

between Mr. Whitman and Mr. Spaulding. Mr. Spaulding was a man of some literary tastes, but was certainly not one of wild nature's favorites. On the trip out he was shaken by the ague, kicked by a mule, pushed off a ferryboat by a cow and saved himself from drowning by clinging to her caudal appendage; while an incipient western cyclone carried off his tent and stripped him of his blankets. We do not wonder that he concluded he was not adapted to western life, and that he would have turned back had not his brave wife persisted in going forward. But Dr. Whitman was one of nature's noblemen. He was not tall but was compactly built, was a physician as well as a missionary, was keen, independent, self-willed, had the lofty courage of Sheridan and the unconquerable tenacity of General Grant.

Despite the protestations of the British agent at Fort Hall Dr. Whitman insisted upon taking his wagon through and actually took it as far as Fort Boise before he abandoned it in 1836. Later he had it brought on to Oregon and thus proved against the persistent statements of the Hudson Bay Company that a wagon road from the United States to Oregon was practicable.

In October 1843 Dr. Whitman was called to visit a sick man of the Hudson Bay Co. at old Fort Walla Walla. While there the express rider from Canada dashed up with the mail. Dr. Whitman now learned for the first time that Governor Simpson had gone to Canada some months before, and had dispatched a body of one hundred and fifty emigrants to Oregon, to bring the English numbers above those of the American settlers; that these emigrants were only ten days behind the express-rider, and that Governor Simpson had gone on to Washington to try to arrange for the yielding of our claim to Oregon. On receiving the news the traders and the priests cheered for England and Oregon, and cried: "America is too late; the land is ours!" Dr. Whitman saw at once that the country would be lost without a most daring effort to save it. He rode back twenty-four miles to the American missions that afternoon, announced his determination to try to reach Washington, and asked for a companion. General Lovejoy of the Methodist Mission offered to go with him, and October 3d, with a guide and two pack mules, the two men set out on horseback for the United States. These two brave riders saw before them a journey of four thousand miles. The first three thousand would be across trackless wilds, and the first one thousand through mountains which were almost impassable in the summer-time. They knew they would be exposed to wild beasts. The Blackfeet Indians had been aroused to savage ferocity by the advance of the whites across the Mississippi, and their fierceness had infected many other tribes. Worst of all, these travelers saw the winter coming on. From the human standpoint it did not seem probable that a journey of three thousand miles could be made over mountains and across trackless plains in the depth of winter, with scarcely a