

TRANSACTIONS  
OF THE  
EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION  
OF THE  
OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION  
FOR 1890,  
CONTAINING THE  
ANNUAL ADDRESS, BY HON. H. W. SCOTT,  
AND THE  
OCCASIONAL ADDRESS, BY HON. ROBERT A. MILLER,  
WITH  
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES,  
AND OTHER MATTERS OF HISTORICAL INTEREST.

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PORTLAND, OREGON:  
A. ANDERSON & CO., PRINTERS AND LITHOGRAPHERS.  
1892.



JOSEPH WATT.

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## MEETING OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

PORTLAND, OREGON, }  
Tuesday, March 25, 1890. }

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met at 11 o'clock to-day, pursuant to call order of President Minto, at the office of R. P. Earhart, in this city, to arrange plans for the annual reunion of 1890.

Present—John Minto, President, a pioneer of 1844; Hon. H. W. Corbett, Vice President, 1851; John M. Bacon, Treasurer, 1845; Geo. H. Himes, Secretary, 1853; F. X. Matthieu, 1842; R. P. Earhart, 1854. The remaining Director, Medorem Crawford, 1842, was unable to be present on account of important business detention.

After some discussion, Portland was selected as the place of next meeting.

Hon. H. W. Scott was chosen to deliver the annual address, and Hon. Rufus Mallory the occasional address, with Col. John McCracken as alternate.

On motion, it was declared to be the sense of the Board that it would be a wise thing if President Harrison could be induced to visit Oregon in 1891, and it was voted that President Minto act as a committee of one to frame suitable resolutions of invitation to be submitted to the annual meeting in June, with the hope that the President might be induced to be present at the reunion in 1891.

The especial thanks of the Board were tendered to Gen. William Kapus, Hon. D. P. Thompson, and Frank Dekum, Esq., for their very efficient services as the committee of arrangements for the reunion of 1891.

The committee of arrangements for the forthcoming reunion was appointed as follows: H. W. Corbett, Frank Dekum, General Kapus, Henry Failing, R. P. Earhart, Mayor Van B. DeLashmutt, and John C. Lewis. The committee was vested with full power to appoint all sub-committees.

George H. Durham was chosen as Grand Marshal, to select his own aides.

President Minto was requested to furnish biographical sketches of Mrs. N. W. Morrison, of Clackamas county, a pioneer of 1844, and W. H. Rector, a pioneer of 1845, formerly of Marion county, both recently deceased.

On motion of Mr. Corbett, it was voted that the President and Trustees of the Portland Library Association be requested, in arranging for the construction of the new library building, to so plan that a room might be given to the use of the Oregon Pioneer Association, in which to place its records and relics.

After considerable discussion it was unanimously voted that the Association be requested at its next annual meeting to extend the limit of eligibility to membership in the Association to the year 1859, the year Oregon was admitted to the Union, there to remain permanently.

No further business appearing, the Board adjourned.

GEO. H. HIMES,

*Secretary.*

## FIRST MEETING OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

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PORTLAND, OREGON, }  
Monday, May 19, 1890. }

The committee of arrangements to make plans for the Eighteenth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association, composed of Messrs. Frank Dekum, William Kapus, Henry Failing, Mayor Delashmutt, John C. Lewis, H. W. Corbett, R. P. Earhart, and the Secretary of the Association, met at the First National Bank.

All were present save John C. Lewis and R. P. Earhart.

The committee organized for work by electing H. W. Corbett, chairman.

O. F. Paxton was appointed Grand Marshal in lieu of George H. Durham, who recently met with a painful accident.

It was learned that H. W. Scott had consented to deliver the annual address, and that Rufus Mallory and his alternate, Colonel John McCracken, had declined to deliver the occasional address. Accordingly the Secretary was instructed to correspond with others, with a view of securing the desired address.

It was voted to secure the North Pacific Industrial Exposition building in which to hold the reunion.

Mayor Van B. DeLashmutt was appointed a committee on finance; Geo. H. Himes, the Secretary, a committee on transportation, and William Kapus a committee on invitation. A ball committee was appointed composed of the following gentlemen:

R. L. Durham, Sam R. Stott, John C. Lewis, J. C. Flanders, Edward Dekum, Whitney L. Boise, Charles E. Ladd, E. E. Beekman, Harry Hogue, Victor Bellinger, Henry J. Corbett, Walter F. Burrell, Ed. A. King, O. F. Paxton.

The following ladies were appointed a ladies' reception committee: Mrs. J. D. Holman, Mrs. A. Holbrook, Mrs. Frank Dekum, Mrs. M. S. Burrell, with power to fill all vacancies and to make a selection of at least three from each county in Western Oregon.

The matter of securing carriages was placed in the hands of Grand Marshal Paxton, with full power.

No further business appearing, the committee adjourned.

GEO. H. HIMES,  
*Secretary.*

## SECOND MEETING OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

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PORTLAND, OREGON, }  
Tuesday, June 10, 1890. }

A meeting of the Executive Committee was held at the First National Bank at 8 o'clock, and was presided over by Henry Failing.

Reports from the sub-committees showed that all plans for making the reunion of 1890 a complete success were well in hand.

The Secretary reported that the transportation companies centering here had consented to give reduced rates.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Charles E. Leland, the manager of the Hotel Portland, that was made the place of gathering preliminary to forming the procession.

It was determined that the parade should be short—direct from the hotel to the Exposition building.

The Grand and Subordinate Camps of Indian War Veterans, the pioneers of Eastern and Western Washington, Middle and Southern Oregon, were invited to attend.

The Secretary reported that Seymour W. Condon, Esq., of Eugene, had been asked to deliver the occasional address, and he had consented to do so.

No further business appearing, the committee adjourned.

GEO. H. HIMES,  
*Secretary.*



## EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION.

PORTLAND, OREGON, }  
Tuesday, June 17, 1890. }

Early yesterday forenoon every incoming train brought a greater or less number of old pioneers, gathering here to participate in the eighteenth grand reunion of the gray-haired veterans who conquered the wildness of the wild, wild West, and who assemble to rejoice over achievements earned in the face of death itself.

According to programme, the procession was to form at the Portland hotel, and not the least amusing were the incidents which occurred in the parlors and reception rooms of that grand edifice.

"Law's sakes and land alive!" exclaimed one dear old lady as she stepped into the large east parlor, "I thought I was just going through the floor," and then she bent downward to see how much of her feet were visible above the surface of the elegant carpet. "This isn't like the meeting place of 1873, when the first pioneers met at Butteville to organize the Pioneers' Association. We didn't have anything better than the bare floor, then, and now we assemble in the finest room in the whole country, where fifty years ago was almost total wilderness."

It was a pleasant sight and inspired all beholders with feelings too sentimental for the safety of dry eyes and motionless lips.

About noon the visitors began arriving at the hotel, and from that time till nearly 2 o'clock the business office, halls and parlors were densely crowded by the large throng who had assembled to add luster to the occasion.

Rain began to fall early in the day, and by noontime all hope of a clear day had vanished, and it was decided that no procession would be formed, but all who could be so accommodated took carriages to drive to the Exposition building, and others walked or took the street cars.

The Marine band was in attendance and discoursed music at the hotel. The first piece was a march entitled "The Escort of the Colors." The second was a schottische entitled "Golden Hours." The last piece was a quickstep entitled "The Golden Eagle."

At the conclusion of the last piece, the task of visiting the pavilion was begun, and umbrellas came forth for general use. It was a gloomy sight, indeed, to see the multitudes stream out of the big south doorway into the pouring rain. But the hardy men and women who had the grit nearly half a century ago to brave the dangers of a lawless and uncivilized world did not permit so light an impediment as a light rain to keep them back, so out they went and wet they got.

After arriving at the Exposition building,

#### THE EXERCISES

Were as follows, Robert A. Miller, Secretary of the Southern Oregon Pioneer Association, being substituted at the last moment for Seymour W. Condon, who could not be present.

Calling to Order,	-	-	-	President John Minto, 1844
Music—"Star Spangled Banner,"	-	-	-	Marine Band
Prayer by the Chaplain,	-	-	-	Rev. T. L. Eliot
Introductory Address,	-	-	-	John Minto
Annual Address,	-	-	-	Hon. H. W. Scott, 1852
Music—"Columbia,"	-	-	-	Marine Band
Occasional Address,	-	-	-	Robert A. Miller, 1854
Music—"America,"	-	-	-	Marine Band
Benediction by the Chaplain,	-	-	-	Rev. T. L. Eliot

## 1850.

Thomas A. Davis.  
 Andrew Taylor.  
 William Grooms.  
 C. S. Silver.  
 L. H. Calkins.  
 W. C. Painter.  
 D. Mansfield.  
 T. B. Trevett.  
 Mrs. H. C. Exon.  
 John S. Simmons.  
 W. D. Carter.

E. A. Dean.  
 R. Weeks.  
 Mrs. A. Grooms.  
 J. H. Lambert.  
 J. M. Breck.  
 R. L. Simpson.  
 Mrs. J. Lucas.  
 Wesley Vanschuyver.  
 D. S. Dunbar.  
 Henry Holtgrieve.

## 1851.

W. H. Odell.  
 Mrs. J. H. McMillen.  
 Silas Wright.  
 W. H. Pope.  
 H. D. Mount.  
 H. A. Hogue.  
 Henry Failing.  
 Judge P. P. Prim.

H. W. Corbett.  
 Mrs. A. M. Worth.  
 F. M. Arnold.  
 Mrs. J. W. Merchant.  
 Hon. R. Williams.  
 E. T. Bronson.  
 Reuben Fisher.  
 J. R. K. Irvine.

## 1852.

D. Linneman.  
 Morris Jones.  
 M. M. Cushing.  
 John Burke.  
 J. W. Briedwell.  
 W. G. Ballard.  
 Josiah Taylor.  
 G. Blanchet.  
 Mrs. Elizabeth Francis.  
 Mrs. Sarah Hovendon.  
 Mrs. L. Holcomb.  
 L. H. Adams.  
 M. R. Hathaway.  
 John Parkhill.  
 Hollon Parker.  
 J. T. Newell.  
 Rev. A. J. Joslyn.

O. P. Lent.  
 Gustaf Wilson.  
 Henry Shepard.  
 George P. Lent.  
 H. W. Scott.  
 George Hornbuckle.  
 Mrs. L. E. S. Taylor.  
 L. M. Parrish.  
 Mrs. Ellen Grounds.  
 Mrs. E. J. Harer.  
 Mrs. Mary. Reeves.  
 Mrs. Frank Dekum.  
 Mrs. O. H. Cone.  
 Mrs. L. L. Rowland.  
 James Rankin.  
 T. A. Wood.  
 F. M. Tibbetts.

L. McMorris.  
G. H. Reeves.  
C. O. Wallace.

Joseph McAuliff.  
Van B. DeLashmutt.  
Mrs. C. A. Coburn.

1853.

John Kelsay.  
John Conner.  
Miss Sarah Talbot.  
Mrs. Dr. Warriner.  
Mrs. E. E. McClure.  
Mrs. C. M. Lambert.  
Mrs. J. R. Glass.  
H. C. Stanton.  
George H. Himes.  
William Kapus.  
G. C. Robison.

T. B. Wait.  
Norman Garling.  
J. D. Rowell.  
Edward Failing.  
Dr. E. Poppleton.  
Mrs. M. S. Burrell.  
Frank Dekum.  
J. W. Souther.  
John Epperly.  
J. L. McVinney.  
James F. Failing.

1854.

Colonel Robert A. Miller.  
Charles McGinn.  
Frank Story.  
R. A. Woodruff.

George Herrall.  
E. F. Heroy.  
J. A. Freeman.  
Mrs. Charles Pattison.

#### THE ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING

Was called to order by its President, Mr. John Minto, with the following words: "Ladies and gentlemen, your business meeting will now come to order, and I will introduce the proceedings myself, so far as submitting the questions to your consideration, by reporting from the committee, of which I was one, to draw up the resolutions inviting the President of the United States to be present at our next annual reunion. I will read to you the form I have drawn up, and then will leave it to your consideration and action:

"WHEREAS, It is now fifty years since the adventurous spirit of the frontier section of the United States began the important movement of crossing the plains and mountains in order to form settlements and build homes in the valley of the Columbia, a movement recognized and encouraged by American statesmen as an efficient

most severe labor and bodily hardships, in making a road through the dense woods, around hill sides and over gullies, taking them altogether.

"When in camp for food or rest  
Such party did convene,  
The song, the story and the jest  
Were not their only theme.

"From camp and range and public lands  
To the world's wants their theme expands ;  
How Europe on our plows depend,  
And to what shores our trade extends.

"Fair woman's beauty, man's good name ;  
The statesman's speech, the soldier's fame,  
The school, the plow, the sword, the pen—  
Passed in review before them, then

"That is what I have seen of Oregonians around the camp fire. I deem it an honor to be called upon to preside over this body, and I appreciate standing here before you tonight as your President.

"I was inspired, as a lad, to set my face toward the Pacific Coast, against two thousand miles of unbroken wilderness, which was then known on the school books as the Great American Desert, by reading the stories of pioneer privations, pioneer enterprises, and the pioneer adventures of the first settlers of the Mississippi valley ; and I have no hesitation in saying that in the years that have gone past there has been no stories or history of the pioneer life of the pioneers of this Pacific slope written to inspire that public spirit that so filled the youth who read the histories and stories of the pioneers of other new and untried countries, and I want to see the time come when our toil, suffering and privations shall stand as a beacon light to our posterity. When people cease to have enterprise such as is shown in the crossing of this immense stretch of country,

as we did over fifty years ago; when they cease to have that kind of enterprise, they commence to die, for the organism of a community is just like the organism of human life—when it ceases to look forward to itself for enterprise, then it commences to decline and will decline rapidly.

