

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

FOR

1896

CONTAINING THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS BY HON. GEO. H. WILLIAMS

AND THE

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY MRS. W. J. PLYMALE

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND OTHER MATTERS
OF HISTORIC INTEREST



PORTLAND, OREGON
GEO. H. HIMES AND COMPANY, PRINTERS
McKay Building, 248½ Stark Street

1897

Tuesday, June 16, was fixed as the day upon which the reunion should be held, the 15th falling on Monday.

The matter of speakers was discussed at length, and finally nominations were made as follows:

For the Annual Address, Hon. Geo. H. Williams, 1853, Portland, Multnomah county.

For the Occasional Address, Hon. T. W. Davenport, 1852, Salem, Marion county. Both of whom were elected.

Officers for the day were chosen as follows: Chaplain, Rev. John S. Griffin, 1839, Hillsboro, Washington county; Grand Marshal, William Kapus, Portland, Multnomah county. The latter selected aides as follows: George H. Durham, B. B. Beekman, F. P. Mays, E. A. King, Lansing Stout.

The Secretary was empowered to fill all vacancies in the event of there being any declinations.

Committees were nominated and elected as follows:

Committee of Arrangements—Whitney L. Boise, J. Couch Flanders, R. L. Durham, Ralph Moody, Harry W. Hogue, Charles T. Kamm, J. P. Moffett, Otto Breyman, James F. Failing, Norwood L. Curry, Douglas W. Taylor, Herman Burrell.

Finance Committee—Frederick V. Holman, Charles E. Ladd, Joseph N. Teal.

Committee on Building and Music—William Kapus, I. G. Davidson, Geo. H. Himes.

Committee on Transportation—Theodore Wygant, John McCracken, C. H. Lewis.

Committee on Invitations—

C. H. Walker,	1838, Albany.
J. S. Griffin,	1839, Hillsboro.
S. B. Parrish,	1840, Portland,
Thos. Mountain,	1841, Portland,
F. X. Matthieu,	1842, Butteville.
P. G. Stewart,	1843, Portland.
John Minto,	1844, Salem.
Thomas R. Cornelius,	1845, Cornelius.
Carlos W. Shane,	1846, Vancouver, Wash.
J. T. Apperson,	1847, Oregon City.
Ahio Watt,	1848, Portland.
Curtis C. Strong,	1849, Portland.
Theodore Wygant,	1850, Portland.
M. C. George,	1851, Portland.
J. A. Strowbridge,	1852, Portland.
Erasmus D. Shattuck,	1853, Portland.
Dean Blanchard,	1854, Rainier.
A. H. Breyman,	1855, Portland.
Charles N. Wait,	1856, Portland.
Homer D. Sanborn,	1857, Portland.
O. F. Paxton,	1858, Portland.
W. P. Shannon,	1859, Portland.

Reception Committee—M. C. George, O. N. Denny, C. W. Knowles, Richard Williams, Seneca Smith, D. P. Thompson, Benton Killin, E. W. Cornell, C. M. Cartwright, George P. Holman, A. H. Breyman, George L. Story, Charles Hutchins, H. W. Prettyman, B. L. Henness, Penumbra Kelly.

Ladies' Auxiliary Committee—Mrs. C. M. Cartwright,

Mrs. O. N. Denny, Mrs. L. L. McArthur, Mrs. C. B. Bel-linger, Mrs. Benton Killin, Mrs. A. H. Breyman, Mrs. B. H. Bowman, Mrs. P. L. Willis, Mrs. Geo. L. Story, Mrs. M. C. George, Mrs. D. P. Thompson, Mrs. T. T. Struble, Mrs. Frances M. Harvey, Mrs. J. H. McMillen, Mrs. Geo. H. Himes, Mrs. Richard Williams, Miss Susie Cosgrove, Mrs. W. P. Burke.

The Secretary suggested that it would be an interesting historical fact to ascertain how many pioneers there were now living who came to Oregon prior to and including 1846. After discussion, he was authorized to obtain this data as far as practicable, publish the same in the public press and afterward insert it in the Annual Transactions.

The Secretary was instructed to invite the pioneers of Washington and Idaho to unite with the Oregon Association in the due celebration of this half-century anniversary, and to request that speakers be selected to represent each state.

An invitation was extended to the Indian war veterans of the North Pacific Coast to join in the reunion.

Upon motion of Mr. Galloway, all further details were left in the hands of the Secretary, with the suggestion that he confer with the Committee of Arrangements.

One thousand copies of the Annual Transactions were ordered, and, on motion of Mr. Matthieu, the Secretary was authorized to edit and print the same as usual.

No further business appearing, the Board adjourned.

GEO. H. HIMES, Secretary.

MEETING OF COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS

Portland, Oregon, May 25, 1897.

The Committee of Arrangements met in Room 22, Commercial Bank, pursuant to call by the Secretary.

Present—James F. Failing, Norwood L. Curry, Douglas W. Taylor, J. Couch Flanders, J. P. Moffett, Otto Breyman, and the Secretary.

The Secretary announced that Hon. Geo. H. Williams had accepted the invitation to deliver the Annual Address, and that Hon. T. W. Davenport had declined to give the Occasional Address on account of ill health. The further announcement was made that Mrs. W. J. Plymale, a pioneer lady of 1846, of Jacksonville, and an old journalist, had been corresponded with and had consented to give the Occasional Address.

The Secretary furthermore stated that he had arranged with Mrs. Ella Higginson, New Whatcom, Wash., a former resident of Oregon City, to write a poem; and also that Joaquin Miller, the well-known poet, an Oregon pioneer of 1852, although for many years a resident of California, had consented to prepare a poem.

The Secretary submitted a design for a pioneer button, the same being the seal of the provisional government.

The Hotel Portland was designated as headquarters for all who intended to take part in the procession, and scarcely had the noon hour passed before the pioneers, men and women, commenced to assemble, each wearing a yellow silk badge, with the year of his or her arrival in Oregon plainly designated thereon. General William Kapus was grand marshal of the day, and was kept busy arranging the details of the parade before the order to march was given. The First Regiment band, the members appearing for the first time in their neat summer uniform, was early on the ground, and, while the line was forming, delighted the crowd with the rendition of several popular airs.

A great feature of the procession was the appearance of fully 2,500 school children in line, each pupil carrying a small American flag. The children made an excellent showing, and, as they marched with the greatest precision, each school under the supervision of the principal, and headed by the class drummers, they elicited applause from the thousands of spectators that lined Morrison street on either side from the hotel to the Exposition building. As the grammar school pupils marched past the high school, they were heartily applauded by its students, who were in double lines on the south side of the building.

The school children headed the long procession, and immediately following them were the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of pioneers. Each of these little ones carried a basket of flowers, which they strewed, right and left, on the asphalt pavement in such profusion that the pioneers who followed them literally walked on roses. Those composing this juvenile band were: Walter G. Moffett, Jacob G. Kamm, Howard Gray, Hawthorne Gray, Walker Kamm,

Joseph Wiley, Francis Galloway, Dolph Spaulding, Seyton Taylor, Lewis McArthur, Ronald Johnson, Lehman Blum, Osmer Blum, Fried Blum, Hamilton Corbett, William S. Ladd, Jeannie Gray, Gracie Gray.

As the head of the column reached the Exposition building, the school children were ranged in double line on either side of the street through which the pioneers slowly marched, greeted with the waving of thousands of American flags and the juvenile huzzas of the enthusiastic pupils. It was a picture not to be forgotten, and many of the aged pioneers brushed the tears from their furrowed cheeks as they witnessed the expression of loyalty and patriotism of the rising generation. At the head of the pioneers, beneath the folds of the American flag, marched the venerable Rev. John S. Griffin, 1839, of Hillsboro, under the banner of that year; and then in long line followed the pioneers of later years, until 1859 was reached. Many of the aged pioneers, too feeble to walk, occupied carriages and brought up the rear of the procession.

