

PIONEER LAYMEN OF NORTH AMERICA

immigrant. As he appeared among his pygmy associates, white or red, there was an almost unearthly grandeur in his presence. Body, mind and heart were all carved in gigantic proportions. His tall, powerful figure, over six feet in height, and broad in proportion, was usually arrayed in black, and crowned with long snow-white locks, falling over his shoulders, after the fashion of the day, which made the name White Eagle the natives gave him singularly appropriate. Likewise he was their King George, while his tramontane associates styled him the Emperor of the West. His eye was indeed that of an eagle, save that there was no murder in it. He was hasty in temper, and yet he seldom forgot himself; on some occasions he would burst into a passion which was harmless and quickly over, then again he was often calm under the most provoking circumstances; nor would he permit profane or ribald language in his presence.

"A strict disciplinarian, whose authority was absolute, his subordinates knew what to expect. In the management of forts and the business of the department, not the slightest deviation from fixed rules was allowed. Indeed so determined was he in character, so bent upon having his own way, that it was with difficulty the directory in London could control him.

"His influence over the savage mind was most remarkable. Before his coming to the Northwest Coast, as we have observed, it was not safe for white men to travel far except in armed bands. We shall soon see a different state of affairs in this respect under his benignant rule. We shall see achieved by his wise and humane policy a bloodless revolution, savage foes metamorphosed into steadfast friends, a wilderness teeming with treachery into a garden of safe repose.

"It is not so easy as it was to worship men. It is not so easy as it was to worship anything—except money. The world is getting old and rheumatic; and with a sense of its own infirmities comes a sense of infirmity in all things. We used to adore nature, bathing in sunshine, reveling in woods, and floating down calm currents. But with the balmy air come now flying bugs; rattlesnakes creep through the waving grass; and beneath the placid sun-silvered waters the big fish are all devouring the little fish. Why are men made like fishes? Nature is no longer adorable. Nature is a fascinating fraud. Nature is a failure.

"Now, were I in the worshipful mood, before this man I might bend my stiff knee, nor heed its cracking. Why? What