

and several children whom he had humanely adopted, left orphans by the death of their parents, who had died on their way to Oregon, besides a Spanish half-breed boy, whom he had brought up for several years. There were likewise several families of emigrants staying with him at the time, to rest and refresh themselves and cattle. The Indians supposed that the Doctor could have stayed the course of the malady had he wished it, and they were confirmed in this belief by the Spanish half breed boy, who told some of them that he had overheard the Doctor and his wife conversing after they retired for the night, and that he heard him say he would give them bad medicine, and kill all the Indians, that he might appropriate their land to himself. They accordingly concocted a plan to destroy the Doctor and his wife and all the males of the establishment. With this object in view, about sixty of them armed themselves and came to the house. The inmates, having no suspicion of any hostile intention, were totally unprepared for resistance or flight. Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, and their nephew, a youth about seventeen or eighteen years of age, were sitting in their parlour in the afternoon when Til-aw-kite the Chief, and To-ma-kus entered the room, and addressing the Doctor, Til-aw-kite told him very coolly that they had come to kill him. The Doctor, not believing it possible that they could entertain any hostile intentions towards him, told them as much. But while in the act of speaking, To-ma-kus drew a tomahawk from under his robe and buried it deep in his brain. The unfortunate man fell dead from his chair. Mrs. Whitman and the nephew fled up stairs, and fastened themselves into an upper room. In the meantime Til-aw-kite gave the war whoop as a signal to his party outside to proceed in the work of destruction, which they did with the ferocity and yells of so many fiends. Mrs. Whitman, hearing the shrieks and groans of the dying, looked out of the window, and a son of the Chief shot her through the breast, but did not kill her at the moment. A party then rushed up stairs, and despatching the nephew on the spot, they dragged her down by the hair of her head, and taking her to the front of the house they mutilated her in a shocking manner with their knives and tomahawks. There was one man who had a wife bedridden. On the commencement of the affray he ran to her room, and, taking her up in his arms, carried her, unperceived by the Indians, to the thick bushes that skirted the river, and hurried on with his burden in the direction of Fort Walla-Walla. Having reached a distance of fifteen miles, he became so exhausted, that, unable to carry her further, he concealed her in a thick hummock of bushes on the margin of