“I consider my children have, in the little record I have made as one of your Association in the pioneer times, an heirloom, and they ought to be proud of it. I have no doubt, ladies and gentlemen, that your children and my children will, in time to come, be proud of it.

“I do not intend to inflict upon you a speech, but I would like to reiterate the statement that I made to you this afternoon, and invite you to commence to exert yourselves to put on paper, so that it may be preserved in imperishable form, every item that is of interest to yourselves; commence to make a record for the youth. We have had many histories, but the complete history has not yet been made up; the time is not yet ripe for it. Every work that has been written on Oregon will in the future be carefully scanned, and such portions as will be suitable to go down the ages will be selected and put into a new book. I do not say these things to you with any disposition to depreciate the exertions that have been made already; some of them have been laboriously done, worthily done and well done; but it takes time to gather material for a condensed history of action. I hope that while you are now alive you will improve the opportunity of putting in writing an account of the important period you have seen.

“I thank you for selecting me as your President for another year. If life and health are spared to me I will be with you at the next reunion.”

A resolution was offered extending the pioneer limit to 1859, that being the year when the state was admitted to

the Union. Upon this resolution Mr. F. V. Holman, 1854, spoke as follows :

*"Ladies and Gentlemen :* For two years we have had this same question before us. This is the longest period which I have known it to be asked the time to be extended to. It is not necessary to go over again what has been gone over before, but I certainly hope this Pioneer Association will not cheapen the privilege of every pioneer. This motion was defeated a year ago ; last year it was laid on the table, and I hope this year you will forever put an end to it. Why make the time 1859 ? Why not make it 1890 ? If you pass this resolution, you do away with all that is distinctively sacred to the pioneer ; you do away entirely with the pioneer of 1840, with those that came in 1854. If you want to wipe out pioneers, if you want to see them extinguished altogether, pass this resolution. If you wish to keep the pioneers as pioneers, then vote it down and forever have done with it. It seems to me a strange thing that this question should come up again after having been once defeated. But I do not intend to discuss with you the rules of parliamentary usage ; but if it is allowed to come up time after time, after it has been defeated, there may be a time when it will pass without opposition, for it is becoming more difficult every year for these pioneers to get to Portland ; they are thinning out, and the motion will be passed without their consent. I value the privileges of a pioneer. I am a pioneer by birth ; my grandfather was a pioneer of 1843, and my father a pioneer of 1846. I hold the privilege of a pioneer, the grandson of a pioneer and the son of a pioneer, and it means much to me. If you extend this time to 1859, it takes away the privileges of the few and lets in the whole country, and we will be no longer a distinctive body. I know it is a good thing to have your friends with you ; but there are a few things in this world that your

friends cannot do. If they came here after the Indian war they cannot be called Indian war veterans. You cannot call a man a member of the G. A. R. who might have gone to the war and did not, or the man who might have come here in 1842, 1843 and 1845 and did not, a pioneer. You may enlarge the time, you may make it 1859, but the moment you do you have taken away that privilege that is distinctively sacred and honorable, that is due to the hard service, the hard toil, the privations, the fighting, the cutting of the way through the wilderness that was endured by these pioneers, and the pioneers of Oregon are a thing of the past."

Mr. William Kapus, 1853, spoke upon the question as follows:

"*Ladies and Gentlemen*.:—It is very apparent, from the applause that has from time to time greeted the last speaker, that whatever might be said on the other side of this question would not be very popular. I have not the eloquence nor the command of language that he had, to oppose him; but I have listened to that same speech now three times; it has been rehearsed from year to year, and it grows better every time, it improves with age. He made a better speech today than he did a year ago; he made a better speech a year ago than he did two years ago; but it is the same old speech, the same old argument. I differ from the gentleman when he says that this was defeated unanimously two years ago. It was brought up, but it was not ripe for it to go through and it was voted down. A year ago it was brought up again and laid upon the table, not defeated. Today it comes before us in an entirely different shape. Let us look upon the merits of the case: It is easy to appeal to a man's prejudices; let us appeal to his reasoning power. Of course, ladies and gentlemen, those who came here in 1843, down to 1854, have a certain pride in their early experiences, and in their hardships, and they witnessed



great changes which they were instrumental in producing; but neither year is fixed by any historical period; there is nothing in the date of December 31, 1854, to fix the time in the people's memory. Now, here the proposition comes to you to fix the time when the state ceased to be a territory. The time before that was particularly the pioneer's era. That is something that everybody can understand, it is something tangible. There is a historical period, and a very appropriate one, to limit the time by, and therefore for that reason I am in favor of the resolution now presented to you."

The next speaker upon the subject was Curtis C. Strong, M. D., 1849, who said:

"*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:*—The word pioneer means foot-soldier, foot-traveler; it properly represents the condition of those who came to this country foot-travelers, and that word prepares the way. It seems to me that if we wish to keep the Association alive until it terminates by the death of the last pioneer, we should not throw the gates wide open, as has been proposed by the present amendment. One speaker said "two years ago it was not ripe." Two years will ripen almost anything, and I hope that two years has ripened that fruit and it has gone on to that period when it stinketh. One gentleman says this period should be some distinctive historical date, like the admission of the territory into the Union, in order to fix the time. That time cannot be a fixed one, for it is in the power of the society to change it again and again. You can no more establish the future questions of this society than you can of any other society. You might fix the time this year to 1859, next year you might change it to 1860. I am very much opposed to extending the time beyond 1854. A pioneer is not a pioneer when he can get on a steamship in the port of New York, pay his passage, get

three good meals a day, get a berth to sleep in at night, and be landed here with all his bag and baggage without effort on his part; he is not a pioneer in any sense of the word. We have already brought the time down to 1854, and that is far enough; I am opposed to its being continued beyond that time."

Mr. Thomas A. Wood, 1852, made the following remarks upon the subject:

"*Ladies and Gentlemen* :—It is thought by some that we must add new members to our organization in order to continue it; with our present numbers growing less and less every year, it will die out unless replenished. This is the argument I heard from two or three persons before coming into the meeting tonight; but, if we take into consideration the fact of our sons and daughters perpetuating the organization, it takes away that argument. I am opposed to extending the time one day; I am opposed to extending the time one day beyond the period that it now is. I find this to be the fact, that about 1854 or 1855 the Atlantic and Pacific were connected by railroad; I find from that period any man could get aboard the cars or aboard a ship; he could have a comfortable bed and sleep every night if he came in the ship until he got to Panama, then he could take the cars and ride to the Pacific side and take a steamer and land on the coast without any more discomfort than he would have felt if he had been at home. I went back myself in 1858, and went just as comfortably as could be. Those who came to this country in 1854 and 1855 did not have the information about Oregon as those did who came later. There were but few publications—one or two papers; there was the *Spectator* and the *Oregonian*. After that period there were many publications to send forth to the world. The pioneers had taken up all the stumps in the streets of Portland, as the city then was; they had built a

few sidewalks, so that it was possible for men to come ; it was possible to invite them to come. Those who were here in the beginning were called pile-drivers, adventurers, frontiersmen, and they were called other names ; but they opened the way and made it possible for the others to come who did come. I declare to you today that there is no honor in going to a country when it is all opened up. It tried men's souls to come before 1855. In 1851 and 1852 there was quite an immigration ; there were quite a number came in 1854, not so many ; then there was a period when people ceased to come over the plains ; there was a better way ; they had found a different route from these desert ways ; they had found an easy way, and now they come to us and claim to be pioneers. As Mr. Holman said, this matter has been disposed of three times, and I believe it should have a stopping place. Let our sons and daughters take up this institution and perpetuate it. I say to you tonight that I would rather be the last pioneer of the State of Oregon than to be President of the United States."

Hon. Matthew P. Deady also spoke briefly upon the subject as follows :

*"Ladies and Gentlemen :* If we are looking forward to a time to limit the life of this Association, there are two periods in the history of the country that make historical points ; one was the period of 1849, when the territorial government of the United States was organized ; but that time has already passed ; up to that time it was a provisional government ; then came the territorial government, and then, in 1859, it was changed from a territory into a state. If the life of this organization is to be changed, there are two dates by which to fix it ; the first we cannot choose, because that time is already admitted ; the second is yet to be considered. I do not think this organization can, in its nature, outlast the life of the last pioneer. It is not in-

tended to be perpetual ; it would be shorn of its interest if it existed after the pioneer ceased to come here. Of course, it will naturally decline ; we must expect it to be so. I think the period of 1854 is as near right as you can get it. In 1849 the immigration across the plains went mostly to California. In 1851 there was a large immigration ; in 1852, as large as there had ever been ; not so much in 1853 and 1854 ; then the Indian wars took place, and immigration practically ceased, a few persons came, not many. I think practically the pioneer immigration that footed it across the plains ceased in 1854, and the time is now well fixed at that period. In the nature of things this organization is limited. There is no use in keeping it up if they diminish in numbers so they are unable to care for themselves. I assure you that the people of Portland will take care of it. There is a society growing up here in the Native Sons and Daughters, and they may last as long as Oregon lasts. It would be well for them to meet with you, and with their numbers and presence, help you to bear the burdens down the walk of life. They will be a credit to the Association and a help. Provisions might be made for their having their celebration at the same time with you, and still be a distinctive organization. I think the time you have already fixed is the best period you can find."

Mr. Joseph Watt, 1844, offered the following remarks :

*"Ladies and Gentlemen:* I have heard this question discussed considerably by members of the Association before coming to this meeting, and I have talked about it myself with the different ones, and we have wondered what was to become of this pioneer business—who is to continue it when we die, which will be in a short time, only a few years—who is going to keep it up. We do not want this thing to die out ; we want it to be continued from year to year. Eighteen hundred and fifty-four is no line at all. People

lived no better in 1859 than they did in 1851, '52, '53, '54 and '55. There was no more development here than a few old mills scattered around the country. There were no railroads here; there were no conveniences. There were a few more buildings; people had to build a few more to supply the natural increase of population; but that was all—a few more buildings built and a few more acres improved. I do not think that there were any more conveniences in '59 than in '54. Those who came in the former year endured as many privations as those who came in the latter, and I had as lieve take a man by the hand that came in '59 as one that came in '54. We are dying off, thinning out, and in a little time there will be but few left to carry on these meetings. We need new members to keep it up, and I for one hope this meeting will extend the time."

There being no further discussion, upon vote, the whole matter was indefinitely postponed.

A resolution changing the name of the "Oregon Pioneer Association" to "The Oregon Pioneer Association and Historical Society" was voted down.

A resolution making the children of pioneers born prior to 1855 eligible to membership in the Oregon Pioneer Association was passed unanimously.

The following resolutions were passed without a dissenting voice—the last three by a rising vote:

*"Resolved*, That in view of the fact that the ranks of Pioneers are rapidly being thinned by death, and in consequence much information of rare historic value is being lost to the state, relating to its early settlement, we would most earnestly request that an appropriation be made by the state legislature of at least \$500 per year to defray the expenses of a competent person, to be selected by the board of directors of this Association, to interview all pioneers and make a record thereof.

*"Resolved*, That we extend a hearty vote of thanks to the Southern Pacific Railway Co.'s lines, the Union Pacific Railway Co., and the

Oregon Pacific Railway Co., the Portland Cable Railway, the Multnomah Street Railway, the Metropolitan Railway, and the Oregonian Railway Co., for reduction in fares.

"*Resolved*, That we extend a vote of thanks to the *Oregonian* for use of its columns in making frequent mention of matters pertaining to the interests of this Association.

"*Resolved*, That we, as an Association, extend our thanks to the committee of arrangements—Messrs. Frank Dekum, H. W. Corbett, Henry Failing, William Kapus, Mayor DeLashmutt, R. P. Earhart and John C. Lewis, and the citizens of Portland generally, for the efforts they have repeatedly put forth to make our annual reunion an agreeable occasion and one long to be remembered."

David Crawford, a pioneer of 1844, for many years a resident of Oregon, but now living in Pennsylvania, was made an honorary member.

Mr. James R. Syron, living near Sheridan, Yamhill County, a pioneer of 1852, and now aged 100 years and 9 months, was made an honorary member. Mr. Syron has been the father of ten children, five of whom are now living. His grand children and great grandchildren number seventy-six.

Honorary membership was also conferred upon Hon. Peter H. Burnett, of California, a resident of Oregon in the very early days.

The Secretary was authorized to obtain suitable certificates of membership.

No further business appearing, the meeting adjourned.

GEO. H. HIMES.

*Secretary.*

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

BY HON. JOHN MINTO.

*Pioneers of Oregon, Ladies and Gentlemen:*—In the beginning of this 18th annual reunion of the membership of this Association, we have to note the fact that the old ways of travel have passed away with passing years. The change is so great that it is even now very difficult for the man or woman who crosses the plains and mountains from the Missouri river to the Willamette in four days, surrounded by the luxuries of a Pullman car, or even the comforts of a second class passenger car, to realize what the journey was to those who crossed in almost trackless deserts, beset with dangers "seen and unseen," taking six to eight months to make the journey, passing or overcoming obstacles now so completely removed, that it seems almost like a fairy tale to some who made the journey, and is consequently almost incomprehensible to those who pass the same region as swiftly as the bird flies and with greater ease.

Perhaps there is no simpler way of comparing the character of the journey *then* and *now*, than by stating, it is fifty years since the first organized party set out from Peoria, Ill., to reach and make their homes in Oregon, the flag that waved over them being the motto, "Oregon, or the Grave." They were eighteen resolute men. They did not all get through, and those who succeeded were a year on the way. They arrived at Fort Vancouver, May 20, 1840, consequently, it is fifty years since they started; so that next year will be the semi-centennial year of the arrival of Oregon pioneer home-builders. I mention it in the hope that before you close this annual reunion, you will take measures to make your next meeting a notable one.

