

# JOURNAL OF JOHN H. FROST, 1840-43

Edited by NELLIE B. PIPES

(In four parts, part III)<sup>1</sup>

[AUGUST, 1841] Br. Smith and myself had for sometime contemplated a tour by land to the Walamette, in order to procure some cattle and horses, as we had found it wearing ourselves out very fast to cart every thing on our backs. And a great deprivation to be without milk and butter. So in the month of August we set out for the Willamette, and by a way the whole length of which had never been travelled by any white man. And all the knowledge we could obtain of its length or character, was the imperfect accounts of the natives. Some of them promised to go with us as guides, and to assist us by the way; but at the time of our departure all refused to go except one, and he knew but little of the way, many of the Indians said we could never get through, and all of them talked very discouragingly. But we set out on the day appointed. Our party consisting of Br. Smith, one Indian, Lewis Taylor, a sailor boy who had left the *Wave*, and who had entered my employ as a servant, and myself. We took a tent and some blankets, and provisions for the way; all which we packed on one of Br. Smith's horses, he having brought down two horses in the spring by water. It being about mid-day when we bid our families farewell, and set out on this our unknown journey, so that night overtook us before we reached the southern extremity of the plain, where we encamped for the night, and all hands, not excepting our Indian, lay down

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<sup>1</sup>The author of this journal was one of the Methodist missionaries sent to Oregon on the *Lausanne* in 1840. Upon his arrival he was sent to establish, with W. W. Kone, a fellow missionary, a mission at Clatsop Plains. The first two installments of the journal, published in the *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, March and June, 1934, concern his trip to Clatsop and his labors in setting up his house. In this issue he describes a trip from Clatsop Plains to the mission on the Willamette by a route probably never before traveled by white men. Notes identifying geographical points on the route have been furnished by Mr. L. A. McArthur, the recognized authority on Oregon geographic names. The final part of the journal will be published in December.

inside of our tent. We slept very comfortably until morning.

After breakfast we struck our tent and proceeded as far as cape Lookout,<sup>2</sup> it being now towards night we pitched our tent, and sought among the Indians for a guide, as the way around the Cape was difficult, and but few knew the trail. Two promised to accompany us as guides. The next day was stormy, and we concluded to lie by, as it would be very difficult to proceed through the woods when the bushes were all wet with rain. During the day it cleared off, and the next morning we were ready to start; but the Indians who had promised to be our guides had changed their minds, which is generally the case with them, and we were obliged to seek for new guides. After some time, one, who said he knew the trail promised to go with us; but said we could not take our horse, because of the roughness of the way. But his wife who became quite interested in our behalf, said, we could go, and told her husband to go and not be lazy. Upon which he said he would go and show us the way for a short distance, and if we could surmount the difficulties we would then meet, we could go the rest of the way. So we set out, and found the short distance bad enough; the briars, and bushes were ten or twelve feet high, and very thickly interwoven, and in addition to this there were two small creeks to cross, which had no very promising appearance. After taking us thus far, the indian told us that he would go back and get his breakfast, when, if we succeeded in surmounting these obstacles, we would proceed. But I judged by his peculiar look, that he felt quite satisfied in his own mind, that he should not be troubled with piloting us any further.

The indian returned to breakfast, and Br. Smith and myself, Lewis (by which name you will hereafter understand me to mean the sailor boy, my servant) and Wakilkil the Indian who set out with us, we four set about making a road with bush knife, hatchet, axe &c. And before the indian had fin-

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<sup>2</sup>Tillamook Head.

ished his breakfast we had cut our road, and crossed all over the last creek.

I returned to inform him of our success and to hasten his preparations for the journey. He appeared somewhat surprized at our perseverance and consequent success; but instead of parleying as I expected he would, he finished his meal, which consisted of some fine trout, which were roasted by sticking a small stick in the mouth, and sticking the other end of the stick in the ground before the fire. While the indian was arming himself for the journey, taking a smoke &c I ate some trout, which were very fine.

As soon as our guide was ready, or had recovered from the sweet reverie into which he had fallen through the enchantment of the pipe, a few whifs of which being sufficient to produce this, to them, most desirable effect, by swallowing the smoke, we set out, another young indian also accompanying us. We soon came up to Br. S. and found everything in order for a march, And felt not a little encouraged, our guide telling us that our greatest difficulty was now past, and that all the rest of the way was clear, as we saw it before us. So we set out in the following manner. The guide took the lead, Wakilkil went next with a hatchet in order that he might cut the sticks which were too large for my bush knife, I followed him with my knife, and a better was never made, after me came Lewis, leading the pack horse, and after the horse came Br. S. carrying a large axe, with which he might cut away all those obstacles too large for our hatchet & knife, and also to see that all went well with the pack & horse. Thus you may imagine you see us traversing a dense forest; through which a white man had never penetrated. And you need not think that our implements for cutting road were useless lumber; for we found miles of briars and small woods before mentioned, through which we were obliged to cut every step of the way, and sometimes a large tree blown out by the roots must be passed around or passed over with horse and heavy pack, but our stead was a fine one, and never refused trying to go where he was bid, and very seldom failed in effecting what he undertook. We proceeded until about noon when my comrades, not having had the good fortune of

breakfasting on trout with me, became hungry, and we therefore halted, struck fire, and prepared some food, which, notwithstanding my trout breakfast, I found quite refreshing. After dining we were soon ready for another push forward, but to our mortification, and great perplexity, our guide and his comrade refused to accompany us any farther, saying, they were lazy, and that they should be very tired, and that it was very far, and we would never get through &c. I expostulated with them and so did Br. S. after which we started on expecting that they would come on, but after we had proceeded some distance we discovered that they did not follow; upon which I went back, and gave them a rallying; but all to no purpose; they said there was but one road, and we could go on alone. By this time I was out of patience with every indian in the world, and determined to return to my comrades, and proceed guide, or no guide. But I found Br. S. not quite so willing to proceed without making one more effort to prevail on our disaffected guide to accompany us. So I submitted and sat down on a log ruminating in my own mind, the importance of our adventure, the unprincipled conduct of the indians, feeling in no very good humour about matters and things, when Br. S. returned, having succeeded in obtaining the consent of the Indians to accompany us according to their previous engagement. So forming our line of march again, we set out with our wonted courage; and I presume no man ever cut more brush in one afternoon than I did in that, under the same circumstances.

