

Loughlin's messengers, like guardian angels, kept the savages at bay and helped the stranger off. When missionaries came, he met them, picked out locations, gave them every encouragement.

That the Frenchman amalgamates with inferior tribes is the history of North America; he loses his identity, loses his civilization, finally loses empire. The Spaniard comes like a despot, fastens upon the toil of inferior races, his civilization decays, he, too, loses empire. The Anglo-Saxon, with a moral on sweep, molds anew. With him, tribes must rise or perish. He never loses himself. Incapables disappear or blend in the leaven of his empire. The way was clear for such an empire here, purely English. But America was too quick.

When over the mountains long trains of immigrants began to roll, the first faint waves of deluge, John McLoughlin was, before all things else, an Anglo-Saxon. The Indians were satisfied with the Hudson's Bay Company, it did not take their lands. But these Americans wanted, not furs but farms; not forts but homes; not isolated trading houses, but a whole land full of factories, schools, cities. Indian wrath grew with each succeeding wagon that rolled over the Rockies, bearing women and little children into Oregon. The tomahawk was ready. But as ever with this royal race, (when not fighting us) McLoughlin forgot gain, forgot furs and forts and dividends, he only remembered that humanity was here in danger. Far up the Columbia he sent his batteaux to feed the hungry immigrants. And when, from a stormy voyage, they were landed at Vancouver, he it was that met them on the shore, that took their hands in welcome, that builded bonfires all along the sands to warm and dry the multitude. All night long he stood out there, his white locks wet with rain, guarding, guarding personally that no damage or danger might ensue to these strangers in his realm. And so from year to year.

But who was McLoughlin? A British fur-trader. And these were American immigrants that meant to take the country. The London directorate of the Hudson's Bay Company made investigation. "Our representative in Oregon is encouraging American immigration," they said. "I know it, gentlemen, I know it, but I cannot see the people suffer," was McLoughlin's answer. The American Congress heard of him. "Dr. McLoughlin is a British fur-trader and a menace to our settlers," was the verdict.