From Umatilla to Walla Walla nothing strikes you to vary the uniformity of the scenery. The long rolling prairie, with little life to arrest your attention. The currents in the river now rapid and swollen, as the banks approach each other on either side. The scene Mount Hood (which you see to the right of you) near behold to one's left, it never seems to diminish in size as you recede from it, but often appears to lift itself up till you can see below the mountain - a huge pyramid upon a dark mountain with its apex in the clouds. I reach Walla Walla by 5 o'clock (15th of Sept.) -

- Morning, build into an old-fashioned stage with leather -
- Springs driven by horses, a soldier driver, who had engaged helped himself to a few drinks - informed Captain of such a state that we could not go through to Walla Walla that night, and would have to stop till morning at Walla Walla. I am always, from a fear, impatient of delay and at this time it was very important for me to take the very next steps from Walla Walla.
for Sophrai, else I should be driven to lose part of
the shuttle on my return trip. Thus I had been steadily
planning not to do. In war when necessity forced
me, I refused to fight and marched and fought on Sunday. I never signed it and made
up my mind that it must be a very urgent call
this would induce

my journey on that day. I replied much to
the surprise of my driver that we would go as far
as we could that night. He took a trailer into
the wagon with us and ... get out. For a few
miles the road was smooth and meandered into
crooked Maasen Creek (off Maasen Creek). The road was good. And four
miles began to appear after some two feet deep;

through under it like ice under water. Broken into
fragments with an occasional fragment you
almost to fine that it resists to settle except on your face,

must see this clothing. It fills your eyes if you

open it. Of miles upon lead horses from view. I began to
understand as night approached why the do, indeed could
not be made before dark. And after reaching what we

called “other holes” - a hole can one side or the
other at the bottom of the deep. I understand why we could
not push on after dark. The sky overhead above this deat
was without a cloud and we had one good hour of moonlight
the night before set. The last few miles some of us walked.
ahead of the horses to guide them & keep the carriage in the deep cure track. Before we stopped for the night we heard a peculiar puffing sound. The driver says that Bollingpin is coming. Sure enough a little engine was running on the side of the road. We heard a strange noise as we drove a freight train over the narrow gauge road. This road has been ridiculed as a Boiled rail. We tried the experiment of a narrow gauge with the old-fashioned strap-end rail that you notice often at coal mines & coal mills. Laid down for a tramway for short distances. Dr. Bollingpin was more than half of his road completed. I am his own motion engaging a better road. At Somerets (the people called the first syllable) we find two houses with a depot. One of them is for public entertainment. The house consists of four rooms below & above as many above, through board. No windows, just a temporary shelter. And several young people. Our host was a young man. His speech shows culture. A man looking young indeed to the table. I took his face. Here you notice how much good people from the East deny themselves the ordinary conveniences & comforts of life to get a start in a new county. Such seems my reflections as I passed through the cracks between the

...
The morning sun found us en route as the snowed a nazy appearance about Ni-ha-ya-ya. Summer valleys began to appear of considerable breadth. Pans burned mill floors, extensive wheat fields, orchards loaded with fruit. The enthusement as we approached the city of Malla-Malla was not confined to the rich valleys but the hill sides. Streams ripes of it. The pungled fields, the large town from which grain had been taken gave evidence that there was good soil and sufficient moisture to warrant any planting of crops.

Mr. Grant to Fort Riddle. Mr. Grant a nice gentleman of my country. He was returning to command his territory. His Excellency give us kinder welcome. Join you on board in your room if hot tub and by the time you are presentable, there is the most breakfast for you. May I tell a secret? Mr. Grant a very few years since in society a young lady in the city of New York. Most well known. Your comment was very spoilt. She gets an excellent breakfast herself. I believe always insisted that is is positive economy as well as joy for a young man to get a good wife while he is young.
There is no hospitality more genial or hearty

That you were in the army at a frontier post and
Many more cordial than at Col. Perry's nearest home.

I will not speak further of this post till my return from

Toopwar. Col. How Nn Quartersmaster arranges with

The stage proprietor to put us there. To Toopwar 2 being

us back to Waller-Walla before Sunday. This distance

is upwards of 80 miles and it is now Wednesday.

Between 12:30 P.M. (Sept. 16th) The proprietor

Myself Herrit's mounts him (was behind & good

horse & coach). Stade & I & only passengers speed

away. Not minding his leather springs nor the

rotten old chuck holes. Nor a few punctures out of

This roa. Some new machinery do not prevent everything

with horses from Wallula to Waller-Walla. How

easy it is to endure evils which are ever growing

less; but it is wonderfully rising when they are

constantly on the increase! Who would have

thought after passing so much cloud - dust &

would your eyes come upon these rich fanning me

waard - one of those rich fanning me

would ever pass by? The houses are modest, but

are & commodities

The barns are large and huge stacks of grain against
Brock, R.