This change in modes of travel has also a potent influence even in the location of the place of our annual reunion. I have no doubt that many of the pioneers present would prefer to meet in some grove, where they could taste again something like the freedom of camp life, the memories of which this meeting is intended to revive and prolong. A little reflection will convince most of us, that scattered as the original pioneers of Oregon are, some west and some east of the Cascade range; some in Washington, others in Idaho, and others again in California, there is now no place more convenient for all to reach than this goodly city. There are other reasons for hold-

## ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY H. W. SCOTT, EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen* :—The topics that fall within the history of our pioneer life, have a very wide range. But any single discourse upon them can cover only a limited field. Selection becomes necessary; and I have therefore decided to confine myself on this occasion to a few points of history, and to close the present address with some brief observations on life and character as developed here from the seed planted by the pioneers of Oregon and of the northwest at large.

There is a woman still living, not distant from Portland, who rode across the plains to Oregon on horseback, two and fifty years ago. She was a member of one of the parties of missionaries who came to work among the Indians, at that early day, before the typical Western pioneer, tamer of the wilderness, turned his steps hither. This woman is Mrs. Mary A. Walker, widow of the late Elkanah Walker, of Forest Grove. One other survivor of the party with which she came, Rev. Cushing Eells, is a resident of Pierce county, state of Washington. I know not whether we have left any who came to Oregon at an earlier date than these.

In the winter of 1838, a lecture on Oregon was delivered at Peoria, Ill., by Rev. Jason Lee, a Methodist missionary, who had been here and was returning East for a reinforcement. This lecture led to the formation of a company of about sixteen young men who started for Oregon in the spring of 1839. On the plains the company divided. A part went back, a few pushed ahead as rapidly as possible, and another part, traveling more slowly, were overtaken by winter and remained at Brown's Hole, on Green river until the following spring, when they came on to Oregon. The sole survivor of this party is Amos Cook, of Lafayette, Yamhill county.

Just as this party was reaching Vancouver, in May, 1840, Rev. J. L. Parrish, who had come by sea, arrived at the same place. Mr. Parrish still lives at Salem. The names of no other persons of American birth, still living, who came to settle in Oregon at so early a day as these, occur to me. So many, once numbered among our pioneers, who came long after those whom I have named, have passed away, that these stand out at this day with an added prominence on the roll of our pioneers. One who long preceded them—a pioneer of 1836—William H. Gray, of Astoria, recently passed away.



The word "Oregon," as a geographical expression, is older than any knowledge of the country. As to the origin of the name of our state, there has been a great deal of historical inquiry, supplemented by conjecture; but, after long attention to the subject and examination of all possible sources of information, I conclude we owe the name to a man whose name is known to but a few among us.

Jonathan Carver was born in the state of Connecticut, in the year 1752. He served throughout the French and Indian wars in the country of the Great Lakes, and between the ending of these wars and the beginning of our Revolution, he was an adventurous traveler throughout the region which the English, with the help of their colonies, had wrested from the French. He pushed on to the head of Lake Superior, and from there passed over to the sources of the Mississippi. Returning just before the outbreak of the Revolutionary war, he endeavored to get the help of the colonial authorities to publish a book in which he had written an account of his travels, and to obtain reimbursement, in part, at least, of his expenses. But he could get no attention. Soured and discontented he went to England, where he managed to get his book printed. But there was not the same interest in geographical discovery, under the patronage of wealth and learning, that has been shown in more recent times, and Jonathan Carver, falling into utter neglect, was reduced to extreme want, and died in the year 1780 in London.

His book of travels was published in 1778. In that book the name of Oregon was first given to the world.

Carver had come no farther West than some point, now not known, in the present state of Minnesota. But from the Indians there he professed to have learned that a great river, "The Oregon, or River of the West," rose near the sources of the Mississippi and flowed to the Pacific ocean. It can not be regarded as probable that Carver really obtained any statement like this from the natives. A great river flowing westward to the Pacific from the heart of the continent was regarded as a geographical necessity, and the mouth of such a river had long before been seen by navigators. It is evident, therefore, that Carver had a theory to satisfy; and so his statement about "the Oregon, or River of the West," was purely speculative. The Indians could have given him no such information. The sources of the western river were so distant as to render it highly improbable that they should know anything about them.

Nevertheless, Carver gave us the name. Where did he get it? How did he come by it? Was it an effort to reproduce a name that the natives had spoken in response to his inquiries? Did it refer to mountain,

river, distance, to the mysterious or unknown? Or did he coin it? Impossible to tell. There has been exhaustive inquiry among the natives from whom Carver professed to have obtained it, but it has not been ascertained that the name was ever known to them or spoken in their region, or that it ever was used by any natives of America. We find the name in Carver's book, published in London in 1778. There is no earlier trace of it anywhere. The conclusion, therefore, is that Jonathan Carver gave the name to the world. He either invented it, or, what is more probable, attempted to reproduce or give intelligible sound to some expression he heard among the natives, and applied it to the river which it was believed must flow from the heart of the continent to the Pacific ocean. In a similar way Theodore Winthrop created the name "Tacoma," which never was heard at Puget Sound or elsewhere till after the publication of Winthrop's book, in 1862.

But the name of Oregon came very slowly into notice. It was long after the publication of Carver's book when it again made its appearance. The name seems not to have been known either to Vancouver or to Gray, since neither uses it. The latter, entering the river as a discoverer, called the river, not the Oregon, but the Columbia, for his ship—a fact which shows that the name Oregon was quite unknown. The name was not used by Lewis and Clark in the report of their travels. In Astor's petition to congress, presented in 1812, setting forth his claim to national assistance for his undertaking, on the ground that his efforts to establish trade here under the sovereignty of the United States, would redound to the public security and advantage, the name Oregon is not used to designate or describe the country; nor is it used in the Act of congress passed in response to his petition, by which the American Fur Company was permitted to introduce here goods suitable for the Indian trade. At this time, indeed, the name appears to have been quite unknown and perhaps would have perished but for the poet Bryant, who evidently had happened in his reading upon the volume of Carver's travels. The word suited the sonorous movement and solemn majesty of his verse, and he embalmed it "Thanatopsis," published in 1817. The journal of Lewis and Clark had then just been published, and the description therein of the solitudes and "continuous woods" touched Bryant's poetic spirit and recalled the name he had seen in Carver's book. There are men whose susceptibility to literary excellence, whose skill and power in producing literary effects, give us results of this kind. So in Virgil and Milton, names that otherwise would be unknown, are made immortal. The power that can touch a name or word with immortal

life, is one of the most remarkable given to man. It appears only in those poets who have voices responsive to the echoes of the music of the ages.

Bryant's poem, widely read, was among the instruments by which the name was brought into general notice. About the time this poem was published, or soon afterward, Hall Jackson Kelley, a school teacher of Boston, began a work in behalf of Oregon that Oregon has never yet sufficiently acknowledged or recognized. Kelley was an eccentric man, an enthusiast, one of those who seize a single idea and devote their lives to it. Some incident, perhaps not remembered in after years by himself, drew his attention to Oregon; and when his attention was fixed, Oregon became the one thought of his life. As early as 1820 he published pamphlets on Oregon; he addressed memorials to congress on Oregon, and endeavored to get up schemes for colonization of Oregon. He was industrious and even indefatigable; he talked Oregon and wrote Oregon in season and out of season; he pressed upon congress the importance and value of the Oregon country, which he described as a paradise, and for which, with the spirit of an enthusiast, he predicted a wonderful future. He it was, beyond all question, who first urged the settlement of Oregon, insisted upon its practicability and set forth the importance and value of the Oregon country to the United States. Many with whom he came in contact regarded him merely as a bore or troublesome fellow, and this impression was deepened by a tone in his speech and writings which was regarded as a religious cant. He was in Washington City during several sessions of congress, endeavoring to get the aid the government for a plan of colonization, but was unsuccessful. He did, however, succeed in drawing the attention of many persons, in public and private life, to Oregon, and his efforts helped greatly to make the name familiar, at least as a geographical expression, to the country. The newspapers began to print it, and inquiry was stimulated. The narrative of Lewis and Clark had never obtained wide circulation; some years were yet to elapse before the publication of Irving's book on the Astor undertaking, and the expedition of Bonneville was still in the future. During this period Hall J. Kelley may be said to have "had the floor on the Oregon question." His services were great and valuable.

The first positive results of the efforts of Kelley was the expedition of Wyeth to Oregon. Nathaniel J. Wyeth, of Cambridge, Mass., moved thereto by the writings of Kelley, came out across the plains with a party in 1832, arriving at Vancouver about the end of October of that year. Wyeth's vessel, the "Sultana," which he had dispatched

for the Columbia river, and which he expected to find on his arrival, failed to appear. She had been wrecked on the voyage, and the goods which Wyeth had intended for trade with the Indians here, were lost with her. Suspecting the loss of the vessel, but not knowing it, Wyeth hastened back to Boston in 1833, and again in 1834 was ready for the plains. He had dispatched another vessel, the "May Dacre," which he had loaded with goods for barter, and this vessel arrived almost simultaneously with himself. Wyeth set up a trading post on Sauvie's island, at the mouth of the Willamette, and disposed of his goods. Kelley, himself came to Oregon the same year (1834). His route was through Mexico and California. The same year Rev. Jason Lee, the Methodist missionary, who admitted that he received his first knowledge of Oregon through Kelley, arrived. This was the beginning of the missionary movement.

I can only glance at these events ; it is impossible to present their details, and my present purpose is merely to show some of the first results of Kelley's efforts in behalf of Oregon. The missionary effort was soon fairly launched, and how important a part it played in Oregon's early history is sufficiently known. Kelley quitted Oregon in 1835 and Wyeth in 1837. Quite a number of men had been associated with the latter, most of whom remained.

It may be of present interest to people of Portland to note the fact that Kelley drew up a plan for a city in Oregon on the peninsula between the Columbia and Willamette rivers. This plan was drawn up in 1829, and the effort to carry it into effect was to be commenced in 1832. Putting forth its "prospectus," he said : "The settlement, carrying on a trade with the islands of the Pacific and with people about the shores of that ocean commensurate with its wants, must advance in prosperity and power unexampled in the history of nations. From the plentitude of its own resources it will soon be enabled to sustain its own operations and will hasten on to its own majesty and to a proud rank on the earth." Possibly our real estate men, who are now so vigorously advertising "peninsula" additions, will take note of the fact that Kelley was a head of them with map and plat and advertisement of that same ground by sixty-one years.

I am not attempting a historical sketch of early Oregon. It would be too large an undertaking. Thus far it has been my purpose simply to speak of those who gave us the name of Oregon, and whose efforts stimulated the first migrations of American citizens hither. Of the presence of British subjects here, and of the dispute about the territory, enough has been written. Those events belong to general history. An address like this must be concentrated on a few points.

A further word about Hall J. Kelley. This strange, eccentric man can almost be called the prophet of Oregon, the father of migration to Oregon, the man who hastened the fulfillment of Oregon's destiny. He came to Oregon in 1834; he left Oregon in 1835 and never returned. But he never ceased throughout his long long life to think, talk and write of Oregon. During the later years of his life he lived alone at Three Rivers, Massachusetts, and died in January, 1874, at the age of 85 years.

From 1840 the talk about Oregon steadily increased. It spread among the pioneers, or those who had been pioneers, in Missouri, Illinois and other states of the West. It awakened their old love of adventure, offered a source of relief for their restlessness, and held out to them vague hopes always promised by the unknown. Situated as they were, communities were growing up and around them; they had lost the sovereignty of space and wanted to recover it; they liked not close settlements, still less cities, where man disputes with man for air, space, sunshine. Fixed residence was less agreeable than indefinite removal; the imagination loved to dwell on the illimitable, where no bounds are set to freedom of movement or action. When a man takes root as a plant in the earth he gains in security, in policy, in numbers, in country, in intelligence, in government; but he loses in liberty. By a strange paradox, by so much as man gains in variety, by so much as differentiate his life, by so many more cords is he bound. Man feels depressed and crushed in a crowd, but elevated and expanded in solitude. He who is alone feels that he is important; for he measures himself by his actual standard, and not by the method of the census-taker, not by the indistinguishable numerical value which his single existence represents in a populous city or nation. The imagination is fed by visions and illusions; and yet so deep a mystery is man, that these, in fact, have greater power over him than realities, and the realm of imagination becomes man's truest world.

These were the people who constituted the body of those now coming to Oregon. There had been an effort to establish missions among the Indians, but these people did not come for missionary purposes. There were earnest endeavors on the part of a few far-seeing men to augment the force of men in the country, so as to create a counterpoise to British influence and secure the disputed territory to the United States; but this was not the motive that impelled the main column of migration. Efforts for missionary work and reports for missionaries on the country had done much to create an interest in Oregon, as in the case of Rev. Jason Lee, whose lectures in Illinois in

1838 started the Peoria party in 1839; agitation of the "Oregon question" in congress and throughout the country, based on the desire to plant a body of American citizens here whose presence would attest the sovereignty of the United States, had helped to make Oregon known; and the Western pioneer, hearing of Oregon as a wonderland, could not restrain his impatience; he had not yet been satiated with adventure, and he looked back on the conditions of pioneer life from which the states of the Upper Mississippi region were just emerging, as a golden age of freedom which might be renewed on the distant shores of the Pacific, and the fact that privation was to be met and danger was to be braved added zest to the undertaking.