The immense auditorium of the Exposition building had been tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers, the principal feature being an immense bank in front of the stage, on which was woven, in large letters, made of roses, the word "Pioneers." Over the stage an immense American flag was gracefully festooned on the left, while to the right was a drapery of ferns and bright yellow flowers significant of the golden jubilee. The hall was decorated by Mrs. Frances Moreland Harvey, Mrs. John McCracken, Mrs. George Story and Mrs. A. H. Morgan. It required some little time for the great throng to be seated, but after com-

Mary H. Holbrook, Mrs. Margaret W. Gibbs, Mrs. Jeanette Meier, Mrs. P. Selling, Mrs. Theo. Wygant, Mrs. L. W. Sitton, Mrs. W. M. Nelson, Mrs. Emily Porter, Mrs. R. A. Miller, Mrs. Geo. H. Durham, Mrs. F. R. Strong, Mrs. Caroline A. Ladd, Mrs. A. S. Duniway, Mrs. H. W. Scott.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

The association assembled at 7:30 P. M., and the annual meeting was held, Hon. M. C. George, Acting President. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Hon. George H. Williams, 1853; Vice-President, Captain J. T. Apperson, 1847; Secretary, George H. Himes, 1853; Corresponding Secretary, Dr. Curtis C. Strong, 1849; Treasurer, Henry Failing, 1851; Directors, A. Bush, 1850, Marion county; William Galloway, 1852, Yamhill county; William M. Ladd, 1855, Multnomah county.

William Galloway introduced the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The time has arrived when the state authorities should take some action in the matter of collecting and compiling the early pioneer history of this commonwealth; therefore be it

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed for the purpose of securing the necessary legislation to suitably provide for such matters as will be to the credit of this state.

John Minto, William Kapus, L. L. McArthur, P. P. Prim and Z. F. Moody were appointed such committee.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The admission of the state of Oregon to the Union has been fixed as the pioneer limit; and

Whereas, It was understood that this time was never to be changed; therefore be it

Resolved, That this section of the constitution of the Oregon Pioneer Association shall never be changed, except by unanimous vote of all its members at any annual meeting.

Resolved, That the heartfelt thanks of this association are due and they are hereby tendered to the public-spirited men and women of the city of Portland—

First—For the general manifestation of interest in our work of consummating the title of American citizenship to dominion over historic Oregon by occupation.

Second—For the wonderful and delightful action of the public school authorities in permitting the school children to take a part in the celebration of our golden anniversary.

Third—For the excellent and bountiful banquet served to us by the pioneer ladies of the city and their friends.

Fourth—For the good order maintained by the city authorities.

Fifth—Of thanks to the S. P. R. R. Co., O. R. & N. Co., the N. P. R. R. Co., and the O. C. & E. R. R. Co., for reduced rates to pioneers and Indian war veterans.

Sixth—Of thanks to the General Electric Company for the lighting of the Exposition building, which they gratuitously furnished.

Dr. Curtis C. Strong offered the following:

Whereas, We have had a large number of very successful meetings of this association, and this the most successful one of all; and

Whereas, The greater portion of the labor necessary to this result is in a very large measure due to the earnest efforts of our faithful Secretary, George H. Himes, who has for the past eleven years served this association; that this has been a service of love and without any financial remuneration; therefore be it

Resolved, That we do now tender Secretary George H. Himes a vote of thanks, and that we do recommend to the Board of Trustees that they make Mr. Himes an honorarium.

Adopted by a rising vote.

Mrs. A. S. Duniway offered the following resolution, which was adopted by a rising vote:

Whereas, The Oregon pioneers of both sexes have equally shared the dangers and difficulties of subduing the Oregon wilderness; therefore be it

Resolved, That we use all honorable means to secure to both sexes equality of rights before the law.

A very touching letter was read from the widow of the honored pioneer, Rev. J. L. Parrish, who died just one year ago; also tendering an oil portrait to the association for presenting to the state, and suggesting that some effort be made to secure oil portraits for permanent preservation in the state capitol.

The suggestion was approved, and the whole matter was referred to the Committee on Legislation.

The matter of the permanent organization of the native sons and daughters of Oregon was suggested, and James P. Moffett, Chester V. Dolph, Harry D. Story, George F. Holman, Lucius Allen Lewis, William Hosea Wood, John Wesley Ladd, Ivan Humason and William M. Kapus were appointed a Committee on Preliminary Organization.

Greetings were received from the Willamette Chautauqua Association, with an invitation to make headquarters at the assembly which will begin on July 7, at Gladstone Park.

After music by the band, Miss Ethel Wait Grubbs gave an intensely dramatic recitation, depicting a scene in pioneer life. Mrs. Frances Moreland Harvey, 1844, read a paper on "Fifty Years of Home-Building in Oregon." Bishop B. Wistar Morris gave an interesting history of "How the News of the Treaty Reached Oregon," and Mrs. Dr. Owens-Adair presented an interesting sketch of pioneer reminiscences. Mayor-elect Pennoyer also made a brief speech. A. Walker Craig sang "Life's Voyage," written by Mrs. June McMillen Ordway, after which the celebration closed with an old-time experience meeting, and the singing of a pioneer song written by Mrs. J. M. McCully.

PIONEERS IN ATTENDANCE

Those in attendance were as follows:

1837.

Eliza Warren, Brownsville, Mrs. T. P. Page, Walla Walla.

1838.

~~Cyrus H. Walker, Albany.~~

1839.

H. H. Spalding, Almota, Wash., Rev. J. S. Griffin, Hillsboro.
N. McGillivray, Portland,

1840.

Mrs. Wiley Edwards, Portland, S. B. Parrish, Portland.

~~William Abernethy, Dora, On Cars~~

1841.

Mrs. J. Ellinor Stratton, Portland, Mrs. Letitia McKay, Glencoe,
Thomas Mountain, Portland, Charles R. McKay, Portland.

1842.

~~P. H. Hatch, Salem,~~

F. X. Matthieu, Butteville,

C. F. Pomeroy, Scappoose,

Mrs. E. S. Thompson, Lafayette,

Mrs. Caroline Kamm, Portland,

W. L. Higgins, Portland,

George P. Holman, Portland,

1843.

A. Hill, Gaston,

S. J. Masters Mull, Reedsville,

Mrs. Dr. B. A. Owens-Adair,

Skipanon,

John Hobson, Astoria,

W. C. Hembree, Monmouth,

Henry Hewett, Wheatland,

Nineveh Ford, Walla Walla,

Martin V. Payne, Portland,

Mrs. E. B. Watson,

Rev. M. Eells, Union City, Wn.,

Mrs. A. L. Lovejoy, Portland,

~~Peter G. Stewart, Portland,~~

Mrs. C. B. Cary, Lafayette,

Mrs. C. M. Kirkwood, Wheatland,
D. S. Holman, Portland,
D. C. Hatch, Portland.

1844.

T. M. Ramsdell, Wren,
John Minto, Salem,
M. Gillihan, Arthur,
Hezekiah Caples, Caples, Wash.,
Mrs. Mary Cline, Dilley,
B. F. Shaw, Vancouver, Wn.,
W. M. Case, Champoeg,
A. C. Wirt, Skipanon,
G. L. Rowland, North Yamhill,
J. McDaniel, Rickreal, X
John B. Waldo, Macleay,
Mrs. Martha C. Minto, Salem,
J. C. Nelson, Newberg,
Mrs. M. P. Grant, The Dalles,
Mrs. F. M. Harvey, Portland,
C. G. Caples, Columbia City,
John W. Cline, Dilley,
Mrs. Lizzie Bedwell, North
Yamhill,
Mrs. Sarah Perkins, North
Yamhill,
A. J. Chamberlain, Monmouth,
James Walker, Cape Horn.

1845.

J. S. Risley, Oswego,
Mrs. C. B. Comstock, Portland,
J. H. McMillen, Portland,
Mrs. M. A. Frush, Portland, X
W. C. Johnson, Oregon City,
Mrs. M. P. Barnes, Albany,
Mrs. J. W. Watts, Lafayette,
C. C. Bozarth, Woodland,
G. H. Baber, Forest Grove, X
James Davis,
T. R. Cornelius, Cornelius,
J. W. Masters, Hillsboro,
W. A. Scoggins, Portland,
C. O. Hosford, Mt. Tabor,
Donald McPherson, Buxton,
Philip Snook, Portland,
J. S. Rinearson, Rainier, X
B. Killin, Portland,
Mrs. B. Killin, Portland, X
J. M. McKinney, Tonasket, Wn.,
W. W. Walter, Prescott, Wash.,
Lewis Cox, Waitsburg, Wash.,
Rachel Cornelius, Portland,
Mrs. A. A. Jacobs, (at home)
William M. Stevens, Buxton,
D. B. Hannah, Tacoma, Wash.,
H. Terwilliger, Fulton,
S. E. Manning, Hillsboro,
Captain W. P. Gray, Portland,
A. G. Lloyd, Walla Walla,
M. W. Simpson, Elk City,
Mrs. Elizabeth Perry, Holton,
Mrs. M. J. Hendrick,
Mrs. Mary E. Winslow,
J. L. Carter, Salem,
William Barlow, Barlow,
S. D. Meldrum, Oregon City, X
Mrs. M. Wygant, Portland,
Mrs. D. P. Thompson, Portland,
Mrs. M. E. Morgan, Portland,

Mrs. A. McKinney, Portland, Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, Portland.
~~Mrs. D. P. Thompson, Portland,~~
 A. F. Catching, Portland, Mrs. S. J. Henderson, Portland,

1846.

