# The Alaskan Pathfinder

## THE STORY OF SHELDON JACKSON

HD WIDENER
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JOHN T. FARIS

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# The Alaskan Pathfinder

*By JOHN T. FARIS*

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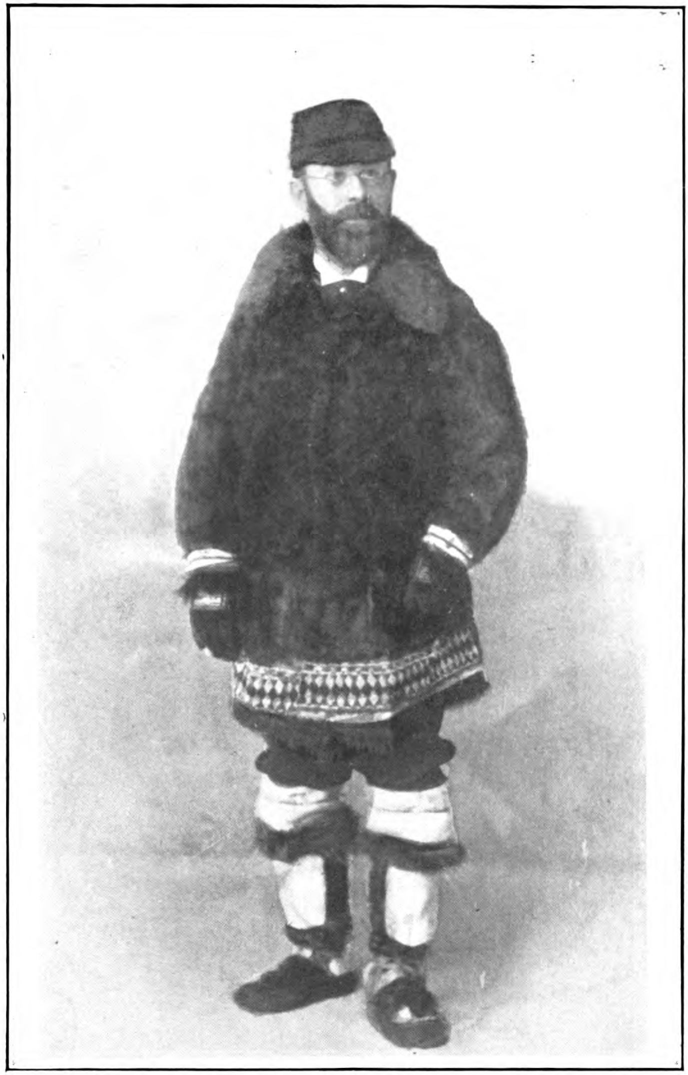

SHELDON JACKSON, THE ALASKAN PATHFINDER
IN HIS FUR SUIT FOR SUMMER USE IN ALASKA.

# The Alaskan Pathfinder

## THE STORY OF
## SHELDON JACKSON

BY

**JOHN T. FARIS**
*Author of "Making Good," "Men Who Made Good,"*
*"Winning the Oregon Country," etc.*

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

**JOHN A. MARQUIS, D.D.**
*General Secretary, Board of National Missions,*
*Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.*

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# Introduction to New Edition

BY

JOHN A. MARQUIS, D.D.

*General Secretary, Board of National Missions,*
*Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.*

THIS book is more than a history; it is an appreciation, an appraisal with the perspective of a generation. During Sheldon Jackson's lifetime the Church and the nation recognized his value to both as a "pathfinder" and maker of the future America, but neither of them appreciated, nor could appreciate at that time, the full meaning and value of his service. The field of his activities covered an Empire. From the territory in which he pioneered for civilization and Christianity, there have been carved the great prairie states west of the Missouri, in the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Northwest—nearly half a continent.

Sheldon Jackson was among those who laid the spiritual foundations on which the moral character and spiritual idealism of those great regions have been built. He was a sort of spiritual Cecil Rhodes. It is significant that the states where he pioneered are those that are taking the strongest and most advanced stand today in industrial and social improvement, prohibition, etc. The Puritans were no mightier than he as foundation-makers and as builders of social righteousness.

It is with Alaska, however, that his name will always be most prominently connected. His work there was so monumental that it fills one with amazement to learn, as he reads these pages, that it was only a part-time job. When the United States Government purchased Alaska from Russia, Secretary Seward for the Government definitely promised to secure to the natives all the "rights, advantages and immunities of citizens of the United States," which promise the Government immediately proceeded to forget. It is to Sheldon Jackson more than to any other man that the credit is due for prodding the officials at Washington to a sense of the debt of honor they owed to the natives of Alaska and to their promise to Russia. This is not the only instance where private citizens have had to discharge obligations of honor which government officials assumed and then neglected.

There is abundant romance as well as heroism in the story Dr. Faris unfolds of Sheldon Jackson's struggles in maintaining the honor of the United States in its dealings with the natives of Alaska. As in many another case, his severest struggle was not with the natives, savages though they were when he first went among them, but with the politicians and traders who were fattening on them. The story is told of a political editor in those early days who attacked Dr. Jackson in practically every issue of his paper, calling him a grafter, a meddler and a general nuisance, and always referring to him as "Shell-game" Jackson. It is significant that the same paper today scarcely has an issue that does not laud Dr. Jackson for his great service to "the Empire of Alaska."

The beginnings of things in a new country are generally productive of heroes, and Alaska is no exception; Sheldon Jackson, S. Hall Young and Archdeacon Stuck will always have a place in the history of America's North; but the chief place, the place of clear vision where others could not see, and of leadership where others faltered, must always be given to Sheldon Jackson. Missionary, Explorer, Educator and Social Builder, his story must not be forgotten.

NEW YORK CITY.

## Acknowledgment

While much of the material for "*The Alaskan Pathfinder*" has been taken from the diaries and other records of Sheldon Jackson, the splendid volume "*Sheldon Jackson*," by Dr. Robert L. Stewart, has been found invaluable. Several chapters are based on corresponding chapters in his book. In a number of cases where it has seemed unwise to interrupt the narrative by the use of quotations, incidents have been told in Dr. Stewart's words, by his kind permission.

It is the hope of the author that this volume will awaken such an interest in the hardy pioneer that those who read it will desire to study Dr. Stewart's exhaustive book.

# Preface

"*The next speaker will be our stalwart friend from the Rocky Mountains—Dr. Sheldon Jackson.*"

THERE was a momentary pause as the presiding officer of a large gathering looked around expectantly for the appearance of the speaker.

Then from all parts of the house there was a look of surprise and a burst of laughter as there came forward a man so short and slight as to seem almost ludicrous in view of the expectations aroused by the announcement.

The first words of the little doctor changed the laughter to applause:

"If I had been more stalwart, I could not have slept so many nights on the four-and-a-half foot seat of a Rocky Mountain stage."

Then Dr. Jackson—who had been mistaken for another man of the same name—told a thrilling story of some of the incidents of his work.

Sleeping on the four-and-a-half foot seat of a Rocky Mountain stage must have seemed to Dr. Jackson unusual luxury, for during the years of his pioneer service he slept in far more uncom-

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fortable places. Many times he slept on the floor —but he thought nothing of this. In 1875, after travelling by stage-coach until one o'clock in the morning, he stretched his weary frame on a billiard table, and slept for two hours before renewing his journey. In 1877, after a day spent in climbing along Colorado precipices, he came to a lonely log cabin, but found that no bed could be offered him. So he spread his blankets on a pile of shingles, and was soon sound asleep.

Again he was overtaken by night when ten thousand feet up on the side of a mountain, and pitched camp in a clump of tall pines. The snow was nearly two feet deep, and the cold was intense. With great labour he and his travelling companion heaped up a pile of logs three or four feet high, for a fire which sent the sparks to the top of the tallest pines, and lighted up the woods all around. The horses were tied on one side of the fire to keep them from the mountain lions, and the men laid pine boughs on the top of the snow for a bed. Upon this they took turns in sleeping, the one whose turn it was to keep awake standing guard against the mountain lions.

Again, while crossing a summit of the Rockies, the blankets were spread on the ground by the fire, but the night was too cold and the blankets too few to allow sleep. So the hardy pioneer rose at two in the morning, continued his journey until nine o'clock—and then threw himself on a board bench before a cabin. There he slept for hours. In 1881, in Alaska, just after overseeing the unloading of a cargo of lumber and window sash from the steamer on which he had been travelling for several weeks, he made a hollow in one of the lumber piles, where—rolled in his blankets—he slept every night for a week, until the schoolhouse for which the lumber was intended could be completed.

And what of the days following such nights? Sometimes he spent the hours on horseback; many times he was on foot, and felt fortunate when he could get a lift in a passing wagon or sleigh. Sometimes he rode on a railway, but not always on a passenger train; freight and construction trains knew him frequently. Often he was a passenger on a stage-coach, a buckboard or an army ambulance, a lumber wagon, an ox-cart. He had his experiences with bucking bronchos, reindeer sledges and mule teams. When he took to the water, he was not averse to using a regular passenger steamer, but he was at home in a dugout, a launch, a canoe, a revenue cutter, a war vessel, a schooner or a cattle ship.

Centuries ago Paul wrote that he had been in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers . . . in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren. This modern Paul—if he had taken the time—could have told of like perils. Once he rode with his rifle on his knee, for fear of Indians. Several times he was under fire. Many times he was in danger from the cold. He knew what it was to be without necessary food. He was a passenger in a stage-coach when it plunged over a precipice into a stream, and he escaped only by a timely jump.

Why did this pioneer make these perilous journeys? Let this volume answer the question.

J. T. F.

*Philadelphia, Pa.*

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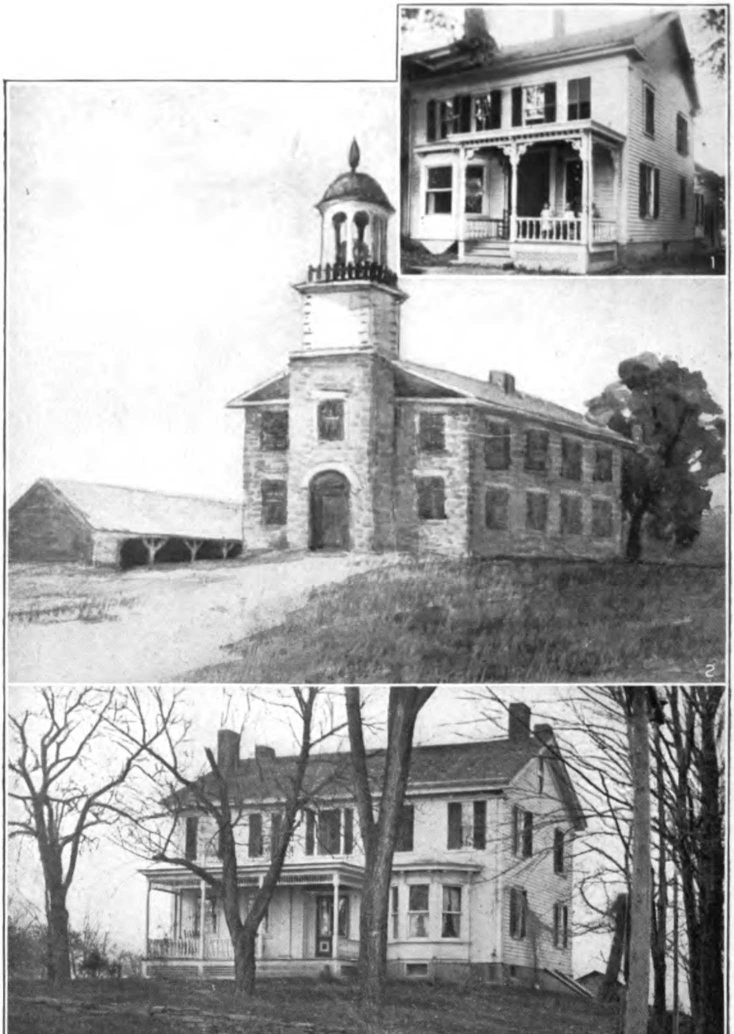


HOMES OF HIS CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.
1. Sheldon Jackson's birthplace. 2. Presbyterian Church of Esperance. 3. Farmhouse. Home of his childhood and youth. 1840-58.

# I

## SHELDON JACKSON, THE BOY

*"Fire!"—A dedicated life—Ten miles to church, in the snow—Play and work—Indian tales—Appointed a teacher among the Indians.*

ONE day in 1834 there was heard the cry of "Fire!" in the little village of Minaville, New York. On investigation the villagers discovered that the home of Samuel Clinton Jackson was burning. They hurried to the aid of the endangered occupants, and assisted Mrs. Jackson to escape with her baby boy, Sheldon Jackson, who was born on May 18 of that year. Then they turned their attention to the fire, which was extinguished before much damage had been done.

When Sheldon was four years old, his father and mother told God their desire that their boy should become a minister of the Gospel. It was their hope that he would be, not a pastor in some wealthy church in the East, but a missionary in a difficult field.

In 1840 Mr. Jackson moved to a farm ten miles from the church of which he was a member. The long road to the old church was hilly. In the spring and fall it was seldom free from mud and ruts; in the summer it was rough and stony, and in the winter the exposed places were frequently blocked for weeks with the drifting snows. Years later Sheldon Jackson wrote his recollections of the Sunday journeys over these roads:

"In the short days of winter on Sabbath morning the chores were done, preparation made, and breakfast was over before daylight. The team was hitched up, buffalo robes, blankets and straw, with the necessary axe and shovel, were placed in the sleigh; and as the family locked the doors, and went out from the home they carried with them the lunch-basket and a three-inch oak plank, or soap-stone, that had been heated in the oven of the stove, to keep their feet warm. On these ten-mile trips, going and returning from church, it was not an uncommon occurrence for the sleigh to upset, or the horses to get down in the snow. In such case, a buffalo robe would be spread on the snow upon which would be placed the mother and daughter. Then, while the son was stationed at the horses' heads, the father would loosen the traces and right the sled or help up the team. Frequently, on these occasions, a panel would be broken out of the road fence with the axe and a path shovelled through the drifts into the neighbouring field, where the sled could make progress parallel with the road, until a place was reached where the drifts were passable."

When the village was reached, and the team was put away in the barn, Mr. Jackson would shovel the path from the street to the church door, light the fire, and ring the church bell. After the service, a basket lunch would be eaten. Then the family would return home, weary after their twenty mile ride.

Many of the Jacksons' neighbours did not go to church, so Mr. Jackson started a weekly prayer-meeting and a monthly missionary meeting, which met at different homes. Sheldon was a regular attendant, and the impression made on him then had much to do with directing his thoughts to his life-work—just as the example of his father in making long journeys to church and acting as pioneer for others through the snows implanted in him the desire to do similar things when he came to manhood.

During the week Sheldon and Louise—who were always together—delighted to play under the horse chestnuts and the elms on the lawn, to clamber down the banks of the picturesque little glen near the house, to visit the apple trees in the orchard, or to wander here and there on the farm.

When he was old enough Sheldon had his part in the tasks of the farm. During the summer he was soon depended on for a man's work in the hay-field; during the winter he did the chores before and after school.

It was only a short distance from the house to the school. Sheldon and Louise were companions there, as at all other places. Many a time when the snow was deep the brother drew his sister on a sled to the schoolhouse. Then at recess what glorious times they would have on the snow and ice! However, study was not neglected. Fortunately good teachers were in charge, as a rule. One of these had the gift of inspiring his pupils to do good work, and to earnest Christian living. Remembering that the boys and girls under his care lived in a part of the state where pioneers had faced the Indians in many bloody encounters, he made them familiar with the events of the Indian wars of the Mohawk and Schoharie valleys. Sheldon was especially interested in the story of the self-sacrificing lives of David Brainerd and David Zeisberger, missionaries among the Indians not far from his own home. Eagerly the boy devoured books which told of these men. Other books in which he delighted were "Pilgrim's Progress," Washington Irving's works, and some of Scott's novels.

During the years spent in the academy, the college and the seminary, missionaries became more than ever his heroes, and his friends were not surprised when—in 1857—he asked to be sent by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions as a foreign missionary. But it was thought that he was not strong enough to endure the work on the foreign field, so he was told that he had better work among the Indian tribes of the United States.

On February 27, 1858, he was appointed to a teacher's position in the mission school for Choctaw Indian boys at Spencer, Indian Territory. In April he graduated, on May 5 he was ordained to the ministry, and on May 18—his twenty-fourth birthday—he was married to Miss Mary Voorhees, who lived two miles from his early home at Minaville.

Then he faced the future courageously and hopefully. He had longed to go to Siam, but he was content to do as he was told—though he felt he had an iron constitution.

It is worth while to read a comment made, many years later, by a worker who called attention to the action requiring him to remain on the home field:

"I think that the Board would be rather surprised to see him now, after forty years of service, compared to which Siam would have been 'carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease.' He can endure more hardships, travel, hard work, and exposure this minute than half the college football players, and he looks ten years younger than his sixty-four years."

# II

# THE WEST TO WHICH SHELDON JACKSON WENT

*"The Great American Desert"—Pushing back the desert—Travel on "The Plains"—Indian marauders—The buffalo herds—Buffalo wallows—Foreign missionaries in the home land.*

WHEN Sheldon Jackson studied geography the map of that section of the United States east of the Mississippi River looked much as do the maps in the geographies studied to-day. But the map of the immense territory west of the Mississippi River was a startling contrast to that displayed in the modern books. Practically the whole of the country west of the Missouri River was called the "Great American Desert."

General Custer, who was killed by the Indians in 1876, studied geography at about the same time as Sheldon Jackson, and a little while before his death he wrote: "It is but a few years ago that every schoolboy, supposed to possess the rudiments of a knowledge of the geography of the United States, could give the boundaries and a general description of the Great American Desert: on the north bounded by the Upper Missouri, on the east by the Lower Missouri and Mississippi; on the south by Texas, and on the west by the Rocky Mountains." All this region was regarded as "a sterile and unfruitful tract of land, incapable of sustaining either man or beast."

A popular book, written some time after Sheldon Jackson began his work in the Indian Territory, gave these directions:

"Draw a line on longitude 100° from British America to Texas; then go eight hundred miles westward, and draw another line from British America to Mexico, and all the area between these two lines—eight hundred by twelve hundred miles in extent, or in round numbers a million square miles—is the 'American Desert': a region of varying mountains, desert and rock; of prevailing drought or complete sterility, broken rarely by fertile valleys; of dead volcanoes and sandy wastes; of excessive chemicals, dirt gravel and other inorganic matter."

But as more complete explorations were made it was found that portions of this great waste were capable of supporting millions. Year by year immigrants from the East came into the country, found the best lands occupied and pushed farther west. To the surprise of many, they found land worth taking. Thus year by year the desert boundary was pushed back until to-day the portions of our country which can truly be called desert are comparatively small.

There were then only a few railroads west of the Mississippi. The first of the transcontinental roads had not been built. Journeys had to be made by stage-coaches whose routes gridironed the entire Western country. These routes connected small settlements, some of which have developed into towns and cities, while others have entirely disappeared. There were those who looked forward to the day when the primitive coach would give way to the railroad, but many others thought there would never be support for a railroad across "The Plains," as much of "the Great American Desert" was renamed after immigrants had made plain the real character of the country.

In the days when Sheldon Jackson first saw the Indian Territory, the "prairie schooner" with its freight of men, women and children, and household goods, was a common sight. Usually the schooners travelled in groups, for the danger from marauding Indians was too great to make solitary travel advisable.

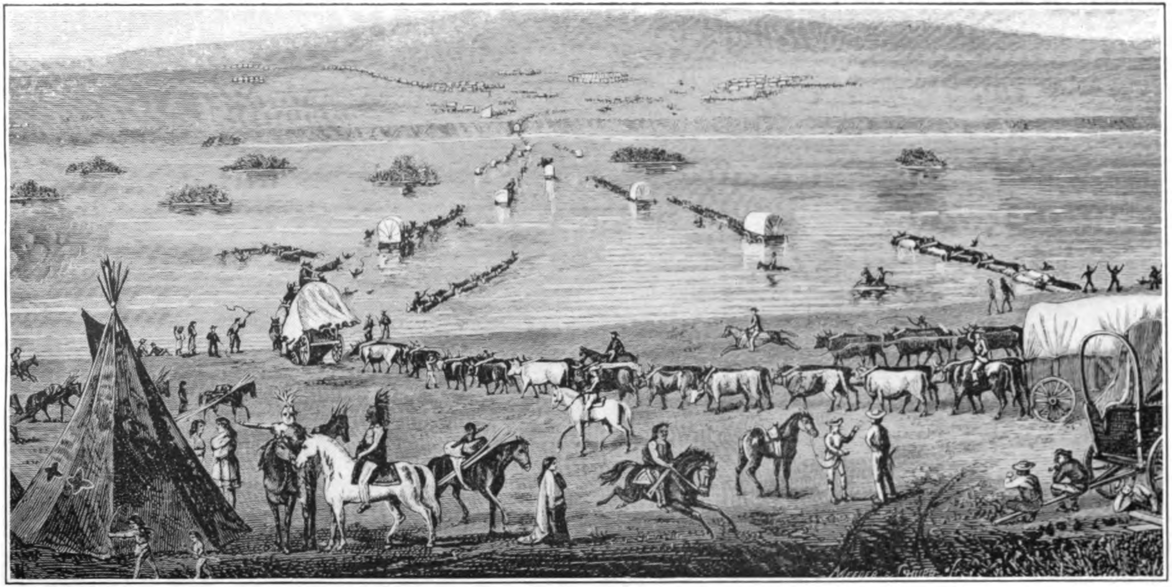
The Indians had agreed to keep to reservations appointed for them by the government, but many of them persisted in breaking the bounds set for them, attacking frontier settlements and waiting along the various routes by which immigrants travelled from the Missouri to the mountains.

The region considered most dangerous was bounded on the north by the valley of the Platte River, and on the south by the valley of the Arkansas River—parts of Kansas and Nebraska extending as far east from Denver as three hundred miles. It was never known when Indians would be on the war-path in other districts, so a large portion of the United States army was stationed at forts on the plains, ready always to drive back the red men to their reservations.

Great herds of buffalo still roamed northward in the spring and southward in the winter. They were found in greatest abundance in the region where the Indians were most dangerous. Sheldon Jackson must have seen them many times as they passed in single file from one stream to another along the distinct tracks they had marked for themselves in the course of centuries—trails usually only eight or ten inches wide and from two to four inches deep.

The day was coming when the young missionary would realize the debt of the traveller on the plains to the buffalo. Everywhere in the buffalo country there were "wallows,"—depressions in the ground about eight feet in circumference and from six to eighteen inches deep. These were made by the buffalo bulls in the spring when challenging a rival to combat. The process of making them has been described by General Custer: "The ground is broken by pawing—if an animal with a hoof can be said to paw—and if the challenge is accepted, as it usually is, the combat takes place; after which the one who comes off victorious remains in possession of the battle-field, and, occupying the wallow of fresh upturned earth, finds it produce a cooling sensation to his hot and gory sides." When rain falls these wallows are filled with water, which remains a long time because of the character of the soil. Innumerable travellers far from other water have been comforted by the supply thus provided. As Sheldon Jackson was called on to endure all the privations of the pioneer in these regions, it is altogether likely that he knew what it was to quench his thirst with the brackish water in some buffalo hole.

To this country of the buffalo and the Indian the young missionary and his bride turned their steps. They were not going out of their own land, but the region was so remote, and the people were so strange, that it was thought quite fitting their work should be under the care of the Board of Foreign Missions!



CROSSING THE PLATTE IN OVERLAND DAYS.
Copy of Bierstadt's Celebrated Painting. Sketched from Life.

## III

## A WINTER AMONG THE INDIANS

*A roundabout journey—Difficulties of pioneer travel—Sheldon Jackson's thirty Indian boys—A busy sick man—In an Indian camp.*

THE start for the Indian Territory was made by Mr. and Mrs. Jackson from Galesburg, Illinois, where Mr. Jackson's father had removed with his family.

The journey—which to-day may be made in a little more than twenty-four hours—required three weeks. The route was roundabout. From Galesburg to St. Louis progress was easy, for the distance could be made by rail. A steamer was taken from St. Louis to Napoleon, Arkansas. A smaller steamer carried the travellers up the Arkansas River to Little Rock. The trip was continued by stage to Washington, Arkansas, and then by wagon to Spencer, the scene of their future labours among the Choctaws—a distance of one hundred and twenty miles.

In a letter home Mrs. Jackson gave the story of the last stage of this strange wedding journey:

"We were two days and two nights reaching

Washington. At Washington the hotel was most shocking. If the floor in the room we occupied had not been so dirty we would have preferred it to the bed. All the furniture the parlour contained was a carpet and looking-glass, and two or three chairs, and when meal time came they took the chairs out of the room and we must needs stand or sit on the floor, which I did to the astonishment of the natives. We had some difficulty in procuring a hack to bring us to Spencer. We finally made arrangements with a man and started about four o'clock in the afternoon. The next day we rode ten miles, getting lost on the way. That night we put up at the house of one of the better class of people, and had good accommodations and a comfortable night's rest. The next morning we started and found that one of the horses was lame, but supposed that it would get better after a little while, but it grew worse and we were obliged to travel slowly. When we had travelled about twenty miles, the tire came off one of the wheels. As there was no blacksmith's shop near it was fastened as well as was possible under the circumstances, and we endeavoured to reach a small town ten miles distant where we could have it reset; but night overtook us before we reached it, and the roads were so bad that it was almost impossible to travel after dark. That night we put up at a place where we preferred to sleep on the floor. The next morning the lame horse was unable to travel and half the day was lost in procuring another, and in repairing the damage to the carriage. This being Saturday, the detention was particularly unfortunate, as we wished to reach Mr. Byington's mission to spend the Sabbath. Night overtook us eighteen miles from this station. . . . Monday evening we arrived at a place called Depot. Here it was worse than ever. We had to share our room with the driver and some others, and the bed was alive with bugs. We thought the wagon preferable, and slept in that the next night."

Next day—October 6, 1858,—the missionaries reached Spencer, and a few days later they were hard at work.

There were six teachers in the school, three men and three women. Each man had charge of a department, while his assistant was one of the women, a part of whose duty it was to care for the clothing of the pupils in the department.

The thirty boys assigned to the department of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson were an unruly set, and their teacher found his hands full as he sought to discipline them, as may be seen from his own humorous description of some of his experiences with them. In a letter to his parents, written about a month after the beginning of his work, he said:

"My boys are mostly large, and give me a good deal of trouble. The missionaries here say it was just what they had to pass through. They like to try a new teacher, and they do it in every conceivable way. Our surest mode of discipline is whipping. This I dislike very much. If you should deprive a boy of his meal it would make a good deal of noise in the tribe, but if you should whip him until the blood runs there would be nothing said about it. So I have to whip them. It is strange how you can calm them down. One of them doubled up his fist to intimidate me, but the only effect was to secure him a severer whipping. They are very impudent and stubborn, if allowed to have their own way, and sometimes won't answer a word; sometimes refuse to go to class. One day, I found under the seat of one of the boys a large hunting-knife whetted to a keen edge. I took it in keeping for him. Recently one of the larger boys wrote me that if I attempted to whip another boy, he would whip me. By the advice of the other teachers I called him to my room and was about to turn him out, when he broke down completely and said he did not mean it, and promised good behaviour in the future, if I allowed him to stay. He afterwards said the same thing before the whole school."

Everybody at the mission was awake early, for the routine began at five in the morning, and continued until noon, when the head of each department carved and served about twenty-five or thirty pounds of meat at the dinner-table and had oversight of the group for which he was responsible. From one o'clock until half-past two work in the class room was resumed. From half-past two until half-past five the boys chopped wood under the direction of the farmer. Then supper was eaten, and after an hour and a half which each department head spent with his charges, they were sent to bed. Not until then did Mr. Jackson have time for study.

Before he had been at Spencer three months Mr. Jackson saw that he must look for other work. His system was poisoned by malaria, and a number of times he was unfitted for duty by serious attacks of fever. For this reason, and because he longed for a field where he might do more effective work, he sent his resignation to the Board of Foreign Missions. In the few months of his residence there he had begun to realize the great needs of the West, and he longed for a chance to throw himself into the task of preparing the country for the millions who would find their way there from the East.