The story of the toilsome march of the wagon trains over the plains will be received by future generations almost as a legend on the borderland of myth, rather than as veritable history. It will be accepted, indeed, but scarcely understood. Even now, to those who made the journey, the realities of it seem half fabulous. It no longer seems to have been a rational undertaking. The rapid transit of the present time appears almost to relegate the story to the land of fable. No longer can we understand the motives that urged our pioneers toward the indefinite horizon that seemed to verge on the unknown. Mystery was in the movement, mystery surrounded it. It was the last effort of that profound impulse which, from a time far preceding the dawn of history, has pushed the race to which we belong to discovery and occupancy of Western lands.

Here, now, we are; the limit has been reached. The stream can flow no further onward, but must roll back on itself. Life must develop here, and in this development it must diversify itself and take on new and characteristic forms. This, in fact, it is doing. Oregon, from the circumstances of its settlement and its long isolation, and through development here of the materials slowly brought together, has a character almost peculiarly its own. In some respects that character is admirable; in others it is open to criticism. Our situation has made for us a little world in which strong traits of a character peculiarly our own have been developed; it has also left us somewhat out of touch with the world at large. We are somewhat too fixed and inflexible in our ways of thought and action, and do not adjust ourselves readily to the conditions that surround us in the world of men, and now are steadily pressing in on us from all sides.

The life of a community is the aggregate life of the individuals who are its units, and the general law that holds for the individual holds for the society. The human race can make progress only as the con-

duct of a man as an individual and of a man in society, is brought into harmony with surrounding forces, under the government of moral law. Of this progress experience becomes the test. The multiplying agencies of civilization, operating in our own day with an activity continually cumulative and never before equaled, are turned, under the pressure of moral forces, into most powerful instruments for instructions and benefit of mankind. It is probable that nothing else has contributed so much to the help of mankind in the mass, either in material or moral aspects, as rapid increase of human intercourse throughout the world. Action and reaction of peoples upon peoples, of nations upon nations, of races upon races, are continually evolving the activities and producing changes in the thought and character of all. This intercourse develops the moral forces as rapidly as the intellectual and material; it has brought all the parts of the world into daily contact with each other, and each part feels the influence of all the rest. Every atrocious deed or great benefaction is now made known instantly to the ends of the earth; the death of any great or worthy man in any country now touches the sympathy or eclipses the gayety of nations, and we can now realize much more truly than when Shakespeare wrote the idea contained in these lines :

How far that little candle throws his beam !  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Common agents in this work are commerce in merchandise and commerce in ideas. Neither could make much progress without the other. Populations once were stagnant. Now they are stirred profoundly by all the powers of social agitation, by travel, by rapid movements of commerce, by daily transmission of news of the important events of the world to every part of the world. Motion is freedom and science and wealth and moral advancement. Isolated life is rapidly disappearing; speech and writing the treasures of the world's literature, diffused throughout the world, enlarge and expand the general mind, and show how much is contained within humanity of which men once never dreamed. In language itself there is a steady advance toward simplicity, compass, exactness and uniformity. As civilization makes progress and increases, the number of dialects diminishes, provincialisms are merged, the same tongue becomes common to a mighty people.

Humboldt lays it down as a rule that the number of languages in any given district is in the inverse proportion of the intellectual and moral culture of the inhabitants. This, many of us have verified for ourselves. I have seen at Puget Sound groups of Indians residing not

more than ten miles apart, whose speech to each other was utterly unintelligible. But who could overstate their condition of mental and moral degradation!

The true life of a people is both a history and a poem; the history is a record of the material development resulting from their industrial energy; the poem represents the growth of character, the evolution and development of the moral, intellectual and spiritual forces that make up their inner life. In a modern people these two phases of life should unfold together. Their is an antagonism between them, yet each is necessary to the other. Without cultivation of the material and mechanical, which acts upon matter, and produces wealth, man is a mere idler and dreamer, at his best little better than the Arabian nomad; without cultivation of the moral sentiments, or attention to the calls of his spiritual nature, he loses himself in a gross materialism, and no answer is found in him to an appeal to ideas, to heroism, to exalted virtue. We calculate the value of industrial energy by what it produces—worldly possessions; we appreciate the growth of the inner life by what it inspires—moral character and noble sentiments. In the best civilizations the two are united. Man is a composite being, and the hands and the soul of humanity must work together.

Just now we are having in Oregon a material development such as we never hitherto have known. It is well; we all rejoice at it, and we all try to promote it; and yet we should not become so fully occupied with it as to overlook the greater importance of the other side of life—that is, right development of thought, feeling, character.

Phases of life pass away, never to return. In the first settlement of a country the conditions of nature produce our customs, guide our industries, fix our ways of life. Later, modifications take place, fashioned on changing conditions. Oregon, long isolated, has now been caught up and is borne onward in the current of the world's thought and action. Under operation of forces that press upon us from contact with the world at large, and under the law of our own internal development, we are moving rapidly away from old conditions. Pioneer life is now but a memory; it will soon be but a legend or tradition. Modern society has no fixity. Nothing abides in set forms. See how complete has been the transformation of New England within twenty-five years! A similar process is now in rapid movement among ourselves in the Pacific Northwest. Once we had here a little world of our own. We shall have it no more. The horizon that once was bounded by our own board enlarges to the horizon of man.



## P. F. BLAIR, OF EUGENE, OR.

Mr. Blair was born in Henry county, Kentucky, in 1812. He there received a common school education, and during his youth he moved to Indiana, becoming a farmer. He simply "took a notion to try a new country," though the immediate occasion of this step was his falling in with a half-breed Indian who told him that this was the best country that he knew anything about.

The final start was made from Lee county, Iowa, April 15, 1847. In the train there was about one hundred wagons; oxen for the heavy teams, but a few mule teams for the more delicate women. Of the grown men there were about seventy five, mostly young and well proportioned, though no six footer is remembered. Mr. Blair is a man weighing about one hundred and sixty pounds, and is five feet eight inches in height. A conspicuous part of the outfit of each man was his rifle, or, as in Blair's case, two of them. All were good shots. Nearly every man had a span of horses.

On the journey no unusual perils were encountered, though near the Rogue river (they came by the Southern Oregon route), the camp was shot at by Indians, and the daughter of a Mr. Davis was wounded by an arrow.

Settling near Eugene, a mile northwest of the present city, Mr. Blair has lived and acted the part of a leading citizen of Lane county, to the present time. He bought the stock of goods for the store kept on the river bank near the present bridge across the Willamette. He was also connected with the other early improvements, building the first house in the town, the old court house, a structure twenty by twenty feet, and hewing out the timbers and doing work on the dam of the old saw mill of Hilliard Shaw, which stood on the site of the present saw mill. Shaw was an old settler in Oregon when Blair came, of middle age, and rather slight frame, though a little above the average height. Some inconveniences attended living at Eugene at that early day, such as going to Portland for groceries.

Mr. Blair has had much experience in mining, both in California, Eastern Oregon and Idaho.

fog covered the front of the hill and, under this protection, Kelsay deployed his men, the most of them finding shelter behind the rocks. The moment the fog lifted, the whites began pouring their fire down upon the Indians' wickiups and upon their horses. The fire was returned, yet with little effect, and finding that they were suffering heavily, especially in horses, the Indians held out but a day, retreating, finally, to the hills behind the bar, in the shelter of the fir timber. This allowed Kelsay to send a storming party across the river which broke up what was left of the stronghold. The Indians had burnt their dead but, judging from the bones, there were many killed. It is customary for these Indians to burn their dead, who have not been scalped. In their opinion, the scalped Indian is dead, spiritually, as well as physically, while the others return to the ruler of spirits, and therefore require sepulture. After the defeat, the Indians dispersed, each one to his *illahee*.

Mulky was mustered out at Corvallis, July 2, 1856, and returned to his home. Although serving nearly a year, furnishing his own arms and horse, and sustaining many dangers, hardships and fatigues, from which he suffers to this day, he never received pay except in scrip which was worth but thirty cents on the dollar. He has not been remunerated for losses, nor pensioned for injuries.

In '62, he went to Florence City, Idaho; in '63, to Canyon City, Oregon. In both these places he was engaged in mining. In '66 he returned to Lane county, buying Capt. Bayley's place. In '67 he came to Clatsop, where he still remains, although having a mining claim near Canyon City, and an interest in live stock in the Big Bend of the Upper Columbia.

## AUGUSTUS C. WIRT.

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This pioneer of 1843, is living in very hale health at the little village of Clatsop, on the Skipanon river. He exhibits his natural love of neatness and toilfulness by a pleasant home and well-kept garden and orchard on his little farm of thirty acres by the tide stream. He is a wiry, supple man, rather light and firmly knit in the joints. A shrewd German face, twinkling blue eyes, narrow temples and long, bald forehead, above the thin, red-whiskered cheeks, make up his profile. He is very intelligent and well-preserved, and but slightly gray, although now (1887) aged 73, having been born in Pennsylvania, October, 1814. A tailor by trade. He removed to Iowa in 1839, working at his trade for several years. At the time of the great Oregon fever of '42-'43, Joseph Smith was lecturing in Iowa on Oregon. Mr. Wirt heard the lecture and was so much impressed with the representation of this country that he determined to come. He, James Welch, Boston Lee, James Cline and others, started out for Independence, where the first immigration was making up. Owing to bad roads, storms and delays, they were as late as July in reaching the rendezvous. By this time the trains were far in the wilderness. It was not desirable to start so late and accordingly this little party went to Missouri, took care of their cattle, and waited for the next spring. They fell in with the large crowd made up by Gilliam—as many as two hundred wagons. This able captain maintained the best of order and defense. Near the reservation of the Iowa Indians, the red men stampeded the large herds of cattle just as they were rounding up inside the corral. It was not an easy matter to collect the scattered stock, and some were missing. The Captain finally discovered, in a coy retreat, the bodies of six oxen, drying. With nine men he went to the reservation, demanded of the agent that the loss be replaced, or else he would sweep clean the tribe—not more than thirty braves. This brought sufficient cattle to supply the deficiency on the teams.

Soon after the start, Wirt and his companions pushed ahead to avoid the crowd, and by this means gained fifteen days on the main body. There was little harrassment by Indians; due caution was observed. Nightly, the wagons were drawn up to make a corral, and

when a band of Indians was seen, the same movement was effected. Occasionally, as many as two hundred mounted savages at a time came up, but never made an attack on the solid little fortress. They were treated kindly, given tobacco, trinkets, etc. One buck coveted a powder horn, and on one occasion killed an ox, but such an offense was not repeated.

One Bunton was the captain of this detachment. On the Nebraska plains they were delayed by heavy storms. At an insignificant stream—perhaps the Platte—they camped on the hither shore, to cross the next morning. A terrific storm occurred during the night, and the stream rose so that it was necessary to make a raft of cottonwood logs to get across. Occasionally animals fell foot-sore and had to be left. Wirt lost two oxen in this way. In general, there was abundance of grass, game and water. On the Sweetwater they got and jerked so much buffalo meat that some thrifty ones brought some through, even to Oregon. Wirt was particularly careful of his fifteen ewes and usually walked ahead—having hired a teamster for his wagons—and kept them herded and in grass. These immigrants were thrifty of their time, and made a stretch of fifteen or twenty miles a day.

At The Dalles, the wagons and families were put aboard rafts, while the cattle were driven across the mountains. Wirt gave a rifle to the man who drove his stock to the Molalla, where they wintered.

The unfailing bounty of Dr. Loughlin was met at the lower Cascades, where a batteax with provisions was found. The skipper disobeyed the order of the Doctor by leaving the women and children and taking wagons instead. This greatly irritated the good chief factor, who looked at the coming clouds and said—"Now these women will get wet, all get wet." Wirt and Trask were given batteax and brought down the families and goods. Dr. McLoughlin was most bountiful in providing for the wants of the immigrants, giving goods or credit to some to as high a value as \$400 or \$500. Wirt was accommodated with goods to the extent of \$70, with interest at six per cent.

Mr. Wirt came to Clatsop, attracted by the climate and its comparative populousness. To get his cattle here, he took them over the Coast mountains below Tillamook, and drove them up the beach. He remembers Trask well, who lived awhile on Clatsop, but sold his place to Colonel Taylor in order to pay a \$200 bill to the Hudson's Bay Company. It does not seem that there was any pressure except Trask's own uneasiness at being in debt. Trask then removed to Tillamook, sending his effects in a big canoe by sea, and taking his fam-

ily over the mountains from the Willamette Valley. Trask's name is perpetuated in the river which bears his name.

The gold excitement drew Wirt to California in 1849. He took passage on the brig Henry, with many other Oregonians, and speaks feelingly of the storm that overtook them a hundred miles at sea in which the deck load was swept overboard and most of the cargo destroyed. Drift of this cargo was afterwards picked up on the Oregon shore, and it was supposed that the vessel was wrecked. Wirt spent the winter digging gold and trading, and returned here in May of the next year, where he has since lived—nearly forty years of quiet activity.

He remembers Dr. Whitman as a tall, slender man, of pleasant manner and great force. He took a canoe ride with him from Oregon City to Vancouver in '44, during which they talked of the Indians and the danger of massacre. The Doctor said that his life was often threatened, but he believed that with a bold front there was no real danger.

Wirt spoke of the comment of Grant, at Fort Hall—"Going to Oregon, are you? every man, woman and child of you to get six hundred and forty acres of land? How thin you will be scattered out, and how easy the Indians can pick you off! You had better all settle down together somewhere and be able to take care of yourselves." This was old and useless advice, wasted on the wind.