Miss Frances Holman, Portland, E. H. Deady, Portland,
 Edward Chambreau, Portland, Martha E. B. Holman, Portland.
 Mrs. J. A. Walker, Mrs. P. V. Holston,
 X Mrs. Mary D'Arcy, Portland, Mrs. W. J. Plymale, Jacksonville,
 Mrs. M. Dolman, St. Helens,
 Wm. Elliott, Oregon City, Mrs. Kate Slocum, Portland,
 R. S. McEwan, Clatsop, X C. W. Shane, Vancouver, X
 F. R. Smith, Salem, John Kirkland,
 Mrs. R. C. Henderson, Portland, Mrs. O. H. Failing, Portland.
 J. R. Lebo, Portland, Mrs. C. McEwen, Portland,
 D. N. Hartley, Rockwood, Mrs. H. A. Apperson, Oregon
 Hull Johnson, City,
 N. H. Bird, Portland, Mrs. A. B. Stuart, Portland,
 A. S. Cone, Butteville, Chloe B. Curry, Portland

1847.

X J. T. Apperson, Oregon City, S. C. Portland,
 R. Mendenhall, Portland, Dr. Robert Patton, Portland,
 Seneca Smith, Portland, Mrs. Eliza Rowland, North Yam-
 John T. Hughes, Portland, hill,
 Mrs. Sarah Jeffers, Portland, R. J. Barger, Macleay,
 Mrs. Eva Fellows, Lester Hulin,
 Mrs. S. H. Mathews, Portland, Mrs. M. A. Jones, Portland,
 David H. Smith, Fossil, David Everett, Portland,
 Mrs. J. W. Whalley, Portland, John A. Richardson, Fulton,
 H. W. Prettyman, Portland, F. A. Watts, Portland,
 Miss Susie Gosgrove, Portland, A. Llewellyn, Milwaukee,
 Mrs. C. J. Hibbard, Portland, X T. Scholl, Portland, X
 William B. Jolly, Portland, Lucia E. Walker, Hillsboro.
 C. H. Ralston, Portland, W. T. Legg, Portland,
 S. F. Marks, Aurora, George H. Durham, Portland,
 J. W. Downey, North Yakima, William Chapman, Sheridan,
 X Mrs. O. N. Denny, Portland, Mrs. Wm. Chapman, Sheridan,

E. Jeff Hubbard *Matthew Richardson*

Drill

OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION

- | | |
|---|----------------------------------|
| Mrs. J. W. Munson, Skipanon, | J. Q. A. Young, Cedar Mills, |
| Mrs. A. C. Wirt, Skipanon, | Eliza E. White, Portland, |
| Mrs. L. Chamberlain, Portland, | R. J. Barnes, Portland, |
| Mrs. Mary H. Todd, Portland, | James McKay, St. Paul, |
| <u>Mrs. P. S. Knight, Portland,</u> | Sarah A. Hughes, Portland, |
| Mrs. Elizabeth Essig, Portland, | Elmira Robinson, |
| James Canfield, Oregon City, | A. R. Cook, Ridgefield, |
| David Canfield, Oregon City, | <u>R. V. Short, Portland,</u> |
| G. A. Cone, Butteville, | Mrs. Mary Short, Portland, |
| Mrs. M. J. McPherson, Port- | W. M. Merchant, Carlton, |
| land, | Mrs. M. A. Merchant, Carlton, |
| Mrs. R. H. Hopkins, Portland, | Thomas Stephens, Portland, |
| Elizabeth J. Landess, Portland, | E. B. Shane, Portland, |
| C. B. Bellinger, Portland, | A. E. Wait, Portland. |

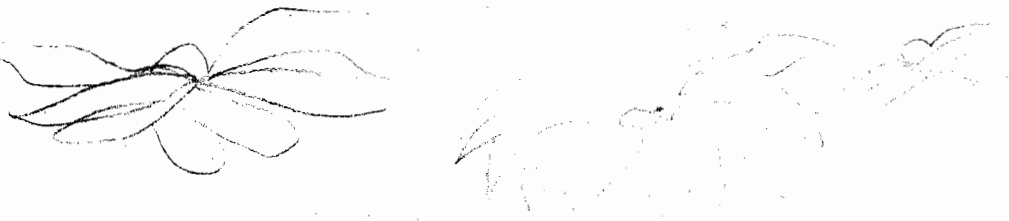
1848.

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|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Mrs. L. A. Reynard, Portland, | Warren Merchant, Portland, |
| Mrs. H. E. Hinton, Portland, | Ahio S. Watt, Portland, |
| F. M. Robinson, Beaverton, | Mrs. L. N. Croxton, |
| J. W. Minto, Portland, | Mrs. E. J. Harris, |
| J. A. Richardson, | Mrs. M. C. Wehrung, Hillsboro, |
| A. I. Chapman, Vancouver, | Mrs. Sarah M. Kern, Portland, |
| Elizabeth Buskay, Gervais, | Mrs. H. N. V. Holmes, McCoy, |
| Ella Van Washove, Champoeg, | D. J. Holmes, Portland. |
| Joseph Kellogg, Portland, | |

1849.

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| <u>C. A. Reed, Portland,</u> | W. M. Powers, Shedd, |
| Dr. Curtis C. Strong, Portland, | Justin Chenoweth, Portland, |
| Mrs. N. C. B. Kelly, Portland, | Mrs. Ellen M. Wait, Portland, |
| Jacob Kamm, Portland, | George A. Pease, Portland, |
| J. W. Whalley, Portland, | Mrs. M. E. Freeman, Portland, |
| E. C. Holden, Astoria, | Mrs. Julia Clark, Lafayette, |
| T. J. Eckerson, Portland, | E. A. Dean, Portland, |
| Mrs. T. J. Eckerson, Portland, | Robert Pattison, Eugene, |
| Mrs. Van B. DeLashmutt, Port- | B. H. Robinson, Portland, |
| land, | Mrs. M. B. Quivey, Portland, |
| Mary L. Edwards, Portland, | John Ginty, |

S. A. Clarke



Dr McLaughlin

1829

Missionaries (from Lu)

1840

Century Home

Mc 15, Duvelly

24

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REUNION

1844
Organization
Harvey Banks

Cong. 7, 7, 7, 7
Cong

Century Home
1848

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Mrs. J. G. Wilson, The Dalles, | A. Slocum, Portland, |
| Mrs. M. R. Hathaway, Vancouver, | Mrs. Ettie Carey, Lafayette, |
| Mrs. Mary J. Hanna, | Anora C. Winters, |
| Mrs. J. Q. Young, Cedar Mills, | Mrs. S. G. Whitwell, Portland, |
| Mrs. M. E. Fox, | Louis Gill, Portland, |
| Mrs. E. R. Howes, | Mrs. F. L. Cochran, Oregon City, |
| Mrs. John Saylor, Portland, | Mrs. Elizabeth Biles, Portland, |
| Nora T. Burney, Portland, | Mrs. Minnie West, Portland, |
| A. F. Carroll, Portland, | Mrs. Matilda Tuttle, |
| Mrs. H. K. McCully, Portland, | Mrs. O. I. John, Portland, |
| D. J. Slover, Oregon City, | Mrs. S. A. John, Portland, |
| T. R. Williams, Powell's Valley, | Mrs. H. A. Mitchell, |
| O. N. Denny, Portland, | Mrs. J. C. Burnside, Willsburg, |
| J. M. Moyer, Brownsville, | Mrs. L. A. Loomis, Ilwaco, |
| George Abernethy, Knappa, | Walter V. Smith, Portland, |
| George W. Taylor, Portland, | Mrs. S. A. Cone, Butteville, |
| John Burke, Portland, | Mrs. John Kelly, Springfield, |
| E. J. Jeffery, Portland, | Mrs. M. Worick, |
| John P. Walker, Portland, | Joseph Gray, Kelso, Wash., |
| Mrs. E. A. Dobelbower, Kelso, | Mrs. W. R. Sewall, Portland, |
| James Howe, Portland, | Mrs. M. La Forest, Oregon City, |
| W. E. Brainerd, Mt. Tabor, | Mrs. W. P. Burke, Portland, |
| Mrs. H. N. Morse, Portland, | Mrs. J. W. Meldrum, Or. City, X |
| Mrs. Mary L. Hoyt, Portland, | Mrs. F. M. Black, Portland, |
| J. D. Kelty, McCoy, | Mrs. M. H. Holbrook, Portland, X |
| John Winters, Middleton, | Mrs. A. S. Duniway, Portland, X |
| Mitchell De Vol, | William Galloway, Oregon City, |
| Amelia M. Hughes, | Mrs. Test, Portland, |
| Elizabeth Shannon, | P. W. Gillette, Portland, |
| Mrs. J. S. Dickinson, Portland, | J. Fleisclner, Portland, |
| Mrs. Watts, | John Hug, Portland, |
| J. McKnight, | John Parkhill, Portland, |
| Sarah E. Ogle, | Isaac Ball, Tualatin, |
| | Dr. W. H. Saylor, Portland, |



