

THE WHITMAN MASSACRE

Both the immigrant's covered wagon and the Indian's lodge or tepee were to be seen at Waiilatpu in late November 1847. How symbolic! The one brought the aggressive white people, skilled in the arts and crafts of their civilization; the other sheltered members of a proud race, still clinging to many of their age-old customs. In between these symbols was the Whitman mission.

Whitman, realizing that the Indians would have to make an adjustment to the encroaching white man's civilization in order to survive, had tried to help the natives bridge the gap from the old to the new. In this, he was only partially successful. Time was too short for such a transition. Even though not a single immigrant had settled in Cayuse territory nor had any member of the tribe been killed by white men passing through their land; yet the very presence of the covered wagons and the tepees at Waiilatpu illustrated the conflict then taking place between the two cultures. The other missions at Lapwai and Tshimakain were too far removed from the Oregon Trail to feel the conflict of cultures focused at Waiilatpu. Only at the Whitman station could a massacre have occurred.

No other member of the Oregon Mission of the American Board was so involved in a conflict of loyalties as Marcus Whitman. As far as the natives were concerned, he continued to do all that was humanly possible to improve their material, educational, and spiritual welfare. His last letters reveal the extensive plans that he was making for their betterment.

At the same time, Whitman could not ignore his responsibilities to meet the needs of the immigrants. Each year, beginning with the fall of 1843, the Whitman mission had been a place of refuge where the hungry were fed, the sick cared for, the orphans given a home, and the destitute clothed. The mission became a hostel for all who, for various reasons, were unable to continue their journey to the Willamette Valley. Here is the basis for the criticism that Whitman was more concerned about the welfare of the white man than the red man; but, located as he was, how could he have done otherwise?

When H. K. W. Perkins tried to explain to Jane Prentiss why the Whitmans were killed [Appendix 6], he commented on the fact that Whitman had lost the confidence of the Indians. Perkins claimed that the Cayuses came to fear rather than to love the Doctor. He wrote: "Dr. Whitman in pursuing his missionary labors never so identified himself with the natives as to make their interests *paramount*. He looked upon them as an inferior race & doomed at no distant day to give place to a settlement of enterprising Americans."

If Whitman felt that the Cayuses were doomed if they did not make a quick adjustment to the white man's civilization, history has shown that he was correct in that judgment. There is no indication of any diminution in Whitman's efforts to help the Cayuses; yet the very fact that he gave aid and comfort to the white people aroused hostility in the minds of the natives. If one accepts the blood feud theory common to primitive people, the Cayuses had a strong case against Whitman. He was the representative of the white race, and therefore shared the guilt of all the wrongs white men had inflicted on the red men. To the Cayuses, whatever aid Whitman gave the immigrants was tantamount to helping their enemies. He thus became the logical target for their hostility.

THE MEASLES EPIDEMIC

Although a variety of factors contributed to the Whitman massacre, the final precipitating cause was the ravages of the measles epidemic. As has been stated in the previous chapter, both measles and dysentery had been taking their toll of native lives during the summer of 1847, and there is evidence that an especially virulent form of measles was introduced into Oregon with the immigration of that year. Unfortunately we have no writings of either of the Whitmans after October 18 to tell what they saw taking place; hence we must rely on the testimony of others.

So many white children at Waiilatpu came down with measles in November that the school, which Judge Saunders had hopefully opened on the 19th of that month, had to be closed. Even some adults were stricken, including Mrs. Osborn who, before she had recovered, gave birth on the 14th to a baby girl. As previously stated, this child died the day she was born. All of the other four Osborn children were ill with measles and on the 24th, six-year-old Salvijane died. Years later Nancy Osborn wrote: "An Indian came into the room where the form of my sister lay. Mrs. Whitman asked leave to show him the dead child. She wanted the Indians to know the measles were killing the white people as well as the Indians and thus hoped to allay the growing distrust of the red men. The Indian looked long at my sister, then cruelly he laughed, to see the paleface dead."¹

Mrs. Saunders, who has given us one of the most revealing accounts of those tragic days, mentions the death of the Osborn child. She tells of how Narcissa tried to comfort the grief-stricken mother by saying: "Perhaps God thought it for the best that your little child should be called away; it may calm the Indians to see a white child taken as well as so many natives, for otherwise we may all be compelled to leave within two weeks."² Spalding also commented: "We hoped that this afflicting providence would show the Indians that the whites in common with themselves were exposed to the ravages of the disease."³ Matilda Sager recalled that eight of the children of school age in the Whitman household were unable to attend school when Saunders reopened it on the morning of the first day of the massacre, November 29, and that "most of the children of the immigrant families wintering there were [also] unable to attend."⁴ The epidemic was severe even among the adult employees of the Hudson's Bay Company. Ogden, in a letter to Simpson

dated March 12, 1848, reported that fourteen of the “servants” of the Company had died.⁵

THE DYING CAYUSE TRIBE

A smallpox epidemic, originating in the upper Missouri River country, had swept through Old Oregon to the Pacific Ocean in 1781–82 with devastating effects. A second scourge of “fever and ague,” perhaps malaria, ravaged Oregon in 1830–31. Such diseases as tuberculosis, measles, and venereal infections took their frightful toll of lives. Whole tribes, especially along the Pacific Coast, disappeared. Samuel Parker quoted Dr. McLoughlin as saying that nine-tenths of the Indian population of the lower Columbia River region had been swept away.⁶ According to another authority, Leslie M. Scott, the white man’s diseases had claimed about ninety-five percent of the aboriginal population of the lower Columbia River country before the immigration from the States had begun. Scott wrote: “Without this desolation of the savages, settlement by ox-team pioneers would have been delayed one or two decades, and then would have encountered protracted horrors of savage warfare.”⁷ Thus in Oregon, history repeated what had happened to the aborigines living in the vicinity of Cape Cod, Massachusetts, just prior to the landing of the Pilgrims in 1620.

Although the tribes in the upper Columbia country were not as seriously affected, they did not escape these epidemics without severe loss. Exact statistics are lacking regarding the number in the Cayuse nation during the year, 1835–47, and estimates made by contemporary writers vary greatly. Parker claimed that they numbered about 2,000,⁸ but such an estimate included the Walla Walla tribe, which probably numbered over 1,000. A. B. Smith, with the aid of Cornelius Rogers, was the first to attempt to take a census of those speaking the Nez Perce language. He requested the head of each band to give him a bundle of sticks with each stick representing a person. After collecting and counting the sticks, Smith in a letter to Greene dated February 6, 1840, estimated that there were not more than 3,000 Nez Perces and Cayuses. A year later, he revised his figures downward to 2,400.⁹ According to the latter estimate, the Cayuse could not have numbered more than three hundred. Even before the measles epidemic struck in the fall of 1847, the Cayuses were a dying nation.

Following the death of a Cayuse child at Fort Walla Walla during the first week of October 1847, the fatalities grew rapidly.¹⁰ It was hard for the Indians to understand why so many of their number died, both children and adults, when only one white child at Waiilatpu was taken. They knew nothing of immunity. Mrs. Saunders explained in part the reason for the greater mortality among the natives when she wrote: “Dr. Whitman treated the Indian children, but with very little success owing to the ignorance and superstition of their savage parents. They would take the medicine that he gave them, but at the same time, they still clung to their old remedy for all sickness, i.e., a sweating process followed by a plunge into cold water. The inevitable effect of such a treatment was ...in almost every case... death. Altho Dr. Whitman explained to them the danger and warned them against it, his words were of no avail, and in their ignorance and superstition they blamed their kind friend for the death of their children and suspected him of trying to kill them off.”¹¹

Spalding, who arrived at Waiilatpu on Monday, November 22, later wrote of what he saw the next day:¹² “On the 23d three Indians died, including a child. The Doctor, as usual, had coffins made for them and winding sheets prepared, and assisted in burying the dead... It was most distressing to go into a lodge of some ten fires,¹³ and count twenty or twenty-five sick with measles, others in the last stages of dysentery, in the midst of every kind of filth, enough of itself to cause sickness, with no suitable means of alleviating their almost incurable suffering, with perhaps one well person to look after the wants of the sick ones.” Catherine Sager remembered that just before the massacre: “The Indians all had the measles, and owing to their manner of living, dying by the dozen. I have seen from five to six buried daily.”¹⁴

William McBean, writing from Fort Walla Walla on November 30, 1847, to the “Board of Managers” of the Hudson’s Bay Company gave the first account of the massacre. Referring to the Cayuses living in the immediate vicinity of Waiilatpu, he stated: “About thirty souls of the Cayuse tribe died, one after another; who evidently believed the Doctor poisoned them.”¹⁵ On July 11, 1848, William Craig made a statement for Father Brouillet in which he claimed that a Cayuse Indian had told him that “one hundred and ninety-seven Indians had died since the immigration commenced passing...”¹⁶ If that number is correct, then the

Cayuses lost more than one-half of their estimated total of 350 during the fall of 1847.

Craig's figures are confirmed by a report made by Dr. Anson Dart, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon, who made an inspection tour through the upper Columbia River country in the spring and summer of 1851. Dart met with eight Cayuse chiefs at Fort Walla Walla on June 20 and in his report to Washington stated: "We ascertained the whole number of their tribe to be one hundred and twenty six. They were once a numerous and powerful nation, and are still a proud and haughty race, but very superstitious." ¹⁷ The Cayuse tribe was indeed dying at the time of the Whitman massacre, and we need not wonder that the chiefs in their desperation and anguish became receptive to the wildest rumors regarding the cause of their misfortunes.

More details regarding the reactions of the natives to the introduction and extent of the measles epidemic are to be found in a letter sent to Sir George Simpson by Ogden and Douglas from Fort Vancouver on March 16, 1848. After referring to the large immigration of 1847 from the States and to the common report that the immigrants had brought the disease with them, the two wrote: "...that highly contagious disease has since extended its ravages over the whole country from Fort Walla Walla to Nisqually, and destroyed one-tenth of the Indian population. That appalling circumstance and the well-known fact that the disease was contracted from the immigrants excited a strong prejudice in the minds of the Indians who believe that the Americans are resolved to destroy them. Such feelings took so firm a hold on the mind of the Cayuses that, in a fit of desperation, they attacked the American Mission at Waiilatpoo near Walla Walla, and murdered Dr. Whitman, his accomplished Lady and 11 other American citizens with a most heartless and revolting barbarity." ¹⁸

WHITMAN ACCUSED OF POISONING THE INDIANS

When scores of the Cayuses were dying of measles and when white children recovered while Indian children and even adults did not, it was only natural for the natives to recall some past events which gave credence to the theory that Dr. Whitman was poisoning them in order to gain possession of their horses, cattle, and land. One incident recalled occurred in 1841 when Gray injected a strong emetic into

watermelons to discourage the Indians from stealing them. To the natives, the emetic was “bad medicine” or poison, and they remembered. Archibald McKinlay wrote that they often spoke of the incident and, although Gray was the culprit, Whitman got the blame and was called a “*dangerous medicine man*.”¹⁹

A far more serious reason which made the Indians feel that Whitman was poisoning them arose out of the practice followed by both Whitman and Spalding of poisoning the predatory animals which preyed upon their sheep.²⁰ When Father Brouillet was collecting material for his *House Document*, he secured the following testimonial from John Young: “I spent the winter of 1846 in Dr. Whitman’s employment. I generally worked at the sawmill. During the time I was there, I observed that Dr. Whitman was in the habit of poisoning the wolves. I did not see him put the poison in the baits for the wolves; but two young men of his house, by his order, were poisoning pieces of meat and distributing them in the places where the wolves were in the habit of coming, a short distance around the doctor’s establishment.

“The Doctor gave me once some arsenic to poison the wolves that were around the saw-mill. By his order I poisoned some pieces of meat, which I fixed at the end of short sticks about a quarter of mile from the saw-mill. Some Indians who happened to pass there took the meat and ate it; three of them were very sick, and were near dying... Some days afterwards the Doctor told me, laughing, that they would have certainly died if they had not drunk a great quantity of water to excite vomiting. ‘I had told them very often,’ said he, ‘not to eat of that meat which we distributed for the wolves, that it would kill them; they will take care now, I suppose.’”²¹

It is difficult to believe that Whitman would have treated so serious an incident as lightly as John Young claimed, for he surely knew that his own life would have been in danger had any of the Indians died from eating the poisoned meat. If the supposed incident took place in the winter of 1846–47, as claimed, it means that Whitman had probably been using poison to kill predatory animals for eight years. If the Indians actually ate meat containing arsenic poison, it is highly improbable that they would have recovered. The significant fact is that such stories were being circulated among the natives at the time of the measles outbreak.

McBean, in his letter of November 30, 1847, to the officials at Fort Vancouver, repeated what he had learned from the half-breed,

Nicholas Finley, who was the first to carry news of the massacre to Fort Walla Walla. According to Finley, the Indians killed the Whitmans in retaliation, believing that Dr. Whitman was poisoning them in order to get their property. Furthermore, Finley claimed that Andrew Rodgers had told the Indians that he had overheard Whitman and Spalding plotting to poison them. Finley claimed that Rodgers had been induced to tell what he had heard by being promised immunity by the Cayuses. Of this McBean wrote: "It was reported that it was not their intention to kill Mr. Rodgers, in consequence of an avowal to the following effect, which he is said to have made and which nothing but a desire to save his life could have prompted him to do. He said 'I was one evening lying down, and I overheard the Doctor telling Mr. Spalding that it was best you all should be poisoned at once, but that the latter told him it was best to continue slowly and cautiously, and between this and spring not a soul would remain, when they would take possession of your lands, cattle, and horses.'" Since Rodgers had been killed in spite of the supposed immunity promised him, some explanation of this had to be made, so, according to Finley's report to McBean, it was claimed that: "One of the murderers, not having been made acquainted with the above understanding, shot Mr. Rodgers."

McMean refused to believe such an incredible story. In his report to Fort Vancouver, he wrote: "These are only Indian reports, and no person can believe the Doctor capable of such an action without being as ignorant and brutal as the Indians themselves."²²

A variation of this story is found in a statement made by a Cayuse Indian to William Craig who, in turn on July 11, 1848, relayed the account to Father Brouillet. Now instead of Andrew Rodgers being the eavesdropper, it was the half-breed Joe Lewis who, strange to say, claimed to have been lying half-asleep on a settee in the Whitmans' private living room. The Cayuse Indian reported: "Joseph Lewis said that Dr. Whitman and Mr. Spalding had been writing for two years to their friends in the east, where Joseph Lewis lived, to send them poison to kill off the Cayuses and Nez Percés; that they had sent them some that was not good, and they wrote for more that would kill them off quick, and that the medicine had come this summer. Joseph Lewis said he was lying on the settee in Dr. Whitman's room, and he heard a conversation between Dr. Whitman, Mrs. Whitman, and Mr. Spalding,

in which Mr. Spalding asked the Doctor why he did not kill the Indians off faster. 'Oh,' said the Doctor, 'they are dying fast enough; the young men will die off this winter, and the old ones next spring...' One of them said, 'That man will hear us,' alluding to Joseph Lewis. 'Oh no,' said another, 'he cannot hear; he is sleeping sound.' They talked rather low, but Joseph Lewis said he could hear all that passed. This Indian messenger stated that Joseph Lewis had made this statement in a council of the Cayuses on the Saturday night previous to the murder, and... [he] told the Cayuses in the council that unless they [the Indians] killed Dr. Whitman and Mr. Spalding quick they would all die."²³

Spalding, in a letter to Narcissa's parents dated April 6, 1848, claimed that plans for the massacre were made in Finley's lodge several days before the killings began.²⁴ Since Joe Lewis lived with Finley, he was, therefore, a party to the conspiracy and no doubt inflamed the anger of the Cayuses at that time with his lies about what he claimed to have overheard in the Whitmans' living room. Josiah Osborn, in his account of the massacre dated April 7, 1848, wrote regarding Lewis: "One day he was at work for an Indian named Tamsicky, harrowing in wheat and told him that the Doctor and Mrs. Whitman were scattering poison into the air, and would kill them all off... He then proposed that if they would agree to it, he would help them kill the Doctor and his wife, and all the Americans in their country."²⁵

Of all who took part in the massacre, there was no one more active in precipitating the murders than this half-breed with the twisted soul who harbored a deep grudge against Americans in general and the Whitmans in particular. Why was Lewis so eager for revenge? Possibly because Whitman had tried to get rid of him shortly after he had arrived at Waiilatpu. Taking advantage of the accumulated grievances of the Cayuses against the white people, Lewis whipped their anger to the explosive point when they finally decided to kill their benefactors. Several of the contemporary accounts of the massacre by survivors accuse Lewis of playing a leading role in the tragedy. He was the chief villain.

DR. WHITMAN, A WHITE TE-WAT

Another contributory cause of the massacre was the Indians' superstitious faith in the magic power of their medicine men or *te-wats* and the right of the relatives of a deceased person to kill the *te-wat* who had

treated the patient. In a letter to Dr. W. F. Tolmie, who had served as physician at Fort Vancouver for a number of years, Archibald McKinlay claimed that the Cayuse and Walla Walla Indians were the most superstitious of any of the Oregon tribes. Regarding the custom of killing unsuccessful *te-wats*, McKinlay wrote: "They shot seven of their own medicine men by the fort during my five years' stay there, and probably over three times that number altogether."²⁶

Both Marcus and Narcissa were aware of this practice, and realized the danger when ministering to sick natives [Letter 41]. At times Dr. Whitman refrained from prescribing treatment when he felt that the patient was near death and that he would be blamed if the person died.

