centered along the lower edge of the gangue quartz. The assays indicate that this ore shoot has here begun to veer or swing somewhat to the right. The miners must bend the drift to follow it, or else shortly be loading marginal ore.

Tretheway and Bolitho wrestle with the brutal weight and awkward length of the drill column, setting it upright with wooden blocks above and below, then extending its jack-screws to wedge it solidly into position. Wood fibres crunch and the men pant as they heave on the bars in the jackscrew capstan-holes. The steady scrape of scoops over sheet iron indicates that Riley and O'Leary are fanning the muck pile. From time to time, one team or the other needs additional help, and it is given ungrudgingly. It requires three men to set the Burleigh on the column; O'Leary drops his scoop and stands beside Bolitho, their arms straining at the machine as Tretheway sets up the bolts on its arm. A few minutes later, Tretheway abandons his machine to give the muckers a hand with re-railing a loaded ore car: nursing the topheavy car, loaded with one ton of rock, properly onto the rails from the turn sheet, is a job that three can do better than two. Riley departs, pushing the car. He will have a bit of a rest waiting for the cage, from which he and the cager will pull two empties and roll on two loads, each with a small stick of scrap timber set vertically near the center, signifying, "This is ore."

Escaping air hisses sharply as the high pressure hose is connected to the Burleigh. Bolitho slides a short stumpy steel into the chuck and heaves on the chuck wrench. Tretheway spins the crank of the machine's feed-screw, and the starter slowly inches forward to touch the mark for the first hole, a high, deep, top-edger, angling decidedly out and away from the drift's axis. Young Bolitho sets down a battered water bucket beside the pile of changes



Contention Hoisting Works and Ore Dump
and in upper photo distance, the town of Tombstone, Arizona

that his father has leaned up, bits down, in a sheaf against the face. Just as Tretheway is ready to turn on the air, there is an interruption. The shift boss, old Chenoweth, grey-bearded and pot-bellied, taps him on the shoulder. "Be 'ee ready to go, John?" he asks. Not waiting a reply, he glances keenly at the face, the setup, the general situation in the working chamber. Chenoweth mined tin as a lad in Cornwall, copper at Houghton in his middle years, and Western gold in his grey hairs. What he does not know about mining is not worth knowing, and good man though he is, Tretheway stands respectfully before this fountain of wisdom. He is aware, however, of the hard, racking cough that plagues the shifter. Chenoweth has miner's consumption, knows that he has it, and knows that no man recovers from it. But with the fatalism of a soldier, he will work until he dies, uncomplaining.

"Deep enough," Chenoweth at length pronounces. Tretheway has anticipated his wishes well, and Chenoweth has less-expert crews to supervise. Producing his dog-eared notebook from the side pocket of his jumper, he licks the end of a pencil-stub and laboriously scribbles therein. The fifth-level crew is present and fit for duty, the work is going well, and he cabalistically notes Tretheway's representations about the general worthlessness of the top-lander. Chenoweth privately decides to give the lander his time and send him down the hill, talking to himself, but not for another day or two. He also decides to commend this crew to young Smith. About Smith, Chenoweth has professional, though not personal misgivings. It is unnatural that mining should be learned from books and test-tubes instead of the end of a double-jack, but in his heart of hearts, Chenoweth admits that Smith has somehow done wonders for the development. Perhaps the lad has a touch of Cornish blood, now that would explain it! The old shifter pads off, his candle-flame bobbing atop his hard hat.

Tretheway sights along the piston-drill and turns on the air. The relative silence heretofore is now rent by the harsh, ear-jarring chatter of steel ramming into hard rock, a hissing clatter that will continue for hours. Bolitho stands forward of the machine, four-pound hammer in hand, to knock the steadily-rotating, spark-throwing steel loose if it shows any tendency to hang up in the hole, or to rap it back in line should it drift off sideways before it gets properly collared. Tretheway delicately plays the feed crank, relying upon feel, sound, and experience to keep the star bit well up to its work without crowding. The octagonal drill stock appears to shorten as the hole deepens. In a short while he turns off the air, retracts the machine, and Bolitho unbolts the chuck. A somewhat longer and more slender change steel with a slightly smaller bit is inserted and clamped tightly. While Tretheway cranks the machine forward, Bolitho bends down and tosses water from a

rusty can into the hole, dampening down the silica dust generated. The air is turned on again, and the clamor recommences.

For the next three hours there is little variation in the work pattern. Riley and O'Leary fill car after car as Tretheway and Bolitho drill. Hole after hole is sunk into the face, cleaned, and the machine moved to a new point lower on the column. The men perspire heavily and pause to unbutton the necks of the union suits, pushing the tops down to work naked to the waist. Young Albert Bolitho comes and goes, bringing this and taking that; he receives only a dollar a day in contrast to his seniors who receive up to $3.50, but he is also learning a trade. Since the boy seems interested and willing, it will not be long before Tretheway lets him get the feel of the Burleigh and, strictly as a great personal concession, Riley allows the boy to muck one car load for himself. Tretheway's stomach tells him that it is approaching croust-time.

Suddenly the noise of the machine changes timbre. Tretheway frowns. He spins the hand-crank forward, then backward. Bolitho steps up with his hammer, but the machine-man shakes his head and turns off the air. The panting muckers lean on the handles of their scoops as Tretheway begins to back the drill out of the low-set hole. "Shanked th' steel?" O'Leary asks. In this age of rule-of-thumb metallurgy and eyeball tempering, broken drill steel is more common than not.

"Nay. Feels like she vug. Bolitho, do 'ee put the next change in she noisy old bitch." When this has been done, Tretheway probes forward with the feed crank, then makes a measurement with his eye. "About two hand-spans wide. A foot down they 'ole."

"No vug in rock like this," Bolitho objects.

"Then maybe th' Little People done it," Riley offers. The debate, however, is a cover for deep collective thought. A geode or natural cavity in a stratum such as this is almost always lined with crystals of some sort. Usually these are beautiful but worthless glass-clear quartz. If there is appreciable iron and manganese present, the quartz may be colored lavender to deep red-purple, and thus be semi-precious amethyst. But this vug is within the invisible portion of the ore shoot, and occasionally, just *occasionally* . . .

Tretheway has made up his mind. "Be a bit of h'extra work, but are 'ee game?" There is a general nod. Tretheway contemplates the drilling pattern. " 'Elp me put a 'ole 'ere, Bill, and t'other, 'ere. Riley, do 'ee go back an' fetch one stick, two caps, h'and about five feet fuse. Tell they tool-nipper to keep 'is eyes h'open h'and 'is gob shut." The men go about their labors in a new and faster rhythm. Two short holes are hastily collared and drilled with O'Leary's help. The muckers assist a quick take-down of the machine

and column, piling everything loose into the car while Tretheway and Bolitho busy themselves at the face. Bill Bolitho breaks the stick of powder in two and slits the paper wrappings of each half while Tretheway crimps blasting caps with his teeth on each end of the fathom of fuse. Each half-stick is primed, then prodded into its hole with a wooden loading stick, and quickly stemmed with a handful of damp drill-cuttings. Tretheway cuts into the center of the fuse to expose the powder core. "Push 'ee tool car back summut," he commands, "then go h'eat." As the car and men retreat up the drift, he holds his candle to the exposed powder in the safety fuse. In a few seconds it spits a stream of sparks, then begins burning both ways. Satisfied, he rises and stalks down the drift after his men.

They have not quite reached the level station when there is a light, double knock, followed quickly by a low boom. The candle-flames waver momentarily. In silence the men reach for their lunch buckets and remove their drink-containers from the burning snuffs which Albert lit at the beginning of his sentry-go. The Cousins start work on their tea and pasties while the Irishry enjoy coffee, boiled potatoes, and roast beef sandwiches. These are consumed while one is seated on the reclining planks which are the station's furniture. Afterward, as the comfortable rumbles of digestion have begun, the men will stretch out on the planks, using timber blocks as pillows. They are the very picture of Honest Industry as the cage stops at their level. Old Chenoweth steps off, indicating with a lordly gesture that the cager should hold the cage for him.

"Knew h'I 'eard a small shot," the shifter remarks, sniffing the fresh powder smoke in the ventilation draft. He does not have to add that an explanation is in order and that it must be an uncommonly convincing one.

Tretheway, however, is already prepared for this. "Damn change fitchered," he says, affecting irritation. "Couldn't knock she loose, so put down two short 'oles to blow she out."

Chenoweth's eyes narrow slightly, but he retains his air of benevolence. "Aye." A change of steel firmly jammed into its hole can be a decided nuisance *if* it is in a spot strategically essential to the blasting-sequence. Usually though, the machine can be moved a trifle, a new hole driven alongside the lost one, and the steel will come out none the worse with the shift-end round. Tretheway is too good a lead man to go to a good deal of extra trouble without some very cogent motive. Chenoweth's mind is working rapidly, and he notices that the crew is unusually silent. Too late, Riley and O'Leary begin a political wrangle. That settles it. The grey shifter takes his leave, with the intention of returning just as soon as he can. The last words he hears as he steps onto the cage are, ". . . an' th' best way to settle the Irish Question

Old South Shaft Ore Quarry
Tombstone, Arizona, and Cochise Stronghold in the distance

is, as ivvryone knows, simply to let us Irish do as we please." The old shifter snorts cynically. In his opinion, it would serve the Paddies right to give Ireland back to them.

" 'Ee old bugger'll be back in 'alf-h'our," Bolitho predicts sourly. " 'Ee smells more'n what's in yon candle-box."

Tretheway shrugs. Some problems simply have to be waited out. He relaxed on his plank, allowing knotted muscles to smooth out. Alertness returned abruptly. What was Riley up to? The mucker was talking to young Bolitho in a persuasive tone, O'Leary chiming in at intervals. ". . . Then ye see, me lad, how it is. Th' grease is needful, and Oi have none by me. So do you ride up with th' cager and go to Murphey, him who's in the timber yard, and ask him for a bucket of mucking grease f'r th' turn sheet."

"Do that indeed," O'Leary urged. "T'is dreadful hard wurrk itherwise, but th' grease makes the muck-sticks slide easier. Haven't ye seen how we've sweated over th' muck pile without it? An' Oi can't think f'r th' life iv me why even a Galway man like Riley, which iv'ryone knows is stronger in th' back than in th' head, would be after f'rgettin' our muckin' grease."

The boy was taking all this in, evidently impressed. He turned to Tretheway, and as he did, Riley raised his head to deliver a massive wink at the

lead miner. Tretheway thought it over and looked at Bill Bolitho. Bill shook his head imperceptibly. "Tomorrow, Riley," Tretheway decided. " 'Ee h'extra work'll learn 'ee not to forget she again. Bolitho, lad, 'op h'out h'and start they car down to face. Usn's'll catch op with 'ee in a bit."

As soon as the tool nipper had gone, Tretheway rounded on Riley in controlled anger. "Damn 'ee, ye Galway loon! Such a prank might be h'all right at grass. In the wheals, no! A few of such, and they lad'll not believe a word 'ee say. Nay, nor usn's neither! Then come fire or fall, 'ee'll take 'is time to summon aid, and mayhap usn's all be dead then. I would not 'ave h'it on my 'eadstone that I be killed by a Paddy's witless pranks!" Riley offered to object, but thought better of it after a look at Tretheway's stern expression. As a good leader should, Tretheway refrained from rubbing it in worse, but changed the subject. "Time's op. An' smoke h'is clear. Let's see what usn's 'ave before 'ee shifter stops off again."

There was some coughing as the crew arrived at the face, but the men ignored the sting of the powder smoke as Tretheway hunkered down over the small heap of muck blasted out by the two holes. He turned over ragged chunks of quartz, finally coming up with a piece whose concave side was lined with tabular crystals of metallic-silver luster. "White iron!" Bolitho cried in disgust. Arsenopyrite is a worthless variety of fool's gold.

"Nay, bide a bit," Tretheway cautioned. Knocking a single crystal free, he weighed it in his palm, then brought it closely to his eye, turning it this way and that. As Bolitho continued to grumble, Tretheway slyly asked, "Then can h'I 'ave 'ee's share?" Bolitho's mouth snapped shut and his hand came out. The crystal felt remarkably massive. Embedded in one silvery plane were minute, rather smeary golden-yellow squares whose edges lay askew to the overall structure.

"Ah, John, 'ee know ore!" Bolitho exclaimed in admiration. The muckers crowded up, passed the specimen between themselves, and grinned broadly. The arsenopyrite was rich with native gold.

"Now, haste, before Chenoweth comes!" Tretheway warned. The men fastened upon the small pile, sorting with the speed of avarice. Tretheway snatched off his hat and laid it crown-down on the turn sheet as a receptacle for the high-grade. Leaving the men to sort the muck, he took hammer and moil and went to work chipping out the surface of the portion of the vug which remained at the bottom of the conical hole they had blasted out. He brushed and scraped until the chief part of his chippings had fallen into the sagging hat. Handing it by the brim to the tool nipper, he said, "Bolitho, lad, back to 'ee level station and dump she in my lunch bucket. Get 'ee gone, now! And now usn's set up and start they hole again. And, Riley, pat down this muck and get 'er in car and covered h'up in a 'urry!"

As the men panted in their haste, Bolitho asked, " 'Ow much may she go, John?"

"Mayhap fifty dollars each, give or take summat. H'I'll carry she to h'Upton's assay 'ouse—'e don't ask no questions. Take h'up on yon bolt!" Albert Bolitho scurried up and clapped Tretheway's hat askew on his head, while the muckers frantically fanned broken ore into the car to hide the evidence.

Sighing in relief, Tretheway was actually turning on the air to the Burleigh—a minute of drilling would destroy the last vestiges of the vug—when old Chenoweth strolled into the chamber. He was grinning. Tretheway gritted his teeth and started the Burleigh pounding anyway, but Chenoweth held one gnarled index finger under his nose in the traditional sign from doublejack days to stop drilling. Silence fell. The shifter said nothing but held his candle to the blast hole. Satisfied, he then stooped and slowly waved his light back and forth across the particles of rock lying on the turn sheet. O'Leary sighed audibly.

Unable to stand the continuing silence, Tretheway murmured, "One share?"

Chenoweth shook his ancient head, coughed, then asked, "Going to give 'ee tool nipper a share?"

Tretheway had not even thought of Albert, but in circumstances like this the Old Rule has always been share and share alike. "Aye."

"Then h'I'll take only one quarter. A good crew like 'ee be hard to find."

O'Leary sighed again, but with a measure of relief. Official detection in high-grading meant instant dismissal, perhaps even a brief term in the slammer. Chenoweth had them over the barrel, and a meaner man would have hogged a half of the booty. In any event, the shifter was in it with them now, and could ensure that no lunch bucket search would be made at the end of the shift. While the mine-run ore of the Molly Pitcher was now too low to incite systematic high-grading, barring freaks of nature such as they had just encountered, the crews were forever carrying off bits of material and equipment that the spot searches were intended to discourage.

"See 'ee on top, at tally, John," Chenoweth concluded, the negotiations ended. "We walk down to h'Upton's together." It was not that the shifter did not trust Tretheway, but that two old hands could strike a better bargain than could one. Riley opened his mouth, evidently intending that Ireland as well as Cornwall be represented, He closed it again as it occurred to him that three men from the same mine—two from the same level, for that—entering Upton's seedy assay house in company would provide evidence from which camp gossip would draw swift and accurate conclusions. The old shifter nodded to all and took his leave.

The work commenced again; the men had lost time and still had much

to do. The hole was bottomed, the column moved back, and the lifter hole in the series drilled with the machine jumping about on the Finn board, a plank trough braced with the men's feet and backs. While hunkered down, cleaning the hole with his miner's spoon, Tretheway heard the mucking cease, simultaneously with the sound of strange voices. A quick stab of anxiety ran through him, particularly when a glance over his shoulder revealed young Smith, the mine superintendent. Smith was holding a lantern to the face while beside him stood a newcomer, writing in some sort of notebook. The visitor was a short, pouter-pigeon type clad in a new jumper, fine broadcloth trousers, and unmuddied boots. He was cocking an ear to Smith's earnest explanations. Since these were conducted in scientific, as opposed to working, mining talk, three parts of it were pure gibberish to Tretheway.

He continued to scrape with the spoon while sorting out the possibilities. The visitor was not the Law, that was for sure. He was neither fat, nor did he cultivate the luxuriant side-whiskers affected by promoters and financiers. Few or none of these came underground anyway, preferring to stope people's pockets, mucking off mahogany. The wee man seemed to understand what Smith was saying, and his moustache was trimmed closely in outland fashion. A "professor" therefore, or mining expert of similar kidney, was Tretheway's conclusion. He could therefore dismiss the visitation as being a mere coincidence.

A moment later the professor opened his mouth to emit a stream of incomprehensible questions, phrased in the stuffiest of Old School Tie British-English. Smith did not appear to resent being patronized, but Riley and O'Leary stiffened and looked at each other significantly. Here, delivered up unto them, was a living, breathing specimen of the very class which every expatriate Irishman itched to lay hands upon! His presence here was also now explained. Some British syndicate was probably negotiating to buy footage in the Molly Pitcher, and the professor had been retained by them to examine and evaluate the mine. Since the development was a sound one, Tretheway did not doubt that the Britishers would get their money's worth. On the other hand, they would probably not see one cent of profit. The English, so miserly at home, seemed obsessed by the idea that they could pay nearly what the mint and smelter returns on the blocked-out ore of an American mine would bring, yet somehow still hoist and concentrate it at a profit.

The two muckers had vanished, up to no good, Tretheway did not doubt. As the expert began to question him, speaking as though he were a lower form of life, Tretheway suppressed his own irritation. He answered briefly, aware that the questions made sense—the professor knew something of mining, for sure. By the time the inquisition had ended, the muckers had reappeared.

They began to scrape noisily, the picture of angelic innocence to anyone who did not know Riley and O'Leary. Tretheway hoped that what they had arranged would not maim the Britisher too badly, nor involve Smith too deeply. Full of book-learning he might be, but a fair boss, thoughtful of his crews, and also there was Mrs. Smith. Hardly more than a girl herself, she was, but with a new little Smith pretty far on the way, he had heard.

The crew pitched in to re-align the column and machine for the third series of holes. They had hardly gotten the Burleigh nursed up into position when Smith and the expert turned to leave. O'Leary almost dropped his end of the machine, but Riley stepped forward asking, "Muster Smith, sor, and can Oi have a wurrd with ye?"

Smith turned back—he was the sort of superintendent who would listen to any of his men—but the professor sniffed and continued up the drift. Irish muckers were obviously far beneath his notice. Riley launched into a long-winded complaint about something the cager had done or had not done three days ago. Smith listened in patience, but as the tale wound around, clearly getting nowhere, he frowned. "Riley," he said, cutting off the petition, "take it up with Chenoweth. If he can't straighten it out, then see me. On your own time."

"Yus, sor. Oi thank Yer Honor," Riley replied meekly. So whatever it was, Tretheway deduced, it would not be far away, and Riley's sole motive had been to ensure that the professor was alone when it happened. At that moment, the distant lantern described an arc and went out. There was a pause, then a cry of anger and disgust echoed up the drift. Smith turned and broke into a run, his lantern bobbing.

O'Leary and Riley were leaning against the wall, convulsed with silent laughter. "Ah, shut 'ee gobs and bear a 'and," Tretheway commanded. Their sides still heaving and their faces red, the two muckers resumed work. After he had clamped in the starter, Bolitho could no longer restrain himself.

"What t'ell did 'ee two bog-trotters do?" he demanded. Amid much snickering the story came out.

"Do yez mind that step back about a hoondred feet?" O'Leary asked, referring to a minor fault heave in the footwall. Tretheway was perfectly familiar with it. A man walking back down the drift would see it, then place his right foot carefully down on one given spot beyond it. The muckers had recovered something repugnant from the dirt-box in the level station and had carefully planted it on the strategic spot. "An'," Riley continued, chuckling, "th' poor, dear man's foot may have slipped in it, an' he fallen, bedad."

"An' to ease his fall, f'r we would not wish even a black Protestant devvil to hurt his swate self," O'Leary concluded, "we laid another pratie right where he would sit. Like a downy cushion, as it were."

"Why, 'ee foul-minded papist bastards!" Tretheway began, but started to laugh helplessly himself. Although technically an Englishman, the lead man had no more love for Public School condescension than did the Irish.

"Ye moight say th' gentleman has a bit of the Auld Sod on his boot, an', with inny luck, th' seat iv his foine pants," Riley pontificated.

" 'Ee'll stink op she drift till 'ell wouldn't 'ave it," Bolitho muttered. "And what will Smith say to usn's?"

The crew sobered. "Do Smith come back in a minute," Tretheway said gravely, "usn's best roll op h'our bindles and catch they first freight h'out of Phonolite." The muckers decided to concentrate on their scoops. A moment later, the din of drilling began anew. By the time Tretheway had worked through two changes and was ready to lower the Burleigh, Bolitho commented, " 'E ain't come back."

"Then 'ee won't. Mayhap Smith had a laugh, too. 'E didn't care to be called 'my man'."

" 'E may change 'is mind h'after smelling yon stink another h'our h'or two."

"Smelling another man's dirty breeks is a pleasure," Tretheway said philosophically.

Out of the crew's sight, loaded ore cars rolled through the other levels to the hoist shafts, were raised to grass and dumped in ore bins or spilled over the edge of the waste dump. Stamps chanted in the quartz mill, and at their feet tables shuffled in an endless sideways, crablike dance, sorting out brassy-black concentrates from pulverized quartz. Cages rose and fell, signal bells clanged peremptorily, and the great beam and bob of the Cornish pump bowed to each other like two Japanese gentlemen as they raised the water from the depths of the capacious sump. The sun had long since crossed the whirling sheaves at the top of the headframe, while the desert hills to the east of Phonolite were now fully painted grey-green and pastel pink.

On the fifth level, the last hole had been collared and bottomed, the Burleigh and its column rolled back to the station, and the crew was now laboring with saw and dag—the miner's short-hafted ax—over the timbers brought down by the cager. Tretheway, Bolitho, and Riley set up the posts of the tunnel set, wrestled the cap timber atop, and were engaged in bringing the posts to true vertical. Tretheway squinted sagely at the post, craning his neck this way and that until Riley exclaimed, "Ain't the damn thing plumb yet?"

"Damme, old son," Tretheway admitted, "she's a bit more'n plumb. 'And me they bleddy dag, and I'll put they wedges to she." The broad wooden wedges were pounded into place, then collar-braces were trimmed and put in to take the end-on thrust of blasting. O'Leary, working around the trio,

had been chipping a forward extension to the trackside drainage-ditch; the level was presently dry at the breast of the heading, but back toward the shaft the schist footwall dribbled water and, should the ore body angle upward a bit farther on, more water would probably be encountered. O'Leary scooped up the chippings with a few sweeps of his muck-stick, then addressed himself to flattening somewhat a few of the more obtrusive humps along the line where a new section of tramming track would extend.

Riley voiced discontent. "T'other shift do nothing but drill, muck, and shoot," he growled. "We do as much, an' have to stand timber as well."

He was complaining just to be complaining, as Tretheway well knew. In about two more days, the way the advance was going, it would be the turn of Tregaskis's crew to timber for a while. An overly-smart lead man could arrange the work of his own crew so that the other would have the additional labor for a fortnight or so, while he himself basked in praise for dumping the more pay-dirt. Would bask, that is, until the other shift had had enough of that nonsense. Then reprisals would follow. Tretheway knew that simple fatigue was partly behind Riley's attitude; he was feeling the continued strain of the labor himself. Part, too, was a dryness in the throat and visceral discomfort that could be alleviated only by draining the contents of certain bottles at shift-end. He himself would not mind a drop, now that he thought of it, a proper ration of one gill of whiskey followed by a bottle of Pilsner to stem the shot. Then perhaps another to give him an appetite for supper. Yet Tretheway and the other Cousins always marvelled at the way the Irish could pour raw whiskey down their throats. Nothing short of intemperate, they were.

Old Chenoweth was back again. He looked about, approved the workmanlike progress, and said, "Time to tally and load," partly in reminder and partly in commendation. Drawing Tretheway aside, he murmured, "Young Smith told me 'ee keep a dirty drift. 'Ad London perfessor with 'im 'oo fell h'and besmirched 'isself sadly. Smith h'about fell off 'is chair, laughing. Said, do h'it 'appen once more, give 'ole bloody crew their walkin' papers. Now'ee be cautioned, John." He nudged Tretheway. "I'd of given my share to been 'ere when h'it 'appened." Chenoweth leered and left.

Young Bolitho was sent for the powder and blasting accessories while the four men, grunting mightily, dragged the heavy iron mucksheet forward, anchored down its forward edge with a few hundred pounds of muck, then turned back to lay tramming track. Their hammers were still clinking against the miniature track spikes when the boy reappeared with the car. Many miners carried powder, fuse, and blasting caps about in their arms, but Tretheway insisted on transporting them in the car: it was all too easy to stumble

and fall with the box blocking one's view of his footfalls, and while nothing would probably happen, once in a while something did. Tretheway had a good deal of respect for the possibilities of this new powder.

The muckers finished up odd jobs such as piling the dull drill steel into the car while Tretheway and Bolitho began loading the holes. A slit headstick went in first, then the second, priming, stick with fuse and cap inserted and tied firmly to it with a bit of coarse twine. Next came the remaining sticks to the total number Tretheway deemed proper, to be topped off with drillings for stemming. He and his chuck-tender worked swiftly and steadily by the light of Bolitho's candle hung on the wall well back from the face. Bolitho cut fuse without formal measurement, but the rat-tails depending from the stemmed collars were nicely uniform in each series' length. Since they were slabbing sideways into the corner provided by the night shift, the rat-tails were shorter and the holes loaded more lightly on the left; rat-tails, loads, and hole depth increased steadily to the right. The right-hand edgers were exceptionally deep, angled decidedly outward, and when fired were intended to leave a deep rightward corner for the benefit of the shift to follow.

"Deep enough," Tretheway announced. "Away with 'ee, Bill, old son." Bolitho put the blasting equipment back into the car and pushed it up the track toward the shaft. In his hand, Tretheway held his spitter, a length of fuse cut shorter than the shortest rat-tail on the face. With his knife he notched it to the powder core every inch or so, one notch to each hole, with two or three extra. His candle was in his hand, and a lighted snuff was in reserve behind him on the wall. He waited patiently. Up at the level station, Bolitho presumably had signalled the hoistman, following the level code with five bells in warning of imminent blasting. Presently the cage would arrive, bob up and down a time or two in acknowledgment that the hoistman would accept no other signal until the crew was on, then await the cager's final signal to hoist them away. If some other crew beat them to it, their wait for the cage might be quite prolonged.

Today they were in luck. A faint hallooing indicated that the cage was waiting and that the equipment car had been rolled onto its lower deck. Tretheway held the split end of the spitter in his candle flame, saw it take hold, then shouted, "Firein' th' holes!" He grasped the upper left edger's rat-tail, and as flame spurted from the first notch of the spitter, pressed its end into the fiery notch. He waited a moment to ensure that the fire had taken hold, then released that rat-tail and moved down to the next. Although sweat beaded his forehead, he did not allow himself to be rushed. He sighed in relief when the right lifter rat-tail was alight. Straightening up, Tretheway cast a long look across the face. Each rat-tail was smoking and sparking

satisfactorily. He tossed down the spitter, hawked at the growing smell of black powder smoke, and reached for the reserve snuff—the initial "spit" had, as usual, extinguished the candle that lit it. Pressing the stubby snuff into the lump of clay on the front of his hat, he marched up the drift.

The crew was on the cage when he arrived at the station. Bolitho motioned with the lantern for him to come on, but Tretheway paused for a final, all-encompassing inspection. Seeing nothing amiss, he stepped onto the deck and faced right as the cager swung down the safety-bar. Everything seemed to stop momentarily, and the creaking of the rod in the pump shaft to the right was clearly audible. Then a series of sharp, spaced knocks began—the sound of the blasts transmitted through the rock—followed and mingled with a low, growling roar. Tretheway counted intently to himself. Twelve holes they had drilled and, if he was not mistaken, eleven knocks he had heard, but one was a bit prolonged, as though two holes had gone nearly at the same moment. Twelve, he decided, it had been. The cager at his nod gave the bell rope one smart pull. Tretheway's candle went out at once as the deck pressed up hard against his feet. As he faced the guide, he could see dimly the massive, grease-streaked pump rod, surrounded by a miscellany of ladders, guides, air lines, the rising main, and lumpy valve casings flashing by his nose.

The cage eased up to a bobbing halt at the shaft's collar platform. Even though it was nearly dusk in the open air, the light was painful to eyes that had been almost twelve hours in nearly unrelieved darkness. Swirling vapor surrounded them. The crew stepped off the cage, turning back to give the cager a hand with their car. Shivering in the biting air, they pulled on jumpers and mackinaws, took each man his lunch bucket, and collectively pushed the car over the sheet iron of the platform. In silence they guided it to the smithy where the steel was unceremoniously tossed onto a clanging pile for the smith's helper to sort. Abandoning the car, they made way for another tired crew following. "Tomorrow, then?" O'Leary asked significantly.

"Mayhap. Or day after." Tretheway was abruptly conscious of the ache in his back, the tremble of his legs, and the remarkable weight of the lunch bucket hanging from his hand. The two Irishmen began the long trudge down the hill to Corktown and the nearest shebeen. After them went the Bolithos, father and son, walking companionably together. Tretheway watched them go with mingled feelings. It was a fine thing, he reflected, for a lad to be learning a proud, skilled trade under his father's eye. There was no son to follow John Tretheway. If only Rose had lived . . . He calculated. Eighteen years now, it had been. Most men would have married again, but for him there had been only Rose.

The night shift was coming up the hill now, and there unless he was mistaken was Jack Tregaskis. "Eh, Jack!"

"Eh, John. Long shift?"

"Long enough. 'Ee left usn's a good corner. Hope we left 'ee as good. No holes missed."

"Aye. Well, *adiós*, John." Tregaskis had worked in the British-owned Mexican silver mines, and could never resist showing off his pidgin-Spanish.

A tap on his shoulder made Tretheway start. It was old Chenoweth again, slipping up like a Red Indian. "Be 'ee ready to go, John? Aye? Then business first. After, I'll stand 'ee one at yon Miner's Rest. No more, though." Chenoweth bent over, coughing harshly. "Old woman won't me 'ave more'n one. 'Ee be'ant wed, are 'ee?"

"Nay."

"Lucky man, 'ee be. Let's go. She been a long shift." The old Cornishman began picking his way down the haulage road into the windy evening, through which the yellow gleam of oil lamps was beginning to glimmer along the valley below.