In the months between his resignation and the arrival of his substitute it was impossible for him to remain long in the schoolroom, since his health demanded outdoor exercises. He secured this, and satisfied his appetite for hard work by becoming an evangelist in the region about the mission. He had six preaching stations during the week and three on Sunday. He would not give up these when warmer weather brought a return of the malaria, but persisted in doing the work he had marked out for himself with the grim determination that later carried him through so many trying experiences. Fortunately we have this story of one of his trips:

"Last Sabbath we had a 'big meeting,' or communion at Lalibak Station. I went up on Friday afternoon, fording three streams that were swollen with recent showers. I got there just before dark, and it was an interesting scene. The people were gathering in slowly. The log meeting-house stood on the bank of the last stream. It was very amusing to watch the Indian boys as they ferried over chairs, blankets, provisions, etc., as well as men and women, the water being almost over the ponies' backs.

"Near the house were forty or fifty Indians gathered around three camp-fires. I was invited to take supper with them and accepted the invitation. The missionaries generally take their own provisions, but as they all say it would be much better to eat with the people I told them I thought I could live on what the Choctaws had. At this time we had coffee, without milk or sugar; corn bread, baked in the ashes; roast ribs of pork, and another nondescript kind of bread. After supper, the horn was blown and the people assembled in the log church where I preached through an interpreter.

"The preacher's desk was a hewn log on legs, much like a carpenter's horse and the house was seated after the same fashion with longer logs and shorter legs. After the service was over I pushed two of the log seats together—there was only two inches difference in height—rolled myself up in my blanket, and had a good sleep. About twenty persons slept in the building. On the floor, almost under me, was a Choctaw elder with his wife and children of various ages. I awoke about midnight and heard the Indians singing Choctaw hymns at one camp and at another a voice in prayer or exhortation."

In the summer of 1859 the dauntless missionary made a tour of exploration to Minnesota. There he found his place for future work.

## IV

## TEN YEARS AS A "BEGINNER"

*Three hundred dollars a year—A parish "a hundred miles or so around"—Four hundred miles on foot—A friend in need—Frozen face, aching joints, and other ills—Getting lumber under difficulties—Longing for harder work.*

MANY people would have thought the place in Minnesota offered to Sheldon Jackson most unattractive. The salary promised by the Board of Home Missions was three hundred dollars. Of course more might be raised on the field. But the field was poor.

Yet the missionary had what he wanted more than money—an opportunity for hard work that would be worth while in the development of the country. The spirit in which he accepted his opportunity is evident from the way he defined his territory. To an inquiring friend, he said:

"The commission was intended mainly for La Crescent, Hokah, and vicinity, meaning the schoolhouses within five or six miles around, but I interpreted it to mean every community that I could reach, and consequently it extended a hundred miles or so around."

At La Crescent—a town of fifty or sixty houses, without a single church—the pioneers made their home. Almost as soon as he had moved his goods into a house eighteen by twenty-four feet, Mr. Jackson left his wife in charge and set out on the first of his journeys of exploration for the Church—journeys which were to be extended until they covered the entire West.

Many of these trips were made on foot; a three hundred dollar salary would not allow him to keep a horse. Yet he managed to cover the territory he had mapped out for himself. During the first three months he travelled more than a thousand miles. Sometimes he had a horse, and sometimes he enjoyed comparatively easy progress in a sleigh, but often he walked—four hundred miles on foot being the quarter's record.

During the next three months the distance travelled was more than a thousand miles, nearly one-fourth of it on foot. Snow was on the ground much of the time, usually in huge drifts.

Here and there little churches were organized. Ministers were brought from the East to take charge of these. Mr. Jackson felt responsible for their support. He kept track of their needs and arranged to supply them by means of missionary boxes from Eastern churches, or by gifts from what he called his " Raven Fund," to which friends and churches in all parts of the country contributed on his invitation. Scores of churches and hundreds of families were assisted by means of this fund. One visit when assistance was given to a needy family has been pictured in this way:

" It was a cold stormy night; the missionary was looking for the quarterly check, long overdue, but was informed by letter that there was no money in the treasury of the Board; that missionaries must wait still longer for their pay. There was no coal in the bin, no supplies in the larder, the garments were thin and threadbare. The missionary reads the discouraging letter, looks at his wife and children, tears flow from their eyes—they all fall upon their knees and pray God for help. They arise with sad hearts. A cart is seen coming along the road, drawn by a pony; it stops at the gate; the pony is tied to the fence; a little man clad in furs makes his way to the humble dwelling of the missionary; a daughter looks through the window and cries out, 'Oh, mamma, papa, it is—it is Sheldon Jackson! Things will be better now.' He enters the house—is received with tears of gladness. Soon afterwards the frugal meal is prepared and eaten; the story of their distress is heard. Mr. Jackson writes a brief letter to some wealthy church. A box of clothing and a generous check are forwarded, and the family is happy and thank God and bless Mr. Jackson."

On the first page of the account book in which the missionary kept record of the gifts to this fund and the payments made, he wrote: "With God all things are possible." "Ask and ye shall receive." He asked—and during ten years he received more than nineteen thousand dollars. Nearly half of this amount was given to ministers, while the rest went to churches and mission work.

The diaries kept during these active years in Minnesota contain hundreds of hints about which might be written stories of intense interest. For instance:

> "Rode horseback to Hokah. Got out of the path. Froze my face."
>
> "My very joints last night ached with cold."
>
> "Attempted to go across the bottoms. Lost our way and had a very tedious and cold ride of it."
>
> "Rode to Caledonia. Then started to walk home. Becoming tired sat down to wait a chance. Irishman came along and brought me to La Crescent for seventy-five cents."
>
> "Found the going very bad. Sleigh broke down. Soon after we got off the track and wandered around among the hills in the darkness for four hours."
>
> "Had the blues. Could have cried."

> "Walked twenty-two miles. Air cool, wind at my back. Froze left arm, side of face and nose."

But there is absolutely no mention in these diaries of other hardships which most people would consider worthy of lengthy notice. Of some of these incidents we know because others have written of them. For instance, there was his adventure in crossing the Mississippi River at La Crosse, when the passage was dangerous because the water was filled with floating ice. The captain of the ferry-boat was willing to take him across, if he thought he must go, yet advised against the trip. Mr. Jackson, knowing that his work called for his presence on the Minnesota side, insisted on making the venture. All went well till the boat was far from shore. Then, for a time, the ice threatened to send the frail craft to the bottom. During the moments of danger Mr. Jackson showed much pluck and was so helpful that he found a warm place in the heart of the captain, who delighted to tell the incident in later years.

The man who would not stop for an icy river or for a temperature of thirty degrees below zero was not to be conquered by minor difficulties. In 1864 he wished to build a church for the people at Rochester, Minnesota. The lumber for the new building was hard to find; lumber yards within reach were without stock because of low water in the river. After diligent inquiry he learned that at Winona, fifty miles distant, there was a builder who had been compelled to interrupt work for which he had provided lumber. The man was approached, and agreed to sell the lumber for the church. The Winona and St. Peter railroad was then building, but had not yet reached Rochester. Permission was secured to transport the lumber on construction trains to the end of the track. For several weeks the missionary travelled back and forth on the train that carried portions of his building material. Sometimes, when there was need, he acted as brakeman, and always, when the end of the road was reached, he superintended the loading or unloading of the cars. When the lumber was all at the railhead, it was loaded on wagons and taken the rest of the way to Rochester.

Ten years of conquering difficulties like this made him long for still harder work. His eyes were on the country still further West, and he wanted to begin work there. Already he was known as "The Beginner." "He will continue beginning to the end of the chapter," one said who knew of his work in Minnesota, "and when earth shall cover his clay with other clay, let his epitaph be, 'Here at last rests The Beginner.'"

## V

## A PIONEER ON THE TRAIL

*Finding a large job—Dividing the field—An invitation to drink—An uncomfortable lodging—On guard against the Indians—Facing half a dozen revolvers—An explanation that might have been too late—An Indian fight—Crossing a swollen stream—Remarkable endurance—Strapped to the top of a stage-coach.*

SHELDON JACKSON was always looking for a large job. He found what he wanted in 1869 when he was appointed "Superintendent of Missions for Western Iowa, Nebraska, Dakota, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, and Utah." Colorado and New Mexico were added to his territory later. There were few churches in all this vast region, but churches would be needed for the millions who would begin pouring in as soon as the first transcontinental road was completed.

When the Union Pacific railway was open he persuaded three men to divide among them the country along a thousand miles of track. Then he made his plans to do the work where travel was more difficult.

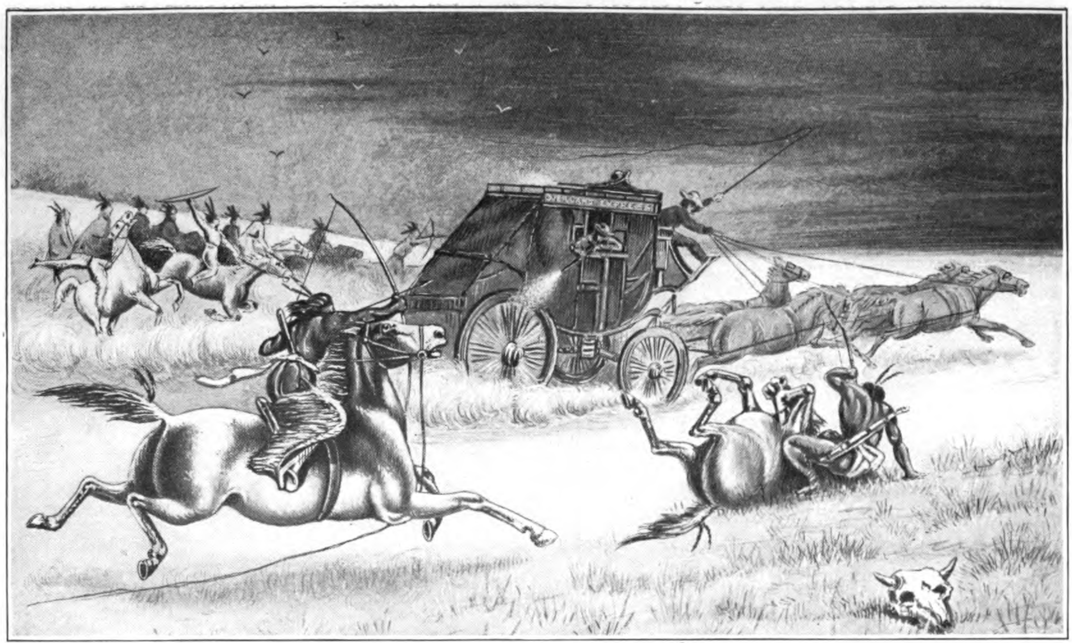
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

In July, 1869, he started for South Pass, a mining town in Wyoming. It was an hour after midnight when he reached the end of his first day's journey by stage. On asking for the hotel, he was told to walk up what was, by courtesy, called a street, and pass two tents which sheltered saloons. Then he would come to a board house a story and a half high. The building he sought was found, and he entered the office, though he was somewhat amazed by the sight of a bar and billiard tables.

The greeting of the keeper of the place was cordial: "Come, captain, and have a regular dodger to scrape the clam out of the roof of your mouth." But the weary missionary, preferring bed to a drink, asked for a room. Accordingly he was taken to a section of the loft which was called a room. There was a partition which would have been a good protection from outsiders, but there were large openings between the unplaned boards. There was a door, but there was no lock. There was a window for ventilation, but this ventilated too much—it was only a hole in the wall. There was a bed, but to his disgust Mr. Jackson found that it was occupied by innumerable vermin. He thought of sleeping in a chair, but there was no chair. He looked at the floor, wondering if this would not be preferable to the bed; but the floor was too dirty. At last he decided to choose the less of two evils by lying on the bed, with overcoat collar turned up and a handkerchief about his neck as protection from insect marauders. But he did not sleep, and he was glad when the early dawn gave him an excuse for descending to the office. There he saw three men who had come in for a drink. The liquor seemed to affect them unpleasantly, for a few moments later they began a quarrel which ended only when one of them was stabbed to the heart.

The stage-route from Bryan to South Pass led for about one hundred miles through a dreary waste of sand and sage-brush. The journey would have been monotonous, but for the danger of attack from Indians. Every ten or twelve miles there was a fort with a stockade through the gate of which the stage was driven until a change of the six horses could be made. Between stockades the passengers were warned to be on guard against surprise. Mr. Jackson was informed that he must help guard the stage, so for the entire distance he sat with a loaded rifle across his knees, or within reach.

In this immense territory Mr. Jackson rode from north to south and from east to west, visiting the miners, the residents in the towns, the homesteaders on lonely ranches, the Indians in their cliff-dwellings, and the Mexicans in their pueblos. Once, when on his way to Pueblo, he stationed himself about midnight at the


OVERLAND EXPRESS

INDIANS ATTACKING THE FRONTIER STAGE COACH.

side of the road, and signalled the approaching stage to stop. Instantly half a dozen revolvers were thrust from the coach windows, and he was warned to throw up his hands or take the consequences. He had no choice. The click of the hammers of the weapons that covered him at close range warned him that there was but the trembling of a finger between him and death. Only when he told his name and his errand were the menacing revolvers lowered. Then explanations were given. The stage-coach carried on that trip a sheriff and his posse, who were taking a noted desperado to the county seat for trial. While on the way the sheriff had received notice that the friends of the prisoner planned to hold up the stage at some point on the road in order to rescue him. For this reason six men with six revolvers waited tensely for a hail from the roadside. Dr. Jackson's voice sounded out of the darkness—and the revolvers at once threatened him.

When explanations had been made, the new passenger was received into the crowded stage, and the journey was resumed.

Once he took a stage-coach journey from Corinne, Utah, to Helena, Montana. For four days and five nights the coach jolted over the rough road. At one point the route led through an encampment of one hundred lodges of Snake Indians. The passengers were taking supper at the station near by when they heard the cry, "Murder!" and rushed to the door to see a fight in progress. They were forbidden to interfere, at peril of their lives, and were compelled to look on while one man was badly injured.

Here a lumber wagon was substituted for the coach. When this had been loaded with the baggage and the mail and express packages, there was scant room for the nine passengers, but they had to make the best of the situation. To add to their troubles, a cold, drizzling rain began to fall. At midnight the wagon halted abruptly on the bank of a swollen stream. The bridge had been carried away that very day. As it was impossible to ford the river, a log raft was built hastily, and the passengers, the baggage and the express parcels were ferried across, a few at a time.

One of those who worked with Dr. Jackson at about this time said of him: "His endurance in the days of his prime was phenomenal. I have known him to preach three times in one day, riding twenty-five miles on horseback between appointments, and rise next morning fresh and ready for anything. One evening he preached in Missoula and at the close of service he took the stage for a hundred miles, over a mountain road—a steady twenty-four hours' run—to Deer Lodge, where he arrived barely in time for a service, which he had announced for that evening.

He persuaded the driver to take him directly to the church, and, leaping from the top of the coach to the church steps, entered it and went through the service without a moment for rest or refreshment of any kind."

No wonder the editor of a local paper said it was hard to keep track of him; that it was worth a man's life almost to keep in sight even of his coat-tails, as he glided around the mountains or plunged into deep ravines, or darted southward among a strange and wild people.

## VI

## " THE BISHOP OF ALL OUTDOORS "

*Scaling the summit—Mountain scenery—A log cabin camp—Zigzagging up an ice-field—Where a misstep meant death—A thousand-foot slide on the snow—Losing the trail— A pine-tree staircase—To town on burro back—In the path of the death-dealing avalanche—A forest fire—Utes on the war-path—Making a new trail—Riding a landslide.*

THE distances covered by Dr. Jackson in visiting his extensive parish once led a humorist to call him " The Bishop of All Outdoors." The title was a fitting description of the man who seemed to thrive on hurried expeditions and dangerous situations.

One of his most thrilling experiences was on his way to the organization of a church at Ouray, in company with Mr. Darley, a Colorado missionary.

The valley road was reported impassable, as the Uncompahgre River was too high to be forded. The only other way was to scale the summit of the mountains, twenty-nine miles on foot. This could be done in August, but was then considered impracticable on account of snow. Still there was a possibility of success and they concluded to try. Diligent inquiry was made without any encouragement. On that very day thirty miners and mountaineers, accustomed to trails, made the attempt, got lost in the snow and turned back, two of their number being led in snow-blind. The leading elder of the church urged Mr. Darley not to make the attempt, as it was not safe, but the travellers were set on going and they decided to push on. They started on Monday morning.

Taking the stage to Capitol, they rode up the cañon of Henson Creek for ten miles, between lofty rock-walls from one hundred to a thousand feet high. By noon they were at Capitol. After a good dinner they shouldered their blankets and provisions and started on foot up the cañon. All along were beautiful waterfalls and cascades a thousand feet high. Here and there they passed where the avalanche had cut a broad swath down the mountainside, carrying away the trees, both stump and limbs. Five miles up at the edge of the snow line they came to a new log-cabin. Here they camped for the night. They knew that if it should freeze hard during the night, so that the snow crust would bear them, they could get across, but not otherwise.

About sundown the clouds began to gather and the snow to fall, and with it their hopes of crossing. But soon the clouds floated away and the sky was clear again.

Their blankets were spread upon a pile of shingles and Dr. Jackson was soon sleeping soundly. Mr. Darley, who could not sleep, kept the fire burning and amused himself by throwing sticks at the chipmunks that played about the floor and ran over the beds. At two in the morning he woke his companion with the announcement that breakfast was ready. After eating bacon, biscuit and coffee, by half-past three they were on their way to get over the crust before the morning sun should soften it.

They floundered over the fallen timbers in the dark, and felt their way over logs across the streams or waded them. When boots and socks were thoroughly wet, they found a grim satisfaction in wading all subsequent streams rather than balance on an uncertain log. In an hour they were at timber line. Then they started zigzag up the vast field of frozen snow and ice. The air grew rarer and rarer and breathing became more and more difficult. The wet boots froze, and the wet feet ached as if they were freezing too. Up and still up they went. Each step the heel of the boot would be driven firmly in the frozen snow, and each of them tried to step in the dent made by the one who preceded him. A misstep or slip would have sent the unlucky traveller whirling down the snow-face of the mountain to be dashed in pieces on the rocks below. Every few steps, securing their heels in the snow, they would lie at full length exhausted, heart thumping, nose bleeding, eyes running, and ears ringing. Sometimes the blood was forced from both eyes and ears.

Daylight was approaching, and still they were painfully climbing, until as the first rays of the morning sun were lighting up a hundred grand mountain peaks around, they gained the summit —thirteen thousand five hundred feet high. And from that summit what a panorama greeted their eyes! On one side was Mt. Sickels and on the other, Engineer's Peak. Off to the north the great Uncompahgre Peak, fourteen thousand feet high, was head and shoulders above his fellows; far away to the west in the dim blue distance was the Wasatch range of Utah; while as far as the eye could reach in every direction was a wilderness of peaks, all covered with snow. Nothing but snow was visible—a Canadian January scene in the middle of June.

But it was too cold to tarry, and they were soon plunging down the western face of the mountain. Where it was not too steep, they could run down the face of the snow, and where it was too steep for running, they could sit down and slide. Such a slide of a thousand feet at a breakneck speed would be the great event of the season for the average schoolboy. Between running and sliding they were down in twenty minutes, a distance that on the other side had cost them two hours of painful climbing, and were at the first cabin on the head-waters of the Uncompahgre River. Without halting they plunged down the cañon, as there was yet much snow to be crossed. The descent was rapid and the trail was bordered with a constant succession of waterfalls, any one of which would have repaid a trip of hundreds of miles. Soon after reaching timber line the snow ran out, and they had a succession of dry ground and mud. Many mountain torrents had to be forded. Down they went until they reached Poughkeepsie Creek, which through a wild and almost inaccessible cañon joins the Uncompahgre from the west.

Here they lost the trail and got off into the fallen timber. By the time the trail was found Dr. Jackson's feet were so blistered from travelling in wet and at times frozen boots that he could go no farther. They were in the heart of the mountains, still ten miles from town. It was decided that Mr. Darley should leave the provisions and blankets with Dr. Jackson, and then push on to Ouray and send back a horse to carry him in. Building a fire, and spreading the blankets, Dr. Jackson went to sleep with his feet drying at the fire. Four hours passed and Mr. Darley returned without the horse. Shortly after leaving, he had again become lost, and, wandering around, found himself in the bottom of a deep cañon, where the water of the mountain torrent filled from rock to rock, shutting off all further progress. To extricate himself from the gorge he had climbed great pine-trees, that, like stairs, enabled him to get from one ledge of rock to another. On his return he had met a miner going to Ouray, and being too much exhausted to walk in with him, had sent a note informing the people of the town of the situation of the missionaries.

After a good rest in camp, a burro pack train came along and they hired their passage into Ouray. Mounting burros, without saddle or bridle, they started for town. The trail led up and down mountainsides so steep that, while going up, they had great difficulty in keeping from sliding off behind, and while going down, they felt like bracing with their feet behind the animals' ears. Thus they went along the edge of precipices, where the giving way of a stone would have sent both animal and rider into the foaming river a thousand feet below. Just before reaching the village, they met a party with horses and provisions coming to their relief, and soon after they were safe among friends.

Two days later Dr. Jackson started on another hard trip. Again his companion was a Mr. Darley, brother of the man who was with him before.

Getting up at three o'clock in the morning, they took the stage. They were whirled at a rapid rate up the picturesque valley of the Rio Grande through Wagon Wheel Gap, along the romantic mountain lake, San Miguel, until they were at the head springs of the Rio Grande upon the Continental Divide. From the divide the descent was rapid over a corduroy road down Slumgullion Pass to Lake City.

Tuesday morning they started on horseback to cross the range to Silverton, thirty-five or forty miles distant. Turning up Henson Creek they rode through scenery indescribably wild and grand. At noon they came to Capitol for dinner. Resaddling their horses, they pressed forward as rapidly as the high elevation would permit. They were then higher than Mt. Washington.

On they went, until they were in the clouds —on to timber line and still on over great fields of jagged rock. It was a second Mt. Washington on top of the first. And still their horses were painfully and slowly toiling upwards.

They passed a large field of perpetual snow and were on the summit of Engineer Pass, amid a vast wilderness of peaks over fourteen thousand feet high, that in their grand and awful desolation seemed like the chaos of ruined worlds. The vastness of their surroundings was oppressive. No living thing was seen but the little conies that barked among the rocks ; they seemed to be the sole occupants of illimitable space. They gave but a few minutes to the sublime scene, as there was a hard ride still before them and the afternoon was wearing away. Retightening the girths to their saddles, they commenced the steep zigzag descent. Down, and down and down, until there seemed no bottom. Down to where Animas Forks Mining Camp was perched at timber line. Down over the paths of the avalanche that every winter claimed its victims. This was spoken of as the United States Post Mail Route to Death, for not a single season had passed since its establishment but one or more mail-carriers with the mail lashed to their backs had started out never to return alive; they were overtaken and swept into eternity by the swift, terrible snow-slide.

Down they went to Eureka, whose one long street was lined on either side by deserted log houses. Down past mines innumerable, where men delved for gold and silver amid great privations; where large numbers sacrificed early religious training, integrity and manhood, and, wrecked in fortunes and character, found premature graves. They swarmed and burrowed in these mountains by the thousands.

Night was upon them. Still they galloped on and down. Late in the evening they reached the hotel at Silverton, so tired and sore and raw that it was with great pain and difficulty they were able to undress and get to bed. Early the next morning they were again in the saddle, for they must make fifty miles.

The next day, after calling on nearly all the families of the congregation in the village, they were again in the saddle on their return trip. Night found them enjoying roadside hospitality.

At ten o'clock the next morning they were once more on the road. The forests were on fire in every direction. They had been set on fire by small bands of Utes who—two miles west—were destroying the fences and hay of a frontier settler. The Utes were on the war-path and small bands were in the woods on either side. Even then couriers were flying through the country, warning exposed settlers of their danger. Not meeting any of them, the travellers rode on unconscious of their danger, and it was not until they reached their stopping-place for the night that they heard of the outbreak. They rode fifty-two miles that day.

The next morning Mr. Darley returned home, while Dr. Jackson continued on the trail to Ouray. There everything was in a high state of excitement. The farmers outside of the village were hurriedly bringing their families in for protection. Two companies of militia had been organized, guns and ammunition had been distributed, a rude barricade and earthworks were being hastily thrown up, pickets were stationed outside and all kinds of rumours were flying from mouth to mouth.

All the families of the congregation were visited, and on Sunday good audiences were at church, considering the excited condition of the community. Sunday night the fitful gusts of wind, accompanied with a driving rain, gave warning of the coming storm, and Dr. Jackson was anxious lest the mountain passes should be blocked with snow.

Rising as soon as it was light, he took a glance at the range, and saw it white with fresh snow. Getting an early breakfast he started out to cross the range. A few miles out an unexpected difficulty presented itself. The forests had been on fire and in some places the timbers that supported the trail had been burnt out. The storm of the preceding night had also blown a good many trees across the track, some of them too large either to remove or get over. The only thing he could do was to throw off his wrappings and with his hands make a new trail around the obstructions. This consumed nearly all the forenoon. At one place, having forced his horse up the mountainside on some loose rocks, he started a landslide. The rocks slipped out from under the horse's feet, and the animal quietly lay down on his side and went down with the slide.

Soon the rain gave place to snow. Dr. Jackson passed through the snow-cloud at an elevation of thirteen thousand feet, and was above it and saw the snow-storm raging below him, while all around the great peaks were glistening in the sunshine. As the wind that swept across the summit was too cold to permit much tarrying, he hastened down the eastern side, and by dusk was safely housed at the parsonage at Lake City.

From there a day and a night of staging and fourteen hours on the railroad brought him to his family in Denver.

# VII

# IN THE LAND OF MONTEZUMA

*In the Taos pueblo—A strange dwelling—The sacred fire—The tradition of Montezuma—A strange reception—Cleaning the church—Primitive customs—Difficult staging—An interrupted sleep—Off the trail—When water was scarce—A sand-storm in the desert—Why Dr. Jackson was able to endure hardship.*

WHEN Sheldon Jackson was a boy he read with eagerness the wonderful story of the strange civilization found in Mexico by the Spanish explorers of the sixteenth century. And when duty called him to the mountains and cañons of New Mexico, he was delighted to find there many dwellers in the pueblos who claimed to be descendants of the Aztecs.

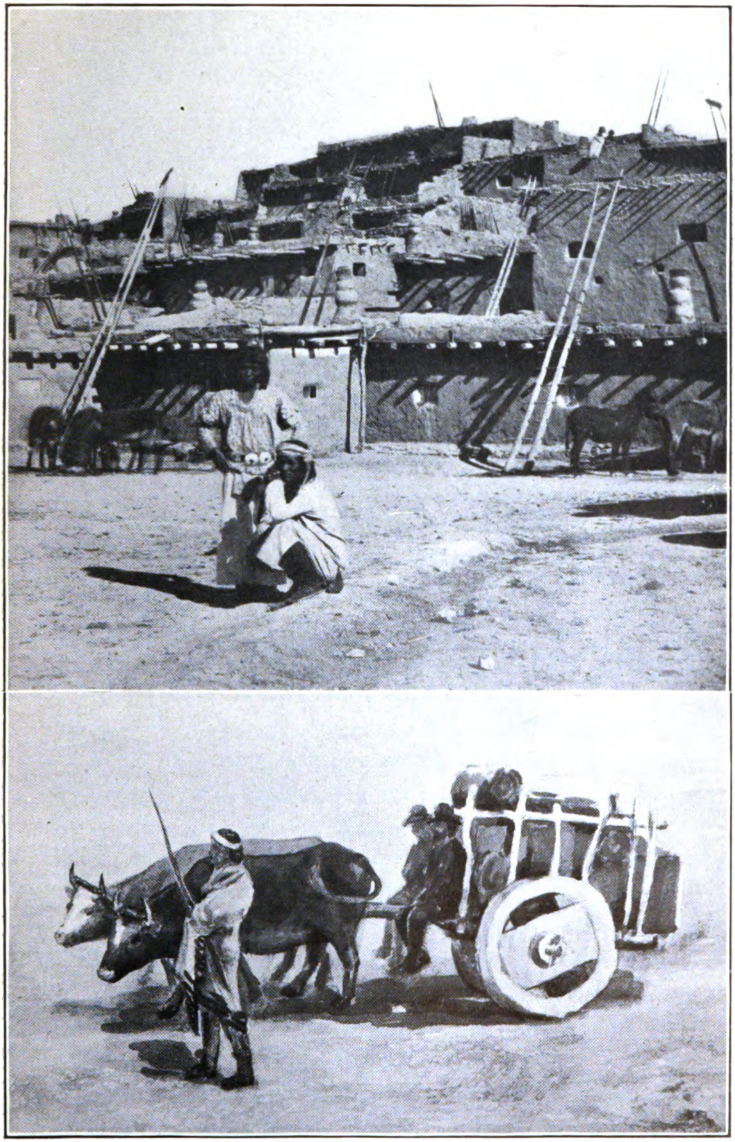
While the people are called Indians by the government, they are as distinct from the Indians as a Frenchman is distinct from a native of Sweden.