About sunset we crossed a small creek, which we had crossed several times before through the course of the day, when our guide crossed a large log, and halted under a large tree, telling us that we must sleep there; as the road ahead was very bad. So relying on his judgment we unpacked our horse, and while Br. S. found a place to tie him on the creek we had just crossed, where he could get some grass, myself and Lewis pitched the tent & adjusted our blankets, fire arms &c. while the indians gathered some wood for a fire. After cooking and eating our supper, drying ourselves &c we attended prayers, and lay down to sleep. Br. S. myself and Lewis tak-

ing the inside of the tent, and the indians the shade of the great tree.

In the morning early, we prepared our breakfast, eat it, and then we commenced the journey of the day. Our way led immediately up a very steep hill,<sup>3</sup> which was, as the guide informed us the night previous, a bad road. Indeed there was no road at all, and none but an indian who had been there before could have found the way. Most of the time until noon we continued to ascend a heavy hill, with but little under brush, however, which was greatly to our advantage. We arrived at the summit of the hill a little before noon, and then we descended towards the coast as rapidly as our guide could lead the way, meeting at intervals with very large logs, which our horse crossed with his heavy pack, with but little apparent difficulty.

Here our guide, who previous to this pretended that he could not speak the jargon, he being a Killemuke, became all at once, very eloquent, Telling me how well he understood that country, and that no one could have piloted us through as he had done; all of which was calculated, or designed on his part to enhance the value of his services, so that we might be induced thereby, to pay him well when he should leave us; their bump of avariciousness being very prominent; caused, it may be by their custom of flattening the head.

I understood all this very well. And when we arrived at the foot of the mountain, we halted at a small stream,<sup>4</sup> took a munch, and proceeded forward again; and about the middle of the afternoon we fetched up on the sea beach, immediately at the south side of Cape look-out.

Here our guide supposed he had met his engagement, and manifested his desire to return. We paid him and his associate, and after he gave Wakilkil directions for the way before us, they set out for their return, by way of the coast,

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<sup>3</sup>This is the trail over Tillamook Head, but the exact route is uncertain. It would appear that the party was on the inside or back route, and the stream was the Necanicum River and possibly Circle Creek, one of its branches which heads in the north part of Tillamook Head.

<sup>4</sup>Elk Creek at the north end of Cannon Beach.

which way could only be passed by footmen, and we bent our course for the Walamette, supposing that our worst mountain was now crossed. Our way, for the remainder of the day, lay immediately on the sea beach, and was fine travelling. We travelled at a rapid rate until towards night, when we halted for a short time, and gathered a bag full of mussels, which are found in great abundance on the rocks in this region, at low tide. At nearly sunset we brought up at the base of another cape,<sup>5</sup> which put out into the sea; where Wakilkil told us we must camp, and in the morning we must cross the cape, as we could not go round it on the beach. This was rather unexpected to us; but we submitted, hoping it might be the last high mountain we should have to pass before we arrived at the Wallamette road. We pitched our tent, and prepared our supper, which consisted of roast and boiled mussels, bread and butter, and tea. We ate heartily, and after having a short season of prayer, we all lay down in our tent and fell asleep.

Here Wakilkil began to manifest fear, as we were now in the Kilimuke country, and as the chiefs of the Killimuks & Clatsops had been for a long time the most inveterate enemies. But we told him not to fear, for we would see to it that he should not be injured. In the usual time, notwithstanding our strange and novel journey, the light returned unfolding to our vision all the loveliness of a summer morning on the Coast of the Pacific.

The first work was for us to breakfast, after this was over, having disposed of the remainder of our mussels &c we turned our attention to the hill<sup>6</sup> before us, which presented a very formidable front; but men who had been fattening all night on good mussels, and who could recount so many difficulties already past, since we set out on this journey, were not to be intimidated by the imposing front of this hill. So after a few moments council it was determined that we should pack up, & Br. Smith should lead up our pack horse, & the rest of us should follow carrying up the pack. When all was ready we

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<sup>5</sup>Arch Cape, still an impediment to travel.

<sup>6</sup>First over Arch Cape, then Cape Falcon, which are close together.

formed our line of march, which was pursued with much coolness, and some grunting by Lewis & myself under our heavy loads, when Br. S. arrived at the top of the precipice, where was a step of about four feet perpendicular. Br. S. mounted the step well enough, but the horse thought it no easy matter to gain that step, when he had so little foothold below; but after hesitating a moment, he reared upon his hind feet, and as Lewis and myself were directly under him, I thought, at the moment, that he must come down upon us, and in order to avoid having the horse on the top of my load, which was already sufficiently heavy, I sprang to one side behind a tree. But Lewis through fear, or confusion, continued to stand in the path, gazing upward, and would have had to bear the brunt alone if the horse had missed his footing; but as providence would have it Machera reached the summit in safety, which he followed by a loud snort, not in the least offensive to any below. We now succeeded in carrying up our luggage, packed our horse & set out again in regular order Wakilkil and myself in front & Lewis, the pack horse & Br. S. bringing up the rear.

We crossed this cape with encountering not a few difficulties. And I must not forget one circumstance, quite small in itself; but of some importance to us. Powder is one part of the currency of this country. And here, while Lewis was chopping an old log out of the road, he laid my powder horn down, which contained about 1 lb of powder, removed the log, passed on and left the powder horn. This was quite a loss, as that amount of powder would have defrayed our expenses for some distance. But Lewis thought of the horn when it was too late to go back for it.

