

**MARCUS WHITMAN, M.D., THE  
PATHFINDER OF THE PACIFIC  
NORTHWEST AND MARTYRED  
MISSIONARY OF OREGON**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649315291

Marcus Whitman, M.D., the Pathfinder of the Pacific Northwest and Martyred Missionary of Oregon by Jonathan Edwards

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**JONATHAN EDWARDS**

**MARCUS WHITMAN, M.D., THE  
PATHFINDER OF THE PACIFIC  
NORTHWEST AND MARTYRED  
MISSIONARY OF OREGON**



# MARCUS WHITMAN, M. D.

THE

## PATHFINDER OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

AND

**Martyred Missionary of Oregon.**

---

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE, CHARACTER, WORK, MASSACRE,  
AND MONUMENT.

---

**By Rev. Jonathan Edwards.**

---

"The work he did we ought to admire,  
And were unjust if we should more require."

SPokane:  
UNION PRINTING COMPANY,  
1892.

H

## PREFACE.

---

THIS unpretentious pamphlet on a great subject, is a lecture I have delivered many times in the State of Washington when presenting the claims of Whitman College. This will account for the colloquial style and lack of rhetorical finish. The effort has been to present the salient points as brief and comprehensive as possible. In the preparation of it I have become intensely interested in the romantic history of the Pacific Northwest, and have been especially impressed with the important part which the early missionaries played in the wonderful drama.

I am thoroughly convinced that the subject deserves careful and elaborate treatment by a competent mind, and it will doubtless have it, God willing, by Rev. Dr. Myron Eells.

The Rev. J. E. Roy, D. D. of Chicago, and others, have suggested that such a pamphlet as this, widely distributed, would aid in promoting the interests of Whitman College and if that end is accomplished the author will be abundantly rewarded. Among many works consulted, special acknowledgment of indebtedness is due the following: Bancroft's "History of Northwest Coast," "Oregon" and "Washington," Gray's "History of Oregon," Barrow's "Oregon, The Struggle for Possession," Gilbert's "History of Walla Walla County," and "Life of Marcus Whitman," in "The Pacific," by Rev. Myron Eells, D. D.

J. E.

# MARCUS WHITMAN, M. D.

**The Pathfinder of the Pacific Northwest,**

AND

**Martyred Missionary of Oregon.**

## CHAPTER I.

### PIONEER MISSIONARIES.

The history of the pioneer missionaries of the Pacific Northwest is a romance. By their exertions and sacrifices they have accomplished a work that entitles them the honor and admiration of successive generations. They were the founders of a new empire and the ushers of civilization to the land of the setting sun. Bancroft says in his history of Oregon: "It is in the missionary, rather than in the commercial or agricultural elements, that I find that romance which underlies all human endeavor before it becomes of sufficient interest for permanent preservation in the memory of mankind. I believe the time will come, if it be not already, when to the descendants of these hardy empire-builders this enrollment will be recognized as equivalent to a patent of nobility." Few men have in equal measure exhibited the heroic and self-denying spirit of the Apostles as these pioneer missionaries did. Seldom have been given to men such an opportunity to exert a far-reaching and enduring influence upon future generations. It was their privilege to lay deep, strong and broad foundations, upon which their successors have, and will, erect grand and permanent superstructures. Though dead they yet speak, and we enter into their labors. A sense of our obligation to them should incite us to honor their memories and perpetuate their names.

CHAPTER II.  
SEEKING FOR THE LIGHT.

THE LONG JOURNEY OF THE FLAT-HEAD INDIANS FROM NORTHERN  
IDAHO TO SAINT LOUIS.

The superficial knowledge of God which the Indians of the Pacific-Northwest obtained through the members of the Lewis and Clark expedition, some of the employees of the Hudson Bay company,—who built a trading post west of the Rocky Mountains in 1811,—and perhaps, what was communicated from tribe to tribe from the Roman Catholic Jesuits in Lower California, created within them a desire for more. It finally developed into an intense passion for more light regarding the white man's God and Bible. It became the all-absorbing subject for meditation and conversation. It was frequently discussed around the camp fire and in the wigwam. Yea, doubtless many prayers ascended to God for this true light from Heaven.