Bibliographical Notes

Great thanks are due to my long-time associate, Bob Lenon, P. E., of Patagonia, Arizona, and member of the Tucson Corral of Westerners, who edited and made many contributions to this story. Bob is a consulting mining engineer who in his earlier days spoke with and worked alongside many of the old-timers whose experience dated back almost to the period described. Major additional sources and scholarly works consulted are:

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The basic research for this contribution will hopefully appear in annotated form in portions of a manuscript tentatively titled, "Black Powder and Hand Steel: Men and Machines on the Western Mining Frontier."

Anti-Japanese Activities in San Francisco, 1892-1893

by Donald T. Hata, Jr.

On May 14, 1905, the Japanese and Korean Exclusion League was formed in San Francisco.[1] From that day until the defeat of Imperial Japan in 1945 there was an organized movement in California to exclude Japanese from immigrating and joining the mainstream of American society. Historians of the movement for Japanese exclusion agree that the Japanese immigrants inherited the legacy of hostility toward the Chinese. But studies of the anti-Japanese movement have invariably focused on the period from 1900, when the first significant numbers of Japanese arrivals were recorded in San Francisco,[2] to the passage of the Alien Exclusion Law in 1924.[3] Few historians have probed into the period prior to 1900 because of the negligible numbers of Japanese present.

It is an undeniable fact that the total number of Japanese in the continental United States was indeed small prior to 1900. Immigration statistics indicate that only three thousand came to this country between 1861 and 1890, and the federal census of 1890 reported a total of only two thousand and thirty-nine Japanese residing throughout the entire country. On the other hand, in the summer of 1889 Japanese consular officials and leaders of the Japanese community in San Francisco estimated the total number of their countrymen in the city and its environs to be about four thousand persons.[4] The discrepancy between the American and Japanese estimates demonstrates the dangers inherent in accepting statistics from this period. But accurate body counts

are only tangential to this study. What is important to bear in mind is the fact that in the spring and summer of 1892 the newspapers of San Francisco began an intensive and sustained assault on the question of allowing Japanese immigrants to settle on the Pacific Slope. Paucity of numbers should not obscure the fact that Californians were treated to an ominous preview of the anti-Japanese movement more than a decade before most Californians had ever seen a Japanese.

The newspaper campaign subsided by 1893, but although it was short-lived and failed to catch hold beyond San Francisco, the events of 1892–93 provide an important link between the anti-Chinese movement and the hostility which grew to include Japanese and other Asians after the turn of the century.

California, where most of the Japanese immigrants to America would settle, had experienced its first wave of nativist sentiment as early as 1849, just before the influx of large numbers of Chinese. Soon after the discovery of gold, hordes of Forty Niners streamed into the Golden State. And they were by no means a racially homogeneous lot. Teams of gold-seekers came from Europe, Latin America, and areas as distant as Australia and the Western Pacific. By 1850 the mining population in California included twenty thousand foreigners digging alongside some eighty thousand Americans, a phenomenon which soon led to a shift in political priorities from the "Negro Question" to the "Immigrant Question."[5] The growing resentment against foreigners was aired at the California Constitutional Convention and again during the meeting of the state's first legislature.[6]

In addition to the passage of the Foreign Miners' Tax by the state legislature of 1850,[7] vigilante groups began to attack foreign miners in the diggings.[8] The harassment led to an exodus of foreigners away from the diggings, but as their departures increased, merchants became alarmed at the sudden drop in their profits. By the end of the summer of 1850 the Stockton *Times* noted a "universal reaction of public feeling towards . . . foreign miners,"[9] and a growing movement for repeal of the 1850 law finally led to a reduction of the tax on foreign miners in 1852. But the meeting of the state legislature in that year is more important to this study for another reason, for it was then that the term "foreigner" began to focus upon the Chinese. The subject arose when Governor John Bigler vehemently opposed a bill proposing the legalization of Chinese contract labor.[10]

It was also in 1852 that the Chinese population began to replace the Hispanos as the largest minority in California. The first significant shift in the population of colored minorities began with the arrival of ten thousand Chinese in 1852.[11] When the legislature met in that year, the estimated

twenty-five thousand Chinese comprised the largest single body of unnaturalized citizens in California.[12]

Prior to 1852 there is little evidence of hostility to the Chinese in the mining regions. The formation of anti-coolie clubs and sporadic acts of violence marked the remainder of the decade but a sustained attack on their presence did not begin until the end of the Civil War. By that time there were more than sixty thousand Chinese in the state. Most were bachelor farm laborers, but some ten thousand coolies, nicknamed "Crocker's Pets," hammered spikes and laid the roadbed as the Central Pacific Railroad inched its way eastward toward Promontory Point.[13] The completion of the railroad in 1869, coupled with a depressed labor market, threw thousands of Chinese into direct competition with whites for jobs.

Organized labor reacted quickly. The first large-scale labor meeting aimed at denouncing Orientals was held in July 1870, sparked by the post Civil War depression which still plagued the nation. While easterners blamed Wall Street financiers for their troubles, organized labor in California turned its finger accusingly to cheap coolie labor.[14] The massacre of some twenty Chinese in Los Angeles in 1871 demonstrated that the movement would not limit its activities to endless speeches and noisy parades. Insults were also added to injury. Soon "Mongolians" were included in the white man's contempt for the Negro and Indian. For a number of years, the courts would go to ridiculous extremes to justify the denial of a Chinese to testify in court or to apply for naturalization. And labor was not alone in its campaign, for the "Chinese Question" was quickly absorbed as planks of both major parties in California by 1871.[15]

The seventies also witnessed the rise of the Workingmen's Party under the leadership of Denis Kearney who would stump the sand lots demanding that "the Chinese must go." His shouting was not ignored, for in 1882 Congress passed the Chinese Exclusion Act. With the passage of this law, Chinese immigration virtually ceased.[16]

In the following decade, organized labor would continue to attack the Chinese and persist in its efforts to permanently exclude them. But now the movement saw the introduction of non-laboring elements which, for lack of better words, may be described generally as "middle class." This was clearly evident in the new slogans. Whereas the workingmen who dominated the pre-1882 movement had warned of the threat to American *labor* from Mongolian or Oriental *labor*, the threat was now to "racial purity" and "Western civilization."[17]

The Chinese had earlier been accused of immorality and sexual perversions due to their "fondness" for gambling, opium, and prostitution. In most cases,

the basic facts were unassailable, for the Chinese had come without their own women or families.[18] After 1882 these indictments would be echoed again, but this time the charges of moral turpitude and sexual degeneracy would be emphasized far more than the earlier fear of their threat to labor.

Beginning in September 1889, instructions were sent to Japanese consular officials and diplomats throughout the United States, requesting them to undertake detailed investigations of the Japanese residing in their areas of jurisdiction. The Foreign Ministry in Tokyo was especially interested in the condition of Japanese communities on the Pacific Coast. From the tone and content of their dispatches to Tokyo, it is clear that the Japanese consular officials in America were aware of the broadening appeal of the post-1882 anti-Chinese movement.[19]

The Japanese government saw clearly the potential for an expanded anti-Asian movement inherent in the hostility toward Chinese immigrants. Thus they were especially alert for any indication that Americans viewed Japanese in a manner similar to that of the "unassimilable, decadent Chinese." The leaders of Meiji Japan were working desperately to have their nation accepted as an equal by the Western powers. Their obsession with this objective has been treated in a study of Japanese contract laborers in Hawaii from 1868 to 1896: "The first concern of Japanese policy makers was to gain for Japan a full-fledged and respected place in the Western state system. They were determined not to accept discrimination against Japanese anywhere, knowing it would lead to disrespect for Japan as a nation."[20] The Japanese leaders knew that it was only a fund of goodwill stemming from the special nature of Japanese-American relations which kept the Japanese from being lumped together with the Chinese.

On April 25, 1891, the Japanese consul in San Francisco, Chinda Sutemi, reminded Foreign Minister Aoki Shuzo that the 1885 act to prohibit the immigration of contract laborers had been strengthened recently by the passage on "March 3, instant" of an amendment to the original legislation.[21] Chinda explained that the enforcement of the 1885 act had been so poor that "the number of foreigners annually admitted to the United States swelled conspicuously in the last several years." This in turn had "gradually changed the climate of opinion in this country." He had noticed the rise of the nativist movement which called for the exclusion of undesirables among the entire foreign-born population. In fact, he emphasized, it was the nationwide popularity of nativist sentiment which had led to pressures for the 1891 amendment. He added that the provisions of the two sets of legislation did "not seem to differ greatly . . . But the ways and means which the amended laws stipulate

for the purpose of handling specific cases of violation are more effective and stringent."[22]

By 1890, as nationwide sentiment against foreigners became more widespread, the Senate's first standing committee was formed to investigate measures for tighter controls over immigration. The loophole that had to be filled immediately was the confusion resulting from the 1882 immigration act's failure to clearly delineate federal control over the inspection of arriving immigrants.[23] Another weakness in existing restrictions was the 1885 act's failure to mention those immigrants who had made no written contracts prior to departure and paid their own passage, believing the well-publicized promises of easy employment upon their arrival.[24] But because there were a number of proposals already pending for the restriction of fraudulent promises of employment on the part of steamship companies and immigration agents, the immigration committee decided to avoid any possibility of confusing or jeopardizing the passage of those bills. Instead, they concentrated on the improvement of screening and "selection" regulations and procedures in the ports of entry. The result of the committee's investigation was the 1891 law entitled "An Amendment to the Immigration and Alien Contract-Labor Laws."

The new statute placed immigration entirely under federal authority and spelled out procedures for the enforcement of existing regulations. Hereafter steamship companies were held responsible for returning all passengers rejected by federal inspectors at the ports of entry. Regarding undesirable foreigners already in the country, the act authorized the deportation—within a year of their arrival—of any aliens who had entered illegally. Deportation could also be ordered for any alien who became a public charge during that time "from causes existing prior to his landing." New categories of "inadmissibles" were also added to the 1882 and 1885 laws: polygamists and "persons suffering from a loathsome or dangerous contagious disease" were declared to be clearly unwanted and therefore inadmissible. The contract labor restrictions were expanded to exclude those who had arrived on the strength of promises or advertisements of employment upon their arrival, and the solicitations themselves were declared illegal. In the following year, 1893, an additional administrative statute strictly regulated the recruitment activities of the steamship companies by requiring them to submit detailed information on each of their passengers.[25]

But how did the relatively few Japanese in this country relate to these new developments? To the chagrin of the San Francisco consul, the rapidly changing composition of the latest arrivals seemed to conform precisely to those types of "undesirables" and "inadmissibles" described in the new statute.

In a dispatch to Tokyo on April 25, 1891, Consul Chinda recalled that "originally, Japanese who came to the United States were predominantly students who actually pursued studies . . ." In looking back at the types of arrivals in recent years, Chinda reflected that "their composition as well as their attitudes have undergone a radical change . . . Today, a majority of them come to this country not as students but as *dekaseginin* ["birds of passage"] who are all engaged in menial labor upon their arrival." They knew little or no English and absolutely nothing about manners and customs in America. "Most importantly," he noted, "many of them are indeed illiterate and cannot write their own names even in Japanese."[26]

Chinda's concern was not unfounded, for a proposal to require a literacy test for all new immigrants had been voiced as early as 1887 by the progressive economist Edward W. Bemis. There was little immediate response to Bemis' early proposal, but beginning early in 1891, the proposal would be taken up by Henry Cabot Lodge and the Immigration Restriction League.[27] Fortunately for these early Japanese laborers, the literacy test movement was in its infancy at the time of their arrival.[28]

Numerous other features of the new arrivals alarmed the consul. He noted that they usually traveled in "groups of five or ten persons from the same village or prefecture." It was understandable, he allowed, that they would seek companionship to augment their courage as they faced the long journey to a strange new land. Nevertheless, he fumed, their arrival in bunches and clumps, strangely-dressed, and speaking not a word of English, could not help but lead to their instant classification by the immigration inspectors as "contract laborers." Indeed, Chinda had been informed repeatedly by the inspection officials that they were suspicious of the new arrivals even when they carried passports. He confessed that in the past, the inspectors had, "as a rule, aimed at lenient treatment of foreigners" who violated the 1885 law. But now, with the passage of the 1891 amendment and the rise of nativist sentiment against all foreigners throughout the nation, there was bound to be stricter enforcement of the laws. In fact, there was no question that this would happen soon in view of the fact that "the arrival of Japanese laborers in this manner has become more and more frequent each year." Every month he saw the interval shortening between the arrival of ships carrying laborers. In the previous month, for example, the steamer *Russianic* had landed forty laborers from the primarily agricultural prefectures of Wakayama, Hiroshima, and Yamaguchi. On April 7, twenty more arrived from the area on the *Rio de Janeiro*. These were followed by twenty-eight more laborers on April 14 aboard the *Gaelic*.

Much to his relief, all of these laborers possessed passports and passed

the inspectors without challenge. Chinda marveled that no objections had been raised, for he confided that among them were "in my opinion, a number of individuals who, under the amended laws, could indeed be regarded as 'paupers or persons likely to become a public charge.' " It appears that Chinda was prepared for the worst to happen. He did not have long to wait.

Fifty laborers arrived on the German steamer *Remus* seven days later on April 21. The inspectors urgently requested that Chinda come down to the docks to inspect the new arrivals, and he soon saw why: "In this case, most of them were not even properly dressed . . . At a glance, their appearances certainly made . . . them look like the poor and needy." The officials flatly refused to let any of them land until Chinda could guarantee that they would not become "public charges." The consul scurried about in search of any-one—both Japanese and American—who could offer to help, but he watched helplessly as nine of the group were rejected as "paupers or persons likely to become public charges," and ordered to return immediately to Japan "on the same steamer which brought them."

As far as Chinda could recall, this sad occasion marked the earliest known implementation of the 1891 act involving Japanese laborers in San Francisco. He gloomily observed that the continuation of such humiliating incidents will "indeed impair Japan's national honor." But he also urged his government to consider the plight of the laborers as well: "I was told that these laborers had to sell the lands and properties they held in Japan in order to raise a sum of money which . . . was barely enough to pay for their passage fares. When I learned of this I could not but feel pity for them." With his sympathy thus revealed, he ordered his staff to make a final search for jobs. In the meantime, he succeeded in delaying their deportation by securing the help of American friends in submitting a petition to the authorities which stated that jobs for the nine "paupers" were guaranteed. The tactic worked, but while the final decision was still pending, another ship arrived.

The immigration inspection office informed the consul that this time the number of laborers was the largest yet. Furthermore, observed the officials, when the total of sixty-seven lower class Japanese disembarked from the German steamer *Pamptos* on the twenty-second of April, they included "fifteen women who appeared to be prostitutes . . ." Chinda and his staff had been so busy that no one from the consulate had yet found time to personally inspect the *Pamptos*. The fact that the situation was taxing the consul's manpower resources is evident in that even as Chinda sat down to write his dispatch on the earlier *Remus* incident, he learned that more ships were on their way. His dispatch was dated April 25. On that same day he learned from the immigration inspection director that a telegram had just arrived

"informing him of the arrival of fifty-odd Japanese passengers on board the steamer *China* which is due in port this day, and of an additional fifty more—or more—on board [two other steamers] which are now sailing toward this port." The consul acknowledged the warning from the immigration official, but before he rushed off to the docks, he labored over his April 25 dispatch to Tokyo. The situation was rapidly becoming critical, and Tokyo had to be convinced of the need for immediate action.

With respect to those laborers who had already landed, Chinda assured his superiors that he and his staff would investigate every unofficial avenue of help. He emphasized, however, that such stopgap measures had obvious limitations, for "the consulate of Japan cannot, in any event, take such actions as to assist certain Japanese in evading the laws of the land even as a temporary expedient." He therefore urged the Foreign Ministry to act immediately on a number of recommendations. First, Tokyo should inform all authorities at the prefectural level of the 1885 and 1891 laws and regulations forbidding the importation or immigration of contract laborers into the United States. Only an appeal from the highest levels could convince them to "not merely pass on all applications . . . without first making inquiries into the applicants' background and intentions." Second, tighter controls were also required "with respect to the issuance of passports," and prefectural officials should summarily reject "such undesirable applicants as prostitutes, contract laborers, men of no means, and unhealthy persons . . ." Since the passage of the 1891 act, he cautioned Tokyo, American officials were especially wary of "paupers and persons likely to become a public charge . . ." In fact, "any passenger who does not have in his possession at least fifteen [dollars] at the time of his arrival will, in general, be regarded as such by the inspection officers." Again he warned that "even if all the Japanese passengers arriving at this port do in fact possess the required amount of money, the continuation of the mass migration of lower class Japanese . . . will undoubtedly create a grave situation in the relationship between Japanese and Americans in this country . . ."[29]

Chinda enclosed a number of newspaper clippings to illustrate the newsworthiness of the arrival of the *Remus*, one of which is worth repeating in full:

DIRTY JAPANESE. FILTHY STATE OF STEAMER'S PASSENGERS.
They Are Said To Be Paupers And May Be Sent Back To Japan.

The tramp steamer *Remus*, thirty-seven days from Hongkong via Nagasaki, Kobe, and Yokohama, arrived here yesterday. The vessel was not half so interesting . . . as the choice of Japanese immigrants she brought in her dark, dank hold.

> "Never saw such a lot," said an inspector as he emerged into daylight through an iron scuttle. "They seem to be just built for the immigration law . . ."
>
> The immigrants . . . were a sorry looking lot. Their clothes—a fearful and wonderful mixture of male and female attire—would have made even a dress reform advocate blush.
>
> With the irrepressible mimicry of his race, one Japanese was arrayed in an American necktie tied around a Japanese skin free of any shirt. Over his bare skin was an old vest several sizes too large for him. He was the 'dude' of the consignment.
>
> There were three women. One of them wore a corset reaching to her neck and strutted about the commissioners with a gravity becoming an alien just initiated into the mysteries and responsibilities of American fashions. The men were positively filthy. One poor fellow had some sort of leprous disease of the hand. He will be sent back.

The article spoke for itself in supporting Chinda's contention that the situation was tense and ignitable. The consul nonetheless closed his dispatch with a last, cogent summary of the developing crisis: "In recent years . . . it is the poor and needy, prostitutes and outlandishly dressed fellows who have landed in ever increasing numbers at this important port . . . and the increasing arrivals of lower class Japanese will provide a pretext for . . . pseudo politicians . . . to exclude the Japanese from this country." He urged the Foreign Minister to act quickly and decisively in order to avoid the recent violence and hatred directed against the Chinese "because they [had] failed to grasp the seriousness of the situation at the outset."[30]

Four days after Chinda made his first report on the developing lower class contract labor problem, Tokyo received a terse dispatch from the Japanese legation in Washington, D.C. The Resident Minister to the United States, Tateno Gozo, suggested that perhaps Chinda had exaggerated the extent of the problem. Tateno began by noting that he had just received a telegram message from Chinda regarding the recent increase in arrivals of lower class undesirables and asking for immediate instructions. He acknowledged that the recent (1891) contract labor law provided for stricter measures to be taken against "any foreigners, not just Chinese laborers . . . if their transportation is proven to be prepaid under contract or agreement, express or implied, made previous to the departure from their native countries, to perform labor in the United States." He also agreed that "since the number of Japanese arriving in this country has increased with rapidity in recent years, there will probably be some, among these large numbers, who actually come under contract." He again concurred with Chinda's opinion that Tokyo should take steps to control the departure of contract laborers at the prefectural level. But, he concluded, "fortunately, no Japanese passengers have thus far been denied landing at ports of entry in the United States."

The arrival of Tateno's calm assessment of the situation no doubt permitted a sigh of relief in Tokyo. There is no evidence of an immediate reply to either Chinda or Tateno from the Foreign Ministry. But the relaxed mood would not last for long. Less than two weeks later, the consular mail pouches contained another letter from San Francisco.

Upon the completion of his April 25 dispatch, Chinda had hastened down to the docks to look over the passengers on the *Pamptos*. What he found there confirmed every fear and dire prediction that he had just sent to Tokyo. In fact, the *Pamptos* group included just about every type of "inadmissible person" specified in the 1891 amendment to the 1885 law. In addition to those detained under suspicion of being contract laborers were ten others. Nine were women "who were all suspected of being prostitutes," a conclusion with which Chinda concurred. The other, a man, "suffered from tertiary syphillis and, according to the medical examiner who examined him, he would never be cured of it." Moreover, concluded the embarrassed consul, "all of them had in their possessions little or no money;" whereby he was forced to concur with the inspectors' charge that they were "persons most likely to become a public charge."[31]

This time the consul refrained from repeating his earlier lengthy appeal for action. Instead, in his dispatch on May 7, he enclosed a clipping from the May 4 San Francisco *Bulletin* which read:

> UNDESIRABLES. Another Phase In The Immigration From Asia.
> Japanese Taking The Place Of The Chinese—
> Importation Of Contract Laborers And Women.
>
> . . . Chinese immigration long ago attained such proportions that Congressional action was necessary to relieve the people of the Pacific Coast from further floods of the almond-eyed subjects of the Emperor of China, and the number that now arrive in this country legitimately is comparatively few.
>
> . . . Just at present, however, we are threatened with another invasion—not of Chinese, but of their next-door neighbors, the subjects of the Mikado.
>
> . . . The sight of one on a downtown street a few years ago was an exceptional thing. Now they are so common as to create no wonderment, but the average citizen has no idea how common they are. Passers-by along Stockton Street can see them, however, in large numbers as a general thing, sunning themselves on the corner of Clay and Stockton Streets, and in some of the small streets south of Market whole tenements are taken up by them.

The article not only likened the Japanese to the Chinese, but also suggested that the new arrivals might prove to be even more of a threat to white labor.

> Like the Chinese they come in direct conflict with our white girls in the lighter occupations, and many a family that would disdain to employ a Chinaman now sees nothing wrong in hiring Japanese as cooks, chambermaids and house-

> maids. In other occupations that do not require hard work, they are crowding their way, and have nearly supplanted all other nationalities as porters in the various saloons of the city . . . Now they are branching out, and not a few are employed on the fruit farms and ranches of the interior, not only as house servants, but as farm laborers.[32]

Chinda's reports on the worsening situation continued throughout the summer. Interspersed with the reports on laborers were additional problems which had not yet been reconciled—such as the continued flow of prostitutes.[33] There was no substantive reply from Tokyo until Chinda finally sent another lengthy dispatch to the Foreign Minister on August 11, again requesting that effective measures be taken to stop the departure of contract laborers.[34]

The following month, Tokyo issued a directive, dated September 15, 1891, to the prefectural governors of Kanagawa, Hyogo, Osaka, Nagasaki, and Niigata. They were instructed to take necessary steps to suppress the departure of contract laborers, and to inform those who were departing of the stringent provisions of the American 1891 amendment to the 1885 contract labor law. Officials were also directed to warn all emigrants against incriminating themselves by their shoddy appearance.[35]

Thus the Foreign Ministry finally took action to stop the arrival of "undesirables" and "inadmissibles" by stopping them before their departure from Japan. But it would not provide an immediate stop to the flow, for many were already en route. Nor would it erase the fact that the influx of lower class laborers had already altered the image of the small Japanese communities along the Pacific Coast in the eyes of the local press. And as these laborers fanned out in search of jobs outside the cities, they would become the stereotype of the typical Japanese immigrant in the eyes of the white majority. This negative image, coupled with the persistence of prostitution and gambling, would be exploited more fully by the press in the following months; and by the spring of 1892, Chinda would witness the first anti-Japanese movement in California.

The opening shots of the newspaper assault on undesirables among the Japanese population began in the spring of 1892. In the initial phase of their attack, the newspapers were not entirely hostile or unflattering to the Japanese in general. But as the movement gained momentum, it became obvious to all concerned that only a thin, easily-breached line separated the Japanese from the white stereotype of the Chinese.

On April 28, 1892, the San Francisco *Examiner* published a lengthy article under the following headline:

INFLUX OF JAPANESE. The Mikado's Subjects Crowding in the United States.

OVER FOUR THOUSAND HERE NOW

> . . . The people should be warned in time, before the evil becomes so great that its eradication may require the harsh measures that have been found necessary with the Chinese.

On the following day the *Call* carried another headline which read "OBJECTIONABLE IMMIGRANTS, Twenty-Five Japanese Returned by Commissioner McPherson." Less than a week later, on May 4, 1892, the *Morning Call*, *Examiner*, and the *Bulletin* called their readers' attention to political radicals, prostitutes, and newly arrived lower class laborers as well. The *Call* announced that "Japanese are swarming here by the hundreds . . . They are taking work away from our boys and girls and our men and women." In an interview with T. Guy Phelps, the Collector of Customs, the *Call's* reporter asked him if the Japanese were consciously evading the 1891 contract labor law. Phelps was quoted as having replied, "I believe that the immigration laws are being violated . . . On the increase? I should say so. They are coming in almost as great numbers as the Chinese came in before the restriction act was passed."

As for prostitutes, the *Call* said that "six years ago there was hardly a Japanese woman to be found in this city. Now . . . they have taken exclusive possession of St. Mary's Street, where they hold forth without restraint by the police and hail every passerby with the familiar cry of the siren." Concerning the Japanese taste for other entertainment, the article noted that "of Japanese 'sports' there is a large number . . . the Yokohama Saloon . . . the Mikado saloon and half a dozen other such places where they congregate." The *Call's* reporter was impressed when he visited the Yokohama Saloon, at 817 Sacramento Street: "The bar was an elaborate affair, with pictures of nude white women hanging above the mirror behind it. . . Most interesting of all," noted the *Call*, "is the Patriotic League, an organization of nihilists who want to run things in far-off Japan." The *Call* article closed by asking its readers: "They are pleasant people—these Japanese—but the question arises, have we not enough of them now? The answer of all the working girls and boys in California is: 'Yes; not only enough, but too many. Keep the rest of the crowd out.' "

The May 4 issue of the *Examiner* damned the prostitution trade, but it did not place the blame on the entire Japanese community. For example, one of several headlines read "Indigent Japanese Claim That Their Countrymen Are Sold Into Bondage, Are Landed at This Port for Immoral Purposes, Despite the Immigration Law, Through Bribery and Fraud." Immediately below, the paper noted that "a number of respectable Japanese had finally

tired of watching the disgraceful traffic in Japanese women . . . conducted without obstruction . . . through the connivance of certain officials in the employ of the Federal Government."

The paper published in full the letter dated April 21 from a certain A. Nishimura under the heading "A Vigorous Protest." Nishimura explained to the *Examiner's* readers that the respectable Japanese in the city had called a meeting to protest the traffic in prostitutes which was being encouraged by a few of their disreputable countrymen with the connivance of corrupt federal immigration inspectors. He named a G. Hasingawa [*sic*] as one brothel owner who was working in league with an inspector named A. H. Geffeney, and appealed to the *Examiner's* editors "to invoke your influence to thwart the . . . infamous trade." The *Examiner* reported that its own investigation had confirmed Nishimura's charges regarding Hasingawa and Geffeney, and added that Geffeney had also sent young Japanese girls to work as prostitutes under the control of another brothel owner named K. Okawra [*sic*].

The *Bulletin* also reported on the fourth of May that "so notorious has become the traffic with these women that the respectable Japanese residents here, acting with the Japanese consul, have tried to stop it." It also acknowledged Chinda's efforts to have his government stop the departure of all sorts of undesirables: "The result is that passports have been more carefully distributed . . . Yet," noted the article, "the women continue to come."

The May fourth articles were not entirely unflattering in that they acknowledged the outrage of the respectable elements of the Japanese community. In fact, the *Call's* article had begun by describing the Japanese as "picturesque people . . . polite, courteous, smiling." It should also be pointed out that not all of the San Francisco papers were eager to follow the lead of the *Call*. On the next day, for example, the *Chronicle* dismissed the *Call's* indictment of Gaffeney with the headline: "Official Connivance Story Exploded, Attempted Revenge By A Disappointed Office-Seeker Proves Futile." The article stated that "the sensational story in a morning newspaper about the connivance of a federal officer . . . fell flat when the true statements in the case were given by Inspector of Immigration McPherson . . . and Interpreter A. H. Geffeney, the man who was charged with complicity in the frauds." But this solitary story was soon overwhelmed and forgotten by the rush of the press towards sensationalism. May fourth would mark the opening of a growing attack by the press against the Japanese community as a whole.

Two days after its first warning, the *Call* presented statistical charts and graphs drawn up by its staff which purported to show that the continued flow of Japanese would grow to one hundred and twenty thousand each year by

the turn of the century.[36] On May 6 the *Examiner* joined the movement with the headline "WAR ON THE JAPANESE QUESTION," and an editorial praising the citizenry for "the stand you are taking in regard to the Japanese race. Although they may be a little better than Chinamen in regard to customs, uses, and habits, still, by the way they are coming in, it will not be long before the masses find out that they are not the kind of immigrants that California requires for the development of its resources." The danger was real, the editorial emphasized, and "before long the Japanese question will be to us just as bad as the Chinese and it would be better to solve it now than to wait ten years and then try to settle it."[37] The seventh also witnessed the *Report's* approval of the developing trend: "Our esteemed contemporaries are showing more and more a disposition to follow the *Report's* leading in all things . . . The latest instance of this pleasing and flattering disposition is furnished by the attitude of . . . the above-mentioned contemporaries upon the Japanese question."

By the end of the first week in May, the tone of the press' attitude toward the Japanese had undergone a definite shift toward the fears earlier expressed by the Japanese consuls. What about the reaction of the public press outside of San Francisco to this first barrage? Roger Daniels noted that the sudden attack was initially met by "some disbelief by most of the California press . . . after all, at this early date many Californians had never *seen* a Japanese . . . What the [*Call*] liked to call its 'crusade against Japanese contract labor' was ignored by most Californians . . ."[38] This view is corroborated by a recent study of the Japanese in Los Angeles: "Indifference was the usual Los Angeles reaction to statewide anti-Japanese agitation."[39] Nonetheless, once begun, the attack against the Japanese by the San Francisco press was sustained.

On May 18, the *Call's* headline insisted its cry against the Japanese was "NOT A FALSE ALARM," and printed a number of columns with the headings, "The Japanese Greatly on the Increase Here" and "WHITE LABORERS ARE DISTRUSTFUL." It noted that "pleasant and polite though the Japanese may be, the people of this country are beginning to look askance at them. The *Call* has shown how greatly on the increase is their immigration to these shores." The paper printed a letter from Consul Chinda in which he was quoted as saying that "the Japanese Government has never given countenance, much less encouraged, the emigration of common laborers to California. No steps have been taken or are being taken with the idea of encouraging any such project."

Indeed, on May 9, Chinda had sent a telegram to Foreign Minister Enomoto informing him that "the press is loud in adverse comments . . . resulting

in remanding of a great many contract laborers . . . It is desirable that their number should be more limited." The *Call's* comment on the consul's letter was that "all the representatives of the Mikado's government on this coast are doing their best to create the impression that there is nothing to fear from this immigration."