About noon we reached the beach<sup>7</sup> again, Wakilkil being ahead, he discovered a salmon in a small creek which emptied in the Ocean, & as it was low tide the water was very shallow near the ocean, so we set to pelting the poor salmon with stones, and stabbing at him with sticks, until we captured him. Here we halted, and struck fire, and prepared our din-

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<sup>7</sup>Probably Short Sand Beach.

ner. Wakilkil cooked the salmon indian fashion, observing that if it was prepared for eating any other way, we would surely have rain. And we had no notion of coming in contact with the superstition of our companion, inasmuch as this is, by far, the most prefferable mode of cooking a fresh salmon. After dining we returned thanks to our Heavenly Father for providing us a dinner in this wild place, which one of the New York epicurians would have paid any price for, and which was very refreshing to us. After we had finished our repast we were obliged to prepare for another mountain,<sup>8</sup> the base of which almost joined on the base of the one we had just crossed; but as Wakilkil informed us that this was the last mountain between us and the Kilemuke people, and that he believed we were not far from the road that crossed to the Walamette Valey, we took courage and commenced its ascent. This mountain is called Ne-a-karny—after one of the deities of these natives, who, it is said by them, a long time since, while sitting on this mountain, turned into a stone, which stone, it is said presents a collossal figure of Ne-akarny to this day. And on our passage over the mountain, which is a prairie on the side next the ocean, we discovered a stone, which presented a figure of this kind. As Wakilkil had not been this way since he was a small boy, he knew no other trail than the one by which the indians usually pass on foot, which lies along the side of the mountain which rises abruptly out of the ocean, and which is as steep as the roof of a house along where the path passes; the path was not much wider than a mans two hands, the soil being composed of gravel like unto broken slate stone, and at some places very stony. And below the path, the decent, in many places, was nearly perpendicular, and loosing itself into the depth of the Ocean below, whose angry waves keep up one continual roar. After proceeding for some distance we began to doubt with regard to the safety of proceeding any further with the horse by that way. So we left the horse, and Mr. S. and myself went on ahead to recanoiter, and we did not proceed far before we

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<sup>8</sup>Now at Neahkahnne Mountain, a famous geographical feature in Oregon legendary history.



were satisfied that we should loose our horse pack and all if we proceeded any further on that trail; for one miss step must unavoidably have plunged him into the foaming billows which rolled beneath our feet. Our only chance to pass appeared then to be by ascending the steep, and then to seek out a way on the side of the mount farther up from the ocean. Br. Smith returned to his horse, and Lewis and myself clambered up the side of the mountain, holding on at times by the grass above us, until we found rather better footing. From this elevation I pointed out the way by which I supposed Br. S. might ascend with the horse. He had not ascended far before it appeared that the horse could proceed no farther; because of the many small rough stones, the steepness of the hill, which we were ascending by way of a slant, and his heavy pack. In order to save him from rolling down, Br. S. was about to take off his pack; but I assured him that if he could succeed in ascending a few rods farther he would find a better soil, and there the ascent was not so steep. He made another effort and succeeded in gaining the point at which I was stationed. From this point we proceeded for a short distance with less difficulty; but soon we came to what appeared an almost insurmountable barrier; this was a deep ravine extending from the top of the mountain, as near as we could judge, down into the ocean below. But it was determined that I should descend along the ravine, and see if there was any place at which we could cross the same. At some considerable distance below, I found a place where a decent into the ravine could be effected; but how we should get out again was yet to be determined. I now becomed to my comrades to decend to the place where I was, when I set out to find a passage out of the ravine. On decending farther I found that the indian trail passed round the lower end of the precipice on the oposite side of the ravine. I hastened across the ravine, and passed along under the precipice, hoping to find the passage sufficiently safe by which to venture with our horse; but after I had passed round myself, I was fully satisfied that it would be certain destruction to attempt the pass with our horse. And when I set out to return, having had a fair view of the scene I became quite alarmed, fearing

that the narrow gravelly path might give way under my feet, or that I might lose my balance and thus be precipitated hundreds of feet into the surging billows below. But by holding on to the grass above, and by cautious movements, I succeeded in gaining the ravine again; thankful for my safety, & being fully determined that I would never pass that way again. All this time my companions were slowly descending the steep to the place to which I had beckoned them. While I was sitting on a stone for a few moments to rest myself a little I heard something come tumbling down the side of the ravine on which my companions were descending and as it passed the place at which I was sitting there was a noise accompanying it very much like the neighing of a horse! The first [thought] that struck me, was, there goes poor Machera, pack and all, into the ocean below! In a moment I sprang from my seat, and stood on the side of the ravine where the stones were rolling down into the Ocean; I was much agitated, but on turning my eyes upward I discovered, to my great delight, my companions, and Machera, pack and all, at the point to which I had beckoned them. On enquiry I learned that the cause of my fright was the rolling down of a large stone, which had been dislodged by my companions on their way down, and the accompanying yell was uttered by Watch, one of our dogs, which was not far from me, though out of my sight, being frightened by the descent of the stones.

Finding all in safety I left my companions to find the best of their way down into the ravine, while I crossed again to see if I could find a way out, farther up the mountain. I ascended the side of the ravine at two or three different points; but at each time when I arrived at the summit my head became almost dizzy from the awful height at which I found myself, with nothing for aught I could see to keep a man from making the awful plunge into the deep below, should his footing fail.

I informed Br. S. from my lofty situation, that we must camp in the ravine that night, as it was then sun set, and I had not yet discovered any way by which we could get out. He answered me by saying that there was not room for us to lie down in the bottom of the ravine. But there was no alter-

native, I told him to find the best place, and I would go higher up and see if I could find a way by which we could get out in the morning. After going up some distance farther along the side of the steep, I found a place where I judged we might ascend by carrying up the pack on our own backs. So I descended again to my companions informed them of my success and then we made the best provisions for the night that our circumstances would allow.