As the natives ascribed supernatural powers to their *te-wats*, they believed that Whitman, as a white *te-wat*, also had the ability to cast a magic spell which could cause death. This is illustrated in an incident that took place at The Dalles in September 1847, which was, to the Indians, full proof of such a power. Whitman passing there on his return from the Willamette Valley, had occasion to confront some Cayuse and Walla Walla Indians who had been involved in an altercation with some immigrants which resulted in the death of a man by the name of Shepard. Whitman refused to shake hands with an Indian who had taken part in the killing of the white man. It so happened that this young man choked that night on a piece of dried buffalo meat and died. As a result, many of the Indians believed that the doctor had cast a spell which had caused his death, and was, therefore, more to be feared than any native *te-wat*. Mrs. Whitman gave a feast for the Cayuses in an effort to regain their confidence, but the incident was remembered.²⁷

THE CONSPIRATORS IDENTIFIED

The Whitman massacre did not come as the result of the premeditated approval of the leaders of the Cayuse tribe. Perrin Whitman declared in 1897: "Not one-third of them knew a thing about it."²⁸ Although some members of bands of Young Chief, Five Crows, and Stick-us, who lived along the Umatilla River, seem to have known what had been planned, there is no evidence that any from these bands were involved. Father Brouillet probably assessed the situation correctly when he wrote: "It was in Tilokaikt's camp, and by his Indians only, that the Doctor had been killed; then, the Indians of that camp only could be

called murderers, and even but a small portion of them, since twelve or thirteen only have been designated as guilty.”²⁹

Positive identification of the murderers is difficult because their Indian names were spelled in different ways. Some of the Cayuses had been given white people’s names. Narcissa, for instance, bestowed the names of members of her family and of friends on several of the young people of the tribe who were among the first to attend classes conducted for their benefit. Some of the adult Cayuses were also known by nicknames such as “Feathercap.” Thus it was not unusual for the same person to be known by three or more different names. Before turning to the story of the massacre, it is well to have the culprits identified.

Although we have nineteen eye-witness accounts of the massacre and the subsequent captivity,³⁰ little help can be gained from such writings in the way of identifying those guilty of participating in the killings. The immigrants had not been at Waiilatpu long enough to get to know many of the Indians by name. Of all the survivors, not counting the half-breeds, only ten-year-old Eliza Spalding knew the native language, and she did not write her reminiscences until her old age. Those of the two older Sager girls, also written in their old age, are helpful.

Our most important source of information as to the identity of the culprits is to be found in two letters written by William McBean, who had taken over the management of Fort Walla Walla following the retirement of Archibald McKinlay in February 1846. Since he was well acquainted with the principal men of the various bands of the Indians living in the vicinity of the fort, there was no one better qualified than he to get accurate information regarding the identity of the guilty.

McBean, in his letter of November 30, 1847, to the Company’s officials at Fort Vancouver, gave the names of six Cayuses as being the ringleaders in “the horrible butchery.”³¹ More than a year later, on January 6, 1850, McBean in a letter addressed to Joseph Lane, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Territory of Oregon, gave the names of fourteen whom he thought guilty.³² This list included four whom he had mentioned in his first letter. Several listed in the second letter were either innocent or had no evidence brought against them. Further identification of the guilty is to be found in the records of the District Court of Oregon which met in Oregon City in May 1850 and which condemned five to be hanged.

Because of the great variation in spelling and the difficulty in keeping unfamiliar Indian names in mind, the following listing has been compiled which gives the variant spellings in the following order: (a) that used in the text of this work, not including quotations; (b) that given by McBean; (c) that found in the court records, here given in italics; and (d) other variants found in the writings of the Whitmans or of the survivors. For the sake of comparison and simplification, the longer Indian names are hyphenated. A few references to sources will be indicated.

1. (a) Tiloukaikt; (b) Teloquoit; (c) *Teloquoit*; (d) Tilkanaiks [Letter 100].
2. (a) Tomahas; (b) Tomah Hash; (c) *Tamahas*; (d) Tau-mau-lish, To-ma-kus.
3. (a) Clokamas; (b) Tlocoomots; (c) *Clokomas*; (d) Klakamas, Klokamas.
4. (a) Ish-ish-kais-kais or Frank Escaloom, a brother of Tomahas; (b) Tsy-ah-yas-tstah-kess; (c) *Isia-ashe-luckas*; (d) Sia-sa-luchus, Tsai-ash-alkis, Isaia-holo-kus, Ish-hol-hol, Isaklome or Wet Wolf. (Victor, *Early Indian Wars*, p. 104, identifies Frank Escaloom with Tintinmitse.)
5. (a) Kia-ma-sump-kin; (b) Ky-ah-mah-shum-kain; (c) *Kaim-asum-kin*; (d) Qui-ah-may-sun, Quia-ma-shou-skin. Also called Panther's Coat, or Left Hand.
6. (a) Tamsucky or Feathercap; (b) Tomsucky; (d) Tum-suc-kie. Possibly Sakiah or Wap-task-tak-mahl. See fn. 31, Chapter Eleven, and fn. 7, Chapter Seventeen.
7. (a) Wai-e-cat; (b) "Tomsucky's Son."
8. (b) E-you-e-ah-nish, possibly Edward, son of Tiloukaikt, or Shu-ma-hici or Painted Shirt, also called son of Tiloukaikt.

The names of six others whom McBean gave in his letter of January 6, 1850, were not linked with the death of any one person, and, therefore, are not given in the above list. McBean failed to mention the two sons of Tiloukaikt, Edward and Clark, who are known to have helped kill two sick men, unless he gave their Indian names which remain unidentified.

McBean did not mention the chief villain, Joe Lewis, who, as will be stated, had fled long before McBean wrote this second letter.

SERVING OREGON THROUGH DEATH

When Spalding and his daughter arrived at Waiilatpu on Monday, November 22, just a week before the massacre began, they found that the school which Eliza was to attend had been temporarily closed because so many of the children were ill with measles. Spalding had taken with him a pack train of seventeen animals loaded with grain to supplement Whitman's diminishing store. These animals, under the care of a Mr. Jackson, then in Spalding's employ, were sent back to Lapwai on the morning of the ill-fated day, November 29.

Spalding has given the following description of conditions he found at Waiilatpu at the time of his arrival on the 22nd: "All the doctor's family had been sick, but were recovering; three of the children were yet dangerously sick... Mrs. Osborn and three children were dangerously ill; one of their children died during the [following] week. A young man, Mr. Bewley, was also very sick. The doctor's hands were more than full among the Indians; three and sometimes five died in a day. Dear sister Whitman seemed ready to sink under the immense weight of labor and care. But like an angel of mercy, she continued to administer with her ever-ready hand to the wants of all. Late and early, night and day, she was by the bed of the sick, the dying, and the afflicted."³³

On Thursday, November 25, Spalding and Rodgers rode to Yellow Serpent's lodge near Fort Walla Walla, where they spent the night. Although this chief had rather reluctantly granted the Catholic priests permission to establish Saint Rose Mission in his territory, yet he remained friendly with the Protestants.³⁴ While in the chief's lodge, a Nez Perce entered and asked: "Is Dr. Whitman killed?" as though he were expecting an affirmative answer. The incident troubled Spalding, as it seemed to indicate that some of the Indians were planning to kill the doctor. On Friday Spalding and Rodgers rode to Fort Walla Walla, where they dined with Bishop Blanchet and some of his clergy. Of this Spalding wrote: "They asked and I cheerfully agreed to furnish them all needed supplies from my station." In this respect, Spalding showed a more tolerant spirit than Whitman had exhibited. At this meeting Spalding argued with the Catholic missionaries over their views regarding the theory of

transubstantiation which claimed that the wine and bread in the Mass were changed into the actual blood and body of Christ. Spalding later wrote that he had had “an animated discussion on changing the biscuit into ‘God,’” and claimed that: “I showed them plainly they must be deceivers or cannibals.”³⁵ Following the massacre, Spalding became obsessed with the idea that the Catholic priests not only knew about the intentions of the Indians to kill the Whitmans but even gave their tacit approval to the crime. Such a calumny must be rejected in toto. Although the endeavors of the Catholics to establish two missions in the vicinity of Waiilatpu were most untimely, the massacre would have occurred even if they had not been in the vicinity.

WHITMAN WARNED OF THE IMPENDING TRAGEDY

Whitman received several warnings of the hostile intentions of the Cayuse Indians during the summer and fall of 1847. Among the immigrants who spent the winter of 1846–47 at Waiilatpu was the John Settle family. Whitman had hired Settle to work for him and as a result the Settle family was still at Waiilatpu until the late fall of 1847. According to a statement Settle made, some friendly natives approached him in November of that year and urged him “to induce Dr. Whitman to leave the Mission.” Settle, being convinced that the Indians did intend to kill Dr. Whitman if he remained, “used every argument possible to get him to leave but Dr. Whitman hardly would listen to him and in fact ridiculed his fear.” Settle, convinced that some tragedy was impending, loaded his possessions onto his wagon and with his family and his livestock left Waiilatpu on Friday, November 26, and started for the Willamette Valley.³⁶ That was only three days before the massacre began.

In trying to understand Whitman’s refusal to act on this warning, we must seek to appreciate his situation. Where could he go? He was responsible for the welfare and even the lives of more than seventy men, women, and children, some of whom were seriously ill. The nearest place of refuge was Fort Walla Walla, but the accommodations there were totally inadequate to receive so many even if McBean had been willing to receive them. Moreover, it would have been impossible for all at Waiilatpu to go to the fort without the knowledge of the natives. How would it have been possible to feed so many if they had moved? These and many other problems were involved in any consideration of leaving Waiilatpu. The idea of

Marcus and Narcissa deserting about seventy people while seeking safety only for themselves was unthinkable.

Some critics have wondered why Whitman did not warn the men on the grounds of a possible attack and so put them on their guard. Such a possibility with its suggestion of armed resistance would have brought new perils which Whitman no doubt realized. If the Indians were determined to kill and met resistance, the inevitable outcome would have been a general massacre of all including women and children. It should be remembered that throughout Whitman's eleven-year residence at Waiilatpu, he had consistently followed a policy of non-resistance. Although some of the immigrants at Waiilatpu are known to have had firearms, the only guns that Whitman had were one or two rifles and a pistol which had been used to kill animals to be butchered.

A net of circumstances was closing around the Whitmans during the last days of November 1847 from which there seemed to be no escape. Since to flee was impossible and to resist unthinkable, there seemed to be no alternative except to stay and hope and pray for the best.

THE NIGHT RIDE TO THE UMATILLA

Spalding and Rodgers returned to Waiilatpu on Saturday morning, the 27th. When Whitman told the two of the warning Settle had given and of his departure for the Willamette Valley, Spalding in turn related the account of the Indian who had entered Yellow Serpent's lodge and had asked if the doctor had been killed. All evidence pointed to a plot being hatched by Tiloukaikt and his band.³⁷ Spalding also passed on the information that Bishop Blanchet, and Fathers Brouillet and LeClaire had left Fort Walla Walla that morning for Young Chief's house on the Umatilla, where they were to open Saint Anne's Mission. Sometime that morning, a messenger arrived from Five Crows and Young Chief with a plea for Dr. Whitman to visit their camps and minister to the sick. Since there were so many dangerously ill in the vicinity of Waiilatpu, among the immigrants and in Whitman's household, it may be doubted if Whitman would have responded to the plea were it not for the fact that a possible solution for the dangerous situation he was facing had entered his mind.

Although Whitman had strongly objected to the coming of the Roman Catholic missionaries to the Walla Walla area, now that they were there, he was considering the possibility of turning over Waiilatpu to

them if this were the wish of the Cayuse chiefs. Such a move might have appeased the hostility to him and have permitted him and his family to withdraw from the field in peace. A comment made by Spalding nearly twenty years later supports such a view. Spalding wrote: "Dr. Whitman twice during the last year [i.e., 1847] called the Cayuses together, and told them that if a majority wished, he would leave the country at once... Dr. Whitman held himself ready to sell the Waiilatpu station to the Catholic mission whenever a majority of the Cayuses might wish it."³⁸

Knowing that the Bishop and some of his clergy would be at Young Chief's house, Whitman decided to respond to the plea from Five Crows and Young Chief. He could then talk over with the Catholic missionaries the possibility of them taking over the Waiilatpu station. The situation at Waiilatpu had become so threatening that Whitman felt no time should be lost, so he made preparations to leave that Saturday evening. Of this Spalding wrote: "The Doctor requested me to accompany him to the Umatilla, leaving dear Sister Whitman... greatly exhausted with her long and incessant watching with the sick, with three of her own and one of Mrs. Osborne's [children] dangerously ill, to require her constant attention, Mrs. Osborne not yet able to leave her bed..."³⁹ Narcissa was reluctant to see her husband go. At dusk that Saturday evening, with tears in her eyes, she bade him and Spalding goodby. It was the last time that Spalding was to see Narcissa, the one whom he had loved in his youth.

Spalding's account of their night's ride to the Umatilla is as follows: "The night was dark, and the rain beat furiously upon us. But our intercourse was sweet; we little imagined it would be our last. With feeling of deep emotion we called to mind that eleven years before we had crossed this trail the day before we reached Walla Walla, the end of our seven months journey from New York. We little thought the journey of life was so soon to close. We called to mind the high hopes and thrilling interest which had been awakened in the years that followed; of our successful labors and the constant devotedness of the Indians to improvement... But the principal topic of conversation that dark night was the danger that threatened from another source... We felt that the present sickness among the Indians afforded the Catholics a favorable opportunity to excite them to drive us from the country..."⁴⁰

According to Spalding, as the two rode through the darkness and the lashing rain, Whitman said: "...that unless the Indians requested

us to leave, his [Whitman's] days were few—or words to that effect but consoled himself by saying, 'If I am to fall, through the machinations of Papists, *my death may do as much good to Oregon, as my life can.*'"⁴¹ The reference to the Roman Catholics must be viewed in the light of Spalding's later bitter anti-Catholic attitude. As a doctor, Whitman was fully aware of the danger that he faced in ministering to the sick as a white *te-wat*. Yet, what did he mean by saying that he believed his death would do as much good for Oregon as could be accomplished by living? Was he not thinking of the political future of Oregon? Ever since Jason Lee's visit to Waiilatpu in 1838, Whitman had been increasingly eager for the United States to extend its jurisdiction over Oregon as a territory. The draft of the bill which he had submitted for Congressional consideration in the fall of 1843 and the memorial of October 16, 1847, embodied his recommendations for government protection of Oregon emigrants and for the establishment of an orderly government in the Northwest territory. Even though the boundary question had been settled in 1846, only a weak Provisional Government had been established whose influences hardly extended beyond the confines of the Willamette Valley.

Marcus could have heartily endorsed what Narcissa had written to her father on April 10, 1846: "To be in a country among a people of no law, even if they are from a civilized land, is the nearest like a hell on earth of anything I can imagine." Although she was referring to some difficulties with lawless white settlers in the Willamette Valley, her sentiments were especially apropos for those living among the Indians in the interior of Oregon. Literally, the Whitmans and all other white people who were living in the upper Columbia River country in the fall of 1847 were in a land without law, subject to the passions and undisciplined conduct of the natives. Elijah White's efforts to introduce a code of laws in 1843 had ended in failure. How logical for Whitman, when facing the possibility of being killed, to believe that should this happen, the news of his death would reverberate across the nation and move a lethargic Congress to act. Then an official Territorial Government would replace the weak Provisional Government for the benefit of Indians and settlers alike. If such was Whitman's reasoning, then what he said to Spalding is understandable: "I believe my death will do as much for Oregon as my life can."

WARNING FROM STICKUS

Whitman and Spalding headed for the lodge of Stickus which evidently was located on the north bank of the Umatilla River near present-day Thornhollow, Oregon. Although Stickus never joined the Mission church, perhaps there was no one among the Cayuses more deserving to be included than he. Catherine Sager stated: "When the Whitman mission was established, he soon became an earnest listener and was really converted to the Christian faith. All his life thereafter he lived as a consistent Christian." As has been stated, it was Stickus who, at Whitman's request, guided the 1843 emigration over the Blue Mountains. There was no member of the Cayuse tribe, not excepting Five Crows, who was more friendly to the whites in general and the missionaries in particular than Stickus. How natural it was, therefore, for Whitman and Spalding to seek the hospitality of this chief after their long night ride from Waiilatpu through wind and rain.

Spalding wrote: "We arrived at the lodge of Stickus thoroughly wet. In coming down the hill to the lodge, my horse fell and rolled partly over me, causing severe pains in my head and one leg during the night and next day. We spread our blankets by a good fire in the lodge and lay by it until morning." On Sunday morning, Stickus conducted his family devotions after which "a good breakfast of potatoes, squash, fresh beef, and wheat bread of his wife's make" was served to his two guests. Spalding commented later on how gratifying it was for them to note the advancement the Cayuses had made by comparing "their present abundance of comfortable living... [with] their wretchedness and starvation when we came among them, eleven years before."

