

Hangings.

Palouse river.

Alexander Ross, Adventures on the Columbia.. chapter 12, page 209..

..This was the first formidable and regular party that left Astoria which seemed to impart the concern a character of permanency and success and was conducted by Mr. Clarke, the brightest star in the Columbian constellation as Mr. ~~Asst~~ Astor expressed himself..

..left Astoria for the interior the 29th of June, 1812 (Clarke, John)

on 29th of July all parties arrived safe at Walla Walla

..to separate and go separate ways..

Clarke..on way to his winter quarters at Spokane .

)According to Cox, Clarke's party consisted of one proprietor, four clerks, twenty one Canadians and six Sandwich Islanders.)

Having proceeded up the south branch of Lewis River (Snake) for about 50 miles he reached the Catatouch band at the mouth of the ~~Catatouch~~ Pavilion (:Palouse) river.

The Catatouches are a small and friendly tribe of the great Nez Perce nation and the lowest of them on the South Branch.

This spot terminated Mr. Clarke's voyage by water. From thence his route lay across land to the Spokane River, distant about 170 miles. Leaving his canoe under the care of the friendly Catatouch chief he purchased horses from the Indians for the transportation of his goods. Mr. Clarke had four clerks with him, Messrs Pillet, ~~Cox~~ Farnham, McLennan and Cox. He had also more men and merchandize than any of the other parties as it was supposed he would have most to do in opposing a formidable opposition.

Having purchased a sufficient number of horses he left the Pavillion on the 10th of August and set out on his journey by land.

Mr. Clarke established himself at the corner of the opposition post (Cox describes the site selected for the post as a handsome point of land formed by the junction of the Pointed Heart and Spo

Spokane rivers, thinly covered with pine and other trees and close to a trading post of the North West Company. The site was at the mouth of the Little Spokane River about 10 miles northwest of the modern city of Spokane.

McLennan was stationed at the Pointed Hearts or Sketch-hugh lake (Modern Coeur d'Alene lake in Idaho, about 25 miles southeast of Spokane)...

Spring (1800 1813) now drawing nigh Mr. Clarke got in all his 1000 outposts and scouts and left Spokane with 32 horses loaded with furs on the 25th of May... The party performed the journey across land to the Pavilion in six days and found the canoes which had been left there in charge of the Catatouche chief, all safe.

The most trivial incidents sometimes prove instructive and may in their consequences afford an important lesson. As soon as Mr. Clarke arrived at the Pavilion and found his canoes safe, pleased at the conduct of the chief, he made him a present of some ammunition and tobacco. This done they set about packing up the different articles in order to embark and among others two silver goblets belonging to Mr. Clarke himself, who took this opportunity of showing them to the chief and expatiated on their high value; then pouring a little wine into one of them, made the chief drink out of it, telling him when done that he was a greater man now than ever he was before. The chief was delighted and turning the goblet over and over in his hands, and looking at it with intense interest, handed it over to the next great man and he to another and so on till like the pipe of peace, it had gone round the whole circle. The precious curiosity was then laid by and the Indians retired.

Next morning, however, the pearl of great price was gone. Everything in and about the camp was turned topsy-turvy in search of the silver goblet but to no purpose. All business was now suspended--the goblet must be found. At last it was conjectured the Indians must have

stolen it; and Mr. Clarke, with fury in his countenance, assembled the whole ~~Cata~~ Catatouche camp and made known his loss--the loss of his silver goblet. He coaxed, he flattered, he threatened to bring down vengeance upon the whole tribe for the loss of his goblet and in his wrath and vexation denounced death upon the offender should he be discovered. The poor Indians stood gazing in amazement

They sympathized with him, pitied him and deplored his loss, and promised to do their utmost to find the goblet. With this solemn declaration they went off. The whole tribe was called together, the council sat and soon afterwards they returned in a body, like messengers of peace, bringing the ~~silver~~ glad tidings to Mr. Clarke that the silver goblet was found; at the same time the chief stepping forward and spreading out his rope, laid the previous vessel before him. "Where is the thief?"

vociferated Mr. Clark. The chief then pointed to a fellow sitting in the ring as the criminal.

"I swore said Mr. Clarke that the thief should die and white men never break their word." The fellow was told of his fate but he kept smiling, thinking himself, according to Indian custom, perfectly safe, for the moment the stolen article is returned to the rightful owner, according to the maxims of Indian law, the culprit is exonerated. Mr. Clarke, however, thought otherwise and like Herod of old for the sake of his oath, considered himself bound to put his threat into execution and therefore instantly commanded the poor unsuspecting wretch to be hung up--and hung he was according to the law; and the unhallowed deed was aggravated by the circumstance of their taking the poles of his own lodge to make the gallows.

The Indians all the time could not believe that the whites were in earnest till they beheld the lifeless body. The deed was done however, no sooner committed than Mr. Clarke grew alarmed. The chief, throwing down the robe on the ground, a sign of displeasure, harangued his people who immediately after mounted their fleetest horses and scampered off

in all directions to circulate the news and assemble the surrounding tribes to take vengeance on the whites.

In the meantime, leaving the enraged Indians to follow their inclination, the canoes were thrown into the water, loaded down and down the current Mr. Clarke and his men pushed their way day and night till they reached the "alla Walla where they arrived safe on the fourth of June and here we shall leave them for the present while we detail McKenzie's winter adventures..

....fortunately for the whites the defunct Indian was a person of very low degree, even in the estimation of the Indians themselves, being an outcast without friends or relatives which made him bent on revenge but not the less disposed to annoy as we shall have occasion to notice thereafter..

(The account of this affair given by Cox who was a member of Clarke's party, differs in certain important particulars from the one here presented. In particular it contains no hint of criticism of Clarke's actions."...

....."When we reached "alla Walla on the 30th of May as already mentioned we were at a loss to account for the unusual movement and stir among the Indians who seemed to be assembling from all quarters in great haste. The mystery, was, however soon cleared up when Mr. Clarke joined us and related the affair of the silver goblet at the "atatouch camp. "What did Stuart and McKenzie say. "What could any man say. "The reckless deed had been committed and Clarke's countenance fell when the general voice of disapprobation was raised against him. The Indians all along kept flying to and fro whooping and yelling in wild commotion. "

At this time Tummeatapam came riding up to our camp at full speed. "What have you done my friends?" called out the old and agitated chief. "You have spilled blood on our lands." Then pointing to a cloud of dust raised by the Indians who were coming

down upon us in wild confusion. "There my friends, do you see them?" "What Can I do?" The chief did not dismount but wheeling off he went like a shot leaving us to draw a salutary inference from the words "What can I do?" meaning no doubt that ~~On~~ we had better be off immediately. Taking the hint we lost no time. Tents were struck some had breakfasted, some not; kettles and dishes were all huddled together and bundled into the canoe and embarking pell-mell we pushed with all haste from the inauspicious shore. We pushed down the current, passing the falls, the narrows and the Cascades without the least interruption and arrived safe at Astoria on the 14th of June.

..returning pupstream later..big demonstration of Indians at Walla Walla.....This demonstration of the Indians prevented Mr. ^Clane from proceeding to his destination by the usual route He had, therefore, to continue with us and pass by Oakinackne for Spokane making a circuitous route of more than 300 miles.