[Handwritten text partially visible]
of the Lemars. Wherever orchards are planted the trees often have to be propped up to prevent being broken. We begin to meet parties of Indians rising & driving ponies, parties made up of men, women & children. These are from the Assiniboin, Ni-Kay Pericles & the Spokane. Nobody seems afraid of them. Nobody goes around. How quiet & orderly everything! Now very different the feeling of the people you meet & talk with from them in Arizona! Mr. Lemour soon is a pretty village where there are water power and good mills. Mr. Town is called Maitseburg.

I am beside the stage propelling. "Why Maitseburg? He says Mr. Mait settled here. He came from the east to Oregon when population became too abundant. He came into this valley & from their were too many here, he pushed on to start a new town, eastern Idaho. He is a good man, one ought to send him a delegate to Congress, but he is not very popular, being opposed to strong drink. Imagine my enmity to see a roaming frontiersman, running away from population & settlements, opposed to strong

The Indians
Maitseburg
Why named.

Attire! The ladies at Dayton before dark, and
must up at the Hunts Hotel. What a contrast this with
the public house of Sturbridge! Mr Hunt aided by his
little daughter. Keep a temperance house. He has
a good sized building with plenty of comfortable
rooms, on all separate tables, in dining hall.
Whatever you want is called by the little
daughter through the casement into the kitchen.
and after your bottle is furnished to your satisfaction
she sits at your table to entertain you face
that your proper reflections. At 12
of the 1st at 5 in the same. Being for dinner we eat
out in the darkness. The horses will not
keep hired. The driver sleeps fearfully. I
begin to wonder what will become of us if it not
or not.

I must get an opportunity to demonstrate to this
Samuel why gaming is worse as bad lying. By
diehard I mean. He goes by his side. If I were
writing a book I could give you King's history. A boy
in Northport N.Y. a young man at his farm in California,
a rancher with no money cheats robs him
of everything while lying sick. Then he hundreds of shifts he
made among the remnant of men to keep his head above water.
Some view like gambling, it driven, loading him down.
He was tender then—his mother but thought him well equipped to bear which I was with him. To mean would be more careful in driving or more faithful in looking after his horses. I was prevailed on to let me know when he got married that I might send him a family Bible, and really I thought if he gets his young widow he will turn over a new leaf. Oh, what a country—Miss. Valley after valley over hill after hill—across the mountains—on the top, the snow seemed everywhere, their coming down a descent & new miles to the Smokey river bottom—Miss. Valley is quite narrow & rough. The road way is cut into the side of the hill-side—once I saw two wagons approaching & wondered how we could pass over hundreds of feet for a man to stand garget by holding on to a tree & below, hundreds of feet equally steep. The wisest place for passing was selected. The forage areas did slide but the horses along to the road-side of some trees as the headmost come in mine last swung off with his sliding wagon he looked up to our stage driver with a laugh & said "what would you do down here? No fear! pluck & good nature gets one over this & other extreme difficulties.

Mr. Cross Mr. Stark River twice. A were rope stretches across, a pulley run on it with manpower.0
arranged as to let the current carry the
flotsam about playfully. Then some miles of the
smallest rapids now - then comes the basin of the
Deismewa. This town was named for Lewis of
the old firm of Davis & Clark, who crossed the
plains among the first of explorers, before Astor's
friend Hunt this party had spent some ten months
in doing this town. As I am beaten by jets and made
adequate, many avenues, desiring a raft of plants
and a man sitting quietly upon it with his dinner
empty.

April by this river almost amount to three
me with which he journeyed. We followed up the
river under shelter of the Idaho Mountains, high
up steep upon our left. The rapids were upon our
right, just room enough to pass, till we came
1394 miles this trip. There is a curious looking table
lands beyond the river near this town, it seems
at first reflection an extension of the mountains. We
cross the river into Deismewa - quite a frontier
village - like Missoula, mining excitement.

