

PIONEER LAYMEN OF NORTH AMERICA

"There was never any disorder where McLoughlin was in command; licentiousness among his subordinates was severely punished; drunkenness was unknown, and on one occasion he bought the entire cargo of liquor from a ship that came to the Columbia so as to prevent its sale among his men. He himself was rigidly abstemious, and a glass of wine as a greeting to some returning party was all he ever permitted himself. Sunday was religiously observed, and when no minister of the Gospel was present the Doctor himself presided and read the prayers. Before the arrival of the Catholic missionaries he carefully prevented the French Canadian settlers from going to other religious meetings, and he regularly read the prayers for them on Sunday morning. Besides the English school established by the company for the children of the Scotch or English traders, he maintained a separate one at his own expense for the French children, and by his order prayers and catechism were taught in French to the women as well as to the children on Sunday and week-days. He also encouraged the singing of canticles, in which he was assisted by his wife and daughter, who took much pleasure in this exercise. He visited and examined his school once a week, which was already formed of several good scholars, who soon learned to read French and became of great help to the priest. He it was who saved the Catholics of the Fort and their children from the dangers of perversion, and who, finding the log church the Canadians had built a few miles below Fairfield in 1836 not properly located, ordered it to be removed and rebuilt on a large prairie, its present beautiful site." (*Recollections of Oregon.*)

Life in this kingdom of the wilderness was as active as it was picturesque. Laut, than whom no one knew better the story of the Hudson Bay Company, thus describes one of the departures of its hunters in quest of furs, as they swept out of old Fort Vancouver:

"With long white hair streaming to the wind Dr. McLoughlin usually stood on the green slope outside the picketed walls, giving a personal hand-shake, a personal God bless you to every packer, every horseman of the motley throng setting out on the yearly campaign for beaver. There were Iroquois from the St. Lawrence. There were Ojibways from Lake Superior.