

Theodore Winthrop (1828-1861)

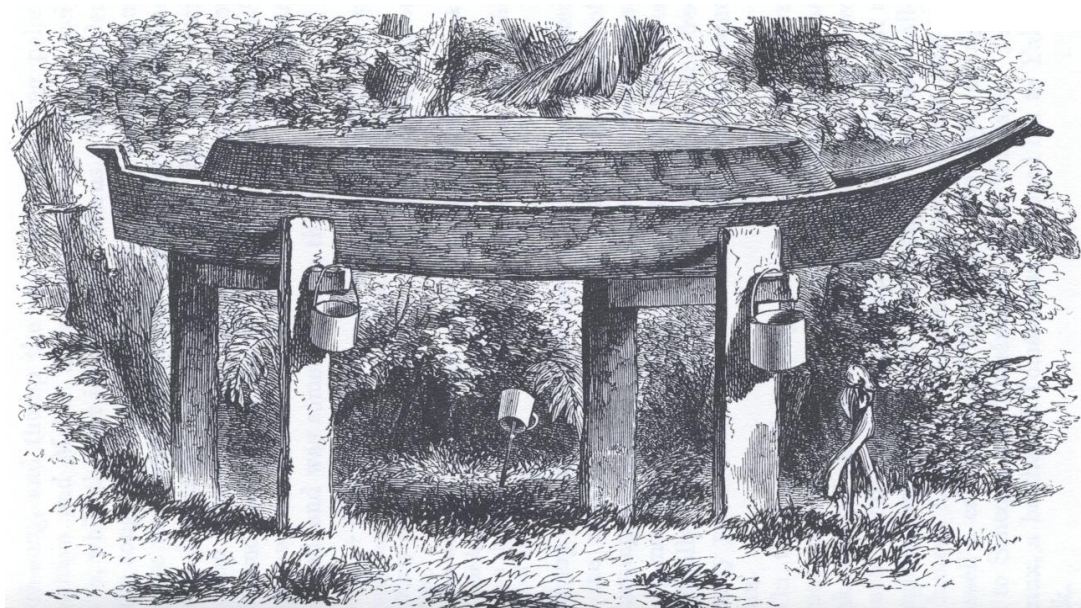
Theodore Winthrop concluded his introduction to *The Canoe and the Saddle*: “A drama with Indian actors, upon an Indian stage, is historical, whether it happened two hundred years since in the northeast, or five years since in the northwest corner of our country.” *Canoe* was selected to *Literary Oregon, One Hundred Books, 1800-2000*. Still young, Winthrop was one of the earliest casualties of the Civil War in 1861.

“The Duke of York”

The Duke donned a faded black frock-coat, evidently a misfit for its first owner in civilization, and transmitted down a line of deformed wearers to fall amorphous on the shoulders of him of York. For coronet he produced no gorgeous combination of velvet, strawberry-leaves, and pearls; but a hat or tile, also of civilization, wrinkled with years and battered by world-wandering, crowned him frowzily. Black dress pantaloons of brassy sheen, much crinkled at the bottom, where they fell over moccasins with a faded scarlet instep-piece, completed his costume. A very shabby old-clo’ Duke... he might have been taken for a decayed priest turned bar tender, or a colporteur of tracts on spiritualism, or an ex-constable pettifogger in a police court. Commerce, alas! had come to the waters of Whulge [Puget Sound], stolen away his Indian simplicity, and made him a caricature dress, name and nature. A primitive Klalam, clad in skins and undevoured by the flames of fire-water, he would have done well enough as a type of fish-fed barbarism.

Civilization came, with step-mother kindness, baptized him with rum, clothed him in discarded slops, and dubbed him Duke of York. Hapless scarecrow, disreputable dignitary, no dukeling of thine shall ever become the Louis Philippe of Klalam revolutions. Boston men are coming in their big canoes over sea. Pikes have shaken off the fever and ague on the banks of the muddy Missouri, and are striding beyond the Rockies. Nasal twangs from the east and west soon will sound thy trump of doom. Squatters will sit upon thy dukedom, and make it their throne.

The Canoe and the Saddle — Adventures Among the Northwestern Rivers and Forests,
Theodore Winthrop, American Publishers Corporation, New York, 1862, pgs 17-18



“Method of Burial,” by James G. Swan, *The Northwest Coast*, pg 183 – Swan settled here just before Winthrop’s visit