The paper went on to point out correctly that "contract laborers from Japan are pouring into Hawaii by the hundred," and "they do not like Hawaii." In addition to the threat of future transmigration of these laborers from Hawaii to California, warned the paper, was the formation of emigrant companies in Tokyo. What bearing would this development have on California? The *Call* replied by printing a letter from Willis B. McLaughlin of Nampa, Idaho, who warned that the formation of emigrant companies in Japan, and the stationing of their agents in places as remote as Nampa, Idaho, demonstrated clearly that the Japanese government was encouraging its lower class laborers to penetrate and inundate the entire Pacific Slope region. McLaughlin praised the *Call* for its alertness: "It is . . . with pleasure we note your [articles] . . . and herald [them] as the beginning of an agitation in which you have the loyal support of every American citizen [who] can read the handwriting on the wall." Thus vindicated by one of its readership, the *Call* ended its May 18 article with the assurance, "no, the *Call* has not sounded a false alarm."[40]

The letter from the *Call's* distant reader in Idaho reflected the widespread fear of a recurrence of the Chinese threat to white labor. Shortly after the *Call* printed its Idaho reader's letter, the *Chronicle* decided that it would not be outdone by its competition in "exposing" the Japanese threat to Idaho. On July 27 and 28, the paper ran a series of feature articles under headlines which read:

WAR AGAINST THE JAPS
Southern Idaho Begins A Crusade For Their Expulsion.
HUNDREDS ALREADY DRIVEN OUT
White Labor in a Sadly Demoralized Condition Owing to Their Presence.
The Chinese Contract System in Vogue
AFRAID OF SMALLPOX
JAPANESE AND CHINESE BANISHED FROM IDAHO TOWNS.

The *Chronicle's* headlines regarding the Idaho situation were essentially correct, but the San Francisco papers turned to events closer to home. There was no need to look afar for support of the attack on the Japanese, for within two weeks after the *Call* insisted that it had not raised a "false alarm," the paper found a true believer in its own backyard.

After a decade's absence following his vocal role in the anti-Chinese movement,[41] Denis Kearney suddenly rose to meet the *Call's* appeal. In May he exhorted a crowd in San Francisco to recognize the Japanese as a "menace."[42] Kearney's reappearance alarmed the San Francisco consul. Chinda was fully aware of the Irishman's hold over his audiences, and he anxiously waited to see if the former leader of the anti-Chinese movement would transfer his wrath to the Japanese. The answer was not long in coming, for in July, Kearney harangued a crowd in Sacramento with the cry, "The Japs Must Go." He charged that "Japs . . . are being brought here now in countless numbers to demoralize and discourage our domestic labor market . . ."[43] On the thirteenth of the same month he traveled to San Jose where he told an immense crowd that "this is the burning question of the hour. Before it all others pale into contempt . . . The importation of Japanese slave-laborers is what causes the hard times."[44]

Thus the battle was joined by Kearney, and the *Call's* self-proclaimed "crusade against Japanese contract-labor"[45] was now armed with a war cry which recalled the seventies: "The Japs Must Go." But with Kearney's involvement there appeared another dimension to the attack on the Japanese: students. In Kearney's Sacramento speech he had given special attention to this topic:

> There is no such thing as virtue in Japan. The men and women of that country are as free to mingle together as are the beasts of the field. These men are being brought here now in countless numbers . . . to be educated in our public schools at our expense. We are taxing ourselves to educate the golden youth of Japan. We are paying our money for the purpose of allowing fully developed men who know no morals but vice to sit beside our sons and our daughters in our public schools that they may help to debauch, demoralize and teach them the vices which are the custom of the country [from] whence they come.[46]

Opposition to Japanese students was thus raised more than a decade before the attention of President Theodore Roosevelt and the nation would focus on the 1906 school controversy in San Francisco. Kearney's inflammatory remarks during the summer of 1892 led to the passage on June 10, 1893, of a San Francisco Board of Education resolution which ordered that "all persons of the Japanese race seeking entrance to the public schools must attend what is known as the Chinese School."[47]

The time was not yet ripe for Kearney and his supporters to succeed in discriminating against the Japanese in the schools. Consul Chinda had carefully watched the escalation of the Irishman's appeal and decided that a stand had to be taken. He quickly enlisted the aid of prominent members of both the Japanese and white communities and submitted a written protest to

F. A. Hyde, the president of the board. In his letter of June 27, 1893, the consul noted that "the total number of Japanese students now enjoying the privileges of the public schools of San Francisco is between forty and fifty." Chinda described them as "respectable and well-behaved" young men who were "without exception, animated by the earnest desire to conform in all respects to the rules and regulations of the department." He noted briefly that the question directly touched upon "the national pride of the Japanese." But he was careful to employ the utmost tact in his closing passage, wherein he reminded them of his respect for the well-known American virtues of justice and fair play:

> In view of the liberal spirit which has always actuated the school department of San Francisco in the past, and having in mind the freedom of entry extended to Japanese students by the school departments of every other city in this land, I hesitate to think that this resolution was fully considered and definitely determined upon.[48]

The consul's letter was accompanied by petitions from Japanese students as well as clergymen, educators, and businessmen who also asked for reconsideration of the Board's resolution. When the Board met on the following evening, one of its members asked to read the state law which provided for the establishment of separate schools for Indians and members of the Mongolian race. The statute provided that

> Every school, unless otherwise provided by law, must be opened for the admission of all children between six and twenty one years of age residing in the district, and the Board of Trustees, or city Board of Education, have the power to admit adults and children not residing in the district whenever good reason exists therefor. Trustees shall have the power to exclude children of filthy or vicious habits, or children suffering from contagious or infectious diseases, and also to establish separate schools for children of Mongolian or Chinese descent. When such separate schools are established, Chinese or Mongolian children must not be admitted to any other school.

The question was whether or not the Japanese were considered to be Mongolians. After an impassioned plea by Consul Chinda, the Director of the Board ruled that "to exclude them from the public schools was an unjustifiable and unwarranted insult of the Japanese race." He added that such an action was contrary to the law just cited, since "there was no separate school set apart [for] the Japanese race." The Board then voted to rescind the resolution by a margin of seven to two.[49]

Aside from the *Chronicle,* which had maintained a neutral role throughout the school issue, the San Francisco newspapers were unhappy with the Board's decision. On June 29 the *Bulletin* commented bitterly that

> The Japanese . . . nowhere take in ingenious youth of the West and educate them gratis. . . . From the foolish rules . . . and absurd concessions we are making, our people are rapidly gaining the reputation of the 'Dupes of the Orient.'
>
> . . . The crowding of the Japanese into the schools may be a comparatively small matter now. But . . . they are not the persons with whom our own boys and girls may choose to grow up with.

On the same day the *Report* criticized the Board's decision as "a serious mistake . . . The Japanese are . . . not fit to associate and be classed with American children." The paper predicted that "the parents of . . . white children will soon be heard from . . ."

But the crest of the movement had passed. Kearney himself slid back into the fog of obscurity which had shrouded him for the past decade, and the newspapers soon dropped the matter. Thus ended the first sustained anti-Japanese movement in America.

The Japanese consular and diplomatic outposts in America had warned Tokyo for years that the unrestricted flow of undesirables might one day lead to an American reaction against the presence of the Japanese in America. The fact that the white community paid relatively little attention to them may be attributed to the atmosphere of general corruption and social dislocation which characterized almost all sectors of society at the time. One issue which always made news, however, was any threat to white labor. It did not matter whether the threat was real or alleged. With a highly unionized labor force which demanded better than subsistence level wages, the white working classes on the Pacific Coast were always alert to competition from cheap foreign labor. Moreover, California had not escaped the economic uncertainties created by one of the most prolonged panics of the century. An anti-immigration stance had worked well for politicians and newspaper sales alike in the past, especially in California, and the well-tried formula was employed by the San Francisco newspapers in 1892.

Until the spring of 1892, the local press made only occasional reference to undesirables among the Japanese in California and the rest of the nation as well. Had the charge of sexual depravity been systematically exploited at this early period in the arrival of Japanese in America, the public outcry could have been devastating, probably more so than the widely-publicized criticism of the picture bride system which came under public scrutiny after the turn of the century. The picture bride issue would later be used by the anti-Japanese movement to exaggerate the Japanese proclivity to procreate, thereby raising the specter of an eventual Japanese domination of the West Coast population.

Anti-Japanese Activities in San Francisco

Considering the fact that the later charges were so easily accepted by the public, one wonders why the 1892–1893 movement against Japanese immigration on the grounds of moral turpitude did not gain widespread support from an indignant citizenry. A public indictment of this type, coming less than a decade after the successful culmination of the anti-Chinese movement, could very well have brought an abrupt and early end to further Japanese immigration. Why was it that the 1892–1893 movement did not gather momentum, even with the support of a former key leader of the anti-Chinese movement like Denis Kearney?

One factor which cannot be minimized is that the Pacific Slope during these years was still in many respects the last frontier of the westward transcontinental movement. Many towns and villages were in keen competition for survival while others had already begun to transform themselves from former frontier outposts, immigration ports of entry, and gold rush camps, into more complex concentrations of diverse economic and social consolidation and expansion. Amidst this scene of bustling activity came the usual influx of elements which thrive on social dislocation and the absence of established customs and order. Thus the fact that an outcry was not raised against Japanese "undesirables" was due in part to the fact that similar activities were widespread and endemic to all sectors of the Pacific Slope population during these early years.

Furthermore, it has been seen that effective control of illegal activities was difficult, if not impossible, due to either the tacit approval or the overt involvement of many local officials. In many cases the desire to stamp out vice floundered because of the simple fact that local law enforcement officials lacked the time and manpower to cope effectively with the enormous problem.

Another factor was the persistence of the fond paternalism with which many Americans viewed the progress of the young nation which this country had opened some forty years earlier. The rapid pace of the Japanese nation's response to the Western impact had come in stark contrast to that of the Chinese, and Americans in particular were quick to claim that this was due to the fact that the Japanese were following the American example.

Furthermore, Japan had not yet demonstrated her military and naval strength or her desire to follow the example of Western imperialism. In 1892 the Japanese had not yet lashed out at China with the same tactics of naval guns and well-armed expeditionary troops which had earlier been employed by the Western Powers to slice up the Chinese melon, and the great shock of her victory over a major Western nation (Russia) was still more than a decade away.

The appearance of a few lower class laborers raised the specter of the earlier

Chinese coolie threat to white labor, but the actual numbers were still too few to convince the public that the Japanese posed a real threat to either the white laborer's livelihood or his society in general.[50] Thousands of Japanese were present in the Hawaiian Islands, eagerly awaiting an opportunity to secure higher wages and better opportunities on the mainland, but they would be held back until the dissolution of the contract labor system in 1894 and the American annexation of Hawaii in 1898.

The anti-Japanese campaign which was launched by the San Francisco press and embraced by former leaders of the anti-Chinese campaign such as Denis Kearney failed because it was premature. In 1892 the public image of the Japanese was still generally positive throughout the nation, and undecided at best in California. But on the Pacific Coast, the signs of change for the worst were unmistakable. The Yankee conquest and domination of California had created a racist environment long before the establishment of Japanese immigrant communities and as the Gold Rush passed its crest, this sentiment manifested itself in condescension or outright contempt towards all non-whites, whether they were Spanish-Mexican Californios and their Hispano cousins from the south, or the Chinese and other "Mongolians" from the western Pacific.

With the floodgates open to unrestricted transmigration of lower class farm laborers from Hawaii after the mid-1890's, and the growing interest of Japan in the acquisition of an overseas empire, the image of the Japanese communities throughout the Pacific Slope region would change drastically in the eyes of the white majority. The time was not yet ripe in 1892–1893, but the die was cast. And little more than a decade later, "answering the summons of different champions, much of California would harken to an almost identical call."[51]

With Theodore Roosevelt and John Muir in Yosemite

by William F. Kimes

On the morning of May 15, 1903, a *Special* pulled into the Railroad Station at Raymond, California, a community of less than five hundred. Raymond was at the end of a twenty mile spur of the Southern Pacific Railroad which was connected to the main line at Berenda. The principal business of the community was cattle, and the shipping of lumber from the several small sawmills of the nearby Sierra.[1]

The town that morning was crowded with buggies, wagons, saddle horses, cowpunchers, lumberjacks, miners and ranchers all in a festive mood. Aboard the *Special* was the first President of the United States who would visit the Yosemite Valley while serving in the White House—President Theodore Roosevelt.

The official party of the President included Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California; William Loeb Jr., private secretary to the President; Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University; Dr. Presley N. Rixey, surgeon general; George C. Pardee, governor of California; Secretary of the Navy William H. Moody, and John Muir.[2] It is not known how many of the press and California dignitaries were along.

The party was to depart for Yosemite in two eleven-passenger stages, each drawn by a team of four horses. Photographs show at least two vehicles: in the first one traveled the President and his official party; in the second one were four secret service men and other attendants.[3]

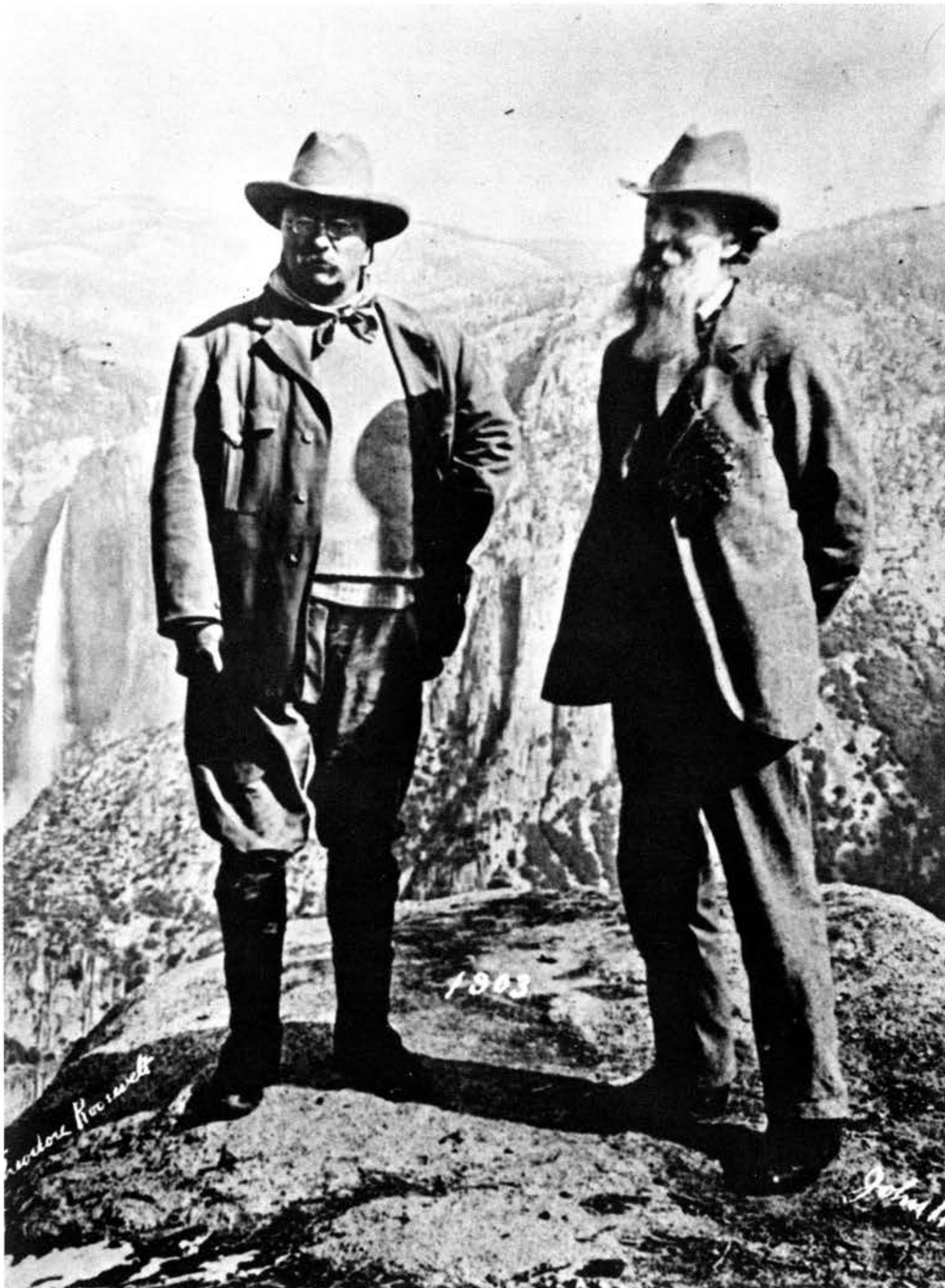
On hand to greet the President officially was a troop of thirty cavalrymen mounted on matched dapple-grays commanded by a Lieutenant Mays. This was the "crack" troop of the several units who patrolled the national parks during the summer months.[4]

The President had hoped that his visit to Yosemite would not be publicized so that he might enjoy a restful mountain trip. He was both surprised and amazed to find several hundred people on hand to greet him at 7:30 in the morning. The occasion called for some remarks. From the veranda of the Bowen Hotel Roosevelt, dressed in a Norfolk coat, baggy breeches, leather puttees and a large sombrero, stepped forward and began: "I did not realize that I was to meet you today, still less to address an audience such as this! and I had only come prepared to go into the Yosemite with John Muir, so I must ask you to excuse my costume. (From the audience came scattered cries of 'It is all right.') I have enjoyed so much seeing Southern California and San Francisco that I felt my trip would be incomplete if I did not get into your beautiful country and see the Yosemite."[5] After a few more similar statements, the President quickly brought his remarks to a close, and the party was off to the rattle of wagon wheels in a cloud of foothill dust.

Theodore Roosevelt had wanted to visit the Far West since becoming President upon the assassination of William McKinley, September 6, 1901. Having been born in the East and educated at Harvard, he hadn't had occasion to be on the West Coast. Not only did he want to see the sights, but he also felt strongly the need to begin building his political connections in that part of the country.

According to Robert Underwood Johnson, when Roosevelt mentioned he would like to camp out in Yosemite, Johnson advised him to have John Muir as his guide. Johnson had first met Roosevelt when the latter was serving in the New York legislature and Johnson was working for *Century Magazine*. The President knew Muir only by his writings, but was delighted with the idea. Johnson followed up his suggestion to the President by a letter to Muir: "Sept. 3, 1902. I have written to the President to tell him that I hope he will let you be his guide through the Yosemite when he comes to California this fall. I know you will be glad to do for him what you have done for so many other men of note, and I am particularly desirous that he should not fall into the hands of the Yosemite crowd. (signed) R. U. Johnson"[6] Thus, Johnson arranged that Muir should be the guide.[7]

William E. Colby, Oakland attorney and then secretary of the Sierra Club, states, however, that it was Dr. C. Hart Merriam, chief of the United States Biological Survey who was largely responsible for bringing the two men together. Merriam had been a friend and correspondent of Roosevelt's since



President Theodore Roosevelt and John Muir
at Glacier Point, morning of May 16, 1903

the latter's first published work on birds in 1877. Merriam had the distinction of having camped with both men at one time or another.[8]

A group of six letters in the Muir archives at the Stuart Library, University of Pacific, furnish quite conclusive evidence that it was Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California who was the person responsible for making the arrangements. As early as March 17, 1903, Wheeler had written Muir: "President Roosevelt during his visit in California will take four days to get a glimpse of the Yosemite region. I want him to get as much out of the days as possible. . . If arrangements can be made, will it be possible for you to be in the Yosemite from say May 15th to 20th? I write in order that you may not allow any other engagements to establish precedence."

Wheeler's invitation of March 17 came after Muir had received a letter from State Senator Chester Rowell of Fresno County dated March 10:

> From private advice from Washington I learn that President Roosevelt is desirous of taking a trip into the high Sierras [*sic*] during his visit to California, and has expressed a wish to go with you, practically alone . . .
>
> Now while I think that the President's ideas are more a matter of impulse than good judgment, I have complied with the request made to me by Senator Bard, and in this way confer with you about it.
>
> It is Senator Bard's request that the matter be in no way talked about or made public as he has acted upon a suggestion of the President, and has taken the responsibility to confer with you through me.[9]

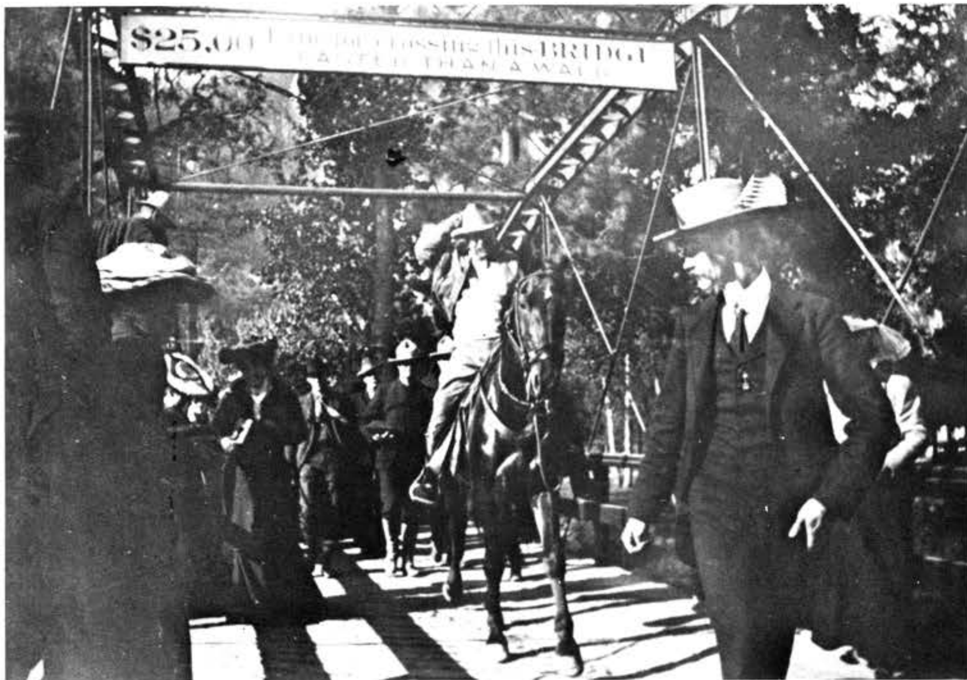
During this same week Muir received a letter from the White House dated March 14, 1903.

> My dear Mr. Muir: Through the courtesy of President Wheeler I have already been in communication with you, but I wish to write you personally to express the hope that you will be able to take me through Yosemite. I do not want anyone with me but you, and I want to drop politics absolutely for four days and just be out in the open with you. John Burroughs is probably going through Yellowstone Park with me, and I want to go with you through the Yosemite.
>
> Sincerely yours, (signed) Theodore Roosevelt.
>
> John Muir, Esq., Care of President Benj. Ide Wheeler
> University of California, Berkeley, Cal.

From the tenor of the letter which followed on March 21 from President Wheeler, it appears Muir had made it known he would be unable to serve as guide to the President due to a prior commitment of a round-the-world cruise. Wheeler wrote:

> What I telephoned you today I would like to repeat in written form. The opportunity of spending three or four days in the forests of the Yosemite with the President, who is the most enthusiastic lover of nature, I will warrant, you ever met, seems to me a thing which you surely ought not to let fail. I talked with the President some months ago about his outing in California and he decided

Roosevelt and Muir in Yosemite Valley, May 17, 1903
Following are packers Charles Leidig and Archie Leonard



Roosevelt crossing Sentinel Bridge, Yosemite Valley, May 17, 1903

that he wanted to have a look at the California forests and uplands, and to have it as a total release from the worries and flurries of official life. He has concluded that he would like to have you go with him alone. . . I hope you will not let the trip-around-the-world people deprive you of the pleasure I know you would have, and rob the President of the United States of his cherished plan.

We have planned that he with the rest of the company should go on with us to the Big Trees and at that point you and he should separate yourselves in the woods, rejoining us the following Monday.

Three days later Wheeler wrote Muir advising him that the President had telegraphed asking for the detailed plan of his trip in the Yosemite. "I have sent him an outline; I have not told him that you would not come, for I confidently believe it will be arranged all right; indeed, cannot be otherwise. The orderliness of nature will not allow so fit a plan to fail. . . Evidently the President does not want a crowd along; he may not want anybody besides yourself."

During the following three weeks several itineraries were suggested to Muir by Wheeler. It is not clear from the information available whether Muir had agreed at this time to be the guide; however, he was aiding in the preparations for the trip. From notes written by Muir on a letter received by him on April 7 from Wheeler's secretary laying out five plans, Muir scribbled that plan five was the best.

Muir's round-the-world traveling companion was Charles S. Sargent, director of the Arnold Arboretum, Harvard University. Sargent in a letter dated March 30 wrote: "Dear Muir: I have yours of the 23rd and merely write a line to tell you that I have got it and to confirm what I said in a letter a few days ago, that if you leave California with the President you will be here in plenty of time if you do not linger too long on the road. By all means you should make the trip with the President and I should postpone my journey if it was necessary for you to do it. Do not forget about getting the letters from him." The feelings between Sargent and the President were not of the most friendly, for Roosevelt had failed to keep him on the Federal Forestry Commission as chairman. However, Sargent saw in Muir's trip with the President an opportunity for Muir to seek the favor of securing letters of introduction to the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of China which would greatly facilitate their travels in those countries.

William E. Colby tells the story that when he learned of the invitation from the President for Muir to go as a guide and of Muir's hesitation in responding favorably, he immediately telephoned Muir and pointed out that an invitation from the President was a command. He also stressed that Muir could hope for no better opportunity to get in some telling blows for forest

Stages departing from Sell's Ahwahnee Tavern for Wawona
following the lunch stop

Roosevelt and his party at the Grizzly Giant, May 15, 1903
left to right: two Secret Service men, Presley N. Rixey (?),
Governor George C. Pardee, Roosevelt, William H. Moody (?), Muir,
Nicholas Murray Butler, William Loeb and Benjamin Ide Wheeler

protection. Muir had a great deal of respect for Colby's opinions; this telephone call could well have been the deciding factor.[10] By April 25 Muir had decided to go as guide for the President to the Yosemite for four days.

President Wheeler wrote to Muir on April 25: "I should be very glad if you would tell me what camp outfit, supplies, and stock you consider needful for your expedition with the President. The Washburn Brothers have offered the services of two mountaineers, Leonard and Leidig, whom they know for camp helpers. . . . I wish very much that you might find it possible to meet my Secretary, Mr. Henderson, in San Francisco some day and go with him to see Mr. A. S. Mann, of the Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco representatives of the Washburn Brothers, in order that all needful preparations might be consummated."[11]

The California Promotion Committee, feeling its importance, was eager to make the President available to every group imaginable. Even the press was commenting on the killing schedule that was being planned. One of the affairs was a speaking engagement at the Greek Theater on the University of California campus. A special platform guest ticket had been sent to Muir. He was too busy with the cherry crop and his writing to attend; however, he said to his younger daughter, Helen, who was seventeen: "Midge, why don't you go?" In relating the instance Helen said she wore her best starched white frock and a stylish wide brimmed straw hat. When she presented her father's invitation at the platform, the student usher refused to seat her knowing that there were to be no women on the stage. After Helen had made a slight scene, the head usher came over and ordered that Helen be seated in the chair reserved for Mr. Muir. More than fifty years later she recalled that she had felt "quite gay."[12]

On the afternoon of May 14 Muir attended to some business in San Francisco followed by supper with his friend, the artist William Keith. Muir then took the ferry over to the Oakland Mole where he found the President's *Special* on a siding. He climbed aboard, for it was now 10:00 o'clock and Muir's bedtime. Other than the porter there was no one in the pullman. The President and official party were at the Commonwealth Club where Roosevelt was the speaker. Muir asked to be shown to his berth. The porter politely advised him that it would not be proper to retire before the President did. Muir wasn't concerned about when the President would retire; it was his bedtime, he was sleepy and would go to bed. He made his point sufficiently to be shown his berth, and was sleeping soundly when the President and party arrived after 1:00 a. m. The *Special* wasted no time in arriving in Raymond by 7:30 the same morning.

The eight members of the presidential party were comfortably seated in

an eleven passenger vehicle. The President sat in the front seat beside the driver, Tom Gordon. Tom was recognized by all the mountain folk as the top teamster of the company.[13] Muir sat directly behind the President so that he could point out places of interest.

The first stop was made at Summit House in order to give the teams a short rest and the passengers an opportunity for a drink of water. A number of local people were waiting to see the President. He personally greeted everyone while having a cup of water from the well bucket. When the stage departed everyone made a dash for the cup. All wanted to drink out of the cup the President had used.[14]

Eleven miles beyond, the stages pulled into Sell's Ahwahnee Tavern which was the regular lunch stop. A considerable crowd had gathered on the porch. Behind the crowd and against the wall stood a hunch-back woman and her husband, too timid to step to the front where the stages would stop. When the stages rolled in the President jumped off and went across the porch past the people along the edge, directly to the timid couple. He extended his hand to the little hunch-back woman and said, "My name is Roosevelt." The woman was speechless! Her husband blurted out, "We are Danes." To this the President responded, "My best friend is a Dane." The fact that Mr. and Mrs. Neils Mose had been singled out by the President made a great impression on the Ahwahnee folk; the story has been told and retold down through the years.

It was customary at the Tavern for the men passengers to go to the back-porch to "wash up." On a long counter there were distributed crockery wash basins which were filled from a pitcher pump. To Mrs. Sell, President Roosevelt was just another passenger, a celebrity of course, but only one of many who traveled to Yosemite. The President was directed along with the rest of the passengers through the backdoor. According to legend the President splashed water vigorously with the rest of the party and thoroughly enjoyed himself.[15]

Following lunch the party left Ahwahnee and went directly to the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees traveling by way of Miami Saw Mill and Four Mile, the latter being close by the present Highway 41 Park entrance. After some preliminaries, such as picture taking at the Grizzly Giant, the President dismissed the mounted escort. He thanked them for their services and called out after them as they departed, "God bless you." This act also successfully dismissed the press and photographers who fully expected Roosevelt to come on to the Wawona Hotel where the first of several banquets was to be held with appropriate speeches of welcome and fitting entertainment.

For security reasons all the plans had been kept entirely secret. Without

Roosevelt and Muir aboard, the stages departed for the hotel. There were, however, in the area still some park employees. It was here that Rangers Charles Leidig and Archie Leonard took over, assisted by an army packer, Jacher Alder. They were well chosen, especially Charlie, who was the first white boy born in the Yosemite Valley where he had grown up and always worked.