## JOHN BROWN, OF EUGENE, OR.

Mr. Brown was born December 26, 1810, in Tennessee. At the age of nineteen he went with his father's family to Missouri. In 1852 he crossed the plains to Oregon. He was in search of a better climate and did not care what the country might be, "not if the land was steep as the housetops." Nevertheless he found the climate such upon his arrival as to make him "the worst out of heart of any man living." As he landed at Corvallis it was cold and snowy, as much as four inches of the "fleece" lying on the ground. To him, moreover, the state of business and of the markets did not seem to commend the country. He found flour from Chili, and Spanish beef. With a purse altogether empty, he was called upon to provide for himself and a large family; flour at eighteen dollars per hundred, and pork enormously dear, insomuch that he was charged five dollars for a small pig. He soon went on to Eugene and took a donation eight miles below the town. In 1862 he went to McKenzie, twenty miles east of the place. He also lived for a time on Camp creek, where he found deer as thick as sheep.

The year he was on the plains was that marked by the ravages of cholera among the emigrants. Mr. Brown recalls many sorrowful scenes. On the Platte he found a family, the husband fatally sick, whom he attended until death succeeded, and he provided conveyance for the widow to The Dalles. A woman by the name of Emma Wayne was the last victim, she dying on the Powder river.

Mr. Brown is living at present in Eugene, and, although advanced in age, is still vigorous. In person, he is a little above medium height and weight, weighing some two hundred and thirty pounds.

## JOSEPH WATT.

BY GEO. H. HIMES.

On Saturday, August 30, 1890, between twelve and one o'clock, at his residence in Yamhill county, the subject of this sketch, a pioneer of 1844, suddenly passed away. About the 1st of August Mr. Watt began complaining slightly, but being a very resolute man and unwilling to acknowledge that anything ailed him, he refused to consult a physician. Two weeks later, however, the bad feeling still continuing, through the earnest solicitation of Mrs. Watt, who feared that some serious ailment affected her husband, else he would have made no complaint, he consented to have a physician called. After a careful examination there was found to be an accumulation of water on his lungs, and upon tapping, two quarts of water were drawn therefrom. This afforded considerable relief, and an appointment was made for the physician to call again in two weeks. Meanwhile Mr. Watt attended to his accustomed round of daily duties with his usual energy. On the morning above referred to, after eating a hearty breakfast, he went about his extensive farm, giving particular attention to the drying of some fruit, in which he was much interested; then walked to the depot at train time, and after departure of train returned to his house and sat on his verandah reading. At noon he ate a good dinner, and was particularly pleased with some baked potatoes, which Mrs. Watt had prepared for him, of which he was very fond. After the meal was finished his wife had occasion to go up stairs. A few moments later he left the table and passed out of the dining room into the hall, and suddenly fell prone to the floor. Mrs. Watt, hearing the noise, quickly came and turned him over, finding him unconscious and black in the face. A physician was immediately called, but nothing could be done. Mr. Watt was beyond the reach of medical skill. A few moments later he rallied a little, and feebly asked: "What is the matter with me?" and then breathed his last. The funeral took place at eleven o'clock on Monday September 1st, at the Baptist church in Amity, Rev. W. Knowles, a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, officiating. The pall-bearers were Captain Medorem Crawford, of Dayton, Or., a pioneer of 1842; A. Hinman, 1844 of Forst Grove; R. Weeks, 1850, Portland; William M. Chrisman, 1844, McMinnville; R. L. Simpson, 1850, Amity.

Thus died one of the earliest and most progressive of the pioneers of Oregon—a man of sound judgment, strong mind, indomitable will and great force of character; and, withall, kindly in disposition, tender in his affection, modest in the extreme of his own estimate of himself, a beloved neighbor, a true and warm-hearted friend—a state builder in the best sense.

Joseph Watt was of Scotch-English ancestry, that strain which has produced so many of the best and most useful citizens of the United States—men and women, too, who have made an indelible mark upon the records of the ages. His great-grandfather, Samuel Watt, came to America in 1760, and settled in Pennsylvania. His grandfather, Joseph Watt, very soon after attaining manhood, enlisted in the revolutionary army, and did good service in that long and trying struggle. His eldest son, John Watt, father of Joseph, was a soldier in 1812, and was with Commodore Perry on Lake Erie. Soon after the war closed he moved to Licking, Ohio, and there married Mary Scott, by whom he had fourteen children, Joseph, who was born December 17, 1817; being the eldest. Ten of these fourteen children, two boys and eight girls, reached man and womanhood. The family removed from Ohio to Missouri in 1837.

In 1843 Joseph, impelled by a desire to better his fortune, became impressed with a desire to go to Oregon; and early in 1844 he started across the plains and arrived in Yamhill county late in the fall of that year. No man ever entered the Willamette valley in the early days more poorly equipped in point of this world's goods than Mr. Watt. He had nothing save the tattered clothing upon his body. But he was brave of heart, strong of limb and full of self-reliance. Such was the determined and wise energy with which he addressed himself to the struggle before him that by 1847 he had accumulated sufficient to enable him to go back over the toilsome journey across the continent to Sullivan county, Missouri. In April, 1848, he again started across the plains for Oregon accompanied by his father, mother, brother and sisters, and the company arrived in Yamhill county the last of September of that year. At this time there was but few sheep in Willamette valley. An attempt had been made to obtain a flock from the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, at Nesqually, but it failed. Hence, realizing the value of sheep to a new community, and fully comprehending the necessity of this then distant and isolated region, assisted by his brother Ahio, now a resident of Portland, Mr. Watt began the journey referred to, with four hundred and forty head of sheep, and brought three hundred and forty to their destination. Not only that, but a plant for a carding machine was also brought along, and the following year this was put in working order on the banks of the Rickreal, in Polk county. This machine furnished many choice "rolls" for the early settlers—a great necessity in those homespun days—and greatly lessened the labor of the hard-working pioneer wife and mother, upon whom the duty of providing clothing for the family mainly devolved. This probably was the first step toward the erection of a woolen mill; which, through the constant



agitation and persistent efforts of Mr. Watt, was accomplished in 1856-58, an incorporated company having been organized by him for that purpose, W. H. Rector, Thomas Cox, Joseph G. Wilson, Daniel Waldo, W. C. Griswold and others, well known in those days, being stockholders. This was known as the Willamette Woolen Mills, and was the first on the Pacific Coast.

The public spirit of Mr. Watt was again manifested in 1868. That year the first cargo of wheat to leave Oregon for a foreign port was shipped by him. While the venture was not successful in a financial sense, it paved the way for the vast business in that line which is now being yearly transacted between this State and the leading marts of the world, wherein millions of bushels of grain are exchanged for millions of dollars of gold.

In this connection it may be stated that the main reason why the transaction above referred to was not pecuniarily successful to Mr. Watt was because the English buyers thought something had been done to make the kernels of wheat appear much larger than they really were; that there was an attempt to practice some kind of a Yankee trick upon them. They were suspicious of the whole cargo, and it went for a song. Later, when other shipments followed, samples in small bags having been previously sent by steamer, they found out that no fraud had been attempted by Mr. Watt.

Even with his advancing years the spirit of progress and a desire for the further development of the country characterized all Mr. Watt's plans. As an evidence of this, and illustrative of his foresight in realizing that the time was soon coming when there would be a great demand for fruit here, since transcontinental roads and their connections would soon provide the market, some five years ago he set out 5,000 Bartlett pear trees. Many farmers complain that it does not pay to raise fruit. Mr. Watt thought that if fruit was produced in sufficient quantities, there would be no doubt about the demand. A store-keeper cannot do a business without a good stock; so a farmer cannot be successful without raising crops that somebody wants. The correctness of his views is being daily demonstrated.

In early life, Mr. Watt was a Democrat, and his first vote was cast for Van Buren in 1840. He voted for Douglas in 1860, and upon the breaking out of the great civil war, became a strong Union man, and ever afterwards was an ardent Republican, and always very active, although he never sought, directly or indirectly, any political preferment.

In the home life of Mr. Watt he shone to peculiar advantage. There many of the best traits of humanity were brought to view. It was there that his true character appeared in the best light. While he was positive in his convictions, and stoutly maintained his views at all hazards, no one could outdo him in all that goes to make a good neighbor and the best of citizens. He cannot be said to have had a home of his own in the true sense until 1860. That year he was married to a highly accomplished Massachusetts lady, Miss L. A. Lyon, fifth child of Hon. Lemuel Lyon, who was appointed consul to Japan by President Grant, and who died in Yokohama in April, 1871. The fruit of this union was five children, three boys and two girls, four of whom, besides the mother, are still living. The happiest hours in the life of Mr. Watt were those spent in the company of his family and their numerous friends. Within this circle all old pioneers might be considered. To them especially his latchstring was always out.

In the organization of the Oregon Pioneer Association in 1873, Mr. Watt bore a leading part. He was a member of the board of directors continuously up to the day of his death, and whatever of success this society has met with during the seventeen years of its existence, in creating a bond of union among the pioneer settlers of this State, and in preserving much of historic interest in its records, is largely owing to his active efforts. He was a leading spirit at the annual reunions, and it is believed that he was present at every meeting. Notwithstanding the unusual interest taken by Mr. Watt in this organization, and the oft-repeated request that he act as its president, he could not be persuaded to take that office until the annual meeting of 1888. Then it was with great reluctance that he consented to take the place which he had so long deserved. It was during his term of office that an act of tardy justice was done to the memory of one who was a benefactor to the early settlers of this State—"The 'good old doctor,' Doctor John McLoughlin," than whom a better friend the early pioneers of this State never had. This act had its origin in a meeting of the board of directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association, Feb. 18, 1887, and was rendered possible by the thoughtful liberality of many of Portland's first citizens, who secured a fine oil painting of Dr. McLoughlin and presented it to the Association, which in turn through its officers presented the painting to the State, and it now graces the senate chamber—a reminder to this and future generations of one of the noblest of men. This action was highly gratifying to Mr. Watt, expressing, as it did, some sense of the love and respect in which good Dr. McLoughlin was held by a large majority of those who came here in the early days.

No prouder man ever stood in the halls of legislation in the State of Oregon than was Joseph Watt on the evening of February 6, 1889, when Hon. John Minto, a pioneer of 1845, presented, in most fitting words, this painting to the State on behalf of the Oregon Pioneer Association. Gratitude was an essential element in the character of Mr. Watt, and he never tired of recounting the valued services rendered by Dr. McLoughlin to the early emigrants, himself among the number.

All in all, Mr. Watt was a unique character in the settlement of the Willamette valley. He was a home builder, and hence a State builder, in the truest sense. He was well known throughout its length and breadth, and in pioneer circles, no man will be more greatly missed.

## OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. ROBERT A. MILLER.

Secretary of the Southern Oregon Pioneer Association.

[The Occasional Address was to have been delivered by Hon. Seymour W. Condon, but unforeseen circumstances prevented him from being present. At the last moment, while on the way to the place for holding the public exercises, Mr. Miller was requested to make a few remarks, which he did as follows.—SECRETARY.]

I have begun to believe that the only place I can fill in this country is to lead a forlorn hope. I have been leading one for two months back, and now I am assigned to another.\*

I am proud to be a representative of one of Oregon's pioneer families.

[Colonel Miller referred feelingly and eloquently to the work of pioneer women, and called attention to the fact that they outnumbered in attendance the men, although the elements were unpropitious. He said that he had been informed that he must write out what he said and give it to the Secretary to be preserved in the archives of the institution, but as his remarks were *ex tempore*, he would prefer if there was a reporter there, that he would take down what he said, as he could not remember it again.]

But I should be recreant to my duty to the pioneers of Oregon, to my *alma mater*† at Salem, and to those who have been the means of putting her in the proud position which she occupies, did I not have something to say in their behalf.

I see around me the remnants of the grand host that came here from the older inhabited sections of the country, leaving behind them the sluggard, the dullard and the coward. I see before me the proudest representatives of all the nations of the earth. I believe it will be allotted to this section of the country, that is, to the Pacific slope, to parallel in history the achievements of the old Greek and Roman type of civilization. I believe that the interspaces between here and the East will be filled with a less brilliant civilization, but here on the Pacific slope will be reproduced the heroes of Thermopylæ, Rome

\* Mr. Miller was a candidate for Congress on the Democratic ticket.

† Willamette University.

and Greece. Here will be found the grandest of all peoples on the face of the earth in achievement. I am proud to stand here and to accord you this tribute which you deserve.

Look over the pages of history; we find it was this same Aryan race to which we belong that always moved westward from the islands of the Malay Archipelago, along the Mediterranean, to the Atlantic and then across it. There were two movements in this country—one from the Pacific east, the other from the Atlantic west. The Caucasians, those who settled in France, the old Spartan blood, were here.

It is true, as the gentleman who preceded me has well said, the stream must now come back upon itself. We are no longer pioneers but builders of an advanced civilization. We read in history of the iron age, the brazen age, the golden age. With us this is the commercial age, and the golden age is still before us. I have had occasion to know how little has been done for the higher development of this great country. Going about as I have done over the State, I have seen vast tracts of land lying idle and unproductive, which must become the abode of learning, art and science.

Portland is now but a mere atom to what it will be in ten, twenty and thirty years, with the rich and broad valleys of the Willamette, Rogue and Umpqua Rivers tributary to it.

But there is a shade on the picture; the old pioneers are passing away, and this great acme of development must be left to another race. You will have passed away and the battle must be carried on by others.

After the commercial age there must come a time when we will contest with ancient Greece and Rome in the fields of painting, architecture, oratory and sculpture. They tell us that the age of poetry and oratory is past. I say, nay. When the time comes we shall rival the paintings of an Angelo, a Rubens, a Titian and a Murillo. The orator is not dead. He must live as long as there are human ears to hear, a heart to beat and a voice to speak the mother tongue. And out of the crystallized spirit that sent you and your fellows to this wild West, must spring a genius that will equal a Shakespeare, a Demosthenes, a Webster. How long will it be? Well, those are questions that must be left to a future age to solve.