Stickus later testified at the trial of the five accused murderers held in Oregon City in May 1850 that Whitman "was at his lodge on the Umatilla the day before his death, that during the visit... he told him that the Indians about the Mission were talking bad about him... & that he said Whitman was in danger." Stickus warned Whitman especially about the evil intentions of Joe Lewis and reported that Tamsucky had said that "they were going to kill" him.⁴² This warning from Stickus, following that so shortly before given by Settle, gave Whitman added reason for consulting with Bishop Blanchet about the advisability of asking the Cayuses to decide whom they wanted to be their missionaries, the Protestants or the Roman Catholics.

After breakfast with Stickus, Whitman left to visit the sick in the camps of Five Crows and Young Chief on the south bank of the Umatilla River. Sometime during the day he returned to the north band and called on the Bishop and his two priests at their newly established Saint Anne Mission in Young Chief's house. Of this Father Brouillet wrote: "...we were visited by Dr. Whitman, who remained but a few minutes at the house, and appeared to be much agitated. Being invited to dine, he refused, saying that he feared it would be too late, as he had 25 miles to go, and wished to reach home before night. On parting, he entreated me not to fail to visit him when I would pass by his mission, which I very cordially promised to do." ⁴³ Although Brouillet gave no details as to what was discussed, his comments support the theory that Whitman had become so alarmed over what Stickus had said that he felt it imperative to return to Waiilatpu that night. The eagerness with which Whitman urged one of the priests to visit him early during the next week indicates that Whitman was ready to withdraw from Waiilatpu should this be the wish of the majority of the chiefs.

Spalding's account of Whitman's meeting with the Catholics confirms this interpretation. He wrote: "About four, the Doctor returned, much fatigued, but said the sickness in his family made it necessary to return. Said he had taken tea with the Bishop and two of his priests... Said he had invited them to come and see him, which they had promised to do in a short time. The Doctor was much pleased with the idea, hoping that we might come to some understanding and bring it before the Indians to say who should be their missionaries." ⁴⁴

As Whitman mounted his horse for his lonely ride back to Waiilatpu, Stickus again told him "to be careful for the bad Indians would kill him." ⁴⁵ In giving this warning, Stickus was risking the possibility of incurring the anger of those of his tribe who were planning the evil deed. Whitman thanked the chief for his warning. Since Spalding was still suffering from his fall, he was unable to return with Whitman. Years later Spalding wrote: "My dear brother bade me good evening and left about sundown, though greatly in need of sleep and rest. My eyes saw him for the last time as he passed at good speed over the hill in the distance..." ⁴⁶ Their fellowship as co-workers in the Oregon Mission of the American Board, which had begun at Howard, New York, in February 1836, had come to an end.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1847

Since the rain had ceased, Whitman made better time on his return Strip than he and Spalding had made going the opposite way during the previous night. He returned to his home about ten o'clock Sunday evening. Narcissa, exhausted with her many cares, had gone to bed, leaving John and Francis Sager to watch over the sick, two of whom, Helen Mar Meek and Louise Sager, were dangerously ill. Catherine Sager, also down with the measles, was sleeping on a settee in the living room. Years later she recalled with vividness the events of that night and the following days.

After the doctor had greeted his wife, he sent the two Sager boys to bed, saying that he would take care of the sick during the remainder of the night. One by one, Whitman examined each patient. "When he came to Helen Meek," wrote Catherine, "he thought her dying; he sat by her and watched her for some time, but she finally revived... I could see that Father [i.e., her foster father] was much troubled about something and I supposed it was about the sick children." After making the rounds, Marcus called Narcissa. She arose and the two sat by the stove in the living room, where they talked in low tones. Catherine wrote: "He related to her what Stickus had told him that day; also that he had learned that the Indians were holding councils every night." After a long talk, Marcus told Narcissa to return to her bed. He promised to call her if he saw any change for the worse in any of the children.

After blowing out the candle, Marcus sat down at the end of the settee on which Catherine lay. "He was apparently deep in thought," she later wrote, "and his manner and portions of their conversation which I had heard kept me awake. Father observed my wakefulness and seemed to understand the reason. He soothed me with kind words until I finally fell asleep and slept until morning."

November 29 dawned cold and foggy. Catherine noted that her father, although "more serious than usual," kept his emotions under control. "We saw nothing of Mother," wrote Catherine. "She did not come out for breakfast. Elizabeth took some food on a plate and a cup of coffee and carried it to her. She was sitting with her face buried in her handkerchief, sobbing bitterly. Taking the food she motioned the child to leave. The food was there, untouched, the next morning."⁴⁷

Mrs. Saunders, in her account of those tragic days, reported that three children of Tiloukaikt's lodge had died of the measles during the night. It may be that one or more of these were his children. Whitman was notified and offered to conduct a burial service. While waiting for the bodies to arrive, Whitman talked with Rodgers about the warning Stickus had given. According to Catherine, after discussing "the trouble that seemed to be brewing; the discontent of the Indians; the Catholics coming in so quickly, and the insinuations of Joe Lewis," the two considered what could be done to improve relations with the natives. Catherine remembered Dr. Whitman as saying: "If things do not clear up by spring, I will make arrangements to move my family to the [Willamette] Valley."

Whitman decided to ask the half-breed, Nicholas Finley, who lived with his Cayuse wife in a lodge about one hundred yards from the Whitman home, what he knew about any supposed plot. Finley was sent for and when he arrived, Whitman asked him: "I understand the Indians are to kill me and Mr. Spalding. Do you know anything about it?" Although Finley was fully aware of what was to happen, since the conspirators had met in his lodge when they agreed on their course of action, he brazenly professed ignorance by replying: "I should know doctor; you have nothing to fear; there is no danger."

In addition to Whitman and Rodgers, ten adult white men, including Joseph Stanfield, were on the premises. Both Bewley and Sales were confined to their beds because of illness. There were also the two Sager boys, John and Francis. All were busy with their appointed tasks. Saunders, the schoolteacher, reopened his school that Monday morning after an interlude of about a week caused by the illness of so many of his pupils. Gilliland, the tailor, was at work on a suit of clothes for Dr. Whitman. He preferred to sit cross-legged on top of a table while plying his needle. Osborn was laying a floor in the former Indian room then being occupied by himself and his family; Hall was busy building an extension to the east end of the stem of the T-shaped mission building. Marsh was grinding wheat at the mill. Stanfield and Francis Sager had been sent to the range to select an animal to be butchered. The animal was shot by Francis and the carcass hung up at a spot between the mill and the blacksmith shop. Hoffman, Kimball, and Canfield were given the task of butchering it.

The bodies of the three Indian children who had died during the previous night arrived at the mission about 11:00 a.m. By this time Narcissa had arisen and without eating her breakfast began to minister to the needs of the sick. Whitman accompanied the dead to the cemetery for burial and was surprised to note that only a few Indians were present, when usually there would be many for such an occasion. He mentioned this to Narcissa on his return and remarked that he thought the butchering of the beef had kept them away. After his return from the cemetery, Narcissa told Marcus that Lorinda Bewley, who was confined to her bed in an upstairs room over the Whitman's parlor, needed his attention. After seeing her, Catherine remembered the doctor saying to his wife: "Poor Lorinda is in trouble and does not know the cause. I found her weeping, and she said that there was a presentiment of evil on her mind that she could not overcome."

THE MASSACRE

Nineteen who survived the massacre and the month's captivity which followed have given us their reminiscences [Appendix 5]. Some were written within a few days of the events described, and others many years later. In addition several people, including Spalding, Brouillet, and McBean, who were not at Waiilatpu at the time of the tragedy but who were involved in contemporary events, have given us their stories. Often these various accounts contradict each other in certain minor details. A conscientious effort has been made to weave these various accounts together to make a single credible narrative.

After the noonday meal on Monday, November 29, 1847, the men returned to their respective tasks and the children went back to school. John Sager went to the kitchen where he continued winding a skein of brown twine preparatory to making a broom. Mary Ann Bridger was in the kitchen washing the noonday dishes. Mrs. Osborn, who had been confined to her bed in the Indian room for about three weeks, ventured to get up and get dressed. She was very weak. She walked into the living room where she saw Dr. Whitman reading and Mrs. Whitman bathing the two older Sager girls. A tub of water had been placed on the floor in the room. Catherine had just been bathed and was dressing; Elizabeth was still in the tub.

The tragic events began when Narcissa went into the kitchen to get milk for some of the sick children. She found the room full of boisterous Indians whose manner alarmed her. One demanded the milk she was carrying. According to Catherine's account: "She told him to wait until she could give her baby some. He followed her to the door of the sitting room and tried to force his way in, but she shut the door in his face and bolted it."⁴⁸

MARCUS WHITMAN, MORTALLY WOUNDED

As soon as Narcissa was able to fasten the door, an Indian began pounding on it, calling for the doctor and asking for medicine. Dr. Whitman, laying aside his book, arose and answered the knock. As he unbolted the door, an Indian tried to force his way in, but the doctor succeeded in keeping him out. The Indian demanded medicine, which the doctor promised to get. Whitman closed and locked the door; went to the medicine cabinet located in a closet under the stairway, and got what was needed. As he returned to the kitchen door, he advised Narcissa to lock it after him. It was then about two o'clock in the afternoon.

Catherine tells what then happened: "We could hear loud and angry voices in the kitchen and occasionally Father's soft, mild voice in reply... Suddenly there was a sharp explosion—a rifle shot—in the kitchen, and we all jumped in fright for the outside door." Narcissa's first impulse was to rush into the kitchen to see what had happened, but she quickly controlled herself. Her immediate concern was for the safety of those with her. She called back those who were starting to go out-of-doors. She began dressing Elizabeth who had leaped out of the tub. Turning to Mrs. Osborn, she told her to go to her room and lock the outside door. Mrs. Osborn called her husband to do this. He, not having a hammer handy, used a flatiron to drive a nail over the latch.

Suddenly Mary Ann Bridger, who was the only eyewitness to the attack on Dr. Whitman and John Sager, burst into the living room through the west door. She had fled out of the north door of the kitchen and around the north end of the building. At first the child was so incoherent with fright that she could not speak. Narcissa grabbed her and asked: "Did they kill the doctor?" Mary Ann finally stammered: "Yes." Catherine recalled that Narcissa cried over and over: "My husband is killed and I am left a widow!"

Soon Mary Ann was able to tell what she had seen. She told that the Indians had crowded into the kitchen, including Tiloukaikt and Tomahas, the latter being the one who had demanded the medicine. When Whitman entered the room, he sat down at a table facing Tiloukaikt. According to Spalding's account, who drew upon the child's recollections: "While... [Tiloukaikt] engrossed the doctor's attention, Tomahas stepped behind him, drew a pipe tomahawk⁴⁹ from under his blanket, and struck the doctor's head. He fell partly forward. A second blow on the back of the head brought him to the floor."⁵⁰ Catherine added more details: "Tiloukaikt chopped the doctor's face so badly that his features could not be recognized." An Indian shot the doctor in the neck, causing profuse bleeding. This was the shot which those in the living room heard. Although fatally wounded, Whitman remained alive for several hours, most of the time unconscious.

As soon as John Sager became aware of the attack on Dr. Whitman, he grabbed a pistol, which might have been the gun he had used to kill the beef then being butchered, and shot twice, wounding two of the Indians.⁵¹ John was then shot by Tamsucky.⁵² He received a severe wound in the neck which began to bleed profusely. He had enough consciousness to stuff a part of the scarf he was wearing into the wound to staunch the flow of blood. A sudden commotion outside caused the Indians in the kitchen to rush pell-mell through the south kitchen door to join in the killings taking place there. They left Marcus Whitman and John Sager, both mortally wounded, lying on the floor.

THE ATTACK OUT-OF-DOORS

Following the noon meal on that fateful Monday, Judge Saunders had reassembled his pupils in the schoolroom. The number was smaller than usual because so many of the children were ill. The sudden shooting and the tumult outside naturally brought all activities in the schoolroom to a sudden halt. The half-breed boy, John D. Manson, who was thirteen years old at the time, in his recollections of that tragic day, wrote: "While out at school recess, we saw eighteen or twenty Indians standing around the Mission Premises and they were watching three men dressing a beef. They were clothed with blankets strapped around their waists with belts. When Mr. Saunders, our teacher, rang the bell, we went back to the school room. Very soon a number of shots were fired and Mr. Saunders

looked out and saw Mr. Kimball running to the Doctor's house. His arm was hanging limp and bleeding. Mr. Saunders crossed the room and said, 'I must go to my family'... We boys went to the window and saw that the Indians had dropped their blankets and were running about with their weapons in their hands, shooting and shouting."⁵³

Pandemonium reigned. It is impossible to give an accurate chronological account of what took place, for the eyewitness accounts differ. Perhaps the first to be killed was Marsh who was operating the gristmill. His death was probably instantaneous as none of the survivors listed him as being among the wounded.

Another killed during the first few minutes of the attack was Hoffman, who was the only one of the victims who was able to offer any effective resistance. Catherine wrote: "Mr. Hoffman was butchering beef and fought manfully with an ax and was seen keeping several Indians at bay. He felled several with powerful blows from his ax, and split one of his assailant's feet before he was finally overpowered. They disemboweled him."⁵⁴ No doubt this mutilation was the result of the angry resentment of those whom he had wounded. There is no evidence that the Indians scalped any of their victims.

Catherine Sager, who was standing with Narcissa looking through the upper part of the east door of the living room, which was a window, saw the Indians attack Saunders. Of this she wrote: "Mr. Saunders had commenced school at one o'clock. Hearing the explosion [i.e., the rifle shots] in the kitchen, he ran down to see what caused it. Mother saw him just as he got to the door. She motioned to him to go back. He ran back, and had just got to the stairway [consisting of two or three steps] leading up to the school, when an Indian seized him, but being an active man, the Indian could not master him. I watched the struggle from the window. Sometimes the savage would throw him, but he would bound to his feet again, never losing his hold of the first one. I looked till my heart sickened at the sight. Mr. Saunders wrestling for life with those ruthless murderers, and they with their butcher knives trying to cut his throat. He got loose from them and had got almost to his door... before he was overpowered. His body was pierced with several balls when he fell. They beat his head till it was mashed to pieces."

Elizabeth Sager testified at the Oregon City trial, held in May 1850, that she saw Ish-ish-kais-kais shoot Saunders. Osborn in his

testimony given at the same trial said that Tomahas was one of those who took part in the attack. Mrs. Hall, who was watching the horrifying events from a window in the emigrant house, thought that the Indians were attacking Dr. Whitman, and so testified at the trial. She then claimed that Tiloukaikt was one of the assailants. Both Catherine and Elizabeth Sager, however, claimed that Mrs. Hall was mistaken, as Dr. Whitman was never able to leave the kitchen after being struck down. Matilda Sager remembered that after the Indians had killed Saunders, they cut off his head.⁵⁵

Among those who witnessed the attack of the Indians on the three men who were butchering the beef and on the schoolteacher was twelve-year-old Nathan Kimball, Jr. After more than fifty years, Nathan was able to recall with vividness the events of those days. Regarding the mutilation of the bodies of the victims, he wrote: "The bodies, or pieces of them, lay scattered all around, an arm here and a leg there. Some of the men had their breasts torn open and their hearts taken out. I saw two Indians each with a stick and a human heart stuck upon it, which they showed to the women, and told them that they belonged to their husbands, and that they were going to eat them. I don't think they did but I don't know."⁵⁶

Three men, Gilliland, Kimball, and Rodgers, after being seriously wounded managed to find temporary refuge in one of the mission buildings. Gilliland, according to Catherine's account, "was sitting upon his table sewing, (when) an Indian stepped in, and shot him with a pistol."⁵⁷ Mrs. Saunders, who was in a room of the emigrant house next to that occupied by Gilliland, ran to see what had happened after hearing the gunshot. The Indian later identified as Ish-ish-kais-kais, pointed his pistol at Mrs. Saunders.⁵⁸ She turned and fled to her room. Gilliland soon followed. In terror, Mrs. Saunders closed the door, shutting out Gilliland, as she thought he was an Indian. Finally, hearing him call: "Let me in, let me in," she opened the door and admitted him. Catherine wrote: "He ran and hid under the bed but soon came out saying, 'It's no use to hide.' He lay down on the bed and died quietly about midnight."

Nathan Kimball, Jr., saw an Indian shooting at his father who was trying to escape. The father had been shot in the arm and the son remembered: "My father had on a white shirt, and I could see that his arm

was broken at the elbow, for it was red with blood.”⁵⁹ The father ran around the south end of the mission house and entered the living room through the west door. Elizabeth Sager remembered that when he burst into the room, holding his bleeding arm he cried out: “The Indians are killing us—I don’t know what the damned Indians want to kill me for—I never did anything to them. Get me some water.”⁶⁰ Since Kimball was a religious man and never swore, the expression “damned Indians” seemed so incongruous to the little girl that she began to giggle. She fully expected Mrs. Whitman to rebuke him “for swearing in the presence of children,” but to her surprise nothing was said. Instead, her foster mother hastily got water and began washing the wounded arm.