That was a most romantic spot. On either side of us the ascent was high and steep. Above us the ravine was filled with scrubby trees, mostly of a species of spruce which presented a dark and gloomy appearance. Below us the ravine descended into the Ocean, down which a stream of water was hurried, in the wet season of the year, and mingled with the angry waves below; but at this season of the year we could scarcely find water enough to quench our thirst. After going down some distance in the dark, for the shades of night were now upon us, Br. S. Lewis & the Indians found water enough to refresh them a little, and to fill our small tin pail, which they brought up with them. We now opened our wallet, and supped on bread and butter and dried meat. All of which would have been lost to us, forever, if Machera had rolled down the hill in stead of the large stone. We washed down our meat with the water from the little pail, and then began to stow ourselves away for sleep. Br. S. & myself spread down a bear skin, on which we spread a blanket, which constituted our bed; over which we placed another blanket, and over all our tent, there being not room to pitch it. Lewis placed his bear skin at our feet on which he placed his blanket &c and Wakilkil rolled himself in his blanket, and lay down above Br. S. so that Br. S. was between the indian & myself, and while Br. S. was on my left hand, the bottom of the creek which passed down the ravine was on my right, where in there was no water at this place at this time. My faithful dog lay close to my right side, and Machera was standing just above Wakilkil eating the little grass and small shrubs in his reach. Having eaten all within his reach he was desirous of moving, and raising both fore feet at once, he brought them down, as Br. S. thought, immediately upon the head of Wakilkil, which

might have dispatched our red companion; but on Br. S's rising up and feeling he found that the horse had only placed his feet upon the long hair of our comrade, which held him snugly down to the ground. Reasoning a little with Machera caused him to release his prisoner, and to shift his quarters to a few feet above us so that it was right again, except the danger we were in from Machera's movements which might have caused the stones to roll down on our heads. But fortunately our heads were spared, and after talking a short time of the loneliness of our situation and of the romantic scenery around us we fell a sleep. We were graciously preserved until morning, when our first business was to pack up and get out of that not much to be desired situation. We made our pack into 3 loads, one for myself, and one for Lewis & one for Wakilkil, which we slung indian fashion, Br. S. going ahead with the horse. He succeeded in reaching the summit with the horse without much difficulty, while we were scrambling up with our packs. I reached the summit with my load, and looking back I thought all were coming up in safety; and now the decent must be made, which to me did not appear so difficult, and indeed I descended well enough, notwithstanding it was very steep; after I had descended for some distance I halted and found that the horse did not get down as well as he had ascended, his feet having become sore from travelling over the rough stones, and what was surprizing to me I saw nothing of Lewis. After some time Br. S. succeeded in getting down to me with the horse, he then gave me the rope and went back to see what had become of Lewis. He went to the summit again and descended out of my sight, and was gone some time when he appeared in sight again with the saddle bags on his shoulder, which constituted the most part of Lewis' load, and after some time Lewis hove in sight; but his movements were very slow, having become very much intimidated by the prospect around him. I halloed at him, desiring him to increase the velocity of his descent, and when Br. S. came down to me we proceeded onward, or rather, downward; after some time we halted, having descended the worst part of the mount, I waited the coming down of our two associates.

Walkilkil descended without much difficulty. But poor Lewis was not far from the top of the mountain yet, working his way down inch by inch, and even that, for the most of the time, was at the expense of the seat of his pantaloons; which, however, proved to be well adapted to the business, being of heavy duck, a pair which he had brought from the ship with him. After some time all came down to the place where we were in waiting; Wakilkil pronounced the mountain "Very strong," and Lewis assured us that he would rather go up aloft and furl the sails in the heaviest sea way he had ever seen, than to pass over Ne-akarny by that way again. After resting for a short time we set out again, and in two or three stages more we regained the beach, here we found plenty of wood, grass and fresh water, and having found a good appetite by this time, we prepared our breakfast and eat hartily, casting a look in the mean time at Ne-arkarny which stood behind us in full view, and congratulated each other with the idea that we had crossed it in safety.

After we had finished our repast, we packed up again and proceeded on our journey. And about noon we arrived at a small river<sup>9</sup> on the bank of which were two or three indian lodges inhabited by the Killimuks. The name of this place is called [blank]. The inmates of these lodges appeared much surprized at our approach, as perhaps white men and a horse had never passed this place before. When we drew near one of the lodges a part of the natives hid themselves; but two young men with their wives and a few others remained. They appeared quite distant at first; but when they learned where we were from and where we were going they threw off their reserve and manifested a great degree of friendship. The women hastened to cook some fresh venison, which was placed before us on mats, and of which we ate heartily. While we were partaking of the venison, the women applied themselves to cooking a large quantity of crabs, which is effected in the following manner. They dig a hole in the ground in which they place a quantity of small stones over a fire. When the

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<sup>9</sup>Nehalem River. Apparently the party crossed over at the mouth of the Nehalem, south of Manzanita.

fuel is consumed, and the stones thereby become heated, they pile the crabs upon the stones, covering them with mats and dirt, all except a place at the top, in at which place they pour some water, which coming in contact with the hot stones creates a steam, upon which they cover all up closely; and in a short time the ugly crawling crab that was put in alive comes out very finely steamed.

When the steaming operation was performed one of the women asked me if I would like to eat some of the crabs, when upon my answering in the affirmative, she piled a number before me on the mat, and having distributed a number to my comrades the women and all gathered round the remainder & consumed them, making music cracking their many limbs with their teeth that they might enjoy the meat inside. Br. S. went to a neighbouring lodge in order to obtain a canoe and a man to set us across the river. All the while he was absent Lewis & myself were feasting on crabs. On Br. S's return, having obtained a canoe and a ferryman, we proceeded down to river; myself Wakilkil & baggage in the canoe, and Br. S. & Lewis on the shore, and near the Ocean we crossed over. The horse swimming after the canoe, being led by a rope. Having reached the opposite shore in safety we paid the ferriage with some powder and tobacco which the natives esteem very highly. The afternoon was spent in travelling on the fine beach, which was very pleasant. Towards evening we reached another promontory, immediately at the south of which a small river empties into the Ocean.<sup>10</sup> At this place we were in doubt with regard to our course; but Wakilkil, all the guide we had, and he did not pretend to understand the country, told us that we must go round the cape at low water, and proceed up the river, where around in the bay at no great distance we would find natives. So as soon as the tide served our purpose we passed round the point, having no room to spare, and going around in the bay at no great distance we arrived at two wretched indian lodges, containing