In the course of his missionary journeys Dr. Jackson learned of nineteen pueblos or villages. After a visit to the Taos pueblo he wrote a letter to young people in the East in which he described what he saw and heard:

"Each pueblo is a kingdom within itself. The chief officer is the Cacique, and his office is hereditary. The chief men or members of the council are nominated by the Cacique, and are voted for by the people. They hold office for one year.

"The people of each pueblo have a language of their own, but they use the Spanish in their intercourse with the outside world. They dwell in huge adobe buildings, five or six stories high, each story being smaller than the one beneath it, thus forming a series of terraces. There are no doors to the first or ground story, entrance being gained by ladders to the top of the terrace, then through a trap-door in the roof, and down another ladder into the room beneath. In times of danger, the outside ladder is pulled up upon the flat roof, and the building is turned into a fortress.

"The sixth story is used as a mill, where the women grind their grain between two stones, with a motion similar to rubbing clothes upon a washboard, and they certainly know how to make good bread. That which was offered to us was excellent. Each family has its suite of rooms, and those we visited were snug and clean, the walls being neatly whitewashed. Upon the arrival of the Spaniards, these Indians were nominally converted to Roman Catholicism. While



AMONG THE PUEBLOS.

they have a Romish church in each pueblo, and attend mass, they also have their Estufas, in which they keep burning the sacred fire, and worship the sun.

"The Estufas are underground rooms, in shape like an inverted bowl. The one into which we went was about twenty feet in diameter at the bottom. The only opening is the trap-door entrance at the top. In the centre of this room was a depression in the dirt floor of about two feet square, filled with ashes from the sacred fire. Upon the eastern edge of this hearth was a rude altar, upon which, according to tradition and Mexican belief, they still sometimes sacrifice children.

"Eight or ten boys are annually set apart to keep the sacred fire burning, for they cherish the tradition that Montezuma, who established this Taos village, taught them to build pueblos, and kindled their sacred fires; also that he planted a tree, predicting that after his disappearance there would be no rain, and that a foreign race would subjugate them. But he commanded them to keep the fires burning until the fall of the tree, when white men from the East would overwhelm their oppressors, rain would again increase, and he would soon reëstablish his kingdom. They say that the tree fell just as the triumphant Americans entered Santa Fé in 1846.

"And now they await his coming. Each

morning, it is said, one appointed for the purpose ascends to the housetop at sunrise, to see if Montezuma is not coming to restore their kingdom."

In March, 1876, after three days' hard travelling—the last day being over fifty miles of barren land, without a drop of water—Dr. Jackson came to Laguna pueblo with a missionary whom he wished to leave among the people.

The visitors reached the village on Saturday evening. On Sunday morning the native lieutenant-governor of the pueblo appeared, with his attendants, to confer with them about their mission. Others came to satisfy their curiosity. The lieutenant-governor was dressed in a high silk hat, calico shirt, and cloth pants tucked into cavalry boots. The hat and boots were used only on state occasions. Then came John Peter, clothed in a calico shirt, short blouse, pants extending just below the knee, with buckskin leggins and moccasins, and a woollen blanket wrapped in a great roll around his waist. A third had on a fancy woollen shirt, blouse, pants and leggins, a heavy string of red beads around the neck and across the chest, large silver earrings, and silver ornamented bright scarlet sash around the head, fastening the long black hair away from the eyes. Then came a little girl four years old, clothed in a calico dress, striped woollen socks, copper-toed shoes, highland cap, and a small plaid shawl. All the other children were dressed in native costume. The women were dressed in short navy blue woollen shirts, made of native cloth, buckskin leggins and moccasins. Their ears and arms were profusely ornamented with silver rings and bracelets. Many of the women and children, and some of the men, had a broad band of bright red paint extending across the face from ear to ear.

Later in the day the governor arrived. He was a large, fleshy man, beyond middle age, and was dressed in a clean white muslin shirt, black velvet pants or knee-breeches, leggins and moccasins. He had a red sash around his head, large silver rings in his ears, six silver bracelets and one of copper on his right wrist, and about thirty silver buttons down the outside seams of his pants and leggins.

About two o'clock Sunday afternoon the little bell over the schoolhouse was rung several times, and the Indians—who had been called in from all the country round—poured in until the room was full; those who were unable to obtain seats either sat upon the dirt floor or stood around the doors and windows. Just after the last bell two bunches of corn-husks were brought in and laid upon the pulpit. In these tobacco was enclosed, that the territorial officers, the chief men of the pueblo and others might smoke.

After two addresses by the missionaries, which were translated to the people by two interpreters, it was decided to have a church. "It is all good; very good," they agreed. Next day a site was set apart for the church building, and arrangements were made for the work. Then Dr. Jackson went on his way to another pueblo.

Some time later he was in the village once more. Learning of his coming, the people planned to have the church building in good condition for his inspection. He found them assembled to whitewash and clean the church and schoolroom. The whitewashing was done with white clay daubed on and smoothed with the hands. Fifteen or twenty women or girls, of all ages, were on their knees around a mortar bed grinding the clay between two stones. Other women and girls were bringing water in their ollas (earthen water jars) on their heads. Men with hoes were mixing the mortar or wash and carrying it to the women, who were putting it inside and out, while many little boys and girls stood around, taking care of the babies. It was a strange scene for the United States.

As he journeyed among these strange people Dr. Jackson noted many customs of Asia that had been brought, perhaps, by the Moors to Spain, and from Spain to Mexico. In the spring, instead of seeing fine steel plows, he found the people plowing with a crooked stick, the yoke being tied across the horns of the oxen. Later in the year he saw the people gathering and threshing their grain, for it was the season of harvest. But such harvesting! The grain that had been raised in ground plowed with a crooked stick was being reaped with a sickle, and their hay was being cut with a hoe, literally cut off at the roots. As in the days of Ruth and Boaz, men and women were still reaping with the sickle and some were gleaning. Others were treading out grain with sheep, and still others were engaged in winnowing it. After cleaning out the bulk of the straw with forks, the wheat and chaff were shovelled into woollen blankets, which, by a series of jerks—similar to those used in shaking carpets—tossed their contents into the air. The chaff blowing away, the wheat fell back upon the blankets. As this process required a favourable wind, the people would often work all night. A still further process was to lift the wheat in a bucket as high as the head and empty it slowly upon a blanket spread upon the ground. When separated from the chaff the wheat was taken to the neighbouring stream by the women and washed in large earthen jars, and then was spread upon woollen blankets in the sun to dry.

From peaceful scenes like these the missionary soon passed to the roughest kind of travel. On one of his memorable journeys through the heart of New Mexico his life was endangered when a wild and vicious horse was put on the lead of the coach team. He was unmanageable. Dr. Jackson found difficulty in keeping his seat. Once, when the coach was brought to a sudden stop by the tangling of the team, he was thrown with great force across the coach, but fortunately escaped with a few bruises. The team was straightened out, and the stage was off again, now in the road, again circling on the unbroken plains, or across gulches and over mounds. The coach swayed and bounded from side to side. After tangling up the team again and again, the vicious horse was finally placed on the wheel and dragged along by the other three except when he attempted to run; then the whip would be applied and good time made. When the coach arrived at the next station the team was flecked with foam and blood.

That night, fortunately, Dr. Jackson was the only passenger, so he placed some hay in the bottom of the coach, spread his blanket on this, and lay down to rest. But he found it difficult to sleep, for a sudden lurch of the coach would jam his head against the end of the coach, or a jolt would toss him up, and he would come down with a thud. When he did succeed in dropping asleep his cramped position brought on nightmare.

During the night the rain descended in torrents. The lamps went out and matches failed. He was awakened by an angry discussion between the driver and the conductor, whether they should venture to go on in the pitchy darkness, or stop in the road until daylight. They finally concluded to drive on and run the chance of being thrown over the bank of some washout.

Contrary to expectations there was no disaster, and at dawn the coach halted on the bank of a raging torrent, filled with driftwood from the mountains. Numbers of Mexicans were camped on either side—waiting for the flood to subside. Unharnessing one of the wheel horses, the conductor rode through to ascertain whether the coach could cross. He decided to make the attempt. The ride that day was across a succession of wild and rough mountain ranges. At night, wearied by the long strain of thirty-six hours' hard travelling, Dr. Jackson rolled up in his blanket and went to sleep, to be suddenly roused by a crash, followed by a volley of oaths. In the darkness there had been a collision with the up coach in a narrow ravine. Lamps were smashed and wheels and whiffletrees were securely interlocked.

A later missionary pilgrimage was made on horseback, in the company of a native Christian. In the valley of San Ysidro they came unexpectedly to the ruins of an ancient pueblo. The walls were level with the ground, and they would have passed them unnoticed but for the great quantities of broken pottery. Rounding the corner of a mesa they were soon on the wrong trail. After riding two or three hours, they found themselves hedged in on every side by the perpendicular walls of a cañon. After carefully searching the side cañons they found an old trail leading up the almost inaccessible rocks. Up this with great difficulty they forced their horses.

As they were off the trail, nothing was left for them but to steer across the country, with certain well-known mountain peaks as landmarks. In a country like New Mexico, where the table-lands are cut up in every direction by cañons, crowned with perpendicular rocks, this was no easy matter. From an elevation the country looks like an undulating plain, over which there should be no difficulty in passing. Perhaps in an hour the traveller comes to a great crack in the earth, two hundred or three hundred feet deep, and a quarter of a mile across. In such an event the only thing possible is to find a trail down through a fissure of the perpendicular rocks, or make a détour of miles around the head of the cañon. Upon one occasion Dr. Jackson and his companion found a narrow fissure, down which—by removing the saddles—they could force the animals, though the rocks scraped the hair on both sides.

There was a beautiful full moon, so they rode on into the night. At length they reached a clump of juniper trees. There the horses were unsaddled and turned out, blankets were spread on the

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ground, and Dr. Jackson went supperless to bed. His Mexican friend sat out most of the night by the camp-fire, as he found it too cold to sleep. At the first appearance of dawn Dr. Jackson was called to breakfast, which consisted of lamb roasted on a stick, bread and coffee. The dishes were a coffee-pot, three tin cups, and three pocket-knives. Breakfast over, they were again on their way. A few miles brought them to the Puerco River, which—though usually destitute of water—had been sweeping away houses and crops. A few days later they could not have crossed. As it was, Dr. Jackson was carried across on the shoulders of a Mexican. Then the saddles, blankets and provisions were carried over, after which the horses were compelled to plunge in and get across as best they could. Two of them crossed safely, but the third went down in the quicksand, and was extricated with great difficulty.

During his New Mexico pilgrimages Dr. Jackson found more difficulty from drought than from flood. Sometimes he went for an entire day without water. It was a common thing to strap kegs of water under the stage, in order that the animals and the passengers might have enough to drink until the next water hole was reached. Once he stated in his diary the fact that, in response to a friendly warning, he had filled his canteen and water bags before starting out on a trying trip, only to find that it was forty-one hours' journey to the next spring.

More trying still—if that is possible—was the desert sand-storm. Fortunately, such storms were not of frequent occurrence. Perhaps the worst experience was in April, 1877. At first it was possible to make progress against the whirling sand, but the wind increased, and the air was filled with stinging, suffocating particles. At midday Dr. Jackson and his companions were compelled to camp. After turning out the team, they rolled up in buffalo skins on the ground, covered up their heads, and went to sleep. Sand drifted over them as they lay.

At about sundown, the violence of the storm having abated, the travellers rose, kindled a fire, and made preparation for dinner. When it was discovered that the water supply was low, the remaining pints were carefully measured out, that each might have his own share. Still thirsty the men lay down to sleep once more in a shelter of cedar boughs. Next morning it was necessary to travel ten miles before breakfast could be prepared, as there was no more water.

"I don't see how you can stand it!" friends said to Dr. Jackson when they learned of some of these experiences. But he thought nothing of little inconveniences like these, because his mind was ever taken up with the needs of the people to whom he longed to tell of Christ.

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## VIII

## PERILS AMONG THE INDIANS

*Seeking Indian children—Difficulty on difficulty—Shivering around a red-hot stove—Unpleasant travelling companions—Lost in the desert—Forty miles on a flat car—Typical Indian pupils—Apaches on the war-path—A disgruntled chief—Threatening Mexicans—Drunken guards—Rescued from a quicksand—In a darkened railway car—Safe at last.*

ONE of the duties Dr. Jackson took on himself was the gathering of Indian children in New Mexico for the government schools at Carlisle and Hampton. This service was performed at cost of great exertion and risk in connection with his regular missionary journeys.

In 1881 one of these expeditions was completed only after many trying experiences. The start was made from the Indian school at Albuquerque, New Mexico. The omnibus was ordered to come at seven o'clock in the evening to take the party to the depot. Promptly the trunk was strapped, and Dr. and Mrs. Jackson sat with wrappings on. The clock struck nine, ten, eleven, and no omnibus. The next evening the omnibus was on time, and they reached the depot to learn that the train was eight hours late. The waiting-room being filled with smoking and swearing men, they secured a furnished bedroom in the loft or garret of a shanty over a saloon. Before daybreak they were aroused for the train, and were soon under way southward. At eight o'clock they reached San Marcial, the end of the passenger line. The construction train, upon which they expected to continue their journey, had been gone an hour, and there would be no other train until the next morning. San Marcial was then a village of fifty tents and shanties, and the principal occupation of its citizens was gambling and selling whiskey to the labourers engaged in constructing the railway. The progress of the road having removed the labourers, the saloon-keepers and gamblers were pulling down their tents preparatory to moving to "the front."

The thermometer was near zero, and it was impossible to keep warm. At the breakfast table victuals, brought on smoking hot, were cold before they reached the mouth. All day long, the travellers shivered around a red-hot stove. At night they went to bed in a shanty about eight by six feet in size, having again and again charged the landlord to call them in time for breakfast. The severe cold stopped the hotel clock, the landlord overslept, and they were aroused with the warning to hurry or they would lose the train.

Without breakfast, they shivered and stumbled along in the dark for a quarter of a mile to find that the only accommodation was an emigrant car, attached to a freight train. The car was already crowded with saloon men and gamblers. Many of them also had missed their breakfast. The fire would not burn, the car was unlighted and cold, and the general discomfort of the rough men found expression in increased drinking, smoking and profanity. The cheerless hours dragged slowly from seven to one o'clock in the afternoon, when the train stopped upon the boundless, waterless, treeless plain of the Jorna del Muerto (journey of death), a four-horse coach came along, and the travellers were transferred from the cars to the stage-coach.

Soon they came to a small, dilapidated, dirty and villainous looking adobe building where they were to eat their New Year's dinner. The canvas hotel left in the morning was to be pulled down during the day and taken to "the front," and the adobe where they dined was to be abandoned after dinner. Supper would be served at the end of the track some miles away.

On Monday morning they hired a hack to take them across the country to the end of the track of the Southern Pacific Railroad, supposed to be twenty miles distant. A Mexican on horseback piloted them through the floating ice and treacherous quicksands of the Rio Grande River. Leaving the river bottoms and ascending the bluffs they were soon on the broad rolling tablelands of the interior. As the end of the track was advancing day by day to the southeast, a new road became necessary every few days, consequently the driver soon left all roads and struck out boldly across the plain with a distant mountain peak for a landmark. The wagon dragged heavily in the sand and through the weeds until, by noon, the team of mules were so tired out that no amount of cruel beating would force them along. Nothing was left but to unharness, turn out the mules and go into camp. They were in the desert and lost. Again and again the driver had climbed to the top of the wagon and anxiously scanned the horizon for some familiar object. The silence was oppressive; no living thing, not even a bird was to be seen. It was the land of the hostile, lurking, murderous Apache. Danger was not anticipated, as Chief Victoria had been so recently killed, and the power of his band was supposed to be broken. It was a false security, however, as the next week the Apaches captured the stage, killed and mutilated the driver and passengers, and during the next two weeks massacred from twenty-five to thirty persons.

After giving the mules a rest, they started, and about the middle of the afternoon were rejoiced to see in the distance the smoke of a railway engine. By sundown they reached the construction train as it was preparing to leave. If they had been ten minutes later they would have been alone on the plain, without sufficient blankets to camp out over night. The engineer furnished Mrs. Jackson a seat in the engine, while Dr. Jackson, rolled up in a blanket, took his seat on a flat car from which steel rails had just been unloaded. Forty miles brought them to Deming, where they expected to take the passenger train. They were again disappointed, for the passenger train had been gone six hours. Unable to procure a sleeping place in the tent or car (there were no houses) they took the emigrant car attached to the freight, and—dinnerless and supperless—were soon on their way. At midnight they changed to another car in which they continued until their arrival at Tucson, Arizona, at four o'clock the next afternoon, again too late for connections westward.

After arranging then for the specified number of Indian children Dr. and Mrs. Jackson took the stage-coach at Wilcox Station for the San Carlos Apache Indian Agency, one hundred and twenty miles distant. Returning from the agency they found the roughest and most dangerous stage ride on the whole trip. The ride was over the boulders in the bottom of a rocky cañon, and down hills so steep that passengers were warned to get out.

Then the wheels were chained, and the horses put to a gallop to prevent the coach running over them.

At Pima Agency Dr. Jackson gathered twenty-six children from various tribes. First came Hor-tum-ia-two-i-him (Evening Thunder), son and heir of the head chief of the Pima Nation. He was a man thirty years of age, and left wife and children that he might learn the ways of the white man and become a wiser ruler. He took with him one of his children, Mo-ha-ti-cal-pa-ha (Brown Eagle), a bright boy of nine years. Then Charlie and Kistoe climbed up into the wagon and separated themselves from their people, while the old grandmother of Kistoe, half clothed and dirty, sat on the ground swaying to and fro, and uttering heartrending wails, for she did not expect to live to see him again. Then came Mi-li-ah Inness, the only girl in the party. But the number is not yet full. Sa-var-pks was missing. Had his courage failed? Others had thus dropped out of the list. Fearing it might be the case, Dr. Jackson selected a boy from the crowd and made overtures to his parents to allow him to go. But the mother, seated on the ground, with her face buried in her hands, was deaf to all arguments. She answered not a word. Suddenly a dust was seen in the distance, then three runners, and soon Sa-var-pks came up panting. He had been off on a last errand for his parents.

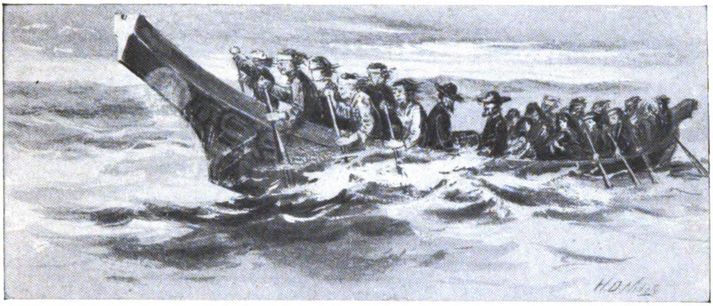
Having now the full number allowed by the government from that agency, Dr. Jackson soon resumed his journey. Taking the cars at Casa Grande, Tucson was reached about bedtime.

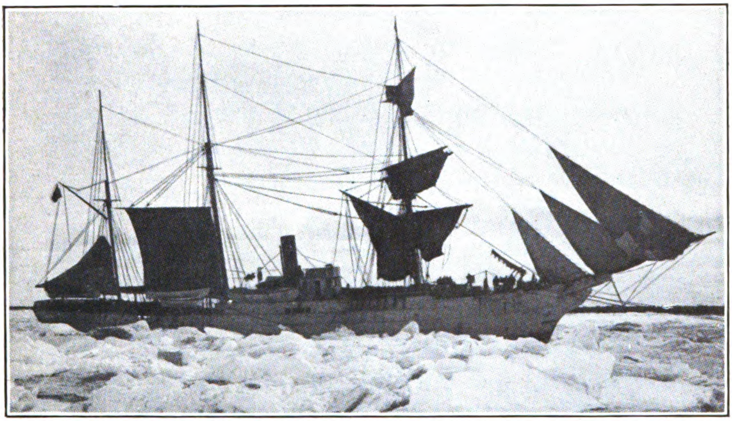
The next morning, while preparing to go to the Papago villages for a few children, he was officially informed that the chiefs and head men had held a council and decided that they would not allow any of their children to go East. This, however, did not deter him from going after them. Loading the Pima children into a hack, he drove south nine miles to their villages. The agent sent for Juan, the head chief of the Papagoes. Dr. Jackson showed him the Pima children who were going, told him the advantages that would come to his people, and asked him for some children. There was a running to and fro, private and public consultations, and in two hours there were added to the number two boys, Santiago and Pablo, and one girl, Francisca.

Dr. Jackson had planned to leave Tucson on the midnight train, but the telegraph brought news that a band of the Apaches were again on the war-path—that they had captured the stage-coach, destroyed the express and mail matter, and killed and mutilated the driver and passengers. As the marauding Indians were directly in the path, the party remained over a day to telegraph for a military escort. The delay enabled the Papagoes to change their minds and reclaim their children. Early the first morning Chief Juan appeared with one of his leading men and asked for Francisca. It seems that the night before they held a council, and the idea had been expressed that the children had been bewitched and were being carried off prisoners. Upon the arrival of the chief, the children commenced crying for fear they would not be allowed to proceed. The frightened girl was called and closely questioned, and when she declared that she wanted to go, Dr. Jackson was asked to draw up a paper, which the chief carried back to his people, certifying that she went willingly. All day long individuals of the tribe were hanging around trying to entice the children away.

Unable to hear anything from the soldiers, Dr. Jackson concluded to go on, and in the afternoon went aboard a special car. When evening came he had the car locked up, and so prevented intrusion from outside Indians. At midnight the car was attached to the regular train. As the conductor opened the door, three half drunken Indians pushed in. They were angry and boisterous, but soft words calmed them down, and the heated air of the car and the liquor so stupefied them that they finally fell asleep on the floor near the stove. They rode until daylight and then left the car.

At Wilcox Station waited an agent with seven





BY CUTTER AND CANOE IN THE ARCTIC OCEAN.
A week's canoe voyage along the stormy coast of Alaska.
Ice-bound in the Arctic Ocean on the U. S. R. Cutter Bear.

boys from the Apache, Mojave and Yuma Bands at the San Carlos Agency. Two of these boys, Firy and A-co-le-hut, eighteen and seventeen years of age, had been for two years scouts in the United States military service, and could make sixty miles a day on foot. But they were ready to exchange the camp for the school. Then came A-qua-ca, A-moy-ham-ma, Hi-poy-ya, Sta-go and Tel-ma. All but the last were orphans, both fathers and mothers having been killed in the many wars waged by this once turbulent tribe.

That evening when Deming was reached it was found that, on account of the Indian raids, the stage-coaches were not running, freighters were laid up, and all travel had ceased. Dr. Jackson learned that teams were awaiting the party at the end of the track some sixty miles distant, so the car was attached to the construction train. Midnight brought them to the end of the track, where were the teams. There were two other parties waiting for company.

By daybreak they were all on their way—three wagon loads and three mounted and armed horsemen. Small bands of hostile Indians were all around them, but there were none in sight. Two days previous three herders and two miners had been killed at Chloride Gulch. On the day previous two men were killed on the Upper Chrichillis, and at the same time Dr. Jackson was on the road, a man, his wife, child, and mother-in-law were massacred not far away. On the following day five men were killed west of San Marcial, and a few days later the buckboard stage was captured and the driver killed.

While one danger was left behind, another was encountered—the excited Mexicans who were breathing out threatenings and slaughter against all Indians. The Las Cruces paper of the day before had announced that Dr. Jackson would arrive with sixteen children; that, Victoria being dead, the government was training up sixteen more Victorias to be more savage than their fathers. The feeling was running so high that some friends had thought of telegraphing the missionary not to drive through the villages, but to pass around them.

Hundreds gathered upon the streets to gaze at the Indians and their guardians, but there was no hostile demonstration. At sundown Dona Ana, a small Mexican village, was reached. The whole valley was full of railway graders, and six new saloons had been started in the village to accommodate them. Drinking and rioting were going on, but the party could go no farther. One of the leading Mexicans rented Dr. Jackson a small room in which Mrs. Jackson, the two girls and the smaller boys found shelter. It had a cot, table, two chairs, bench, fireplace and dirt floor. The larger boys built a camp-fire near the wagons on the outside. The army experience of Firy had made him familiar with guard duties, and the camp was put in his charge. Guards were placed in the wagons to prevent pilfering by the Mexicans who crowded around. About nine o'clock it was found that the captain of the guard and two other Indian boys had been furnished with whiskey and were drunk, and that drunken Mexicans were gathering in from the saloons ready for a war of races. Firy was at once deposed, and, with the other drunken boys, lifted into a wagon and kept under a guard. Some of the better class of Mexicans were called in to get the drunken ones away. The Pima and Papago boys, afraid to remain with the drunken Apaches (for a feud of centuries had existed between these people), were allowed to sleep on the blankets on the ground inside of the yard. A-co-le-hut was made captain of the guard, and order was restored. It was a long night of great anxiety, for the least hostile demonstration on the part of the drunken Indian boys would have raised a mob that would have destroyed the party.

By daybreak all were again on the road, riding until ten, when they went into camp for breakfast, the first meal they had had since noon of the day before. About five in the afternoon they reached the new railway village of Colorow to find that the train, which they had been assured did not leave until evening, had been gone four hours. The village was made up largely of gamblers and saloon-keepers. Dr. Jackson could not learn of a hotel, boarding-house, tent, or even enclosed yard, into which he could place the children. To camp out in the street would be to subject them to many annoyances and some danger. In the few minutes spent in making inquiries a hundred rough men had gathered around the wagon containing the children. In this moment of perplexity, a lieutenant of the United States army rode up and invited the company to his camp across the Rio Grande.

The lieutenant and his orderly led the way to the crossing. The four-mule team with the children drove into the river and Dr. and Mrs. Jackson followed closely with the ambulance. Reaching the deep water, the jaded horses stopped, and wagons and teams began sinking in the quicksands. In a moment all was confusion. The larger Indian boys, comprehending the situation, sprang into the stream. Wading back to the ambulance, they carried on their shoulders safely to shore Dr. and Mrs. Jackson, and the Indian girls. The mounted soldier carried some of the smaller boys ashore on his horse. One little fellow, reaching out to the horse, and in his fear clinging to the wagon, fell into the stream and was fished out below. At length all got to land. The whip was applied to the teams, the empty wagons were pulled through, camp was reached, and the children were soon drying themselves by a blazing fire.

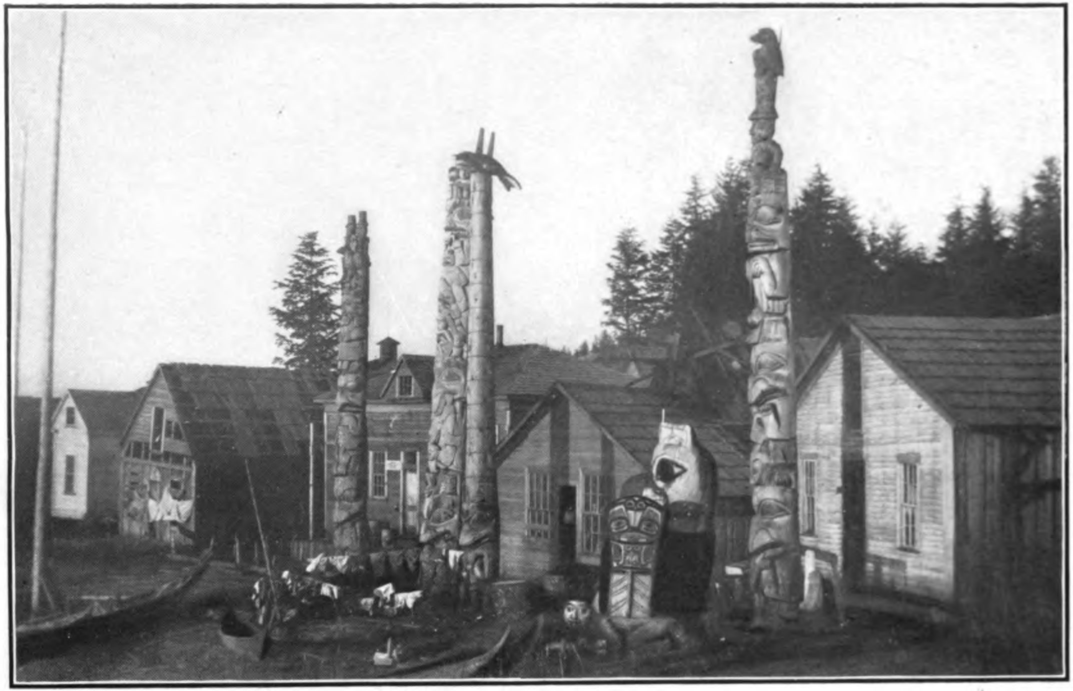
The following day the construction train was taken for San Marcial. The whole village was panic stricken with fear of the Indians, as on the two previous days nine persons had been murdered a few miles distant. That very afternoon the mutilated bodies of four had been brought to the Mexican village a short distance away, where an infuriated mob of between two and three hundred were assembled to view the remains of their friends. Their loud wails of grief were mingled with mad cries of vengeance upon the Indians. Had the presence of these sixteen unarmed Indian children been known to them, the mob would have torn them limb from limb, for an Indian cannot be more cruel than an infuriated Mexican.