Rodgers was at the river getting a pail of water when the shooting began. Hidden by the fringe of willows which grew on the banks, he could have escaped detection and fled to Fort Walla Walla for protection. Instead, he rushed back to the mission house. Catherine tells us: “Mother, while ministering to the wounded, went here and there looking out to see what was going on. She had missed Mr. Rodgers from his room and was anxiously watching to see if she could see anything of him. At last she saw him running desperately toward the house, several savages, their knives and tomahawks glinting in the sun, close at his heels. She dashed to the door to open it, but not before he had broken the window with his hand as he sprang against it. As soon as the door closed upon him, the Indians raised a deafening yell and went to find new victims. He was shot through the wrist and tomahawked behind the ear.”⁶¹

TERROR IN-DOORS

Narcissa’s immediate concern, after hearing the commotion in the kitchen, was the fate of her husband. After the Indians there had rushed out-of-doors and silence had come to the kitchen, Narcissa ventured to enter. To her horror, she found Marcus lying half-conscious on the floor with his head in a pool of blood. Just at that time, three of the women who were living in the emigrant house—Mrs. Hays, Mrs. Hall, and Mrs. Saunders—burst in through the north kitchen door. With their help, Narcissa half carried and half dragged Marcus into the living room and placed him on a settee. Of the scene that followed, Catherine wrote: “She fastened the door and placed a pillow under his head, and kneeling over him tried to stop the blood that was flowing from a wound

in his neck.”⁶² Narcissa took a towel and some wood ashes from the stove and with these tried to stop the bleeding. She asked him if he knew her. He replied: “Yes,” “Are you badly hurt?” “Yes.” “Can I do anything to stop this blood?” “No.” “Can you speak with me?” “N-no.” “Is your mind at peace?” “Yes.” He spoke only in monosyllables. Again and again, Narcissa cried out: “That Joe! That Joe! He has done it all. I am a widow!” When Rodgers burst into the room so suddenly, he at once saw the doctor lying on the settee and asked if he were dead. Whitman heard the question and answered with a weak “No.” This was the last word he spoke; he then lapsed into unconsciousness.

Several times during those terrifying minutes following the first shootings, Joe Lewis came to the door of the living room and tried to enter. Catherine wrote: “He had a gun in his hand and when Mother would ask, ‘What do you want, Joe?’ he would instantly leave.” Soon after Rodgers had entered the room, Narcissa went again to the east door to look out through its window. It was then that Ish-ish-kais-kais (Frank Escaloom), who was standing on the steps leading into the schoolroom, raised his gun and shot her. Catherine wrote: “Mother was standing looking out at the window when a ball came through the broken pane, entering her right shoulder.⁶³ She clapped her hand to the wound saying, ‘Oh! Oh!’ and fell backwards. She now forgot everything but the poor, helpless children depending on her, and she poured out her soul in prayer for them, ‘Lord save these little ones!’ was her repeated cry.” Catherine also recalled how Narcissa prayed for her parents, saying: “This will kill my poor mother.”⁶⁴

Catherine’s account of what then happened follows: “The women began now to go upstairs; and Mr. Rogers, too much excited to speak, pushed us upstairs. I said, ‘Who will take care of the sick children?’ Let me take them up, too; don’t leave them here alone.” Catherine was thinking of her two sisters, Louise and Henrietta, and Helen Mar Meek, who were probably in beds in the Whitman bedroom. From this time onward, Catherine assumed a responsibility far beyond her years and became a real heroine of those tragic hours. The sick children were carried to the attic room. Altogether thirteen frightened people sought the doubtful safety of the upstairs room. These included two wounded men, Kimball and Rodgers; five women, including Lorinda Bewley who was in her sick bed; and the four Sager and the two half-breed girls.

In the meantime, Osborn, remembering that the floor boards of the Indian room in which he and his family were living, had not been nailed down, lifted several and hastily got his wife, their three children, and himself under the floor. A three-foot space gave them plenty of room to hide. "We lay there listening to the firing," Osborn wrote in a letter dated April 7, 1848, "—the screams of women and children the groans of the dying—not knowing when our turn would come. We were, however, not discovered."⁶⁵

Years later, Nancy Osborn, who was only nine years old at the time, had the following to tell: "In a few minutes our room was full of Indians, talking and laughing as if it were a holiday. The only noise we made was my brother, Alexander, two years old. When the Indians came into the room and were directly over our heads, he said: 'Mother, the Indians are taking all of our things.' Hastily she clapped her hands over his mouth and whispered he must be still."⁶⁶

EXPERIENCES OF THE SCHOOL CHILDREN

As soon as the school children realized what was happening out-of-doors, they quickly shut and locked the door. Francis (also called Frank) Sager suggested that they climb up into a loft which had been built over part of the room for use as a bedroom. Since there was no stairway to the room, nor was a ladder then available, the children moved a table under the door of the loft and piled some books on it. One of the older boys then climbed up and helped the girls to enter. Among them was Matilda Sager, who, many years later, wrote: "Frank told us all to ask God to save us and I can see him now,... as he kneeled and prayed for God to spare us."⁶⁷

Just how long the children remained hidden in the loft is not known, but sometime early in the afternoon Joe Stanfield came calling for the two Manson boys and David Malin. These came down from the loft and were then taken by Stanfield to Finley's lodge which was located to the north of the main mission house. Stanfield assured the boys that since they were part Indian, they would not be harmed. The next day Finley took the three boys to Fort Walla Walla where they were given into the custody of William McBean.

Soon after Stanfield had taken the three half-breed boys to Finley's lodge, Joe Lewis entered the schoolroom looking for Francis Sager in particular. For some reason Joe had a special grudge against Francis

and was bent on revenge. After discovering that Francis and the other children were in the loft, Joe demanded that all come down at once. They were then taken out into the yard and lined up to be shot. After the departure of the Manson boys, only Eliza Spalding could understand what was being said by the Indians. She remembered that some of the Indians were opposed to killing the children. Convinced that they would be killed, frightened Eliza covered her face with her apron “so that she would not see them shoot her.”⁶⁸

Catherine wrote: “There they stood in a long row, their murderers leaning on their guns, waiting for the word from the chief (possibly Tiloukaikt) to send them into eternity. Pity, however, moved the heart of the chief for, after observing their terror, he said: ‘Let us not kill them.’”

The children were then taken into the Indian room. As they passed through the kitchen Francis saw his brother lying mortally wounded on the floor. He leaned over and by some sudden impulse pulled at the scarf which John had stuffed into the wound in his throat. This was the wrong thing to do, as it opened the wound and the blood began to pour out. John tried to speak but could not. He died soon afterwards.

Francis sobbed and said: “I will follow him.” Some of the Indians taunted Joe Lewis and said that “if he was on their side, he must kill Francis Sager to prove it.”⁶⁹ After being thus taunted, Joe grabbed Francis by the nose, jerked him forward, and called him “a bad boy.” The Osborns under the floor heard Francis pleading for his life: “O Joe, don’t shoot me!” Then came the crack of a gun, “as Lewis proved his loyalty to the red men.” Francis fell at the entrance of the north door leading out of the Indian room. At the trial of the five accused murderers held in Oregon City, Clokamus admitted “that he assisted in dispatching young Sager.”⁷⁰

MRS. SAUNDERS’S BRAVE INTERCESSION

In the meantime, Mrs. Saunders, not knowing what had happened to her husband or to the Whitmans, and fearing for the safety of all the white women and children, decided to make a desperate appeal for mercy to Chief Tiloukaikt through Nicholas Finley. She bravely ventured to leave the comparative safety of her room in the emigrant house in order to call on Finley in his lodge. John Manson was at the lodge when Mrs. Saunders arrived and has given us the following account of what

happened. Since he was able to understand what the Indians were saying, his recollections have special significance.

Soon Mrs. Saunders came up to the lodge where Mrs. Finley [an Indian woman], her sister and several other Indian women were standing. Besides the Cayuse Indian women, there were some Walla Walla Indian men. The women seemed friendly to Mrs. Saunders.

About four hundred feet away from the lodge was a hill that had three Indians on it, looking over the plains. [Possibly looking to see if anyone were approaching.] One of the Indians rode down to kill Mrs. Saunders, but Mrs. Finley expostulated with him and he rode off. Then Chief Tiloukaikt rode down, shaking his hatchet over his head. He threatened Mrs. Saunders with it, but again Mrs. Finley urged him to desist and he rode off. Then Edward Tiloukaikt, the oldest son of the Chief, rode down very rapidly, shaking his tomahawk over his head and that of Mrs. Saunders with fury. She had sunk down on a pile of matting in front of the lodge. But the Indian women shamed him and talked to him. Then he rode off.

Mrs. Saunders then came to me [John Manson] and kneeled down. She begged me to interpret for her to the Chiefs, as she did not understand the language of the natives. She said: "Tell the Chiefs that if the Doctor and men were bad, I did not know it. My heart is good and I want to live. If they will spare my life, I will make caps, coats, and pantaloons for them."

John interpreted for her as she pled with Tiloukaikt for the life of her husband and for the women and children. In all probability her husband by that time had been killed, but of this she was unaware.

"What do they say, John?"

"They are talking about it."

After some consultation, Tiloukaikt and the other chiefs agreed that none of the women and children would be killed. Mrs. Saunders then begged to let all who were in the main mission house go to the emigrant house. Tiloukaikt gave his consent.

Mrs. Saunders then turned to John, while still on her knees, and begged: "John won't you go home with me?" John replied: "I do not dare to go, but I will ask." Tiloukaikt then told Stanfield to take Mrs. Saunders back to her quarters and to get her some meat. John's account continues: "Then Mrs. Saunders rose from her knees and went with Joe Stanfield. The Chiefs and all the natives then left the lodge. They went to Dr. Whitman's house. Very soon, several shots were fired there. Mr. Finley came and told us that three more had been killed. They were Mrs. Whitman, Mr. Rogers, and Francis Sager."

THE DEATHS OF NARCISSA WHITMAN AND ANDREW RODGERS

The rampaging Indians, after searching the main floor of the Whitman home for Mrs. Whitman and other members of her family, finally came to the door leading to the attic rooms. This had been locked from the inside but the Indians soon smashed it open. "We thought our time had come," wrote Catherine. While the Indians were still breaking down the door, Kimball said that if they only had a gun, they could keep them at bay. Someone remembered that there was the barrel of a broken gun in the attic room. Rodgers got it and held it over the railing of the stairwell. As soon as the Indians, who began ascending the stairs, saw the gun barrel, they hastily retreated.

None of the eyewitness accounts pinpoint the rapidly passing events by giving the time. In all probability all of the events described above, following the firing of the first shot, came within an hour period. Catherine remembered that, following the retreat of the Indians from the stairway, all was quiet before for about half an hour. "We began to think," she wrote, "that the Indians had left, when we heard footsteps in the rooms below, and a voice at the bottom of the stairs called Mr. Rodgers. Mr. R. would not answer for a time. Mother finally prevailed on him to speak, remarking, 'God maybe has raised us up a friend.'" The Indian was Tamsucky. It was he who, according to the best available evidence, was the one who had tried to force his way into Narcissa's bedroom shortly after Marcus had left for the East in October 1842. In a friendly voice, he told Rodgers that he had just arrived on the mission grounds, knew nothing of the terrible events which had taken place, and was then offering his help. Narcissa, eager to grasp at any offer of aid in her hour of desperation, was ready to throw herself upon Tamsucky's

promise of aid and deliverance. Catherine, however, had recognized Tamsucky as one of the Indians who had killed Judge Saunders and advised caution. After some consultation, the adults in the upstairs room decided that they should listen to what Tamsucky had to say.

Catherine tells us what then happened: "Mr. Rodgers told him to come upstairs. He replied that he was afraid we had white men there who would kill him. Mr. Rodgers assured him of his safety. He then asked for Mother, and was told that she was badly hurt. Mr. Rodgers finally went to the doorway and talked with him, and succeeded in having him come where we were. He shook hands with us all and seemed very sorry Mother was hurt; consoled with her on what had happened until he won her confidence." When Tamsucky saw the wounded Kimball lying on the floor, he muttered: "Bad Indian. Indian shoot."

Tamsucky then passed on the terrifying information that the Indians were planning to burn the mission house and that Mrs. Whitman and those with her should leave immediately for the lodge of an Indian who lived ten miles away.⁷¹ Narcissa, realizing that she was in no condition to travel and also that it would soon be dark, told him that they could not go at that time. Tamsucky then told her to go to the emigrant house and spend the night there. In reality Tamsucky was scheming to get her and Rodgers out-of-doors where the Indians could complete their bloody designs. Narcissa was completely deceived by his duplicity, but then, what else could she do except to follow his advice? She grasped at his specious promises of protection.

Eager to return to their families in the emigrant house, the three women hastily left. Going with them was Lorinda Bewley who had arisen from her sick bed. Rodgers helped Narcissa go down the stairs. She was so weak from the loss of blood that she had to lie down at once on a settee. With her was Elizabeth Sager, then ten years old, who never forgot how Narcissa averted her face when she saw her husband, still alive but unconscious.⁷² The sight of the bloody, mutilated head was too horrible to endure. Kimball decided not to risk leaving the attic room, perhaps suspecting that Tamsucky's promise of safe conduct to the emigrant house did not apply to him. Since no one had been willing or able to carry the sick little girls to the emigrant house, Catherine decided to remain with them. Also in the attic room was Mary Ann Bridger.

Shortly after Narcissa went down stairs, the Indians ordered Rodgers to help Joe Lewis carry her on the settee over to the emigrant house. Even though Rodgers had been wounded in the wrist, he seems to have been able to lift his end of the settee. They moved from the living room through the kitchen and out the north door of the kitchen. Elizabeth, who was following, noted that her brother John's body "was lying across the doorway." As soon as the settee bearing Narcissa had cleared the doorway, some Indians standing near started firing. Elizabeth remembered: "I was still on the sill when a shot from a row of Indians standing there struck Mrs. Whitman on the cheek. I saw the bullet as it hit her. Mr. Rodgers set the settee down on the platform at the doorway saying 'Oh, My God!' and fell." He, too had been struck with bullets. As Elizabeth turned to flee to the upstairs room to rejoin her sister Catherine, she passed through the living room where she slipped in a pool of blood. Upstairs, she stammered out her story of what had happened. "The terror of that moment cannot be expressed," she wrote. "There were no tears, no shrieks." The awfulness of what had happened stunned all, even the younger girls, into silence.⁷³

After a volley of bullets had been fired into the bodies of Narcissa and Rodgers, one of the Indians upset the settee and rolled her body into the mud, possibly into an irrigation ditch. With fiendish delight, one Indian lifted up Narcissa's head by grabbing her hair, and lashed her face with his braided leather quirt.⁷⁴ Circumstantial evidence indicates that Narcissa died at the time of this attack or shortly thereafter. Rodgers, although mortally wounded, lingered on for several hours in a conscious condition.

"As soon as it became dark," wrote Nancy Osborn, "the Indians left for their lodges... Everything became still. It was the stillness of death." The school children, released by their captors, had fled to the emigrant house where Mrs. Saunders received Matilda. Those in the emigrant house were ignorant of the fate of Kimball and of the four girls who had been left in the attic room, but no one dared go and investigate.

Nancy remembered that while she with the other members of her family were still in hiding under the floor of the Indian room, the stillness which had come to the mission house was broken only by the groans of the dying. Dr. Whitman died about nine o'clock that evening; Rodgers died later. "All we could hear were the dying groans of Mr. Rodgers,

who lay within six feet of me,” wrote Nancy. “We heard him say, ‘Come Lord Jesus, come quickly.’ Afterwards he said faintly, ‘Sweet Jesus.’ Then fainter and fainter came the moans until they ceased all together.

The carnage for the day was over with nine people dead—one woman, six men, and two boys.

Thus ended the earthly life of Narcissa Whitman who, at the time of her death, was approaching her fortieth birthday. And likewise the life of Marcus Whitman who had lived nearly three months beyond his forty-fifth birthday. They were the first Protestants to suffer martyrdom on the Pacific Slope of the United States.⁷⁵

SOME WERE WEEPING

Waiilatpu was a place of contradictions on that bloody Monday afternoon. The violence precipitated a dichotomy of emotions among the Cayuses themselves. Mingled with hideous war cries were pleas of mercy. While some were killing, others were weeping. Again it should be emphasized that only a small minority of the Cayuses took part in the massacre, and they were largely if not exclusively from Tiloukaikt’s band. Most of the members of the Cayuse tribe were either unaware of what had been planned or had refused to join in the conspiracy.

Among those who objected to the violence, and who did much to ameliorate the lot of the captives after the massacre, was one whom the survivors called Chief Beardy.⁷⁶ Possibly “Beardy” was a nickname bestowed upon him at the time of the massacre by the grateful survivors. No mention of a chief by this name has been found in the writings of the Whitmans nor do we know his Indian name. The Sager girls and Mrs. Saunders make frequent mention of him. He was described as having been one of the most faithful attendants at Whitman’s religious services. No doubt the nickname was given because of his hirsute appearance, unusual among the Indians.