As the President was preparing to pitch camp near a cool spring, not far from the Sunset Tree, he called for his "wahh bag," his valise containing his personal effects. A thorough search was made, but it was not to be found. When Roosevelt discovered that his "wahh bag" had been taken to the Wawona Hotel, according to a witness of the affair: "His jaws snapped together like a coyote and the flow of language made even the packers listen with admiring attention."[16] John Muir in relating the episode to William E. Colby commented that the President said to one of the drivers, "You go down to Wawona and bring back my baggage as quick as God will let you."[17] The driver singled out by the President was Sam Owens who had brought in the supplies for the party. Sam, who had the distinction of being able to smoke a pipe and chew tobacco at the same time said later: "and he didn't even look into it when he got it!"[18]

An official order dated May 13, 1903, from California Yosemite Park Commissioner J. C. Abilson was given to the U. S. Army commander in charge of the Park, Colonel Joseph Garrard of the Ninth Cavalry. It read as follows:

> My dear Colonel: The itinery [*sic*] of the visit of President Roosevelt to Yosemite Valley is as follows: Leave Raymond at 9:00, Lunch at Ahwahnee at 12:30 PM., Visit the Big Trees, Dinner at Wawona at 6:00. 6:30 AM. President and three guests accompanied by Leidig and Leonard (government rangers) leave on horseback (U.S. Cavalry) arrive Eleven Miles where a camp will have been made the day before by Lt. Fetch and Leidig. Strike camp 6:00 AM, reach Yosemite at 10:00 AM. President will then be shown his quarters in Jorgenson cottage which he is to occupy during his stay in Valley. His itinerary will include trips from Valley floor.
>
> I am pleased to inform you that Mr. Johnson, the steward of the Bohemian Club, San Francisco, will attend to the President's wants while in the Valley.[19]

The best authority for what actually took place on this three night camping trip is Ranger Charlie Leidig. About the first evening he relates:

> The President said to me, 'Leidig, please do not let anybody disturb me, because I am tired and want rest and sleep.' I did the cooking. We had fried chicken and beef-steak for supper that night. The President drank strong coffee and went to bed early. The only shelter provided for the President was a shelter-half under which about forty blankets were piled to serve as a bed. The President got just as deep into these as he wanted for warmth and comfort. Four mules were used to haul this equipment.[20]

The President's party at Mariposa Tunnel Tree, May 15, 1903

Roosevelt pays respects at the Thomas Hill Studio, Wawona
at left: Mrs. Washburn, daughter of Thomas Hill
at right: Lettie Hill, niece of Mrs. Washburn

It should be noted that the Secret Service men did not accompany the party on the camping trip, an unprecedented occurrence. Likewise there were none of the press along. This accounts for the conflicting reports that came out of the valley by reporters to their editors. Each had to file a news story, and this they did vividly describing country they had not visited, and events they only imagined.

About the second day Leidig continues:

> On May 16th we broke camp at Mariposa Grove and were on horses at 6:30 AM. The President directed me to 'outskirt and keep away from civilization.' I led the party down the Lightening Trail. We especially avoided approaching the Wawona Hotel for fear the President would be brought in contact with members of his own official party, which had remained for the night at Wawona. We had a cold lunch on the ridge east of Empire Meadows where we plowed through five feet of snow. The President mired down and I had to get a log to get him out. It was snowing hard and the wind was blowing.
>
> Muir proposed that we camp on the ridge back of Sentinel Dome. I suggested, however, that we travel down to Glacier Point where water and better camping conditions in May could be found, and this is where we camped. It snowed five inches during the night and everything was frozen in the morning. [Roosevelt reported four inches.]
>
> Around the campfire Roosevelt and Muir talked far into the night regarding Muir's glacial theory of the formation of Yosemite Valley. They also talked a great deal about the protection of forests in general and Yosemite in particular. I heard them discussing the setting aside of other areas in the United States for park purposes. There was some difficulty in their campfire conversation because both men wanted to do the talking.
>
> On the morning of May 17th we went down to Glacier Point for pictures that had been prearranged. [No less than five professional photographers were there. The official photograph was taken by Underwood and Underwood. It is probable that some of the press were also there as well as some of the official party who had come by stage from Wawona.]
>
> As we left Glacier Point the President rode in front ahead of me. Leonard, Muir and the army packer followed. We wore blue overalls, shaps and spurs. [Muir as usual wore a business suit complete with vest and heavy watchchain, and an old felt business hat.][21] Muir seemed to bother the President by picking twigs for the President's buttonhole.
>
> We went into Little Yosemite Valley for lunch. Here we encountered a considerable crowd of valley visitors, since it had been widely advertised in the papers that the President was visiting in the park. The President requested that all people be kept at a distance in order that he could carry out his desire for a 'roughing trip,' so everybody was kept at a respectful distance.
>
> When we reached Camp Curry at 2:00 PM we found a crowd of women in front of the camp. They had formed a line across the road in an attempt to stop the President. They all wanted to shake hands with him. I was riding second in line with a Winchester and a six-shooter. My horse was a high spirited animal. The President said, 'I am very annoyed. Couldn't you do something?'

I replied, 'Follow me.' I gave spurs to my horse and as he reared, women fell apart and we went through the gap, the President waving his hat to the group.

At the Sentinel Bridge, the guardian of the valley and some of the commissioners along with members of the Presidential party were there to meet him. The President dismounted, and I stood by his horse. The President was quite tired. The official party escorted him to Chris Jorgenson's studio where they all remained for about fifteen minutes. The President went in and looked at Jorgenson's paintings, and was served a glass of champagne. The President thanked the Jorgensons for their courtesy in offering their home and apologized for not accepting.

Accompanied by five or six members of his party, the President walked back across the Sentinel Bridge to his horse. Muir had accompanied the President to Jorgenson's studio. It was here that the President said to Benjamin Ide Wheeler, 'We slept in a snowstorm last night! This has been the grandest day of my life.'[22]

As the party was leaving for their campsite at Bridalveil Falls Meadow some youngster called out, "Hi Teddy." The President reined his horse and gave the disrespectful kid a severe reprimand. Mr. L. V. Degnan, who was a youngster then but away at school, tells that his mother always accused his younger brother, Chris who was thirteen, as being the culprit. Chris always stoutly denied the charge.[23]

Leidig continues regarding the remainder of the trip:

We mounted our horses and started down the valley to pick a campsite near Bridalveil Falls where Muir had suggested we spend the last night. As we left the bridge, the President saw little Ellen Boysen standing by her mother on the ground holding a flag. He reached down, picking her up under the pits of her arms and kissing her said, 'God bless you, you little angel' and put her down. He waved his party off and started down the valley. He ask me where Bridalveil Meadow was saying that Muir had suggested it as a camping place, and whether it was a fitting place?

We went down the south side of the river followed by a big string of people on horseback, in buggies, surreys, and others on foot. There must have been 300 or 500, or possibly 1,000 of them in the crowd filling Bridalveil Meadows. The President said, 'Leidig, those people annoy me. Can you get rid of them?' I walked out and told the crowd that the President was very tired and ask them to leave. They went, some of them even on tiptoe, so as not to annoy their President.

When I returned to the campsite the President said, 'Charlie, I am hungry as Hell. Cook any dam thing you wish. How long will it take?' I told him it would take about thirty minutes, so the President lay on his blankets and went to sleep. He snored so loud that I could hear him even above the cracking of the campfire.

After dinner, Muir and the President went out in the meadow until way after dark. When they returned they sat around the campfire where the President told us of his lion hunting trips and other exploits.

People came again in the morning. Crowds could be seen all through the brush. I kept them away. After breakfast the stage came down containing the President's official party. The President called Leonard and me to him and said, 'Boys, I am leaving you. Goodby, and God bless you.'

Many times during the trip the President demonstrated his great love for birds by whistling to them and they would answer him. He also knew most of them.

Just as soon as the Presidential party had departed Ranger Archie Leonard dived for the Presidential bed of blankets saying, 'I'm going to take a nap right where the President slept.'[24]

The return stage trip to Raymond from the Yosemite Valley on May 18 was important in itself. The driver, Tom Gordon, set a record for speed that was never equaled or surpassed in the years of horse-drawn vehicles. In ten hours driving time the party covered sixty-nine miles from Yosemite Valley to Raymond. The elapsed time was just short of twelve hours. The President took time at Hotel Wawona to pay his respects to the artist Thomas Hill, sign the register, and meet the assembled crowd.[25]

It is not certain where Muir left the Presidential party, probably at Lathrope, the nearest station where he could get a train to Muir Station. Roosevelt relates an interesting episode of this leave-taking:

We were saying good-by, when his expression suddenly changed, and he remarked that he had totally forgotten something. He was intending to go to the Old World with a great tree lover and tree expert from the Eastern States who possessed a somewhat crotchety temper. He informed me that his friend had written him, asking him to get from me personal letters to the Russian Czar and the Chinese Emperor; and when I explained to him that I could not give personal letters to foreign potentates he said: 'Oh, well, read the letter yourself, and that will explain just what I want.' Accordingly he thrust the letter to me. It contained not only the request which he had mentioned, but also a delicious preface, which, with the request, ran somewhat as follows: 'I hear Roosevelt is coming out to see you. He takes a sloppy unintelligent interest in forests, although he is altogether too much under the influence of that creature Pinchot, and you had better get from him letters to the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of China, so that we may have an opportunity to examine the forests and trees of the Old World.'

Of course I laughed heartily as I read the letter, and said: 'John, do you remember exactly the words in which this letter was couched?' Whereupon a look of startled surprise came over his face, and he said: 'Good gracious! there was something unpleasant about you in it, wasn't there? I had forgotten. Give me the letter back.'

So I gave him back the letter, telling him that I appreciated it far more than if it had not contained the phrases he had forgotten, and that while I could not give him and his companion letters to the two rulers in question, I would give him letters to our ambassadors which would bring about the same results.[26]

The President was prompt in fulfilling his promise. On May 19th writing from Sacramento he said:

> My dear Mr. Muir: I enclose the three letters. I trust I need not tell you, my dear sir, how happy were the three days in the Yosemite I owed to you, and how greatly I appreciated them. I shall never forget our three camps; the first in the solemn temple of the giant sequoias; the next in the snow storm among the silver firs near the brink of the cliff; and the third on the floor of the Yosemite, in the open valley fronting the stupendous rocky mass of El Capitan, with the falls thundering in the distance on either hand. Good luck go with you always. Faithfully yours [signed] Theodore Roosevelt.
> John Muir, Esq., Care of Charles S. Sargent
> Jamaica Plain, Mass. Enclosures.

One of the enclosures read:

> Sacramento, Cal., May 19, 1903.
>
> To Whom it May Concern, and especially to all Diplomatic, Consular, Naval and Military Representatives of the United States abroad:
>
> This will introduce Mr. John Muir and Mr. Charles S. Sargent, American men of science, to whom I personally desire that all possible courtesy be shown and every aid rendered during their sojourn abroad. Whatever may be done for them I shall regard as a favor to me. [signed] Theodore Roosevelt.[27]

Muir had also enjoyed his experience. In a letter to his wife he wrote: "I had a perfectly glorious time with the President and the mountains. I never had a more interesting, hearty, and manly companion." In a letter to Dr. C. Hart Merriam he commented: "I stuffed him pretty well regarding the timber thieves, the destructive work of the lumberman, and other spoilers of the forest."[28]

It is quite evident that Muir had made some "telling blows for the forests" by remarks made by the President speaking to an audience from the steps of the State Capitol in Sacramento on the 19th of May. In fact there is no better synthesis of Muir's philosophy of forest protection than that found in Roosevelt's remarks:

> I have just come from four days' rest in the Yosemite, and I wish to say one word to you here in the capital of California about certain of your great natural resources, your forests and the water supply coming from the streams that find their sources among the forests of the mountains.
>
> California possesses a wonderful climate, a wonderful soil, and throughout the portions I have visited it is literally astounding to see how the land yields a hundred and a thousand fold when water is put upon it. And where it is possible to irrigate the land the result is, of course, far better than having to depend upon rainfall anywhere, but no small part of the prosperity of California in the hotter and drier agricultural regions depends upon the preservation of her water supply; and the water supply cannot be preserved unless the forests are preserved. (Applause.) As regards some of the trees, I want them preserved

because they are the only things of their kind in the world. Lying out at night under those Sequoias was lying in a temple built by no hand of man, a temple grander than any human architect could by any possibility build, and I hope for the preservation of the groves of giant trees simply because it would be a shame to our civilization to let them disappear. They are monuments in themselves. I ask for the preservation of the other forests on grounds of wise and far-sighted economic policy. I do not ask that the lumbering be stopped at all. On the contrary, I ask that the forests be kept for use in lumbering, only that they be used that not only shall we here, this generation, get the benefit for the next few years, but that our children and our children's children shall get the benefit. In California I am impressed by the immensely greater greatness that lies in the future, and I ask that your marvelous natural resources be handed on unimpaired to your posterity. (Applause.) We are not building this country of ours for a day. It is to last through the ages.[29]

How effectively Muir "stuffed" the President is evident in the subsequent actions taken by Roosevelt for the preservation of natural resources and scenic wonders. "Before the end of his term, President Roosevelt had assisted in adding 148 million acres to the forest reserves, created sixteen national monuments, and used his influence in the establishing of five national parks,"[30] a grand total of 234 million acres of land withdrawn from private entry to be managed for the benefit of the American people.

It was on this trip that Muir convinced the President of the great desirability of having California turn back to the United States the jurisdiction and control of the Yosemite Valley and the Big Trees. How this worked is evidenced by a letter the President wrote to Senator George C. Perkins of California, June 6, 1905: "It would be a real misfortune if either from indifference or because of paying heed to selfish interests, the Congress adjourned without accepting the munificent gift of California."[31] A few days later the senator got the bill out of committee where it had been delayed for months. The bill was then readily passed by the Senate and signed by the President on June 11, 1906.

A perceptive evaluation of the trip taken by the two men is that of Richard J. Hartesveldt, ranger-naturalist in Yosemite:

The amount that John Muir influenced Teddy Roosevelt's subsequent courageous action in behalf of the public is as intangible as is the value of Yosemite scenery. Few will deny that the value was great. The people of the United States will long reap the benefits of a program which was strongly encouraged around the campfires in Yosemite National Park."[32]

From the perspective of our decade, colossal were the achievements of this Yosemite camping trip, all because John Muir reluctantly delayed his cruise around the world to be a guide for the President of the United States.

Idah Meacham Strobridge
First Woman of Nevada Letters

by Anthony Amaral

Literary interpretations of Nevada are as sparse as the land itself is abundant in sagebrush. By interpretations I mean a literature that conveys with deep feeling and perspective expression a sense of place, mood, and tempo of living.

Although other definitions of regional literature abound, regional writing that lasts is characterized first by its feeling. The prose might read like poetry because of the writer's ability to translate an individual meaning to the land, its history and legends, and the people. The perspective is not muddled with prosaic descriptions or an emphasis about a pantheistic land of clear skies and eternal blossoms. Neither does forthright regional literature confuse a region's local significance for unique values. Without perspective the writer will have no difficulty outliving his own writing.

But the capable writer might be overlooked, as is Idah Meacham Strobridge, now dead over forty years. Her three books, *In Miner's Mirage Land* (1904), *Loom of the Desert* (1907) and *Land of Purple Shadows* (1909), all privately printed in limited editions, do not merely contain stories and reminiscences told within a regional setting, Idah Strobridge cast away flimsy observations and presented vivid and graphic impressions of the northern Nevada country.

Her writings, as her own life, reflect varying attitudes to the Nevada desert. She knew the desert when it was still sinister and vivid in the memories of people who recalled the toll it had taken of the emigrants and animals

along the Overland Trail. The other world of the desert she saw or, more adequately, felt as a place of awe and reverence for mind and body.

Mrs. Strobridge wrote of one of the loneliest parts of Nevada—Humboldt County in the northern part of the state. Her first book, *In Miner's Mirage Land,* appeared one year after Mary Austin's classic, *Land of Little Rain,* and was somewhat similar. But Idah Strobridge may have been the first to write of desert landscapes in ecstatic moods as some parts of her book were reprinted from the Los Angeles *Times* and San Francisco *Chronicle.*

What she wrote about she had seen through long tenure of living in the desert during the late 1860s to the turn of the century. Even more, she deeply felt what she had seen: the desperation of emigrants facing the most miserable part of their trek to California in the barren face of Forty Mile Desert or Black Rock Desert; the fruitless wanderings of prospectors in the hills; and Chinese and Indians living as second-place people in the egocentricity of the white man's ways.

Her people are in conflicts, culturally or with the land. Out of the mixture she finds folk tales, and strange behaviors; the recluse and the gregarious. All affect the land in their struggles and in turn are affected by the land. These elements she sensed as the living sap which a land must be soaked with to make the essence of literature. Then, of course, this essence needed a literary sympathizer to give meaning and emotional expression.

When finally impelled to write, Idah Strobridge realized almost at the outset that true sympathy is a harmonious cycle and that her work needed another dimension—a sympathetic reader. She writes in *In Miner's Mirage Land:*

> How can one convey meaning to another in a language which the other does not understand? I can only tell you the Charm of the Desert when you, too, have learned to love it. And then there will be no need for me to speak . . . . . . To those who know the Desert's heart . . . speech is not needed . . . and the Desert speaks to them through her silence . . .

She knew also that what she felt for the desert was not for all to feel in the same intensity. Moods, like the human face, are never exactly alike. And for some, the desert would always be "a gray waste of sand and sagebrush, lying in pitiful loneliness under a gray sky . . ."

The initiated, as she implies, needed no encouragement. They would explore the desert by the momentum of their own inquisitiveness. Those only somewhat enthralled and who preferred to stand at a town's edge and admire the desert, she encouraged to go out and to give themselves to the allure and silence that is the desert. She repeats this plea virtually as a fetish, since only her deep sensitivity to the desert and her fascination for its desolation could indicate to her the difficulty of transcribing the desert's wonders as she knew

Idah Meacham Strobridge

them. In *Land of Purple Shadows,* her last book, she finally arrives at an analogy which leaves little else for her to say:

> At various times—in various places; in many moods, and in different mediums, are the studies and sketches made, which the painter brings back to the studio . . . Mere suggestions and rough outlines are they—first impressions . . . Not for the galleries did he make them, nor for the careless. But the folio is open to those who will understand; those who in the incomplete sketch, the half-finished study, see the Truth. Even as the painter shows you such, so, too, are put before you these studies of the West—this land of golden sunlight and purple shadows . . .

Not all of her writing about the desert follows a mystic vein. She wrote of lost mines, desert animals and about people. Her best accounts were about prospectors. But she was particular. She didn't care about those prospectors who came to the land, made their riches, and then departed to find their particular happiness in San Francisco, New York, or Paris. She was intrigued by those desert wanderers who wore out their lives in search of what she calls the *rainbow gold*—a bonanza or a lost mine. Prospectors were her favorite people; and . . .

> By campfire smoke, or in the dim light of sod cabins, I have sat in that silence the Desert teaches you, and have listened as they talked, and believed as I listened. Yes, even believed; as you, too will believe if you hear from their own lips the fables that seem so true during the hour you are under the storyteller's charm . . .

Still, their story-charm never lessened her perspective of the prospectors. While she could sit and be enthralled, she saw beyond their stories, and apparently, into the ticking of their souls:

> The faith of the old prospector! There is no other such blind faith in the world . . . Even if the fairy stories of the fabulous lost mines are true, and they should, someday, find each his own treasure, I doubt if the end of the search would bring joy. To have money in the Desert, makes little change in one's way of living. And to go to the cities! They are alien to all the cities would give. So, the joy of life, for them, lies in the search for—not in the finding of gold.

Often the same theme is reiterated by Idah, but always in a fresh glimmering. In her story about the Lost Blue Bucket Mine, she repeats the idea of the prospector's wanderlust in search of gold:

> . . . The years wax and wane; but time does not lessen their faith. Always and always there will be those who go up and down the length of the Desert land seeking the mines that are myths; serving the Sorceress of the sand wastes until the day shall come when they lie down to rest on the old Overland Trail, where the bones of those who broke the way were buried in the long ago . . .

The final end of all desert rats (as she beautifully describes in a story called, *Old Man Berry*) is very much the same:

> All the years of his life the old prospector gives the Desert his best and his all—gives hope, and joy, and love, even as he gave youth. He gives his very soul; then, finally, he commits his body to the Desert's keeping—to sleep there in everlasting silence. Cruel? Nay, the Desert is kind; for in death the body rests where the heart found its joy in life. What lover could ask more?

Idah's story people and their reactions to an environment strongly portray the Nevada desert region. But symbolically, her characters are beyond strict regionalism. They might have appeared anywhere in the American west where solitude was often the rule and a governing force in great expanses of a silent and a stubbornly unyielding land.

Contrary to some opinions which claim regional writing is best written by those who were born in the region they write about, Idah was a transplant from California, but tempered at an early age by the Nevada desert. She fits perfectly the requirements for a regional writer given by Lawrence Clark Powell, bookman and former librarian at UCLA;

> It does not require being a native son or long resident to write truly about a place. What is required is a writer's ability to root, to send down (and up) his sources of nourishment and strength . . .

Idah's writings of Nevada carry the vitality Powell suggests. Her story, "The Quest of Old Man Berry," from *In Miner's Mirage Land,* is typical of her close-up description which does not lose sight of the panorama.

> Take up your map of the Western States. There, where the great Oregon lava flow laps over the State line of Nevada, in the northwestern corner, lies the Black Rock country. Out there in that sweep of gray sand and sage-levels, and grim heights—the scaling of which—taxes the soul sorely, I found him—the typical prospector, "Old Man Berry," or "Uncle Berry," they called him. Over eighty years old he was, and for more than fifty years of his life led by the lure of a mirage.
>
> All day I have been traveling over alkali flats and greasewood covered mesas, to reach—in late afternoon—the upper tablelands. They were dotted with mountain mahogany, and slashed with cañons, and quite dark when we stopped at the ranch house doorway, through which the lamplight streamed—the friendliest sight a Desert wayfarer ever meets up with.
>
> We had come upon one of those small ranches that are tucked away in the heights, where old prospectors are sure to drift to, when not in the mountains with poll-pick and hammer, as though they—like the ranchman's collie or the cat curled up on the bunk—were among the assets of the place.
>
> He was tall and spare—gaunt, you would have called him; and you would have noticed at once how bowed he was. But not as other old men on whom age has rested a heavy hand. It was the head, not the back, that was bowed—as

> though he had walked long years, and far, with his eyes upon the ground. When he lifted them quickly—looking directly into your own—you found they were bright and piercing, with keenness that belonged to a man forty years his junior; and you felt that his sight reached away beyond—to things not of your reckoning . . .

Although Idah Meacham Strobridge displayed a subtle touch for the pulse of Nevada, she was born in Moraga Valley, Contra Costa County, California, on June 9, 1855. Her father was George W. Meacham, born in New Jersey. He worked in the California gold fields in the 1850s, but after three years was only slightly ahead of a shifting balance of successes and failures. He returned to New Jersey and married a childhood friend, Phoebe Craiger. But she refused to go with him to California. After six months of marriage, he returned to California alone. Upon his arrival, Meacham learned that his partner had sold their mining interests and had disappeared. Shortly after informing his wife of the recent event she decided to join him in California.

In Contra Costa County, Meacham went into ranching. Shortly after, Idah was born. When she was about eight years old, in 1863, the family moved to Humboldt County, Nevada, and Meacham became one of the pioneer stockmen. Nevada was still a territory, and the Promontory Point epic a few years in the future. The family lived close by the Overland Trail to California in Humboldt City.

In those impressionable years, Idah watched the emigrants passing through and liked to ride out into the desert to visit with them. Often, she rode just to be alone in the desert and seemingly to wonder about it all. Like Emerson, she was to believe, "Nature never wears a mean appearance." Yet she knew the desert to be harsh and a difficult challenge to those who settled on the land. Her writings do not deny this.

By the late 1860s the Central Pacific Railroad had established a station stop called Humboldt House, about two miles from Humboldt City. During the 1870s it was operated by Idah's father, along with a partner. By this time, Idah had attended Mills Seminary, Oakland, California, from 1871–1873. Facts are vague, but she may have returned to live with her parents for the next decade. By 1884, she had married Samuel Strobridge in San Francisco and later lived in Oakland. Three sons were born, all dying in infancy. This was the beginning of a series of tragedies. Four years after their marriage, her husband died. Shortly after this, her father's cattle herd was virtually wiped away by the severe winter of '88–'89. Her parents joined her shortly after in Oakland.

Again, facts are hazy. Idah did return to Humboldt County because by 1896, she was writing short stories and poetry for *Nevada Magazine*, some California newspapers, and *Land of Sunshine*, edited by Charles Lummis.

Later, she wrote for *Sports Afield* and *Munsey's*. Her very early writing carried the pseudonym of George Craiger, a combination of her parents' names.

Along with her writing she raised cattle and worked a gold mine called the Great West Gold Mine. An account in the Lovelock *Tribune* (c. 1901) of mining in that region reported some "very rich quartz having been taken from the mine and promises a fortune for its owner . . ."

An unusual hobby of hers was bookbinding which she conducted in the attic of the ranch house. Lummis, in an editorial comment in *Land of Sunshine*, wrote: "A commercial-bound book looks cheap beside her staunch and honest and tasteful bindings; and when I have a book that merits to endure longer than the commercial binds can make it, off it goes to Humboldt—and never in vain."

Spaced between her varied activities, Idah managed to take horseback rides into the desert and to visit with those who lived in cabins or in an outdoor camp. She came to know a number of prospectors, Indians, and cowboys and listened avidly to their stories. She also liked to ride along the old wagon trails where the emigrants had passed. On the Black Rock Desert broken and sun-dried wagon wheels, animal bones, and household furniture abandoned by the emigrants to lighten their wagons had a profound effect upon her. Moody from her own tragedies, the mere indications of misfortunes were deeply felt by her:

> So, if you will do as I have done—in the saddle—ride over mile after mile of the old emigrant road where it winds in and out among the gullies along the foothills, or where it dips farther down into the lowlands, or as it trails along the mesa, or stretches out straight across the hard, alkali flats; or where it follows the banks of the muddy Humboldt, crossing and recrossing the bends where the old fords are, you will surely chance upon some long neglected mounds which tell their silent stories of the sufferings and privations of those whose names must forever remain unknown. Sometimes a roughly-lettered board was placed at the head, but oftener it was "a grave without tombstone or token."
>
> Forgotten and neglected graves of the Desert! For more than fifty years they have been part of that vast silence; visited only by the snows of winter or the rays of the burning summer sun. No one comes to mourn them. No one comes to lay flowers on their head . . .

The great dangers of the desert, Idah indicates, were never to be doubted. It was an enemy to the emigrants who fought every desolate mile through Nevada and their final suffering before the rewards of California's pleasant valleys were claimed. In spite of the havoc the Nevada desert had wrought on the emigrants, the cause was not so much the desert as it was the lack of its understanding by the emigrants. Mirages—misty shapes that lured emigrants to unknown destruction she well imagined:

> Away back in the old days when the slow-moving ox team dragged its weary way, foot by foot, over the alkali flats and the long stretches of sun-baked soil, where the only growth was the gray sage and the greasewood—away back in those far days—the mirage, that Loreli of the Desert, was there to lure men on to their destruction.
>
> Great lakes of shining water, where little waves ran up to lap the shore; wide fields of clover and bluegrass, that looked so green and cool under the burning sun; forests which reached miles away in a tangle of vine and tree—those were the visions that the Siren of the Dry Lakes showed to the water-starved emigrant of old, and—beckoning—led him on and on, in the pursuit of the unreal, until the picture grew fainter and fainter, and at last down the diminishing perspective of the vision—as he looked—he saw it fade away. The grassy fields where the oxen might have fed, the sparkling waters at which they might have drunk, the broad-leafed shade under which man and beast might have found refreshing rest, were gone! A tantalizing glimpse of Paradise in the great and awful desolation of those Desert days.
>
> Many a poor traveler, led far astray by following the ever-calling, ever-retreating enchantress, has laid down at last to die alone in that vast waste, where his bones must bleach in the sun, and his dust must become the sport of the winds of the Desert.

Typically she bridges some of her topics from the purely subjective to the descriptive real. Thus, when she speaks again of mirages she says:

> It is apt to make the shivers run up one's spine to see a harmless looking brush, of a sudden, metamorphose itself into a tall man, and see the man come striding toward you with a long, swinging step; and then—while you are still intently gazing, and wondering where he could have sprung from on that barren Desert bit—as suddenly discover that he is walking away from you—and backwards at that . . .
>
> The mirage is, in very truth, a part of the Desert itself—just as the sagebrush, and the coyote, and the little horned toads, and the sandstorms are part. To those who know the Desert-land, the picture would be incomplete without them . . .

About 1903, shortly after Idah was finding a wider acceptance of her work, she left Humboldt County and moved to Los Angeles. She built a house in an area which then was a center for artists and writers. Charles Lummis lived close-by, as did Mary Austin and Will Levington.

From here she issued her books and continued her bindery and the residence was known as the *Sign of the Sagebrush.* Her books were issued in limited editions of about 1,000 copies. Some were covered in wrappers, 8vo, and sold for $1.75. For $6.75, she covered the books in three-quarter morocco, and in full morocco for $10.00. In these full-leather copies the chapter heads of simple vignettes were hand colored. Each book was numbered and autographed in a bold, free-moving handwriting.

An unusual practice was her use of a binder's colophon, which she also

autographed. Her bindings won her a silver medal, the highest award, at the California State Fair in 1908, and a gold medal at the Alaskan-Yukon Fair in 1909. Artists Maynard Dixon and Duncan Gleason exhibit their early efforts as illustrators in her books.

Presumably Idah never did return to Humboldt County after her move to Los Angeles. Often in her stories she pined to go back to the desert where she preferred . . . "alkali in my nostrils, and to smell the smoke from a greasewood campfire . . ." It may well be that Idah Strobridge needed the "alkali" and the "smoke," and to be close to the Nevada desert in order to write about it. For the years following her departure from Humboldt seem to drain her creative energies, and her later writings are mediocre.

After the publication of her third book, she apparently ceased writing. She became active in genealogical studies and continued her bookbinding craft until her death in 1932.

Copies of Idah Strobridge's books are rarely listed in booksellers' catalogues. *In Miner's Mirage Land* and parts of her other two books *(Loom of the Desert* and *Land of Purple Shadows)* are deserving of new consideration by a publisher. While many readers will delight in her personal style, Nevadans in particular will find a dimension in her writing that matches the land she felt should be set aside for "Silence, and Space and the Great Winds." Humboldt County is still all this. Hawks soar on wind currents, cattle graze on unfenced ranges, and men still poke into the brown hills for rainbow gold. Idah Strobridge's books have as much of an essence of the present as they do of the past.