I believe that the next great man, the next great genius, will come from the Pacific slope, and we will hope from this grand Oregon of ours.

I am reminded by my voice, and I was going to say, by your appearance (though that would be unkind), that I have talked some time. I hope to be always found with your sons and daughters bat-

ting for those grand destinies which you have made it possible for us to enjoy.

I thank you for this opportunity to testify my appreciation of your services to Oregon, for your attention to what I have tried to say, and I hope that some time I may be better prepared to speak to you than I have been today.



THOMAS FRAZAR.

## THOMAS FRAZAR.

Thomas Frazar was born in Duxbury, Mass., January 7th, 1813, and died at Forest Grove, June 23d, 1890.

Thus begins and ends the record of the life of one of Oregon's early pioneers. Brief, however, as are the lines which tell us of his coming and going, we know that between those two events there must be the varied experiences of a life-time. Though this life, counted by years, was more than the allotted "three-score-and-ten," its history would, perhaps, contain no more of the joys and sorrows, hardships, trials, hopes, disappointments and bereavements than go to make up the sum of every life, be it that of a pioneer or not. But in the life of a pioneer these experiences are, indeed, strongly emphasized, and those who stayed in the "old home," surrounded by kindred and life-long friends, can never know all that was endured by those who left them and came to the "new country;" for life here in the "early times" was a far different matter from what it is to-day. While the subject of our sketch was not among the earliest of Oregon's pioneers—he arrived in Portland in February, 1851—yet he came in a time when good men were needed, and his voice and influence was always given for the right.

It may be well to here give a short history of Mr. Frazar's life before he came to Oregon, and show by what influences his early years were surrounded, proving true the old adage, "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." Mr. Frazar's paternal grandfather, as the name indicates, was a Scotchman, who came to America before the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, and took part in some of its battles. He was also one of that noted band of patriots who threw tea into Boston harbor. His father, Samuel Alden Frazar, was a ship-builder and owner in the town of Duxbury, Mass., only six miles from Plymouth, and was noted throughout that country for his honesty and benevolence. Thomas, as he grew to manhood, learned the trade of a ship-carpenter in his father's yard. Those who know anything of ship-building understand how very painstaking and careful such workmen have to be, and that a good ship-builder is likely to be earnest and thorough in all that he does. So there is no doubt but that in his father's ship-yard those habits of thoroughness and neatness were



formed which characterized Mr. Frazar's work in life, and were often commented upon by those who knew him. There were no loose bolts nor poor material in any of his work, or in that of which he had the overseeing. These qualities were especially shown during the time he was street commissioner in Portland at an early day, when sidewalks, crossings and streets were first being laid. I say streets being laid, for many remember the streets of plank which first adorned our city. These were all laid in such a substantial manner under Mr. Frazar's care, that they did duty for many a long day. The first crossing on Stark and Front streets, a stout hewn log, was laid down at his own expense, before any regular work was done on the streets.

Besides acquiring habits of thoroughness at his work in the ship-yard, his being there probably awakened in his mind a love for travel. For, as the ships sailed away and afterwards returned again from voyages here and there, he heard much from the captain and sailors of the different places they had visited, and a desire grew in him to go and see for himself. Two of his brothers became sea captains (one losing his life at sea), and Thomas found an opportunity to go with a brother, commanding at the time one of his father's ships, on a voyage up the Mediterranean, which he much enjoyed and remembered all his life with pleasure. He, also, when quite a young man, visited Niagara Falls, a journey there from his home being in that day a good deal of an undertaking.

As Mr. Frazar had pilgrim blood in his veins, being a direct descendant of John Alden of Plymouth, he was born, as one might say, with the pioneering spirit strong within him; and his first plaything in his father's ship-yard, emblem of the pioneer, was a hatchet. Indeed, he longed for one before he was thought to be old enough to use it. When a very small boy two cents having been given him by a visitor at his home, he, as soon as he could slip away, crawled through his own particular hole under the fence, and started for the village store, where, standing by the counter, to whose top Tom's head did not come and his hands barely reached, he laid down his money and said to the smiling storekeeper behind it, whom he knew, "I want a hatchet, please." As he was not old enough to have that tool, even if he had had money enough to buy it, he was refused the hatchet and the man tried to alter his mind by offering "goodies" instead. He was not to be bought off, however, and has said he went home as bitterly disappointed as about a greater thing farther on in life. At one period of his life Mr. Frazar was employed in the Charlestown, Mass., navy yard, but was married and living in Dorchester, Mass., where he

owned and carried on a planing mill, when an opportunity offered, which he accepted, to go to Oregon as agent for his brother, Captain Amherst Alden Frazar, of Boston, Mass. He left his home in December, 1850, arriving in Portland by way of the Isthmus of Panama, in February, 1851. The barque *J. W. Page*, of whose cargo he was to take charge, consisting of general merchandise, came in the May following. Among her cargo were one or two frames for houses. One of these, a two-story building, Mr. Frazar had put up at the corner of Stark and First streets, and occupied a number of years, the lower story as a store and the upper as a residence for wife and children when they arrived. That same building, moved several blocks back, is still in fair condition and being made use of.

During the winter and spring of 1851-52 Mr. Frazar went with pack trains to the mines of Southern Oregon, near the town of Jacksonville, going back and forth between there and Portland on a fine, hardy black pony he owned—Billy he called him—and he once saved Mr. Frazar's life by swimming a swollen river with him, when Mr. Frazar was heavily weighed down with gold dust and could not have kept himself above water. A trip between Portland and Jacksonville on horseback was something of an undertaking in the fifties. He entered into merchandising at these mines for awhile, but in the spring of fifty-three he concluded to return east for his family and make Portland his home. In July, 1853, he left Boston on a clipper ship with his wife and five little girls, and arrived in San Francisco via Cape Horn on Nov. 24th the same year. On Dec. 13th, 1853, he landed in Portland.

So Mr. Frazar came to make his home in the "new country," bringing with him those sterling qualities inherited from his ancestors. For with that pilgrim band, the flower of England's people then, being neither the highest nor lowest, though many were of gentle blood, came principles so high and noble, so lasting in their effects, that their descendants in this, then unknown, almost unheard of part of the world, do still, by their uprightness of life and devotion to duty, show the source from which they sprang.

Mr. Frazar was one of, if not the first, to move in the matter of organizing for the purpose of establishing a public school in Portland; and after several attempts succeeded in calling together Mr. Josiah Failing and some others who formed a school board and hired as their first teacher, Mr. Sylvester Pennoyer, now governor of Oregon. Should a name be wanted for a new public school building none could be found which would embody in it a stronger love for, or

a more earnest upholding of, the public school system, than the name of Thomas Frazar. He was a zealous advocate of that system which treats rich and poor alike, and has often said, "Were I worth a million dollars my children should go to the public schools. They are the strong foundation upon which our Republican government is built."

As an honest man Mr. Frazar's name will go down to posterity. County assessor for Multnomah for two years, United States assessor for the State of Oregon for ten years, he retired from these positions without having made himself rich, but with that which is far above riches—a good name. For during these twelve years of public service there was not the slightest aspersion made on his uprightness and honorable dealings in all that concerned them. The office of U. S. assessor and collector were finally united under one head, that of collector of internal revenue, and Mr. Frazar, for political reasons, was removed to make room for some one else. In politics he was a Whig and afterwards an ardent Republican. Besides the office of assessor Mr. Frazar held three other positions of trust for the government. That of deputy collector of internal revenue under Mr. Cartwright, mail route agent for four years between Tacoma and Portland, and was postmaster at Forest Grove, Oregon, for eighteen months, closing his accounts in each of these positions with perfect accuracy.

Previous to assuming the position of U. S. assessor Mr. Frazar closed out his store in Portland, and in the spring of 1857 he, with his family, moved to a piece of land (some 320 acres) which he had bought, two and one-half miles from the river on the east side. Very little of this was cleared land, and Mr. Frazar at once set about clearing some ten or fifteen acres, where he set out a large apple orchard, which for symmetrical appearance and care of the trees could not be excelled. In the first years of its bearing, however, frost destroyed the crops, so that Mr. Frazar's expectations of an income from it were never realized. Mr. Frazar's children named this "Hazelwood Farm." By some living in the neighborhood it is still called "The old Frazar place." It is now owned by Mr. W. S. Ladd.

It was while living here that Mr. Frazar and his wife were called upon to part with four of their children. One, a young girl of 17, died suddenly in Portland while attending school there. In two years after three others died of diphtheria in as many weeks, one of these, the youngest, his only son, nine years of age. This was an affliction from which these devoted parents never recovered, though it was borne with a Christian fortitude, as were all their trials, which was beautiful and inspiring to behold. In the spring of 1862, soon after

the death of the three children, Mr. Frazar moved once more to Portland, having already received his appointment of U. S. assessor, as he was the first man in Oregon to hold that office. He remained there until his term of ten years had expired, and some little time after that removed with his wife to the Palouse country, where he engaged in sheep raising, but two severe winters following each other killed off all the sheep, and Mr. Frazar was obliged to leave there and returned again to Portland, where he remained a number of years.

In the early days Mr. Frazar was a noted sportsman, and loved his dog and gun as only a true sportsman can. He enjoyed life in the open air, and a day's shooting on Swan or Sauvie's Island was full of pleasure to him. Besides he had the satisfaction of often, indeed generally, returning from the these excursions with his row boat well laden with geese, ducks and swan.

In the spring of 1884 Mr. Frazar, having given up active employment, with his wife moved to Forest Grove, where he purchased a pleasant home, consisting of an acre of ground, well supplied with fruit trees and vines, and where he spent many happy hours in his garden, among his trees, of which he was very proud, and in fitting his house with those conveniences which he so well knew how to plan and carry out. But his happy life here, where he had hoped to spend the remainder of his days in peace and quietness, was soon saddened by the sudden death of his dearly loved wife, Mary E. Frazar, when they had passed but a year in their new home. This was a heavy blow and deeply felt the remainder of his life. Still it was borne, as were all his trials and bereavements, with patience and resignation, and he remained full of kindly interest in all that concerned the good of mankind. Genial and pleasant always, it was like a ray of sunshine on a cloudy day to meet with and speak to him, and listen to his words of friendly cheer and hearty greeting. He came to Portland and met with the Association June, 1890, and greatly enjoyed seeing old friends and comrades once more; but the heavy rains at that time were the cause of a severe cold which no doubt hastened his last illness, for in less than a week from the time of his meeting with old friends here he had gone to join the innumerable host beyond. He was spared the pain of a long illness and of that helpless condition which he always dreaded, for all his life he was hale and vigorous, not knowing what it was to be sick. Even in death he showed no signs of disease. He loved God and his fellow man, and firmly believed in a life beyond the grave, thus showing his firm convictions as a devoted and life-long Unitarian. Death had no terrors

spinning process. She brought with her across the plains a flax wheel, flax seed, bobbins, weaving sleighs, etc., necessary for domestic manufacture of clothing. She had another acquirement not usual to womanhood. She could use a rifle with effect. As a frontiersman's daughter, left in early girlhood her father's housekeeper by the death of her mother, she had been taught the use of the rifle, but never effected it in mannish ways. I have heard her tell of killing a hawk in defense of her poultry, but never saw her handle the rifle we called her gun, although I did overhear her asking where it and its accoutrements were, one night when the camp was in alarm, expecting a night attack from Indians.

At the time I first saw Mrs. Morrison at her Missouri home, I made up my mind it would be very stormy near her when domestic matters went wrong, supposing I saw signs of a very high temper. I believe yet the temper was there, but it has never been my lot to know any one who had more self-government, who laughed so often when some would rail and scold. I will give an incident which occurred within the first hour of my becoming a member of her household. It was yet early morning when Willard H. Rees, subsequently a representative man in early Oregon, and I reached Mr. Morrison's farm, having left the camps of intending emigrants upon information that he (Morrison) wanted two assistants for the journey. We found him just leaving his house after an early breakfast, as he was much pressed for time for his preparations. In less time than I can write it, we had agreed to serve him in any way we could, to get his family and effects to Oregon. He was to board us, do our washing and mending, and haul our trunks of clothing, etc., for such service. Learning we had not breakfasted, he took us into the cabin, introduced us and our need of breakfast, and went himself and saddled a horse, and as we arose from the table, put money (gold coin, a rare money at that time), into Mr. Rees' hand, and told him to ride to St. Joseph, nine miles away, and buy nine barrels of flour and so much corn meal for the journey. Rees received directions as to the way and rode off. Mr. Morrison took me with him to bring a white oak sapling from the woods and set me to work preparing it for a wagon tongue or pole. Mrs. Morrison came to the door of the cabin and said, "Wilson, you'd feel queer if that man should serve you a Yankee trick, and go off with your horse and money." It was evident to me such a thought had not occurred to Mr. Morrison. He was speechless for some seconds, and then remarked quietly, "Well, all I can say is, if he does, he'd better not let me

catch him." The lady laughed and returned to her household affairs, and these, from the time I became a member of the household, were certainly very laborious. Here I wish to note the fact that I presume was true of a large majority of the wives and mothers who crossed the plains as pioneers. The movement was against the judgment and feelings of Mrs. Morrison; she told me so in so many words, but never alluded to the subject again until she had been several years in Oregon, and then told me she was satisfied with the change on her husband's account; but she believed he himself was not. No person seeing Mrs. Morrison in her daily routine of duties would have supposed she was engaged in an enterprise her judgment did not endorse. She was no complainer, while sociable, not an excessive talker. She was at this time in the prime of life, and thinking for words to characterize her in her relations to her family and others, those of Prov. XXI: 25 comes to my mind, "strength and honor are her clothing." Her neighbors and friends must have been very numerous, for during the last two weeks of her residence in Missouri, there was almost an incessant stream of visitors. Many visitors came from a distance, and all the shifts of frontier life were brought into play to provide beds.

