

that succumbed to the wine and good fellowship of Fort Vancouver. Or it may have been officers of Her Majesty's squadron that kept guard on the Columbia in the critical winter of 1845 when the tide was turning in favor of America. Sometimes it was an American trader like Nathaniel J. Wyeth of Boston, who with affable manner brought a Yankee hand and eye and brain; or an officer of our army like Fremont, who fitted out at Fort Vancouver before unfurling the stars and stripes in California. Sometimes it was a missionary driving stakes for future states, or an immigrant following close behind with garden tools and axes, the implements of civil life. And every year and every year it was a Hudson's Bay partner with his retinue of voyageurs coming down in state from Fort St. James beyond the Fraser, from Colville, Okanagan, Spokane, Fort Hall upon the Snake, or Walla Walla at the Columbia's bend, from Nisqually on the Sound, or from the hills around the Umpqua. But whoever came, McLoughlin was still the genial host, the sympathetic friend, the confidant and counselor.

This semibarbaric court, with nabob partners and transient guests, with retinues of French-Canadian cooks and voyageurs, and leagues on leagues of Indian subjects, found congenial soil in Oregon. Fort Vancouver blossomed into farms and gardens beyond anything Hudson's Bay men had ever known in the rigorous north; retiring servants shuddered at the chill of Canada, and begged permission to end their days with their Indian wives and children in the green Willamette valley. Civilization grew apace.

McLoughlin's rule was stern. Ethical reforms that follow Britain's rule held here. No more the slave was slain to be buried in his master's grave; no voyageur might have a dozen wives, no trader might abuse the confidence of trusting tribes. "Keep your promises," said McLoughlin. "Build up confidence." Where of old the boatmen sped with lighted match above a loaded cannon, peace dwelt. Not even would he permit a tribe to rob a rival trader. How quick he sent avengers down to Umpqua when Jedediah Smith had met mishap. The White-Headed Eagle spoke in tones of thunder, "No Indian can rob a white man with impunity." When a Hudson's Bay ship was wrecked at the mouth of the Columbia and Clatsops hid the goods, the vengeance of the white-headed chief was swift and terrible. When a Yankee captain ran aground in the Willamette, Mc-