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<sup>10</sup>Passed along from the mouth of Nehalem River to the mouth of Tिलामूक Bay, referred to as a small river. The promontory is in the neighborhood of Barview, where there is now a coast guard station.

several inhabitants. Here Wakilkil appeared very timid; but after a short time an old indian recognized him and manifested a great deal of friendship towards him. We now looked for a good place to pitch our tent. The indians being quite amused at the novelty of our cloth house, and also assisted us in getting wood and water. They also furnished us with shell fish for which we gave them tobacco, which was prized very highly by them. After supper we engaged an old indian to be our pilot for some distance ahead, and spent the evening in holding friendly conversation with the natives. When sleeping time came we concluded it was advisable to keep a watch, inasmuch as we were now among indians who were considered hostile, so as it was my first watch my comrades went to sleep and I remained watching, keeping up the fire &c. But I soon became satisfied that the indians considered it as necessary to keep a watch as we did, and that, in fact there was no danger on either side. At about 12 o'clock I called upon Lewis, who had the next watch and lay myself down to sleep. In the morning finding all safe we set out on our journey in the following manner. Br. S. went round the bay on the horse.<sup>11</sup> Myself, Wakilkil, some of the baggage and one indian in a canoe, and Lewis and an indian boy in another canoe. A dense fog hid from our view the future prospect, which rendered it quite gloomy, but in the course of an hour the fog cleared away & soon we discovered Br. S. coming, at a distance round the bay. The old man went on shore, in order to pilot Br. S. and the indian boy returned with the small canoe.

Wakilkil, Lewis & myself were now in the canoe with the most of our luggage paddling up the stream, and as it was ebb tide we could not be idle, while Br. S. was hastening along the shore. After travelling thus for several miles we met at a turn in the river, at an indian lodge; here we saw some more of the Killimuks, which appeared very friendly. Here we were obliged to assist Br. S. in swimming the horse across the river, when he proceeded onward with the guide, Lewis going also with them, while Wakilkil and myself remained in the canoe.

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<sup>11</sup>At Tillamook Bay, but the exact route cannot be identified. The party probably passed near the present city of Tillamook.

After crossing this river four times with the horse, we halted for breakfast; at this place there were a few more natives who supplied us with a few wurtle berries for which we gave them a little ammunition and tobacco. After breakfast we crossed Br. S. & horse over the river again and an indian going with us in the canoe we proceeded by water, while the old pilot led Br. S. along shore. After proceeding some distance we left the main river and entered a small crooked creek which changed our direction towards the ocean, which however, was separated from us by a mountain. We had not gone far when we were told that we had arrived at our landing place, joyful news to me. For I had become heartily tired of sitting cramped up in that small canoe working my passage. It was not long before I heard Br. S.'s voice at the creek a short distance from us apparently engaged crossing the horse over the creek. And from the length of time he appeared to be engaged I feared Machera had got into difficulty; but on my arrival at the place I found two strange Indians there with an old white horse in the creek. These indians had helped Br. S. cross his horse, and now he was helping his neighbour to cross his. The old horse appeared nearly out-done, but after resting a little as he was sticking in the mud, I then took hold of the rope and by making a violent effort he gained the shore. His owner, upon this, appeared very much delighted & patting me on the shoulder, said I was a very fine man. This indian proved to be Nas-chano, a perfect curiosity in all his movements. He soon became very well acquainted with us, and soon engaged to go with us through to Willamette as our guide, assuring us that he knew the road very well. Here we packed our horse again, and when all was ready, Nas-chano took the lead urging on his old horse, and saying all was clear ahead, at the same time accompanying his words with his peculiar gesture. Chano was of a small size, very flat head and hair cued up behind, he had on a shirt, vest and pants, and a cloth cap decorated with shells, beads, and feathers which gave him quite a buckish appearance. His comrade was a much larger indian meanly clad, and of a very mean appearance. With this new accession to our party we proceeded as rapidly as possible along the trail which led us across the mountain



which lay between us and the Ocean. After travelling about an hour and a half, we again obtained a view of the ocean which stretched out before us at the foot of the mountain.

When we arrived at the foot of the mountain we found a few indian lodges, and a river to cross which lay between us and the beach, and which appeared quite formidable, as it was now high tide. The indians at this place behaved quite distant, and one, who was making a canoe, looked quite surly. As we learned that we could not proceed until low tide we concluded to have our dinner. When placing myself in the stern of the canoe which the man was finishing, I struck a fire, lighted my pipe and invited all hands to take a smoke. This, I discovered attracted the attention of the canoe maker, who drew nigh and after taking a few whiffs in his turn his countenance changed—very soon all appeared friendly. The women supplied us with shell fish, we made a very good dinner, and when the tide was sufficiently low the indian set us across with his canoe, and engaged to wait until we should return when he would assist in crossing our cattle and horses. It was now nearly sunset, and our guide told us that we must travel a short distance on the beach before we could find a good camping place; we accordingly set out at full speed, and travelled until late in the evening. Chano & his comrade having both mounted the old white horse and left us in the rear, manifesting great skill in compelling the old horse forward, which appeared but little better than a rack of bones.

Finely, at no small distance ahead of us we discovered a flash of fire, and shortly another, which proved to be our guide striking a fire with his gun. He soon made a blaze which served as a beacon to us, and in a short time we found our way to the place. here the horses were tied where they could get grass, and we found a large tree, under which we gathered together some wood, built a very comfortable fire, dried our cloths, and lay down to sleep. And from this time we did not pitch our tent on the whole journey.