The Legacy from Frontier Sports

by W. H. Hutchinson

For the nuclear pioneer on the cutting edge of the frontier, sports were anodynes against the boredom of unending physical toil and against gnawing doubts about the future; they often made a last resort against sheer desperation. Very few lacked the human competitiveness that so befitted the frontier. One such was the bull-and-bear fight of Hispanic California that allegedly provided Horace Greeley with the symbols he applied to the embattled denizens of Wall Street. There were dog fights, by arrangement after the English fashion or through chance encounters that often involved the combatants' owners, and there were cock-fights that sired the jingle:

> Somethings is square and somethings is round,
> But little game cocks ain't sold by the pound;
> They're weighed by their sand and their pluck and their grit,
> And the number of dead that they leave in the pit.

Horse racing began virtually with the frontier. From these early colonial races, the term "quarter horse" worked its way into the frontier's language and thence to prominence in the light-horse cult of today's affluent society. Then as now, the owner, rider, bettor and spectator found an expansion and an extension of self through competitive horseflesh.

Wagers were won and lost on virtually every event the frontier called sport, which is not surprising because the frontier was the greatest gamble of them all. "Homesteading means the government bets you a quarter-section of land that you'll starve to death before you prove up on it." Games of chance, perhaps even more than women and whiskey, epitomized the masculine frontier from the Fall Line to Land's End, from the Bay of Mexico to Milk River and beyond.

One frontier sport was an unmodified survival skill; the marksmanship that in life often meant the difference between life and death, between meat on the fire and mocassin soup. National and international associations keep marksmanship alive today, while the survival skill of hunting still is practised, albeit more for emotional release or spiritual refreshment in uncluttered country than for sustenance. Wildlife management has made recreational hunting available to an ever-increasing population. Whether fishing ever was a frontier sport is moot; that it was a sustenance skill is not. Even as today's hunting, recreational fishing depends upon resource management, as attested by a convoy of fishermen-bearing vehicles following a tank truck of "catchables" to note their planting spots.

Fishing inevitably calls attention to another frontier diversion, the telling of the tall "tall tale." The legends of Paul Bunyan, for example, be they folklore today or media fakelore, had their genesis in this frontier art form, and this art form was rooted solidly in the inescapable fact that the frontier itself was hyperbole compounded. The man who could spin a bigger "windy" than his fellows was esteemed for his social utility, as was the man who could "sing down" his fellows by the extent of his repertoire, not the excellence of his voice. The practical joke, the quintessence of boyish animality, was a favorite frontier trick because, as C. M. Russell noted tersely, "Laugh kills lonesome."

The preceding examples highlight the basic fact that most of the frontier's sports were but harder work in the guise of play, and that they were the products of an isolated, self-reliant, socially independent and strenuously competitive society. The agricultural frontier, which was the major segment of our entire frontier experience, produced plowing contests and team-pulling contests. Its exigencies forced the hard-twisted frontier individualists, male and female alike, into cooperative work-play contests. There were haying bees with scythe-and-cradle, where the womenfolk did the raking; there were threshing bees and flax-scutching bees and husking bees, whereat the few, red-kernelled ears gave their finders certain "bussing" perquisites, and there were quilting bees that made a feminine oasis in a predominantly masculine society. There were house-raisings, with the "warming" as the climax; there were barn-raisings, with dancing on the rough, new-laid floor all redolent of fresh-worked wood, and the noisy "shivaree" was an integral part of frontier weddings, a contest to keep the newlywed from bed as long as possible. We still retain some essence of these existential frontier diversions, wherein each strove to show distinctive and separate individual prowess but bent that prowess to a common end, in baseball, the once national pasttime.

The lumber camps produced birling [*log rolling*] contests and sawing and

chopping contests in other examples of occupational skills transformed into relaxations. Rock-drilling contests against time and blocks of special granite gave the aristocrats of the hard-rock camps a chance to demonstrate their expertise in daily tasks before a knowledgeable audience. The necessities of winter travel brought skiis to the higher reaches of California's Mother Lode, and competitive events, using "snow skates" ten feet and more in length, had their American inception there during the 1850s.

Mechanization, industrialization, and creeping urbanization have obliterated the frontier's play-contests born of work in every instance save one. This exception comes from the frontier's last reflex spasm, which was the brief heyday of the unfenced, free-range cattle industry. This industry's methodology, its horse hardware, the habiliments of its practitioners, its most suitable use of an oceanic expanse of grasslands, all had their origins in the Hispanic pastoral frontier's slow northward advance into those semi-arid lands where "the Mariner's Star once singed the nose of Coronado." The very word *rodeo,* long since transformed into variants of "rodey-oh," supports this premise.

This last frontier produced the last clearly original frontier type—the cowboy—to be moulded by the land in which he worked and the work that he did. This work revolved around two of man's most useful and unpredictable animals; it entailed long sun-baked and saddle-warped hours of monotony, spiced by moments of sheer skill and bright danger, for meager wages and uninspired provender. The skilled work the cowboy did today is seen in stylized form at least once annually in forty-two states and four Canadian provinces by more than eleven million paying customers under the name of Rodeo or Round-Up or Stampede or Frontier Days, or whatever other name has the power to stir the memory embers of a vanished past in those who never knew it.

Whether on round-up or trail drive, there was the natural rivalry to determine which one man was the best rider, the best roper, the real "top hand," in the outfit. When two of these work groups came together, there was the same rivalry to see which had the best in the basic skills, including cooks who could and would "fry anything once," as well as which one had "broncs" that only their outfit could ride. From these impromptu contests came the spectacle and competitive sport called Rodeo today.

Writing home from Santa Fe, N.M. in 1847, the Irish romantic and revolutionary Mayne Reid mentioned one such competition. At Deer Trail, Colorado in 1869, two outfits met and bet on their respective bucking horses and riders; it is believed that a transplanted Englishman won the contest. At Cheyenne, Wyoming in 1872, the citizenry was treated to a steer-riding exhibition by men "just off the trail" who probably had imbibed too much of the local

popskull. At Pecos, Texas in 1883, a contest was held between representatives of the surrounding ranches to determine the best in riding and roping; the livestock was penned in the Courthouse yard and the main street made the arena.

The first "commercial" cowboy contest, meaning that admission was charged, probably was held at Prescott, Arizona on July 4, 1888. This distinction still occasions dispute between Prescott, where its Frontier Days still highlights the July Fourth doings, and Cheyenne, which claims that its own Frontier Days, dating at least from 1897, is "The Daddy of 'Em All." Parenthetically, it might be noted that a commercial cowboy contest allegedly was held at Lander, Wyoming in 1893. In 1893 as well, an informal roping contest was held at Calgary, Alberta, where the first truly big purse, $20,000, was offered contestants in 1912, the birth of today's famous Calgary Stampede. Between Cheyenne and Calgary, the Pendleton, Oregon Round-Up began in 1910 and in 1911 the California Rodeo at Salinas began to preserve more of the Hispanic roping tradition than did the others. Calgary, Cheyenne, Pendleton and Salinas today are the "outdoor classics" of the rodeo circuit; the great indoor rodeos today are held in Houston, Denver, Fort Worth, San Antonio and San Francisco, making rodeo a year'round sport for spectators and competitors alike.

In its beginnings, and still today in many cases, a commercial rodeo was organized and underwritten by community volunteers to provide a break in the sameness of smalltown life, while aiding worthy civic and charitable causes, including increasing the cash flow of their respective communities. In these beginnings, rodeo had a limited, because local, appeal for both audiences and competitors. Its expansion beyond these provincial beginnings seems due largely to forces at work elsewhere in the nation.

The dime novel began the popularization of a mythic West concurrently with the rise of the open-range cattle industry, building upon what Fenimore Cooper had created. Then came the buckskin extravaganzas of William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody in 1883, and a host of "Bill shows" that imitated his, to give immediacy and personal identification to the mythology and iconography the "yellowbacks" had created. A literary upgrading occurred in the 1890's in such prestigious eastern magazines as *Harper's, Scribner's* and *Century,* with illustrations by Russell, Remington, and others. Then came the "thud-and-blunder" genre, heralded by *The Virginian* and fixed by the outpourings of Zane Grey. At the same time, the nation began its addiction to "horse opera" with the celluloid antics of "Broncho Billy" Anderson that still persists in television. Added to these influences must be that of President Theodore Roosevelt and the Rough Rider image, as well as the rise of the

"dude ranch" after WW I with attendant advertising by railroads intent upon generating profitable tourist traffic to and from the romantic West.

The background of awareness these created explains why rodeo went east in 1916, with the New York Stampede being held at Sheepshead Bay Speedway. For many years, the annual Madison Square Garden Rodeo climaxed the yearly circuit, and even the Boston Garden was not immune to rodeo's appeal. Today's rodeo competitors are just as apt to come from the cis-Mississippi region as they are from the states where the sport began. In 1924, John Van "Tex" Austin took rodeo to England, where Buffalo Bill had been long before, and contingents of American and Canadian contestants twice visited Down Under during the 1930's to compete with Australian "jackeroos" in "buckjumping" contests and other "bushmen" contests involving livestock. In 1942, an American rodeo troupe, complete with livestock, visited Caracas, Venezuela and an American rodeo attracted visitors to the 1958 World's Fair in Brussels, Belgium. During WW II, there were impromptu rodeos wherever in the world American servicemen could find the time and livestock to make them possible. No long-range carryover from these contests has been observed and rodeo remains uniquely American.

It is unique as well among major American sports in that it never has had a major scandal; in the fact that it is the only sport wherein the participant pays to compete; in the sharing of money, food, transportation and information by and among its participants, and in the fact that the governing body of its professional competitors, the Rodeo Cowboys Association, serves without compensation. It was and it remains the most individualistic of *all* American sports; a fact that "Big Bill" Haywood learned at the turn of the century when he failed miserably to organize a "Range Riders and Broncho Busters" division of the Western Federation of Miners.

Today's rodeo includes events derived directly from the working tasks of the open range—various roping events and saddle bronc riding. In rodeo's beginnings, a saddle bronc rider rode until he was "throwed" or until the horse was "bucked out." Today he rides a timed eight or ten seconds, depending upon the size of the arena. Today, as in the past, the old rhyming truism comes unbidden with every bucking event:

> Never a horse that couldn't be rode,
> That's what the old folks say.
> And never a rider couldn't be throwed.
> I find's it just that way.

Other rodeo events evolved in part from rangeland tasks. Bareback bronc riding was a natural outgrowth of rangeland emergencies and youthful learning experiences. Steer wrestling, using the animal's horns for leverage, became

a rodeo event at Pendleton in 1911; it evolved from and long was called "bulldogging," which had its genesis on a ranch near Rockdale, Texas in 1903 where Bill Pickett, a working rider more Choctaw than black or white, developed the technique of bringing down recalcitrant animals by biting them in the lips. Steer riding did not become a rodeo event until 1912, although every ranch boy and many a girl tried riding the milk-pen calves when "Paw" was not around; cross-bred Brahman bulls were used for the first time in 1922 and bull riding became such a crowd pleaser that today it makes the last and climactic event on any rodeo program.

Combinations of riding and roping events constitute a rodeo and there were 547 such approved by the Rodeo Cowboys Association during 1970, including the National Finals Rodeo which is the World's Series and Super Bowl combined for the professional contestants. Not one fatality was recorded in these rodeos, although broken bones and assorted bruises, contusions, and abrasions are more than commonplace. Texas, California, Montana and Colorado lead the states in the number of rodeos held annually. Total prize money paid out at these RCA-approved rodeos in 1970 totalled $4,115,021, of which fifty-six per cent was derived from the contestants' entry fees. One professional calf roper earned $24,000 during 1970, while another earned almost $26,000 in both team roping and steer wrestling events; in the five-year period, 1966–1970, one specialist in riding events earned more than $250,000. It should be noted that the RCA has grown from just sixty-one members in 1937 to more than 3,400 today and that it has brought stability and standardization of rules and events to the sport. There also is a National Intercollegiate Rodeo Association, founded in 1949, which now has eighty-eight member colleges, as well as an annual National Champion High School Rodeo, to attract which the city of Twin Falls, Idaho bid $60,000 in 1971.

As noted earlier, more than eleven million spectators watched the RCA-approved rodeos during 1970. How many other "amateur" rodeos were held and how many spectators watched them, not even the Internal Revenue Service can say with certainty. It is known that there were at least seventy-six non-RCA rodeos in California during the first eight months of 1971, with more than $300,000 in prize monies paid, but attendance at these remains unknown.

To determine why men still compete in what has been dubbed the "Suicide Circuit," and to explain why this most individualistic of American sports has steadily grown in popularity in the midst of an increasingly urbanized, mass-oriented society probably would require the services of several behavioral scientists equipped with computers and other tools of their disciplines. Until such a study is made, if ever, the following opinions may suffice.

The Legacy from Frontier Sports

The cowboy of the open range was the last American to live a life that embodied the best and the worst of the wild freedom that distinguished the cutting edge of all our frontiers. Of all our frontier demigods, he left the largest legacy of romance, so that today it almost is impossible to peel away the layers of his commercialization to see him as he really was. But do we wish to see him as he really was? He comes down to us riding most valiant in a golden tale of chivalry and in him we see again, fleetingly and in part, our national beginnings, and in him, personified by the rodeo contestant, we recapture vicariously the lost rapture we think our forebears knew. Rodeo seems to have benefited as well from the greatly increased interest in all things "western" since WW II, which is explained in part by increasing affluence and leisure.

Each rodeo event is a series of contests between individual humans, in each one of which there is a clear-cut decision, something sadly lacking in today's faceless interdependence upon society. Each of these individual contests between humans also is a contest between man and beast and this goes far beneath the conscious layers of man's memory circuits. It is not by accident that the words "cavalier," *"caballero,"* and "knight" still have currency in living languages. When what these words imply is added to what the Minoans cherished—dominion over horned cattle—we have another appeal of rodeo today: it presents to us in living flesh our own Theseus-in-leather-leggings—the cowboy.

Footnotes

WESTERN HISTORY IN 1776: GARCES AND ESCALANTE

[1]Herbert E. Bolton, *Rim of Christendom* (New York: Macmillan, 1936), *passim*, and Peter M. Dunne, *Jacobo Sedelmayr, Missionary, Frontiersman, Explorer in Arizona and Sonora*, four original manuscript narratives, 1744–1751, translated and annotated by Peter Masten Dunne (Tucson: Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society, 1955), *passim*.

[2]Raymund F. Wood, "Francisco Garcés, Explorer of Southern California," *Southern California Quarterly*, 51 (September 1969), 168–88.

[3]The spelling and pronunciation of the ancient town of Oraibi have caused considerable difficulty for historians, and there have been some remarkable inconsistencies. Bancroft, for example, uses Oraybi, Oraivi, and Oraibe. The present author has used the spelling Oraibi throughout, as this appears to be the official spelling adopted by the State of Arizona, and it so appears in road signs and maps. It also appears this way in Will C. Barnes, *Arizona Place Names* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1960), 246.

[4]In the article cited in *note* 2, there is a statement (p. 185) that Anza's route from Sonora to Yuma in 1774 began in the Altar Valley and went through Tubac. Actually the reverse is true. Anza gathered his men at Tubac and then went around the north shoulder of the Tumacacori Mountains to the headwaters of the Altar, and then down that valley to Caborca, which was his real starting point. Wood is probably thinking of the second expedition, of the following year, when the party did proceed north from Tubac, since the route along the Gila had in the meantime been shown to be better than the route through Caborca.

[5]Galvin, p. 39.

[6]Edgar L. Hewett and Reginald G. Fisher, *Mission Monuments of New Mexico* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1943), 87, 247. Coues, p. 375, says that Father Letrado, who was martyred in 1632, founded the mission at Zuñi, but it appears from Hewett & Fisher that he did not go there until 1631. For more on Zuñi, and on the probable meaning of the name Cíbola (buffalo, bison), see Hubert H. Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico* (San Francisco, 1889), 44. See also *The Missions of New Mexico, 1776: A Description by Fray Francisco Atanasio Domínguez*, translated and annotated by Eleanor B. Adams and Fray Angelico Chavez (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1956), 195–202.

[7]All the letters of Domínguez and Escalante appear in English translation in an Appendix ("Related Materials," pp. 270–308) in the work, *The Missions of New Mexico, 1776*, cited in *note* 6.

[8]Bolton, *Rim of Christendom*, 284.

[9]Dunne, *Jacob Sedelmayr*, 20, 23. See also two original reports, edited by Peter M. Dunne, *Juan Antonio Balthasar: Padre Visitador to the Sonora Frontier, 1744–1745* (Tucson: Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society, 1957), 83, 117–18.

[10]The other padre's name was Fray Mariano Rosete y Peralta. His name appears in the baptismal register at Zūni for the first time on May 3, 1776. Coues, p. 375, where the name is spelled Rosate; Power, p. 3.

[11]Coues, p. 366. Galvin's translation (p. 71) does not specifically state how long ago, reading simply "Our priest came here, too . . ."

[12]This famous letter was dated July 3, not July 4 as stated in the article cited in *note* 2, above. Bolton, in his essay "Garcés Returns to Civilization," (Bolton, vol. 1, pp. 490–93) stated that he wished, for sentimental reasons, that the letter had been dated one day later. In another place (*Pageant*, p. 5) Bolton points out that the hour of midnight on July 3 at Oraibi was already early morning on July 4 at Philadelphia. Unfortunately for this patriotic sentiment, Garcés did not write the letter "near midnight" of July 3, as Bolton believes, but quite early in the morning of that day, as is clear from a perusal of that day's entry in his diary. He distinctly states that the Indians came to him early in the morning, to see if he wished to go with them. After a night of deliberation he had decided not to go with them, but had written a letter instead. Garcés could hardly have written this letter at any time except early in the morning, as soon as it was light, and before the Indians came to

him. After they had departed with his letter, Garcés spent the day in a vain attempt to reach other Moqui pueblos, and did not return to Oraibi until nightfall. It is clear, then, that he wrote the letter on the morning of the day that he dated it, on July 3. Just as Wood confused July 3 and July 4, so did Bolton confuse July 2 and July 3. The reason in each case is probably the same, and is due to the extreme difficulty, in perusing Coues' text, of determining on what particular day any given event took place. Coues' text sometimes continues for ten or more pages of commentary without indicating a journal date.

[13]Garcés' expression ". . . even though I did not know his name," has caused much speculation among historians. There are two possible alternatives. Garcés must have meant either of two things; either that he did not know the name of the regular padre at Zuñi (Escalante), or that he did not know the name of the new padre (Rosete) who, the Indians told him, had but recently arrived. Either of these suppositions is plausible. The report which Escalante had written, dated August 18 of the previous year, 1775, describing his trip to Oraibi that summer, did not reach Garcés until a month after his return to San Xavier del Bac, late in 1776. Therefore he could not have known Escalante's name from that source. Escalante and Garcés were both Franciscans, it is true; but they belonged to different provinces, and they had come from different training establishments in Mexico—Escalante from the province of Santo Evangelio in Mexico City, and Garcés from Santa Cruz in Querétaro. It is unlikely that Garcés, operating on the rim of Christendom in Sonora, would have known the name of every Franciscan missionary at places like Ácoma, Laguna, Zuñi, Isleta, or any other of the many missions and churches in the far-distant Rio Grande country. As a minor piece of evidence of the lack of clear knowledge by the members of one province about the personnel of another, it may be pointed out that Rosete did not know for sure which Franciscan college had been placed in charge of northern Sonora and Pimaría Alta. He guessed, incorrectly, that Garcés was of the College of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Zacatecas (Power, p. 3). Actually, as mentioned above, Garcés came from Holy Cross, Querétaro. Furthermore, the name of Silvestre Vélez de Escalante would be quite a mouthful for even a well educated Indian to pronounce and get right. It may be that the Zuñi Indians really didn't know his full name; to them he was simply "el padre." Or, if the other alternative be taken, that Garcés, before starting on his trip, had somehow been informed that a Franciscan named Vélez (de Escalante) was the regular pastor at Zuñi, but was also aware, from what the Indians now told him, that the regular padre had recently gone to Santa Fe, he would still not have known the name of the padre taking his place—for most of the reasons given above. We shall probably never know exactly what Garcés meant. He knew that some padre or other from Zuñi had been to Oraibi the year before, and that there was a priest now at Zuñi. It was to this priest at Zuñi that he wrote his letter.

[14]Bancroft (or one of his helpers), writing his *History of Arizona and New Mexico* shortly before 1889, believed (p. 263) that Escalante and his party left on the expedition without ever seeing Garcés' letter, and Coues (p. 380) repeated the statement. But a perusal of the correspondence, either in the Power thesis or in the "Related Materials" in the Domínguez report (see *note* 6 and 7, above), makes it abundantly clear that the leaders of the expedition did see Garcés' letter before they left, and questioned the Indian runner at length about it.

[15]Despite this 1909 translation of the diary, and the fine summary made even earlier in Bancroft's *History of Utah, 1540–1886* (San Francisco, 1889), 7–17, there was a surprising lack of knowledge about the Escalante Expedition prior to the publications of Auerbach and Bolton, as may be seen by a perusal of Benjamin M. Read, *Illustrated History of New Mexico*, translated from the second Spanish edition, revised, enlarged, corrected, with notes ([Santa Fe, N.M.]: The Author, c1912), 812 pages. In this work the story of the Escalante Expedition is summarized into 26 lines, but the author managed in this brief space to include at least four errors; he stated that the expedition was "under the command of Father Escalante"; that they discovered and named "Lago Salado," the Great Salt Lake; that they crossed the Colorado *near Yuma* by swimming across; and that on their return they reached Santa Fe in "the month of December." Not one of these statements is true, though admittedly the final statement is wrong by only a few days. Also, the explorers did learn enough about the Great Salt Lake (which they did not see), from local Indians, to know that its waters were strongly saline; but this is not quite the same thing as discovering it and naming it.

[16]Bolton, Pageant, 127.

JESUIT MISSION TO THE FLATHEAD INDIANS

[1]Henry Nash Smith, *The Virgin Land* (New York, 1950), 40.

[2]Ray A. Billington, *Westward Expansion: A History of the American Frontier* (3rd ed.; New York, 1967), 52.

Footnotes

[3]Nicolas Point, S.J., *Wilderness Kingdom: Indian Life in the Rocky Mountains,* ed. and trans. by Joseph P. Donnelly, S.J. (New York, 1967), 46.

[4]Thomas Hughes, *History of the Society of Jesus in North America: Colonial and Federal Documents* (2 vols.; New York, 1910), 1: 107–10.

[5]Rev. Charles Felix Van Quickenborne was born in 1788 in Ghent and died near St. Charles, Missouri. He was the first Jesuit to enter the Mississippi Valley after the re-establishment of the Society. Hiram M. Chittenden and Alfred D. Richardson, eds., *Life, Letters and Travels of Father Pierre Jean De Smet, 1801–1872* (4 vols.; New York, 1905), 1: 151.

[6]Calhoun's actions can be in part explained by the fact that issues relating to Indian affairs fell under the jurisdiction of the War Department, although not as a separate bureau until 1824. Calhoun's proposed removal of the Indians would appear less inhumane and the dispossessed tribesmen would be more quiescent if ministered to by a Christian missionary. It was assumed. William F. Hagan, *American Indians* (Chicago, 1961), 74–79.

[7]Chittenden and Richardson, *De Smet,* 1: 5.

[8]Michael P. Harney, S.J., *The Jesuits in History* (New York, 1941), 403–04.

[9]Michael McHugh, S.J., "A Dream Went West," *I Lift My Lamp, Jesuits in America,* ed. by John P. Leary, S.M. (Westminster, Md., 1955), 162. Andrew M. Jung, *Jesuit Missions among the American Tribes of the Rocky Mountain Indians* (Spokane, 1925), deals extensively with the subject.

[10]Chittenden and Richardson, *De Smet,* 1: 158; William L. Davis, S.J., "Peter John De Smet: Missionary to the Potawatomi, 1837–1840," *Pacific Northwest Quarterly,* 32 (April, 1942), 123–52.

[11]Chittenden and Richardson, *De Smet,* 1: 29–30.

[12]Clarence B. Bagley, *Early Catholic Missions in Old Oregon* (Seattle, 1932), 62.

[13]Major Edward Mallet, "Origin of the Flathead Mission of the Rocky Mountains," *Records of the Catholic Historical Society,* 2 (1889), 196; Gilbert J. Garraghan, *The Jesuits of the Middle United States* (3 vols.; New York, 1938), 2: 271.

[14]Bagley, *Early Catholic Missions,* 52.

[15]A strong argument favoring the latter tribe is offered by Clifford M. Drury, "The Nez Perce Delegation of 1831," *Oregon Historical Society Quarterly,* 40 (September, 1939), 283–87. Further discussion is offered by Garraghan, *Jesuits of the Middle United States,* 2: 246–47.

[16]"Memoires du R. P. Ferdinand Helias d'Huddegham." *Ibid.,* 247.

[17]Chapter IV of Mengarini's "Memorie" offers the most detailed and accurate description of the event in the opinion of researchers in the field.

[18]Although drawing from firsthand accounts, it appears that Mengarini confused the delegations, as did Father Joset in his official report to Father General Peter Beckx on December 29, 1868. Even Bishop Rosati, writing at a much earlier date, October 20, 1839, erroneously claims that the first group was composed of Flatheads. He too errs in the number of delegations. Bagley, *Early Catholic Missions,* 94–95.

An accurate and detailed account of these events is provided by both Lawrence Palladino, S.J., *Indian and White in the Northwest: A History of Catholicity in Montana, 1831 to 1891* (2nd ed.; Lancaster, Pa., 1922), 7–30, and Garraghan, *Jesuits of the Middle United States,* 2: 236–346.

[19]Chittenden and Richardson, *De Smet,* 1: 193–94.

[20]William L. Davis, S.J., *A History of St. Ignatius Mission* (Spokane, 1954), 1.

[21]Edwin V. O'Hara, "De Smet in the Oregon Territory," *Oregon Historical Quarterly,* 10 (September, 1909), 144; Thomas P. Campbell, "Father De Smet," *The Indian Sentinel,* 6 (Winter, 1916), 4–6.

[22]De Smet to Blanchet, Fork of Jefferson River, August 10, 1840, quoted in Bagley, *Early Catholic Missions,* 97.

[23]Richard B. Morris, ed., *Encyclopedia of American History* (Rev. ed.; New York, 1967), 471–72.

[24]Stephen L. Dubuisson, S.J., "A Sketch of the Maryland Province Written a Hundred Years Ago," *Woodstock Letters,* 70 (October, 1941), 375.

[25]Robert Ignatius Burns, S.J., *The Jesuits and the Indian Wars of the Northwest* (New Haven, Conn., 1966), 31.

[26]De Smet to his sister, Rosalie, St. Louis, February 1, 1830, as quoted in William L. Davis, "Peter John De Smet, the Years of Preparation, 1801–1837," 190; Ray A. Billington, *The Protestant Crusade, 1800–1860* (New York, 1938), 118–41.

[27]Often referred to as the "Flathead Delegation," there is continuing discussion as to its actual composition. The various possible combinations are examined by Garraghan, *Jesuits of the Middle United States,* 2: 243, *note* 19.

[28]Vernon L. Parrington, *Main Currents in American Thought* (2 vols.; New York, 1954), 2: 313–42.

[29]Attributed to these Indians is an eloquent oration delivered at a banquet before their departure, in which one of the Flatheads expressed his disappointment at not securing the coveted book. Garraghan, *Jesuits of the Middle United States*, 2: 244.

[30]Wade C. Barclay, *History of the Methodist Missions* (3 vols.; New York, 1950), 2: 200. For further Protestant reaction to the appearance of the delegation, see George P. Disoway's letter, although it perpetuates the fallacy of Flathead deformity, in the New York *Christian Advocate*, March 1, 1833, reprinted in Hiram Chittenden, *The American Fur Trade of the Far West* (2 vols.; New York, 1935), 2: 894–905.

[31]J. Orin Oliphant, "A Project for a Christian Mission on the Northwest Coast of America, 1798," *Pacific Northwest Quarterly*, 36 (April, 1945), 99–114, and his article, "George Simpson and the Oregon Missions," *Pacific Historical Review*, 6 (September, 1937), 213–48.

[32]George V. Blue, "Green's Missionary Report on Oregon," *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, 30 (September, 1929), 227–45.

[33]For a more complete account of these events, consult Thomas E. Jessett, *Spokan Garry* (Minneapolis, 1960); Clifford M. Drury, "Oregon Indians of the Red River School," *Pacific Historical Review*, 29 (March, 1938), 50–60.

[34]Drury would lead us to conclude that Spokan Garry's evangelism was most effective. To this end he cites a letter written on August 27, 1839, by the Reverend Asa B. Smith, a missionary of the American Board then living at Kamiah, who notes that Lawyer, an influential Nez Perce chief, had claimed that it was the young Indian evangelist who had inspired the group to travel to St. Louis in search of Christian teachers. Drury, "Nez Perce Delegation," 283–85.

[35]Stanley Davison, "Worker in God's Wilderness," *Montana Magazine of Western History*, 7 (January, 1957), 8–17.

[36]Robert H. Blossom, "First Presbyterian on the Pacific Coast," *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, 15 (June, 1914), 81–103; George H. Himes, "Beginnings of Christianity in Oregon," *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, 20 (June, 1919), 159–79; Joseph Williams, *Narrative of a Tour from the State of Indiana to the Oregon in the Years 1841–42* (Cincinnati, 1843), 26–27.

[37]William C. Brown, *The Indian Side of the Story* (Washington, D.C., 1961), 10.

[38]Mallet, "Origin of the Flathead Mission," 194.

[39]Clifford C. Drury, ed., *First White Women over the Rockies* (3 vols.; Glendale, Calif., 1963–1966), 1: 197.

[40]Louise Barry, comp., "Kansas Before 1854: A Revised Annal," *Kansas Historical Quarterly*, 29 (Spring, 1963), 45–46.

[41]Blossom, "First Presbyterians on Pacific," 84.

[42]Bagley, *Early Catholic Missions*, 54–55.

[43]Clifford M. Drury, "Some Aspects of Presbyterian History in Oregon," *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, 55 (June, 1954), 145–59.

[44]*Ibid.*, 146.

[45]Read Bain, "Educational Plans and Efforts by Methodists in Oregon to 1860," *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, 21 (March, 1920), 63–94.

[46]Bagley, *Early Catholic Missions*, 141.

[47]Robert F. Berkhofer, Jr., *Salvation and the Savage: an Analysis of Protestant Missions and American Indian Response, 1787–1862* (Lexington, Ky., 1965), 95.

[48]Bain, "Educational Plans for Methodists," 68–69.

[49]Chittenden and Richardson, *De Smet*, 1: 274.