J. N. Jones, Portland,	W. H. Benefield, Weston,
Mrs. Rhoda Bozarth, Woodland,	Elizabeth Byars, Portland
Mrs. Mary Aldridge, Vancouver,	Mary Stott, North Yamhill,
W. H. Goudy, Hubbard,	Horatio Cook, Portland,
Andrew Pullen, Portland,	A. R. Price,
J. Frank Davis, Portland,	D. W. Crandall, Portland,
F. V. Holman, Portland,	Dan'l W. Gardner, Hayes, Wash.,
George H. Reeves, Cedar Mills,	Mrs. S. L. Kenyon, Hayes,
Silas J. Day, Jacksonville,	Isaiah Byers, Portland,
J. A. Strowbridge, Portland,	G. W. Gardner, Hayes, Wash.,
Susan E. Miller, Portland,	A. J. Lewis, Ridgefield,
Mrs. W. Weatherford, Portland,	Mrs. S. K. Ralston, Portland,
Mrs. B. Chambreau, Portland,	Mrs. G. Evans,
Mrs. M. C. Robinson, Portland,	Mrs. A. M. McDonald,
T. A. Wood, Portland,	Mrs. S. E. Morgan,
E. M. Morgan, Portland.	Mrs. L. S. Kane,
Joseph Paquet, Portland,	Ellen L. Gerow,
Anderson H. Sales, Astoria,	W. J. Sails,
J. C. Windle,	Wm. Marlatt, Ritter, Wash.

1853.

Mrs. M. W. Trevett, Portland,	Mrs. M. C. George, Portland,
J. N. Skidmore, South Bend,	A. R. Burbank, Lafayette,
L. B. Frazer, McCoy,	Mrs. M. E. McClure, Portland,
Mrs. S. P. Cartwright, Portland,	Levi Armsworthly, Wasco,
Mrs. G. W. Going, Portland,	Mary J. Royal, Salem.
Mrs. M. E. Gilliland, Portland,	Dr. E. Poppleton, Portland,
Mrs. M. W. Gibbs, Portland.	Mrs. F. A. Dana, Puyallup,
H. K. Hines, Portland,	W. H. Mitchell, Portland,
B. E. Lippincott, Portland,	Fred Bickel, Portland,
W. F. Matlock, Pendleton,	Mary A. Rohr, Portland,
John Storan, Milwaukie,	Edward Failing, Portland,
Joe Aiken, Salem,	J. W. Wilson, Portland,
H. L. Pittock, Portland,	A. H. Long, Portland,
W. H. Pope, Portland,	Mrs. N. B. Jerome, Portland,
Mrs. Jennie R. Glass,	Mrs. Martha Egan, Portland,
Mrs. A. E. Knox,	W. M. Ladd, Portland,

Mrs. Mary F. Wolfe,	J. L. Martin, E. Portland,
Mrs. R. Porter, Portland,	Z. M. Perkins, Lafayette,
Mrs. Clara J. Williams,	H. R. Kincaid, Eugene,
F. N. Going, Woodland,	Edward Albee, Oregon City,
A. K. Richardson, St. Helens,	H. H. Pierson, Marion,
G. W. N. Taylor, Aurora,	A. H. Blakesly, St. Helens,
T. B. Wait, Salem,	Peter Kent, Kinton,
W. H. Weed, Portland,	Mrs. Kent, Kinton,
C. P. Hogue, Oak Point,	Ed. N. Deady, Portland,
John McKernan, Portland,	William Kopus, Portland,
Mrs. M. J. Love, Harrisburg,	Mrs. P. L. Teal, Portland,
D. W. Hendee, Portland,	D. P. Thompson, Portland,
Mrs. Stella Johnson, Portland,	C. W. Bryant, Portland,
J. W. Going, Portland,	John Kennedy, Portland,
John D. Rowell, Scholls,	Mrs. C. Hamilton, Portland,
A. F. Miller, Portland,	John Epperley, Portland,
Jennie R. Miller, Portland,	E. D. Shattuck, Portland,
John Connor, Portland,	Norman Darling, Portland,
J. H. Clayton, Peninsular,	George H. Himes, Portland,
Mrs. G. D. Robinson, Station C,	Thomas N. Strong, Portland,
Portland,	Clark Hay, Portland,
James T. Failing, Portland,	Mrs. M. A. White, Portland,
Mrs. Jane C. Failing, Portland,	<u>C. N. Greenman</u> , Oregon City,
Mrs. S. T. W. Sterns, Portland,	S. L. Pope, Portland.

1854.

J. W. Cook, Portland,	Mrs. Honora M. Lawler,
F. W. Thompson, Gaston,	Mrs. Lois McDonald,
Charles McGinn, Portland,	Mrs. L. E. Gilliam, Hillsdale,
Mrs. Hattie McKernan, Portland,	John C. Leasure, Portland,
Mrs. James Stewart,	Mrs. M. W. Gibbs, Portland,
John A. Henkle, Portland,	J. Thompkins,
Sarah E. Bell, Portland,	W. W. Beach, Portland,
Einma C. Blum, Portland,	Captain F. H. West, Portland,

D. W. Taylor, Portland,	Mrs. M. E. Gilliland, Portland.
Mrs. Charles Leabo,	Dr. W. K. Smith, Portland.

1855.

Patrick Maloney, Portland,	W. E. Robertson, Portland,
John Baker, Portland,	Mrs. R. Childers, Portland,
Mrs. Maria L. Jones, Station B Portland,	Mrs. D. J. Elliott, Kinton,
Sylvester Pennoyer, Portland,	Mrs. S. J. Coffin, Portland,
Mrs. C. A. Leavens, Portland,	A. H. Breyman, Portland,
F. P. Mays, Portland,	Mrs. A. R. Middleton, Portland.
Thomas Robertson, Portland,	Mrs. A. J. Castle, Portland.

1856.

Mrs. Belle J. Sellwood, Portland,	S. H. Smith, Portland,
Harriet Jolly, Portland,	C. A. Wooddy, Portland,
Joseph J. Meagher, Portland,	T. R. A. Sellwood, Milwaukie.

1857.

Mrs. Adda Parrish, Portland,	A. Noltner, Portland,
W. W. Page, Portland, •	D. S. Stearns, Portland,
H. D. Sanborn, Portland,	J. F. Boothe, Portland,
Frank Hornstrom, Portland,	John Tanner, Portland,
Charles E. Ladd, Portland,	George Webber, Portland,
Luella B. Ruth, Portland,	J. V. Allen, Portland.
Mrs. Anna M. Niles, Portland,	

1858.

Mrs. C. B. Charlton, Portland,	Mrs. C. v. Wintzingerode. Port-
Dr. Belle J. McDonald,	land,
Mrs. D. B. Gray, Portland,	C. W. Mayger, Mayger.
Thomas Carlin, Portland,	J. J. Chambreau, Portland,
Mrs. S. C. Kenyon, Portland,	Lillian H. Acker, Portland,
Clara H. Waldo, Macleay,	Mrs. Geo. H. Himes, Portland,

Solomon Goldsmith, Portland, Eli Morrill, Portland.
James Gleason, Portland,

1859.

George T. Myers, Portland, Mrs. R. A. Miller, Oregon City,
George L. Hibbard, Portland. W. W. McGinn, Portland,
Mrs. B. L. Baker, J. H. May, Portland,
Mrs. Mary J. Kern, E. Portland, H. E. Hayes, Portland,
Mrs. John C. Arnold, Portland, W. P. Shannon, Portland,
George B. Henery, Portland, John Thompson, Lafayette.

ANNUAL ADDRESS

BY HON. GEORGE H. WILLIAMS, PORTLAND

On the Fourth day of July, 1776, the 13 colonies threw off the government of Great Britain and declared themselves free and independent states, and we annually celebrate with orations, fireworks and military parades that great and glorious event.