On the following morning we arose early, took our breakfast, and set out again on our journey. during the forenoon

we crossed another cape,<sup>12</sup> very steep, and as rough as any we had yet crossed. In view of the difficulties we met with, I was inclined to accuse Chano with having stretched the truth relative to the way before us. But he would always answer by saying Yes, certainly it is bad just here; but all ahead is clear! And he often amused us with his boasting of his knowledge of the way, often telling us where he had shot elk &c. About the middle of the day we regained the beach, and after travelling two or three miles we found another small river<sup>13</sup> emptying into the Ocean. Here were neither indians nor canoes; but our guide informed us that we could ford the stream at low tide, about two miles from the Ocean. We repaired to the place, but when we arrived there it was high tide, so we took our dinner, and concluded to rest ourselves until the tide should serve our purpose. It being a very pleasant afternoon. I stretched myself on the dry grass drew a bear skin over me and fell into a sound sleep, and did not awake much before the tide was sufficiently low for our passage. When all things were ready we repaired to the fording place. But before entering ourselves we directed Chano to cross on the old white horse, that we might know how much water he would draw. And we ascertained by this experiment, that the water would be up to the middle of those who were obliged to wade. This looked quite forbidding to me, I dreaded to enter the river, and although I prepared myself for the trip I instinctively drew back. I asked Chano if he thought he could ferry me over on the old horse. O Yes! says Chano, in his very frank and confident manner, My horse is first rate, and understands the water well; and at the same time pointed him towards me, or to the side of the river on which I was standing, and forced the old quadruped through the water again by applying his heels very dexterously to his rib bones. When he arrived I mounted the rack of bones in the rear of our heroick guide, not without having a fine laugh, in ad-

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<sup>12</sup>Passed along the east side of Netarts Bay, and reached Cape Look-out. The description of the cape is remarkably accurate.

<sup>13</sup>Now in the vicinity of Sand Lake, not far from Camp Meriwether, used by the Portland area of the boy scouts.

vance, from my comrades. But I knew I could only get wet if the old horse failed, and if he should succeed in reaching the other shore in safety, he should have the praise of doing one more good deed before he died. So we set out, the guide and myself on the old white steed, and my comrades on foot. We soon reached the deepest water, where I expected the old horse would fail every step. Chano kept up his spirits by applying his heels with all his might, and crying How, How, How, so that I hoped at one time we would reach the shore in safety. But all at once the old horse failed in the hind parts, sunk down, and I slipped off into the water. Chano, by turning his head, discovered that I had brought up on my feet, and that there was no danger and the old horse having recovered again, because of loosing the greatest part of his load, received a fresh volley from his masters heels, and in a few moments reached the shore amidst a loud burst of laughter from my comrades, with whom I was well enough pleased to join, for notwithstanding the failure of the old nag, I only got wet part of the way up to my knees, while they were tugging through the water up to their middle.

But we all reached the shore in safety. It was now not far from sun set, and our guide informed us that we must travel a short distance before we could find a camping place. It was dark when we arrived at the place intended, but here we found plenty of grass wood & water. We built a fine brisk fire, dried our cloths, took some refreshment, and then lay down around the fire and slept soundly until morning. When day light appeared we took some breakfast, packed up and set out on our journey. We travelled for some time on the beach, then we crossed another ridge<sup>14</sup> which ran down into the Ocean, which was not very high & composed principally of sand, and destitute of timber. When we arrived at the summit of this ridge Chano pointed ahead and exclaimed, see, there is Nea-Stocka! The place where we were probably to take a trail which would lead us across to Walamette Valey. And he soon began to speak of the fine women at that place, at the same time smacking his lips very significantly.

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<sup>14</sup>Characteristic description of Cape Kiwanda.

We felt quite rejoiced to think that we should probably reach the end of our journey in, at the farthest, two or three days more, as we had always understood that it was but two days journey, at most, from the coast to Walamette.

In a short time we reached the long talked of Nea-Stocka,<sup>15</sup> but a river passed between us and the indian lodges; when we arrived opposite the first lodge Chano spoke to the indians who were on the opposite side of the river; but we learned that they had no canoe at that place, and from the wretched appearance of the exterior of their huts we judged they had but little of any thing else. Finding no opportunity to cross here, we passed down the river opposite the next, and last two wretched looking huts. Here we halloed and was answered by an old man who, after ascertaining our wants, called out to another indian, who was in a canoe near the ocean fishing for salmon, and who appeared quite unwilling to desist from fishing. But after some time he came up to the lodge, and after discharging a large salmon, and having a palaver with those at the lodge he came across to us. We now, without much ceremony, got into the canoe, and found ourselves soon landed on the other shore. Br. S. & myself accompanied the old man to the wretched hut, where we found another old man, a young man, two or three children, and a woman or two, wretched looking beings, and as destitute as any indians I ever saw. I could not but think of Chano's description of the fine women of Nea-Stocka; Indeed I was very much disappointed, having expected to see a respectable indian village at this place. We gave the old men a smoke which animated their spirits very much. And one of them was the greatest talker I ever saw. His tongue was continually running, and he spoke so loud that he made my head ring.

The old women soon cooked the salmon which had just been landed, and as is customary, placed a choice piece before us, of which we ate heartily, and this was probably all the food the family had for the day. Salmon were not yet plenty, as the season had just commenced. The old men told us that

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<sup>15</sup>In the vicinity of Pacific City on Nestucca River before it enters Nestucca Bay.

the road to Wlamette was very bad, and we could not prevail on one of them, who had not long before come from the Willamette, to pilot us across. For he said he was very tired and his people had nothing to eat. They told us that there was another road, which crossed from Na-Cheesno<sup>16</sup> that was very good, that place lay still farther to the south, and in order to get there we would be obliged to cross another cape, which, they said was very bad. So we determined to cross at this place. We finely prevailed on the old man to go with us to the foot of the mountain, in which the river, we had just crossed, headed.