[50]At Westport the missionaries were joined by Father Nicolas Point. *Ibid.*, 258, *note* 56.

[51]Mengarini to Father General John Roothaan, S.J. St. Louis, April 24, 1841, Mt. Sax. [illegible citation], General Archives of the Society of Jesus, Rome, Italy (hereafter cited *GASJ*).

[52]The group had been organized in 1840. Its membership reached five hundred, but all save one, John Bidwell, withdrew before departure. In most cases, they had been discouraged by the lack of information regarding the land and the overland routes used to reach the Pacific coast. A more detailed description of the party that was organized is offered by Doyce B. Nunis, Jr., *Josiah Belden, 1841, California Overland Pioneer: His Memoir and Early Letters* (Los Gatos, Calif., 1962), 126–36; John Bidwell, "The First Immigrant Train to California," *The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine*, 41 (November, 1890), 106–30; LeRoy Hafen and William J. Ghent, *Broken Hand: the Life Story of William Fitzpatrick, Chief of the Mountain Men* (Denver, 1930), 127–34 (a reprint edition appeared in 1973); Chittenden and Richardson, *De Smet*, 1: 272–314; Joseph Williams, *Narrative*, 1–18.

[53]Nunis, *Belden*, 131–35.

[54]*Ibid.*, 37.

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[55]Barry, "Annals of Kansas," 346. For a detailed discussion of the number and the members of the company, see Nunis, *Belden*, 126–36.

[56]Chittenden and Richardson, *De Smet*, 1: 297.

[57]It is worthy of note that at no point in the narrative does Williams refer to the members of the Jesuit missionary party, brothers or priests, with the exception of De Smet who kindly offered him a serving of venison soon after their meeting. *Narrative*, 8–9.

[58]Mengarini explains that such were the hardships that potable water was converted from putrid stagnant water found in hollows, while prairie hens, prairie cocks, and antelopes supplied needed food. Albert J. Partoll, ed., "Mengarini's Narrative to the Rockies," *Frontier and Midland*, 18 (1938), 195.

[59]Williams, *Narrative*, 11.

[60]Barry, "Annals of Kansas," 347. Belden adds that the Cheyenne returned Dawson's gun and pistol upon request. Demonstrating no more hostility, they traded a bit for tobacco and beads. Nunis, *Belden*, 39.

[61]Fort Hall had been built by Nathaniel Wyeth in 1834. Two years later he sold it to the Hudson's Bay Company and it was then placed under the administration of the local agent Francis Ermatinger, who, though a Protestant, extended every courtesy to the group. O'Hara, "De Smet in the Oregon Territory," 46.

The fort, however, was under the official direction of the Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, Dr. John McLoughlin. In a letter dated September 27, 1841, he offered assistance and advice to the missionary group, noting: "And [as] our means of conveyance are not always at command, it would be necessary you sent us your list of demands in the month of January for what you require in June and in the month of July for what you may require in fall and winter." McLouglin to De Smet, Vancouver, September 27, 1841, MS, *GASJ*.

[62]Reuben Gold Thwaites, ed., *Early Western Travels* (32 vols.; Cleveland, 1904–1907), 27:229.

[63]Chittenden and Richardson, *De Smet*, I: 203.

[64]Wilfred A. Schoenberg, *Jesuits in Montana* (Portland, Ore., 1960), 13.

[65]"Montana's First White Settlement at Stevensville by Missionaries in 1841," Stevensville (Montana) *Register*, December 23, 1909, p. 1, col. 2.

According to Mr. Donald C. Taylor, assistant professor of anthropology in Montana State University, "the original mission was located approximately a mile, perhaps a little less, in a southwesterly direction from the site of Fort Owen." B. C. Payette, comp., *Captain John Mullan: His Life: Building the Mullan Road* . . . (Montreal, 1968), 319. Consult Olga W. Johnson, *Flathead and Kootenay* (Glendale, Calif., 1969), for an extensive description of the region.

[66]Point, *Wilderness Kingdom*, 30.

[67]Point includes in his narrative the account of the vision of the Blessed Virgin Mary beheld by a young girl at the exact future site of the mission. *Ibid.*, 42.

[68]O'Hara, "De Smet in Oregon," 247–48.

[69]Giovanni Muratori, *Il Christiansimo Felice*, cited in *Missione Della Provincia Torinese Della Compagnie di Gesu* (Turin, Italy, 1863 and 1887), 5.

[70]Chittenden and Richardson, *De Smet*, 1: 328–29.

[71]Schoenberg, *Jesuits in Montana*, 6.

[72]Thwaites, *Early Western Travels*, 27: 310.

[73]Palladino, *Indian and White in the Northwest*, 37–38; William P. Donnelly, "Nineteenth Century Jesuit Reductions in the United States," *Mid-America*, 17 (January, 1935), 75; Helen C. Clark, "Black Robes Taught Farming," Great Falls (Montana) *Tribune*, July 28, 1968, p. 23.

[74]Gregory Mengarini, "The Rocky Mountain Memoir of Fr. Mengarini," *Woodstock Letters*, 18 (1888), 308.

[75]Thwaites, *Early Western Travels*, 18: 193.

[76]Rolle, *Immigrant Upraised, Italian Adventurers and Colonists in Expanding America* (Norman, Okla., 1968), 187.

[77]Allen Johnson and Dumas Malone, eds., *Dictionary of American Biography* (21 vols.; New York, 1937–1945), 12: 535.

[78]Rolle, *Immigrant Upraised*, 20.

[79]Evelyn Cesanesco, *Liberation of Italy, 1815–1870* (London, 1895), 20.

[80]William N. Bischoff, *Jesuits in Old Oregon: A Sketch of Jesuit Activities in the Pacific Northwest, 1840–1940* (Caldwell, Idaho, 1945), 28.

[81]Mengarini to Roothaan, Rome, December 25, 1839, *GASJ*.

[82]*Enciclopedia Italiana* (36 vols.; Rome, Italy, 1934), 22: 854.

[83]Mengarini, "Rocky Mountains," 298.
[84]Partoll, "Mengarini's Narrative," 197.
[85]Mengarini, "Rocky Mountains," 306–07.
[86]Point, *Wilderness Kingdom,* 42.
[87]Alan Merriam, *Ethnomusicology of the Flathead Indians* (Chicago, 1967), 136.
[88]Bischoff, *Jesuits in Old Oregon,* 31.
[89]Donnelly, "Nineteenth Century Jesuit Reductions," 76.
[90]Charles M. Buchanan, "The Catholic Ladder," *The Indian Sentinel,* 7 (January, 1918), 22. Point portrays this device in a sketch reproduced in *Wilderness Kingdom,* 85. Another device developed by Father Francis Blanchet in 1839 was a carved wooden timeline called the "Jesus Stick."
[91]Chittenden and Richardson, *De Smet,* 1: 336.
[92]Point, *Wilderness Kingdom,* 46. It is worthy of note that Point accompanied three of the seasonal buffalo hunts during his brief stay: December 29, 1841 to April, 1842; January to April 1844 and July 1846.
[93]Mengarini to Roothaan, March 10, 1842, MS, Jesuit Archives, Gonzaga University.
[94]Thwaites, *Early Western Travels,* 27: 381–82.
[95]*Ibid.,* 25: 287.
[96]Bernard De Voto, *Across the Wide Missouri* (Boston, 1943), 10.
[97]Lewis O. Saum, *The Fur Trader and the Indian* (Seattle, 1965), 57.
[98]Major Peter Ronan, *Historical Sketch of the Flathead Indian Nation from the Year 1813 to 1890* (Helena, Mont., 1890), 9.
[99]Fortunately an enviable gallery of Flathead portraits and genre studies were painted by Nicolas Point, S.J., who was among those who established the mission among the Flatheads in 1841. In the 1850's Gustavus Sohon, an interpreter for Lt. John Mullan while exploring the Bitterroot Valley, sketched not only the landscape but made nine pencil portraits of prominent Flathead leaders. These latter were presented to the U.S. National Museum in 1883. John C. Ewers, *Gustavus Sohon* (Washington, D.C., 1948), 12.
[100]George Weisel, "Ten Animal Myths of the Flathead Indians," *Journal of the Washington Academy of Sciences,* 42 (1952), 350.
[101]Additional information on hunting patterns can be found in Henry H. Turney-High, *Flathead Indians of Montana* (Menasha, Wis., 1937), 112–23, and Ewers, *Gustavus Sohon,* 14.
[102]Chittenden and Richardson, *De Smet,* 3: 800–07.
[103]Thwaites, *Early Western Travels,* 27: 319.
[104]Point discusses the buffalo hunt as an eyewitness with an eye for detail. Turney-High, however, brings to the discussion certain anthropological perceptions. The routine of hunting and root gathering is also outlined by Carling Malouf, "Economy and Land Use by the Indians of Western Montana" (Missoula, 1952), mimeographed, unpaged.
[105]John C. Ewers, *The Blackfeet, Raiders on the Northwestern Plains* (Norman, Okla., 1958), 30–52. Also consult Lewis H. Morgan, "Indian Migrations," *The Indian Miscellany,* ed. by William W. Beach (Albany, N.Y., 1877); Oscar Lewis, "The Effects of White Contact Upon Blackfoot Culture with Special Reference to the Role of the Fur Trade," *Monographs of the American Ethnological Society,* 6 (New York, 1942), 1–73.
[106]Clark Wissler, *Material Culture of the Blackfoot Indians* (Washington, D.C., 1910), 54–55.
[107]Albert J. Partoll, "Fort Connah: A Frontier Trading Post," *Pacific Northwest Quarterly,* 30 (October, 1939), 401.
[108]The Crows also served as middlemen in transmitting articles of European manufacture, such as brass kettles, which the western tribesmen cut into small pieces to ornament their hair and clothing. François Laroque, *Journal of Laroque from the Assiniboine to the Yellowstone 1805* (Ottawa, 1905), 71–72.
[109]Ewers, *The Blackfeet,* 30, 125.
[110]Partoll, "Mengarini's Narrative," 30.
[111]Joseph Joset, S.J., "Chronology of the Rocky Mountain Missions," MS, Box XLVIII, Jesuit Archives, Gonzaga University.
[112]Peter Prando, S.J., "Letter from Father Prando: Missions of the Rocky Mountains," *Woodstock Letters,* 12 (January, 1883), 34.
[113]A. Salvatore Casagrande, S.J., *De Claris Sodalibus Provinciae Taurinensis, Societatis Iesu, Commentarii* (Turin, Italy, 1906), 110.
[114]Mengarini, "Rocky Mountains," 307.
[115]*Ibid.,* 198.
[116]*Ibid.,* 201.

Footnotes

[117]Mengarini to Roothaan, St. Mary's, September 30, 1847, Mt. Sax., Vol. 1, Fol. II, p. 33, *GASJ.*

[118]Jean Pierre De Smet, *Western Missions and Missionaries* (New York, 1863), 295.

[119]Mengarini to Roothaan, St. Mary's, September 30, 1847, Mt. Sax., Vol. 1, Fol. I, p. 30, *GASJ.*

[120]Father Michael Accolti to Roothaan, Santa Clara, California, February 29, 1850, MS, *GASJ.*

[121]Mengarini to Father [Francis] Pellico, Oregon City, November 20, 1853, Mt. Sax., Vol. 2, Pol. 1, p. 4, *GASJ.*

[122]Mengarini to Beckx, Champoeg, January 15, 1855, [illegible citation], *GASJ.*

[123]Davis, *St. Ignatius,* p. 8; Hubert H. Bancroft, *History of the Northwest Coast, 1800–1846* (2 vols.; San Francisco, 1886, 2: 702.

[124]Bischoff, *Jesuits in Old Oregon,* 41–42.

[125]In addition to teaching the basic elements of agriculture, Father Ravalli had brought with him from Europe a set of twelve inch buhr-stones, which he used to set up a small water power gristmill which produced eight bushels a day. He also set up a carpentry and blacksmith shop. Soon he also set up a drug store stocked with medicines he had brought with him as well as native herbs. Louis W. Reilly, "Father Ravalli," *Catholic World,* 125 (April, 1927), 696.

[126]Palladino, *Indian and White in the Northwest,* 46.

[127]Bischoff, *Jesuits in Old Oregon,* 65.

[128]Partoll, "Mengarini's Narrative," 200.

[129]Mengarini, "Rocky Mountains," 34.

[130]Thwaites, *Early Western Travels,* 29: 300.

[131]Joseph Giorda, Joseph Bandini, and Gregory Mengarini, *A Dictionary of the Kalispel and Flathead Indian Languages* (Helena, Mont., 1877–1879).

[132]Mengarini, "Rocky Mountains," 34, 308.

[133]George F. Weisel, "The Rams Horn Tree and Other Medicine Trees of the Flathead Indians," *Montana Magazine of Western History,* 1 (Summer, 1951), 5–14; Ella E. Clark, *Indian Legends from the Northern Rockies* (Norman, 1866); George Gibbs' report on Washington Territory Indian tribes, volume 1 of *Reports of Explorations and Surveys . . . for a Railroad . . . to the Pacific Ocean* (12 vols.; Washington, D.C., 1855–1860).

[134]Gregory Mengarini, "Memoíre della Misione alle Teste Piate" (1848), 218. Ms., St. Louis University. (Translation by the author.)

[135]*Ibid.,* 222–23.

[136]Turney-High, *Flathead Indians of Montana;* James R. Swanton, comp., *The Indian Tribes of North America, Bulletin 145 of the Bureau of American Ethnology* (Washington, D.C., 1952).

[137]*The Winston Dictionary,* ed. by William D. Lewis (Philadelphia, 1940), 33.

[138]Mengarini, *Memorie,* 232.

[139]*Ibid.,* 277.

[140]*Ibid.,* 299.

[141]Garraghan, *Jesuits of the Middle United States,* 2: 248, note 27.

[142]Berkhoffer, *Salvation and the Savage,* 111.

[143]"The Opinion of Father Mengarini Given by Letter on the Actual Temperament of the Savages of the Mountains," Mt. Sax., [no citation provided], *GASJ.*

[144]Claude Schaeffer, "The First Jesuit Mission to the Flatheads, 1840–1850," *Pacific Northwest Quarterly,* 28 (July, 1937), 227–50.

[145]Richard Forbis, "Religious Acculturation of the Flathead Indians of Montana," (Master's thesis, Montana State University, 1950), 23–65.

[146]Within a dozen years after the closing of St. Mary's mission, the rich gold discoveries in Grasshopper Creek had turned the area into another frontier boom town. "Fort Owen Founded Between Fur Trade and Gold Rush Days," Great Falls (Montana) *Tribune,* September 3, 1950, p. 2.

[147]Forbis, "Religious Acculturation of the Flathead Indians," 23.

GOLDEN HISTORY OF THE OVERLAND EMIGRATIONS

[1]"From Bethel, Missouri, to Aurora, Oregon: Letters of William Keil, 1855–1870, Part I," trans. William G. Bek, *Missouri Historical Review,* 48 (October, 1953), 23–24; "Boy's Funeral Followed Oregon Trail," *Missouri Historical Review,* 25 (October, 1930), 194–95.

[2]Edwin Bryant, *What I Saw in California* (4th ed.; New York, 1849), 85–91; J. Quinn Thornton, "Occasional Address," *Transactions of the Sixth Annual Re-Union of the Oregon Pioneer Association for 1878* (Salem, 1879), 44–45.

[3]George R. Stewart, "The Prairie Schooner Got Them There," *American Heritage,* 13 (February, 1962), 5, 7.

[4]Oscar Osburn Winther, "Immigrant Trains," *RQ,* 8 (Spring, 1969), 163; J. S. Holliday, "Some Notable Views of the Elephant," *American West Review,* 1 (September 15, 1967), 12.

[5]George B. Currey, "Occasional Address," *Transactions of the Fifteenth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association for 1887* (Portland, Oregon, 1887), 39.

[6]Dale L. Morgan, ed., *The Overland Diary of James A. Pritchard from Kentucky to California in 1849* (Denver, 1959), 16 and chart.

[7]Winther, "Immigrant Trains," 166–67. Winther's triumvirate included Georgia Willis Read and Ruth Gaines, eds., *Gold Rush: The Journals, Drawings, and other Papers of J. Goldsborough Bruff* (2 vols.; New York, 1944); David Morris Potter, ed., *Trail to California: The Overland Journal of Vincent Geiger and Wakeman Bryarly* (New Haven, 1945); Helen S. Giffen, ed., *The Diaries of Peter Decker: Overland to California in 1849 and Life in the Mines, 1850–1851* (Georgetown, California, 1966). This writer would add Morgan's *Diary of James A. Pritchard* and Thomas D. Clark, ed., *Gold Rush Diary: Being the Journal of Elisha Douglass Perkins on the Overland Trail in the Spring and Summer of 1849* (Lexington, Kentucky, 1967) to the list of exceptional editing achievements.

[8]Francis Parkman, *The Oregon Trail,* ed. E. N. Feltskog (Madison, Wisconsin, 1969), 11a. Dale L. Morgan's *Overland in 1846: Diaries and Letters of the California-Oregon Trail* (2 vols.; Georgetown, California, 1963) merits mention as an extraordinarily useful endeavor which reprints many diaries of that year as well as all the references in newspapers to the emigrants of 1846 which Morgan, an indefatigable scholar, was able to locate over a number of years of zealous searching.

[9]Jesse Applegate, "A Day with the Cow Column in 1843," *Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society,* 1 (December, 1900), 371–83.

[10]See S. B. L. Penrose, "The Wagon Train of 1843—Its Dual Significance," *Oregon Historical Quarterly,* 44 (December, 1943), 361–69, for the clearest statement of this outlook. Also see Joseph Schafer, "Notes on the Colonization of Oregon," *Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society,* 6 (December, 1905), 386, for the contention that the "Cow-Column" of 1843 was as important to the Pacific Northwest as the Massachusetts Bay Puritans of 1630 were to New England. Leslie M. Scott, in "Influence of American Settlement upon the Oregon Boundary Treaty of 1846," *Oregon Historical Quarterly,* 29 (March, 1928), 1–19, arrived at an essentially similar conclusion. Marcus Whitman has been singled out as the individual savior of Oregon by some writers who believe his winter ride from Oregon in 1842–1843 influenced diplomacy and also that Whitman was primarily responsible for recruiting the large 1843 migration as well as for guiding it to Oregon. See Oliver W. Nixon, *How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon* (2d ed.; Chicago, 1895) for a grandiose expression of such a view.

[11]J. Neilson Barry, "The Murals in the State Capitol," *Oregon Historical Quarterly,* 40 (June, 1939), 149–50, 159. The other murals note the arrival of the ship *Columbia,* Lewis and Clark at Celilo Falls, and Dr. McLoughlin welcoming missionary wives Mrs. Spalding and Mrs. Whitman at Fort Vancouver.

[12]Frederick Merk, "The Oregon Pioneers and the Boundary," *American Historical Review,* 29 (July, 1924), 681–99. James Christy Bell, Jr. also argued against the theory that Marcus Whitman and/or the pioneers had "saved" Oregon in his *Opening a Highway to the Pacific, 1838–1846* (New York, 1921), 193–202; as did Edward Gaylord Bourne, "The Legend of Marcus Whitman," *American Historical Review,* 6 (January, 1901), 276–300. Melvin C. Jacobs, however, in his *Winning Oregon: A Study of an Expansionist Movement* (Caldwell, Idaho, 1938) was much more receptive to the idea that the pioneers had been of extreme importance in forcing the issue and in the way the boundary dispute was finally settled. See pages 219, 223, 229–31, 233–34.

[13]T. M. Ramsdell, "Reminiscences," *Transactions of the Twenty-Fourth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association for 1896* (Portland, 1897), 108, recalled that when the 1844 emigration departed Missouri they had not yet heard whether the 1843 overlanders had gotten safely through. See also George R. Stewart, *The California Trail: An Epic with Many Heroes* (New York, c. 1962), 53–54. The "Safe arrival of the Oregon Emigrants," however, was announced in the St. Louis *Daily Missouri Republican* on April 2, 1844, and also in other newspapers, and since the 1844 band did not depart until early May the knowledge was doubtless widespread by that time, although the planning for the journey had been done long before.

[14]Bernard De Voto, *The Year of Decision, 1846* (Boston, 1943).

[15]*Ibid.,* 480.

[16]The best modern study of the Donner tragedy is George R. Stewart's *Ordeal by Hunger: The Story of the Donner Party* (New ed.; Boston, 1960).

[17]Morgan, ed., *Diary of James A. Pritchard,* 11. A very brief, preliminary attempt at evaluating the gold

rush in history is Ralph P. Bieber, "The Gold Rush and its Historians," *Yale Review*, 39 (December, 1949), 370–74.

[18]Ralph J. Roske, "The World Impact of the California Gold Rush, 1849–1857," *Arizona and the West*, 5 (Autumn, 1963), 187–232; Jaquelin Smith Holliday, "The California Gold Rush in Myth and Reality," (Ph. D. dissertation, University of California, Berkeley, January, 1959), 399; Leonard J. Arrington, *Great Basin Kingdom: An Economic History of the Latter-day Saints, 1830–1900* (Cambridge, Mass., 1958), 64–69. One of the most obvious results of the tumultuous surge to El Dorado in 1849 was the way in which national attention and interest veered abruptly away from the previously pre-eminent Oregon country.

[19]Holliday, "The California Gold Rush in Myth and Reality," 2–13; Holliday, "The California Gold Rush Reconsidered," in K. Ross Toole, *et al.*, ed., *Probing the American West: Papers from the Santa Fe Conference* (Santa Fe, c. 1962), 35–41. Historians have delimited the boundaries of the "gold rush" differently. Rodman Paul has suggested the 1848–1853 period, while Dale Morgan asserted that "The Gold Rush proper ended in 1850." Rodman W. Paul, "An Interpretation of California's Golden Era," *Westerners Brand Book, Los Angeles Corral, 1948* (Los Angeles, c. 1949), 30; William McCollum, *California as I Saw It*, ed. by Dale L. Morgan (Los Gatos, California, 1960), 15.

[20]Jessie Gould Hannon, *The Boston-Newton Company Venture: From Massachusetts to California in 1849* (Lincoln, c. 1969); Howard L. Scamehorn, ed., *The Buckeye Rovers in the Gold Rush* (Athens, Ohio, 1965); Phyllis Kihn, "Connecticut and the California Gold Rush: The Connecticut Mining and Trading Company," *Connecticut Historical Society Bulletin*, 28 (January, 1963), 1–13; Philip C. Marshall, "The Newark Overland Company," *Proceedings of New Jersey Historical Society*, 70 (July, 1952), 173–87; Potter, ed., *Trail to California*.

[21]Russell E. Bidlack, *Letters Home: The Story of Ann Arbor's Forty-Niners* (Ann Arbor, 1960); Daniel M. Epstein, "The California Gold Rush as Reported by the Marshall Statesman," *Michigan History*, 34 (March, 1950), 19–28; William H. Richardson, "The Argonauts of Jersey City," *Proceedings of New Jersey Historical Society*, New Series, 11 (April, July, October, 1926), 170–86, 369–77, 525–31.

[22]Kate L. Gregg, "Boonslickers in the Gold Rush to California," *Missouri Historical Review*, 41 (July, 1947), 345–60; Gregg, "Missourians in the Gold Rush," *Missouri Historical Review*, 39 (January, 1945), 137–54; Walker D. Wyman, ed., *California Emigrant Letters* (New York, c. 1952); Fred W. Lorch, "Iowa and the California Gold Rush of 1849," *Iowa Journal of History and Politics*, 30 (July, 1932), 307–76; Larry Gara, "Gold Fever in Wisconsin," *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, 38 (Winter, 1954–1955), 106–08; Robert Thomas, "Buckeye Argonauts," *Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Quarterly*, 59 (July, 1950), 256–69; Francile B. Oakley, "Arkansas' Golden Army of '49," *Arkansas Historical Quarterly*, 6 (Spring, 1947), 1–85; C. H. Ambler, "West Virginia Forty-Niners," *West Virginia History*, 3 (October, 1941), 59–75; Philip C. Marshall, "New Jersey Expeditions to California in 1849," *Proceedings of New Jersey Historical Society*, 72 (January, 1952), 17–36; Octavius Thorndike Howe, *Argonauts of '49: History and Adventures of the Emigrant Companies from Massachusetts, 1849–1850* (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1923).

[23]Dorothy O. Johansen, "A Working Hypothesis for the Study of Migrations," *Pacific Historical Review*, 36 (February, 1967), 1–12.

[24]Walker D. Wyman, "Council Bluffs and the Westward Movement," *Iowa Journal of History*, 47 (April, 1949), 99–118; Wyman, "Omaha: Frontier Depot and Prodigy of Council Bluffs," *Nebraska History Magazine*, 17 (July-September, 1936), 143–55; Wyman, "The Outfitting Posts," *Pacific Historical Review*, 18 (February, 1949), 14–23; Merrill J. Mattes, "The Jumping-Off Places on the Overland Trail," in John Francis McDermott, ed., *The Frontier Re-Examined* (Urbana, Illinois, 1967), 27–39.

[25]Ray Allen Billington, "Books that Won the West: The Guidebooks of the Forty-Niners & Fifty-Niners," *American West*, 4 (August, 1967), 25–32, 72–75; Helen B. Kroll, "The Books that Enlightened the Emigrants," *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, 45 (June, 1944), 103–23; Thomas F. Andrews, "The Controversial Hastings Overland Guide: A Reassessment," *Pacific Historical Review*, 37 (February, 1968), 21–34; Andrews, "The Ambitions of Lansford W. Hastings: A Study in Western Myth-Making," *Pacific Historical Review*, 39 (November, 1970), 473–91; Andrews, "Satire and the Overland Guide: John B. Hall's Fanciful Advice to Gold Rush Emigrants," *California Historical Society Quarterly*, 48 (June, 1969), 99–111. Andrews also has under preparation a full-scale biography of Hastings.

[26]Dale L. Morgan, "The Ferries of the Forty-Niners," *Annals of Wyoming*, 31 (April, 1959), 5–31; Part II, 31 (October, 1959), 145–89; Part III—Section 1, 32 (April, 1960), 51–69; Part III—Section 2, 32 (October, 1960), 167–203; George A. Root, "Ferries in Kansas . . ." *The Kansas Historical Quarterly*, 2 (February, 1933) through 6 (February, 1937).

[27]Merrill J. Mattes, "Chimney Rock on the Oregon Trail," *Nebraska History*, 36 (March, 1955), 1–26;

Robert L. Munkres, "Independence Rock and Devil's Gate," *Annals of Wyoming,* 40 (April, 1968), 23–40; Munkres, "Ash Hollow: Gateway to the High Plains," *Annals of Wyoming,* 42 (April, 1970), 5–43; P. S. Heaton, "The Old Lone Tree," *Nebraska History,* 31 (June, 1950), 147–52.

[28]Lyle E. Mantor, "Fort Kearny and the Westward Movement," *Nebraska History,* 29 (September, 1948), 175–207; LeRoy R. Hafen and Francis Marion Young, *Fort Laramie and the Pageant of the West, 1834–1890* (Glendale, California, 1938); Merrill J. Mattes, "Fort Laramie, Guardian of the Oregon Trail," *Annals of Wyoming,* 17 (January, 1945), 3–20; Mattes, "Robidoux's Trading Post at 'Scott's Bluffs,' and the California Gold Rush," *Nebraska History,* 30 (June, 1949), 95–138; "Fort Hall, 1834–1856," *Idaho Yesterdays,* 12 (Summer, 1968), 28–31; W. N. Davis, Jr., "The Sutler at Fort Bridger," *Western Historical Quarterly,* 2 (January, 1971), 37–54.

[29]Peter T. Harstad, "The Lander Trail," *Idaho Yesterdays,* 12 (Fall, 1968), 14–28; Charles Kelly, "Gold Seekers on the Hastings Cutoff," *Utah Historical Quarterly,* 20 (January, 1952), 3–30; Kelly, "The Hastings Cutoff," *Utah Historical Quarterly,* 3 (July, 1930), 67–82; Kelly, "The Salt Desert Trail," *Utah Historical Quarterly,* 3 (April, 1930), 35–52; J. Roderic Korns, "West from Fort Bridger: The Pioneering of the Immigrant Trails across Utah, 1846–1850," *Utah Historical Quarterly,* 19 (January, April, July, October, 1951), 1–297; Lawrence A. McNary, "Route of Meek Cut-off, 1845," *Oregon Historical Quarterly,* 35 (March, 1934), 1–9.

[30]J. T. Dorris, "Federal Aid to Oregon Trail prior to 1850," *Oregon Historical Quarterly,* 30 (December, 1929), 305–25; Harrison C. Dale, "The Organization of the Oregon Emigrating Companies," *Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society,* 16 (September, 1915), 205–27; Leslie L. D. Shaffer, "The Management of Organized Wagon Trains on the Overland Trail," *Missouri Historical Review,* 55 (July, 1961), 355–65; Georgia Willis Read, "Diseases, Drugs, and Doctors on the Oregon-California Trail in the Gold-Rush Years," *Missouri Historical Review,* 38 (April, 1944), 260–76; George W. Groh, *Gold Fever: Being a True Account, Both Horrifying and Hilarious, of the Art of Healing (so-called) during the California Gold Rush* (New York, 1966); Georgia Willis Read, "Women and Children on the Oregon-California Trail in the Gold-Rush Years," *Missouri Historical Review,* 39 (October, 1944), 1–23; Robert L. Munkres, "Wives, Mothers, Daughters: Women's Life on the Road West," *Annals of Wyoming,* 42 (October, 1970), 191-224; James W. Manning, "Literacy on the Oregon Trail: Books across the Plains," *Oregon Historical Quarterly,* 41 (June, 1940), 189–94; Kathryn Troxel, "Food of the Overland Emigrants," *Oregon Historical Quarterly,* 56 (March, 1955), 12–26.

[31]Robert L. Munkres, "The Plains Indian Threat on the Oregon Trail Before 1860," *Annals of Wyoming,* 40 (October, 1968), 193–221. Even though the title promises coverage to 1860 the author has used no diaries or other sources for either 1859 or 1860—an important and especially dangerous period of plains travel.

[32]Robert W. Richmond, "Developments along the Overland Trail from the Missouri River to Fort Laramie, Before 1854," *Nebraska History,* 33 (September, 1952), 154–79; Richmond, "Developments along the Overland Trail from the Missouri River to Fort Laramie, Before 1854, II, The Mormon Trail," *Nebraska History,* 33 (December, 1952), 237–47.

[33]Gerald Rawling, "The Oregon Trail," *History Today,* 11 (November, 1961), 751.

[34]Jonathan Truman Dorris, "The Oregon Trail," *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society,* 10 (January, 1918), 473–547.