On arriving at the depot, the party left their seats until the train could be emptied and backed down to the yard. Ominous warnings were given by the railroad men that if the Mexicans found out the Indians were there their lives would be worthless. Once in the yard, they were quietly and quickly transferred to a special car. The shades were pulled down and the lights put out. For three hours all sat in darkness facing death, fearing any moment to hear the cry for blood of the frenzied mob. The children were unaware of their danger, and slept, while

Dr. Jackson watched. At length there was a whistle, a puff of the engine, a jerk, and they were under way. In the morning they were in Albuquerque, and the long strain of six days and nights of great anxiety was over.

At Albuquerque ten Pueblo children were waiting—five boys, Ty-ow-tye, San-ti-a-go, Se-wei-ku-tch-lye, Do-min-go and Se-a-she, and five girls, Wei-shu, Mo-na, Kwa-tu-ma, Swe-met-y-eit-sa and Se-wet-ye-weit-sa. This party of twenty-six Indian children was at length turned over to the Carlisle and Hampton Training Schools for Indian Children.

Many of the boys and girls who were protected by Dr. Jackson on the way to the schools long ago returned to their people. Some of them have lapsed into their former ways, but many more have profited by their experience, and are doing their best to lead the members of their tribes to a better way of living. Thus the missionary pioneer who endured perils of mountain, flood, fire and robbers—and more—for their sake, is active still in the country which he left so many years ago. Because his work was well done, it is bearing fruit to this day.



THE GODS OF THE ALASKANS.

## IX

## NEW FIELDS TO CONQUER

*Like Kit Carson and Daniel Boone—The call of Alaska—"Seward's Folly"—A vast empire—A broken promise—Death-dealing traders—The cry that Sheldon Jackson heard.*

SHELDON JACKSON was a true pioneer. He was like Kit Carson in at least one thing; it seemed to be his desire to keep ahead of civilization. So long as Colorado was the frontier, and there was need there for his valiant service, he was content with Colorado. When Arizona was all but unknown, he was eager to spend his days in organizing churches there, so that the territory might attract good citizens from the East. But when there were scores of churches and schools in Colorado and Arizona and the surrounding country, he sighed for fresh fields to conquer. One admirer said of him, "He is always on the skirmish line, where there is the most of danger and of hard work. He seems to have a good deal of the spirit of Daniel Boone, who, as soon as new settlers came near enough for him to see the smoke from their cabins, felt that it was time for him to move on." But while it was the call of the wild that lured Daniel Boone from his old haunts, it was the call of the needy which sounded so loud in the ears of Sheldon Jackson that he became restless, even in the boundless West.

During all the years of his hurrying to and fro through the territories of the plains and the Rocky Mountains, his eyes had been fixed on the newest part of the United States—the territory of Alaska. Eagerly he devoured every bit of information he could secure concerning that remote district. Year by year the desire to go there became more a part of him. Successes nearer home made him hungry for a tussle with conditions in the northern land. He thought of Alaska by day and dreamed of it at night. To him the winds of the plains whispered "Alaska!" The creak of the stage wheels, the pounding of the mustang's heels on the trail, the click of the car wheels on the pioneer railway lines, united in the suggestion, "Alaska!" But for many years he contented himself with the work of his western parish, which was larger than the empire of Alexander the Great. And while travelling up and down and to and fro through this parish of the prairies and mountains he took advantage of every opportunity to learn of the land of his dreams. Books and newspapers gave him some satisfaction; the few returning travellers with whom he talked added to his information; but he delighted most of all to interview the hardy trappers and gold-seekers who had spent months or years among the natives and so could tell far more of real conditions than travellers who had merely skirted the edge of the mainland.

It was in the spring of 1867, when he was at Rochester, Minnesota, that the papers gave what was to most Americans their first knowledge of Alaska. At that time there was a fierce struggle in the United States Senate between the friends of the treaty with Russia for the purchase of Alaska, and those who opposed them. Charles Sumner made one of his greatest orations in defense of the treaty. He told of the great wealth of the unknown land, spoke of its vast extent and its importance to our Pacific Coast, and predicted for it a great future. His earnest words carried conviction to those who heard him. The treaty was ratified on May 28, 1867. On October 18, 1867, Russian America became the property of the United States. Seven million, two hundred thousand dollars were paid for what the enemies of the purchase called "a field of perpetual ice," and the solemn promise was made that the inhabitants of the land should have all the "rights, advantages and immunities of citizens of the United States."

Then America speedily forgot the new territory, or remembered it only to call it "Seward's Folly." But Secretary Seward was willing to wait the judgment of later generations. When asked what he considered the most important act of his official life, he replied, "The purchase of Alaska." When his interviewer smiled pityingly, he added stoutly, "But it may take two generations before the purchase is appreciated."

Few others realized the truth, but Seward knew that he had added an empire to the United States. Alaska means "a great land," and the name was well bestowed. As Sheldon Jackson once described its bounds for those who were not so enthusiastic as he concerning its possibilities: "It is as large as all the New England States, with New York and Pennsylvania and New Jersey thrown in; and then, in order to increase its size, you may add Ohio, and Indiana, and Illinois, and Michigan, and Kentucky, and Tennessee, and Virginia, and West Virginia, and yet you have not the number of square miles that is represented by Alaska. Or, in other words, Alaska is as large as all the rest of the United States east of the Missouri River, and north of the Carolinas and Georgia!" Then he called attention to the fact that the mainland is only a part of the territory; the Aleutian Islands and the islands to the south are well worth considering. The Island of Attu, the western island of the Aleutians, is as far west of San Francisco as the extreme eastern cape of Maine is from San Francisco. Thus, instead of Kansas and

Missouri and Nebraska being the centre of the United States east and west, San Francisco is the centre. And when Sheldon Jackson thought of pioneering in Alaska, he was planning a jump of three or four thousand miles from Denver, which had long been the centre of his wonderful trips.

It was soon learned by those who took the trouble to inquire that the "field of perpetual ice" includes sections along the coast where the summers are warm and the winters mild, where many crops grow luxuriantly, and it is comparatively easy for the worker to make provision for the long winter.

Those who would not listen to these facts were astonished in a few years when they were informed that prospectors were proving that the land is rich in minerals; that the Alaska Company—which had the sole right to hunt the fur-bearing seals—was annually paying the United States more than four per cent. on the price paid Russia, and that the rivers were so rich in salmon it was difficult for the fishermen to keep from making enormous profits—at a single haul at Karluk "sufficient salmon were caught after heads, tails and larger bones had been thrown away to fill seventy-two thousand one-pound cans."

It would seem that self-interest alone would have urged the United States to fulfill the solemn promise made to Russia. Yet years passed without an effort to give the Alaskans the benefit of our laws and our civilization. The sole representatives of the government were a company or two of soldiers at Sitka and a revenue cutter which steamed along the coast, and in and out among the islands, reaching with the strong arm of the law offenders of every kind. The captain had the power to arrest whom he chose, and could punish offenders as a drum-head court-martial decided. He was charged to be especially active in pursuing those who disregarded the revenue laws by having in their possession a quantity of intoxicating liquor. On one occasion when this captain learned that a Sitka man was making native beer, he sent a force on shore to seize and destroy it. The owner became so furious at the loss of his liquor that he called upon the men to take everything he had, declaring that without his liquor life was not worth living. When the revenue men left him, he was smashing his windows, throwing his crockery out of doors and breaking up his furniture generally.

In later years some of Sheldon Jackson's most desperate adventures were with violators of the revenue laws, though he paid more attention to those who imported foreign liquor into the country than to the native manufacturers.

The liquor smugglers were a continual source of vexation to the vigilant revenue officers, and a constant menace to the Alaskans. During one cruise two vessels were seized and sent to San Francisco for illicit traffic in whiskey and fire-arms. The whiskey was in bottles labelled "Jamaica Ginger," "Bay Rum," "Pain Killer," and "Florida Water," and was to be exchanged for furs, ivory, and whalebone.

Sometimes the smugglers succeeded in landing their cargo. Then they would so demoralize the natives that these would neglect to put up their necessary winter supplies. The summer would be spent either in waiting the arrival of the whiskey-trader, or in carousing as long as the rum lasted. Winter would find them without food, and many would die of starvation. In a single winter over four hundred people in one section died of starvation, and the remaining population only escaped a like fate by eating their dogs and the walrus-hides covering their houses and boats. This was the direct result of whiskey sold to them the previous summer.

On one occasion the captain of the revenue steamer found a village deserted, not a sign of life remaining. He counted fifty-four dead bodies. The women and children doubtless died first, and were buried. Most of those seen were just outside the village, with their sleds beside them, evidently having been dragged out by the survivors, as they died, until they, being too weak for further exertion, went into their houses, and, covering themselves with skins, lay down and died. In many of the houses he saw from one to four dead bodies. One woman was found face down, just outside the door of a house; probably one of the last survivors, she had gone out to find relief from her horrible sufferings, and, overcome by weakness, had fallen and found relief in death. The body of a boy of perhaps sixteen years of age was found in the village, about halfway down a small hill, he having fallen as he descended and died as he fell.

The people who were being exterminated in this way were either the Indians of Southeastern Alaska or the Aleuts of the Peninsula and the islands—all sturdy, self-respecting, progressive people. The Indians lived in large, permanent houses constructed of cedar, the timbers being frequently forty feet square. Many of them wore European clothing; some of them were quite wealthy. This wealth was measured in blankets—the only currency they knew. There were scores and even hundreds of men who were worth from five thousand to fifteen thousand blankets.

The Aleuts—who were perhaps originally Indians, but had become civilized through contact with the Russians—lived in frame houses. Many of them could read and write Russian, and thought they were religious.

But there was no religion in Alaska. It belonged to a Christian country, yet no one took the trouble to carry to the nation's wards the story of Jesus and His love. They heard that in the near-by territory belonging to Great Britain, missionaries were teaching the people about God, and they wondered why no one came to them. "English Indians have missionary; why not Boston men?" they would ask. (Proudly they called themselves "Boston men," for to them Boston stood for America.)

"Me much sick heart," one Alaska chief mourned. "My people all dark heart. Nobody tell them that Jesus died. By and by all my people die. Go down, *down*, DOWN; dark."

In far-off Colorado Sheldon Jackson heard the call of despair, and longed for the time when he could respond to the pleas from the neglected land.

And while he waited, God was preparing the ground for him.

## X

## HOW THE WAY WAS OPENED

*Throwing himself away—Native missionaries—Eight Christian wood-cutters—A native school-teacher—The soldier's letter that moved Sheldon Jackson—The first school—The first church—The testimony of the Indians—Building a thousand miles from a hardware store—Salvaging a wrecked salmon cannery.*

SHELDON JACKSON was still a college student when a young man in England made up his mind to give his life to service among the Indians of British Columbia. He was such a promising young man that a merchant offered him one thousand pounds (or nearly five thousand dollars) a year if he would give up his plans and work at home; the prospect of a partnership within a few years was held out to him. But his answer was positive:

"I thank you for your liberal offer, sir; but I cannot accept it, as I have made up my mind to become a missionary."

"A missionary! And at what salary?"

"I don't know. Perhaps a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds a year."

"Ha! ha!" was the sneering comment. "To

throw yourself away like that! You, who have one of the keenest business minds in England. You are making a fool of yourself!"

"Fool or no fool, my mind is made up, and nothing can change it."

Finally William Duncan reached British Columbia, and was near the proposed scene of his labours. Again well-meaning friends tried to move him from his plan. They assured him that life on the island where he was going would be unpleasant; that he would even be in danger. He was needed on the mainland. Why not stay there?

The missionary's answer was decisive.

"The trouble is, I am sent to Fort Simpson, and to Fort Simpson I must go."

He went to Fort Simpson, and there he began his work among the Metlakahtla Indians that wrought a wonderful transformation in thousands of lives.

Many Christian Indians, trained by Mr. Duncan, went to other islands, to British Columbia and over to Alaska, carrying with them word of the teachings which had transformed them. When Sheldon Jackson visited the country he found some of these wanderers, and hastened to hunt up their missionary, who was a pioneer after his own heart.

A few years after Mr. Duncan opened his school, a missionary did some work at Victoria, British Columbia. Many natives became Christians. Some of them lived near Victoria, but many were from the interior. A number had been leaders in evil, but after their conversion they seemed to feel that the most important thing in life was to go and tell their friends about Christ. They returned to their homes very soon, but wherever they went they told the simple story of Jesus and His love, as they had learned this when on the coast.

One of these men was a chief who lived near Fort Simpson, where William Duncan had begun his work. When he reached home he astonished his people by inviting them to attend a school which he and his wife opened in their own house. Before long more than two hundred people of all ages were in attendance. There was no minister at hand, but the chief felt that Sunday services must be held, so these were conducted by him and by those whom he trained for the work. In 1874, when a Canadian missionary visited Fort Simpson, he found that every family in the region round about had turned from shameful things in their old life, and were eager for the instruction of any one who could lead them forth in the right way.

In 1876 eight of these native Christians went into Alaska. Their Christian habits speedily attracted attention. When they were given a government contract to cut wood they declined to

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work on Sunday, as this was their day for worship. The commander of the Fort was an earnest Christian, and he advised with them and helped them.

Feeling the need of some one to guide them, they begged a Canadian missionary to visit them. Late in the summer of 1876 he responded to this invitation and remained for a short time. Before he left he persuaded Clah, one of the eight wood-cutters who had come from Fort Simpson, to continue the services for the natives at the Fort. Then he wrote to two missionary societies in the East, appealing for a missionary to go to the young Christians, but he was told that it was impossible to give the help he sought. Clah did not wait for the coming of a missionary, but gave his whole time to Christian work among his people. With one of his fellow wood-cutters, he opened a day-school, which had an attendance of ninety the first winter. Many of these were grown people.

His earnestness and consecration were effective. Through him God spoke to many of the natives, who speedily showed by their actions that they were changed men. That winter forty of them gave up their heathenism and declared that they would follow Christ, while many others gave up witchcraft, devil dances, and the observances ordered by their conjurers and medicine men.

In the spring of 1877 a man from Portland, Oregon, spent a short time at the Fort. While there he learned so much of what the Indians were doing for themselves that when he returned to Portland he told his pastor about them. His story of a people waiting for a missionary and doing their best as they waited, aroused the interest of many in the city. Attempts were made by some of them to arouse the Church in the East in behalf of the Indians, but still nothing was done.

Then history repeated itself. More than forty years before a company of Oregon Indians had tramped to St. Louis in search of "the white man's book of heaven." This mission might have been without result but for the action of an Indian agent at St. Louis who wrote to a friend in New York City the story of the Indians' search. The letter found its way into the papers, and Jason Lee and Marcus Whitman soon volunteered to work among the Indians who had made the long journey for the white man's Bible.

J. S. Brown, one of the soldiers at Fort Wrangell—though not a Christian man—was so deeply impressed by the earnestness of the Indians and so hurt by the neglect of the Christians of the East that he wrote a letter to General Howard, pleading for a missionary for the people who were trying to help themselves.

That letter was handed to Sheldon Jackson, who was soon on his way to Alaska, where most of his later work was to be done.

On August 10, 1877, when he landed at Fort Wrangell, he found the little school taught by Clah. He was walking down the one business street in the town when he saw an Indian ringing a bell, calling the pupils to the afternoon school. About twenty pupils were in attendance, mostly young Indian women. This school Dr. Jackson made the beginning of his work for Alaska. An American teacher was put in charge, and he returned to the United States to continue his work in the Rocky Mountains.

It was his plan to return as soon as possible, but there were many who opposed this. One minister wrote to him suggesting that if all the people in Alaska were Christians, they would not be worth so much to the country and the world as one live Christian in Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, or Idaho.

This man's objection was answered when—two years after Dr. Jackson's first visit to Fort Wrangell—a church was organized, as a result of the work done in the mission school. Of the twenty-three members received, eighteen were Indians. At the service of organization the Indian members told their reasons for uniting with the church.

Moses Louie said: "I am a sinner—very evil. My hope is that God has sent His Son to wash away my guilt. I believe that God has given me a new heart. I love to pray daily for strength. I want only one mind towards Christians."

Aaron Kohanow, who was formerly a shaman and a sorcerer, said: "I understand very solemn thing to join the church. Indians don't understand as well as white man about it. Willing to go on looking to God to help me. Understand how Christ has spoken that I must be born again. I want the new birth. I ask God to give me a new heart. God hear me. Take my sins and troubles to God." Aaron had already proved his earnestness by destroying the implements of his sorcery.

Chief John Kadishan said: "Yes, true. The Lord die for us. Why disbelieve, when He suffered all pains for us. He came for our sin. I know it when a boy, but did not take it in my heart. Now I take it in. Bible tells us one brother, one heart. Try to love my brothers, to live straight. I fight the truth no more."

Lena Quonkah said: "I like to quit all my badness, and give it to Christ, and He take it. I like to live as a Christian—help the poor, pity the sick. I came to tell all my heart before these gentlemen. I tell it all to God."

Chief Toy-a-att said: "You know all about how I formerly lived. How I was all the time in trouble and quarrelling—all the times when the ball or knife go through me. Now I quit it all. Jesus help me. I live peaceably."

Richard Katchkuka said: "Great sinner—hungry and want something to eat of God's Word to satisfy my soul."

Mary Katchkuka said: "I like to love Jesus. If in my house, or cave, or in the wood, wherever I am, I always pray to God."

The Indians needed a church and a new school, so arrangements were made at once to erect them. That was not so easy as it sounds to those who can send to the store for just what they want with the knowledge that the order will be filled at once. No one that has not tried building a thousand miles from a hardware store and a hundred miles from a sawmill, in a community where there was not a horse, wagon or cart, and but one wheelbarrow, can realize the vexatious delays incident to such work. Yet the house of worship was occupied for service within a few weeks, and the mission house enclosed before the cold weather put an end to outside work.

Several years later Dr. Jackson had a building experience even harder. An Industrial School for boys at Sitka had been organized, and accommodations were needed for them. The site selected for the building was on a high bluff. Before building operations could begin, the stumps had to be cleared from the ground. These were so numerous that the labour of one hundred natives for a number of days was necessary to remove them.

When the ground was ready, word was received that the mill from which the necessary lumber had been ordered would be unable to supply the demand. Most men would have been ready to give up, but not Dr. Jackson. When inquiring for lumber he learned of a salmon cannery six miles from Sitka which had been wrecked by the snows of the previous winter. The owners of the building were glad to accept the missionary's offer to buy it.

When Dr. Jackson examined his bargain, and found a mass of broken timber, he may have been dismayed for a moment. But he did not show it. Scores of Indians were taken to the wreck where they camped until—under his direction—they rescued every timber worth using. The salvage was rafted to Sitka, and a three-story building, fifty by one hundred feet high, was begun.

Dr. Jackson, the superintendent of building operations, found that his difficulties were not yet over. It was in the fall, when, day after day, rain descends on Sitka in torrents. The garments of the building overseer were soon drenched. At noon, when he went to dinner, he would change to dry clothing, only to find himself once more wet to the skin almost immediately after returning to work.

The commanding officer of the United States Steamer *Jamestown*, at anchor in the harbour, became so interested in the building operations that he sent fifty or more marines ashore with their officers, to help in roofing the home. Thus the building erected from the fragments of a wrecked salmon cannery in the midst of the rainy season was at length completed.

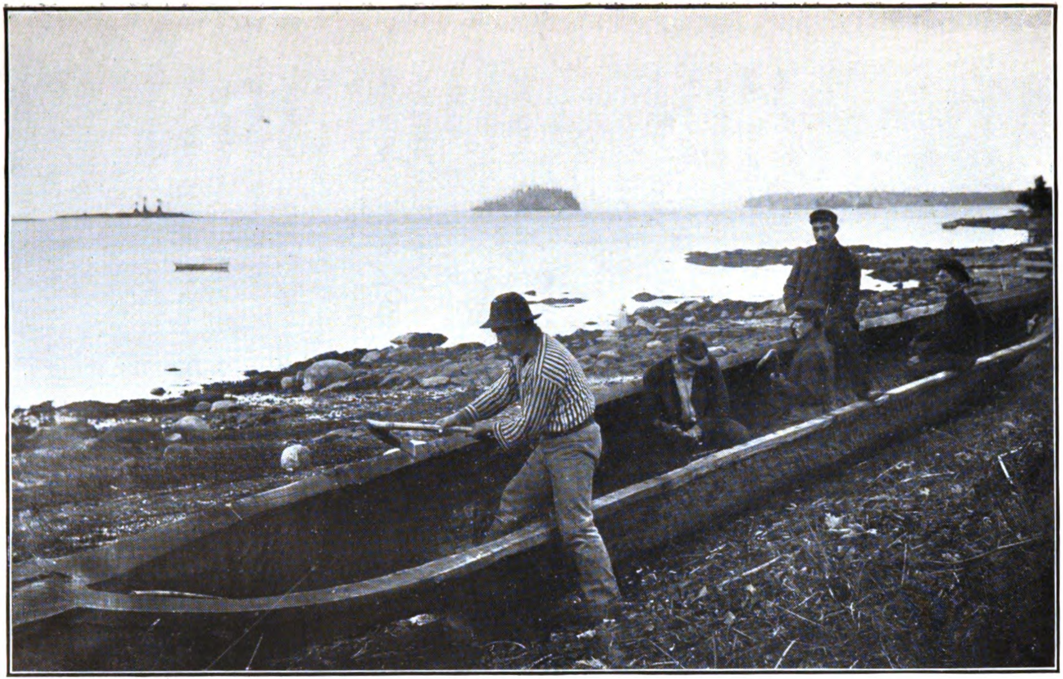
When reports like this were taken to America, critics of Dr. Jackson's work decided that the Alaska experiment was a success, and they were glad he had seen the vision of a country the size of the United States east of the Mississippi and north of the Gulf States won for Jesus Christ.

## XI

## IN AN INDIAN CANOE

*Travelling in Alaska—With eighteen Indians in a thirty-five foot canoe—Cheering the rowers—The Indians who kept Sunday—A varied diet—Clubbing salmon—Twenty-three hours' work a day—Riding the waves—Sleeping in the rain—"Beat steamboat!"—A delayed reception—The Indians' plea—A deserted village—A canoe mail route.*

DR. JACKSON'S appetite for pioneering was too strong to allow him to be satisfied with the work done at Fort Wrangell and Sitka. Eager to find other locations for schools, he made many trips of exploration. Sometimes these trips were made comfortably by steamer, yet frequently they were made on snow-shoes, by dog sledge or behind reindeer. But perhaps the most exciting trip was made in 1879. He had been waiting for a chance to go among the islands to the south, but the way did not open till a party of Indians came to Fort Wrangell in a canoe, on their way from the Chilcat country in the north to Fort Simpson. As there were eighteen Indians in the party, and as the canoe was rather heavily laden with furs



BUILDING AN ALASKAN CANOE.

for the trading post at the fort, most people would have thought it best not to take passage. But Dr. Jackson was not thinking of comfort. So he asked to be allowed to go along, and rejoiced when permission was given.

He was told to take a seat in the centre of the thirty-five foot canoe, after stowing his blankets and provisions near by. About him were six Christian Indians and twelve wild Chilcat savages, headed by two chiefs, one of whom was a medicine-man or shaman. When all was ready the strange party left the Fort.

Frequently along the way the Chilcat Indians would break out into singing one of their national airs to cheer the rowers. This would challenge the Christian Indians, who would follow with a number of hymns. Once, after a large number of these had been sung, the old Chilcat shaman inquired, " Who is this Jesus you sing about ? " Then the Tsimpsean Indians told about Jesus. Their words were listened to with respect, for the Christian Indians had been proving their religion by their actions.

They were returning from a voyage of over a thousand miles. They had been on their way for weeks. But under no circumstances would they travel on Sunday. Upon one occasion they were nearly out of food, and their heathen companions urged them to continue the voyage, that they might reach an Indian village, and procure supplies. The heathen said, "We are hungry, and you are no friends of ours if you do not go where you can get something to eat." But neither tide, wind nor hunger could induce them to travel on Sunday. The grumbling of their heathen companions changed to admiration, and the Christian rowers had their chance to tell why they loved Jesus.

About six in the afternoon the canoe was run upon the beach, and an hour was spent in supper, which, for the Indians, consisted of tea and salmon. Embarking at seven, they paddled until ten o'clock, when, finding an opening on the rock-bound coast, they put ashore, spread their blankets upon the sand, and were soon sound asleep. At three in the morning they were roused, and were soon under way, without any breakfast. This, however, did not matter much to Dr. Jackson, as he had his own stock of provisions, which consisted of ship biscuit and smoked salmon. He had biscuit and salmon for breakfast and supper, and varied the diet by eating salmon and biscuit for dinner. But he fared better than the Indians. They averaged only one meal in each twenty-four hours.

During the morning the mouth of a shallow mountain stream was reached, and the canoe was anchored to a big rock. The Indians waded up the stream, and in a few minutes, with poles and paddles, clubbed to death thirty or more salmon, averaging twenty-five pounds in weight. These were drawn into the canoe and taken along.

At noon they put ashore for their first meal that day. Fires were made under the shelter of a great rock. The fish, cleaned and hung upon sticks, were soon broiling before the fire. After dinner all hands took a nap upon the beach. At three o'clock they were again under way. When night came, finding no suitable landing-place, the Indians paddled on until two o'clock next morning, having made a day's work of twenty-three hours. Then, finding a sheltered bay, they ran ashore. As it was raining hard, they spread their blankets, as best they could, under sheltering rocks or projecting roots of the big pines.

At six o'clock they rose from an uncomfortable sleep and embarked and paddled until nine, when they went ashore for breakfast. In an hour they were again under way, the Indians working hard at the paddle until the middle of the afternoon, when they ran ashore upon a rocky point for a short rest and sleep, the sea being very rough.

In an hour and a half they were again on their journey. Towards evening they passed Cape Fox and boldly launched out to cross an arm of the sea. Soon it was seen that it was not a favourable time for putting to sea, but there was nothing to be done but go ahead, for, once out, it was as dangerous to turn back as to go forward.

The night was dark, the waves rolled high, and the storm was fierce. One Indian stood upon the prow of the canoe, watching the waves and giving orders. Every man was at his place, and the stroke of the paddles kept time with the measured song of the leader, causing the canoe to mount each wave with two strokes; then, with a click, each paddle would, at the same instant, strike the side of the canoe and remain motionless, gathering strength for the next wave. As the billows struck the canoe, it quivered from stem to stern.

Thus they passed the long, tedious night, tossed in a frail canoe upon the waters, in the rain and fog and darkness. But daylight found them near an Indian village and an abandoned military fort. Some of the Indians were so exhausted by the labours of the night that they dropped asleep at their paddles, so it was thought best to go ashore and get some rest.

On shore they tried to start a fire, but the driving rain soon extinguished it. After taking his regulation meal of salmon and hardtack, Dr. Jackson spread his blankets under a big log and tried to sleep. The beating storm soon saturated the blankets, and he awoke to find the water running down his back. Rising, he paced up and down the beach until the Indians were ready to move on. After resting for two hours, seeing no signs of a lull in the storm, they reëmbarked, determined, if possible, to make Fort Simpson.

After getting out of the shelter of the island into Dixon's Inlet, another arm of the ocean, they found the wind in their favour. Hoisting both sails, they drove through the waves at a slashing rate. The corner of the sail dipped into the water, and occasionally the waves ran over the side into the canoe. This was fun for the Indians, who would again and again exclaim, as the masts bent under the sails, "Beat steamboat! Beat steamboat!"

Cold, wet and hungry, that afternoon they ran into the harbour at Fort Simpson.