We have assembled today, among other fitting ceremonies, as pioneers of Oregon, to commemorate a somewhat similar event, in 1846, by which a considerable part of the now United States was made free and independent of European domination and power.

All that imperial domain bounded on the north by the Russian possessions and on the south by Mexico, and extending from the Rocky mountains to the Pacific ocean, prior to 1846 was known as the Oregon territory; out of a portion of which the great states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho and Montana have been erected and incorporated into the American Union. No question has ever arisen that came so near involving Great Britain and the United States in a war, without an actual conflict of arms, as the so-called Oregon question. Prior to 1818 the Hudson's Bay Company, a powerful corporation chartered by the British crown, invaded the Oregon territory with traders, hunters and trappers, fortifying its possession with commercial and military establishments. Meanwhile a limited number of persons from the United States found their way into this territory, and this state of things, with the contiguity of Oregon to the Western territories of the United States, very soon evolved a discussion as to the ownership of the country; and, as both nations seemed unprepared for any definite action upon the subject, a treaty was entered into in 1818 for the joint occupation of

British Columbia would have become, what it ought to be, a part of the United States.

Our country has lately been convulsed by an apprehended violation of the Monroe doctrine in the case of Venezuela, but by the treaty of 1846 we surrendered to Great Britain more than 300,000 square miles of territory to which a majority of the people of the United States had declared our title clear and unquestionable. Every convention and every conflict the tendency of which is to expel European governments from the American continent is to be commended. Foreign kings, queens and potentates are necessarily imbued with the feelings and prejudices of their official, social and religious surroundings, and there is nothing in the nature of things making it necessary or right for them to govern outside of the countries in which they reside.

Every ruler, be he prince or president, ought to be a representative man and thoroughly identified with the people subject to his authority.

Our Revolutionary war enkindled throughout the civilized world the idea that all just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed, and the signs are hopeful that at no distant day the whole Western hemisphere will be under republican systems of government and free from the dynastic systems of Europe.

Politically speaking, the people of the United States are free from the control of any foreign government, but they are not free from foreign influences. Our politics are polluted and our morals debauched by the imported ignorance, poverty and crime of the Old World. Our forefathers made a Declaration of Independence from the kings of Europe, and now we need a new declaration of independence from the paupers and criminals of Europe. Humanity appeals to our sympathies in behalf of these poor creatures, but self-preservation is the primary law of individual and national existence. We must protect ourselves or perish. The pestilence has no pity in its breath. Our laws relative to this matter are imperfect and such as we have are slackly enforced. The regulations for the

exclusion of the degraded and vicious classes of the Old World from our shores ought to be rigid and effective, and every steamship and sailing vessel bringing people to this country in violation of such regulations ought to be confiscated. All the elements of our population ought to be susceptible of fusion into one indistinguishable mass of Americans. Our public policies and all our institutions, educational, social and religious, ought to be inspired and glow with an American spirit. We ought to be distinctively, exclusively and absolutely an American nation.

Fifty years ago, when the treaty of 1846 was made, the Oregon territory was looked upon by the people on the other side of the continent as a far-off, wild and desolate region, and the prevailing idea was expressed by Bryant when he wrote of it as a place of "Continuous woods, where rolls the distant Oregon and hears no sound save its own dashings."

To hunt for fur-bearing animals in this distant wilderness with the expectation of returning home after the hunt was ended, was one thing, and might be due to a fondness for adventure and excitement; but to separate forever from home and friends, and emigrate to this wild and distant land, with the expectation of living and dying here, was quite a different thing, and demanded the highest degree of self-denial and courage. When civilization commenced its career from Plymouth rock in 1620, it was confronted by a wilderness as wide as the continent, and its course to the westward is characterized by innumerable deeds of daring, but nothing in this great movement equals in intrepidity the early settlement of the Oregon territory by emigrants from the Eastern states. Population as it spread over the Alleghany mountains into the valley of the Mississippi, dragged at each remove a lengthening chain of open communications between the old and the new, but when those whose destination was Oregon crossed the Missouri river, they cut loose from all connections with home and kindred, and for half a year traveled away from every sign of civilization. When military squadrons go forth to the fields of war they are chronicled as heroes on account of the dangers they are expected to encounter, but the casualties of war are not comparable to the hardships, privations

and perils to which the men and women were exposed who, prior to 1846, started across the plains to set up their household gods in the then territory of Oregon. Religion, sometimes with the spirit of persecution, and sometimes with the spirit of good will to men, has been one of the great revolutionary and reorganizing forces of the world.

New England was settled by people who came there to enjoy a religious freedom which they could not find in the Old World, and, building better than they knew, founded an empire of civil and religious liberty. American ascendancy on the Pacific coast north of California and west of the Rocky mountains is largely due to the efforts of courageous men and women to Christianize the aboriginal inhabitants of the country. When the missionaries of the Atlantic states commenced coming to Oregon territory, all the white people here, with possibly a few exceptions, were subjects of the British crown, and though the object of the missionaries was to instruct the Indians, their presence here was a standing notice to Great Britain that the United States claimed the right to occupy the territory. Some criticisms have been passed upon the missionaries because they were not more successful in their missionary work, and because they gave too much time and attention to other pursuits. but whatever may be true as to these matters, their defiant struggle with the dangers and difficulties of pioneer life is worthy of the highest praise. To cross the plains when they came to Oregon was like going to sea in a ship without a rudder or compass. Unknown and untrodden was the road they had to travel. They were strangers and pilgrims in a vast wilderness. They were at the mercy of savage men and wild beasts, and suffered sometimes for want of water, fuel and food. Drifting sands, rocky gorges and mountain acclivities were to be overcome and rivers crossed without bridges or boats, and when they reached the end of the long and wearisome journey they were in the power of a foreign people, whose friendship they had reason to doubt and whose hospitality they had reason to fear.

They have left to us a valuable legacy in their example of faith, courage, patience and perseverance. No one can affirm with cer-

tainty that the missionaries and those who came after them before 1846 saved to the United States the territory between California and British Columbia, but it may be safely affirmed that their influence was a potent factor in producing that result. They asserted without reserve their American citizenship. They opposed the jurisdiction of the British crown. They set up their own government and worked with patriotic ardor to Americanize the country. Fifty years have rolled away into the realm of silence and shadows since the treaty of 1846 was made. Within that period wonders have been wrought in the physical, political, scientific and moral world. Fifty years ago there were not 5000 miles of railroad in the whole United States, and no steam car had sounded its whistle west of the state of Ohio. Travel and transportation were in boats where waterways existed, and stage coaches and wagon trains were the means of travel and transportation by land. Migration in those days was wearisomeness of the flesh. Now, there are more than 200,000 miles of railroad in this country, and all the states east of the Rocky mountains are covered with a network of these roads. States, counties and cities once far apart are now welded by iron bands into compact communities. Steam out-travels the wind and distance is made a passing phantom.

Fifty years ago electricity was a scientific curiosity. It was considered as useless as the heat scintillations of a summer night. Messages were written and carried by slow-moving conveyances, and love grew cold, friendship grew weak, and business languished by the delays and irregularities of the mails. Now, messages are transmitted by telegraph with lightning-like rapidity and the dimensions of ocean and continent are dwarfed by the electric wires. Nothing but a sudden annihilation of telegraphic communication can enable us to realize the advantages of this change.

The telephone is still more wonderful. Conversation is carried on through it between persons miles apart, and the tones of their voices are distinguishable. Business men discuss their business and ladies their social affairs without sight of each other. The activities of the invisible world never tire—never sleep. Electricity propels all kinds of machinery with its power, illuminates buildings

tions of pioneer life. They saw—mountains whose snow-clad summits no human foot had ever trod, and whose vast solitudes no human voice had ever broken; rivers whose unused waters flowed in majestic silence to the sea; woods dark and solemn, whose awful stillness the winds of heaven hardly disturbed; and all the stupendous works of nature as they came from the hands of their Creator. The Indian was here in all his native wildness and in all his savage fondness for war. To conquer the wilderness and the Indian became the duty of the early pioneers. Oregon, in its infancy, was baptized in the blood of its inhabitants. Three Indian wars, with numerous Indian outbreaks, make a part of its history. No one without experience can understand the appalling frightfulness of such wars. Terror becomes universal. Every bush is thought to be a hiding-place for an Indian. His movements are known to be stealthy and sudden—and to torture and murder those who fall into his hands, without regard to age or sex, is his known mode of warfare. Many brave men laid down their lives in these wars, and many mothers, with their little ones, were butchered by the relentless foe. Our thoughts sadden as we revert to those scenes, but our state came out of this struggle for its life with its youthful vigor unimpaired and its star of destiny undimmed.