At last it was decided to make a desperate effort to obtain the much desired light. In 1832, five of the Flat-head or Nez Percés Indians made a journey from Northern Idaho to St. Louis, seeking the knowledge for which they so earnestly yearned. They were feeling after the true God if haply they might find Him. Two thousand miles they traveled, climbing precipitous rocks and over high and rugged mountains. They pressed their way through almost impenetrable forests, crossing wide prairies and dismal valleys, and fording rushing streams and deep rivers, all in order to find out more regarding the book that told all about the Great Spirit, the hunting ground of the blessed and the trail thereto. Who can conceive the hardships they endured ere they reached their journey's end? It is not



known how long it took them to make the journey. But they reached St. Louis, and for a time they moved around silently in mocassin and blanket, attracting but little attention among the few thousand inhabitants. Among them were two old chiefs noted for wisdom and prudence. The other three were young braves selected because of their endurance and daring in any perils. It was not easy for them to make known their errand. They found many things to interest them, but not that one thing which they felt they needed more than all else. They were kindly treated, entertained, blanketed and ornamented. They were lead to the cathedral and shown the altar and the pictures of saints.

But withal there was a vacuum within. They were not satisfied. Why? Because they had faced the perils and endured the hardships of a long journey, in order that they might have better ideas of the Great Spirit of the white man, and the book of the white man which shows the long trail leading to the Eternal Camping Ground. But this they had not found and doubtless thought their journey was in vain. As the three surviving braves were about starting on their return journey, sad at heart and disappointed, the farewell address of one of them delivered in the office of General Clark, is full of genuine pathos and deserves a place among the world's literary classics.

---

#### THE INDIAN'S FAREWELL SPEECH.

"I came to you over a trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friend of my fathers who have all gone the long way. I came with one eye partly opened, for more light for my people, who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back with both eyes closed? How can I go back blind to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. The two fathers who came with us—the braves of many winters and wars—we

leave asleep by your great water and wigwam. They were tired in many moons and their mocassins wore out. My people sent me to get the white man's book of Heaven. You took me where you allow your women to dance, as we do not ours, and the book was not there; you showed me the images of good spirits and pictures of the good land beyond, but the book was not among them to tell us the way. I am going back the long sad trail to my people of the dark land.

You make my feet heavy with burdens of gifts, and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them, but the book was not among them. When I tell my poor blind people, after one more snow in the big council, that I did not bring the book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on the long path to the other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them and no white man's book to make the way plain. I have no more words."



HEE-OH-KS-TE-KIN.—THE RABBIT'S SKIN LEGGINGS.  
(DRAWN BY GEORGE CATLIN.)

The only one of the five Nez Perce Chiefs (some say there were only four) who visited Saint Louis in 1832, that lived to return to his people to tell the story.



HCO-A-HCO-A-HCOTES-MIN.—NO HORNS ON HIS HEAD.

This one died on his return journey near the mouth of Yellowstone River.

This is what Catlin says himself. "These two men when I painted them, were in beautiful Sioux dresses, which had been presented to them in a talk with the Sioux, who treated them very kindly, while passing through the Sioux country. These two men were part of a delegation that came across the Rocky mountains to St. Louis, a few years since, to inquire for the truth of a representation which they said some white man had made among them, " that our religion was better than theirs, and that they would be all lost if they did not embrace it." Two old and venerable men of this party died in St. Louis, and I traveled two thousand miles, companions with these two fellows, toward their own country, and became much pleased with their manners and dispositions. When I first heard the report of the object of this extraordinary mission across the mountains, I could scarcely believe it; but, on conversing with General Clark, on a future occasion, I was fully convinced of the fact."

See Catlin's Eight Years, and Smithsonian Report for 1885, 2nd part.