Catherine wrote that when Mrs. Saunders went to Finley’s lodge, “She saw an Indian at Dr. Whitman’s house, talking and gesticulating for some time. He rode toward her, and she saw that *he was weeping.*”⁷⁷ It was Beardy who was vainly trying to get the other Indians to stop their killings. Mrs. Saunders called to him, and he rode to her and went with her to the lodge. Catherine wrote: “Whether it was her intercession or the speech of the chief [i.e., Beardy] that turned the tide, I know not what,

but the chief [Tiloukaikt] heading the murderers said, 'It is enough, no more blood must be shed. The Doctor is dead. The men are all dead. These women and children have not hurt us and they must not be hurt.' "Actually at that time, not all the men had been killed. Four more were to die, but the women and children were spared. Perhaps much of the credit for this act of mercy should go to the influence of Beardy.

Catherine, in summarizing the events of the next day, November 30, noted that some of the Indian women "cried over us and gave us many things." Again and again in the reminiscences of the survivors, we find references to the grief of many of the Cayuses who were shocked by the violence committed by some of their own tribe.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1847

Monday night was a night of terror for Catherine Sager, who, although only thirteen years old, was trying to be a mother to her two younger sisters and to the two half-breed girls. Three of the girls in the attic room were very ill. Kimball was in too much pain as the result of his wound to be of any help. No one can read Catherine's account of the massacre and the subsequent captivity without feeling great admiration for the way she tried to measure up to the responsibilities so suddenly thrust upon her.

In Catherine's account of the night of November 9th, we may read: "The Indians seemed to be making preparations to set fire to the house. We heard them ask for fire and splitting up kindlings. We fully expected to perish in the flames but this was more desirable than to be killed by the savages. Night came on. The Indians seemed to have left. We sat on the bed hardly daring to breathe in our fright. I took all the children on one bed. Their clothes were saturated with blood where they had lain on the bed with Mrs. Whitman. I tried to soothe them but they were perishing for water... They cried almost all night." Finally, one by one, the children fell asleep leaving Catherine and Kimball still awake. She remembered hearing "the yowls of the cats" in the room below and the striking of the hours by the clock. No doubt the cats were yowling because of hunger. No one had fed them. "Never shall I forget that awful night," wrote Catherine. "I think of it now with a shudder... I knew not what the new day might bring." Finally, towards morning, out of utter exhaustion, Catherine lapsed into sleep.

When day began to break, Kimball awakened Catherine and said that he was going to try to go to the river for a pail of water. Since everything was quiet in the house, the two felt that perhaps no Indians were around. There is no evidence that the Indians left any guards at Waiilatpu during the night to keep check on its residents. Although Kimball and Catherine talked in low tones, still their conversation awakened the children who at once began to cry for water. Before leaving for the river, Kimball felt it best to have his arm bandaged, as it pained him greatly. He told Catherine to tear up one of the sheets and use that as a bandage. Catherine's initial reaction to the idea of tearing up a good sheet was such that she exclaimed: "Mother would not like to have the sheets torn up." "Child," replied Kimball, "don't you know that your mother is dead, and will never have any use for the sheets?" Reluctantly Catherine tore the sheet into strips and bound up the wounded arm.

Kimball disguised himself the best he could as a blanketed Indian. Taking a pail, he started for the river which he reached in safety. As he was about to return, he noticed that some Indians had arrived on the grounds. Fearful of being detected, Kimball hid in some bushes which grew along the river where he remained all day. About sundown, thinking that the Indians were all gone, Kimball started back to the house. Just as he was climbing over a fence, he was seen by Frank Escaloom⁷⁸ who immediately shot him. Catherine wrote: "As he fell the Indian gave a brutal laugh."⁷⁹ Evidently death came to Kimball instantly. He thus became the tenth victim of the massacre.

Attracted by the crying of the children early that Tuesday morning, some Indians came to the foot of the stairway leading to the attic and inquired what was the matter. Catherine begged them to get water, which one did and he also got some bread. Since the children cried for more water and the Indian refused to get any more, Catherine decided to go for some herself. Of this she wrote: "I could not bear to hear the piteous calls for water." Going down stairs, she found her shoes where she had left them the day before and went to the river. Upon returning with her pail of water, her life was threatened. She wrote: "Some Indians were sitting upon the fence; one of them pointed his gun at me. I was terribly frightened, but walked on. One sitting near him knocked the gun up and it went off in the air."⁸⁰

As Catherine moved through the lower rooms of the house, she could not have avoided seeing the dead body of Dr. Whitman and one or both of her brothers. She knew from Elizabeth's account that Mrs. Whitman and Rodgers had been killed and that their bodies were lying outside the door of the Indian room. Added to the horror of such sights was the threat to her life. All in all, she had a traumatic experience which found relief in an outburst of weeping after she returned with the water. The other children in the attic room joined her. Of this Catherine wrote: "We were weeping over the slain when Joe Stanfield came in. He told us to stop that noise; that they were dead and it would do them no good, and if the Indians saw us crying, they would be mad." Stanfield told Catherine to take the children to the emigrant house.

Since three of the younger children were too ill to walk, Catherine carried six-year-old Louise, and Elizabeth managed to carry four-year-old Henrietta. These four with Mary Ann started for the emigrant house. Helen Mar Meek had to be left behind but Catherine assured her that she would return and get her. Someone in the emigrant house saw the four children on their way and several rushed out to meet them. "For a few moments," wrote Catherine, "we wept together." Catherine, accompanied by one or more of the women, hastened back to get Helen Mar. "We found her," Catherine wrote, "sitting in the bed, surrounded by Indians and screaming at the top of her voice."⁸¹ She thought she had been deserted.

Sometime during Tuesday, all of the survivors of the massacre were brought into the emigrant house. This included the Canfield family and the two sick men, Crockett Bewley and Amos Sales. As will be told, Hall, Canfield, and the Osborn family had managed to escape. With the exception of the two families still at the sawmill, all of those who were later rescued, numbering over forty, were in the emigrant house. The five Sager girls, now twice orphaned, were together again.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY INFORMED OF THE MASSACRE

William McBean at Fort Walla Walla first learned of the massacre when Peter D. Hall arrived at the fort about seven o'clock Tuesday morning, November 30. Hall had been busy in carpenter work in the room being added to the east end of the main mission building when the

attack began. When the sound of firing in the kitchen was heard by the Indians outside, several rushed to attack Hall, one with a gun which misfired. Hall grappled with the Indian who had the gun and succeeded in getting possession of it. Catherine wrote: "By pointing the gun, he kept them at bay until he reached the river where he plunged boldly in and swam for the opposite shore. His pursuers, seeing him out of reach, yelled defiantly and shot their guns at him without effect."⁸²

Shielded by the protecting willows which lined the river banks, Hall cautiously made his way down stream towards Fort Walla Walla. He was able to travel the twenty-five miles during the night and was the first to give McBean the news of the attack at Waiilatpu. His information was fragmentary. He reported that "the doctor and another man were killed," perhaps referring to the death of Marsh at the mill. He could give McBean no details regarding the identity of the murderers nor how the attack originated.⁸³ In his excited state, he was sure that his wife and children and all white people at Waiilatpu had been slaughtered.

Father Ricard, founder of the Saint Rose Mission, happened to be at Fort Walla Walla on that Tuesday morning and recorded the event in his journal: "I was at the fort with Mr. McBean when, at 7 o'clock, the American brought us the news of the massacre. At 11 o'clock a native Catholic woman arrived, quite breathless, and told us that the Cayuses had resolved to come to the fort and kill all the whites there. At this far from reassuring news everyone in the fort, namely Mr. McBean, Fr. Pandosy, three hired men, and myself, closed the doors, loaded our guns, and prepared to defend ourselves. This was in vain for the Cayuses did not appear. Nevertheless, as a precaution, we kept the doors closed from then on."⁸⁴

Hall was greatly agitated, being fearful that the Indians would seek him out at the fort and kill him. McBean wrote:

He finally resolved to leave and make for The Dalles. I remarked to him that it was rash and imprudent... The fort being enclosed, doors locked day and night, and fortified with two bastions, he would be safer in it than he would be on the open plain. My arguments had no force. I then asked him if he left a wife and children at the Mission. He replied he had, but supposed them all killed. I observed that it was only a supposition—they might still be living, and that it was wrong to leave them without ascer-

taining their fate. With tears in his eyes, he begged and entreated me to let him go, being sure to reach The Dalles.

Finding he was determined, I provided him with a coat, shirt, provisions and other necessaries for his voyage, and advised him to take the route less frequented by the Indians (across the Columbia river), and to travel only during the night, when he would have a better chance of evading any camp by noticing their fire. I saw him safely across and the last tidings I had of him was that he had safely reached within a few miles of the Deschutes; but unfortunately having taken a canoe from the Indians and being near a rapid, he run down [i.e., attempted to navigate the rapids], and was drowned.⁸⁵

It should be noted that McBean wrote this account some seventeen years after the events described had occurred. In some particulars, his version of his treatment of Hall has been questioned. Hall's body was never found. Although he was not killed at Waiilatpu, Hall is included in the total of fourteen victims because his death is attributable to the events which had taken place at the mission.

McBean was alarmed at the news that Hall had brought to him. Eager to get more information as to what had actually taken place at Waiilatpu, he sent his interpreter, a man by the name of Bushman, on Tuesday morning to make inquiry. In the meantime, Nicholas Finley left the mission with the three half-breed boys that same morning for Fort Walla Walla. Mrs. Saunders, learning from Joe Stanfield that Finley was going to the fort, hastily wrote a note to McBean for Finley to carry in which she listed the names of eleven people she thought had been killed. She included the names of Osborn and Canfield, as she was unaware that both had escaped. Catherine, in her account of what happened on Tuesday, said that when Bushman arrived at Waiilatpu, he was so frightened by what he saw and heard that he "came only to the door and as soon as they assured him that it was so, he left."⁸⁶

Catherine also reported that on Tuesday, Joe Stanfield was busy digging a grave in the mission cemetery "three feet deep and wide enough for all to lie side by side." Stanfield had some help from Beardy and two Walla Walla Indians. From other evidence, it appears that the grave was not as deep as Catherine indicated. It was shallow, and this may have

been due to the fact that digging was difficult. Until the bodies were collected on Wednesday morning for burial, they lay where each person had fallen. Some bodies had been covered with blankets.

About two o'clock Tuesday afternoon, the unsuspecting James Young was killed while driving a team of oxen hitched to a wagon loaded with lumber which he had brought down from the sawmill. The murder took place as he was passing an Indian camp a mile or so to the east of Waiilatpu. The name of his assailant is not known. Spalding reported that the Indians, in their frenzied anger against the white men, even killed the two oxen. Later Stanfield buried the body near the place where Young was killed. Hall and Young were the eleventh and twelfth victims. There were still two more to die.

Bushman made the fifty-mile round trip from Fort Walla Walla to Waiilatpu in the same day. On the evening of his return, McBean wrote to the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Vancouver, giving them their first news of the massacre. The arrival of this letter at Fort Vancouver on December 6 started the sequence of events which, after about a month, brought about the release of the captives. This story will be told in the next chapter.

CANFIELD ESCAPES

Among those who were wounded and who succeeded in finding temporary refuge in one of the mission buildings at the time the attack began, was W. D. Canfield. He and his family, being late comers to Waiilatpu, had to be content with some makeshift accommodations in the blacksmith shop. When the attack began, Canfield was butchering a beef with Hoffman and Kimball. Catherine tells us what happened: "He [i.e., Canfield] saw his family standing in the yard and ran over toward them. As he did so, he was wounded in the side [by a rifle bullet]. Snatching up his youngest child, and calling his family to follow him, he rushed into the house [possibly, the blacksmith shop]. Going upstairs, he concealed himself under some old lumber and rubbish where he lay until night."⁸⁷ The Indians did not pursue him into the building. Sometime during the early part of Monday night, Joe Stanfield came and showed him the trail that led to Lapwai. Evidently by this time, Canfield was convinced that the Indians did not intend to kill the women and children; that his life would be in grave danger should he

remain on the premises; and that Mrs. Spalding and her family should be warned of their danger. He therefore started out on the 120-mile journey to Lapwai on foot even though he carried a rifle ball under the skin on one side of his body.

Canfield had never been over the trail before, but after being directed to the trail, he followed the well-beaten road which led in a northeasterly direction. Catherine wrote: "After traveling for a day or two, he fell in with an Indian and his boy driving cattle." Evidently they were friendly Nez Perces who had no objection to having a white man accompanying them. Canfield arrived at Lapwai on Saturday, December 4, having taken about four and a half days to make the journey. Mrs. Spalding, Mary Johnson (who had previously worked for Mrs. Whitman) and the three younger Spalding children were in the Spalding home. Horace Hart and Mr. Jackson were temporarily absent. Spalding tells of Canfield's sudden appearance. After being received into the home, he asked: "Has Mr. Spalding yet come?" Mrs. Spalding replied: "No, but we expect him every day." "The stranger replied: 'I have heavy tidings, they are all murdered at the Doct's.' All were silent for a minute. My dear wife simply rose to her feet & with an unfaltering voice said, 'I was not prepared for this, but go on, Sir, let me hear the worst.' 'Mrs. Whitman is murdered & your husband without doubt shared the fate of all the women & children who I expect are butchered.'" ⁸⁸

Mrs. Spalding then said that she would inform the Indians at Lapwai as to what had happened. Canfield remonstrated as he feared that they might do what the Cayuses had done, but Mrs. Spalding knew the character of the Nez Perces. She called for Timothy and Eagle and sent a messenger to Craig's home located about eight miles up the valley from Lapwai. Craig, who had a Nez Perce wife, was the only white man who had settled in the vicinity of the Spalding mission. Although at times Craig had given Spalding much trouble, now he willingly offered shelter to Mrs. Spalding and her family. The next day, Sunday, an Indian arrived from Waiilatpu with the report that Spalding had fled on a horse, possibly headed for the Willamette Valley. Although Eliza was relieved to hear that her husband was alive, she remained concerned not only about his safety but also of her daughter who was among the captives being held at Waiilatpu.

When Canfield, Jackson, and Craig urged Mrs. Spalding to move on Sunday to the Craig home, she refused to do so. So strongly did she cling to the Puritan conception of strict Sunday observance that she would not travel eight miles even when grave danger threatened. "We will rest on the Sabbath," she said and then, paraphrasing a Biblical promise, added: "for he that obeyeth the commandment shall be rewarded." The example that Mrs. Spalding set that day in refusing to travel on Sunday was long remembered by the Christian Nez Perces.

On Monday morning, December 6, when Mrs. Spalding and her household were about to leave for the Craig home, a party of dissident Nez Perces from Chief Joseph's band suddenly appeared at Lapwai with evident hostile intentions. As with the Cayuses, these Nez Perces constituted only a small minority of the Nez Perce tribe and, since they lived near the Cayuses, had been adversely influenced by what had taken place at Waiilatpu. They arrived at Lapwai just as Craig and a party of friendly Nez Perces were about ready to escort Mrs. Spalding up the valley. The hostile band, seeing that they were outnumbered, refrained from acts of violence for the time being, but as soon as the Craig party left, they looted the Spalding home. Mrs. Spalding, eager to learn what had happened to her daughter at Waiilatpu, sent two of the most trusted Nez Perces, Timothy and Eagle, to make inquiry.

ARTIST STANLEY'S NARROW ESCAPE

Before the story of the escape of the Osborn family from Waiilatpu can be told, it is necessary to review what happened to the artist, John Mix Stanley, for his experiences dovetailed with those of Josiah Osborn. As was told in the previous chapter, Stanley had visited Waiilatpu during the first days of October 1847 but missed seeing the Whitmans as they had gone to meet the immigrants on the Umatilla River. When Stanley left Waiilatpu for Tshimakain on October 4, he promised to return at some later date in order to meet the Whitmans. After spending several weeks at Tshimakain and vicinity, Stanley set out for Waiilatpu on Tuesday, November 28, having with him one of the most faithful of the Spokane Indians for a guide, whom the Walkers had named Solomon. Fortunately for Stanley, Solomon could speak Nez Perce as well as his mother tongue. Stanley and Solomon camped on Tuesday evening, November 30 about twenty miles from Waiilatpu. On Wednesday

morning, when within about six miles of Waiilatpu, they met an Indian woman and a boy who gave them the frightening news of the massacre and that the lives of all Americans, or “Boston men” as they were known by the natives, were in danger. The Indian woman warned Stanley that he would surely be killed if he continued on to Waiilatpu.

Heeding the warning, Stanley and Solomon turned their horses towards Fort Walla Walla but they had not proceeded far before they met an armed Cayuse who immediately asked Stanley: “Are you a Boston man?” Solomon, being able to understand what the Cayuse was saying and wishing to protect Stanley, answered for him by telling a lie and saying: “No.” The Indian then asked: “What then?” Having come recently from Ohio, Stanley, aware of the danger of saying that he was a “Boston man,” replied: “A Buckeye.” This was a new nation to the Cayuse who had never heard of the nickname for residents of Ohio. “Oh,” said the Indian, “Elysman [English man],” to which Stanley answered: “Yes.” After that, according to Stanley’s account, “...the villainous wretch suffered me to pass.” Commenting on his deception, Stanley added: “Let those laugh who will.”⁸⁹ For him, the whole terrifying incident was no laughing matter.