[35]Amos William Hartman, "The California and Oregon Trail, 1849–1860," *Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society,* 25 (March, 1924), 1–35. On the Mormon guidebooks see page 5.

[36]F. G. Young, "The Oregon Trail," *Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society,* 1 (December, 1900), 339–45.

[37]Applegate, "A Day with the Cow Column in 1843," 377. Applegate first read this now famous essay in 1876 at the 4th annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association, from whose *Transactions* the Oregon Historical Society *Quarterly* reprinted it.

[38]E. L. Eastham, "The Occasional Address," *Transactions of the Thirteenth Annual Re-Union of the Oregon Pioneer Association for 1885* (Salem, 1886), 9.

[39]George H. Himes, "Annual Address," *Transactions of the 35th Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association, Portland, June 19th, 1907* (Portland, 1908), 135–36 (italics mine).

[40]William Elsey Connelley, "National Aspects of the Old Oregon Trail," *Collections of the Kansas State Historical Society, 1913–1914,* 13 (Topeka, 1915), 415, 417–18.

[41]T. C. Elliott, "The Earliest Travelers on the Oregon Trail," *Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society,* 13 (March, 1912), 83.

[42]Federal Writers' Project, *The Oregon Trail* (New York, c. 1939), 33.

[43]Francis Parkman, *The Oregon Trail,* ed. by E. N. Feltskog (Madison, Wisconsin, 1969) is by all accounts the best available edition.

Footnotes

[44]De Voto, *The Year of Decision*, 116, 141, 171–73; Parkman, *The Oregon Trail*, 31a-43a; Wilbur R. Jacobs, ed., *Letters of Francis Parkman* (2 vols.; Norman, Oklahoma, c. 1960), I: xxxix.

[45]John T. Faris, *On the Trail of the Pioneers* (New York, c. 1920).

[46]James Christy Bell, Jr., *Opening a Highway to the Pacific: 1838–1846*, Vol. 96 of *Columbia University Studies in History, Economics and Public Law* (New York, 1921), especially page 149.

[47]Agnes C. Laut, *The Overland Trail: The Epic Path of the Pioneers to Oregon* (New York, 1929), especially pages xxi, 3–4, 98–99, 211, 352–53.

[48]*Ibid.*, 196–98.

[49]Maude Applegate Rucker, *The Oregon Trail and Some of its Blazers* (New York, 1930); see especially pages 10, 35, 37.

[50]Owen C. Coy, *The Great Trek* (San Francisco, c. 1931).

[51]Archer Butler Hulbert, *Forty-Niners: The Chronicle of the California Trail* (Boston, 1931).

[52]Shortly before he died, Frederick Jackson Turner sent Hulbert, a former student, a congratulatory letter upon learning that *Forty-Niners* had been awarded the *Atlantic*'s literary prize. But Turner also wrote: "The combination of fiction and history, even in skillful hands like yours, finds me somewhat unconvinced." Turner to Hulbert, February 2, 1932, in Wilbur R. Jacobs, ed., *The Historical World of Frederick Jackson Turner: With Selections from His Correspondence* (New Haven, 1968), 249.

[53]A. B. Guthrie, Jr., *The Way West* (Boston, c. 1949).

[54]Emerson Hough, *The Covered Wagon* (New York, c. 1922).

[55]W. J. Ghent, *The Road to Oregon: A Chronicle of the Great Emigrant Trail* (New York, 1934).

[56]Jay Monaghan, *The Overland Trail* (Indianapolis, c. 1947).

[57]Walter E. Meacham, *Old Oregon Trail: Roadway of American Home Builders* (Manchester, N.H., c. 1948).

[58]Jacob R. Gregg, *A History of the Oregon Trail, Santa Fe Trail, and Other Trails* (Portland, Oregon, c. 1955).

[59]Harry Sinclair Drago, *Roads to Empire: The Dramatic Conquest of the American West* (New York, c. 1968).

[60]Irene D. Paden, *The Wake of the Prairie Schooner* (New York, 1943); Paden, *Prairie Schooner Detours* (New York, 1949).

[61]Paden, *Prairie Schooner Detours*, 105–06.

[62]Julia Cooley Altrocchi, *The Old California Trail: Traces in Folklore and Furrow* (Caldwell, Idaho, 1945).

[63]*Ibid.*, 94–96.

[64]*Ibid.*, 20, 186–87, 194.

[65]Frederica B. Coons, *The Trail to Oregon* (Portland, Oregon, c. 1954).

[66]Ralph Moody, *The Old Trails West* (New York, c. 1963); see pages 274–82 for his treatment of the Stevens-Murphy party.

[67]Todd Webb, *The Gold Rush Trail and the Road to Oregon* (Garden City, N.Y., c. 1963).

[68]Margaret Long, *The Oregon Trail: Following the Old Historic Pioneer Trails on the Modern Highways* (Denver, c. 1954).

[69]Paul C. Henderson, *Landmarks on the Oregon Trail* (New York, 1953).

[70]David Lavender, *Westward Vision: The Story of the Oregon Trail* (New York, c. 1963).

[71]Wallace Stegner, *The Gathering of Zion: The Story of the Mormon Trail* (New York, c. 1964). Another volume focusing on this trail, at least according to its title, was Henry Inman and William F. Cody's *The Great Salt Lake Trail* (Topeka, 1910). As might be expected, however, this lengthy volume stressed the exploits of Buffalo Bill, Indian lore, and famous Indian battles. Packed with various reminiscent accounts and ranging from the earliest explorations to the building of the trans-continental railroad and Custer's last stand, almost no attention was paid to the overland emigrants—none at all to the Oregon migrations! In addition to the Buffalo Bill stories the volume is noteworthy mainly for the authors' preference for the "Great Salt Lake Trail" nomenclature—and it was the initial appearance of this volume among others which had caused F. G. Young to begin his campaign for "the Oregon Trail" designation. See Young, "The Oregon Trail," 343–44.

[72]George R. Stewart, *The California Trail: An Epic With Many Heroes* (New York, c. 1962).

[73]*Ibid.*, 83.

[74]*Ibid.*, 97–99, 189, 322–24. The Indians, Stewart points out, were too smart to make an attack in a manner which was least likely to be successful and most likely to be dangerous. More usual were attacks on trains spread out while traveling.

[75]Dale Morgan has provided some information about those "unmentionable" latrine arrangements: "Once I discussed this particular silence in the overland journals with a well-known authority on Mormon

history and Mormon folkways. She had some answers, but not from any written source; rather, from conversation with her grandmother. When the Mormon trains set out, she told me, the captain immediately established the rule: women to go to this side, men to that. And on the flat and treeless Plains, Mormon women solved the problem of privacy when privacy is peculiarly desired by walking out in a group, several standing with skirts spread wide to provide a screen for their sisters. We may assume that something of the sort held for all family migrations in the West." Morgan, "The Significance and Value of the Overland Journal," in Toole, ed., *Probing the American West*, 31. The entire essay (pages 26–34) underscores the need that all scholarly work on any phase of western history during this period be firmly grounded in the journals and letters written by the overlanders.

[76]Merrill J. Mattes, *The Great Platte River Road: The Covered Wagon Mainline via Fort Kearny to Fort Laramie*, Vol. 25 of the Nebraska State Historical Society *Publications* ([Lincoln], 1969).

[77]*Ibid.*, 23.

[78]*Ibid.*, see especially Chapter One, pages 3–21.

[79]Presumably William H. Ashley had taken the first wagon west of the Missouri River any distance in the fall of 1824 and in 1827 he transported a four pound cannon to the Great Salt Lake on a two mule carriage—the first wagon through South Pass. Korns, "West from Fort Bridger," 3–4; W. H. Ashley to A. Macomb, March, 1829, in U. S., 21 Cong., 2 Sess., Doc. 39, serial 203 (Washington, D.C., 1831), 7; Dale L. Morgan, ed., *The West of William H. Ashley, 1822–1838* (Denver, 1964), 100, 166. For Hoover's proclamation see "Hoover Proclaims 'Covered Wagon Day': April 10 to Mark Oregon Trail Centennial," *The New York Times*, February 23, 1930.

[80]Albert Hawkins, "Centennial of the Covered Wagon," *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, 31 (June, 1930), 115–24; "Oregon Trail is Thronged," *New York Times*, July 4, 1930; "Wilbur Urges Need for Pioneers Today," *New York Times*, December 30, 1930; Editorial, "The Great Romance," *New York Times*, December 30, 1930. In another editorial, "The Oregon Trail," on April 10, 1930, *New York Times* praised Meeker's efforts in behalf of marking the trails. Then in 1952 occurred the Centennial Celebration of the Covered Wagon which included a caravan driving west from St. Joseph to Oregon commemorating both the large migration of 1852 as well as Meeker's trip west as an overland emigrant. There had also been, in 1949, appropriate ceremonies commemorating the California Gold Rush. See Robert W. Haines, "Baker's Covered Wagon Centennial," *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, 53 (September, 1952), 209–13, and R. W. G. Vail, "Gold Fever: A Catalogue of the California Gold Rush Centennial Exhibition," *New York Historical Society Quarterly*, 33 (October, 1949), 237–71.

[81]The best of several reminiscent books Meeker wrote is *The Busy Life of Eighty-Five Years: Ventures and Adventures* (Seattle, c. 1916), on which most of the following account is based. See also Gladys Shafer, "Eastward Ho! Ezra Meeker Memorializes the Oregon Trail, 1905–1910," *American West*, 5 (November, 1968), 42–49.

[82]C. B. Galbreath, "Ezra Meeker: Ohio's Illustrious Pioneer," *Ohio Archaeological and Historical Quarterly*, 36 (January, 1927), 38–43; Shafer, "Eastward Ho!" 42, 48.

[83]Hubert H. Bancroft, *California Inter Pocula*, Vol. 35 of *Works* (San Francisco, 1888), 92. The three years were, of course, 1843, 1846 and 1849.

[84]*Ibid.*, 113–14. He wrote of the thousands of 1849 overlanders who "might tell a tale more thrilling and more fascinating than any of ancient pilgrimage, trailed over plains and rugged hills of desolation, often with a miserable road, or with no road at all; and exposed to tornadoes fierce enough to demolish a caravan, followed by ravenous wolves and croaking ravens, harrassed by savages, keeping watch by night, and sweating and swearing by day; suffering from scurvy and fever engendered by salt [sic] unwholesome food, and from cholera brought up the river from New Orleans, and which clung to them until dissipated by the sharp air of the elevated regions 500 miles distant. Over the boundless prairies they straggled, up in to the rarified air that stifled men and beasts, down into waterless, sandy sinks; across sage brush plains efflorescent with alkali, over salty-white flats caked hard as stone, through blinding dust, and into heaps of sand-like drifted ashy earth where the animals sank to their bellies; resting by cooling springs, or thirsting beside fetid and acrid waters; winding along the banks of sluggish water-courses, fording brackish brooks, swimming ice-cold rivers, exposed now to the unbroken rays of a withering sun, and now to chilliing [sic] hail-storms, hurricanes, and suffocating sandblasts; sometimes miring in mud, sometimes choked in impalpable dust which saturated hair and clothes, filled eyes and nostrils, and made these emigrant trains look like caravans emerging from an ash storm on the plains of Sodom."

[85]*Ibid.*, 119–20; Bancroft, *History of California* (7 vols.; San Francisco, 1888–1892), 6: 148, 160–61.

[86]Bancroft, *History of Oregon* (2 vols.; San Francisco, 1886), 1: 783.

[87]James Schouler, *History of the United States of America, Under the Constitution* (Rev. ed.; 7 vols.; New York, 1904), 5: 135–36.

Footnotes

[88]James Ford Rhodes, *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850 to the McKinley-Bryan Campaign of 1896* (New ed., 8 vols.; New York, 1920), 1: 112–13.

[89]Edward Channing, *A History of the United States* (6 vols.; New York, 1925), 6: 43–45.

[90]Woodrow Wilson, *A History of the American People* (5 vols.; New York, c. 1902), 4: 135.

[91]John Bach McMaster, *A History of the People of the United States, From the Revolution to the Civil War* (8 vols.; New York, 1929), 7 and 8, *passim.*

[92]Carl Russell Fish, *The Rise of the Common Man, 1830–1850,* Vol. 6 of *A History of American Life* (New York, 1937), is the only volume in either series which makes even passing mention to the overlanders, noting the 1843 and 1849 migrations. See pages 301, 309.

[93]Emerson Hough, *The Passing of the Frontier: A Chronicle of the Old West,* Vol. 26 of *The Chronicles of America Series* (New Haven, 1921); Stewart Edward White, *The Forty Niners: A Chronicle of the California Trail and El Dorado,* Vol. 25 of *The Chronicles of America Series* (New Haven, 1921).

[94]Hough, *The Passing of the Frontier,* 93–94.

[95]Ray Allen Billington, *The Far Western Frontier, 1830–1860* (New York, c. 1956), Chapters 5 and 10.

[96]Charles A. Beard and Mary R. Beard, *The Rise of American Civilization* (2 vols.; New York, 1929), 1: 600–01.

[97]Richard B. Morris and William Greenleaf, *U. S. A.: The History of a Nation* (2 vols.; Chicago, c. 1969), 1: 558.

[98]Norman A. Graebner, Gilbert C. Fite and Philip L. White, *A History of the United States* (2 vols.; New York, c. 1970), 1: 652. The foregoing observations are based on a survey of the following additional textbooks: Thomas A. Bailey, *The American Pageant: A History of the Republic* (4th ed.; 2 vols.; Boston, c. 1971), v. 1; John M. Blum, *et al., The National Experience: A History of the United States* (2d ed.; New York, c. 1968); Harry J. Carman, Harold C. Syrett and Bernard W. Wishy, *A History of the American People* (3d ed.; 2 vols.; New York, c. 1967), v. 1; Oscar Handlin, *America: A History* (New York, c. 1968); Handlin, *The History of the United States* (2 vols.; New York, c. 1967), v. 1; John D. Hicks, George E. Mowry, Robert E. Burke, *A History of American Democracy* (3d ed.; Boston, c. 1966); Dumas Malone and Basil Rauch, *Crisis of the Union, 1841–1877* (New York, c. 1968); Samuel Eliot Morison, *The Oxford History of the American People* (New York, 1965); Henry Bamford Parkes, *The United States of America: A History* (3d ed.; New York, c. 1968); Dexter Perkins and Glyndon G. Van Deusen, *The United States of America: A History* (2d ed.; 2 vols.; New York, c. 1968), v. 1; T. Harry Williams, Richard N. Current, Frank Freidel, *A History of the United States to 1877* (3d ed.; New York, c. 1969); John A. Garraty, *A History of the United States to 1877* (2d ed.; New York, c. 1971).

[99]Frederic L. Paxson, *History of the American Frontier, 1763–1893* (Boston, c. 1924); E. Douglas Branch, *Westward: The Romance of the American Frontier* (New York, 1930).

[100]Cardinal Goodwin, *The Trans-Mississippi West (1803–1853): A History of its Acquisition and Settlement* (New York, 1922), 464.

[101]Dan Elbert Clark, *The West in American History* (New York, c. 1937), 467, 472–73, 475, 485.

[102]LeRoy R. Hafen, W. Eugene Hollon and Carl Coke Rister, *Western America* (3d ed.; Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, c. 1970), 181.

[103]*Ibid.,* 182, 240.

[104]*Ibid.,* 179.

[105]Thomas D. Clark, *Frontier America: The Story of the Westward Movement* (2d ed.; New York, c. 1969), 497, 500.

[106]Ray Allen Billington, *Westward Expansion: A History of the American Frontier* (3d ed.; New York, c. 1967), 528.

[107]Clark, *Frontier America,* 573; Billington, *Westward Expansion,* 591.

[108]Kent Ladd Steckmesser, *The Westward Movement: A Short History* (New York, c. 1969); Robert E. Riegel and Robert G. Athearn, *America Moves West* (4th ed.; New York, c. 1964).

[109]John A. Hawgood, *America's Western Frontiers: The Exploration and Settlement of the Trans-Mississippi West* (New York, 1967).

[110]Robert V. Hine and Edwin R. Bingham, eds., *The Frontier Experience: Readings in the Trans-Mississippi West* (Belmont, California, c. 1963), 96–103; Clark C. Spence, ed., *The American West: A Source Book* (New York, c. 1966), 91–102; Martin Ridge and Ray Allen Billington, eds., *America's Frontier Story: A Documentary History of Westward Expansion* (New York, c. 1969), Chapters 19, 20 and 22.

[111]Robert W. Richmond and Robert W. Mardock, eds., *A Nation Moving West: Readings in the History of the American Frontier* (Lincoln, Nebraska, c. 1966), 169–78. A short selection from an 1844 diarist bound for Oregon is also included, pages 179–80.

[112]Morgan, *Overland in 1846,* 1: 115.

[1]A toast to members of the Associated Pioneers of the Territorial Days of California, in the City of New York, delivered in the parlors of the Sturtevant in New York on February 11, 1875. *The Associated Pioneers of the Territorial Days of California, in the City of New York* (New York, 1875), 30.

[2]*Ibid.*, 30–31.

[3]Hubert Howe Bancroft, *History of California* (7 vols.; San Francisco, 1884–1890), 5: 517.

[4]Compiled from Guy J. Giffen, *California Expedition. Stevenson's Regiment of First New York Volunteers* (Oakland, California, 1951). Francis D. Clark, *Roll of the Survivors of the First Regiment of New York Volunteers Commanded by Col. Jonathan D. Stevenson . . . and Disbanded on the Pacific Coast in the Fall of 1848, and Known to be Living January 1, 1874* (New York, 1874), and the same author, *The First Regiment of New York Volunteers* (New York, 1882). Clark defended the members of the regiment against the charge of desertion while admitting the temptation of "earning hundreds of dollars per day in the mines instead of the twenty three cents received from the Government was almost irresistible," yet "to the honor of the command, few were the number who deserted, preferring an *honorable discharge* and *empty pockets* to the *golden nuggets* and a brandea [*sic*] name." *The First Regiment,* 20. James Lynch, *With Stevenson to California* (Oakland, 1954), 23, went even farther in defending the record of the regiment, contending that not one man deserted. Clark brings out that of the 154 known survivors whose address was known 99 were in California, six were in New York, five in New Jersey, four each in the District of Columbia and Oregon, and the rest were scattered.

[5]Appendix to *Congressional Globe,* 29 Cong., 1 Sess., p. 809; *Niles Register,* 70 (August 1, 1846), 344–45. Bancroft (5:502), wrote: "No secret was made of the regiment's destination and prospective service," though no formal publication of the scheme was made. "No volunteer dreamed of conflict with any foe; all regarded themselves as immigrant adventurers bound for a distant land of many charms, under the protection of government. There was but slight pretence of patriotism, and no fear of danger. . . ." It should be said that all the volunteer regiments authorized by Polk were staffed with men of more political than military experience.

[6]In 1849 the War Department contracted with 20 mechanics to be transported to San Francisco where they were to work for 100 days in erecting a public building. At the conclusion of 100 days of labor their compensation was to be $345. They were to be given subsistence and medical aid only when sick. *House Executive Documents,* 31 Cong., 1 Sess., vol. 7, serial 576, no. 38, pp. 34–35.

[7]*Cong. Globe,* 29 Cong., 1 Sess., Appendix, 809.

[8]*Ibid.*, 809. A member of the regiment writing from California in 1847 said it was the prevailing wish that Stevenson might be replaced from his command and the position be given to Lieutenant Colonel Burton who is "a gentleman and a soldier, and a man beloved by all officers and men." *Niles Register,* 73 (November 6, 1847), 156.

[9]*Niles Register,* 70 (September 12, 1846), 20.

[10]*Albany Argus,* August 1, 1846.

[11]Clark, *The First Regiment,* 21, 43–49; *Niles Register,* 70 (July 11, 1846), 311 and 71 (September 12, 1846), 20; *Alta California,* August 27, 1854.

[12]*Alta California,* August 27, 1854. Bancroft (5:507n) quotes a friendly source—the *New York Herald*—as saying the company uniform was very neat and serviceable; pantaloons of dark mixed gray with scarlet strip or cord up the seam of the leg, blue coats with scarlet trimmings, a new style French cap, very becoming. . . ."

[13]For a portion of the complaints see the observations of Thomas Jefferson Sutherland in the New York *Courier and Enquirer,* as quoted in *Niles Register,* 70 (August 29, 1846), 416; James Lynch, *With Stevenson to California* (Oakland, 1954), 48, 50; *Albany Argus,* August 1, 1846; Bancroft, *California,* 5:500 ff., 6:659 ff.; *Niles Register,* 70 (August 1, 1846), 344–45. Guy J. Giffen, *California Expedition: Stevenson's Regiment of First New York Volunteers* (Oakland, 1951), 2 ff., makes no effort to apologize for Stevenson but neither does he display the venom of Bancroft.

[14]*Alta California,* August 27, 1854. The "Journal of John McHenry Hollingsworth, a Lieutenant in Stevenson's Regiment in California," edited by H. R. Wagner and R. E. Cowan, *California Historical Society Quarterly,* 1 (January, 1923), 207–70, is most useful for the voyage around Cape Horn.

[15]M. A. deWolfe Howe, ed., *Home Letters of General Sherman* (New York, 1919), 101.

[16]Fred B. Rogers, *A Kemble Reader: Stories of California, 1846–*1848, by Edward Cleveland Kemble (San Francisco, 1963), 113–14.

[17]Robert M. Utley, *Frontiersmen in Blue: The United States Army and the Indian, 1845–1865* (New York, 1967), 29–38.

Footnotes

[18]Justin H. Smith, *The War With Mexico* (2 vols.; New York, 1919), 2:219.

[19]The diary of Captain Kimball Dimmick of the New York Volunteers, brief as it is, has useful information concerning Dimmick's financial arrangements with Dr. Parker of the same regiment, the amount of desertions and the punishment meeted out to offenders. Stationed in San Francisco Dimmick and his company felt the news of gold discovery early, as reported on May 23, 1848. Five days later 18 men were reported for desertion; on June 5 Captain John B. Frisbie with one officer, two non-coms and 8 men went to Sacramento in pursuit of deserters; June 11, Captain Brackett arrived with his company from Sonoma with but 23 men, the balance having deserted; June 17, 10 deserters were arrested and placed in the guardhouse; June 23 two men were flogged for desertion; July 2 Lieutenant Hubbard was reported at the Mission without leave and drunk; August 1, 12 deserters were each given 49 lashes; August 10, "glorious news" of peace and an order was received for the discharge of the company. Dimmick tells of shooting quail and of trading with other officers. On September 1, 1849 he records that he was elected president pro-tem of the constitutional convention meeting in Monterey. The diary is in the California Miscellaneous File, the Huntington Library.

[20]Alfred A. Green, "Life and Adventures of a 47-er of California," prepared for H. H. Bancroft and dated 1878, MSS, Bancroft Library.

[21]"Hollingsworth Journal" in *California Historical Society Quarterly*, 1:207 ff.

[22]Bancroft, *California*, 5:500, 734.

[23]Mary Floyd Williams, *History of the San Francisco Committee of Vigilance of 1851 (University of California Publications in History*, vol. 12; Berkeley, 1921), 188; *Alta California*, June 4, 1851.

[24]*Alta California*, June 6, 1851. Stevenson so far as I can determine, would have benefited in no way by the validation of the Colton lots but his other titles would have gained the security they lacked.

[25]*Ibid.*, June 6, 1851. Bancroft says Stevenson married "again" in 1851 and had three daughters.

[26]*Ibid.*, April 13, 1851.

[27]*Ibid.*, March 11, 17, 23, 26, 1852.

[28]*Ibid.*, June 4, 1852.

[29]*Ibid.*, Steamer edition, June 15, 1852; *Daily Alta*, June 17, 18, 20, 1852.

[30]Theodore H. Hittell, *History of California* (4 vols.; San Francisco, 1898), 3:408–10.

[31]The *Alta California*, October 13, 1856, called the "Law and Order" group the Broderick faction of the Democratic party.

[32]*Ibid.*, June 5, 1856.

[33]I found little mention of Stevenson's name in connection with public affairs and none in the account of the Pioneer Celebration of September 9, 1857. *Alta California*, September 10, 1857. By 1858, however, when the Democrats were solidly in control in Sacramento and were still proscribing former members who had joined the Committee of Vigilance in 1856 Stevenson had recovered somewhat his former position. *Alta California*, Feburary 9, 1858. The *Alta*, it should be said, was an out and out defender of the Committee of Vigilance and after 1856 protested against all efforts to invoke public action against its leaders.

[34]Compiled from Alfred Wheeler, *Land Titles in San Francisco* (San Francisco, 1852), *passim*.

[35]*Memoirs of Gen. William T. Sherman* (2 vols.; New York, 1892), 1:101–02.

[36]*Alta California*, May 1, 1850. Bancroft, *History of California*, 6:322, says that Sacramento offered public buildings and secured pledges for $1,000,000 for their construction.

[37]Ernest A. Wiltsee, "The City of New York of the Pacific," *California Historical Society Quarterly*, 12 (March, 1933), 25 ff.

[38]*Alta California*, September 3, 27, November 9, 1850; Hittell, *History of California*, 2:723–24.

[39]Frank Soulé, John H. Gihon, and James Nisbet, *Annals of San Francisco* (San Francisco, 1855), 789. For the Santa Cruz investments of Stevenson, see Stevenson Papers, University of California at Los Angeles.

[40]Letter of Gilman, Baltimore, October 13, 1855, to Frederick Billings. Halleck, Peachy and Billings MSS., Bancroft Library.

[41]Advertisement of Stevenson in *Alta California*, October 27, 1855; copy of agreement between de la Guerra and Stevenson in the de la Guerra MSS., copies in the Huntington Library; Clark, *The First Regiment*, 22.

[42]*Congressional Globe*, 32 Cong., 2 Sess., 795; 33 Cong., 2 Sess., 380–81, 522–23, 1020–22.

[43]*Memorial and Petition of Col. J. D. Stevenson of California* (San Francisco, 1886); W. F. Parker, March 5, 1891, to Stevenson, Stevenson MSS., University of California, Los Angeles.

[44]*Annals of San Francisco*, 59 (of second section); Wheeler, *Land Titles of San Francisco*, *passim*.

[45]Parker to Stevenson, March 5, 1891, Stevenson MSS.

[46]*Memoirs of Gen. W. T. Sherman* (2 vols.; New York, 1890), 1:61.

[47]William Heath Davis, *Seventy Five Years in California: Recollections and Remarks,* edited by Harold A. Small (San Francisco, 1967), 298–99. William Grey in his *A Picture of Pioneer Times in California* (San Francisco, 1881), 140–51, charged that Sam Brannan and Captain Folsom by improper means kept bidding down at the sales by denying to all outsiders the opportunity to look over the survey and maps showing the location of the lots.

[48]*Senate Executive Documents,* 31 Cong., 1 Sess., vol. 3, serial 589, no. 18, pp. 133–136; Wheeler, *Land Titles in San Francisco, passim;* Hittell, *History of California,* 3:389.

[49]Hittell, *History of California,* 3:337, 345, 684.

[50]Davis, *Seventy-Five Years,* 173.

[51]*Ibid.,* 173, seems to have thought that an additional $15,000 or $20,000 may have been paid to clear away any imputation of inadequate payments to the heirs.

[52]*Alta California,* January 11, 12, 1856.

[53]Dwight L. Clarke, *William Tecumseh Sherman: Gold Rush Banker* (San Francisco, 1969), 148. *The Placer Times and Transcript* said on October 2, 1855, that the appraised value of the Folsom estate was $2,055,000. Robert Cowan, "The Leidesdorff-Folsom Estate. A Forgotten Chapter in the Romantic History of Early San Francisco," *California Historical Society Quarterly,* 7 (June, 1928), 105 ff.

[54]Hubert Howe Bancroft, *Chronicles of the Builders of the Commonwealth* (7 vols.; San Francisco 1891–1892), 6:533–542; Giffen, *California Expedition,* 88. Bancroft assured readers that Adolph Russ was both benevolent and charitable but he also says that the Stevenson Regiment was a "fine body of men," which is not how he described it elsewhere.

[55]Hubert H. Bancroft, *Pioneer Register* (Reprint; Los Angeles, 1964), 737. Mention might also be made here of Lieutenant Henry S. Carnes of Company F of the New York Regiment, who became collector of the port of Santa Barbara and a member of the second session of the California legislature, and Lieutenant Thomas E. Ketchum of Company B, who mined for a year, established a general store at Jamestown, and became a rancher on his 480 acres near Stockton. His service in the Civil War was mostly against Indians. Giffin, *California Expedition,* viii–x, 33.

[56]Clarke, *William Tecumseh Sherman,* 7, 359.

[57]Robert E. Cowan, *Bibliography of the History of California and the Pacific West, 1510–1906* (Columbus, Ohio, 1952), 1; John T. Shuck, *History of the Bench and Bar of California* (Los Angeles, 1901), 476–478.

[58]*Annals of San Francisco, passim; Pioneer Register,* 781; Wheeler, *Land Titles, passim.*

[59]George Washington Cullum, *Biographical Register of the Officers and and Graduates of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point,* (2 vols.; Boston, 1891), 1: 609–610; Frederick Hall, *History of San Jose* (San Francisco, 1870), 296. El Pescadero was granted to Antonio María Pico in 1843. Claimants for it before the Land Commission were Pico and Naglee. It was rejected by the Land Commission but confirmed by the Supreme Court and patented on March 10, 1865. I have no further knowledge of the rancho until January 20, 1912, when a descendent of Naglee, Marie J. Robbins, conveyed her right to 4,000 acres for $260,000. Naglee MSS., Bancroft Library. Himself a headstrong man, Naglee left his judgment on some of his colleagues in the First New York Regiment as follows: Major Hardie was a clever boy, a protege of Col. Stevenson; Captain Shannon would make a good officer under any command; Captain Lippitt was extremely nervous, fidgety, silly as an old maid; Captain Frisbie was a conceited, weak little pettifogger. Naglee to Captain H. S. Turner, March 21, 1847, Naglee MSS., Bancroft.

[60]*Senate Reports,* 44 Cong., 1 Sess., vol. 1, serial 1667, no. 160.

[61]There were three other Frisbies in the New York Regiment: Eleazer, Levi and Benjamin, all of whom settled in Sonoma county. Levi and Benjamin were missed by Bancroft in his *Pioneer Register.* Clark, *Roll of the Survivors.*

[62]*Alta California,* April 3, 1860.

[63]I have told the story of the Suscol claim and the issues that grew out of its invalidation in "The Suscol Principle, Preemption, and California Latifundia," *Pacific Historical Review,* 39 (November, 1970), 453 ff.