Oregonians who came here before 1846 have lived under three different forms of government—first the provisional, then the territorial, and now the state. Evolution in the political, like that in the vegetable world—“first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.” Every pioneer may justly feel proud of the state whose growth he has watched with paternal anxiety.

As to those attractions which nature imparts, our state stands second to none in the American Union. God has given us a natural palace in which to dwell, but we do not properly appreciate its splendors, because we see them every day. Our environments vary in sublimity and beauty. Old ocean, with its world-wide facilities for commerce, its pure and healthy breezes, its roar and foam, its rocky promontories and glittering sands—is a possession and a joy to us and our posterity forever. Our mountains are remarkable for

their ruggedness and grandeur. Some are covered with lofty forests, whose evergreen tops defy alike the heat of summer and the storms of winter—and others, with towering peaks that penetrate the clouds, reflect from their snowy bosoms the changeful hues of the rising and setting day. Our Columbia is one of the great rivers of the world, and our Willamette one of the most beautiful. We have no sluggish, stagnant, sickly streams in this country, but they come bounding from their mountain springs and go on their way rippling and rejoicing to the sea. Some writer like Sir Walter Scott may yet arise to weave into the legends and traditions of the early settlement of Oregon the poetic and romantic beauties of the lakes and hills and glens and dales which diversify our scenery.

Our valleys are unsurpassed in fertility of soil, and are fitted for beautiful homes, golden fields, fruitful orchards and gardens of flowers. Our mines, fisheries, flocks and herds are a prolific source of income to our people.

Our greatest blessing is in the healthfulness, salubrity and moderate changes of our climate. Our winters are warmed by winds from the south, and our summers cooled by winds from the north. The newspapers tell us all we know about cyclones and blizzards. We have a great and glorious state, and all we need to put us on the pinnacle of statehood is an industrious, law-abiding and virtuous people. Our educational system is excellent, so far as intellectual culture is concerned, but appearances indicate that moral improvement lags behind. The ambition to be good is dwarfed by the ambition to be rich or distinguished. The solid foundations of society and government are in the integrity of the citizen. Our character as a people ought to correspond with the beauty and glory of our country. Washington, in his farewell address, left this legacy to his countrymen:

“Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to politic prosperity, religion and morality are the indispensable supports. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a

necessary spring of popular government. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity."

These admonitions should sink deep into the hearts of the people.

Venerable friends, reference to an event which occurred 50 years ago reminds us that we are drawing near to the closing scenes of earth. There is no cause for unhappiness in this. Let us not look backward with regrets, but forward with courage and composure. Time has been generous in its dealings with us, and therefore, instead of complaining, let us praise the Father of Mercies for health and strength and length of days. Let us be cheerful and hopeful, and borrow no fears from the future. There is no death. What we call death is a transition from one condition of life to another, and old age is the natural preparation for the change.

I give you my hearty greetings, with the hope that the remainder of your days may be as reposeful as a summer evening; and as you take your departure,

Say not good-night,
But in some brighter clime bid me
Good-morning!

THE PIONEERS TO NEW OREGON, THE GREAT
EMERALD LAND

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

Emerald, emerald, emerald land;

Land of the sun-mists, land of the sea,
Stately and stainless and storied and grand

As cloud-mantled Hood in white majesty—
Mother of states, we are worn, we are gray—
Mother of men, we are going away.

Mother of states, tall mother of men,

Of cities, of churches, of homes, of sweet rest,
We are going away, we must journey again,
As of old we journeyed to the vast, far West.
We tent by the river, our feet once more,
Please God, are set for the ultimate shore.

Mother, white mother, white Oregon

In emerald kilt, with star-set crown
Of sapphire, say is it night? Is it dawn?
Say, what of the night? Is it well up and down?
We are going away. . . . From your high watch tower.
Young men, strong men, say, what of the hour?

Young men, strong men, there is work to be done:

Faith to be cherished, battles to fight,
Victories won were never well won
Save fearlessly won for God and the right.
These cities, these homes, sweet peace and her spell
Be ashes, but ashes, with the infidel.

* * * * *

Have faith; such faith as your fathers knew.

All else must follow if you have but faith.

Be true to their faith, and you must be true.

"Lo! I will be with you," the Master saith.

Good-bye, dawn breaks; it is coming day

And one by one we strike tent and away.

Good-bye. Slow folding our snow-white tents,

Our dim eyes lift to the farther shore,

And never these riddled, gray regiments

Shall answer full roll-call any more.

Yet never a doubt, nay, never a fear

Of old, or now, knew the Pioneer.

PIONEER DAY

BY MRS. ELLA HIGGINSON, NEW WHATCOM, WASH.

Full two score years and ten
Have passed since our Northwest
First stood before all men
With "Freedom" on her breast;
Stood oh, so proud and fair,
With laurels in her hair—
With white Truth for her motto, and
Courage for her crest.

And on this day of days
She stands more proud and fair,
With larger, sweeter bays
Set in her flowing hair;
Yea, most serene she stands,
With power in her hands—
And Genius kneels beside her with
Her eyes upbent in prayer.

The long dark night is gone—
Awake, O Earth, awake!
Behold the perfect dawn
Above the mountains break!
The gold and crimsons run,
Like heralds of the sun,
To blow long bugle-rays of light to
Valley, sea and lake.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

BY MRS. W. J. PLYMALE, JACKSONVILLE

Mr. President: We have met together today to celebrate the golden jubilee of Oregon pioneers; to retrospect the stirring events of the past 50 years, made memorable by a grandeur of achievements that challenges the admiration of the civilized world. It is the history of reclaiming a beautiful wilderness made yours by peaceful conquest, and afterwards wrested by the valor of your conquering arms from savage and brutal foes. Across those eventful years in grand kinoscope is written the history and life-work of the Oregon pioneers.

I esteem it a distinguished honor that I have been invited to deliver your occasional address. I am proud that I hold to you a sacred relationship, being a daughter of Oregon's earliest pioneers, and I hail you, the heroes of those crucial years of state-building, the genius of whose architecture the hands of my own honored parents aided in uplifting. Blended inseparably with the hard lives of your pioneer experience, are the care-free and happy years of my own blissful childhood, where every dream was bounded by your care and devotion, and every inspiration caught in reflex from the divine hand of nature, untouched by the grosser elements that follow in the great lines of trade.

Today, we turn back the pages of history to look again upon our Oregon in its primitive beauty, ere yet the hand of man had marred the handiwork of the Creator to meet the demands of commercial life. Justin gives us, in the history of the Scythians, an example of the purity of a people, dwelling in tents, and living in perfect harmony with nature, with none of the cares incident to active business life; this he conceives to have been the most notable success of tribal government, upheld by an exalted honor between

man and man. This, too, at a time contemporary with the Babylonish captivity, when the grandest achievements of art and science, the magnificent splendors of Oriental events and the prowess of the world's armies, had been wrecked and vanquished by man's cruelty and ambition. The Scythians were excellent prototypes of the Oregon pioneers; thoroughly imbued with American patriotism, they maintained the limits of our provincial boundary, and implanted in each pioneer home love of liberty and pride in American institutions, although separated by 3,000 miles of wilderness from the active centers of civilization; they gave up the cherished associations of their Eastern homes, with all their comforts and luxuries, to accept the most primitive forms of living, with never a murmur for "the fleshpots of Egypt" that they had forever left behind them.

It has been asserted that the men and women of pioneer days were unlettered nomads, who were but following the bent of desultory and aimless impulse, when they turned their faces westward toward the land of the setting sun. As we contemplate the work of your hands in the past 50 years, and mark the five decades which are but successive steps from a wilderness to an empire, it forever silences the unjust aspersion, and we realize that "there were giants in those days," and pause in reverence and admiration, in presence of this goodly remnant of an heroic age. We realize that the men of 50 years ago were giants in intellect, classical scholars, broad-gauge philanthropists, unswerving patriots and astute statesmen, blending in nature's alembic the courage of the Carthagenians with the highest types of moral and mental culture. The women were self-sacrificing and noble, unfailing in their devotion, magnifying and beautifying the exalted attributes of their natures. From these basic principles has been evolved the citizenship of our cosmopolitan West; upon them rests the success of our social and political institutions. We need only the wisdom of our fathers, and the courage and devotion of our mothers, to keep the great state of Oregon in line with the upward trend of this progressive age.