Thoroughly alerted by this time as to their danger, Stanley and Solomon left the trail for fear of meeting other Cayuses and spent the rest of that day and the following night in hiding. They reached Fort Walla Walla early on Thursday morning, December 3, where they were given more detailed information from McBean regarding the massacre. Feeling the necessity of informing the Walkers and the Eellses as to what had happened, Stanley, as soon as he was able to do so, addressed a short letter to them. He began by saying: “It is my melancholy duty to inform you of one of the most tragical massacres on record in Oregon.” He then gave the names of nine of the victims including Marcus and Narcissa Whitman, Andrew Rodgers, and the two Sager boys. His letter includes the following: “Some attribute the cause to the poisoning of the Indians, although there are many rumors. As I have been here only one-half hour, and hearing so much, and running the gauntlet for two days myself, I am perfectly unnerved and bewildered. Solomon has been faithful to the last; may God bless him! I am informed that a party of Indians started to Mr. Spalding’s to complete their horrid butchery, also to the Dalles. Mr. McBean has sent an express to Vancouver requesting them to send up boats for such as may escape.”⁹⁰

As soon as the letter was written, Solomon was sent on his way to Tshimakain. He arrived there on Thursday, December 9. The two families were horrified at the news he brought. Walker and Eells questioned Solomon closely to make sure that his story was correct and that it confirmed what Stanley had written. In a letter to Greene, written the next day, Eells stated: "Almost all Natives will exaggerate & distort the truth, but I have confidence to believe that Solomon has endeavored to state to us pretty nearly as he received it from others. He says moreover that all the different individuals gave the same account. Or to give a more literal translation of his expression, 'the speech of all went along in the same track.'"

THE FLIGHT OF THE OSBORNS

The Osborn family had a harrowing experience in their flight from Waiilatpu to Fort Walla Walla. While hiding under the floor of the Indian room, they had heard the shooting of Mrs. Whitman, Andrew Rodgers, and Francis Sager, and had heard the dying groans of Rodgers until late in the evening. Even though Mrs. Osborn had only that day arisen from her sick bed and even though their four-year-old son, John, just recovering from the measles, was too weak to do much walking, the Osborns decided on making the attempt to get to the Fort. There was no other way than to walk the twenty-five miles.

According to Nancy's recollections, they left about ten o'clock that Monday night. Groping their way through the darkness of the Indian room, they searched for some clothing, blankets, and food. "We could find but little," wrote Nancy, "and did not linger long."⁹¹ Osborn wrote: "Taking John Law on my back, and A[lexander] Rogers in my arms, we started. The first step outside was in the blood of an orphan boy [Francis Sager]." According to Nancy, they struck out across the field to the confluence of Mill Creek with the Walla Walla River. The night was dark as a half moon did not rise until about midnight.⁹²

Osborn recalled: "We could see no trail and not even the hand before the face. We had to feel out the trail with our feet. My wife almost fainted but staggered along."⁹³ In addition to carrying his two sons, Osborn also had to carry some of the bedding and some provisions. No doubt the little girl helped, but Mrs. Osborn was too weak to assist.

When they came to the ford across the Walla Walla River, they found the water waist deep and icy cold. Osborn had to cross five times, to take

each of the little boys, his nine-year-old daughter, and finally his wife to the other side. Of this last trip, he wrote: "My wife, in her great weakness, came near washing down, but held to my clothes, I bracing myself with a stick." Only the great fear of being killed prompted them to stagger on. After traveling about two miles, Mrs. Osborn fainted. Since they could go no further, they lay down in the mud among some willows. When daylight came, they could hear Indians coming and going on the trail that paralleled the river. The temperature was near freezing. All of Tuesday was spent in hiding and later Osborn wrote: "The day seemed a week."

On Tuesday night, November 30, they continued their slow journey. Now they left the bank of the river with its tangle of willows and shrubbery and ventured to walk on the trail. Several small streams had to be waded. After only a few hours of walking, Mrs. Osborn fainted again. Of their misery that night, Osborn wrote: "[We] crawled into the brush and frozen mud, to shake and suffer from hunger and cold without sleep. The children, too, wet and cold, called incessantly for food, but the shock [i.e., the memory] of groans and yells at first so frightened them that they did not speak loud."

Another day was spent in hiding. When Wednesday night came, Mrs. Osborn was too weak to stand. She urged her husband to take one of the boys and go to the fort for help. They were then at least fifteen miles from their destination. At first Osborn rejected any suggestion of leaving his wife and the children, but she insisted. Finally he agreed to go, as this seemed to be the only possible way all might be saved. Taking John with him, whom he had to carry, Osborn started for Fort Walla Walla. Since Osborn also had had the measles, he found it necessary to rest frequently. He arrived at the fort early Thursday morning, December 2, and to his dismay was given a cool reception by McBean.

In a letter sent to relatives in the States dated the following April 7, when memories were still fresh, Osborn wrote of McBean: "He gave me about a half pint of tea, and two small biscuits. When we had got warm, I asked for assistance to bring in my family, but was unable to procure any."⁹⁴ Since McBean had sent his interpreter, Bushman, with news of the massacre to Fort Vancouver, he had only two hired men with him besides the two priests. By Thursday morning, McBean had learned of the dispatch of two bands of Indians—one to Lapwai to kill Spalding if he could be found; the other to The Dalles to inflict a like fate on

Perrin Whitman and others who might be at that mission. Without a doubt, McBean was frightened at the possibility of the Cayuses attacking Fort Walla Walla, especially if they learned that he was harboring one of the Americans and his family who had escaped from Wailatpu. This seems to be the only rational explanation for McBean's inhospitality to both Hall and Osborn. He was made craven by his fear of an attack by the murdering Cayuses.

Osborn's account continues: "[I] begged Mr. McBean for horses to get my family, for food, blankets and clothing to take to them, and to take care of my little child till I could bring my family to his fort. Mr. Hall had come in on Monday night, but he could not have an American in his fort, and he had put him over the Columbia River; that he could not let me have horses, or anything for my wife and children, and I must go to Umatilla." In other words, McBean was trying to get Osborn and his family to seek refuge with the Catholic missionaries at the newly established Saint Anne Mission.

Osborn's account of his reception by McBean raises serious doubts as to the truthfulness of McBean's account of Hall's disappearance in his letter to the *Walla Walla Statesman* in 1866, to which reference has been made. We have no way of learning how Hall felt about McBean's alleged insistence that he continue his journey to The Dalles. Bancroft, in his *Oregon*, gives this judgment: "McBean was 'below the salt' when compared with other gentlemen in the company."⁹⁵

After McBean's adamant refusal to provide horses and supplies or to receive Osborn and his family if they could have managed to get to the fort, Osborn in his desperation appealed to the priests: "I next begged the priests to show pity, as my wife and children must perish, and the Indians would undoubtedly kill me, but with no better success. I then begged to leave my child, who was now safe in the fort, but they refused." As guests of McBean, the priests found themselves placed in an embarrassing situation. Evidently they agreed with McBean's proposal that Osborn take his family to Saint Anne's Mission on the Umatilla.

At this opportune moment, when Osborn's every plea for help had been rejected, Stanley and Solomon arrived at the fort. No doubt McBean was appalled to have still another American seeking refuge in his undermanned post. There were, however, some extenuating circumstances which made Stanley's presence more acceptable than

Osborn's. Stanley had not fled from troubled Waiilatpu and hence had not been involved in the events which had occurred there. Moreover, he had led a hostile Cayuse to believe that he was an Englishman. Finally, in case of an attack, here was another man who could shoot a gun.

RESCUE OF THE OSBORN FAMILY

As soon as Stanley arrived, Osborn turned to him with his frantic appeal for help. Stanley's response was immediate and sympathetic. After having spent more than a day and a night in hiding in fear for his own safety, he could understand Osborn's concern. Stanley offered the use of his two horses and also gave Osborn some food and clothing. Osborn, greatly relieved, then asked if Solomon could go with him as he felt the need for a guide, and someone to help him. Stanley, however, declined this request as he felt the urgency of sending Solomon back to Tshimakain with word of the massacre as soon as possible in order to put the missionaries there on guard.

McBean, seeing that there was a good probability of Osborn finding his family and bringing them to the fort, then offered to provide a Walla Walla Indian guide with the distinct understanding that if Osborn were able to find them, he should take them to the Umatilla mission. McBean even specified that if he could not find them, then Osborn himself was to go to the Umatilla. Osborn, in his letter of April 7, 1848, said that one of the priests gave him a letter of introduction to Bishop Blanchet. Osborn had no alternative but to accept McBean's terms, as he needed the Indian guide to help him find his family.

Osborn wanted to leave his son, John Law, at the fort and Stanley expressed his willingness to care for the boy, but McBean refused.⁹⁶ Fearful of being seen by the watchful Cayuses, Osborn, his son, and the guide did not set out on their search until nightfall that Thursday evening, December 2. Since he had left his family during darkness and since the terrain was strange to him, Osborn had difficulty in locating them. He dared not shout for fearing of being discovered by hostile Indians. The whole night was spent in a fruitless, frustrating search. Friday morning dawned. In desperation Osborn continued looking for his family in the daylight. Early that morning, to the great joy and relief of all, they were found.

Osborn wrote that they had “almost perished with hunger and thirst.” While the Walla Walla Indian went for water, Osborn gave them food. As soon as possible, Osborn helped his wife mount one of the horses, and after dividing the children among the three, they started for the Umatilla mission. They had not gone more than a couple of miles before they met an armed Cayuse who threatened to kill Osborn. The Walla Walla Indian shamed the Cayuse by asking if he would “kill an old man that was sick, with a sick wife and children?” The Cayuse put down his gun and allowed them to proceed. He warned Osborn, however, that he would surely be killed if he attempted to go to the Umatilla. Osborn then decided, regardless of the promises he had given to McBean, that he would return to Fort Walla Walla.

Just when the family arrived at this destination is not clear, possibly on Saturday morning, if Osborn had felt it prudent to go into hiding the rest of Friday. When the Osborns arrived at the gate for admission, McBean at first refused to admit them. Mrs. Osborn said that she would “die at the gate, but she would not leave.” Reluctantly, McBean admitted them and provided a room where they could stay. Osborn wrote: “We had hardly got warm before McBean came to me and wanted me to leave my family with him, and go down to the valley by myself; but I refused to leave the fort and would not go.” It is also reported that McBean provided blankets only after Osborne had signed a promissory note in payment.⁹⁷ The Osborns remained at the fort until all the captives were released and then accompanied them down the river to the Willamette Valley during the first week of January. Shortly after their arrival in the Valley, four-year-old John Law died. The exposure he suffered, no doubt, was a contributory cause of his death.

In his letter of April 7, 1848, to which reference has been made, Osborn recounted the terrifying experiences through which he and his family had passed and told of the death of his three children, including the baby who died the day she was born. He ruefully recalled how happy he and his family had been in the Willamette Valley before Dr. Whitman had persuaded him in the late summer of 1847 to accept work at Waiilatpu. “Not being satisfied with doing well,” he wrote, “I consented to go.”

EVENTS OF DECEMBER 1 TO 5

Following the death of the Whitmans, Joe Lewis, Joe Stanfield, and the Indians reveled in looting. Joe Lewis found Narcissa's trunk filled with her most prized possessions, among which were some gauze handkerchiefs which she used to wear with her low-necked dresses. The trunk was soon emptied of its contents.

Joe Stanfield, who appreciated the value of such items as watches and money more than did the Indians, was accused by several of the captives of helping himself to everything of this kind that he saw. Nathan Kimball, Jr., many years later wrote: "There was another brute there by the name of Joe Stanfield. When the massacre commenced, he went through the houses plundering and breaking open trunks and taking whatever he could find of value. Father had a silver watch hung on a nail on the wall. He grabbed it in such a hurry that he left the ring of the watch still on the wall."⁹⁸

Tamsucky helped himself to all of the clothing that had belonged to Judge Saunders. Mrs. Saunders wrote that the Indians broke into all the rooms of the mission buildings and took whatever struck their fancy. "When they had finished," she recalled, "we were left only with what we were wearing and some of our bedding, but we were so glad to have our lives spared that we did not worry over these losses."⁹⁹

Several of the survivors told about the Indians breaking the windows and the doors. Books, papers, and items of no interest to them were left strewn on the floors where members of the Expeditionary Force, sent from the Willamette Valley early in the spring of 1848, found them. Even the kitchen stove, which had been such a treasure for the Whitmans and which the Indians evidently could not use, was maliciously smashed into pieces. The Indian women who looted Narcissa's kitchen quarreled among themselves for the choicest kettles and pans. "The work of destruction went on for some days," wrote Catherine, "...nothing but the walls were left of our once happy home."

Spading had left his best Sunday suit at Wailatpu when he went with Whitman to the Umatilla. It had a Prince Albert coat, then much in style for ministers.¹⁰⁰ This was stolen, and perhaps Tiloukaikt or some other chief found great pleasure in parading around wearing it. Amid all the confusion and turmoil, now and then something would take place which caused the children to laugh. "One day," wrote Catherine, "a young

brave came riding up to the door with a large school map thrown over his saddle, almost covering the small pony. We children were highly amused to see him riding on top of the world.” Catherine wrote that Tiloukaikt made the members of his band return many of the things taken. “At another time,” she wrote, “one of them came in and gave me a pocket compass belonging to Dr. W., and a bucket of syrup. The squaws would also give us shoes and things they had taken.”¹⁰¹

FATHER BROUILLET VISITS WAILATPU

Because of his leg injury, Spalding had tarried two days at the Umatilla after Whitman’s departure. On Monday evening, the day the massacre began, Spalding dined with Bishop Blanchet and Father Brouillet. According to the latter, Spalding was most companionable and manifested none of the bitterness towards the Catholics which he displayed after the massacre.¹⁰² Brouillet wrote: “During the conversation, he happened to say that the Doctor was unquiet [i.e., worried]; that the Indians were displeased with him on account of the sickness, and that he had been informed that the murderer (an Indian)¹⁰³ intended to kill him.” Spalding brushed aside the doctor’s fears, and Brouillet added that he “suspected as little as we did what was taking place at the mission of the Doctor.” In fact, at the time Spalding was dining with the priests, Dr. Whitman had already been struck down by the tomahawk of Tomahas, the Murderer, and was lying unconscious on a settee in his living room.

During the evening’s visit, Spalding told Brouillet that he intended to start back to Wailatpu on Wednesday morning. As will be told, this information later saved Spalding’s life. Brouillet left Saint Anne Mission on Tuesday morning, after he had baptized some sick Indian children who were near death.¹⁰⁴ He arrived at Tiloukaikt’s camp early in the evening of that day, November 30. “It is impossible to conceive my surprise and consternation,” he wrote, “when, upon my arrival, I learned that the Indians the day before had massacred the Doctor and his wife, with the greater part of the Americans at the mission. I passed the night scarcely closing my eyes. Early in the morning, I baptized three sick children, two of whom died soon after.”¹⁰⁵

Later Spalding severely criticized Brouillet for baptizing the “blood stained children of these bloody murderers.”¹⁰⁶ Spalding’s criticism

arose out of his ignorance of Roman Catholic doctrine regarding the importance of administering the sacrament of baptism to a dying person who had never previously been baptized. According to Protestant doctrine, baptism is an initiatory rite for church membership. To the Roman Catholics, however, baptism is necessary for salvation. Brouillet was only doing his duty, as he had been taught by his church, when he baptized the sick and dying Cayuse children. Spalding was in error when he interpreted such acts as an indication of Brouillet's supposed sympathy for the murderers.

Early on Wednesday morning, Brouillet "hastened to the scene of death to offer to the widows and orphans all the assistance" in his power. He found six women and more than thirty children in the emigrant house in a situation which he reported as "deplorable beyond description." The massacre had suddenly deprived the immigrant colony at Waiilatpu of all male leadership, for the men, with the exception of two who were confined to their sick beds, were either killed or forced to flee. In this emergency, Mrs. Saunders stepped forward and assumed responsibility. No other person at Waiilatpu played such a heroic role as Mrs. Saunders during those days when the Indians were still seeking out their victims and during the month's captivity which followed the massacre.

She was the one who, on Monday, risked her life when she made a desperate appeal for mercy for the women and children to Tiloukaikt. It was she who, after learning that Finley was to take the three half-breed boys to Fort Walla Walla, wrote an account of what had happened in a letter to McBean. It was she who took the initiative on Tuesday morning to get the five children, who were in hiding in the upstairs room of the main mission house, moved over to the emigrant house. Elizabeth wrote how she, twice bereft of a mother, was welcomed: "Mrs. Saunders, who until she saw me had not known if any of us were alive, met me with tears and kisses and said, 'Your dear mother is dead! I will be a mother to you,' and most sacredly did she fulfill that promise."¹⁰⁷ And it was Mrs. Saunders who, taking bed sheets and a bolt of muslin cloth she somehow located, mustered the help of the other women and the older girls and made shrouds for each of the ten dead bodies.