[64]*Alta California,* May 22, 1860. The clash between the settlers and the owners of Tzabaco may have been the incident mentioned in *Alta California* of April 14, 1858, wherein a Dr. Frisbie and one Luco were nearly mobbed by angry settlers while they were surveying a rancho, the ownership of which was in dispute. A brother of Frisbie, Eleazer, a sergeant of Company H, was associated with John in the management of Suscol and became postmaster in Vallejo. John Frisbie also came into possession of a claim to a four league rancho in Los Angeles County which he early abandoned, probably because of its questionable character.

[65]There is considerable information on Frisbie in Madie B. Emparan, *The Vallejos of California* (San Francisco, 1968).

Footnotes

[66]The *Alta California* for 1849 contained numerous protests against Leavenworth's policies, suggesting that he became quite abritrary and threatening to those who objected.

[67]C. A. Menefee, *Historical and Descriptive Sketch Book of Napa, Sonoma, Lake and Mendocino* (Napa City, 1873), 305.

[68]William (probably Henry) Conrad, Alexander McDonald and William Green were the other three who had prospered and then had fallen into hard times. *Alta California,* October 4, 1859. *Pioneer Register,* 736.

[69]*House Executive Documents,* 31 Cong., 1 Sess., vol. 5, serial 573, no. 17, p. 787.

[70]*Annals of San Francisco,* 772–78. Gilbert took the first census of San Francisco in August, 1847, which showed a population of 459 of which 273 were literate. Edward C. Kemble, *A History of California Newspapers, 1846–1858* (Los Gatos, 1962), 24, 77.

[71]*The Associated Pioneers of the Territorial Days of California in the City of New York,* 31.

[72]Although Green was living in California in 1871, so far as I can determine, when Francis D. Clark of the First Regiment prepared his list of surviving members he is not listed there.

[73]Kenneth M. Johnson, *Jose Yves Limantour v. The United States* (Los Angeles, 1961). The *Alta California,* December 6, 1853, says $20,000 had been subscribed to defeat the Limantour claim.

[74]Two other claims which may have included part of the area of present San Francisco—the Noe-San Miguel and the Bernal-Rincon, each for one league—might be mentioned though they were confirmed without any difficulty and patented in 1857. Green contended that evidence in his possession showed that both the Noe and Bernal claims were frauds but he could not persuade the District Attorney in San Francisco or Attorney General Black in Washington to use his evidence. He was very critical of "corrupt judges," and Federal officials for not pressing forward the cases. Green MSS., Bancroft. In the calculation above I have disregarded the island claims which were all rejected except that for Mare Island.

[75]The San Francisco *Sunday Times,* January 27, 1856, called the Limantour decision of Alpheus Felch, chairman of the Land Commission, "special pleading," "imperative refusal" to entertain evidence in favor of the government's position "a villainous swindle." Also see *Alta California* January 23, February 1, 4, 1856, October 12, 1857, and *Annals of San Francisco,* 80.

[76]*Alta California,* October 19, 1856. The *Alta* gives much space to Green's public addresses and other activities in behalf of the pueblo and in opposition to the private claims. See especially, April 17, 19, June 20, August 4, 19, October 31, 1857, January 23, 26, February 1, 22, 24, May 4, July 2, 1859, May 12, 18, June 3, 20, July 20, 22, 1860, and *California Farmer,* 6 (October 31, 1856), 108. That Alfred A. Green had acquired papers strengthening the title of San Francisco for pueblo lands by a ruse, and that he sought compensation for them by the city, may be true as Hubert H. Bancroft brings out in *Popular Tribunals* (2 vols.; San Francisco, 1887), 2: 513–25, but Bancroft shows no awareness of the important role Green played in alerting the city and the United States authorities to the pernicious character of the shingling but fraudulent claims and the willingness of prominent residents of the city to compromise their title claims rather than to fight for the pueblo claim.

[77]Edwin M. Stanton was sent by Attorney General Black to California to take charge of the government defense of the Limantour and Panoche Grand mineral claim. Stanton and Peter Della Torre, District Attorney put on an interminable array of witnesses testifying as to the fraud in the documents filed in behalf of Limantour that proved the seal, the signatures, and the paper were all fraudulent, and enabled Judge Hoffman to reverse the Land Commission in a devastating decision from which Limantour and his aids were doubtless glad to escape to Mexico without more severe punishment. The *Alta* reproduced much of the evidence. Hoffman was misled into confirming the Sherrebeck claim but on a rehearing was persuaded to reject it. This left only the Santillan and the de Haro claims to be finally passed upon by the Supreme Court.

[78]Hittell, *History of California,* 4: 591–92. Bancroft, *Popular Tribunals* (vol. 2), accepted the viewpoint of the Second Committee of Vigilance of 1856 as reflected in its records and the recollections of its members, and John W. Caughey, *Hubert Howe Bancroft: Historian of the West* (Berkeley, 1946), generally approves of his account. My analysis of the events centering around Green, the pueblo claim and the overlapping claims of Limantour, Bolton & Barron and others, and the part Green played in arousing opposition to the false claims in order to protect the pueblo claim is based on the *Alta* which gave much space to his activities and partly belies the Committee's attitude.

[79]76 *U.S.,* 607.

[80]The People's ticket, a partial fusion of the Republican and People's forces, swept the city but elsewhere the Democrats carried practically everything in California.

[81]*Alta California,* May 6, 1860.

[82]Hittell, *History of California,* 3:646. Bancroft called Powers "the robber chief." In 1853 Powers had threatened to resist a writ of ejectment with 40 armed men and in the resulting melee the sheriff was stabbed and another man was shot. *Alta California,* June 8, 1853; Bancroft, *Popular Tribunals,* 2:252, 256.

[83]*Alta California,* April 19, 1857.

[84]*Ibid.,* August 26, 1858.

[85]Myron Angel, *History of San Luis Obispo County* (Oakland, 1883), 306.

[86]Hawley, who came to California in 1849 and was active in the Committee left his reminiscences of the uprising in a memorandum in the Bancroft MSS.

[87]*Alta California,* August 2, 9, December 30, 1849. James Lynch claims that "for the credit of the members of my old regiment, I can say that though there were many of them in San Francisco during all of these trying days, there was not one of them who mixed up with the bad element. . . ." Lynch, *With Stevenson to California,* 14. Earl S. Pomeroy, "The Trial of the Hounds," *California Historical Quarterly,* 29 (June, 1950), 161–65; Williams, *San Francisco Committee of Vigilance, 1851,* 718.

[88]Paul P. Parker, "The Roach-Belcher Feud," *California Historical Society Quarterly,* 29 (March, 1950), 18–28.

[89]*History of San Luis Obispo County,* 286–287.

[90]Edward C. Kemble, *History of California Newspapers, 1846–1858,* edited by Helen H. Bretnor (Los Gatos, 1962). Lee became a civil magistrate in Santa Cruz.

[91]*California Historical Society Quarterly,* 16 (December, 1937), 343. One writer opined that the Regiment added thirteen practical printers to the four in California before they arrived.

[92]Wierzbicki's book was published in two editions in 1849, one included 60 pages and the other 76. Cowan, *Bibliography of California,* 248; it is reviewed by George Dane in *California Historical Society Quarterly,* 12 (December, 1933), 364.

[93]94 pages.

[94]Reprinted by Biobooks of Oakland in 1954.

[95]*History of San Luis Obispo County,* 233.

[96]Cowan, *Bibliography of California,* 103. Altogether nine of the thousand items listed in Cowan relate to the activities of members of the New York Regiment.

ANTI-JAPANESE ACTIVITIES IN SAN FRANCISCO

Many of the sources used for this study are in the form of uncatalogued materials in the Japanese Foreign Ministry Archive. These were used in their original form by the writer in Tokyo and either microfilm or xeroxed reproductions at the Japanese American Research Project, University of California, Los Angeles. Although much of the Foreign Ministry archival collection has been catalogued since the disruption of World War II, many documents remain uncatalogued and unpaginated. In order to reduce the problem of identifying the location of Foreign Ministry sources, the reader can assume that the sources cited were used in Tokyo unless it is specifically noted that they are from the JARP collection. The following abbreviations have been used for Japanese archival materials:

NGB Selected Documents Concerning the Japanese in America from the Gaimushō [Foreign Ministry], *Nihon gaikō bunsho* [Japanese Foreign Relations Documents] (Tokyo: Nihon Kokusai Rengō Kyōkai, 1952).

NGM Gaimushō [Foreign Ministry], *Nihon gaikō monjo* [Japanese Foreign Affairs Documents], vols. 17–27 (Tokyo: Nihon Kokusai Rengō Kyōkai, 1950–1953).

UTGA/JARP MSS Unpublished translations of documents from Gaimushō [Foreign Ministry] Archive, Japanese American Research Project, University of California, Los Angeles.

ZHNJ Selected Documents from Gaimushō [Foreign Ministry], *Zaibei hompōjin no jōkyō narabini tokōsha torishimari kankei zakken* [Miscellaneous Documents Reporting the Conditions of Japanese Residents in the United States and Those Relative to the Control of Their Passage to That Country], vol. 1, from May 1888 to October 1893; vol. 2, from July 1889 to February 1892 (Tokyo: Foreign Ministry Archive), JARP/UCLA.

[1]The organization would change its name to the Asiatic Exclusion League in December 1907. The inclusion of Koreans in the League's 1905 targets reflects the presence of Koreans in California after 1903. They had immigrated to Hawaii as a result of recruiting activities by Hawaiian sugar plantation representatives

in the port of Inchon and eventually began to transmigrate from Hawaii to the continental United States, as in the case of many Japanese laborers who had originally emigrated from Japan to Hawaii. For a summary of English and Korean language studies on the Koreans in America see Linda Shin's "Koreans in America, 1903–1945," in *Roots: An Asian American Reader* (Los Angeles, 1971), 200–06.

[2]Roger Daniels, *The Politics of Prejudice: The Anti-Japanese Movement in California and the Struggle for Japanese Exclusion* (New York, 1969), focuses on the period 1900–1924. Daniels presents the most accurate evaluation of statistics relating to Japanese immigration and settlement prior to 1900 (pp. 1, 111). American immigration statistics indicate that only 3,000 Japanese arrived between 1861 and 1890. That total would grow to an estimated 27,000 by 1900, but the peak would not be reached until the decade 1900–1910, during which 127,000 new arrivals were counted.

[3]Actually entitled the Johnson-Reed Act of 1924, it carried the policy of immigration restrictions to the farthest extreme that Congress was destined to take it. By completely prohibiting Japanese immigration it complemented the earlier federal legislation (1882, 1892, 1902) which specifically barred Chinese immigration and made the pattern of Asian exclusion almost complete. See Chapter 11, "Closing The Gates," in John Higham's *Strangers in the Land: Patterns of American Nativism, 1860–1925* (New York, 1963), 300–30.

[4]Kawakita Shunsuke, Japanese consul in San Francisco, to Aoki Shuzo, Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs, June 11, 1889, *ZHNJ*. Japanese names are presented according to the custom in Japan, with the surname first, followed by the given name.

[5]Doris Marion Wright, "The Making of Cosmopolitan California: An Analysis of Immigration, 1848–1870," *California Historical Society Quarterly*, 19 (December, 1940), 332.

[6]J. Ross Browne, *Report of the Debates in the Convention of California on the Formation of the State Government, in September and October, 1849* (Washington, D.C., 1850), 31, 140–50.

[7]The men who drafted the bill saw it "not as an exclusion measure as had been assumed, but a system of taxation and indenture." Leonard Pitt, "Beginnings of Nativism in California," *Pacific Historical Review*, 30 (February, 1961), 28.

[8]The Stockton *Times* estimated that by May 25, half the foreign-born population of Sonora and ten thousand others in Columbia Camp had fled. Stockton *Times*, May 25, 1850. The exodus from this particular region would later be known as the "French Revolution" because of the hundreds of Frenchmen who had been involved.

[9]Stockton *Times*, August 3, 10; November 23, 1850.

[10]John Bigler, *Governor's Special Message on the Subject of Chinese Coolie Immigration* (Sacramento, 1882), 4.

[11]Rodman W. Paul, "The Origins of the Chinese Issue in California," *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, 25 (June, 1938–March, 1939), 191.

[12]Mary Roberts Coolidge, *Chinese Immigration* (New York, 1909), 30–31.

[13]Alexander Saxton, "The Army of Canton in the High Sierra," *Pacific Historical Review*, 35 (May 1966), 141–52; Roger Daniels and Harry H. L. Kitano, *American Racism: Exploration of the Nature of Prejudice* (Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1970), 41.

[14]Lucille Eaves, *A History of California Labor Legislation* (Berkeley, 1910), 6.

[15]Chester P. Dorland, "Chinese Massacre at Los Angeles in 1871," *Annual Publications of the Historical Society of Southern California*, III, Pt. II (1894), 22–26; Coolidge, *Chinese Immigration*, 75–76.

[16]The law, which suspended Chinese immigration and forbade naturalization, was enacted for a period of ten years, renewed for another decade in 1892, and made permanent in 1902.

[17]Paul Jacobs, Saul Landau, and Eve Pell, *To Serve The Devil, Volume II: Colonials and Sojourners, A Documentary Analysis of America's Racial History and Why It Has Been Kept Hidden* (New York, 1971), 83; Daniels, *Politics of Prejudice*, 19.

[18]Stuart Creighton Miller, *The Unwelcome Immigrant, The American Image of the Chinese, 1785–1882* (Berkeley, 1969), 149.

[19]On February 13, 1884, the Japanese consul in New York City, Takahashi Shinkichi, sent an urgent dispatch to Foreign Minister Yoshida Kiyonari in Tokyo. Although his report dealt primarily with conditions in New York, it does show clearly that the Japanese government was already sensitive to the possibility that the presence of certain undesirables ("sailors, lower-class servants, and the like") could produce a negative image of Japanese throughout the United States. Official Dispatch No. 14, February 13, 1884, *NGM*, XVIII, 104–11.

[20]Hilary Conroy, *The Japanese Frontier in Hawaii, 1868–1898*, University of California Publications in History, Vol. 46 (Berkeley, 1953), v–vi.

[21]See Chapter 3, "Crisis in the Eighties," in Higham's *Strangers In The Land*, pp. 35–67, for a detailed

review of domestic factors leading to Congress' passage of "An Act in Amendment to the Various Acts Relative to Immigration and the Importation of Aliens Under Contract or Agreement to Perform Labor."

[22]Official Dispatch No. 6. From Consul Chinda Sutemi to Foreign Minister Aoki Shuzo, April 25, 1891, *NGB.*

[23]The 1882 legislation marked the first national control over immigration and laid the foundations for federal immigration restriction by giving the Secretary of the Treasury executive authority over immigration. A prime weakness of the law, however, was its cautious delegation of actual inspection of immigrants to existing state agencies. The law provided for an emigrant welfare fund to be developed by taxing each immigrant fifty cents, and denied admission to convicts, lunatics, idiots and persons likely to become a public charge. U.S. Congress, Senate, *Reports of the Immigration Commission,* 61st Cong., 3rd Sess., (Washington, D.C., 1911), 30–32, 97–98.

[24]*Ibid.,* 39.

[25]*Ibid.,* 40.

[26]Dispatch No. 6, Chinda to Aoki, April 25, 1891.

[27]Edward W. Bemis, "Restriction of Immigration," *Andover Review,* 9 (1888), 251–64; Henry Cabot Lodge, "The Restriction of Immigrants," *North American Review,* 142 (January–June, 1891), 27–32.

[28]The movement would reach a crest by 1895, but with the defeat of William Jennings Bryan in 1896, the crest of the nativist movement began to ebb. The literacy test bill barely passed through the Senate in 1897, only to be vetoed by Grover Cleveland. U.S. Congress, Senate, *Congressional Record,* 54th Cong., 2nd Sess. (Washington, D.C., 1897), 372–73; James D. Richardson, *A Compilation of the Messages and Papers of the Presidents, 1789–1897* (20 vols.; Washington, D.C., 1898), 9: 758–59.

[29]Dispatch No. 6, Chinda to Aoki, April 25, 1891. (All textual quotations after note 28 are from this source.)

[30]Newspaper clipping, source unknown, but dated April 7, 1891 and marked "San Francisco." Enclosure to Official Dispatch No. 6, Chinda to Aoki, April 25, 1891. (All textual quotations after note 29 are from this source.)

[31]Chinda Sutemi, San Francisco Consul, to Tateno Gozo, Resident Minister to the United States, April 28, 1891. Tateno's reply, advising Chinda only to keep him informed, was dated April 29, 1891; both messages in Enclosures to Official Dispatch No. 45. From Tateno Gozo, Resident Minister to the United States, to Aoki Shuzo, Foreign Minister, April 25, 1891, *NGB.*

[32]San Francisco *Bulletin,* May 4, 1891; included in Enclosures to Confidential Dispatch No. 7. From Chinda Sutemi to Aoki Shuzo, May 7, 1891, *NGB.*

[33]Official Dispatch No. 60. From Chinda Sutemi, San Francisco Consul, to Okabe Choshiki, Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs, June 13, 1891, *NGB.*

[34]Confidential Dispatch No. 16. From Chinda to Okabe Choshiki, Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs, *NGB.*

[35]Circular from the Foreign Ministry to Prefectural Governors, *NGB.*

[36]San Francisco *Call,* May 6, 1892.

[37]San Francisco *Bulletin,* May 7, 1892.

[38]Daniels, *Politics of Prejudice,* p. 20.

[39]John Modell, "Abstract" to "The Japanese of Los Angeles: A Study in Growth and Accommodation, 1900–1945" (Ph.D. diss., Columbia University, 1969), 2.

[40]Letter from Chinda Sutemi, San Francisco Consul, to the Editor of the *Call,* May 6, 1892; quoted in the *Call,* May 18, 1892. (All quotations after note 39 are from this source.)

[41]For his role in that movement see Alexander Saxton, *The Indispensable Enemy, Labor and the Anti-Chinese Movement in California* (Berkeley, 1971), 116–26.

[42]San Francisco *Call,* May 29, 1892.

[43]Sacramento *Daily Record-Union,* July 7, 1892.

[44]Newspaper clipping, source unknown, but dated July 14, 1892, and marked "a newspaper in San Jose." Contained in Enclosure to Official Dispatch No. 76. From Chinda Sutemi, San Francisco Consul, to Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs Hayashi, July 29, 1892, UTGA/JARP MSS.

[45]San Francisco *Morning Call,* June 25, 1892.

[46]Sacramento *Daily Record-Union,* July 7, 1892.

[47]San Francisco *Chronicle,* June 15, 1892.

[48]Enclosure to Official Dispatch No. 36. From Chinda Sutemi, San Francisco Consul, to Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs, Hayashi, July 29, 1893, UTGA/JARP MSS.

[49]San Francisco *Chronicle,* June 29, 1893.

[50]The shift from initial welcome during a period of cheap labor shortage to disenchantment, resentment,

and hostility after the need has passed is cogently summarized by Daniels and Kitano in *American Racism,* 45: "Liberal historians . . . have been reluctant to come to grips with this essential paradox of American life: movements for economic democracy have usually been violently opposed to a thoroughgoing ethnic democracy. Nowhere can this strain of American racism be seen more clearly than in the anti-Chinese movement."

[51]Daniels, *Politics of Prejudice,* 21.

WITH ROOSEVELT AND MUIR IN YOSEMITE

[1]Mrs. Eleanor Sell Crooks, a resident of Mariposa County since birth in 1896, states that it was generally felt the Southern Pacific Railroad would ultimately lay tracks into Yosemite Valley. Interview, Ahwahnee, California, July 18, 1972.

[2]Caption of photograph of President Roosevelt and party taken at the Grizzly Giant, Mariposa Grove of Sequoias. *Sunset,* II (June, 1903), 206.

[3]*Ibid.,* 211.

[4]Crooks interview. Reported to Mrs. Crooks by the late Mrs. Gertrude Barryhill, a lifetime resident of Raymond who was present when the *Special* arrived.

[5]Theodore Roosevelt, *California Addresses by President Roosevelt* (San Francisco: The California Promotion Committee, 1903), 124.

[6]Letter, R. U. Johnson to John Muir, Muir Archives, Stuart Library, University of Pacific, Box 7, Ms. 48.

[7]Robert Underwood Johnson, *Remembered Yesterdays* (Boston, 1923), 387.

[8]Interview with William E. Colby, Big Sur, California, July 8, 1963.

[9]Muir Archives. (Since Muir answered his letters in longhand there is no copy of any answer to Senator Rowell's correspondence.)

[10]Colby Interview.

[11]Muir Archives.

[12]Interview with Helen Funk Muir, Spokane, Washington, July 18, 1962.

[13]Crooks Interview.

[14]*The Sierra Star* (Oakhurst, Calif.), December 31, 1959: interview with Mrs. Arthur Denny.

[15]Crooks Interview.

[16]Clipping, San Francisco *News,* July 4, 1903, quoting Mr. Luck, photographer for *Leslie's Magazine.* Yosemite National Park Research Library, Box Y40. (Hereafter cited as YNPRL.)

[17]William E. Colby, "John Muir and Theodore Roosevelt in Yosemite," *Yosemite Nature Notes,* 33 (July, 1959), 92.

[18]Ralph H. Anderson, "We Will Pitch Camp at Bridalveil," *Yosemite Nature Notes,* 30 (May, 1951), 43.

[19]YNPRL, Box Y 4a.

[20]"Charlie Leidig's Report of President Roosevelt's Visit in May, 1903." n.d. YNPRL, Box 921, mu. 2. (I have taken the liberty to put the report in the first person for the sake of reading continuity.)

[21]Photographs, *Sunset,* 11 (July, 1903), 211.

[22]"Leidig's Report."

[23]Letter: L. V. Degnan to Douglass H. Hubbard, Oct. 29, 1957 about Theodore Roosevelt's visit to Yosemite. YNPRL, box Y 4b.

[24]"Leidig's Report."

[25]"Travels 69 miles in Ten Hours by Stage," San Francisco *Examiner,* May 19, 1903. YNPRL, clipping, box Y 4b.

[26]*The Works of Theodore Roosevelt* (24 vols.; New York, 1924), 22: 362–66; Colby Interview. Colby stated that Muir gave the letter of request to Theodore Roosevelt when he first met the President on the train to Raymond.

[27]Muir Archives.

[28]Both letters are quoted in A. Lincoln, "Roosevelt and Muir at Yosemite," *Pacific Discovery,* 16 (January–February, 1963), 22.

[29]*California Addresses,* 139–40.

[30]Anderson, "We Will Pitch Camp," 40.

[31]Letter: Theodore Roosevelt to Senator George Perkins, YNPRL, Box Y 4b.

[32]Richard J. Hartesveldt, "Roosevelt and Muir—Conservationists," *Yosemite Nature Notes,* 34 (November 1955), 136.

The Contributors

JOHN DUNKEL has been writing about the American West since 1941 when he started the CBS radio program "The Romance of the Ranchos," going on to become for several years the Hollywood Editor-in-Chief of CBS Radio, during which time he began writing for the radio "Gunsmoke" and "Fort Laramie." In the early fifties, he went into television where he wrote some 120 scripts for such western programs as "Gunsmoke," "Rawhide," "Wagon Train," "The Virginian," and many others. Recipient of two Western Heritage Awards of the Cowboy Hall of Fame (for "Rawhide" scripts), he has also won several Writers' Guild nominations for Best Television Script of the Year. He attended Wittenberg College, taught radio writing at UCLA, and television writing in the Writers' Guild Open Door program. His western interest continues today, with a recently completed screenplay of the Mohave classic by Charles L. McNichols, "Crazy Weather," and two Navajo Indian projects for motion pictures and television now in the works. A Corresponding Member of the Los Angeles and Tucson Corrals of the Westerners, he is a book collector and student of the Southwest, particularly its Indians.

RAYMUND F. WOOD was born in London, England, but was educated in California and in Washington. He obtained his first master's degree from Gonzaga University, in medieval philosophy, which he followed some years later, after service as an officer in World War II, with a doctorate in medieval history from UCLA. He also obtained a master's degree in library science from the University of Southern California. He is the author of several books dealing with California history, principally concerned with Mariposa and Kern County and Mission San Jose. He has written many articles in scholarly journals in the two fields of history and librarianship. For eight years he was the editor of the quarterly journal of the Fresno County Historical Society. He is presently a professor in the School of Library Service at UCLA. A Corresponding Member of the Los Angeles Corral, he resides in Encino and continues his research and writing on California history.

GLORIA RICCI LOTHROP, a native daughter of California, was reared and educated in the city of her birth, Los Angeles. She took her B.A. degree from Immaculate Heart College. Embarking on a career in secondary education, she taught first in a Catholic high school, followed by a tenured position in Beverly Hills. In the interim she continued graduate work, taking an M.A. in Education from her alma mater; then pursued further work in the UCLA School of Education. In 1965 she was elected an Oakley Fellow for two years at the University of Southern California to complete her study for the Ph.D. in History. Her doctoral dissertation research on the life and times of Gregory Mengarini, S.J., won the support of a Haynes Fellowship. She has served as a visiting lecturer in the department of history at USC and as an assistant professor of history in Marymount-Loyola University prior to her appointment in 1970 to the history faculty in California State Polytechnic Univer-

sity, Pomona. Widely recognized as a brilliant teacher and public speaker, she is revising her dissertation for publication. A member of numerous organizations, she is also a Corresponding Member of the Los Angeles Corral.

JOHN D. UNRUH, JR. graduated from Bethel College, North Newton, Kansas, in 1959. He took his M.A. from the University of Kansas in 1962 and is presently completing his doctoral dissertation for the Ph.D. there. His dissertation is entitled, "The Plains Across: The Overland Emigrants and the Trans-Mississippi West, 1840–1860." He was instructor of history in Bluffton College, in Ohio, 1962–1964, when he returned to the University of Kansas for three years of doctoral studies. In the fall of 1967 he returned to Bluffton as a member of the faculty and chairman of the Department of History. He has published two articles in *Nebraska History* and one each in *The Kansas Historical Quarterly, Kansas Quarterly,* and *South Dakota History.*

PAUL W. GATES is one of the nation's most distinguished historians. He is the foremost authority on the subject of the disposal of public lands and public land history in California. He is also a noted historian of United States agricultural history. His teaching career was spent mostly as a member of the faculty in Cornell University, where in 1956 he was appointed Carl Stambaugh Professor of History, a position he held until his recent retirement. His notable books include *The Illinois Central Railroad and Its Colonization Work* (1934); *Fifty Million Acres, Conflicts over Kansas Land Policy* (1954); *The Farmer's Age: Agriculture, 1815–1860* (1960); *California Ranchos and Farms, 1846–1862* (1967), and his massive study, *History of Public Land Law Development* (1968). In recognition to his scholarly contributions he was elected president of the Agricultural History Society (1950) and the Organization of American Historians (1961–1962).

CARL SCHAEFER DENTZEL, a long-time member of the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners and former Sheriff, is an historian and collector of Western art and artifacts. As Director of the Southwest Museum, he presides over a treasure house of American Indian art and archeological collections, and in addition a library rich in anthropological and historical materials, including the Munk Collection of Arizoniana. A charter appointee to the Los Angeles Cultural Heritage Board, he often served that body as president since its inception. In recognition of his many contributions to his community, state and region, coupled with his distinguished record as a leading museum director, Occidental College conferred upon him an honorary doctorate.

OTIS E YOUNG, JR. took his doctorate in history at Indiana University in 1952. Since 1963 he has been a member of the faculty in Arizona State University where he is professor of history. Author of numerous articles and reviews in Western military and mining history, he has authored a number of important books: *The First Military Escort on the Santa Fe Trail* (1952) and *The West of Philip St. George Cooke* (1955) both published by the Arthur H. Clark Company; *How They Dug the Gold* (University of Arizona Press, 1967) and *Western Mining: An Informal Account of Precious-Metals Prospecting, Placering, Lode Mining, and Milling on the American Frontier from Spanish Times to 1893* (University of Oklahoma Press, 1970). He has another book-length book which is forthcoming from the University of Oklahoma Press, *Black Powder and Hand Steel.* He and Mr. Lenon have collaborated on a novel to be published

by the Lowell Press of Kansas City in September 1974, entitled *The Mining Man: A Novel of Western Gold,* from which "Tretheway" is a somewhat modified chapter.

ROBERT LENON was reared in Yuma, Arizona, and graduated from the University of Arizona with a degree in mining engineering in 1929. He and Mrs. Lenon, a former school-teacher with a ranching background, have three children in school at their home in Patagonia, and share a common love of the Southwest. Bob has an excellent collection of historical books and maps, and has visited all of the old and new mining camps of Arizona, and lived and worked in such Arizona camps as Mowry, Vekol, Harrisburg, Ruby, Chloride, Bisbee, Ajo, Morenci, Metcalf, plus Tyrone and Leopold in New Mexico. In addition to his engineering and surveying work, he is the associate author of many books and articles dealing with various aspects of mining history, and has prepared a good many historical maps of portions of the Southwest and northwestern Mexico.

DONALD TERUO HATA, JR., is a California native son, but his earliest memory is of life behind barbed wire. From 1942–1944 he was an inmate in the United States War Relocation Authority concentration camp at Gila, Arizona. As with his birth, he was educated in his native city, Los Angeles. With the exception of a year's work in the Stanford University Overseas Program in Tokyo, Japan, his collegiate education has been at the University of Southern California. He took his B.A. in 1962 and an M.A. in Asian Studies in 1964. His talent and ability earned him four National Defense Foreign Language Fellowships and a Ford Foundation Overseas Travel Grant. In 1970 he completed his Ph.D. in History. He began his teaching career first as a teaching assistant at USC, followed by a year as visiting instructor in Occidental College. Appointed to the faculty of the Department of History, California State College, Dominguez Hills, in 1970, he is presently an associate professor. In addition to his teaching and research, he is a member of Gardena City Council.

WILLIAM F. KIMES, "Bill" to his many friends, is a native Californian. He was started on the trail of John Muir during his high school days when the only book he could find on the required reading shelf was Muir's *My First Summer in the Sierra.* Since then he has traveled, burro-packing and knapsacking, well over a thousand miles in the High Sierra. He has searched out the boyhood haunts of John Muir not only at Fountain Lake and Hickory Hill farms in Wisconsin, but also in Dunbar, Scotland, the place of Muir's birth. The Muir trail has taken him to Switzerland, a thousand miles up the Amazon, and to the glaciers of Alaska. Bill's collection of Muiriana is the finest outside of a public institution. Since retiring as Assistant Superintendent of Orange Coast College, he has moved to the Mariposa foothills within easy reach of the country Muir loved so well. There Bill has panned "new gold" in the Muir-Roosevelt story. Recently he has been consultant to the John Muir National Historic Site, National Geographic Society, and Public Broadcasting Service for their film, "Earth Planet Universe, John Muir." He is still an Active Member of the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners.

The Contributors

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