At the same time the old man added, if his son was home, who was then out hunting elk, he would pilot us through; but we must do as well as we could, and in order to get along with the greater ease, the old men agreed to take all of us but Br. S. and our baggage in their canoe, and we would proceed by water, while his little boy would go around with Br. S. & horse by land, and so we would meet at the foot of the mountain. I thought at the time that if they had been disposed to be hostile, they had the best opportunity in the world to cut us off. But they had no such intention, and probably no such thought. We soon arranged our things in the canoe. Br. S. mounted the horse, and we set out; he one way and we another. The old men worked well in ascending the river by a circuitous rout, while the talkative old man kept up such a continual glabbering in Kilimuk that made me almost crazy, frequently saying that it was very hard work, and that he expected he would get a long piece of tobacco. I answered Yes, Pull away, and I dont know but you will get a piece a fathom long. At which he laughed very heartily, and talked away as loud and as fast as ever. At length the river became very narrow and crooked, and not far distant we found it closed up with flood wood, where I thought we should have to dismiss the canoe. But the old fellows pushed some of the logs

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<sup>16</sup>Possibly refers to Cascade Head. They must first cross the Little Nestucca River, which flows into Nestucca Bay from the south, and then cross Neskowin Creek, which lies at the north base of Cascade Head. Exact route is hard to identify.

to one side, and forced the canoe between them, and when they could succeed in this way no longer, they jumped out on the logs and hauled the canoe over the remainder. At no great distance ahead a large tree had fallen across the stream lying nearly down upon the water. Here I thought we would be out done. But the old sons of the forest turned the canoe about, and worked it under the tree stern first, so that by crouching down all we could and pressing up against the tree with our backs, sunk the canoe so much as to let us pass through; After performing these feats we soon arrived at a bluff bank where the old man said we must land, with some difficulty I mounted the bank, our things were passed out, one of the old men seized a good load and set out through the thicket, I snatched my gun and something else and followed as fast as I could, leaving Lewis & Wakilkil & Chano with the other old man to bring the rest of the baggage. After following the old man about a quarter of a mile he led me out into an open plain, where he threw down his load, and told me that this was the point where the whole party was to meet. After some time the rest of the passengers from the canoe and baggage came up. We waited some time before Br. S. came up having found it very difficult getting along, as he informed us, by reason of the high fern in the trail. Here we rested a short time, and as we could not prevail on the old man to be our pilot, we desired him to give all necessary directions to Chano so that he might supply his place. After Chano had received his diploma the old man put us on the right trail, and being well satisfied with his tobacco and the ammunition we gave him bid us farewell, and returned in a good humour. Our trail now led us along the bank of one of the branches of the river we had just left, Chano having left the old white Horse at Na-stocka, was taking the lead feeling his importance every step. We worked our way up the mountain until nearly sun set, when we found a fine mossy place under some large trees, and determined to camp, hoping the next day to reach the Walamette Valey. At the same time Chano did not forget to speak loudly in his own praise as a guide. We soon struck up a fine fire, and prepared some supper; Our bread bag, at the same time reminding us that it would soon be time

for our journey to terminate. But what was getting short for us was getting lighter for Machera. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." After finishing our supper, and congratulating each other on our success thus far, and the probable speedy termination of our journey we lay ourselves down to sleep, our bed being very soft because of the fine moss underneath. We slept sweetly until morning, when we packed up early and set out again as usual, and travelled some distance when our path led down to the creek, where there was some grass, here we baited our horse, struck a fire and took some breakfast. After eating we went forward again, and soon found where the old indian had camped on his coming from Walamette.

Here we were in doubt about the trail. I believed it led up to the right onto the ridge, and accordingly led the way up, which was in fact the right course, but as there was no fresh signs here, and as Chano persisted in saying that the old man had been particular in saying that we must not leave the creek to our left I consented to return again to the place where the old man had camped. Here we searched about for the trail, but all in vain. And even Chano, with all his boasted acuteness, was obliged to acknowledge that he was outdone. Previous to this we could determine our course by the cuttings made by a young man by the name of Cooper<sup>17</sup> who had passed this way the year before. But not a cutting could be found here.

But as Chano said that the old man told him that we must keep along this stream until we arrived at a certain tree which lay across the same we determined that we would pass immediately up the creek if possible, which however became more and more difficult every rod we ascended. Sometimes we were obliged to wade in the water which was above our knees, and which places the banks were bold, and composed of large rocks, at other places we cut our way through the thicket which skirted the creek on either side where the banks were not so bold.

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<sup>17</sup>J. L. M. Cooper, a Mohican half breed. A sketch of him can be found in Gustavus Hines, *Oregon*, 125-27.

Our horse was very nearly out done, by reason of sore feet, caused by travelling in the creek and on the stones. Having laboured thus until about sun set, and having gained but about four or five miles since we lost the trail, we halted on a gravelly spot in the creek, where there was a little grass and some rushes, here we left the horse and our comrades, and Br. S. and myself proceeded up the creek in search of the trail. Having proceeded about half of a mile, and having become satisfied of nothing but that it was impossible to ascend the creek any farther with our horse, we determined that I should return and prepare for camping where we left the horse while Br. S. would go on still farther in search of the trail. So after charging him not to go so far as to be unable to return before dark I returned to our companions, struck a fire and prepared to spend the night. All faces now wore a gloomy aspect, knowing not what might be the result. Even Chano himself, who thought, or who would have us think that he knew all things, appeared sad and doubtful. After it began to grow dark Br. S. returned, and as soon as he hove in sight all eyes were fixed on him waiting in silence to hear the result of his researches. When he came up he exhibited a chip taken from a small tree which had been cut by our forerunner, Cooper. This was very cheering to our spirits, and after consulting a little we sat down to our supper, which was rather scanty, our store of meat being exhausted, with the exception of about two dried clams which I found in the bag, and which I divided, in addition to this we each took a very short allowance of bread, a little molasses and a cup of tea, which finished our meal. We now lay down to sleep, not without looking to our heavenly Father for support and guidance.

In the morning we shaped our course to the right and hoped by ascending the ridge, and by travelling along the same for some distance we might descend again, and thus, by a circuitous rout reach the place where the cuttings were found. For to ascend the creek any farther was impossible. And this we effected; but not without great difficulty. The ridge being very steep and there were several ravines also to cross. When we arrived at the creek again we halted and here the whole party met. Chano had been sent to the left to see if



he could find an elk; of which there were many fresh signs. But Chano had reached the place where we met before we did, and when we arrived he told us a long story about the distance he had travelled in search of elk, but he could see none. We were now hungry, and while our horse was baiting we ate a small portion of our small quantity of bread, and a little molasses, not knowing how long it would be yet before we would reach the settlement.