Today we are hedged about by the expansion of pioneer ideas;

the spirit of enterprise and discovery that started the first ox-team, with its precious freight of humanity, across the plains, blazed the way for the palace car, that wheels in glittering splendor over the same road, reducing the transcontinental journey from six weary months to a poetic dream of six delightful days. The pioneer ax that felled the tree to build the first log cabin was but the forerunner of the palatial homes, with all their modern luxuries by which we are surrounded today. Every church spire that rears its silent finger heavenward germinated in those old church letters that came across the plains, and were sanctified by nightly prayers under the silent stars until they became an "Ark of the Covenant," guiding the bearers to the promised land. Our countless schools and colleges are founded upon the broad scholarship of the early pioneers.

When Oregon, radiant in verdure and beauty, first burst upon the vision of our astonished parents, they beheld it in silent awe and admiration; and now their gifted sons and daughters are giving grand expression to their sentiments in poetry, music and song. In those early days, the framework of our civil and political institutions rested upon the shoulder of each individual. Well and nobly they upheld our provisional and territorial governments until called upon to launch out into the broad possibilities of statehood. In the East was heard the distant mutterings of an approaching storm; our fathers heeded the solemn warning, and, by the wise provisions of our state constitution, we escaped the flood tide of rebellion that broke in relentless fury upon our land, and stand today in the grand circle of states that are welded together in our American Union, the fairest among the 45, and the one altogether lovely. "And what shall I more say, for the time would fail me to tell" the story of your lifework and devotion; and history, written and unwritten, shall be read in the lives of your children, and coming generations will chant in poetic numbers the story of the Oregon pioneers.

We have with us today as honored guests the Oregon Indian war veterans, who are also Oregon pioneers, and I would be disloyal to the most grateful sentiment of my heart were I to pass in

silence those heroes of the olden time. No tongue or pen will rightly tell the story of these pioneer battles; many of their agonizing legends were learned around our family fireside. My own dear father fought by your side in the unequal contest, and bivouacked with you on the same bloody fields of battle; there are brave men here present today who fought side by side with him through the Cayuse war, at the battle of Hungry Hill, and at the Meadows, and were present when General Lane treated with the Indians of the Table Rock. I have learned the lessons of your valor and worth, in nights of anxious foreboding and days pregnant with omnipresent dangers. You went not out to battle in the gilded armament of modern warfare, but grasped your trusty rifles when the first alarm was sounded, and hastened to the outposts of danger. Many there are present today, who, in those perilous times, blessed the coming of the Oregon volunteers; and with all honor be it said of you that you never failed nor faltered when war clouds lowered darkly, and dangers multiplied about you. The sublime courage and patriotism that impelled you forward in the '40s is indicated in your patient waiting for the long-delayed act of justice that will place you on the pension roll of the United States. Nobly have our representatives in congress labored to secure this result, but the impregnable walls of Eastern prejudice hold firmly against you. Gallant old Yamhill has sent to reinforce them one of Oregon's native sons, and back of them let the united voices of the pioneer men and women roll in mighty thundering up to the national capital, until justice holds even scale over the battle-scarred but still hopeful Indian war veterans of our own loved Oregon.

I can never tell the story of pioneer experience as I have known it in 50 full-rounded and eventful years. I realize that the shadows of life are lengthening about us and we are growing old together. The mighty machinery of state government and the complex problems of social life will soon fall upon the shoulders of our children, and we will journey on to an undiscovered country, where the light on the mountain-tops is beckoning us thither, for here have we no continuing city, but seek one to come. Today we are the honored guests of the proudest city of the Pacific Northwest, and in all its

In the earlier migratory movements of our race, peoples marched in bodies; erected at the first their walled cities, and then settled the circumjacent lands. The city was first builded, and then the country was improved afterward. All this was changed in the settlement of our own country. From Plymouth Rock and Jamestown, the pioneers, one by one, went forth into the adjacent wilderness, building the homes first, and letting the city grow subsequently. Until the settlement of Oregon, however, the advancing pioneer moved gradually from the older settlements, involving no great distance from the old home or no complete separation of friendly associations. With the settlement of Oregon all this was changed. The pioneers who builded up this state, with the deliberation of a high purpose and a firm resolve, snapped asunder all associations of home life; ignored the attractions of well-established institutions, and with a sublime faith, born of the most sterling heroism, placed between their past and future homes a tiresome six months' journey, and the wide expanse of more than 2,000 miles of country, uninhabited save by hostile savages, making of themselves exiles in order to give a goodly heritage to their children. The pages of history may be searched in vain for a parallel to the Oregon pioneer. All honor, then, to the brave men and women of this association. May your children and your children's children, as they read the traditions handed down from generation to generation, of the sacrifices you made and the hardships you endured for their sakes, in building up the homes carved out by you for them in this far distant Western land, forever rise up and call you blessed.

Venerable members of the Oregon Pioneer Association, each year as you assemble together, your ranks become thinner and thinner. Your associates of former years have been, one after another, taking their last and final move on earth.

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share."

Their brawny hands that builded homes and erected churches

and school-houses in our fair state have been folded across their manly breasts, while they have been consigned by loving friends to the grave, the final resting place of the mortal man. All of us who are now assembled here, in the ordinary course of nature, will also be called upon to soon enter upon that final journey, different from any ever heretofore undertaken by us, as we must alone, without earthly companion or friend, pass from temporal life to life eternal.

For your journey to Oregon you took good care to make the most ample provision, and you were sustained by the living faith that you were seeking a better country. As we approach nearer to the time when our last journey must be made, let us endeavor, with God's help, to make fitting preparation for it, with the sublimer faith that the domain beyond the cold river of death, which we must all soon enter, will be that fairer and better land to which all higher human aspirations unerringly point, and the beauties of which both saint and prophet have but faintly unfolded. Soon the last farewell to friends on earth must be spoken. The habitations which we have erected for ourselves and our children must be by us forever abandoned, and, when our summons comes, let us all enter upon our last and final journey with the unfaltering trust that we are seeking a far better country, and a far better home, and the unending communion with friends who have gone before, in the sun-like presence of the ever-living God.

WINNING OF THE WEST SHORE

BY JOHN MINTO, SALEM

As fifty years are passed and gone
Since Oregon was won,
We meet to sing the jubilee
Of noble work, well done.
A game for empire fairly played
Lost by adventurous Englishman,
Who thought to win the land, by trade—
Won by the brave American.

A wide, wild land—a rich domain
Of mountain, valley, hill, and plain
Lay bordering this Pacific main—
The strife was this to lose or gain.

This birthright of a dying race,
Assumed by Britain's rulers hers,
Was given to her adventurous sons
To win by trade—collecting furs—
The land was, by possession, hers;
She made its wealth her own;
While by discovery all was ours,
By the law of nations known.

So thought the hardy pioneers,
On the extended wide frontiers
East of Missouri's strand.
These saw the grasping hand of trade,
Insidious treaty lending aid;

To make a claim, and thus to wrest—
Ours by discovery made—

The rich, grand "Valley of the West,"
And give that stream, first sailed by Gray,
To British greed an easy prey.

"No! No!" said they; "that shall not be!
Our bounds shall reach the Western sea!
The policy our Monroe claims
Shall dominate the Western plains.
We'll keep the land from sea to sea
From Europe's colonizing free.
The right to occupy is ours
'Gainst British trade's insidious powers.
By land and sea we'll reach 'Cathay';
No foreign flag shall bar the way."

So passed the word from hearth to hearth;
Such was the great achievement's birth.
Home-building men to statesmen grew.
And "Westward, ho!" they come,
With Bible, Blackstone, ax and gun,
They bring the freeman's home.
Two thousand miles of gauntlet, run
Through roving tribes of savage men,
To plant their nation's banner on
The far-off lands of Oregon.

And this they did. Wide plains were crossed;
Rough, rocky mountain gorges passed;
Past dangers dread, by field and flood,
Each day's advancement they make good;
By toil through dust, through heat and cold,
They come with conquerors' bearing bold.
They occupy, they till the lands;
They take the rule from British hands;

A code of civil laws ordain—
A bloodless victory they gain.
In ten short years the feat was done,
And Oregon was lost and won!

Lost by adventurous British man;
Won by the brave American.
Those who are here this day to see
This grand and joyous jubilee
May well feel proud of rule so won;
Such pride transmit from sire to son.