It was once much larger, but it still has two
responsible hotels and a dozen or twenty stores. Not
to meeting the digger followers. Several pleasant
houses & gardens in the outskirts and perhaps
200 inhabitants, including Indian, German, Chinese
half breeds. Post Deismewa is 12 miles from town.
and the wonder how we shall get into camp dark
and without reaching us. The farmers on the Indian Reserve
is in town and goes within a half mile of the trading post.
They go to market on foot and buy the goods on th.
With a kind lady who has a pleasant -young-
and a young man of 18. I found they were the daughter
of one of the missionaries. She is a teacher, aiding
her father, among the rag Indians. They kindly the
former offers to take us along. From these
good people in a journey moderately, fifteen of
twelve miles were learned much concerning the
Mrs. Martin's post is located. Before my return I paid
a visit to the Agency, meeting the Agent, Mr. Montell,
his brother and his family.
I find these excellent
people, well disposed, advocating the cause of
the Indians, but I confess to a feeling of disappointment
as the apparent results of many years
of Christian labor. May God is too few children
trained for Christ, too few grown people converted
to God! I am told that matter at the Upper Sub-
Agency 85 miles north are more likely.
more children in school,
more developed, more Christian families, but it
is not with him present working, but with the
neglected part that I feel to complain. If what Bishop
Muirhead says is true that "missions among the Indians are
more remunerative than among any other heathen people,
ought we not to have greater results among these
I am always keen to see the peace restored among us. The mission was started by the American Board in 1836 and was continued by self-denying men for some eleven years. The difficulties with the Indians caused a suspension from 1849 till 1852. Peace policy called the Methodist Church of the Pacific Coast to Literary in 1871 among our brethren a great loss. The following extract from his report:

In the tonnin Counties between Great Britain and the United States the key forces remained here to this letter. In the Whitman Massacre they took no part. We presented the lives of the Americans who were among them. It is affirmed that they have more than one prevented Indian outbreaks by opposing alliances for the extermination of the Whites; and when at last they were unable to restrain the fury of the other tribes, they lent assistance to our countrymen in their ranks as volunteers, reserves of our soldiers, and saved many lives.

Excellent as their service appears to have been, I hope the new policy may bring them forward more rapidly in all that pertains to Christian civilization.
After ascending to the heights we proceed and proceed
proceeding along a level stretch of country. The view
in every direction is magnificent—its rolling prairie
and mountains bordering the valleys. These
mountains as they extend along the hills, across the loamy
ridge, round a smooth, grassy promontory-like
mountain. Turning to the right we behold
a picture that made us cry out with delight. The
Little Valley opened out toward the west. The sun not
yet between its bow to shine brilliantly up the whole
space. Touching the hilltop a mountain with bright
luminous point with its while buildings cunningly
arranged, with the feeling of its few trees rest yet
ago. The post and look like a beautiful paradisical
village nestled among in a valley filled with glory.

or drink in looking upon this scene picture for
near the same point says: "Yeander in the Garrison
with buildings glistening in the sun as one third. The
shade of trees, it is called fairway. Around it
extends this plain, covered with acres and into
by the creek which now looks like a stream of silver.
The Valley is bounded on one side by hillocks which
hope to their summits, on the other by precipitous back,
crests with gentle activities, on the meadows grass and
sheep are grazing. In Attlee's efforts."
Afteraccording to the latitudinal line we pursued, we proceeded along a level stretch of country. The view in every direction is magnificent. The rolling prairie, the mountains, the valleys, the beautiful scenery, the valleys. The country is romantic. We descended along a stretch of hills, crossed a log bridge, crossed a smooth, green, grassy meadow. The mountain, when turning to the right, we beheld a picturesque scene that made us cry out with delight. The valley opened out toward the west. The sun set not far from us, and the sun brightened up the whole of the scene. Touching the hilltops, mountains with bright lights, the horizon part with its white buildings, and arranged, with its foliage of its feet, trees not yet gone. The forest looks like a beautiful paradise. The valley opened away in a valley filled with glory. The beauty in simple contrast with the past. Our journey begins. Ernest Miller brings me to his quarters, and there with his generous hospitality, his excellent self, and my wife took every pains in making me feel at home to make me forget the length of my journey. The next day is Friday. I made a very narrow inspection of the post, of the command under arms. The next day was the conclusion of my