At Fort Simpson Dr. Jackson learned that the Indians had been ready to welcome him in July, when his steamer passed on its way north, but had been disappointed because landing proved impossible. When they learned that the white man who stepped from the canoe on their beach was the missionary of whom they had heard so much, a meeting of the chiefs and councilmen was called at once to give a public welcome.

At the time appointed for this, Chief Moses McDonald made an address, which was interpreted thus by the Methodist missionary at Fort Simpson:

"Your coming has made our hearts very happy. We expected you before. Our people came in and made great preparations. We festooned our streets in your honour, but you did not come. Our flowers and evergreens faded; our people went back to their fisheries. But though now, because our people are away, we cannot make much demonstration, our hearts are just as glad.

" We are glad you are coming to help the poor people, our neighbours, the Stickeens. When we hear of the great American nation—the large cities, the great business houses, the vast wealth and churches—we are amazed that you did not do something for these people a long time ago. We hope you will tell your people about it strong. We hope you will have whiskey put down. We have put it down here, and it can be put down there."

Another speaker said:

" Look, we thought it was only the English and Canadian that loved to help these people, because we saw no one else come. But now we see our American friends come and have warm, strong hearts too. Now we all work together for Christ. Last winter we went far off, and carried God's word wherever we went. We did not go to make merry or get great names, but to carry the word of God to others. We visited four large villages that asked where the missionary was. We had no authority to tell them that one would come, but we said to them, ' Tell God your hearts. Pray to Him to send a missionary, and one will come.' "

At Fort Simpson the two chiefs who had made the trip in the canoe were able to explain to Dr. Jackson—through an interpreter—what they had tried to say to him on the voyage. They said they wanted a missionary for their people, the Chilcats. He agreed to do what he could for them. He made the same promise to the Hydahs, on whose island the party camped one night. A delegation of Tongas also pleaded for a missionary, urging that they wanted to know the white man's secret.

Perhaps the sight of the entire voyage that made the deepest impression on him was an abandoned Stickeen village. A number of the ancient totem poles were still standing, surmounted by grotesque images, and containing the bones and ashes of the former inhabitants. Many had fallen amid the dense undergrowth of bushes and ferns. Some of the corner-posts of their large houses were still standing, resting upon the top of which were immense beams, some of them three feet through and from forty to sixty feet long.

The vision of the villages of the living, crying out for the Gospel, led very soon to the organization of missions and schools at a number of widely scattered points. Communication between them was so difficult that Dr. Jackson later made a contract with the officials of the United States Post-Office Department to supply four of his stations with a monthly mail, to be carried by Indians in canoes.

# XII

# AN OFFICER OF THE GOVERNMENT

*Pleading for the Alaskans' rights—Doing double work—Brave teachers—Abandoning a village to go to school—A princely salary—The "Leo's" strange burden—A stormy voyage—Travelling eighty miles to school—Dirt houses—Why the goats were killed—A crowded schoolroom—In a native house.*

SHELDON JACKSON realized that the Church should not carry the burden of educating the Indian. Long before, the government had promised Russia that the residents of Alaska should have all the privileges of American citizens, and he proposed to see to it that this promise was kept. He interviewed officers of the government, visited Congress, made public addresses, wrote hundreds of letters, always insisting, urging, entreating that the Alaskans be given their rights.

At last he had his reward. On January 8, 1880, he wrote in his diary:

"Secured the passage of a resolution for schools in Alaska."

This was his simple way of telling the result of his long struggle.

There was no provision for his support in the Alaska work, either by the government or by the Church, but he resolved to continue at his own charges. He felt that if the work was to be done, it was to be done, and there was no time to be lost. He still continued his work in New Mexico, but he managed to make his annual short trips to Alaska count so heavily that one who reads of his work is surprised to know that he did not give his full time to it.

In America he visited the seminaries, seeking for men to go to Alaska; he made hundreds of public addresses, in the effort to arouse enthusiasm, and he collected thousands of dollars for special Alaska work. Then he hurried to Alaska with the men and women missionaries he had secured, went with them to their fields, remained with them while new stations were being opened, and then hurried on to still other points of vantage.

In this way he kept the promise made to the pagan chiefs on the canoe voyage to Fort Simpson, establishing the Haines mission in the almost unknown country of the Chilcat tribes. Dr. Jackson borrowed the money, erected a house for the missionaries, and left them to do their work. They were brave, or they would have been dismayed at the thought of remaining in the wilderness, with no companions but Indians. The short summer was near its end, and they must look forward to a long winter when there would be five months of deep snow. They knew that in December the day from sunrise to sunset would be four hours long. They knew that when the last trading boat left them in the autumn, they could look for no boats, no white faces, no mails, no supplies of any kind, until five or six months had passed. But theirs was the spirit of the hero, and they were not dismayed.

At once the new station proved a success. Not only were the Indians of the town reached, but others at a distance. Within a few months Don-a-wauk, chief of the village of Tindestak, persuaded his people to move in a body to Haines, in order to have the benefit of attending school and learning how to be good. There were one hundred and seventy-two people in the village. They abandoned sixteen houses which had cost them much labour, although they knew they would have to build new houses at Haines.

Another mission was located at Klukwan, a Chilcat village. Then a canoe voyage was made among the Hydahs. For five hundred miles the hardy missionary travelled along the coast, enduring all kinds of hardship, but rejoicing because he could go among a people who were hungry for the school and the church.

For a long time neither the Church nor the government authorized him to spend much money, but in 1885, in response to his pleas, Congress appropriated twenty-five thousand dollars for schools in Alaska. He was appointed United States Commissioner of Education for Alaska—an office retained for many years—with full authority to spend the money at his own discretion. His salary at first was twelve hundred dollars; later it was adjusted in such a way that the Church paid part, while the government paid the balance of a total that was never adequate.

In 1886 Dr. Jackson chartered the schooner *Leo* for the purpose of gathering information and establishing schools in Western Alaska. Within a month he had collected teachers from Texas, California and Washington Territory, and these were embarked at Puget Sound. On the vessel was a supply of family furniture and household supplies and a large quantity of lumber for schoolhouses. Because of the absence of trees in the section in which the schools were to be established, lumber had to be brought from a distance.

The departure was delayed till September, so the voyage proved to be stormy. One hundred and four days were consumed on the way. After passing through the equinoctial storms, the vessel encountered the early gale of that high northern latitude. Two sails were carried away, the ship was stranded on a reef of rocks, a sailor was nearly lost overboard, and those who were able to eat were frequently lashed to the table in the cabin, while great seas repeatedly washed completely over the ship.

The first stop was at Kadiak, a village of forty-three log houses, twenty-three rough board houses, and twelve painted houses. For twenty-five years there had been no provision for instruction in the village, and the people were eager for the coming of the teachers. Six months before the arrival of Dr. Jackson and his party a family at the southern end of the island, hearing that the government was preparing to establish a school at Kadiak, broke up housekeeping, and the mother and two grown daughters came eighty miles by sea to attend school, arriving weeks in advance of the teacher. Another woman and her five children, while on their way for a like reason, were drowned at sea.

At Apognak Island there were one hundred and forty-six school children. The *Leo* anchored opposite the village just after breakfast. Soon a bidarka, or skin-covered canoe, was at the side of the vessel. The Commissioner was paddled ashore, and went in search of a house for the teacher and the school. During his absence the crew unloaded into small boats the furniture and supplies of the minister and his wife, who were to be teachers there. By the time the first boat-load of goods reached the beach through the surf, the house was rented. The day was consumed in unloading the supplies. The next day

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the voyage was resumed, and the teachers were left to make the best of the situation; they were among Aleuts who knew not a word of English, and the teachers knew nothing of the native tongue. But very soon they learned to understand one another.

At Karluk were found one hundred and eighteen children. The people there lived in barrabarras, or dirt houses partly under ground, which were from twenty to twenty-five feet in diameter. To erect one an excavation from two to five feet deep was made the full size of the proposed building. Upon the edge of this excavation a framework of driftwood (sometimes whalebones) was erected, sloping in. Around this frame were piled the dirt and sod taken from the excavation. Poles were laid across the top, covered with grass, then with dirt and sod two feet thick. A narrow hall six feet long, two feet wide, and three feet high, furnished the entrance. A hole in the centre of the roof was left for the smoke. At a little distance, a village looked like a group of earth mounds. In the damp coast climate these houses were covered with a dense growth of grass and flowers. A few years before Dr. Jackson's visit a kind-hearted trader, to increase the comfort of the people, imported some goats, but the animals had to be killed, for they would persist in feeding upon the top of the houses, causing them to leak.

After leaving Karluk the voyagers were tossed about for two days in a severe storm before rounding Cape Alitak. Anchor was cast in a bay of the same name. The next morning three natives came off and piloted the Commissioner to Akliok. The village contained forty-eight children and fifty-seven adults, living in barrabarras. Many of the people had never before seen white women.

At Unga, the centre of the cod fishery of the North Pacific, books, desks, and supplies were unloaded, and a husband and wife were left as teachers. The only place they could secure for the school was a room nine and one-half by twenty-two feet. Into this small room they were compelled to crowd from twenty-four to thirty-two pupils and visitors.

At Texikan there was no suitable dwelling to be had, and the teacher was compelled to occupy a portion of one of the native houses. This was a plank building about thirty-seven feet square with a rotten bark roof. Through the cracks of the plank floor, the surf could be seen at high tide dashing under the building. The house, after the native style, was in two rooms. Entering the door a step led down two feet to a plank platform seven and a half feet wide. The platform extended around the four sides of the room. From the platform at the door, steps descended three feet to the lower floor, which formed a pit about twenty-two feet square. In the centre of the floor a space eight feet square had been left unplanked. This was the fireplace. In the roof directly over it an opening eight feet square had been left for the escape of the smoke. Through the same hole, the rain sometimes descended in sufficient quantity to put out the fire. On the platform opposite the door was a small room fifteen and one-half by six and one-half feet in size, used as a bed and storeroom. Such was the material from which to create a schoolhouse and residence.

To make the schoolroom, the hole in the roof was roughly boarded up, and a large box stove was placed in the pit. Posts were erected at each corner of the pit, and double width sheeting was stretched across the poles, curtaining off the platform on two sides of the room. These platforms became the residence of the teacher. The native owner with his family occupied the other two platforms. Into this dilapidated and uncomfortable building the cultured family of the missionary teacher moved without a murmur. That winter, in this schoolhouse, they accommodated one hundred and eighty-four pupils.

# XIII

## WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

*Heroes of the North—"To talk English to the dog"—The missionary's plea—Eskimo porters—Building a schoolhouse—A lonely teacher—The Midnight Sun—Pancakes as a reward—A night twenty-four days long—The Graveyard of Ships—In the ice pack—Farthest north—Transformation—"Speaking strong all the one way."*

"YES, they are heroes, every one of them!"

The missionary secretary was not talking of men who have died on the battlefield, or have given up their lives for others in a burning mine, or have chosen to drown that the life-boats might be filled with women. He was speaking of men and women who have shown a higher type of courage. For they choose to live in the frozen north, not for the sake of gain, but for the sake of the souls of men and women and children.

It takes courage to face a winter far up in the land of ice and snow, where the thermometer frequently drops to a point so low that those who dwell in the temperate zone can have no appreciation of the cold, where the nights are almost endless and the days so short that they are done almost before they are begun, where for months at a time no one is seen but the members of one's own household and a few fur-clad Eskimos.

One whom Sheldon Jackson told of the heroes with whom he had manned the mission outposts in Alaska listened in wonder to the simply told story of what the missionaries endure without a murmur. Then he tried to make real to others the vivid picture drawn for him.

"To appreciate the courage that faces such conditions, we must consider what it means to be separated from one's kindred. It is almost equivalent to being cut off from communion with the human race. Living, as we do in populous communities, we can hardly comprehend the awful silence and loneliness of the Arctic Circle, where men are almost buried alive. Their situation is in some respects worse than that of exiles in Siberia, for the exiles can at least have the companionship of sorrow. But some of our missionaries are literally out of the world. They receive a mail only once a year. Months may pass without seeing a familiar face. In one case, a missionary was left alone among the Eskimos for a whole winter. At last there came a party of natives with a dog which had been given them by an English trader; and for want of other company, the poor missionary trudged over the snow every day, as he expressed it, 'to talk English with that dog.' How he must have yearned for the sight of one of his race, with whom he could speak in his own tongue wherein he was born! Add to this tie of blood that of Christian brotherhood, and how overmastering must be the longing for some fellow-being whom he could call brother, and press to his aching bosom!"

Yet these lonely workers do not beg to be relieved of their burdens. This attitude is illustrated by the plea made some years ago by a missionary on a desolate island off the coast of Alaska. A home missionary secretary had persuaded the captain of the vessel on which he was a passenger to go out of his course that he might visit the workers on the island. Under protest the captain did this. When the vessel reached the island the secretary was told he could have exactly an hour. So the visitor went over the side, and was carried to the overjoyed missionaries, who met him at the landing. For an hour they talked of the work; of the native converts who were growing in grace; of the other natives who gave their teachers much pain; of the Sunday-school and its prosperity; of the needs of the field. And they had prayer together. Then the whistle sounded, and farewells were spoken.

The secretary, in saying good-bye, impulsively turned to the missionary's wife, and asked:

"Is there anything I can do for you—anything at all?"

She looked at him earnestly, and said:

"Yes, just one thing."

The secretary was sorry he had said anything; he feared she was about to ask him to take them all home with him. But, instead of that, she said:

"Just let us stay here."

And so he left them—the earnest husband, the white-faced wife, the sickly little babe—left them to their Indian neighbours; left them to service, and suffering, and sorrow—for the babe died soon after, and the little body was laid in the earth on the island where the parents were devoting their lives for other children, and for the children's parents.

Because Sheldon Jackson was himself willing to endure hardships of every kind in his work as a leader, he was able to inspire others with courage like that shown by those island missionaries. Contact with him was electrical in its effect. An hour's talk with him was enough to persuade men and women who perhaps had never thought of a life on the home mission field to volunteer their services for some difficult field far from the haunts of men.

Dr. Jackson told them frankly just what they would have to endure. He spoke of the rigours of the Arctic winters, the necessary isolation from the outside world for perhaps a year or more, the difficulties connected with teaching among a people who were, as a rule, ignorant of English, and the hardships, privations and perils of the work. And many said they were willing to endure these things. Sometimes their courage failed them later. More than one turned back when about to sail from Puget Sound for a home amid "the great white silence." But most of those with whom the pioneer arranged to take charge of his schools could not be moved from their purpose.

A number of men with the spirit of Sheldon Jackson accompanied him on a trip made in the summer of 1890 for the purpose—among many other things—of founding three contract schools. Part of the expense for these contract schools was paid by the government, arrangements being made with churches to erect the buildings and administer the government funds by agreement or contract.

On July 4, after a trying voyage, the United States revenue steamer *Bear* reached Cape Prince of Wales, where one of the schools was to be placed. Dr. Jackson and the schoolmaster went ashore early in the afternoon, and they celebrated the day by locating at this extreme western end of the western hemisphere the site for the first schoolhouse and mission on the western coast of Alaska.

Immediately the foundations were laid, and arrangements were completed for the erection of the building. With great difficulty material and furniture were landed from the *Bear*. From the beach to the site selected many Eskimo porters carried the freight on their heads and shoulders, the women taking loads as large as the men; two hundred and fifty pounds was not an unusual load. The Eskimos may be little of stature, but they are sturdy.

Ship carpenters seized eagerly on the timbers and began to shape them for use. Four of these men belonged to ships in the Arctic whaling fleet, which were waiting at Port Clarence for the steamer bearing supplies from San Francisco, before separating for their quest in the Arctic. When the *Bear* reached the fleet on July 2, Dr. Jackson asked for men who would help him build two American schoolhouses in that desolate land, and four men offered their services without pay. The captain of the *Bear* assigned from his own ship two carpenters and ten or twelve men. Thus the force which set to work at Cape Prince of Wales was able to complete the building in eight days.

When the *Bear* proceeded northward the schoolhouse was ready for the teacher. He was alone, but he was not dismayed. He knew that he was only forty miles from Siberia, the land of the Russian exile, but he did not think of himself as an exile. With a look of courage in his eyes he followed the *Bear* as it steamed away. Then he examined again his little rocky kingdom and its surroundings. To the north he could see the Arctic Ocean; to the south, Bering Straits, the coast of Siberia and Diomede Islands. Back of him were the mountain peaks, twenty-five hundred feet high. And in his heart was the purpose to give himself without reserve to the service of the people in the native village of King-e-gan at his feet.

At Point Hope Dr. Jackson saw the Midnight Sun which dipped about half-way into the water and then commenced to rise again. There for three days the *Bear* lay at anchor, riding out a gale. Ten days later at the same place, in a similar storm, a ship while discharging freight was driven into the breakers and wrecked, and her crew took refuge on the *Bear*.

The storm abated on Monday, July 21, and the ship was moved nearer the village. Dr. Jackson went ashore to inspect the school building, which was already in process of erection by the volunteer carpenters who had been sent ahead from Cape Prince of Wales on another vessel, while the finishing touches were being put to the school there. Several carpenters from the *Bear* were sent ashore to assist in the work. By night the building was ready. Then the native helpers were paid by Dr. Jackson, the schoolmaster was put in charge of the property, and the steamer resumed its voyage to Point Barrow.

The school was opened on October 1, 1890. The day brought with it a blizzard and snowstorm that lasted for nine days. During the morning, the teacher occupied the schoolroom alone, but as time passed and no pupils came, he put on his furs and started for the village to hunt up the children. He found a boy walking on the beach. Taking him into the schoolroom, he commenced school. At its close, he presented his pupil with a couple of pancakes left from his own breakfast. The effect was equal to any reward of merit. That boy proved one of the most regular in attendance during the entire winter season. The next morning four presented themselves, and from that the school grew to sixty-eight. A mixture of flour, molasses and water made a sort of cake, a little of which was given to the pupils each evening, proving a very cheap and efficient method of securing regular attendance, and promoting discipline, as they had to be both present and perfect in their deportment and recitations to be entitled to cake. The pupils usually arrived from six to seven in the morning, and remained all day. The sun disappeared on December 10, and returned on January 3, giving them a night of twenty-four days. Lamps were required in the schoolroom from November 12 to February 9. During February and a portion of March a series of blizzards set in that were beyond description. The ice was solid across the ocean to Cape Prince of Wales, two hundred miles distant. The effect of the gales was such that at times it seemed as if the schoolhouse must be blown away. Snow flew in perfect sheets. The schoolhouse was located two miles from the village, and yet, notwithstanding the storm and distance, the attendance was good. For a few days the teacher hired men to see the little ones safely home through the storm, but soon found that the precaution was unnecessary; they were accustomed to take care of themselves.

On July 24 the *Bear* passed into what is known as the Arctic Graveyard of Ships. In the twenty years before that date seventy-five vessels connected with the whale trade had been wrecked on the American side of the Arctic Coast, and perhaps twenty on the Asiatic side. Vigilant watchers studied the ice pack in order to keep the *Bear* from being added to the list. The pack was not so bad as on a previous voyage, when the captain spent seventy-five consecutive hours in the crow's nest at the masthead, his food being taken up to him.

On July 30, after a week of waiting, the vessel still lay off the ice pack. That night as all were on deck watching the Midnight Sun, a large field of shore ice was seen drifting toward the ship. For a while the *Bear* held fast as the great cake broke on her bow and ground against her sides; but by and by the pressure became too great and she dragged her anchor, and commenced drifting towards the shoals. Steam was at once raised, the anchor hove to, and the ship set at work bucking her way through the ice. Once under way the captain concluded to go on again until stopped by the ice. Threading his way carefully through masses of floating ice, he reached and anchored on the morning of July 31, off the village of Oot Reavie, near Point Barrow.

Here the third school was located. It had been impossible to bring material for the building, so a room was secured in one of the buildings of the government Refuge Station, built the year before to give aid to shipwrecked whalers. This was then—and is to-day—the most northern mission station in the world, being in latitude seventy-one degrees twenty-three minutes north, or further north than the North Cape in Europe.

Dr. Jackson left the missionary with a promise to return the next year with supplies. But the promise could not be kept. When within seventy miles of Point Barrow the *Bear* was compelled to give up the attempt to force a way through the ice pack. However, the teacher was able to reach the ship over the ice and had a long talk with Dr. Jackson before turning back to his lonely post of duty. The material for the schoolhouse was landed at Cape Prince of Wales, where it was to remain until conditions made possible the journey to Point Barrow.

The attempt made in 1892 was more successful. The *Bear* reached Point Barrow and left a bell and other supplies for the schoolhouse.

The influence of these northern schools and mission stations has been wonderful. It is said that when the mission at Cape Prince of Wales was established, the village in which it was located was so notorious for treachery and high-handed wickedness that no whaler had dared to drop anchor in its neighbourhood for ten years. The placing of the mission station there was regarded by the officers of the whaling vessels as a foolhardy undertaking, from which no good could result. Yet the whole community has been transformed. It is now safe for the trader, the miner and the sailor. The whalers anchor their ships before the village and land their crews in safety.

The Eskimos at Point Barrow did not bear such an evil reputation, yet even there it was thought necessary to build a fortified habitation for the men in charge of the government Refuge, and sailors wrecked in the vicinity knew better than to expect kindness. There is no longer need for the fortified building, and it has been dismantled. A company of two hundred shipwrecked sailors learned the reason for this action by the government when they approached the village, and were given help and protection.

Before placing these missions Dr. Jackson showed his wisdom in planning that there should be no denominational rivalry in Alaska. Once an Indian said to him, "We do not think it well to have two churches (denominations) among the Stickeens. The Stickeens ought to speak strong all the one way." That the natives of Alaska might have every encouragement to "speak strong all the one way," Dr. Jackson sought to interest a number of denominations in his plans. The representatives of these denominations shared his enthusiasm, and easily reached an agreement for the division of the territory among them.

Now all are working together for a Christian Alaska.

## XIV

## A SEVEN YEARS' FIGHT

*"You'll catch it from your father"—Dr. Jackson's hardest battle—The rebellion of Shustaks—The Christians' agreement—Toy-a-att's appeal to Washington—Besieging Congress—Victory at last—Trumped-up indictments—Arrested—The President interferes—Vindicated.*

A MASSACHUSETTS boy of fifteen was on his way home from school when he heard an older boy insult a girl. His polite intimation that such language was ungentlemanly provoked a fight. The younger boy was victor in the prolonged contest that followed, and the older boy was compelled to apologize to the girl, and promise that he would never do the like again. As the victor—with clothes torn and one eye closed—was starting homeward, an acquaintance called:

"You'll catch it from your father!"

But the boy was not dismayed. He was on intimate terms with his parents; he understood them and they understood him. As soon as he reached home he sought the father, who greeted him:

"Been fighting, eh? Did you have a good reason? All right, then; tell me about it some time when we have a chance for one of our good talks."

Sheldon Jackson must have been trained by such a father. Though he was a man of peace, he believed in fighting—when there was a good reason. At first those who opposed him thought they had nothing to fear from an undersized man like him. But they soon learned their mistake. They discovered that when he decided that a contest was necessary he would go into it for all he was worth, and that there would be no breaking his bulldog grip until the fight was won.

The biggest fight of Sheldon Jackson's life was the contest for good government in Alaska. The story of how this was waged and won after seven years' relentless pursuit of the friends first of no government, then of misgovernment, is a chapter in American history of which no one should be ignorant.

When the hardy pioneer arranged for the opening of the first school in Alaska, the land was still without a government, though ten years had passed since Russia turned over the country to the United States. On every hand was reckless disregard of law—or what would have been law if any recognized power had thought it worth while to make it and provide for its enforcement.

The Indians of southeast Alaska pleaded for government interference with those who made life unpleasant, but they were not able to make their pleas heard in Washington, and no attention was paid to them.

The conditions in the territory were illustrated by those at Fort Wrangell. Here there were five hundred whites and a thousand Indians. Gambling, drunkenness and debauchery were so common that they excited no comment. The soldiers had been withdrawn, and there were no officers and no courts for the protection of life and the redress of grievances.

A few chiefs and Indians who had renounced heathenism appointed Toy-a-att, Moses and Matthew as a police force to keep order and punish the guilty. For a time this plan worked smoothly, but after a while Shus-taks, the leading heathen chief, rebelled, and told the Indians that the policemen had no authority. Then rioting and drunkenness became worse than ever.

The Christian Indians talked about their trouble to Mrs. McFarland, whom Dr. Jackson had left in charge of the Fort Wrangell school, and she advised them to hold a constitutional convention. This body met on February 3, 1878, and continued in session two days.

The schoolhouse was packed full. There were a great many long speeches, until it began to grow dark. Mrs. McFarland had written out some laws with which they seemed to be much pleased. At five o'clock in the afternoon, she proposed that they should adjourn until the next morning. She said she would take the rules home, and copy them off, ready for their signature. The next morning at daybreak, Shus-taks came out on the end of the Point, as he always did when he had anything to say to the people, and there made a great speech, telling them that he knew all about what they had been doing the day before, and that the teacher was trying to make war between him and the other people.

Later in the day, by invitation, Shus-taks and five of his friends came to hear the laws read. "I would like to know what you have to do with the laws," Shus-taks said, when he had heard them. "You were sent here to teach school, and nothing more. If you go on as you are now doing, you will upset the town, and bring war, and all the people will be killed. I suppose you think you are safe, but I would advise you to send for the soldiers to come back."

Then he stamped from the room in a rage, followed by his friends.

The Christians present signed their names to four simple agreements. The first declared that Toy-a-att, Moses, Matthew and Sam should search all canoes and stop the traffic in liquor among the Indians.

The second read: "We, who profess to be

Christians, promise with God's help to strive as much as possible to live at peace with each other —to have no fighting, no quarrelling, no talebearing among us. These things are all sinful, and should not exist among Christians."

The third agreement was: "Any troubles that arise among the brethren, between husbands and wives, or if any man leaves his wife, these brethren, Toy-a-att, Moses, Matthew, Aaron and Lot —have authority to settle the trouble and decide what the punishment shall be."

The fourth agreement declared: "The authority of these brethren is binding upon all. And no person is to resist or interfere with them."

Then Toy-a-att made a great speech. After telling of the coming of the white man, he said:

"Although I have been a bad Indian, I can see the right road and I desire to follow it. I have changed for the better. I have done away with all Indian superstitious habits. I am in my old age becoming civilized. I have learned to know Jesus, and I desire to know more of Him. I desire education, in order that I may be able to read the Holy Bible.

"Look at Fort Simpson and at Metlakahtla. See the Indians there. They were the worst Indians on the coast. Now they can read and write and are learning to become Christians. Those Indians are British Indians, and it must

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have been the wish of the British Queen that her Indians should be educated. We have been told that the British Government is a powerful one, and we have also been told that the American Government is a more powerful one. We have been told that the President of the United States has control over all the people, both white and Indians. We have been told how he came to be one great chief. He purchased the country from Russia, and in purchasing it he purchased us. We had no choice or say in the change of masters. The change has been made, and we are content. All we ask is justice.

"We ask of our father at Washington that we be recognized as a people, inasmuch as he recognizes all other Indians in other portions of the United States. We ask that we be civilized, Christianized, educated. Give us a chance, and we will show to the world that we can become peaceable citizens and good Christians. An effort has already been made by Christian friends to better our condition, and may God bless them in their work. A school has been built here, which, notwithstanding opposition by bad white men and by Indians, has done a good and great work among us.

"This is not sufficient. We want our chief at Washington to help us. We want him to use his influence towards having a church built and in having a good man sent to us who will teach us to read the Bible and learn all about Jesus. And now, my brethren, to you I appeal. Help us in our efforts to do right. If you don't want to come to our church, don't laugh and make fun of us because we sing and pray. If one of us should be led astray from the right path, point out to us our error and assist us in trying to reform. If you will all assist us in doing good, and quit selling whiskey, we will soon make Fort Wrangell a quiet place, and the Stickeen Indians will become a happy people. I now thank you all for your kind attention. Good-bye."

The report of this meeting and the appeal of Toy-a-att made Dr. Jackson more than ever determined to persuade Congress to provide for the government of Alaska. He had already begun his contest. He was opposed by many who felt that Alaska was not worth the attention of the government, and by others whose interests were advanced by anarchy in Alaska. But he did not falter in the fight.

In January, 1880, he was in Washington, appealing to the members of Congress in person and by letter for the recognition of the Alaska Indians along with the other wards of the government, and urging the passage of a bill for a territorial form of government. Some encouraged him, but others treated him with indifference.

At the next session of Congress the battle was renewed. In 1883 he was busy among the leaders at Washington. By this time he had influential backers; Benjamin Harrison, Joseph Cook, and Wendell Phillips were glad to be counted on his side. But all effort was vain; Alaska was again left out of the nation's plans.