When Father Brouillet arrived on the grounds Wednesday morning, Mrs. Saunders gave him breakfast and solicited his aid in giving

the dead a Christian burial. This took place on that same morning. Joe Stanfield had dug a shallow grave and also had washed the bodies before they were wrapped in their shrouds. He then hitched a yoke of oxen to a wagon on which he and the priest placed the dead.

Catherine remembered a gruesome incident which occurred: the oxen became frightened and ran away, upsetting the wagon and dumping the bodies out on the ground. After the animals were caught and quieted, the wagon was reloaded and the improvised hearse, followed by the mourning women and children, made its way to the cemetery. Among the women were two who witnessed the burial of the bodies of their husbands and two who had not learned the fate of their husbands who had fled. According to the recollections of Elizabeth Sager, the body of Narcissa Whitman was the first to be laid in the grave and then one by one the other bodies were placed. Each time a body was lowered into the grave, there was a fresh outburst of sobs and weeping from the spectators. After all the bodies were in the grave, Father Brouillet read the Roman Catholic burial service. Years later, some of the survivors recalled that he used a strange language, Latin, which they could not understand.

Following the burial service, Stanfield began shoveling the earth back into the grave. It was no small task; Catherine wrote that it was night before he had finished his work. The grave, however, was too shallow and the layer of earth which covered the dead too thin; marauding wolves came that night and dug into the grave.

SPALDING ESCAPES

In her account of the funeral service, Mrs. Saunders wrote: "Father Brouillet came back to the house to say a few words of encouragement. I offered him coffee and some food. He accepted the coffee, but refused the food, saying that he had some with him and that he must hurry away to intercept Rev. Spalding before he should reach the Mission."¹⁰⁸ By this time, Brouillet knew that the Indians were disappointed in not having found Spalding at Waiilatpu when the Whitmans were killed, as they had planned to kill him also. At considerable risk to himself, Brouillet decided to set out to warn Spalding. He had with him his interpreter. As the two left Waiilatpu, Edward,¹⁰⁹ one of the sons of Tiloukaikt, joined them. At first Brouillet was not concerned about Edward's presence but as they continued riding down the trail and Edward did not turn back,

Brouillet became fearful as he noticed that Edward was armed with a pistol. "I knew that the Indians were angry with all Americans," Brouillet wrote, "and more enraged against Mr. Spalding than any other. But what could I do in such a circumstance? I saw no remedy."¹¹⁰

After the three had ridden about three miles, the interpreter asked Edward for a smoke. Brouillet tells what then happened: "They prepared the calumet [Indian pipe], but when the moment came for lighting it, there was nothing to make fire. 'You have a pistol,' said the interpreter, 'fire it, and we will light.' This was done and then Edward, absent-mindedly, neglected to reload his pistol. A few minutes later, the three saw Spalding galloping towards them. "In a moment," Brouillet wrote, "he was at my side, taking me by the hand, and asking for news. 'Have you been to the Doctor's?' he inquired. 'Yes,' I replied. 'What news?' 'Sad news.' 'Is any person dead?' 'Yes, sir.'" Spalding was thinking of some of the sick children who might have died because of measles. "Who is dead?" he inquired. "Is it one of the Doctor's children?"

Brouillet hesitated to tell Spalding what had happened for fear that this would alert Edward and prompt him to shoot. Brouillet then spoke to the interpreter, perhaps in French as it appears that Spalding was unaware of what was being said, and requested him "to entreat the Indian, in my name, not to kill Mr. Spalding." The situation was most delicate as Brouillet explained: "I was waiting for his [i.e., Edward's] answer, and did not wish to relate the disaster to Mr. Spalding before getting it, for fear that he might, by his manner, discover [i.e., disclose] to the Indian what I had told him; for the least motion like flight would have cost him his life, and probably exposed mine also." Edward hesitated for a few moments to give an answer to Brouillet's entreaty and then replied: "...that he could not take it upon himself to save Mr. Spalding, but that he would go back and consult the other Indians; and so he started back immediately to his camp."

As soon as Edward left, Brouillet passed on to Spalding the dreadful news regarding what had happened at Waiilatpu, giving also an account of the funeral service he had so shortly before performed. "The Indians have killed the Doctor!" cried Mr. Spalding, "they will kill me also, if I go to the camp!" "I fear it very much," said I." In fear and consternation, Spalding asked: "What shall I do?" Again and again, he said: "Is it possible! Is it possible... they will certainly kill me." Brouillet told Spalding

that the Cayuses had sent out war parties to Lapwai and to The Dalles to kill all Americans in the country. He advised Spalding to flee at once as a party of Cayuses would surely soon come when informed by Edward of Spalding's presence on the trail. The interpreter advised Spalding to take the trail that led to The Dalles; this became the basis for the report which reached Mrs. Spalding through a friendly Nez Perce on Sunday, December 5. Brouillet turned over to Spalding some food he happened to be carrying. Brouillet wrote that "Spalding was frightened and discouraged," and that as they parted, he wished him "a happy escape," and promised to pray for his safety. "In quitting him [i.e., upon leaving him]," wrote Brouillet, "I was so much terrified at the thought of the danger with which he was threatened, that I trembled in every limb, and could scarcely hold myself upon my horse."

Within twenty minutes after Spalding had left Brouillet and taken the trail that led towards The Dalles, three armed Cayuses rode up and demanded of the priest the whereabouts of Spalding. They became very angry when they learned that Spalding had fled and blamed Brouillet for aiding him in making his escape. Off they set in pursuit. Brouillet wrote: "They must inevitably have overtaken him, had not the approaching darkness of night and a heavy fog that happened to fall down prevented them from discovering his trail, and forced them to return."

After reviewing Brouillet's account of his meeting with Spalding, we can turn to Spalding's letters written on January 8 and 24 and March 16, 1848, in which he gave detailed descriptions of the ordeal he suffered in his travels back to Lapwai.¹¹¹ Instead of following the trail to The Dalles, as suggested by the interpreter, Spalding decided to try for Lapwai. Darkness came shortly after he left the priest and, as he wrote, "a dark fog opened its bosom to receive me." As has been stated, a half-moon did not rise until midnight.

Spalding described his experiences as follows: "I pushed my horse to the extent of his strength, through the night, keeping up a known stream [probably the Touchet]. Next day [Thursday, December 2] secreted myself in a ravine, and the next night kept up the same stream, till I came to a known trail, which the horse took and followed himself." At midnight, Spalding paused for a short rest. He was so worried about the fate of his family and about his own safety that he could not sleep. He mounted his horse and continued his travels. Hearing the sound of

horses coming behind him, he “wheeled my horse to the right and lay fiat upon him, hoping that in the thick darkness, they would pass without discovering me. But in a moment I found I was wheeling into them. I reined back instantly, and seized my horse by the nose, to prevent him from calling out.” The Indians passed without seeing him.

In the early hours of Friday morning, Spalding, exhausted from riding and lack of sleep, stopped to rest. He neglected to hobble his horse and it got away, leaving him on foot in December weather about ninety miles from his home. His shoes, perhaps a gift from some missionary barrel, were so tight that they had to be discarded. He bound his leggings around his feet. The food he had received from Brouillet lasted only a day or so. Unfortunately, Spalding was still suffering from the knee injury received just before he and Whitman arrived at the Umatilla; this made walking difficult. His rain-soaked blankets became too heavy to be carried, so they were discarded along with his shoes. Fearful of being seen by hostile Indians, he remained in hiding all of Friday and that night continued his travels, walking about thirty miles. The same schedule was followed on Saturday.

Of the ordeal of those days and nights, he wrote: “Saturday night [December 4], I made 80 miles more. My feet suffered from the frozen ground. I avoided the places of encampment and forded the streams far from the trail, lest the Cayuse might be way-laying. I secreted myself on the Sabbath—and hunger, pain in my feet, and weakness were very great; I wanted sleep, but could get none, for the cold. From the moment I stopped traveling in the morning till I started at night, I shook to the center of every bone with cold.” Spalding’s caution saved his life, for sometime during Saturday or Sunday, the party of Indians from Joseph’s band passed him on their way to Lapwai with murderous intent.

When darkness came on Sunday evening, Spalding resumed his painful trek. He came to Timothy’s village at Alpowa, where he wanted to cross the Snake River and thus for safety’s sake proceed up the north bank to its confluence with the Clearwater River. A cold rain was falling. He began searching in the darkness for Timothy’s lodge. He hoped that if he could locate the right lodge, he would creep in and awaken his friend and through him learn “the fate of my family, the extent of the war, or murders, my own danger, obtain food, a blanket, and help over the river.” Cautiously he crept through the encampment. He heard singing

in one lodge where the Indians were having evening worship. Spalding crept close, hoping that he would hear Timothy's voice. He did not know that Mrs. Spalding had sent Timothy and Eagle to Waiilatpu to find out what had happened to Eliza. Since Spalding dared not make himself known to any other person but Timothy, he did not enter the lodge. Some dogs discovered his presence and broke out in a chorus of barking and snarling. Although he did not recognize the voice of the Indian who was praying, he was comforted by hearing him say that no one had been killed at Lapwai. "Oh, what an angel of mercy to the human family is hope!" wrote Spalding. He also learned that the Indians thought that he had been killed along with the Whitmans. Unable to find Timothy, Spalding decided to continue his journey during that night.

Finding a canoe, he crossed the Snake River and was able to arrive at the mouth of the Clearwater River before Monday morning. There he located another canoe and crossed to the south side, and by dawn was within five miles of Lapwai. For the first time during his flight, Spalding was cheered by warm rays of the sun. He was in such a weakened condition that he felt he dared not do anything else but stumble on his way. His feet were swollen and bleeding. Hunger gnawed within. Upon coming within sight of his home from the top of the hills which border the south bank of the Clearwater, he was dismayed to see a band of Indians about the mission premises, some of whom were engaged in looting. Spalding did not then know that his wife and family had been escorted to the Craig home.

Fearful of being discovered, Spalding concealed himself and waited until darkness came before trying to learn the fate of his family. Before evening on that December 6 day, a friendly Nez Perce woman found him and told him that his family was safe. He was directed to the lodge of Luke, one of the faithful Nez Perce members of the Mission church, who with loving tenderness ministered to his needs. Spalding was soon restored to the company of his family, as he explained: "more dead than alive, from starvation, want of sleep, freezing, horrible swelled and mangled feet, having miraculously escaped..." The Spalding family remained with Craig until they were escorted by friendly Nez Percés to Fort Walla Walla during the closing days of December.

Several of Spalding contemporaries, including Walker and Eells, felt that the shock of the massacre and the terrible ordeal through which he had passed during his escape affected his mind.¹¹² Spalding's

anti-Catholic utterances and writings after the massacre became caustic and extravagant. When his wife died in January 1851, he even had the following inscribed on her tombstone: "She always felt that the Jesuit Missionaries were the leading cause of the massacre."¹¹³ Spalding became obsessed with the idea that the Catholics were in league with the murderers. He even neglected to give due credit to Father Brouillet, who risked his life in order to give him the warning which permitted him to escape. A bitter controversy resulted, which extended over the remaining years of Spalding's life and was even carried on by his friends after his death [Appendix 4].

EVENTS OF DECEMBER 5 TO 8

Three of the children, who had been very sick with measles when the massacre began, died shortly thereafter. Louise Sager, age six, passed away early Sunday evening, December 5; Helen Mar Meek, eleven, died Wednesday, the 8th; and the Hays infant, Rapoleon, died on the 9th. Again, Joe Stanfield was the grave-digger. No one was present to read a burial service. It is possible that one or all of these three children would have survived, if Dr. Whitman had been alive to have cared for them.

After dark on Sunday evening, December 5, Daniel Young arrived at Waiilatpu from the sawmill to find out what had happened to his brother James, who had been sent to the mission with a load of lumber on the preceding Tuesday. Daniel had managed to pass undetected the Indian village near Waiilatpu where, unbeknown to him at the time, his brother had been killed. He went to the emigrant house, where Mrs. Saunders gave him the dreadful news of what had happened, including the death of his brother. She warned him to claim that he was an Englishman and not an American should he be questioned. Joe Stanfield also warned him about trying to return to the mill without the consent of Tiloukaikt.

Shortly after Daniel's arrival, Tiloukaikt came to the emigrant house and discovered Daniel's presence. Then a most curious thing happened: Tiloukaikt upbraided Daniel for traveling on Sunday and also "embraced the occasion to admonish the captives that they should not under any circumstances make shirts on the Lord's day."¹¹⁴ He was referring to sewing that some of the Indians had demanded of the women. Tiloukaikt, responding to what appealed to him, was not concerned

with inconsistencies. To him it was quite permissible to kill, but not to travel or sew on Sunday! Here is a reflection of the emphasis that the missionaries had placed on Sunday observance.

Although only a few days had passed since the Indians had killed Marsh at the mill, they had begun to feel the need for someone to grind their wheat and corn. Since Whitman had never taught any of the Indians to run the mill, they felt the need of a white man to do this. When Tiloukaikt learned that Daniel's father was a miller, he sent the young man back to the sawmill under the watchful eyes of three armed Cayuses to bring the two families there down to Waiilatpu. Tiloukaikt promised Mrs. Saunders that all those who were then alive would be saved and would be released in the spring. Thus a safe-conduct was promised to the Young and Smith families. Within a few days the Youngs, with their two grown sons, and the Smiths with their younger children, arrived at the mission and were quartered in the emigrant house.

Timothy and Eagle, the two Christian Nez Perces whom Mrs. Spalding had sent to Waiilatpu to get her daughter Eliza if possible, arrived at Waiilatpu sometime during the first part of the week of December 5. When Eliza saw Timothy, she wept for joy. He clasped the little girl in his arms and mingled his tears with hers. "Poor Eliza," he said, "don't cry, you will see your mother."¹¹⁵ Catherine wrote: "The Indians refused to let Eliza go. The Indians [i.e., the Nez Perces] who had been sent after her laid plans to kidnap her at night but the Indians, suspecting this, said that if they did so, they would be pursued and the little girl killed, so they returned home without her." The Cayuses needed Eliza as an interpreter, as she was the only one among the captives who understood the native language.

Matilda remembered how Timothy went to see Helen Mar shortly before she died. She wrote: "Timothy... fell on his knees by the side of her bed, praying in his own language; when he arose, he pointed upward, indicating that the spirit had flown."¹¹⁶ Even though Timothy and Eagle had to return to Lapwai without Eliza, they did carry back to Mrs. Spalding the comforting assurance that her daughter was well and that Tiloukaikt had assured them of the safety of all the women and children.

The massacre which had begun on Monday, November 29, 1847, ended with the killing of Crocket Bewley and Amos Sales on Wednesday, December 8.¹¹⁷ Why this should have occurred after Tiloukaikt had told

Mrs. Saunders on the preceding Sunday that there would be no more killing is not certain. However, judging by the accounts of some of the survivors, it was a sadistic act by three young men—Edward (son of Tiloukaikt), Wai-e-cat [see reproductions of their portraits by Stanley in this volume], and Clokamas. Evidently Tiloukaikt had lost control over these young men from his band. Catherine gives the following account: “At the time of the massacre both were very sick and were spared by the Indians. They were so far recovered as to be able to sit up part of the time. The Indians told them they must take squaw wives and live among the Indians. Mr. Bewley would make no reply to these things; but Mr. Sales, who hated them bitterly, would swear at them and say that he would do no such thing; that he was going below to the valley when he got well.”¹¹⁸

When Narcissa first arrived at Waiilatpu, she gave names of some of her brothers and sisters and other relatives to the native children. Tiloukaikt’s son was called Edward after one of her brothers. Edward was the leader in this atrocity when the two sick men were murdered, as is seen in Elizabeth Sager’s account: “One day Edward Tiloukaikt came in. He had taken a bed post and fixed it up as a war club. Eliza Spalding and I and some of the other children were in the room. Crocket Bewley and Amos Sales were lying in bed. They had the typhoid.”¹¹⁹ Edward Tiloukaikt raised his war club and hit Crocket Bewley on the head. We children screamed and ran out of the room. [Edward] Tiloukaikt came out and said, ‘Come on back, you must stay in the room till we are finished.’ We had to go back while the Indians beat Amos Sales and Crocket Bewley over their heads till they had killed them. When they had battered their heads for quite a while, they dragged them out into the yard. Next day Joe Stanfield... came with a wagon and yoke of oxen and took the bodies away and buried them.”¹²⁰ Their deaths brought the total number of victims killed by the Cayuses to thirteen. To this number added the name of Peter Hall, who was drowned while trying to escape, thus bringing the total to fourteen. This number does not include the three children who died of measles during the month’s captivity.

In a previous section of this chapter, entitled “The Conspirators Identified,” William McBean at Fort Walla Walla listed eight Cayuses he believed had taken an active part in the massacre. Included in this list were the following three who were linked with the killing of the two sick men: “[#3] Tlooomots said to have given his assistance in

killing the sick... [#7] Tomsucky's son—a chip of the [old] block who is accused of assisting in the murder of Mr. Buly—sick at the time... [#8] Ex-yow-e-ah-nish, said to have dragged a sick man out of his bed whom he murdered with his axe." Since McBean made no mention of Edward as being one of the guilty parties, as claimed by Elizabeth Sager, it may be that E-yow-e-ah-nish was Edward's Indian name. [See pages 238–9.]