Princeton University Library
seemingly paradise struggled in there among
the mountains of Idaho, that they enact a full
symphony of the interior life on the Army frontier. There
is no breastwork or entrenchment or anything to entitle it to
the name of fort. Post is the letter. Conceive of a level
place on the left bank of a mountain stream, Sayjoy Creek,
some 500 paces square fenced in. Two or
three story 1½ story houses, frame building with shingle
roofs. Long enough for two sets of quarters
with a parade along the entire front of each, one on
the side of the square opposite the creek. Opposite
one main quad, two frame buildings each 90 by 30 feet.
The adjutant office, rear quartermaster's and commissary
depot on one one hand. The guard house on the
other placed facing inward. The hospital, Headquarters,
quarters & stables are arranged without the square. The
hospital near the officer's line and the officers near the
creek. With two companies & some ladies not always
arranged for in quarters. Men is at Joseph a shortness in supply so that
dinner requires temporary in command occupied a vacant set
near the creek of quarters belonging to the Fort trader
a little one story house of apparently three small rooms & a
kitchen. It would never be right to expose the wealth of one
of these little homes. But owing to pay & transportation, it cannot be
Headquarters Department of the Columbia, Portland, Oregon, 30th January 1871.

The situation is as follows: It is desired to establish a post on the Columbia at a point below Fort Vancouver, and it is considered necessary to have a force of troops to protect the public property and prevent any lawless or hostile acts.

It is recommended that the post be established at a site that will allow for easy defense and communication with Fort Vancouver, and that the force include at least 100 men.

Furthermore, it is suggested that a contingent of Indians be provided to assist in the defense of the post and to act as interpreters in the area.

A detailed report of the proposed location and the necessary provisions should be submitted to the Department for consideration.

[Signature]

[Date]
in a superabundance of his world goods—yet by the
indecisive cast, by a delicate genius, the lady transposes rough
boxes, foundries into the nicest lodges, workshops, &c.
and by an univious, collateral or arrangement of little things, pictures, brackets,
leavens passes e. e. makes your smallest specimen of a room
as cozy and homelike as can be. just how it is done
nobody can tell, but the effect is produced. i asked mrs. weller
if she enjoyed this life—the kind very much—tapping
is a very pleasant sport. now is it not this right?
are the creative comforts you enjoy in near the
large cities the only ones? with a few that love
more you around you may you not be even
more content than when you must spend many
minutes in trying to conform to the thousand formalities
practices of a large society? at any rate, the officers
their families seemed as bright & happy as we
are at portland—as anything as their own beautiful &
window valley in detrois. by riding nearly all night
friday and all day saturday capt. aldred & i made
our journey back to wella wella. the
next day is saturday. by special invitation of col. thos.
perry i attend the episcopal church. but with some
strings of conscience, as my own household of faith is
not large here & mrs. chamberlain needs all possible
encouragement. i did, however, enjoy the presence of
mrs. wells: away from the city astenments, there is always

return to wella wella— the church
mrs. chamberlain

mrs. wells

mrs. wells

mrs. wells

mrs. wells

mrs. wells

mrs. wells
always something fresh, cheerful, & tasteful in an English peak church—plain & simple & yet not barren & too hedging. This sun is very wholesome, clearly & well lighted and the service was inspiring throughout.

In the afternoon I saw Mr. Chenoweth & his family. We had but one service. I had the pleasure of listening to him the next evening at my reception. He is a wonderfully matured thinker & speaker. Holding his audience in breathless attention even while telling the people things they did not much relish, the few companies, those of cavalry & field of infantry, were impressed. The next day Malla Malla was finally located to inspire his museum, Indian tribe, & the proper respect. Gabrila & Tepoznil an in the light of its outpost. The Indians on intelligence enough to know with what ease they can be reached from this center. Malla Malla is a wide awake, enterprising little city in the midst of fertile hills & valley. I shall always forget the reception had from the people there. Tables were set with substantial & generous fruit of enormous size & flowers tastefully displayed. A fine healthy people, robust men & beautiful ladies came in to greet us. The editor of a democratic paper shot pleasant my Riding & civic history. Speeches were made by judges, ministers, offices, & other citizens. One seldom sees a happier
occasion. And yet something unclean in this
country, I fear. There was no wine or strong
drinks and thus from none of the unpleasant
consequences that often accompany travel to such
a place. By the kindness of Capt. Harris I was
able to return through the deep dust to Wallula
in a two horse spring wagon with my mind
ahead. The cloud of dust can seldom behind you
nowhere. The same was driven down the Columbia
and had to rapidly that you soon much waiting at
Hopkins Station to fill out the time, and noticed
nearly immense amount of meat brought down
and transferred now. And the equally large quantities
of merchandise of all kinds in train to go up
by the returning steamer today. The Pacific
steads court may lack population, but it has a healthy
mixture with energetic people! Thursday night found
us of Portland amongst the children clapping hands
at their parents’ return. Yours truly

Dollie Steen, Nov. 18th 1874

O. Otterwood

To
Rev. Lyman Abbott
Editor, Christian Weekly.