In 1884 the battle was renewed. The story of the last contest should be read in the original entries in Dr. Jackson's diary:

"April 3.—At four o'clock and ten minutes P. M., the House of Representatives in Committee of the Whole passed the clause in Indian appropriation bill giving fifteen thousand dollars to an industrial Indian school for Alaska.

"May 8.—Called on Senator Hawley, who agreed to amend report of Senate Committee from ten thousand dollars to twenty-five thousand dollars for industrial school in Alaska.

"May 9.—Sent circular letter to the senators. Indian bill came up. Hawley moved amendment. Plumb of Kansas made violent speech against it and a personal attack on myself. Senator Conger of Michigan answered him.

"May 11.—In morning made address on Alaska in Sixth Presbyterian Church.

"May 13.—House took up and passed bill for government in Alaska. Senate resumed the consideration of Indian appropriation bill and other efforts made to kill the Alaska appropriation.

"May 15.—Made an address on Alaska at Metropolitan Church.

"May 16.—Made an address on Alaska at Judge Williamson's.

"May 17.—The President signed the bill for government in Alaska.

"May 18.—Fifty years old. Made an address on Alaska at Hyattstown."

The entries telling of the making of addresses on Alaska are important because it was Dr. Jackson's habit to invite members of Congress to hear these. Many of them came, and were convinced by his words.

The act passed by Congress adopted the laws of Oregon for the territory of Alaska, and provided that a governor should be appointed by the President. There were to be a judge, a district attorney and a marshal, to set up a court. Then there were four deputies divided between Sitka, Wrangell, Juneau, and Unalaska.

Thus Alaska was put under the reign of law. And Sheldon Jackson had done it. But his fight was not yet won.

His appointment as Commissioner of Education gave him authority where before he had been doing his work on his own responsibility. His use of the steamer *Bear* lent dignity to his progress, and made it possible for him to travel to Alaska in years when no provision was made by the Church for his expenses. But his appointment, and the use of the government's vessel, did more; it brought down on him the enmity of

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many who did not favour the enforcement of law, or who felt that his activity was an infringement on their rights.

The first United States judge and the first district attorney began the fight against the father of the new Alaska soon after their appointment in 1884. They did not like to see educational funds used for the Indian. When the Russian residents at Sitka protested against the mission school on the ground that funds were spent there which might be used for them, they were encouraged to oppose the enterprise. On the pretense that the building had been erected on ground belonging to them, they were advised to apply for an injunction restraining the mission authorities from improving the property. The United States judge granted the injunction in spite of the fact that the school was supported in part by the government. Reports of this action reached Dr. Jackson in Washington. He asked President Cleveland for relief. Before the petition was acted on he hastened to the scene of conflict.

Soon after his arrival the first regular term of court was opened. The district attorney secured from the grand jury five indictments against Dr. Jackson, one of which was the grave offense of asking for a hearing before the grand jury!

The judge dismissed this indictment, and set aside the injunction against work on the school buildings, but the remaining indictments on trumped up charges were placed on the docket for trial. One indictment charged him with "the crime of unlawfully, illegally, wilfully, maliciously and with malice, obstructing a certain road or highway." A warrant was issued for the "criminal," and he was placed under two thousand dollar bonds to appear for trial before the November session of the court. Dr. Jackson obeyed. While out on bail, he planned to make a trip to Sitka and beyond, to establish schools in Southeastern Alaska. When he went aboard the steamer he had an outfit of school supplies, including desks and furniture for the school at Wrangell, and charts, maps, etc., for the schools at Hoonah, Harris, Juneau and Howkan. He was not molested while the steamer was being loaded, but when the gangplank was about to be withdrawn, he was arrested and rudely hustled off the steamer, locked in a cell, and denied even the comfort of a box upon which to sit down. When the steamer had passed out of sight, he was taken before the judge and his bail bond increased to thirty-two hundred dollars. Then he was set free.

But the mischief had been done. The conspirators knew that there would not be another steamer to Sitka for a month, and they proposed to interfere with Dr. Jackson's work for at least that time.

Some of the passengers who witnessed the indignity reported it to Washington. There was a storm of indignation. President Cleveland made an investigation and promptly removed the governor, the marshall and the district attorney. Soon after the judge also was removed. The new officials arrived on the steamer a month after the arrest.

At the next session of court the indictments charging Dr. Jackson with crime were thrown out as unworthy of consideration.

The disgraced politicians made one more effort. At Washington they made a campaign for Dr. Jackson's removal, trying to blacken his character. They succeeded in persuading a few newspapers to print charges which plainly were so false that they were rejected even by those who had not sympathized with his work.

After reading one of these reports Lieutenant Bolles of the United States Navy, who had known Dr. Jackson when on duty in Alaskan waters, made a sworn statement in which he said:

"In the fall of 1884 various members of the civil government, both in their actions and their conversation with me, showed that there was a strong feeling against the mission schools and their teachers, not simply against Dr. Jackson, but others. One went so far as to say he 'would break them up.' . . .

"In regard to Dr. Jackson I can say from personal knowledge that he is zealous and earnest in his efforts for the good of the Indians and the educational interests of Alaska, and faithful in the discharge of his duties. I have found him faithful and honest, in fact an earnest, hard-working, faithful Christian man. These virtues being the antithesis of Alaskan ideas, naturally have produced bitter foes."

Opposition did not end with these incidents. But never again were the enemies of Dr. Jackson's work able to gain a sympathetic hearing from those who had power to interfere with him.

## XV

## IN NORTHERN WATERS

*Battling with the breakers—Climbing a precipice—A dangerous launching—A mysterious message—Rescuers rewarded—Capsized—Strange requests—Emptying liquor into the sea—A venturesome bride and groom—A wonderful cave—An impenetrable ice wall—Fast to an iceberg.*

"A WORD of command—a jingle of a bell—the thump of a propeller—the turn of a wheel, and we were off for a five months' cruise in Sundown seas and beyond, among the ice-fields of the frozen North."

Thus Dr. Jackson began the account in his diary of one of his Arctic voyages. His feelings were further indicated by the next paragraph:

"When, as a boy, I read with eager interest the adventures of the whalers and saw rude pictures of the great underground houses of Kamchatka and the Polar regions, with queer looking people dressed in furs, and their faces tattooed, climbing up and down notched poles to and from their homes, I little thought that I should ever personally visit those far-away strange people, much less that I should be the first to establish schools and missions among them."

One of Dr. Jackson's first experiences in landing on the strange shores of Alaska was at Garden Cove, on St. George Island. Here the ship's boat was lowered, and five officers, five sailors and Mr. Jackson started for the shore.

Upon approaching the shore the breakers at the regular landing place were found to be too heavy to make it safe. A mile to the southward, at the base of high cliffs, the landing seemed smooth, and it was attempted. Just as the men had almost reached the shore, and were congratulating themselves that they had succeeded in getting through safely, a great wave struck them, staving two holes in the bottom of the boat. The way they scrambled over one another in the effort to get out of the boat before another wave should strike them was most ludicrous.

Leaving the boat in charge of the sailors, the officers and Dr. Jackson started for the village. The first thing to be done was to scale the bluff, which was five hundred feet high. This was a difficult operation, in some places only to be performed on hands and knees. The climbers held on to clumps of grass. Occasionally they dislodged stones and dirt that went rolling down the precipice, endangering those that were below. From time to time, to get breath, Dr. Jackson would dig the heel of his boot securely into the earth, and then lie on his back with closed eyes. Whenever he allowed himself to look down, or out to sea, his head became dizzy, and he had the sickening sensation of being about to roll down the precipice. At last he reached the top, but was too exhausted to proceed to the village. After taking a good rest at the top of the hill, he attempted to retrace his steps to the boat, but for a long time failed to find a point where he could get down the hill.

At evening, when the officers returned, the boat was repaired. Then it was placed on wooden rollers made of driftwood, and taken down to the edge of the breakers. During the afternoon the swell had grown worse, and it was a desperate chance if the boat could be launched safely. Being a landsman, Dr. Jackson was placed in the boat before it left the beach, and the others gave him their watches, revolvers, coats and spare clothing—to keep them dry. The only chance was to launch the boat between the breaking of the waves. All would get soaked, and some might get drowned. Every precaution was taken. The officers and men ranged themselves on each side of the boat, waiting a favourable moment. When the time came, at the word of command, they made a wild rush into the sea up to their waists, sending the boat before them, and then with a spring threw themselves into it, seized the oars, and pulled away for life. In the rush one sailor stumbled and fell under the boat, another lost his hold and went down with an officer on top of him. Regaining their feet and blowing the salt water from their mouths, they made a successful rush for the boat. Two breakers were passed, and all were safe.

One of the objects of the voyage was to carry presents from the United States Government to the natives near Cape Navarin, Siberia, who had sheltered the survivors of a whaling vessel which was crushed in the ice in 1885. The wreck came so suddenly that the crew of thirty-six had barely time to spring into the boats, without provisions or extra clothing. Half were soon picked up by another whaler, but the rest were compelled to take refuge on a field of ice, where they remained for twenty-six days. During this time nine died from exposure, and the others kept alive by eating raw seal. Finally the nine survivors took to the boat and in three days reached the coast of Siberia. Five died soon after landing. The four left alive were cared for by the natives all winter, though they were themselves in a half-starving condition. The sole survivor, whose name was Vincent, was adopted by a family which owned a herd of domesticated reindeer, and therefore had more to eat. For more than two years he remained with them. Early in his long stay with these friends, with a knife he carved a message on a board, and asked the people on the coast to give it to the first vessel they saw. On one side was:

*1887. J. B. V. Nap. Tobacco give.*

On the reverse side was:

*S. W. C. Nav. 10 M. Help Come.*

The piece of wood ultimately reached Captain Healy of the *Bear*. He puzzled over it till he read the story:

" 1887, J. B. Vincent of the bark Napoleon is ten miles southwest of Cape Navarin. Come to his rescue. Give the bearer some tobacco for his trouble."

Captain Healy—who was at Port Clarence when the message reached him—lost no time in beginning the search. Before long he reached the sailor, and then took him home.

When the *Bear* reached the spot where Vincent had been taken aboard, the captain went ashore with Dr. Jackson. At once messengers were sent in every direction on dog-sleds to gather the people together. When all were present who could be reached, one thousand dollars' worth of clothes, firearms, ammunition, traps, pots, pails, tools, provisions, and toys were distributed to the grateful men, women and children.

On another voyage on the *Bear*, Dr. Jackson—instead of taking part in a meeting of congratulation because of a rescue—witnessed the death of an officer and members of the crew. When within sight of Mt. St. Elias, an exploring party with supplies were attempting to land. One of the two boats was capsized in the breakers and for a long time there was uncertainty as to the fate of the seven occupants. Next morning, when it was possible to get ashore, it was learned that six men had lost their lives. A second boat capsized in the breakers that evening, but the men in it suffered no greater inconvenience than a night on shore.

At Cape Thompson Dr. Jackson learned something of the varied duties of the captain of a United States Revenue Steamer in Alaskan waters. Four or five white men from two whaling stations came to request him to take off their hands a sailor who, the season before, deserted from one of the whaling ships. During the winter he had frozen his feet so badly that they had mortified and would need to be amputated. Another man wished the captain to collect a board bill from a miner whom he had taken in at five dollars per month. The debt was collected, the miner being forced to weigh out gold dust to the amount of his bill. Thereupon the miner asked to be taken down to civilization. The captain consented, on condition that he would make himself look like a civilized being. Then the ship's physician was sent ashore to examine the man with the frozen feet and bring him on board.

At Port Clarence Dr. Jackson watched the boarding of the vessels of the whaling fleet by officers from the *Bear*, who were in search of liquor. The majority of the captains are opposed to the trading of liquors to the natives for furs; but there are some who believe in it, and boldly say that if the cutter did not come and search them they would engage in the trade, and that they do engage in it on the Siberian Coast where the *Bear* has no jurisdiction. As a result of the search, eleven barrels of alcohol and six cases of gin were seized upon one schooner and emptied into the ocean. One captain, seeing the officer coming, emptied a barrel of liquor over the side of his vessel, and threw three gallon cans after it. The cans floated by the searching officer. He evidently thought them empty kerosene cans, for he did not take the trouble to pick them up.

At Point Belcher the captain heard of a strange steamer that had gone north that morning, and concluded to follow it. There was ice all about, but he pushed his way on. After forcing the *Bear* through the ice for ten miles, he discovered the vessel working her way out of the ice. It proved to be a small Japanese steamer from Tokio that had been chartered by an American and his wife who were on a bridal tour around the world. They had gone to the Arctic to hunt walrus and polar bear. Ignorant of their danger, they had driven their steamer into ice, thinking they could force a way to Point Barrow. Assistance was given them, and they were warned to proceed southward as rapidly as possible.

One of the most curious experiences of the voyage of 1891 was the visit to a cave on King's Island of which wonderful stories had been told. The natives said it was inhabited by three strange creatures, and that there was an exit in the roof connecting with the top of the island.

Supplying themselves with lines, candles and lanterns, the explorers approached the cleft in the face of the cliff, a few hundred feet to the east of the village. The water extended in some twenty feet from shore to the mouth of the cave, but owing to the swell from the sea the boat could not enter; so the men hurriedly jumped on to the rocks and clambered over the sides to the entrance.

The first obstacle that confronted them was an immense cake of ice with a perpendicular face, jambed between the two sides of the entrance, each of which was equally inaccessible. After making several unsuccessful attempts Dr. Jackson and his companions appealed to the guide, who shot over the space with the agility of a monkey, and carried with him the line fastened to the others. Even with this assistance, they found considerable difficulty in following him.

They were then in the main chamber of the cave. In height it was about thirty or forty feet, and twenty-five in width. The floor was uneven and full of holes. Scattered about on the slippery surface were strewn the remains of walrus, bones, skin and blubber. At the left-hand corner of the immense cavern was a hole which could easily have been mistaken for an exit to the top of the mountain. To reach it seemed impossible. The guide demanded the promise of more pay and in addition the pants which Dr. Jackson had on before he would go any farther, exclaiming with much force, "King Charlie cowcow pechuk."

The ascent was almost perpendicular. It was made by means of a rope which the native visitors to the cave had left in a crevice under a large rock. At last they stood in the dark entrance of another part of the cave. Lighting the candles and making fast the line, two of the men with the guide descended through a narrow crack, the floor of which was solid ice. To assist in going down, steps had been cut out and the dripping of the water from above had formed little pinnacles of ice which answered as supports for their feet. Soon they found themselves in the most beautiful and interesting part of the cave. The chamber was pyramidal in shape, the apex extending upward fifty feet. Its walls were everywhere covered with miniature icicles and moisture, frozen in the most fantastic shapes, appearing like a mass of diamonds.

The floor was solid ice. In this had been cut holes from ten to fifteen feet in depth and from six to ten feet in diameter. As the boots of the explorers were of skin and already worn slippery from travelling over ice and grease, they had to exercise the greatest precautions to escape falling into these holes.

The return was far more difficult and dangerous, but was made without any serious accident.

The guide explained that the cave was used for the storing of walrus which are killed in the winter and are used for food in the summer, though he said it was used at one time as a rendezvous in time of attack from the natives of the coast.

On nearly every voyage it was found impossible to carry out some of the plans that had been made, owing to heavy seas or packed ice, or thick and long continued fog. Dr. Jackson learned to to be as philosophical under the adverse conditions as were the officers of the *Bear*. But one experience—in the summer of 1896—was unusually hard. He had been very anxious to land at Point Barrow that he might see the mission there. This proved to be the worst season for ice in fifty years. After a severe struggle they were in sight of Point Barrow. On the morning of Saturday, August 8, the ship was opposite the station where some of the whalers had succeeded in getting in and were at anchor. But the opening that had let them in had closed with ice, which stood a solid impenetrable wall to bar any further progress. There was nothing to do but to steam back to comparatively open water, and cast anchor.

On Sunday, the attempt to crush through the ice to the station was made a second time, but failure was the result. On Monday the ship was again started under steam to repeat the process of bumping ice and forcing her way within sight of the desired haven, only to be turned back at the last.

For three days more the steamer alternately drifted, anchored to icebergs, tried to push through the ice, and retreated to safe waters. Finally, on Thursday, it was made fast to an iceberg off the Point Barrow Refuge Station, and it was possible for a number of the men from shore to make their way out and climb aboard. They explained that the preceding winter had been unusually severe. During February the warmest weather was thirty-eight degrees below zero, and the coldest sixty-six degrees below. The average temperature was forty-five below. From December 20, when the temperature was forty degrees below zero, to April 20, when it was thirty-seven below, the cold had been continuous. It was May 15 before the thermometer registered as high as zero. There was snow on the ground till July 19, and the fresh water lakes were frozen until August 15. Great heavy icebergs that had grounded in front of the village, late in the winter, were still anchored to the bottom of the sea at the time of Dr. Jackson's visit.

This record sounds like the story of an expedition to the North Pole. But it is only the simple narrative of a missionary's journey.

# XVI

# THE ROMANCE OF THE REINDEER

*"Bym-by kill um"—What became of George —The starving man's dilemma—Slaughtering the seal and the walrus—A startling proposition — Undiscouraged — Climbing over obstacles.*

BEFORE the days of the submarine cable from America to Europe the Western Union Telegraph Company planned to connect America with Asia by telegraph, by way of Alaska and Siberia. In 1866 linemen of the company were attracted by a party of Alaska natives on the mountainside back of their village. About forty people of all ages were present. They were chatting and laughing as at a picnic. On a small level spot had been constructed an oblong ring of stones about six feet in length. Near by a reindeer had been killed, and a party of women were sprinkling the stones with handfuls of tobacco and choice bits of deer meat. Thinking they were making a sacrifice to the gods, the workmen asked a native who had learned a little English to explain the details. But the native said it was to be a human sacrifice.

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Pointing to an old man in the group, he said, "See old man—no got eyes—bym-by kill um."

Years later Captain Healy of the *Bear* was inquiring the whereabouts of a native whom he had known on a former trip. Meeting another native, he asked, "Where is George now?" "Oh," was the reply, "I shot him last year." Then the explanation was given that George was taken sick, that there seemed no hope for his recovery, and he had been put to death.

Dr. Jackson, hearing of many instances of this sort, made inquiries as to the reason for the heartless acts. He learned that when persons have an incurable disease, or become too old to be of further service in procuring the necessaries of life, it was a common practice among the natives to put them to death. The conditions of life are so hard, the difficulties of feeding the strong are so great, that they think it best no useless man or woman should be permitted to live.

During a visit to the villages along several thousand miles of Arctic and semi-arctic coast, Dr. Jackson met thousands of natives, yet he saw only one old person. He noted in his diary that this almost entire absence of aged persons among the population confirms the accounts of the custom of killing the aged and infirm.

Sometimes the children are killed because the supply of food is too scanty to care for them. One of the telegraph party already mentioned told of a famine in Alaska when, as early as October, people began to boil their deerskin bedding into soup. Many of the natives sought the advice and assistance of the strangers. One said: "You know, sir, the winter has hardly commenced. I have a wife and seven children and seven dogs to support, and not a pound of meat or fish to give them. I have some deerskins and eight fathoms of thong that I can boil up. But these are not enough to sustain the family and the dogs too until the Tchuct-chu (steamer) comes to trade, and I don't know where to get more, as my neighours are starving too." With hesitation and a faltering voice he added: "If my children perish I will have my dogs left, but if my dogs perish, how can I go to the Tchuct-chu to get deer? Then my family will starve too, and I will have neither family nor dogs." What he wanted was for the American to decide whether it was worse for him to let his children or his sled dogs starve, for if the latter starved it would involve the starvation of the whole family. Of course he was advised to keep both as long as possible.

Occasionally an instance of this destitution or starvation came under the eye of an intelligent white man and was given to the world, but these periodical seasons of starvation came and went, and hundreds of human beings starved, their fate unheeded and unknown by the world.

Once there was food sufficient for the Indians and the Eskimos, but that day passed long ago. Whales, seals and sea-lions were plentiful. Just as the great herds of buffalo which roamed the plains of the United States as late as 1870 were slaughtered for their pelts, so the whales were sacrified for the fat that encased their bodies and the bone that hung in their mouths. Soon the whales were destroyed or driven from the North Pacific. They were then followed into Bering Sea, and the slaughter went on. The remnant took refuge in the Arctic Ocean, and thither the whalers followed. Before many years the whales frequented only the inaccessible ice-fields that surround the North Pole, and so were no longer within the reach of the natives. Thus one large source of food supply was cut off.

Another supply of food was derived from the walrus that once swarmed in great numbers in those northern seas. But commerce wanted more ivory, and the whalers turned their attention to hunting the walrus as well as the whale, and ten thousand of these were annually destroyed for the sake of their tusks. Where, a few years before, they were so numerous that their bellowings were heard above the roar of the waves and the grinding and crashing of the ice-fields, in 1890 Dr. Jackson cruised for weeks without seeing or hearing a single one. The walrus, as a source of food supply, had become all but extinct.

In like manner the seal and sea-lion, once so common in Bering Sea, had become so scarce that it is with difficulty the natives procure their skins in quantities sufficient to cover their boats. Sea-lion meat has become a luxury.

Once the natives caught and cured for winter use great quantities of salmon, but to some of the streams there came the canneries that both carried the food out of the country and destroyed the future food supply by wasteful methods.

Wild reindeer used to roam near the Eskimo villages, and it was possible to kill them in time of need. But the introduction of modern firearms frightened away these animals to the inaccessible regions of the interior.

The sad result in Alaska was apparent when deserted villages and tenantless houses were seen on all sides. Villages that once numbered thousands had been reduced to hundreds by the slow process of starvation and extermination. In one village a trader reported to Dr. Jackson that the death rate was fifteen times the birth rate.

The Father of Modern Alaska was not content to cry out in alarm without suggesting a remedy for the conditions that caused the death of many hundreds each year, and tempted fathers to kill their children, children their parents, and neighbours the old and decrepit about them.

He said that of course it was possible for the government to feed the natives as the Indians of

America are being fed. But this would cost millions of dollars annually, even if the food supplies could be transported in sufficient quantities three thousand miles from Seattle, and at last the Eskimos would be degraded, pauperized and exterminated by a slow process.

But he was hopeful as he looked across to Siberia where natives live under precisely similar conditions, yet have no difficulty in supporting themselves in comfort. They own large herds of reindeer, and from these herds they have abundant food and clothing. In time of famine, when some are in danger of starvation, there is always the possibility of the men who own the large herds of domestic reindeer hearing of their straits and coming to their relief. "Then why not make the Eskimos of Alaska self-supporting by giving them reindeer herds of their own?" was his daring thought.

So he urged that the government, in connection with the industrial schools, should introduce the tame reindeer of Siberia and teach the young men to care for and manage them. In these schools it is of no use to teach a pupil to be a carpenter, or a shoemaker, or a tinsmith or a farmer, for there is no use for these trades. But if they are taught to handle the reindeer, the problem of the starving is solved. He said that the chief industry taught in the Alaska schools should be the reindeer culture. No good argument could be presented against this proposal, for the conditions of climate and pasturage were just what the reindeer required; there was the same degree of cold as in Siberia, and the tundra of the Arctic are covered with the moss that is ideal food for the herds. Nothing remained, then, but to go to Siberia and secure enough animals to begin the industry. For this, money, time and patience only would be necessary.

In his annual report to Washington, after returning from his tour to Alaska in 1890, Dr. Jackson made his proposition, and added:

"A moderate computation, based upon the statistics of Lapland, where similar climatic and other conditions exist, shows Northern and Central Alaska capable of supporting over nine million head of reindeer.

"To reclaim and make valuable vast areas of land, otherwise worthless; to introduce large, permanent, and wealth-producing industries, where none previously existed; to take a barbarian people on the verge of starvation and lift them up to a comfortable self-support and civilization, is certainly a work of national importance."

A storm of protest greeted Dr. Jackson's argument and suggestion. Many said that it was a visionary scheme, as impractical as other suggestions made by him. But when the objectors were challenged to point to any of his schemes which had proven impractical, they were silent. Others declared that it was foolish to spend so much thought on a few starving Eskimos who would be better off out of the world than in it. "Better let them die in peace," they said.

In spite of the clamour of the thoughtless, the report was approved by the Commissioner of Education and was referred to the Secretary of the Interior. In the Fifty-first Congress an appropriation of fifteen thousand dollars was incorporated in "a bill for the introduction of domesticated reindeer into Alaska as an experiment, in connection with the industrial schools of the country." Dr. Jackson watched the bill, and used every effort to push it through, but Congress adjourned without action. However, he did not give up. Of course he might have decided to wait until the next Congress, but precious time would be lost; the delay of two years might mean the death of hundreds.

Through the newspapers he made an appeal to his friends and the friends of his work, asking for funds. He explained his plan so thoroughly that their objections were answered. He had thought out the whole scheme. He would go to Siberia, buy reindeer of the native owners, transport them to Alaska, and put them in charge of the teachers of the various schools. The schools would give them over to the care of selected young men who would be responsible for the herds. The herds would increase year by year; the increase would be given to the natives as the nucleus for herds of their own, and the beginning of the Eskimos' safety from starvation would be in sight.

He was told that the superstitious natives of Siberia would not part with their reindeer. But he insisted that he could persuade them to sell. It was objected that he could not transport the animals to Alaska, even if he succeeded in buying them. Then, convincingly, he told his plans for the voyage. He answered every objection made, and at last he had his reward. More than two thousand dollars were in his hands for the initial experiment—a small amount when compared with the fifteen thousand asked from Congress, yet enough to make a beginning.

When the announcement was made that the money given was to be spent for goods to barter with the Siberians, and that the journey would soon be undertaken with the approval of the Secretary of the Interior, the doubters smiled in anticipation of the pleasure of saying, "I told you so" when Dr. Jackson should report failure.

But the little man who had successfully worked out more than one big scheme on which doubters had tried to throw cold water contented himself with smiling quietly. He knew who would be able to say, "I told you so."

## XVII

## BARGAINING WITH SIBERIAN HERDERS

*Goods for barter—A school of whales—"Land all around"—Mail for twenty ships—The natives and their umiaks—A race—The ten policemen, and their salaries—The failure of Shoo-Fly—The interpreter's pay—Bartering for deer—Tricky natives—A wealthy Siberian—A walrus hunt—The first deer.*

BECAUSE of the small fund available, Dr. Jackson decided that on the trip of 1891 to Siberia he would not attempt to buy many reindeer, but would secure just enough to prove that his plans were workable. Then he could make arrangements with the owners of herds to deliver more animals to him the following year, when he hoped to make his real start in herd development.

The money contributed by his friends was carefully spent for such supplies as the natives of Siberia would desire, for he knew that all trading must be done by barter, as was the case in the days of Daniel Boone and Kit Carson.

As in previous years he was invited to make use of the U. S. S. *Bear*. The captain of the *Bear* had received these instructions from Washington:

"If you think advisable, after talking the matter over with Sheldon Jackson, you can land a small party on the Siberian shore to collect reindeer and have them ready for transportation to St. Lawrence Island on your return.

"This scheme is carried out by the Interior Department under direction of Sheldon Jackson, you will understand, you only assisting him with the work."

Before reaching the Siberian coast the voyage was full of incident. When near Ougamok Island in Bering Sea the *Bear* passed through a large school of whales. Fourteen were counted blowing at one time around the ship; they were so near that it seemed as if the ship must strike some of them. Myriads of birds darkened the surface of the water. Along the north shore of Akoutan Island the honeycombed rocks of lava formed many beautiful arches and caves, while a short distance inland lay open before the party the crater of an extinct volcano.

The morning of July 4 nearly brought a tragedy. When every one thought there was water on all sides, the lookout who had been peering into the fog cried, "Land all around!" Rushing to the deck, Dr. Jackson found that in the fog and through an easterly set of the current, the *Bear* had drifted to the westward forty-five miles in forty-one hours and was in danger of running ashore at the southeast cape of St. Lawrence Island. Another half-hour of fog would have wrecked the ship in those lonely waters. Exhausting efforts by all hands saved the vessel from disaster. The weary sailors had their reward later when they were given an extra dinner in honour of the day.

Next day anchor was cast in the midst of the whaling fleet at Port Clarence. The officers of twenty ships came aboard as soon as possible to see if there was mail for them. In their eagerness they were so nervous that it was necessary for each man to examine the large package of mail several times; each succeeding search disclosed letters which had been overlooked previously. Even then many of them left in the package plainly addressed letters, which were later handed to them by others.