It will be remembered that Fenimore Cooper, in his "Novel of the Prairie," locates his pioneers in the very country we were about to cross. (I read the family picture while crossing it). The hero, Ishmael Bush, could neither read nor write, and had killed the sheriff of the county in Kentucky which he had left as an outlaw, and was consequently the natural enemy of sheriffs. The family I am trying to depict as pioneers to Oregon, received a visit of friendship, farewell and good will from the sheriff (and family) of the county they were leaving on the first day of my abode with them.

The movement they joined, and in the organization of which the husband was a chosen leader, was a movement of law and order across 2,000 miles of country wherein the strong and cunning were a law unto themselves. Many times during the arduous journey, Mrs. Morrison was called upon to perform the duties of head of the family, while her husband acted in the combined capacities of captain, guide and scout, devolved upon him by arrangements of those in command. Was property stolen by the Indians? The losers looked to the captain to make efforts for its recovery; consequently it sometimes happened near the end of the journey that Mrs. Morrison, as well as other mothers of companies, was left for short periods to keep the trains moving through near and personal dangers. The last fifty

miles of the weary overland journey furnished the greatest number of occasions of personal danger to the women and children of the trains. So far as emigrants themselves could perceive, and within that distance, the mouth of the DesChutes river was most infested and beset by great numbers of Indian thieves of the lowest character. To get the weak and travel-worn teams to haul the wagons up the fearful DesChutes hill required doubling the teams and separating the people, and much extra force was also required to urge forward and keep together the thin and weak loose stock. The Indians lined the way, seeking every opportunity for theft. At this point an ox was successfully driven off by them and Capt. Morrison (as was expected of him) went in pursuit of the animal, and it was while he was thus absent that Mrs. Morrison was in a manner compelled to act the man. An Indian seeing a team and wagon in charge of a woman, in his customary contempt for the sex, attempted to overturn the wagon by turning the lead oxen over a steep bank. Mrs. Morrison soon diverted his attention to himself by the use of a whip stock upon him. He then tried to ride her down with his horse, but she plied the goad with such effect that he beat a retreat. This so enraged the Indian and his friends that they gathered around the camp that evening and behaved with such insolence as to compel Morrison and Rees to resort to their rifles, at which the cowardly thieves scattered and left. This incident is given, on the statement of others, as illustrative of Mrs. Morrison's personal courage, and as a reason why her husband could, and very often did, leave all his personal affairs in her care, to answer demands upon himself for service to others upon a few minutes' notice.

Mrs. Morrison, in addition to the cooking, had three milch cows to tend to. She had, it is true, two little girls, and Mr. Rees, when in health, was of some assistance. The captain was little assistance from custom and dignity, and I feel that I was less from ignorance. I was fresh from a coal miner's life, where men think no more of doing household work than the average Indian brave. I relate all this to convey to my lady readers, if honored with such, what must have been the daily routine of a woman's work on the plains, with a family of ten to cook for, morning and evening, and a noon lunch always to provide. The journey was a trial to men having few duties, which few men could endure with equanimity; but Mrs. Morrison's work always went on without fuss or flurry, and went on well. Not only so, but if there was a case of serious sickness, she always had time and disposition to lend assistance.

The spring and summer of 1844 was exceedingly wet in the Upper Missouri Valley. During the first two months we were on the way, we only had eight days in which it did not rain. Of course the clothing got wet and the bed clothing damp, and a bright day was gladly seized as a wash and drying day. This dampness told against the health of the camp. Some of the men were thrown down with camp fever, among whom was Mr. Rees. Girlhood and womanhood felt its effects still more. The first of the latter to be stricken was a Mrs. Sebring. I remember noticing her as a healthy, fine-looking woman, exposed as we all were to fourteen days of almost constant rain, which detained us sixteen days at a creek called Vermilion Creek. Getting across that by means of canoes or dugouts, we were detained for four days at Big Blue River and crossed that in the same way. Having in a few days more got west of the rain belt, I was shocked one day by Mrs. Morrison asking me to go into a thicket near which we stopped to noon and get some of the ripest wild cherries I could find. The beautiful (and apparently strong) Mrs. Sebring was dying, and having seen some ripe fruit from the passing train, begged to have some. Hers was the first lonely grave we left behind us. The next was a daughter of John Nicols, just budding into womanhood. The weary camp was silent in general sleep, but Mrs. Sallie Shaw and Mrs. Morrison were wakeful, watching what proved the last breathing of the gentle dying girl. I was present at Mrs. Morrison's desire, for what purpose I do not now remember, but presume it was in connection with preparing a grave.

There were several cases of camp fever in our train, amongst them Mrs. Morrison's oldest daughter; but it was not until we had scaled the Atlantic side of the Rockies that another fatal case occurred. This time it was a strong man, Henry Sager. We had struck camp near Green River, and most of the tired people had gone to bed, when the same two good women, Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Morrison, came to me and asked if I could not sit up half of the night with Mr. Sager. I was very tired and cannot think now that I responded with a very good grace. It was the last service I had any occasion to render Henry Sager. He died next morning.

From this time forward the companies of Captains Morrison and Shaw moved independent of each other for the most part, and there began some strife amongst injudicious drivers as to which company should go first. They had so far kept together from the time we had reached the buffalo, where General Gilliam, becoming himself demoralized by the hunting fever, caused an outbreak of discontent



man, without regard to the position he held, which constituted him governing power over British interests in Oregon at that time. He gave us the use of the boat we needed; opened his stores against his own trade rules, in order to furnish us a few blankets and necessary provisions for our trip, and gave us advice as to how we should use the boat for the benefit of the most people. Here I wish to correct an error into which Mr. Bancroft has fallen which gives me more than is my due in this transaction.

The reader of Bancroft's first volume on Oregon, page 454, will get the impression that "Minto was the leader of the little party that left the trains," as has been related, and was now "returning to their assistance with a boat-load of provisions." Minto was in no sense a leader; we were three boys, I may say, in age and experience; boys, I am proud to say, who did things when action was a virtue; but all the provisions we took back with us were only what we could buy and pay for—not ten dollars' worth, I am quite sure.

We found Mrs. Morrison at the Cascades, her family in dire straits. In fact, utterly destitute of anything to eat. She had traded the last dress she had, except the one she wore, to an Indian the previous evening for about a peck (not "a sack") of potatoes. She had a family of six children and Messrs. Rees and Wanch to feed, and was surrounded by famishing families. Her husband made the attempt to get the cattle over the Cascades via the only trail there was at that time, which passed over the north face of Mt. Hood. The snow came down in sheets upon the party and the stock, and separated them for so long as to compel them to kill and eat John Garishe's dog. The party made a successful retreat, however, without loss of life, getting the cattle back to The Dalles, where they wintered, and whence I helped bring them to Western Oregon the next spring, via the Indian trails down the Columbia. I relate this to show why Mrs. Morrison was at the Cascades with her family, and have sufficiently indicated why I should detect a note of distress from her, when we (the little boating party of three) arrived at the camps formed by the emigrants at the Cascades of the Columbia. There was gladness manifested by all mothers and children on our appearance in camp. Amidst the noisy demonstration I heard Mrs. Morrison quietly remark to one of her neighbors, "John knows who his friends are." As soon as possible I inquired how they were situated, and she said, "Wilson had undertaken to get the cattle of his and Shaw's companies over the mountains and she did not know what was his condition," but defined her own as already stated, and that the only chance she knew of for

the next meal was in Mr. Wanch killing some ducks, which he was then out trying to do. I went to my comrades, Crockett and Clark, with whom I had made a joint agreement that morning to join another boat's crew and by their help get our boat above the cascades, as Dr. McLoughlin had strongly advised us to do, saying that we should ply her above the cascades and bring all our people down to that point and he "would see that they were got forward from there." We had just got our boat up over the cascades. The little supply of provisions we had was a partnership affair; that is, we had each bought so much. I told the boys I must withdraw my share of the provisions, and they both exclaimed, "Why, John, are you going to back out?" meaning the joint boating arrangement. I told them "No, so far as I myself was concerned, but that I must withdraw my share of the provisions," telling them at the same time the circumstances as given me by Mrs. Morrison. They reluctantly consented, and I took the little supply of food immediately to Mrs. Morrison, who (I learned afterwards) shared it out amongst her equally distressed neighbors.

I may here remark that I noted enough at this camp to satisfy me that there is something in womanhood which enables the wife and mother to bear up better than man in the direst extremity of privation. This woman, whose traits I am trying to portray, was a natural captain of womanhood. There was no crying or wringing of hands or tearing of hair. She may have prayed; she certainly watched; and yet worked her way manfully through the difficulties of her surroundings with the courage of a brave man and the gentleness of a lady. Yet, when occasion demanded a show of strength it was there. The only occasion of its exercise I saw personally was at the end of the first day's drive west of Laramie. Captain Morrison, in advance as usual to select a camp, had gone further than the train was able to accomplish, and there was a portion of the men of the company who were in a panicky condition of mind, fearing pursuit and attack by the Sioux we had left behind us at Fort Laramie. In going into camp some of this dread leaped out of one of the roughest and worst men of the company in abuse of our absent captain. Mrs. Morrison spoke a few words in reproof, and there was soon others between her and the ruffian. Another occasion, of which I learned from the party who was an interested witness, occurred when she was getting her family into the boat to leave the Cascades a few days after I met her. There was a woman of the party, who, though not a wife, stood in that relation to a captain of dragoons who came to Oregon

that year. She wore men's boots and swore like a trooper for very little provocation. The boat was crowded and one of Mrs. Morrison's family was somewhat in the way of Mrs. Dragoon. With soldierly oaths she threatened to throw the girl into the river. Mrs. Morrison looked her in the face, and quietly told her to "behave herself, or she would soon learn who would go into the river." There was no more trouble and little more bad language.

Crossing the plains was a severe test on the tempers of men who had the outlet of action (generally a very effective means of allaying vexation); very few, if any, men can estimate the amount of self-restraint necessary on the part of wives and mothers, whose position required the courage to endure, without murmuring, and that sometimes when the plain tendencies were towards strife and even bloodshed. I will give an instance when this strength of endurance gave way a little and a few words "fitly spoken" prevented what might have been very serious results. It occurred the morning of the fourth day after we had struck the buffalo, which resulted in General Gilliam, as I have before told, losing self-control, and mounting the first horse of his own he could get and leading the chase and slaughter amongst the vast running herds of wild beeves. He did not stop to take note of whether there might be Indians chasing the herds or not, nor to take any order about the camping of the train. He threw himself into the saddle and striking the horse with his heels, shouted, "tell the boys to camp where there is wood and water and you that can mount follow me," and dashed away after the game. It was very indiscreet conduct on the part of a commander with the safety of lives and property in his care, and proved the occasion of discontent over the General's previous lack of push making itself manifest.

The next day was in part devoted to trying to save some of the meat, which had been shot down by the General and his aids the previous evening, which was found to be largely tainted; the afternoon, however, was given to hearing a very intemperate speech, and severe rules for hunting promulgated, *with the death penalty by hanging on the nearest tree any man who left the trains without General Gilliam's consent.*

The next morning we were up before the sun. Capt. Morrison's teams, as usual, were in the lead, those of Gilliam's next. I was standing close to his tent when he came out, and looking around his eye was arrested by the movement of a man on foot, gun on shoulder, just taking to the hills nearly a mile from camp. The General raised his voice, "Who is that? I'll!"—"Now Neal, Neal, be careful,"

Mrs. Gilliam's voice was so low that any one twenty-five feet from her might not have heard it. I did, for I was not ten feet away, and heard what I had not sense then to define, a low voice intensely charged with anxiety, inspired by the love of husband and brother. The hunter who thus set General Gilliam's rule aside was Louis Crawford, his brother-in-law. The General, after perhaps ten seconds of silence, said, "They may get themselves to Oregon in their own way for me; I'll have nothing more to do with them." And from that time Gen. Gilliam was a high private in the companies whose movements will carry his name down in history. He was a generous, brave, rashly impulsive man, and only a woman can appreciate what his good wife endured within only a few minutes of his throwing up his command. Every other sensible woman of the trains knew that division was weakness, therefore an added danger to themselves and their families, yet to speak of it was to increase the danger. I never heard a hint in Capt. Morrison's camp that they took any notice of the change, yet Morrison and Shaw worked together and kept up the organization until we were out of the buffalo range and supposed danger from Indians; their wives also co-operated with each other in cheering the despondent, and watching over and ministering to the sick, and taking care of the orphans. It so happened that the only case of orphanage that occurred was that of the Sager family, the father of whom died at Green river, the mother some weeks later. They, having started and traveled as members of Captain Shaw's company, he took charge of the children, six in number, and their little property and brought it on to Waiilatpu, and left them and it with the good Dr. Marcus Whitman, who adopted the family, and with whom the two boys, John and Francis, were murdered by the Indians three years later. The turning off of Captain Shaw to Whitman's Mission, and the subsequent extreme sickness of his oldest son, T. C. Shaw, separated these two pioneer women, and I believe they never met afterwards, as Mrs. Shaw's family finally settled near the center of Marion county, while Morrison continued on down the Columbia by boat and canoe and were housed at Clatsop plains in midwinter, near where Mrs. Morrison passed the rest of her honored and useful life. In relation to this journey made in early pioneer days, Joaquin Miller, the Pacific Coast poet, has said:

"None but the brave started,  
And none but the strong got through."