As soon as we were a little refreshed we set out again, wading the creek, and travelling along its edge, first on one side, and then on the other. At length we arrived at the log lying across the creek described by the Old Indian who gave Chano our directions. We felt satisfied now that we were on the right road, and hoped soon to reach the Valley. Our trail led now to the left, and then we left that creek along which our pathway had been so wearisome and gloomy. We now ascended a high mountain, our way was rough and heavy. But before sunset we ascended again, and soon obtained evidence that we were in the Walamette Valley. We travelled on after sunset, and after it became so dark that I could not see the trail we proceeded still, myself taking the lead and feeling the trail with my feet. But at length our track lay through a piece of wood-land, in which it became so dark that I could distinguish no object, and not being able to feel the trail with my feet, I cried out halt. We soon struck a fire, and found that we had a very fine place to spend the night. Fresh water and grass at hand, plenty of wood &c.

Here we took our last cup of tea, and our last morsel of bread, having nothing left for morning but about a spoonfull of molasses. We dried our clothes, and lay down and slept until morning.

We arose early and proceeded on our way, hoping to reach the Mission that day; or at least to fall in with some Indians from whom we might procure some food. We traveled until about noon, when we arrived at a branch of the Yamhill Creek.<sup>18</sup> Here we halted to rest & bait our horse which was very much fatigued, and having very sore feet also.

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<sup>18</sup>It seems possible that the party left the vicinity of Nestucca Bay

Here we mixed our molasses with water and drank the last. We then concluded that it would be best for me to proceed taking Lewis with me, thinking that our horse might fail entirely, and that by proceeding we might reach the settlement that night, and obtain a horse and some food and return to the relief of the rest of the party. Accordingly I set out very resolutely, and Lewis followed. We travelled an hour or two, when being exceedingly hungry I shot a small bird, which we call, in the States, a High-hole, this was soon dressed by Lewis & as the plain had recently burnt over there was a fire at hand, before which we roasted the bird, sticking it on a stick indian fashion. This I divided and Lewis and myself eat each half, and Lewis allowed that it was a very sweet bird.

After devouring the bird we set out again hoping every hill we raised to discover a house, but from the top of one hill we only discovered another. Towards sunset we reached the Yam-hill creek again, or rather, having come down on the north side, we now arrived at the fording place, where I supposed the trail crossed. And crossed the creek accordingly. But not being satisfied with the appearance of the trail on the opposite side I recrossed and passed down for a mile or two on the north side, when that trail appeared to end at some old deserted indian lodges.

I now decided that our way must lay on the other side of the river, turned about and retraced our steps, weary steps, towards the fording place again. Before we reached the place, however, our companions came in sight; and as it was now sun set, and we were all very tired, and not a little faint, we determined to camp before we crossed the river.

We had nothing to eat. But we struck a fire, stowed our stuff, had a drink of good water and lay down to sleep, this was somewhat disturbed by the howling of the wolves, hooting of the owls, and the barking of our dogs.

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and followed up the Little Nestucca River toward the ridge that forms the backbone east of Cascade Head. It is also possible that it passed near the present site of Dolph, and thence toward the South Yamhill River and into the Willamette Valley by way of what was later known as Grand Ronde, very close to the McMinnville-Tillamook highway of today. Exact route through here is hard to identify.

At an early hour we arose, packed up and set out hoping not to go all day without our breakfast. We crossed the creek, and on going a little farther than I had gone the day previous, we struck a plain trail, which evidently led the right course. We travelled as fast as we could, and soon perhaps two and a half miles from the place where we crossed the creek, we discovered an indian ahead of us. We hailed him and when we came up to him, Br. S. discovered that he was an old man who had lived at his house years before when he lived in the Walamette. The Old indian gave us good tidings. He said that Wawanahpah lived a short distance ahead and had plenty of Venison!

The old indian gave us our directions and in a little time we arrived at Wawanahpah's residence. They were in a grove sitting around a fire. Wawanahpah was an old acquaintance of Br. S. and as soon as the usual salutation was over, and they learned that we had been a long time without food Wawanahpah's wife, a very fine looking indian woman, boiled some of the fattest venison I ever saw. As soon as the venison was cooked it was placed before us, and I need not say that we were not backward in eating. After fully satisfying our appetites we learned that we were not far from the Mission, and being much refreshed, and having engaged Wawanahpah to accompany us to Clatsop with our cattle and horses we set out for the mission about five or six miles distant.

Our way lay across the Yam-hill and as we soon passed the last stream lying between us and the Walamette river, we suffered much from thirst. It being very sultry in this Valey and our feet had become very sore from travelling.

We succeeded in reaching the residence of Br. Leslie & Oneil in the afternoon, happy to meet with Christian friends again.<sup>19</sup> As our business was urgent, we set about preparing for our return as soon as possible. I purchased ten head of horned cattle and one horse from Br. Oneil. And two horses and a mare and colt from other individuals. Br. Smith collected his horses and cattle, and Mr. Tibits concluded to send

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<sup>19</sup>This trip took 14 days—seven days traveling down the coast and seven more over to the Willamette mission. The party remained at the mission eight days; Lee and Frost, *Ten Years in Oregon*, 308.

his cattle and horses down, he himself having engaged to go to California with a party of the Exploring expedition<sup>20</sup> which was then encamped on the bank of the Walamette, and here Br. Kone met us having come up in a canoe, and engaged men to take his horses and cattle down. So that when we were ready to return, we had a band of horses and cattle amounting to fifty five head. And our party on our way back consisted of Br. S., Lewis, Wallace, a black man employed by Mr. Tibits, Cooper the man who had been through to Killimuks country the year before and whose trail we had followed, & Hopeo a Hawaiian, the two last being now employed by Mr. Kone, Wakilkil & Chano and myself, in all consisting of eight men.

We bid our friends farewell and set out again for Clatsop expecting that we would lose a number of our cattle and horses before we would reach the Clatsop plain.

(To be continued)

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<sup>20</sup>Part of the Wilkes exploring expedition went overland to California under the leadership of Lieutenant George T. Emmons; Wilkes, *Narrative*, V, 134-35.