When the *Bear* was ready to steam on to Cape Prince of Wales, one hundred and seventy natives who had come to Port Clarence in their umiaks were taken on board, and their eight boats were taken in tow. The sea was smooth, and the natives had an opportunity to give on deck an exhibition of some of their dances.

It was six o'clock in the evening when anchor was thrown overboard at the Cape. The natives were immediately set to work with their umiaks, taking ashore eighteen tons of coal, and the provision supplies for the mission. This work was completed at nine o'clock. The supplies were then carried from the beach to the house, the Eskimos working busily till two o'clock in the morning.

At one o'clock next afternoon, the whole village was invited off to the ship. The two men in charge of the school gave an exhibition of the children's work, in arithmetic, language and singing. After this there was a race of twelve large umiaks from the ship to the beach and return. The first boat received three pailfuls of ship biscuit, the second boat two, and the third boat one. Later the people were assembled on deck, the officers of the ship being in full uniform, and the captain gave them a talk about the school and about the necessity of temperate habits. At the close of his address he appointed ten policemen, whose duty it was to be to assist the teachers in preserving order and looking after school attendance. The names of the ten honoured young men were entered on the ship's log:

Er-a-he-na, Chief.
Kit-mee-suk, Second Chief.
Tiong-nok.
Ter-ed-loo-na.
We-a-ho-na.
Kar-tay-ak.
Oo-tik-tok.
Kal-a-whak.
Wi-a-ki-se-ok.
Ma-an-a.

The first chief was promised three sacks of flour as salary, while the second chief was promised two sacks. The others could look forward to one sack each. The ceremony of appointment was concluded by the presentation of an imposing cap to each of the ten officers, and the firing of three rounds of blank shells from the Dahlgren howitzer to impress the natives with the power of the ship. When the shell struck the water miles away, many were the exclamations of astonishment.

In the evening the *Bear* started across the strait to Siberia. It had been hoped to take along as interpreter a Siberian native called Shoo-Fly, who had spent several summers on a whale ship, and so knew a little English. He had agreed to go with Dr. Jackson, but he failed to keep his promise. Other attempts to secure help were likewise unsuccessful. The third mate of one of the Port Clarence whaling fleet was recommended as an admirable man for assisting the expedition. The mate was willing, but his captain would not release him until the return of the ship to San Francisco in the fall. Arrangements were made to employ him the next season to take entire charge of the herd which Dr. Jackson hoped to have for him.

At last an interpreter was secured who seemed quite satisfied with these wages promised him for two weeks' services:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 box Pilot bread | $1.90 |
| 19 yards drill | 1.61½ |
| 8 half pint cans powder | 3.00 |
| 40 pieces bar lead | 1.00 |
| 3 pounds tobacco | 1.35 |
| 1 iron pot | .75 |
| Pilot bread | .38½ |
| | 10.00 |

All accounts were carefully entered in the journal kept by Dr. Jackson on the voyage. This journal showed that he had expended for goods to be given to the Siberian natives instead of money a total of $1,242.87. During the season these payments were made for deer:

At Enchowankin-eu-ka, for four deer:

| | |
|---|---|
| One rifle | $18.50 |
| 200 cartridges | 6.50 |
| | 25.00 |

At Katiene, for four deer:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 rifle | $18.50 |
| 200 cartridges | 6.50 |
| 1 fox trap | .50 |
| | 25.50 |

At Ko-nar-ri, for three deer:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 rifle | $18.50 |
| 1 revolver | 12.00 |
| 200 cartridges | 6.50 |
| 1 box of navy bread | 1.90 |
| | 38.90 |

At Senavin Straits for five deer:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 rifle | $13.50 |
| 1 repeating rifle | 18.50 |
| 200 cartridges | 6.50 |
| 1 set reloading tools | 3.00 |
| 1 box navy bread | 1.90 |
| | 43.40 |

These animals were not bought without a great deal of trouble and disappointment. The natives were suspicious and unwilling to part with their property. But Dr. Jackson was unwilling as ever to be daunted by obstacles; he was eager to continue the search long after others advised him to give up.

He had been informed that he would find "deer men" at East Cape, but when inquiry was made the information was given that the herds there were very small; if he would go to Cape Serdze Karun, one hundred miles further on up the Arctic coast, he would find large herds. Another informant suggested that a trip to Cape Tchaplin, one hundred and fifty miles south, might be successful. He determined to go first to the latter place. The voyage was made difficult by a field of floating ice, through which the *Bear* pushed its way.

In about twenty hours Dr. Jackson was in conference with a number of natives. A proposition was made to Quarri, the leading man, to take his whole herd of one hundred. He declined to sell, pleading as an excuse that he was keeping his herd for a time of need—some season when the walrus and the seal would fail; then the people's only protection from starvation would be the reindeer. How could he be expected to part with what might prove the salvation of his entire village? He offered to make the captain a present of two, but would not sell one animal. Dr. Jackson persisted, finally saying that he would be satisfied with ten deer. Would he not sell ten for the sake of the starving people of Alaska? The owner said he would consult his son, and hurried away.

When he did not return, Dr. Jackson went to Quarri's storehouse, whose contents were an indication of his wealth; the visitor counted two hundred sacks of flour and eighty boxes of tobacco. There was also a head of whalebone, worth from five hundred to eight hundred dollars. A second conference with the owner was as fruitless as the first. Perhaps some deer might be sold when the animals were driven down to the coast. But if Dr. Jackson would go along the shores of Holy Cross Bay at the head of Anadyr Gulf he would find large numbers, and close to the beach. Probably some of these could be bought. Yet what good would it do to buy deer? They would die on the voyage, and even if they stood the trip they would not live long in their new home.

A man and a boy promised to go to Holy Cross Bay as interpreters, but later they tried to back out. They said they were afraid to go; if no deer should be found on the beach, as promised, or if the natives would not sell from their herds, or if the bay was full of ice, then the captain would be angry and accuse them of lying to him. When the captain assured them that he would not hold them responsible, they brought off their clothes and blankets in a hair seal bag, and the voyage was resumed.

Holy Cross Bay was three hundred miles distant, and Dr. Jackson realized that he must there solve the problem of finding the reindeer he hoped to buy. He had hoped to secure them so near to the island where they were to be taken for the winter, that no food would be required on the journey. Now everything would be different.

An inventory of the stores on board revealed some ten or twelve pounds of oatmeal in the captain's pantry, about twenty-five pounds in the officers' mess, a few pounds in the engineers' department, and about sixty pounds in the sailors' stores. It was agreed to purchase all this. Then the meal could be mixed with the drinking water if the animals were secured.

As the northern shore of Holy Cross Bay is within the Arctic circle, floating ice was looked for. But there was more ice than was anticipated.

One morning, in a fog, ice suddenly appeared directly under the bows of the ship, and the heart of the officer on deck stood still; he thought he was ashore. Carefully and slowly for several hours the way was picked through the mass. When the bay was reached, floating ice still impeded progress, the night was dark, and there was a cold, driving rain-storm. Twice the *Bear* was almost ashore.

In the morning the natives of a village of sixteen tents or yourts were surprised to see what was probably the first steamer that had entered the waters of the bay. Three or four umiaks full of them came off from the beach. They were large, healthy—and dirty. Reindeer skins, fur garments and walrus ivory were bought from them, but little information was secured.

In the afternoon Dr. Jackson went ashore. Diligent inquiries were made for reindeer, and two men were found who agreed to sell five each, but their deer were on the west side of the bay, which could not be reached till the ice should move, and the ice would not move till the wind changed.

While waiting for the wind to change a school of fifty walrus appeared near the ship. A boat was lowered, and several were killed and taken on board. The natives assisted in the capture, and were delighted with the gift of meat. As a sign of their thanksgiving for an increased food supply, they danced on the deck until late in the evening.

Finally the wind changed, the ice moved, and progress to the west side of the bay was possible. When no natives came to the ship, Dr. Jackson went ashore through a field of floating ice, and walked five miles across the country to a couple of native tents. There he found only women and children, who explained that the men had gone to the ship. The two parties had missed each other on the way.

Hastening back to the *Bear*, he found two umiak loads of natives. One of them—Lingahurigan—would not agree to sell any deer at once, but was quite willing to promise for the next year twenty-five animals, at the rate of five for a rifle and twenty for a whale-boat. He promised, too, that he would instruct others, who would be able to increase the herd to two hundred.

At Cape Blosson, Kotzebue Sound, in the Arctic Ocean, twelve umiaks brought about three hundred natives to the ship. An active trade in skins followed, black and brown bear, white and red fox, lynx, otter, and mink being exchanged for flour, powder, caps, lead and muslin drill. But no reindeer could be secured.

Other attempts were made at various places, but it was not till August 28, after cruising for several thousand miles, that the first deer was hoisted on board. Jubilantly Dr. Jackson made the entry in his diary:

"Thus it has been proved by actual experience that deer can be purchased alive."

Later fifteen deer were secured. Moss was bought from the natives that the deer might not be deprived of their accustomed food. Prophecies of failure were answered when for three weeks the sixteen animals were kept alive and in health on the moss and oatmeal water.

When these were safely landed on an island in the harbour of Unalaska, Dr. Jackson thankfully turned southward. The next season he proposed to return to Siberia and gather his herd. The experience gained during the trial trip would stand him in good stead when large funds should enable him to go ahead in earnest.

# XVIII

## SUCCESS IN SPITE OF DIFFICULTIES

*Disappointed again—The Teller Reindeer Station—Landing the deer—A week in the ice pack—A race with the ice—Difficult natives—The first trained deer—Apprentice herdsmen—" The most remarkable journey ever made by reindeer"—Rescuing imperilled seamen—The first Reindeer Post Route—The varied uses of the reindeer.*

ON his return from Siberia, Dr. Jackson reported his success to the Department of the Interior, and was given assurance that a government appropriation certainly would be forthcoming for the next season's work.

In the winter a bill was introduced in the Senate appropriating fifteen thousand dollars " to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, for the purpose of introducing and maintaining in the territory of Alaska reindeer for domestic purposes." This bill passed the Senate, but it failed to pass the house, so Dr. Jackson was compelled to continue the work in dependence on the public. But he was not discouraged. He was confident that the eyes of the lawmakers would be opened before long. In the meantime he proposed to do his best to show the practicability of his plan, and the absolute necessity of stocking the barren coast of Alaska with reindeer.

Accordingly, on April 28, 1892, he again sailed from San Francisco on the *Bear*. On June 1 the steamer anchored at St. Paul Island, where he bought a whale-boat rescued from the wreck of a whaler, which he knew he would need in the transportation of reindeer from the shore to the ship. At Unalaska he visited the reindeer which had been bought the year before, and found that they had passed the winter well. Several fawns had been added to the herd.

At St. Lawrence Island there was a stop while the ship's carpenter made some repairs at the mission station. Dr. Jackson learned that the man in charge of the erection of the schoolhouse and teacher's residence the previous summer had left a large number of orders for navy bread with natives who had helped in the work. These were redeemed by the distribution of three boxes of bread. An account of a different nature was to be settled with Chief Iurrison, who had persuaded the carpenter to build for him a small house from lumber left after the construction of the school. A note had been left for Dr. Jackson that the chief was to pay three hundred dollars in whalebone and ivory. The first instalment of this debt was collected, and more was promised the following year.

At Port Clarence a site was selected for the Reindeer Station, to which deer were to be brought and from which they would be distributed to the different mission stations. The United States flag was immediately hoisted on a signal pole. Until buildings could be erected, two tents were put up to afford shelter for the supplies that were to be left behind.

The work of building was begun at once, in order that quarters might be ready for the animals to be purchased that season, and that there might be a suitable place for the instruction of the men who were to be sent out in charge of the deer.

The carpenters of the *Bear* and their assistants succeeded in finishing the buildings promptly, and the station was then completed by the construction of two "dugouts," in which the superintendent and his assistants would take refuge during the severe winter weather. The final touch was given to the cluster of buildings by christening the whole the "Teller Reindeer Station."

During the summer five trips were made from Port Clarence to Siberia and return. On the first trip fifty-three reindeer were bought and four native herders were secured. On July 3 the *Bear* was back at Teller Station, but the surf was too heavy to allow the safe landing of the deer.

The delay made possible a fitting celebration of the Fourth of July by the landing on that day of the first herd of domesticated reindeer in Alaska and on the continent of America. The deer, each with the four feet tied together, were taken aboard a launch and carried ashore in litters. They were then untied, hobbled and turned loose. Three ran away and took to the hills; the herders recovered them after a long chase.

On the second trip the ice proved a great hindrance, fog was encountered, two anchors were broken, and natives visited were unwilling to dispose of deer. Finally, however, sixteen animals were bought and transported.

On one of the later trips that same season, the *Bear* encountered so much ice that it was remarkable the reindeer-seeker survived to tell the experience. For days the vessel was fastened amid the floes. Finally there was a chance to move slowly. Most of one day was spent in shifting anchor and dodging the ice floes. At noon the ice became so dense that further progress was impossible, so the ship was fastened to a floe with a grapnel. In the evening attempt was made to force a way through the ice, but at midnight the attempt was given up. At times the ship was prevented from being pushed ashore by the ice only by constant ramming of the ice seaward.

From midnight to noon the next day the ship was drifting in heavy and closely packed ice, the engine starting and stopping at intervals. Soon after noon the ice becoming too heavy for further progress, the engine was stopped and the vessel drifted. An hour later the ice seemed to open a little to the eastward, and an effort was made to go in that direction. At midnight clear water was reached, and a little later the *Bear* came to anchor off the village of Uttan, Siberia.

On July 21 a boat was sent ashore after a noted deer man. When he came on board, it was learned that his herd was three or four days' journey distant, and that he was willing to sell only four or five animals.

As a large ice floe was seen bearing down upon the vessel, and as the captain did not relish the idea of being imprisoned another week and perhaps wrecked in the bay, he left the village at full speed. For hours there was an exciting race with the ice, which was a solid, unbroken field as far as the eye could reach. The ice was rapidly gaining upon the fugitives; large detached pieces —like scouts—were forging ahead of the *Bear* and placing themselves directly in her path. Against these she rammed and jarred. But at length the projecting cape of the bay was reached and passed just as the ice floe was swinging on it; as the cape barred the progress of the pursuing ice, the vessel was safe.

During the afternoon the fog was so dense that the passage of Bering Straits was made before any one knew it. When the fog lifted a little the captain found he was twenty miles ahead of the place he supposed he was. At 10:20 P. M. the vessel came to anchor off the Reindeer Station.

A fair sample of difficulties in dealing with the natives was the experience of August 6, when the *Bear* anchored near a village in Holy Cross Bay. Five umiak loads of people came aboard. Inquiries were at once made for reindeer. At first the Siberians said the deer were near; then they said they were far off. Again they said that they had been on the coast earlier in the summer, but when the ship did not come, the herders had driven them back into the country because the mosquitoes were too bad. At one time they offered to sell a ship load. When they thought bucks were wanted, they had only roes to sell, and when they found roes were desired, their herd proved to be all bucks. Then they asked two prices for what they proposed to sell. They declared that they would lose the increase of the herd if they should sell, while the cartridges for which they traded would be used up, and they would have nothing.

Captain Healy of the *Bear* then argued that if their deer should die the next year they would have nothing and would starve, while if they had cartridges they could shoot walrus and seal and live. Or, for what they would receive for their deer, they could trade with natives further back, and get two deer for one. Finally, after five hours' talk, the boat was lowered. At midnight Monday the launch returned with sixteen deer. The sailors had been nearly sixteen hours pulling against the sea and storm to reach the ship. One of the deer died next day, another had to be killed, and two or three others were crippled, probably as the result of being tied and kept so long on the launch.

In spite of adverse circumstances, one hundred and seventy-one deer were landed at Port Clarence during the summer.

During the winter following the superintendent of the herd left at Teller Station trained twelve deer to draw sleds. With two teams selected from the twelve he made a satisfactory journey to Cape Prince of Wales, sixty miles distant, and return. As he was anxious to disprove the fears of some doubters that Eskimo dogs would molest the reindeer, he was careful to picket the deer at night in the neighbourhood of villages, in which there were from one hundred to three hundred dogs. Not once was an attack made on them.

In March, 1893, Congress appropriated six thousand dollars for the purchase of further reindeer. The sum was to be given for expenditure by Dr. Jackson as Commissioner of Education for Alaska.

When he returned to Teller Station he was grateful to find that the herd had increased to two hundred and twenty-three animals, in spite of the death of twenty-seven. During the summer further purchases were made, and the herd increased rapidly.

In August, 1894, the next step was taken. One hundred and nineteen head were taken from the herd and put in charge of the missionary at Cape Prince of Wales, with the understanding that he was to look after the increase and train men to take charge of them.

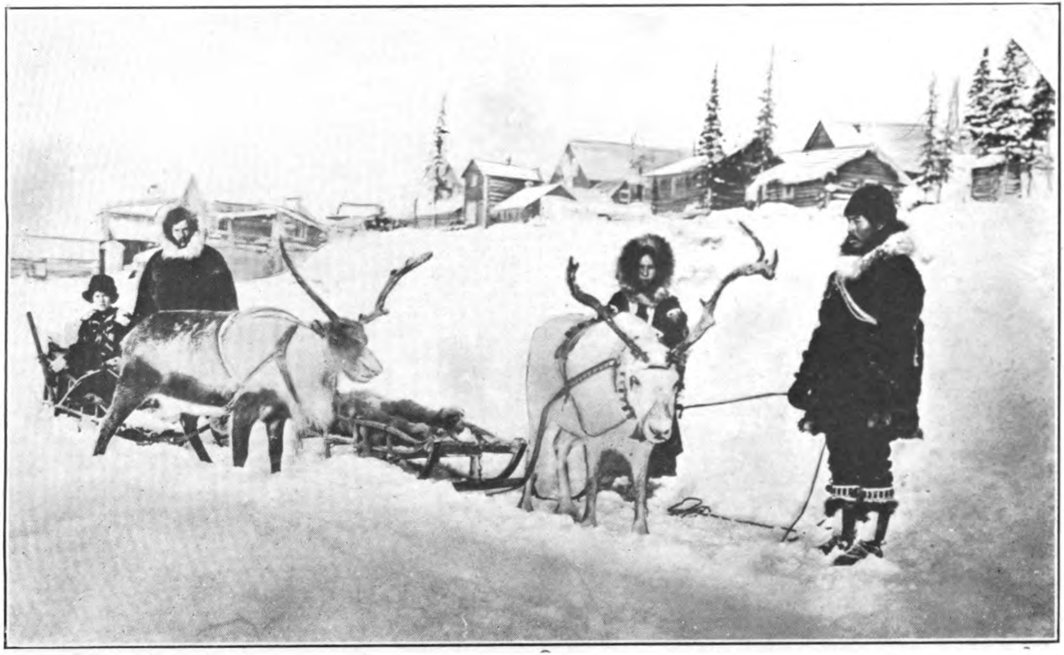
This was the first of many divisions of the herd. Every missionary who received them was required to enter into a contract. It was agreed that the government would furnish one hundred or more reindeer as a loan, subject to recall if the conditions of the loan were not complied with, for the term of five years. In return for this favour, the mission was required to feed, clothe and care for the native apprentices during this period, and at its close return the original number of reindeer loaned them. Of the increase year by year at least eighty per cent. became the property of the mission. In some cases twenty per cent. of the net increase was given to the instructors. It was found to be good policy, also, to give to each apprentice the increase of a certain part of the herd which had been assigned to him, so that at the conclusion of his term of service he might have fifty or more deer to brand as his own. In all the arrangements which were made from time to time with respect to the distribution of the several herds, it was the settled policy of the government to give an increasingly large percentage of fawns to the natives as they became more proficient and skillful in handling the animals entrusted to their care.

In 1905 the government still owned thirty per cent. of the reindeer in Alaska; the mission stations owned twenty-one per cent.; the Lapps, who had been brought to Alaska to act us herders, owned eleven per cent.; while the natives had acquired thirty-eight per cent.

In 1902, when the last reindeer were imported, thirty animals were added to the herds. Then the Russian Government forbade further exportation. Up to this time twelve hundred and eighty deer had been taken into Alaska.

Soon Dr. Jackson's experiment was declared a decided success. It had been found that reindeer could be depended on to travel swiftly over long distances, drawing heavy loads; and also to secure food above ground and under the snow, over a vast extent of territory, north of the agricultural belt of Alaska.

For long journeys a reindeer team is far superior to a dog team, as the latter cannot haul sufficient provisions through an uninhabited country to feed themselves. A broken reindeer



TRAVELLING BY REINDEER TEAM.

can drag two hundred pounds on a sled through country of all kinds, and instead of eating food carried on the sledges he will browse on the moss or lichen for which he digs deep in the snow.

The first practical test of the endurance of reindeer in Alaska, and their adaptability to winter travel, was made in the winter of 1896-97, under the direction of the superintendent of the station at Teller. Starting from this station on December 10, with nine sleds and seventeen head of reindeer, he travelled southward to a station on the Kuskokwim River, about a thousand miles distant. His trip was described in a government document. The course, while travelled by compass, was a zigzag one over unbeaten tracks, in order to better learn the extent and abundance of moss pasturage. Scaling high mountain ranges, shooting down precipitous declivities with toboggan speed, plodding through valleys filled with deeply-drifted snow, laboriously cutting a way through the man-high underbrush in the forest, or steering across the trackless tundra, never before trodden by the foot of white men; gliding over the hard-crusted snow, or wading through slush two feet deep, on imperfectly frozen rivers, unknown to geographers, were the experiences of the trip.

It is said that the journey was the most remarkable ever made by reindeer. One day there came an Arctic blizzard, against which neither man nor beast could stand upright. The reindeer were blown down—one was literally swept off the mountainside,—the loaded sleds were overturned, and the men, throwing themselves flat between the rocks, clung to their handles and to one another, to keep from being blown away. About a week after this extraordinary experience, the party encountered a succession of blinding snow-storms and were reduced to such straits that they were obliged to cut the railing from their sleds for fuel. When the last of these storms had passed away, the temperature fell to seventy-three degrees below zero, causing even the reindeer to break loose from their tethers and tramp ceaselessly around the tents for warmth. Near the close of the journey there was one long stretch where, contrary to information, no moss was found. Hence, it was necessary to push on continuously for four days and three nights, without a morsel of food for the deer until a wooded tract was reached, where trees were cut down that the deer might feed on the black moss which hung from them. On this terrible march, five of the deer fell dead or helpless in their traces.

The return journey was made to Teller without serious adventure.

Thus a round trip of two thousand miles on sledges, the longest on record, was made over an unmarked and unknown route, in the worst and most inclement season of the year. With a better knowledge of the route some of these dreadful experiences might have been avoided, but the experiment served its purpose in proving the capabilities of the deer for making such a journey, in case of necessity.

In October, 1897, word was sent to Washington that three hundred seamen on board of eight ice-bound whaling ships were in danger of perishing from hunger at Point Barrow. President McKinley called a special session of the cabinet and invited Dr. Jackson to attend and suggest plans for relief. The missionary proposed that the *Bear* be sent to some port on the coast of Bering Sea within reach of the reindeer herds, and that a relief party be sent overland with dogs and reindeer, driving a herd before them to be slaughtered for food at the end of the journey.

The suggestion was adopted. On November 29 the *Bear* left Port Townsend, Washington. It was found impossible to sail within eight hundred miles of Point Barrow. Deer and dogs were secured, and the overland journey was begun on December 18. After a trying trip of more than three months the starving whalers were reached and just in time. More than two hundred reindeer were slaughtered for food, and the men were in good condition when the *Bear* arrived several months later.

To-day a large herd of reindeer is maintained at the Relief Station at Point Barrow, in order that a second expedition like this will be unnecessary.

Perhaps the most important work done by the reindeer is on the post route. In 1899 Dr. Jackson secured the establishment of the first Reindeer Post Route in the United States, from St. Michaels, on the coast of Bering Sea, to Kotzebue, within the Arctic circle. Three round trips of more than twelve hundred miles each were to be made every winter. Other routes have since been added. It was a natural development to arrange for the transportation of freight and passengers. A chain of reindeer stations, about one hundred miles apart, on many of the important lines of travel on the coast and in the interior make possible reliable and speedy transport. One writer who knows the country declares that eventually fifty thousand teams will be needed by the people; he says the nature of the country is such that in many sections no other known means of transportation can displace them.

The captain of the United States Revenue Cutter *Corwin* reported to Congress his idea of the natives' debt to Dr. Jackson, when he said:

"The reindeer furnish their owners with food, clothing, and shelter, and nearly all the necessaries of life. The flesh, blood, and entrails are eaten. The skin makes the garments, beds, and tents. The skin of the leg, which is covered with fine short hair, makes the boots. From the antlers are made many of their implements, drill bows for lighting fires, knife handles, etc. The sinews of the deer make the native thread, and a most excellent thread it is. The bones, soaked in oil, are burned for fuel, and in addition to all this the deer furnishes his master with the means of transportation and indeed to a large extent assists in forming the character of the man."

In 1912 there were thirty-three thousand reindeer in the country. To import the beginning of the herds cost the government only about two hundred thousand dollars. The cost to Dr. Jackson was far greater: his expenditure of toil and privation cannot be calculated.

But he made good on his plan, and the Eskimos were saved from extinction.

## XIX

## TO THE RESCUE

*A hasty summons—Starving miners—A flying journey—Three thousand miles in the snow—Six hasty marriages—Twelve hardy mail carriers—Loading the ship—A nine days' storm—An uncomfortable stateroom—A mission completed—How the reindeer were used.*

IT was a common thing for Dr. Jackson to travel from fifteen thousand to eighteen thousand miles a year in the performance of his varied duties. But in 1897 he found it necessary practically to double this record.

In December, 1897, he was at his home in Washington, looking forward to a quiet winter with his family while he performed his routine duties, and prepared for the next season's campaign, when he was requested by the Secretary of War to start for Lapland on a mission for the government as soon as he could do so.

The occasion for the hasty summons was the action of Congress in appropriating two hundred thousand dollars for an expedition to go to the relief of a large number of miners far in the interior of Alaska, on the Yukon River. Word

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had been received in Washington that these men were in danger of starvation because of a shortage of provisions, and the impossibility of their receiving supplies until summer. Dr. Jackson's demonstration of the practicability of transporting reindeer to Alaska and their usefulness in making long journeys through a barren land in the dead of winter led Congress to decide that the best way to relieve the miners would be to procure reindeer broken to harness from faraway Lapland, transport these to Alaska, and push on by their aid to the marooned men. It was felt that Dr. Jackson's experience in the purchase of reindeer in Siberia fitted him to head the purchasing expedition.

Accordingly, on December 23, 1897, he took the train for New York, where he was to join Lieutenant Devore, of the United States army, who was to accompany him as disbursing officer. In Lapland he was to meet Mr. Kjellman, superintendent of the reindeer herd in Alaska, who was already in Lapland arranging for the employment of additional Lapp herdsmen.

Instructions were sent by cable to Mr. Kjellman to send out agents to buy reindeer and supplies that the work of Dr. Jackson might be completed as speedily as possible after his arrival in Lapland. It was believed that many lives were in the balance, and that not a day was to be lost.

Dr. Jackson's modesty was shown at the beginning of the voyage to Liverpool when he rejoiced that he was unknown on the vessel, and that there was consequently no one to ask him questions concerning Alaska missions or Klondike gold-fields. "It is a welcome change from the unceasing drive of the last few months," he wrote in his diary. But he was not as unknown as he thought. Two days later he was asked to make an address in the cabin on the Klondike and Yukon gold-fields!

Leaving in London his travelling companion—who was to arrange for a steamship for the transportation of the reindeer to America—he hastened to Bosekop, Northern Lapland. To his disappointment he was compelled to travel by night from London. As the journey from Liverpool also had been made after dark, he saw nothing of rural England, but "lines of street lamps seen a long distance away, and occasionally a lighted manufactory on the horizon gave the impression of flatness." Even London was almost as unsatisfactory. He reached the city Friday night and left Monday night. During Saturday and Monday he was so busy arranging matters connected with his mission that sightseeing was out of the question. He did have about ten minutes for St. Paul's Cathedral! He caught glimpses of other famous buildings. And this was his first—and last—trip to Europe! He was so busy in the travel that opened and developed the West and Alaska that there was no time for mere pleasure trips.

On Friday, January 7, he was in Norway. The night was clear and the moon was full, so the ride through the snow-clad mountains was too attractive to admit of sleep. Early the following Wednesday he was in Hammerfest, the most northern city in the world. As the sun is not seen there between November 18 and January 23, he arrived in the midst of the Arctic night. Having a few hours to himself before the steamer left for his final destination, he went out to view the city by electric light. Everywhere the children, just dismissed from school, were out on their sleds.