The writer has heard Mrs. Morrison say, when speaking of frontier dangers, that she never felt fear of anything in her life, except a

runaway slave, and I believed her, for I saw her many times exposed to danger well calculated to produce fear. I have heard her daughter tell of her mother finding a rattlesnake coiled in one of her cooking vessels once, and without screaming or fuss killing it. She was not of the screaming or weeping kind, but when, after she had performed that long and toilsome journey from the Missouri river to the mouth of the Columbia, living in the open air by day time and a train tent at night, from March until the middle of January following, enduring two months of almost constant summer rains in the Missouri valley and as long a period of winter rains in the valley of the Columbia, with a cheerful heart, she did break down at last, and took "a good cry" the day after completing her ten months of travel, and saw the surroundings of her future home. So far from fear or timidity was she that when we were camped at Fort Laramie, close neighbors to a large camp of wild Sioux, she had indulged in a long and hearty laugh at the expense of a dusky maid or widow and my poor self, and this was the cause of it: One of the Sioux women had been so struck by my appearance that she brought two of her female friends with her, and supposing I belonged to Mrs. Morrison, whether as son or husband she could not make out by the signs made. She did understand that the squaw desired to purchase me for a husband, however, and notwithstanding the three Indian women were in solemn earnest, Mrs. Morrison could not control herself seriously. She called me from some camp duty I was engaged in, and it was some time before both of us together could by signs satisfy the Indian woman, for such she seemed, that I did not belong to Mrs. Morrison and that the trade could not be effected. But neither Mrs. Morrison nor any other woman could laugh at the surroundings of her family's first settlement on Clatsop plains.

These surroundings were Indians of the lowest character as to mode of life. Far below the system of slavery in Missouri, these were slaves themselves to the lowest vices of humanity. Those in power held in bondage others more ignorant and degraded than themselves. With few exceptions they were filthy of habit and from disease; poor to nearly nakedness in many instances; and in amongst such Indians, into a large house, part of which was the home of a native woman who held Indian slaves, Mrs. Morrison had been temporarily domiciled with her family of six young children, all under thirteen years of age. The nearest white woman neighbor was Mrs. J. L. Parrish, of the M. E. Mission Station on Clatsop plains.

The day after the arrival of the Morrison family, Mrs. Parrish, the mother of three young children, and Mrs. Morrison, seemed to have been moved by the same impulse, and each left her home to visit the other. They met nearly half way between the Mission and the Solomon Smith Ranch, which Capt. Morrison had leased. Two mothers, innate ladies ;—one had been carefully nurtured in Western New York, and brought here by loyal wifely devotion only. The other, as I have already related, by the same influence from Missouri. Each had a mother's fears of and repulsion from the foulness of their surroundings. This they talked over until they each found relief in a mother's tears, and this was the only occasion on which Mrs. Morrison shed tears, so far as I ever heard. (Her daughter related this instance to me.) As soon as the family made a home on their own land it became notable as an abode of hospitality. Mrs. Morrison became one of the first and most steadfast planters of Christian influences on Clatsop plains, being one of the first members of the Presbyterian congregation formed there, but never giving up as long as she could go. Her ministry to womanhood, needing such assistance as she could render, sometimes led her amongst dangers as imminent as any she passed in crossing the plains and mountains to Oregon. Yet she remained the guardian of the home and family interests she had been on the overland journey. Was Capt. Morrison chosen to act for the sheriff of the county and go and arrest a man for unlawfully bartering liquor to the Indians above and at Astoria for salmon, he could leave his home upon a minute's notice, and did, in the spring of 1845, and with a posse summoned from Hunt's Mill (of which the writer was one), arrested "Follows" at Woody Island, took him to Astoria for trial, and did not let him go until he gave satisfactory warrant that he would cease the dangerous trade. So again upon the outbreak of the Whitman massacre, Capt. Morrison had been robbed of his most highly prized property on the Umatilla, had been disarmed and mocked at by the other Upper Columbia River Indian thieves, while seeking to recover property stolen from others, and it required no second deliberation on his part to be ready. His wife was always ready. It was but to roll up a blanket and say, "I'm going up to try and square things with the Cayuses," and he was gone, in perfect trust that his wife would look "well to the ways of her household," which she surely did. Up to the time of her demise, at the age of eighty-one years, she was blessed with the love of eight living children of the nine which crowned her motherhood, the first born son having died in early manhood. Of those children left to revere and transmit

The country adjacent was so new that Mr. Smith's mother lived there over three months before she saw a white woman; men would come rambling around looking at the country, but no women.

Mr. Smith remained with his parents in Indiana until the 9th day of April, 1847, at which time, in company with one brother, he made a start for Oregon with an ox team and wagon apiece. They attempted to haul Aaron Purdy and family across the plains, for which they were to have their board and washing. The spring being very backward they did not make the frontier until late. They finally crossed the Missouri river four miles and a half above St. Joseph on the 26th and 27th of May, and took up their line of march for the wilds of Oregon. There were many incidents connected with the trip, such as the Indians stealing horses and cattle from the company, and of persons becoming excited in the night and letting their fears get the better of their judgment and arousing the camp by the cry of "Indians! Indians!" which in nearly every instance turned out to be a false alarm.

When they left home they expected to take what was then termed the southern route to Oregon; but in the vicinity of Fort Laramie they met two or three companies of packers returning to the states and they advised them by all means not to attempt it. So they thought no more about it until they got up on Bear river. There they met with Major Harris, more commonly known as Black Harris, and he asked them which way they were going. They told him from what they had learned they expected to take the old, or Columbia river route. He wanted to know why. They told him what they had heard; he then said it was false, that there was nothing in the way of any company getting into the Willamette valley from the south, if they had an ordinary degree of energy. They also found a few emigrants on Bear river and learned that some of them were acquainted with Harris. They said they did not believe that Harris would advise a company to go that way unless he knew they could get through. From the time Mr. Smith and his company left Bear river until they reached the forks of the road on Raft creek, the matter was discussed and by the time they arrived at the forks of the road they had determined to divide and each party take their own road. So on the 22d day of August the party that took the old road started, leaving Mr. Smith with ten wagons and twelve men and boys, from fifteen years old and upwards, who remained at the forks of the road one day and received an addition of one wagon and three men to the little company.

Mr. Smith in a letter to Hon. John Minto, under date of Roseburg, June 23, 1875, says:

The following day we started, and while those who had taken the old route were laboring along in the dust with very little grass for their stock, we were driving over a carpet of green grass up Raft creek, through the City of Rocks, on to Goose creek, from there to Thousand Springs prairie; from there over on to the Humboldt; down that stream nearly three hundred miles with grass middles to our cattle all the way. We made no camp at any time without plenty of grass for our stock; but to avoid doing so we traveled two days and one night from the Humboldt river to Black Rock without making camp. We deemed it better to do so than to be camping on the way where the stock could get nothing and would fatigue themselves nearly as much as by traveling.

It should have been stated before that my brother was one of the party that took the old road, and as we were hauling Aaron Purdy's family in company, and as they were desirous of taking the old road I let him have my team, which he promised to get into the Willamette valley that fall if there was any cattle got in as late as his arrival at The Dalles, which he entirely failed to do, although he arrived at The Dalles the same time that Alfred Stanton, Gustavus A. Cone and others who drove their cattle down the Columbia river.

I had two reasons for taking the southern route. One was a kind of spirit of adventure, desiring to see what caused such mishaps to the immigration of 1846; and another was, I was expecting my parents to follow us the next spring, and by one of us taking each route and comparing notes on our arrival, we would be better prepared to give our parents advice about the best way to come. Our company got into the extreme head of the Willamette valley Sunday evening, October 24th, 1847, on as lovely a day as the sun ever shone upon. Although arriving at the extreme south end of the valley I never halted until I reached Butteville, and there I concluded I was far enough north.

At this place I had my first experience in making rails out of fir timber, although I had made many thousands out of different varieties of oak and ash and other timber east of the Mississippi river.

From Butteville I went to Orville Risley's, on the north fork of the Yamhill river, just above where Lafayette now is, and made rails for him. From there I went to the neighborhood of Eugene City and helped the family I boarded with on the southern road erect a dwelling house, and then made rails in that neighborhood for the widow Wright, E. F. Skinner and others. There was a few families scattered about within a few miles of where Eugene now is, and



as soon as we heard of the massacre of Whitman and others about one half hitched up their teams and left for the more settled parts of the country. I was making rails for E. F. Skinner and concluded to remain and take my chances with the rest. We had several little scares during the winter, the Indians killed some of our cattle, but beyond that no further damage was done.

In April, 1848, Felix Scott, then residing on the Yamhill river, came up with a commission from Governor Abernethy authorizing him to raise a company of rangers to protect the southern frontier. There were two or three other young men in the vicinity and we all enlisted, I having first made a bargain with the captain to make him a lot of rails for a certain Spanish horse he was riding. Captain Scott scouted about considerably, never taking more than fifteen or twenty men at a time, though I believe his company numbered seventy. It so happened that I never went out with him. He never called for me but once and then I was away. He told Mrs. Skinner, the lady where I boarded, that he would get me the next time, but the next time I saw him he was on his way to the gold mines of California. He was like others, when in pursuit of gold, they did not think the Indians would molest their families. I had no family at that time and would have gone to the mines, but was looking for my parents, and as my brother had left without making any provision for them, I concluded to stay and assist them.

In May, 1849, I finally made a start for the mines in company with John Aiken. We fitted up a team of four yoke of oxen and a wagon and started. When we got to the North Umpqua river we found that Daniel Hasty, the man who had put in a ferry on the river, had left it and started for the mines, and left the ferry temporarily in charge of Thos. Cowen, a Scotchman, well known in Oregon and who was still living in 1875. Driving on to where Roseburg now stands we found Mr. Hasty and others waiting for more company. We struck up a trade with him, trading him our team and wagon for the ferry. The team was turned around and driven back to the ferry, our supplies taken out, and the team again started for California by its new owner. In a few days Mr. Aiken returned to his family in the Willamette and left me in charge of the ferry, where I remained (with the exception of a few days visit to the Willamette in July) until the 22d of October. A portion of the time I was entirely alone; a part of the time I had a young lad by the name of Perley Smith with me, and for awhile I had a sick man by the name of Savil L. Her. Young Smith, the last I heard of him, was living on Salt creek, near

the line of Yamhill and Polk counties, and Her was living near Hillsboro in Washington county.

My nearest neighbors at this time were Robert Cowen and family, who were residing in the Yoncalla valley, twenty-three miles distant to the north, and Readings Springs, where Shasta City now is, a distance of nearly three hundred miles to the south. Jesse Applegate and family moved into the Yoncalla valley during the summer of 1849. I left the ferry during the winter of 1849 and 1850, but only for the winter. I left the boat in charge of the Indians and they kept it until the following March, at the time so many soldiers deserted from Fort Vancouver, and they took the boat from the Indians to the opposite side of the river, where it was swept away by high water.

On the 3d of April, 1850, Mr. Aiken and family and myself left the neighborhood of Eugene to take up a permanent residence in the Umpqua valley. After arriving, the first thing we did was to saw lumber with a whip saw for a boat; after that build a log cabin to live in. Many incidents transpired during our first summer here; among the rest there was an Indian known as the Newton Indian, said to be the Indian who killed Mr. Newton in the fall of 1846 near this place. General Lane passed in June on his way to California and expressed a desire while at the ferry to see this Indian, but he did not make his appearance. After the general left four miners came along and my partner told them the general wanted to see that Indian, pointing to the one referred to. They undertook to take him, but being a little careful about it and rather slow, the Indians armed themselves and there was a number of shots fired on each side, but from some cause or other no damage was done to either party. The shooting took place immediately at the ferry landing in plain view of Mr. Aiken and family. I was out in the mountains at the time but came in soon after.

I do not know that the Indians ever stole a thing from us during our residence among them, although they frequently stole from others that were passing through, and many a stolen article I have recovered from them for other persons.

In the fall of 1855, just before the breaking out of the Indian war on Rogue river and east of the mountains, I had a lot of potatoes to dig and no one to help me, so I hired one of the leading Indians to assist me. As I could talk jargon pretty well I talked considerably with him, and he told me during our conversation that if ever the Indians and whites got to fighting he would let me know so that I could get my family out of the way. I did not think much about it at the time, but after the war broke out it came very forcibly to my

mind and convinced me that he understood the programme. I could give many more incidents about parties passing through becoming frightened and telling us terrible stories in regard to the numbers and hostilities of the Indians, but I have already extended to such a length that is doubtful if you ever read it.

Now in regard to Mrs. Smith. Her name is Arethusa E. Smith; her maiden name was Lynn. She was born in Benton county, Missouri, near the town of Warsaw, June 12th, 1834. She is a full blooded Missourian, her father and mother were both born in Missouri in 1801. Mrs. Smith's father sold out in Benton county with the intention of coming to Oregon when Jesse Applegate came, but her mother being taken sick he was compelled to defer the trip to some future time. He finally started to Oregon in the spring of 1850, but died with the cholera on Platte river near Scott's Bluff. Mrs. Lynn came on to Oregon with three daughters, one married and two single, Mrs. Smith, the youngest of the family. They resided the first winter and spring in Portland, moved to the Umpqua in August, 1851, and settled in the Yoncalla valley, where her married sister still resides, the other single sister having married and moved to California. Mrs. Lynn took up her residence with Mrs. Smith and myself at the time of our marriage, which took place in Yoncalla valley in October, 1852, and lived with us to the time of her death, which occurred in May, 1874, when she was within four days of seventy-three years old. We were the fourth white couple married in the Umpqua valley. Mrs. Smith and her single sister footed it in from Fort Hall to The Dalles, with no one but a hired hand to look after the team after the death of her father, and he was so careless it was a case of necessity for them to do so. She says people can not appreciate coming to Oregon now that come across in a few days, without trouble or inconvenience..

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You will perceive that other men had been here for a little while before we came, but we made the first permanent settlement south of the Calipooia creek in this valley.