When the artist, John Mix Stanley, visited Waiilatpu during the first part of October 1847, he painted at least four portraits of Cayuse Indians, namely Tiloukaikt, Tamsucky, and a son of each of these chiefs. On the portrait of one of the young men, he wrote: "Shu Ma Hici or painted Shirt. Edward, son of Telocoit, Cayuse," and on the other, "Wai e cat, son of Tum[sucky], One that flies, Cayuse." Both of these portraits are reproduced as illustrations in this work. The picture of Edward shows a handsome fellow with a light complexion. His countenance is almost that of a white man. This agrees with the description that Catherine wrote of him: "His color was quite light, and he had a proud and noble bearing."¹²¹

SUMMARY OF THE FATE OF THE WAILLATPU RESIDENTS

The following table outlines the fate of the seventy-four people who were at Waiilatpu when the tragedy began on November 29, 1847:

	<i>MEN</i>	<i>WOMEN</i>	<i>CHILDREN</i>	<i>TOTAL</i>
Killed, including the drowning of Hall...	11	1	2	14
Died in captivity...	-	-	3	3
Escaped...	2	1	3	6
Released, three half-breed boys...	-	-	3	3
Adult half-breeds, Finley and Lewis...	2	-	-	2
Captives, including Stanfield...	5	8	34	47
TOTALS	20	10	45	75

The Canfield and Smith families were the only ones to come through the massacre without the loss of at least one member by violence, accident, disease, or neglect.

CHAPTER 22 FOOTNOTES

- ¹ Pringle ms., p. 25, quoting Spalding's diary. Nancy Osborn Jacobs, however, in Waitsburg, Wash. *Times*, Feb. 2, 1934, states that her sister died on Nov. 16.
- ² Saunders ms., p. 7. See Chapter Twenty-One, fn. 64.
- ³ Pringle ms., p. 25.
- ⁴ Delaney, *A Survivor's Recollections*, p. 14.
- ⁵ HBC Arch., D/5/21.
- ⁶ Parker, *Journal*, p. 191.
- ⁷ *O.H.Q.*, XXIX (1928):144, in article, "Indian Diseases as Aids to Pacific Northwest Settlement."
- ⁸ Parker, *Journal*, p. 314.
- ⁹ Drury, *Spalding and Smith*, pp. 129 & 207.
- ¹⁰ Pringle ms., p. 25.
- ¹¹ Saunders ms., p. 7.
- ¹² Pringle ms., p. 25. Also in *Oregon American*, July 19, 1848.
- ¹³ The lodges of both the Cayuses and Nez Perces constructed out of hides, bark, or reeds placed over a framework of poles were oblong in shape and often long enough to accommodate several families, each with its own fire for cooking.
- ¹⁴ Pringle ms., p. 30.
- ¹⁵ First published in *Oregon Spectator*, Dec. 10, 1847; republished in Cannon, *Waiilatpu*, pp. 135 ff., and in Gray, *Oregon*, pp. 519 ff.
- ¹⁶ Brouillet, *House Document*, p. 27.
- ¹⁷ Dart, Report to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Sept. 4, 1851, in Records of the Oregon Superintendency of Indian Affairs, 1850–55.
- ¹⁸ HBC Arch., D/5/21. Ogden and Douglas did not include in their total Peter Hall, who evidently was drowned in the Columbia River while trying to escape. He was not among those killed at Waiilatpu.
- ¹⁹ *T.O.P.A.*, 1884, p. 34.
- ²⁰ See Chapter Eleven, "Meeting the Threat of Marauding Animals."
- ²¹ Brouillet, *House Document*, pp. 22–3. This John Young is not to be confused with John, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Elam Young, who with his parents and brother arrived at Waiilatpu in the fall of 1847.
- ²² See ante, fn. 15.
- ²³ Brouillet, *House Document*, p. 26.
- ²⁴ *T.O.P.A.*, 1893, p. 102.
- ²⁵ Hulbert, *O.P.*, VIII:260.
- ²⁶ *T.O.P.A.*, 1884, p. 35.
- ²⁷ Bancroft, *Oregon*, I:652.
- ²⁸ *W.C.Q.*, II (1898):3:37.
- ²⁹ Brouillet, *House Document*, p. 52. Brouillet, in a letter dated July 4, 1850, which was published in the July 15, 1850, issue of the *San Francisco Weekly Pacific News*, reported: "Five of the Indian murderers of Dr. Whitman and family, the only ones that

remained alive out of eleven who had been accused of having participated in the murder.

³⁰ See Appendix 5.

³¹ Victor, *Early Indian Wars*, pp. 128 ff.

³² Records of the Oregon Superintendency of Indian Affairs, Letters Received, 1850, National Archives.

³³ *T.O.P.A.*, 1893, pp. 97-8.

³⁴ Father Ricard's journal, p. 76: "Reluctant at first to receive priests in his territory, he finally offered us, amicably enough, a piece of land..."

³⁵ *Oregon American*, August 1848.

³⁶ From undated ms. of Hilman F. Jones, a nephew of John Settle, Coll. W.S.H.S.

³⁷ Pringle ms., p. 28.

³⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 29.

³⁹ *Ibid.*

⁴⁰ Pringle ms., p. 29.

⁴¹ Spalding's letter to Dudley Allen of Kinsman, Ohio, March 16, 1848, found in the *Philadelphia Observer*, Oct. 28, 1848. Italics are the author's.

⁴² Clarke, *Pioneer Days*, II:568 ff., devoted a chapter to "Istachus, the Christianized Indian." His name is spelled Stickus, Stickas, and Sticcas. See also Records of the District Court, May 1850, Oregon State Archives, Salem; and *Oregon Spectator*, May 30, 1850.

⁴³ Brouillet, *House Document*, p. 36.

⁴⁴ Pringle ms., p. 30; Spalding, *Senate Document*, p. 26.

⁴⁵ Testimony of Stickus given at the trial, Oregon City, May 1850. *Oregon Spectator*, May 30, 1850.

⁴⁶ Pringle ms., quoting Spalding.

⁴⁷ Catherine Sager's two accounts, one in the Pringle ms., and the other in Clarke, *Pioneer Days*, vary in some details. The quotation here given is a synthesis of the two.

⁴⁸ Pringle ms., p. 32.

⁴⁹ Both Coll. W. and Coll. O. claim to have the original tomahawk used to kill Dr. Whitman. See illustrations in Drury, *Whitman*, pp. 408-9.

⁵⁰ When the bones of the victims were exhumed in 1897, at the 50th anniversary of the massacre, the skull of Dr. Whitman showed that he had received two blows from tomahawks. One cut out of the back of the skull a piece about the size of a dollar; the other cracked the skull on top. *Oregon Native Son*, I:63; Spalding, *Senate Document*, p. 27.

⁵¹ Bancroft, *Oregon*, I:659. Bancroft, however, does not give the source for this information.

⁵² Lockley, *Oregon Trail Blazers*, p. 355, quoting Elizabeth Sager.

⁵³ See Chapter Twenty-One, fn. 29. The two Manson boys, John and Stephen, were present during the first day of the massacre and were then taken to Fort Walla Walla by Nicholas Finley. On July 29, 1884, John, then fifty years old, wrote his

recollections of what he had seen and heard at the time of the massacre. These are important since he and his brother knew the Indian language, thus he was able to report what he had heard. My attention was called to the Manson statement by Larry J. Waldon, Chief Interpreter of the Whitman Mission National Historic Site, in a letter dated July 1, 1972.

- ⁵⁴ Clarke, *Pioneer Days*, XI:582. Probably quoting Catherine Sager.
- ⁵⁵ Delaney, *A Survivor's Recollections*, p. 15. Helen Saunders Church in *W.C.Q.*, II (1898):4:21 also tells of the killing of Judge Saunders.
- ⁵⁶ *T.O.P.A.*, 1903, p. 103.
- ⁵⁷ Clarke, *op. cit.*, II:534.
- ⁵⁸ Saunders ms., p. 8. Since she did not know the Indian by name, she identified him simply as being the one who later shot Mrs. Whitman.
- ⁵⁹ *T.O.P.A.*, 1903, p. 189.
- ⁶⁰ Lockley, *Oregon Trail Blazers*, p. 338.
- ⁶¹ Pringle ms., p. 32.
- ⁶² Lockley, *op. cit.*, p. 336; Spalding, *Senate Document*, p. 28.
- ⁶³ *Oregon Spectator*, May 30, 1850, reported that "Isaiaasheluckes (Frank Escaloom)" confessed that he had shot Mrs. Whitman. Elizabeth and Matilda Sager claim that she was wounded in the left breast; Spalding and Catherine Sager, the right.
- ⁶⁴ Clarke, *op. cit.*, II:532.
- ⁶⁵ Hulbert, *O.P.*, VIII:262.
- ⁶⁶ See Appendix 5, for a listing of articles by or about Nancy Osborn Jacobs.
- ⁶⁷ Delaney, *A Survivor's Recollections*, p. 17.
- ⁶⁸ Pringle ms., p. 35. Also, Eliza Spalding Warren in *Ladies Home Journal*, August 1913, p. 38.
- ⁶⁹ Nancy Osborn Jacobs, Waitsburg, Wash., *Times*, Feb. 2, 1934; also *East Oregonian*, Pendleton, May 19, 1919.
- ⁷⁰ *Oregon Spectator*, May 30, 1850.
- ⁷¹ The identity of the Indian who was willing to receive Narcissa is unknown. The fact that Narcissa was asked to travel ten miles before dark is an indication that the incident described occurred about 2:30 or 3:00 p.m. This is one of the few references to time in the contemporary accounts of the massacre.
- ⁷² Saunders ms., p. 11. Mrs. Saunders claimed that Narcissa "fainted at the sight of her husband lying dead before her."
- ⁷³ From an interview with Elizabeth Sager Helm, *W.C.Q.*, I (1897):2:22.
- ⁷⁴ Delaney, *A Survivor's Recollections*, p. 19.
- ⁷⁵ The first Roman Catholic martyr, in what is now the Pacific Slope of the United States, was Padre Francisco Garcés, who was killed by Indians in 1781 at his mission across the Colorado River from what is now Yuma, Arizona.
- ⁷⁶ Even though Five Crows had been appointed by Elijah White to be the Head Chief of the Cayuses, the head of each family group or band was often referred to as a chief.
- ⁷⁷ Pringle ms., p. 35. Italics are the author's.
- ⁷⁸ Spalding, *Senate Document*, p. 33.

- ⁷⁹ Pringle ms., p. 35. Delaney, *A Survivor's Recollections*, p. 20, gives a different account of the death of Kimball. Matilda claimed that Kimball started back to the house as soon as he had gotten the water and was then killed.
- ⁸⁰ Clarke, *Pioneer Days*, II:538, quoting Catherine.
- ⁸¹ Pringle ms., p. 37.
- ⁸² How Catherine learned these details is not known. Possibly she got the story from Joe Stanfield.
- ⁸³ Victor, *Early Indian Wars*, p. 128.
- ⁸⁴ Ricard, *Journal*, p. 6.
- ⁸⁵ McBean letter of March 12, 1866, published in the *Walla Walla Statesman*. Spalding, in a series of "lectures" published in this paper beginning February 9, 1866, made serious charges against McBean. McBean was answering these charges in this letter of March 12.
- ⁸⁶ Following Bushman's return to Fort Walla Walla, McBean on Nov. 30, 1847, wrote an account of what had happened at Wailatpu to Ogden and Douglas at Fort Vancouver. Published in *Oregon Spectator*, Dec. 10, 1847; Victor, *Early Indian Wars*, pp. 128 ff.; and in Cannon, *Wailatpu*, pp. 135 ff.
- ⁸⁷ Pringle ms., p. 54. Catherine states that Canfield rushed his family into the emigrant house. In the author's copy of her manuscript, she intimates that he fled to the blacksmith shop and then hid in the lumber stored over the rafters. This latter seems to be the more reasonable of the two accounts.
- ⁸⁸ Drury, *Spalding*, pp. 341-2, quoting from Spalding ms., Coll. W., dated Jan. 14, (1851?).
- ⁸⁹ Stanley to Walker and Eells, from Fort Walla Walla, Dec. 31, 1847, published in the *Portland Oregonian*, Aug. 30, 1885.
- ⁹⁰ *Ibid.*
- ⁹¹ See ante, fn. 73 of this chapter.
- ⁹² Philip Fox, once Director of Adler Planetarium, Chicago, in a letter to me dated Aug. 28, 1934, wrote: "...in the dates 30 November to 6 December 1847, the Moon was in the last quadrant of its journey, on November 30 rising about midnight as a Half Moon in the sky of course until dawn. Toward the end of this period, on December 6, the Moon would be an exceedingly small crescent, rising just before dawn."
- ⁹³ Spalding, *Senate Document*, p. 32, includes Osborn's account.
- ⁹⁴ Original letter in Coll. W. Copy in Hulbert, *O.P.*, VIII:257 ff.
- ⁹⁵ Bancroft, *Oregon*, I:661.
- ⁹⁶ Lockley, *Oregon Trail Blazers*, p. 357, quoting Nancy Osborn Jacobs.
- ⁹⁷ Brouillet, *House Document*, p. 54, quoting from a statement made by Stanley. McBean's letter of March 12, 1866 (see ante fn. 85), contains statements which do not agree with earlier accounts given by Osborn and Stanley.
- ⁹⁸ Nathan Kimball, "Recollections of a Survivor," *T.O.P.A.*, 1903, pp. 189-201. See also recollections of John Q. Young in 1964 *Clark County History*, Fort Vancouver Historical Society, p. 30. The watch and some money Stanfield had taken from Mrs. Saunders were restored to her after the captives arrived in the Willamette Valley.

- ⁹⁹ Saunders ms., p. 12.
- ¹⁰⁰ See reproduction of Mrs. Spalding's painting of a "Protestant Ladder" in Drury, *F.W.W.*, I:219, where she depicted the twelve apostles wearing Prince Albert coats. Spalding valued this suit at \$50.00 in his inventory of lost property compiled after the massacre. Drury, *Spalding and Smith*, p. 366.
- ¹⁰¹ Pringle ms., p. 39. The pocket compass is now in Coll. W.
- ¹⁰² Brouillet, *House Document*, p. 36. *The Pacific Northwestern*, Fall 1970 contains article by Rev. Edward J. Kowrach, "Blackrobe Buried Whitmans," which gives a version of Brouillet's account somewhat different from that which appeared in Brouillet's *House Document*.
- ¹⁰³ Undoubtedly a reference to Tomahas, who was known even among the natives as "The Murderer" because he had killed an Indian.
- ¹⁰⁴ The late T. C. Elliott of Walla Walla informed me many years ago that he had examined the baptismal records of Father Brouillet without finding mention of these baptisms. This does not, however, mean that the children were not baptized.
- ¹⁰⁵ Brouillet, *House Document*, p. 37.
- ¹⁰⁶ Spalding, *Senate Document*, p. 33. Spalding was not alone in his reaction to the report of Brouillet baptizing the children, for the editor of the *Missionary Herald*, July 1848, p. 237, wrote: "It certainly seems very extraordinary that baptisms should have been administered to the children of the murderers in such circumstances."
- ¹⁰⁷ *W.C.Q.*, I (1897):2:24.
- ¹⁰⁸ Saunders ms., p. 14.
- ¹⁰⁹ See reproduction of portrait of Edward by Stanley in this volume.
- ¹¹⁰ Brouillet, *House Document*, p. 88. Other quotations from Brouillet in this section are from this source.
- ¹¹¹ Spalding's letters of January 1848 are in Coll. A.; that of March 16, 1848, was published in the *Philadelphia Observer*, Oct. 28, 1848.
- ¹¹² Drury, *Spalding*, pp. 362 ff.
- ¹¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 361. Walker to Greene, July 8, 1848, Coll. A: "Some doubtless attach too much blame to the Catholics. I am yet to be convinced that they had any direct agency in it... that they put the natives up to the deed, I do not believe." When Mrs. Spalding's remains were moved to the cemetery at Old Lapwai, now called Spalding, Idaho, in September 1913, the Presbyterian Church buried the original tombstone with the body and a new monument was erected over the graves of both the Spaldings.
- ¹¹⁴ Cannon, *Waiilatpu*, p. 150.
- ¹¹⁵ Warren, *Memoirs*, p. 30.
- ¹¹⁶ Delaney, *A Survivor's Recollections*, p. 24.
- ¹¹⁷ Saunders ms., p. 15. Pringle ms., p. 38, gives a different date, Dec. 10, and in another version, Catherine gives the 13th. Mrs. Saunders' date is to be preferred.
- ¹¹⁸ Pringle ms., p. 38. See also, Delaney, *op. cit.*, p. 23.
- ¹¹⁹ Lockley, *Oregon Trail Blazers*, pp. 340 ff. Elizabeth made this statement many years after the massacre occurred. There is no evidence that Dr. Whitman had sufficient knowledge of the disease that Bewley and Sales had to diagnose it as typhoid.

Lorinda Bewley called it “Camp fever” in her account. See ms. “Esther Among the Cayuses,” Coll. O. Copy in Coll. Wn.

¹²⁰ Lockley, *Oregon Trail Blazers*, p. 340.

¹²¹ Pringle ms., p. 43.