Two days after his arrival at Bosekop, Mr. Kjellman succeeded in reaching him, having been delayed two days on the mountains, where he was lost in a blizzard, and rode two nights without sleep. He reported that trained reindeer with sleds, harness and drivers had been secured and would soon be ready for shipment.

The animals had been purchased by seven agents who had travelled a total of three thousand miles in search of them. The journey was made at the most trying season, when snow-drifts were deep and storms were almost constant. Progress was made possible only by the use of reindeer sledges.

When all the agents had made their report, it was found that there were five hundred and thirty-eight reindeer, four hundred and eighteen sleds, five hundred and eleven sets of harness, and sixty-eight Lapp drivers. Many of the drivers were accompanied by their families, so that the company numbered one hundred and fifteen people. Six of the Lapps had married in haste and were planning to make the voyage their wedding journey.

Among the Lapps were eleven veterans of the various reindeer post routes. A twelfth had for eight years carried the mail on skis to North Cape, Norway—the northernmost mail route in the world. One of the reindeer mail carriers had crossed Greenland with Nansen.

The story of the loading of the ship and of the tempestuous voyage that followed should be read as it is given in the diary of the trip kept by Dr. Jackson:

"Thursday, February 3.—Had coffee served at 6 A. M. At 6:30 was at the wharf overseeing the men who were in charge of sending the reindeer, moss, etc., from the shore to the ship. During the day the cold increased to two degrees below zero. By ten o'clock all the deer had been sent off to the ship. But there was a herd of one hundred and forty that was to have been in from the mountains early in the morning that did not arrive till noon. Extra men were sent out to assist in lassoing them. As fast as they were brought in their horns were sawed off and they were rushed aboard the ship. The drivers and their families were then directed to go aboard. They refused unless an inventory was first taken of all their clothes, bedding, etc. As this would have taken all night and part of the next day, we refused, but insisted that they should go aboard and take the inventory after we started. When they still refused, the chief of police was called in. He told them they must either go aboard according to the contract they had signed, or go to jail.

" About 3 P. M. I had an attack of rheumatism in my knees, so that going down-hill was torture. At nine o'clock I could not walk to the wharf, but had to hire a sled to take me down.

" On shipboard I found my berth wet from the condensation of steam against the port glass. It was cold also, and I did not get warm and asleep all night.

" Saturday, February 5.—This morning two inches of snow fell, which was carefully gathered in pails by the Lapps and carried to the deer. A man is made responsible for the feeding and care of the deer in a certain pen. Another man is a kind of 'section boss,' having charge of a number of men who have charge of pens.

" Monday, February 7.—The odour from the deer has been very strong in my stateroom. The whole hurricane deck aft of the bridge and smokestack is taken up with pens for the deer. Some of the seasick Lapps lay out on deck all night, in the storm.

"Wednesday, February 9.—Had a very rough night. The sea broke up a two-inch plank partition on the hurricane deck, washing in on the deer so badly that those in three compartments were removed farther aft.

"Saturday, February 12.—It is still storming. Showers of hail and snow accompanied with high winds continue to rage. In my stateroom the water swashes back and forth on the floor. In the centre of the room a temporary floor raised about two inches above the regular floor has been put in to keep my feet dry. Over my head on the hurricane deck are some deer pens from which water percolates and drops from the ceiling, until there isn't a dry spot for dressing. My mattress is wet from the condensation of breath on the cold walls of the room.

"The old ship behaves beautifully in a storm, but is wet and dirty and uncomfortable. This is the fifth day of the storm.

"Tuesday, February 15.—During the night the gale turned into a hurricane, and at six o'clock great seas were sweeping over the deck. The captain and officers claim they never encountered such a storm. Hatches that had previously been left open were closed and sky-lights covered. The lurching of the vessel was so great that the steward was able to give us but little breakfast. The captain took his on the bridge. The danger of being swept overboard was so great that none of the herders were allowed on deck, and the deer on the hurricane deck,—drenched in salt water as wave after wave broke over them—were left without anything to eat all day.

"In the morning the figurehead of the ship was wrenched off and swept astern. A sailor was thrown down a hatchway and lay unconscious. Between four and five in the afternoon the storm suddenly abated, and men were sent out to feed the hungry deer."

At last the nine days' storm was over, and the remainder of the voyage was comparatively pleasant.

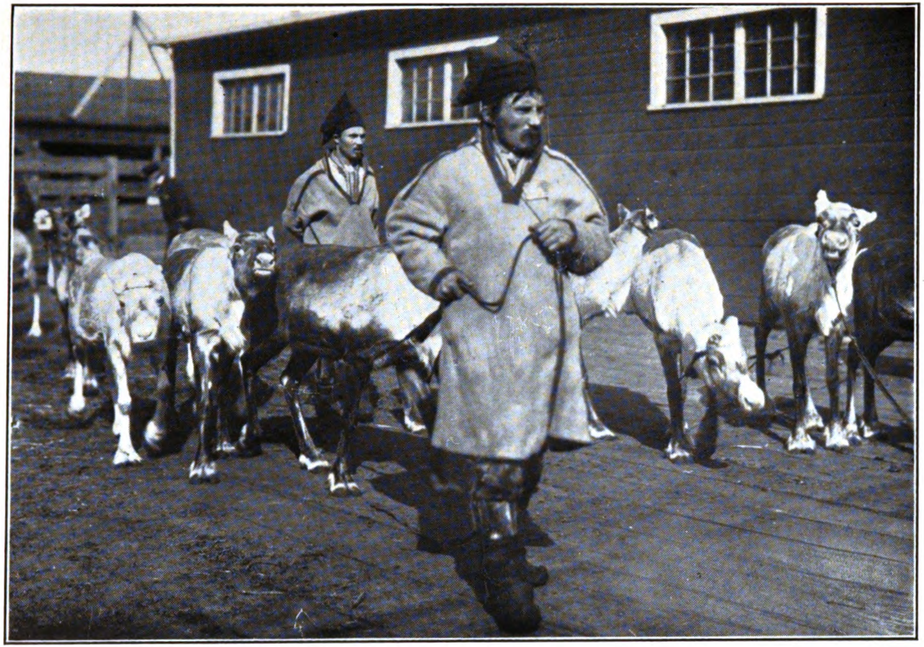
Dr. Jackson might have avoided the discomforts of this voyage by returning to New York on an express steamer from Liverpool, leaving the care of the reindeer and the Lapps to his associates. But it did not occur to him to spare himself in this way. His one thought was to do the work that had been committed to him. The hardships he encountered in the course of doing his duty seemed small when he thought of the starving men in far-away Alaska for whose sake he had made the voyage.

The broken vessel with its strange cargo attracted much attention at New York. The figurehead was gone, some of the boats were stove in, and there were many other evidences of the stormy passage. But the reindeer were safe. One only had died from wounds received while fighting in the pen in which it was confined.

When Dr. Jackson reached New York, his service for the War Department was at an end. He returned to Washington, while the reindeer and the Laplanders were hurried to Seattle, and from there were shipped to Alaska.

Fortunately word was received from the miners who had been reported in a starving condition that they would be able to care for themselves till spring, so it was decided to take the deer to the Yukon Valley for freighting services.

On March 10—nine days after he reached Washington—Dr. Jackson was instructed by the Secretary of the Interior to hasten to Alaska, there to take charge of the reindeer, and arrange for their distribution according to the plans of the Department. Owing to a delay of nine days in shipping the herd from Seattle—a delay for which he was in no way responsible—there was not enough moss for fodder to last the deer until they reached the moss pastures at the head of the Chilcat Valley, sixty miles from the landing place. Food substituted proved insufficient, and three hundred and sixty-two animals died along the road.



DEHORNED LAPLAND REINDEER ON THE WAY TO ALASKA.

Dr. Jackson's work in connection with the expedition was not ended when he reached Washington after turning over the reindeer at the Eaton Reindeer Station. The Secretary of War soon asked him to return to Alaska to represent the Department in paying and caring for the Laplanders who had been brought on with the reindeer.

This trip was not made for several months, and he had an opportunity to catch his breath after the strenuous exertions of eleven months from June, 1897, to May, 1898, during which he had twice visited Alaska, and twice had been within the Arctic circle, once in America and once in Europe. This was probably the busiest year of his busy life.

## XX

## "THE LITTLE MISSIONARY DELEGATE FROM ALASKA"

*What happened between trips—Why Sheldon Jackson was short—Forty years of pioneering—A man of Paul's size—"The rough, heroic figure of the century"—Off again for Alaska.*

IN 1897 the United States Government added to its recognition of the value of Dr. Jackson's services the appointment as special investigator of the agricultural possibilities of the Yukon Valley. He was on his way to Alaska for the purpose of this investigation and to make his annual tour of the mission stations when he paused at Winona Lake, Indiana, to attend the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church to which he was a commissioner from the Presbytery of Alaska.

There a grateful church paid him the greatest honour in her power to confer by choosing him as the presiding officer. There were other candidates for the office of Moderator, and many thought that "the little missionary delegate from Alaska" would not receive many votes. But the nominating speech made by George L.

Spining, D. D., changed the minds of scores who had planned to vote for one of the other candidates. In this speech he said:

"I venture to say that no man in this assembly has done more to win this land for Christ than Sheldon Jackson—little Sheldon Jackson. True, he is diminutive in stature, but I think it is evident that Providence cut him off short that he might fit the Indian ponies which were to carry him over thousands of miles of mountain trails, that he might be able to sleep in barrels, buckboards, stage-boots, kyacks and hollow logs, in his 'journeyings often' over the great mountains, plains and waters of the West; that he might accommodate himself to the narrow quarters of the cabin of the miner, the mud hut of the Mexican, the hovel of the Alaskan, the tepee of the Indian, and the scant accommodations of the prison cell—all of which he has done in planting the standard of the cross over that western country.

"Forty years ago, when many of us were in our cradles, he crossed the frontier of the Mississippi as a trusted standard-bearer of the cross, and from that time to this he has been charged with the responsibility of laying the foundations of a colossal church in Minnesota, Iowa, Dakota, Nebraska, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, and far-off Alaska. He has been one of that noble band of pioneers who carved congregations out of the wilderness and erected churches before the foundations of civil government were laid. Penetrating thousands of miles into the barbaric night of that great empire which lay between the Mississippi and the Pacific, the Gulf of Mexico and the remotest habitation of man within the Arctic zone, he has gathered hundreds of congregations and founded a hundred churches on the Word of God and 'according to the pattern shown us in the mount.' Deeds speak louder than words, and these churches which lighten up the wilderness and make glad the solitary places are to-day rolling up the long-meter doxology from the plains of Minnesota, the rock-ribbed mountains of Colorado, and the ice-bound shores of Alaska, praising God for the loyalty of this one man to the 'Old Book.'"

The speaker answered in advance the question as to his candidate's executive ability by referring to the estimate of him made by the United States Government as shown by the repeated appointments for work in Alaska. To the objection that Dr. Jackson's activity for the government was purely secular work, he insisted that his secular occupation had brought honour to the Church. He claimed that Dr. Jackson deserved the Moderatorship because of his untiring missionary work—in which he had travelled a distance equal to twenty-four circuits of the globe; because of his work for education, including the founding of Westminster College at Salt Lake City, to which he had given his small property; because of his qualities as statesman and philanthropist.

Then the enthusiasm of the Assembly was aroused by the statement that he was one of whom the future historian would write:

"In a time of famine and distress, when their food supply was gone, he crossed the ice regions of the North, penetrated into the fastnesses of Siberia and saved the native races of Alaska by introducing large herds of reindeer for their subsistence and support."

Turning to the Moderator, the speaker said:

"Sir, this deed alone entitles him to the admiration of mankind, and will yet place his name in the Pantheon of philanthropy with all the honours of an uncrowned king."

The close of Dr. Spining's address completed the conquest of the Assembly:

"Brethren, I had a dream to-day, which was not all a dream. In my vision I saw a corridor reaching from this platform back and upward to the first century. Out of a door in that century came a man of small stature; bronzed, scarred, and weatherbeaten; a dim halo of glory was about him, and while he wore the panoply of a soldier of the cross, he carried above him a tattered flag, like those of veteran soldiers returning from war. Upon it I read the names Corinth, Ephesus, Philippi and Rome, and as he reached this platform, I said to myself, Surely I cannot be mistaken; this is none other than the Apostle Paul, the great missionary to the Gentiles. I ventured to inform him as to the character of our assembly, and to assure him that the system of theology in which we believed was that which he had outlined as being in conformity with the Word of God. He seemed deeply interested, and after speaking to him of the growth of our Church and of our missionary work I offered to introduce him to some of the distinguished members of this assembly. 'Here, for instance,' said I, 'is Benjamin Harrison.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'a worthy successor of Washington—a Christian statesman, and an elder beloved. I would like to meet him, but not now; I will see him later.' I said, 'Here is also General Wanamaker.' 'Yes,' he answered, 'I know his record from that of a poor boy to wealth and high public position. I know his evangelical spirit, his liberality, his personal work—and that he hath built us a grand synagogue where Christ only is preached. I long to meet him—but wait a while, I will see him later.' I said, 'Here also is James A. Mount.' 'Yes,' he answered, 'he is governor of the great state of Indiana. An elder in a little country church—has ordered his household in the fear of God, has

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a daughter in the foreign field and a son a home missionary. I long to meet him—but not now; I will see him later.'

"'Here,' said I, 'is our Moderator, Dr. Withrow, who has just swept the gospel harp with a master hand and filled our souls with the music of divine charity.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'he is a man after mine own heart—a beloved disciple—I must see him, but not now; I will see him later.' I then remarked that we had some notable Christian women here, Mrs. James, Mrs. Pierson, and many others. 'Yes,' he answered, 'they are all beloved helpers in the Lord—I must meet them also, but not now; I will see them later.' 'Whom then,' said I, 'do you first wish to see?' He looked carefully over the assembly and then answered, 'Is there not a little bronzed missionary from Alaska here—a man about my size—a man of weak eyes and insignificant bodily presence—a man in whom the apostolic zeal of ancient times has found expression in the New World, and who has had the care of all the churches in the regions beyond?'

"'Ah,' I cried, 'I know whom you mean,' and not waiting to hear another word I sought, found, and presented Sheldon Jackson.

"'True yoke-fellow and brother beloved,' said Paul, 'we are physically small—God made us short that we might accommodate ourselves to circumstances and magnify His grace. I rejoice that primitive zeal still flames in the Church, and that here and in foreign lands are thousands of standard-bearers of the cross who may not rest until the nations that sit in darkness have seen a great light, and the world is filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea; "be thou faithful unto death and let no man take thy crown."'

"Moderator and brethren, here my vision ends, and I believe in my soul that if this assembly elects this missionary leader as its standard-bearer, that act will be as a trumpet call to missionary endeavour; and our whole beloved Church will make a forward movement towards the conquest of this and all other lands for Christ."

Others eagerly added their words of praise. One of these was a home missionary who spoke of him as "a man whose work is known from the Mississippi to our farthest northern boundaries; a man whose name is a household word from where the orange blossoms waft their fragrance in sunny Southland, to where the icy crags point their glittering spires heavenward in far-off Alaska; and from where the heaving billows of the Atlantic Ocean dash into ten thousand sparkling rain-drops on New England's rock-bound coast to where the shining sands of the Golden Gate are laved by the waters of the mighty Pacific."

The election that followed was a triumph—the little Alaska missionary was chosen Moderator by an unsually large majority.

The newspaper reporters were quick to make copy of the picturesque features of the Moderator's life. One of them wrote:

"'Wild rider of the Sierras!' 'The Buffalo Bill of Presbyterianism in the wild West.' Such are two of the cognomens of Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who has been elected Moderator of the General Assembly. From the rough and ready missionary work in unknown and untried fields to the position of Moderator is a far cry. Yet there is not a Presbyterian in the country who will say that Dr. Jackson has not earned this high position, not only because of his work in building up the Church, but because of his learning, which years of toil far away from civilization have not been able to dull. The career of the new Moderator has been similar to that of the brave pioneer who fought his way through virgin forests and through hostile bands of Indians in the early days of the West's awakening. His was in the religious field, however, while the pioneer fought for home and comfort.

"Dr. Jackson is the rough heroic figure of the century. He is the pioneer of the Church, the man who has done more riding for Christianity and who has won more fights for Presbyterianism than any other member of the Church. He is of the militant type. No minister in the Church can show such a record. He has organized hundreds of churches. In some cases the seed has fallen on barren rock and after a brief season of bloom has perished in the burning sun. But one hundred churches, some of immense influence, flourish exceedingly, owing only a large debt of gratitude to the Wild Rider of the Sierras. Afoot, on horseback, any way to get there, he went and left a trail of Presbyterians behind him in the West. His presence in a region was recognized by a trail of dust in the air, raised by the heels of his bucking broncho."

Within ten days after the adjournment of the Assembly, Dr. Jackson was on his way to Seattle, where he was to take steamer for Alaska. He returned in time to take the trip to Lapland, as outlined in the last chapter. Then he went to Alaska again, and was back in the United States just in time for the next General Assembly, where he preached the opening sermon and turned over his office to his successor.

# XXI

## "LIKE A MAJESTIC LINER"

*The last cruise—Enemies renew attacks—Vindication—Working till the last—The end of the voyage.*

FOR ten years after laying down his honours as Moderator, Dr. Jackson continued his work as General Agent of Education for Alaska.

In 1899 the northern journey was extended to Kamchatka, for the purpose of buying reindeer, the natives of Siberia being unwilling to sell more animals. During his absence on this mission, enemies in Alaska complained to the United States Grand Jury that there had been financial irregularity in connection with his conduct of educational affairs in Alaska. Careful investigation of the charges showed that they were absolutely unfounded.

In 1900 he made what proved to be his last cruise to the Arctic. He was absent five months, travelled 16,587 miles, purchased more reindeer and put the schools of the territory on a better basis than ever. Failing health—due to exposures and hardship—made it necessary to turn over a part of the work to an assistant. Since 1886 he had spent hardly a day free from pain.

In spite of the fact that his disease made rapid progress, he determined, in 1903, to make another Alaskan tour, but his physicians warned him not to carry out his purpose. From that time he was content to direct the work from Washington, leaving the execution of his plans to an assistant.

Enemies took advantage of his inability to move about the country with his old-time vigour by making another attack on his record. It was declared that the government had been wronged in the distribution of the reindeer herds, and in the contracts make with mission stations. As a part of the attack, the recommendation was made to Congress that the herds be taken from the missions, but the action of Congress was a complete vindication of Dr. Jackson's methods. It was directed that "all reindeer owned by the United States in Alaska shall, as soon as practicable, be turned over to the missions, to be held and used by them under such conditions as the Secretary of the Interior shall prescribe."

In the spring of 1907 Dr. Jackson submitted to an operation. A second operation followed a few months later. While these operations relieved his sufferings, he was much weakened by them, and for a long time his life hung in the balance.

His closing years were spent with his family in

Washington. Mrs. Jackson—with whom he had lived fifty happy years—ministered to him during the long season of pain. She had a large part in keeping him in such a degree of health that he was able to perform many of his duties.

Six weeks after the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage, Dr. Jackson resigned his office. During the summer Mrs. Jackson was taken ill suddenly and passed away.

Not even yet was the tireless worker willing to take the rest he had earned. In October, 1908, he was present at the Indian Conference at Lake Mohonk, New York, and made a number of missionary addresses at other points. In Carlisle, Pennsylvania, several months later, he assisted in baptizing eight Indians. In March he went to Baltimore to make a missionary address and caught a severe cold from which he never fully recovered.

In spite of weakness, he made an address on Alaska in April, 1909. This proved to be his final presentation of the work to which he had devoted his life. On April 27 he was taken to the hospital at Asheville, North Carolina, for another operation, in the hope that this would bring relief from the internal disorder which caused him intense pain. From the effects of this operation he never recovered.

One who was with him at the last said:

"As he felt the end was near he quietly told his nurse not to give him further stimulants. As she protested, and said the orders of the doctor were to give him his medicine, he replied, 'My orders are that I am not to take it. I am going to die.' Then, like a majestic liner, slowly disappearing below the horizon, he passed out of this life."

On the fifty-first anniversary of his ordination to the ministry, at his birthplace, Minaville, New York, the worn-out body was laid to rest by the side of his wife.

# XXII

## SECRETS OF SHELDON JACKSON'S ACHIEVEMENTS

*Energetic—Methodical—Prompt—Thorough—Practical—A man of vision—Accurate—Sympathetic—Trustworthy—A man of executive ability—A judge of men—Generous—Patient—Making allowances for others—Ready to acknowledge mistakes—Not self-seeking—Able to keep his temper—Never looked down on his work—Dependence upon God—Did not worry—A man of prayer.*

IT is worth while to stop and think of some of the secrets of a life that counted so much in the development of his country and the Church.

*Dr. Jackson was energetic.* He was never idle by choice. If circumstances compelled him to be inactive, he submitted with a good grace, but it was seldom that he had to submit; usually there was something to which he could turn his attention. When delayed in his Arctic journeys by ice, he wrote for the papers the articles that kept the Church informed concerning his work, made plans for future activity, or gave his mind to some of the many things he was compelled to postpone till just such a time as this. When he was on the way to Lapland to buy reindeer for the starving miners of Alaska, he wrote his report to the Department of Agriculture on the agricultural possibilities of the Yukon Valley. So it was also when his steamer was stuck fast on a river sand-bar, when he missed a communication and had to wait for hours at a junction, when the stage-coach broke down in the mountains: he was always active.

"I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work," was one of the three mottoes he sometimes wrote on the first page of the diary opened at the beginning of a new year.

*He was methodical.* His work was planned for days and even months ahead. He knew exactly what he wanted to do, and how he proposed to do it. There was nothing haphazard in his life. The entries in his diaries and cash books clearly reveal this trait.

*He was prompt.* He knew the importance of keeping an engagement on time, and he was noted for his ability to do this. To him it was as unreasonable that a man should be late when he had promised to be at a certain place at a definite time as it was that he should miss a train by being a minute late. This regard for time enabled him to turn promptly from one duty to another. Never did he pause a few hours or days after completing a piece of work to pat himself on the back concerning it before turning to something else. "Ye nexte thynge" might well have been put down as one of his life mottoes. "When does Sheldon Jackson return from his trip?" the inquiry would be made. "Why, he returned two days ago, and is now a thousand miles away on a new trip," often the answer could be given.

*He was thorough.* He was never so eager to turn to another duty that the preceding duty was done only in part. No one had to come after him and gather up loose ends. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," was the second of the mottoes written in his diaries.

*He was practical.* There was nothing visionary about him. Everything he planned must be for some good and useful purpose; nothing else was considered. He never organized a church because he wanted to add one more organization to his record; that church must be needed. Sometimes later events showed that he made a mistake in judgment, for some of the churches planted by him disappeared; but usually this was because of changing conditions in the community which he could not foresee.

*He was a man of vision.* He showed that there is a difference between the visionary man and the man of vision. His power of vision enabled him to prophesy the future development of the West. When others said it was useless to give so much time to missionary work in the mountains and on the plains, where few people were, and few more could ever live, he declared his belief that the day was not far distant when the regions then so desolate would be centres of population. When many of the leaders of the nation declared that Alaska was our worst national investment, he looked forward to the day when the country would be one of our greatest assets. When the Eskimos were dying of starvation, and he was urged to let them starve, as they amounted to nothing, he assured Congress and other objectors that there were great possibilities in these people. When it was said that effort to bring the reindeer from Siberia would be wasted, he went quietly on his way, because his prophet's vision enabled him to see the day when on the tundra of Alaska there would be tens of thousands of the patient, life-preserving animals.

*He was accurate.* He did not speak in general terms; he said exactly what he meant. When he took the material for a schoolhouse to Alaska, he planned for just enough to complete the required work; every joist, every bit of sheathing, every roll of building paper, every pound of builders' hardware that would be necessary was on hand when needed. In his diary he wrote the inventory of supplies for these buildings as carefully as he kept account of the expenditure of personal and government funds. This training in accurate habits enabled him to disprove the charges of careless and even dishonest use of funds, when these were made by enemies.

*He was sympathetic.* He appreciated the trials and hardships of others, because he had himself been through like experiences. He could understand the life of the lonely home missionary in New Mexico or Alaska, because he had endured loneliness and hardship like theirs. He knew what he was asking others to suffer when he sent them to the Arctic circle, for he had been to the Arctic in all kinds of weather and under all sorts of conditions.

*He was trustworthy.* His associates found that he could be depended on under all circumstances. There was never any need to make allowance for his words. If Sheldon Jackson said a thing, it was safe to receive his statement. If he promised to do a thing, those who knew him expected that thing to be done. In his early life he was faithful in the performance of small tasks, and in his later life larger tasks were committed to him. Everybody could count on Sheldon Jackson.

*He was a man of remarkable executive ability.* He carried out his plans with a genius that was a continual surprise to those who are accustomed to doing large things. He would have been a brilliant success as a railroad man, a business man, or a manufacturer. The achievements of fifty years show conclusively that he was worthy to be named in any catalogue of the Captains of Industry who have done large things for the development of the country.

*He was a good judge of men.* He knew how to choose an associate. Year after year he visited the theological seminaries, interviewed the students, persuaded some who had not thought of home missionary work to go with him to the field, and assured others who were eager to go that they had better stay in the East. The comments made in his note-books on the names of students interviewed would be interesting reading if they should be made public. In connection with some man's name he would say, "Good man; get him by all means." Against other names would be the memorandum: "Will not do for the West;" "Better take a field nearer home;" "He has not the stuff of the pioneer." Nearly every one of those of whom he formed a favourable judgment made good in the West.

*He was generous.* Time, comfort, money—everything—he was willing to give up for others. He felt that he was in the world to give all that he had for other people. He saved from his small income, increased the amount by judicious investments, and gave all his savings and much of his inheritance to found Westminster College at Salt Lake City, Utah. He helped scores of needy home missionaries out of his own pocket. He never hesitated if some one needed the help he could give, but added that man's burden to his own.

*He was patient.* He did not give up because it was a long time till he saw results; he persisted in his work, knowing that in due season he would reap his reward.

*He could make allowances for others.* He did not expect that all would look at things as he did. He did not make the mistake of thinking that others should be as energetic as himself. He was not quick to judge others when it seemed that their actions were not above reproach.

*He was ready to acknowledge mistakes.* He made mistakes, as all men do. But after the mistake was discovered, he did not persist in a course of action simply because he was too proud to own himself in the wrong.

*He was not self-seeking.* He forgot self in his work. With him fame was a very minor consideration, if he ever gave it a thought. He was a follower of Him who came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister," and—though fame came to him—something better than fame was his reward. He lives to-day in those whose lives he has influenced.

*He was able to keep his temper.* Many times his reputation was assailed by those who misunderstood him, by those whom his sterling integrity interfered with, by those who were jealous of his influence and success. But he was always serene in the face of attack. He did not hurry from Alaska to Washington to defend himself, but went on with his work. He did not rush into print in his own defense. Sometimes he made no reference to the attacks even in his diary. When a reference seemed necessary there was no evidence that he felt affronted, and there was no comment. During his trip to Lapland charges and threats were made by a firm of Norwegian merchants with whom he had done business, and scurrilous telegrams and letters were sent him. He was content to make record of these in his diary, adding to each the laconic statement: "Took no notice," or "No reply." It is a mark of greatness to be able to be quiet under such conditions.

*He never felt that any work worth while was beneath him.* He was a minister, but he could handle a spade if necessary. Because he worked with the miners of the West he won their respect. Frequently he would aid a labourer when his work was necessary. In Alaska he was never too dignified to employ the natives for work on the school buildings; he acted as overseer, kept time for them, and paid them the amounts due for their services.

Always *his dependence was on God.* His life was devoted to God's service, and he trusted God for the fulfillment of His promises. He was a man of practical faith and he knew how to inspire others with faith like his own.

*He did not worry.* He knew that he was in God's hands. He did his best, and left the results with God. To him this was the only conceivable course for a Christian.

Finally, *he was a man of prayer.* Daily, hourly, he was in touch with God. Entries in his diary indicate what a large place prayer had in his life. "Talked with God as the old year passed and the New Year began;" "Spent the day in prayer for God's blessing;" "Prayer for God's blessing on the pastors and ruling elders"—such statements give glimpses into the heart life of a man who was strong for conquest because he was daily receiving power from the Source of all strength.

"Nothing in myself; all things in Christ" was the third of the mottoes written again and again in his diary. And thus he was able to live so that this was said of him:

"You have stood for all our Gospel means, not in a luxurious parish or splendid college, but out yonder on the edge of things where God's most friendless children turn towards you the eyes of pathos and hope."

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