NEWS OF THE TREATY OF 1846: HOW IT REACHED OREGON

RT. REV. B. WISTAR MORRIS, D.D., PORTLAND

Pioneers of Oregon and Friends: It is very common to hear this state of Oregon spoken of as a slow, backward, moss-grown country, and I have often thought this view could not be held by any one who was at all familiar with its real history. So I am here tonight to give some reasons why I think the very opposite view should be held by all intelligent, well-read people. I am sorry that I am compelled to be so personal, in much that I have to say; but the facts are that it is because of my personal relations to the time of the signing and completion of this treaty, that I am here with these remarks at all. No one can assign or imagine any other reason. On the 15th day of June, in the year 1846, this treaty was signed, which settled finally and forever the long-pending question whether Oregon should henceforth be one of the possessions of Great Britain, or of the United States of America. On the 18th of June, the treaty thus signed by Minister Packenham and Secretary Buchanan, was ratified by the United States senate. Ten days after that—June 28—I was ordained to the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal church, in the city of Philadelphia, by the Right Rev. Alonzo Potter; and that is why I am here on this occasion. Whatever Oregon is, as part and parcel of the United States, she has become such within the period of my active ministry, just now rounding out half a century.

Oregon is thought by many people to be a small, slow and backward country, the chosen home and happy dwelling-place of mossbacks alone. The thought which I have in mind, and which I would like to fully develop, instead of simply giving some hints

toward it, if it were possible for me to take the time, is this—that, considering the facts of its history, circumstances and condition, Oregon is not such a slow and backward country as many people suppose, but quite the contrary.

To speak now of the causes of this apparent slow growth of Oregon, I would refer first to the long-existing and widespread ignorance of the history, locality, climate, general condition and characteristics of this country. Few examples of this serve our present purpose. Thus, to refer to no less a person than the celebrated Daniel Webster: Mr. Webster said in the United States senate, on the proposal to establish a military route from Independence, on the Missouri, to the mouth of the Columbia:

“What do we want with this vast northern area? This region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of shifting sands, and whirlwinds of dust; of cactus and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts, or those endless mountain ranges, impenetrable and covered to their base with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with that Western coast of 3,000 miles, rock-bound, cheerless, uninviting, and not a harbor on it? What use have we for this country?”

Whatever else was this great man, we of this day can certainly affirm that he was not “Daniel the Prophet.”

This ignorance was not confined to Daniel Webster, but was shared in by many of the most intelligent people of that day. Captain William Sturgis, who had traded on the Northwestern coast, and at the English ports, used this language in a lecture before the Mercantile Literary Association, of Boston, two years after the visit of Whitman East:

“Rather than have new states formed beyond the Rocky mountains, to be added to our present Union, it would be a lesser evil, as far as that Union is concerned, if the unoccupied portion of the Oregon territory should sink into Symmes’ hole, leaving the western base of those mountains and the borders of the Pacific ocean one and the same.”

Poor Oregonians, had Captain Sturgis' alternative been measured out to you! And so said Thomas Benton himself, whatever after-views he came to hold:

"The ridge of the Rocky mountains may be named without offense as representing a convenient, natural and everlasting boundary. Along the back of this ridge, the western limits of this republic should be drawn, and the statue of the fabled god Terminus should be raised upon its highest peak, never to be thrown down."

Mr. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, in the United States senate, only two years before the consummation of this treaty, calling attention to this sentiment of Mr. Benton, remarked:

"It was well said."

And again, in the same year, 1843, Mr. McDuffie, of South Carolina, said before the same august body:

"Have you made anything like an estimate of the cost of a railroad running from here to the mouth of the Columbia? Why, the wealth of the Indies would not be sufficient. You would have to tunnel through mountains, 500 or 600 miles in extent. * * * Of what use will this be for agricultural purposes? I would not, for that purpose, give a pinch of snuff for the whole territory. If there were an embankment five feet high to be removed, I would not consent to expend \$5 for its removal, to enable our population to go there. I thank God for his mercy in placing the Rocky mountains where they are."

Is it any wonder that, with this ignorance in high quarters concerning the real character and conditions of this country, it should have prevailed with all classes? That it did so prevail is unquestioned; as well as that it had much to do in retarding the growth of population. Few people would care to go to, or trouble themselves about a country of which their legislators and lawmakers held such views. But the wonder is that, as time went on, their ignorance was not removed; especially in regard to the geography of the country and its climate.

Most of those who ever heard of Oregon know that it is some-

where in the "West," but beyond that, the ideas of very many intelligent people are utterly vague and indefinite.

On a trip to the East, I met a bright young lady in a Philadelphia company, who, on learning that I was from Oregon, said that she was much interested in that Western country, because her father was out there just now, adding: "But he is much farther west than you are."

"Indeed," said I, "I wonder where he is; as we think we are pretty near the western limit."

"Why," said she, "he is away out at Omaha."

Again, on my last visit to Pennsylvania, my own state, where your secretary comes from, and where the people are not expected to know as much as they do in New England, I made the acquaintance of a man who was much interested in me, simply because he knew that I came from Oregon. He said to me:

"I have been out in that country of yours, and I like it very much. It's a splendid country—far ahead of this, smarter people in every way—and I intend to go there to live if I can."

Taking notice of what he said about the "smart people," it was natural to suppose that he had been in Portland, and made the acquaintance of some of the members of the Pioneer Association. So I said to him: "Whereabouts were you in our country?"

"Oh," said he, "I was away out at Tiffin, Ohio."

One late day in the month of March, in the face of a bitterly cold and blinding wind, I was making my way along Chestnut street in the city of Philadelphia, between the piles of drifted snow, as best I could, when an old clerical friend came toward me, shivering and shaking, exclaiming:

"Ah; you have brought some of your Oregon weather over here, have you?"

I said: "My friend, don't you know that today there are 500 plows at work in the valley in which I live, and farmers are sowing their grain on every hand?"

He stopped his shaking and passed on, without saying whether he believed me or not.

Sunday I spent in St. Paul, Minn., nearly frozen in going about in an open sleigh from one church to another, and the following Saturday I drove from Walla Walla to Pendleton, with the Indian women and children gathering flowers, as we passed along through the reservation, and the next day held service in our Pendleton church, with open doors and windows, and without a particle of fire. Such are the contrasts in climate that our Eastern brethren know so little about.

We will find further cause for the slow growth of this country and small increase of population, in its long distance from the centers of population and wealth in the East; the time, toil and money required to reach it, either by the slow way of a sea voyage, or the slower and more perilous way of the "prairie schooner," and the savage tribes of the plains. These are some of the hindrances that have been in the way of the rapid progress and development of Oregon, during much of the larger part of these 50 years of its national life. The familiar term, the "far West," which, by the way, had its popular rise in a speech in the halls of congress of a dear friend and relative of my own, meant much more to the people of those days than it does to us.

Some facts in the history of this very treaty, whose anniversary has brought us here, will give striking illustrations of the real condition of things, then, in this regard. So far away and inaccessible was this country 50 years ago, that the joyful news of this treaty of June 15 did not reach this country until the 12th of November, five months after it was ratified by the United States senate, and then by the roundabout way of the Sandwich Islands. The poor, unfortunate and anxious dwellers in the territories of Oregon and Washington were living all this time without one of them knowing whether he or she was a Britisher or a Yankee. This news was brought here by a vessel, the bark Toulon, trading between the Sandwich Islands and this port, of which Mr. Benjamin Stark,* a

* Now a resident of New London, Connecticut.

gentleman well known to many of my hearers, was the supercargo. Mr. Stark has kindly given me, in a recent letter, some of the particulars of the roundabout journey, by which this news was conveyed from Washington City to Portland on the Willamette. Mr. Stark says in his letter:

“The vessel which carried the news of the treaty was the American bark Toulon, in which I sailed as supercargo on a trading voyage into the Pacific, from New York, on the 12th of February, 1845, with the ultimate purpose of entering the Columbia river in time to meet the large emigration that was to leave the Missouri border in May of that year. This purpose was fulfilled. I crossed the bar of the Columbia in October, on the anniversary of the discovery of the New World by Columbus, and reached the Willamette river, near the present site of Portland, early in the following month, and entered upon a lively and lucrative trade with the ‘old settlers’ of ‘42 and ‘43, and the ‘newcomers’ of ‘45, bartering my supplies from New York, supplemented by the sugar, molasses and salt obtained at Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands, for lumber, flour, shingles and salmon, which I found a market for at the islands. I continued in this trade for the following two years, and it was on the occasion of one of the trips of the Toulon, in the year 1846, that the incident occurred to which you refer. The news of the treaty having been concluded reached the Sandwich Islands by the then quickest route of travel, across the continent to Oregon, which was through Mexico, from Vera Cruz to Mazatlan, and thence by a chance vessel bound to China via the islands, or by one of the few vessels trading between the islands and the West coast, as the region between Mazatlan and Yerba Buena (now San Francisco) was then called. I think the vessel that brought the news from Mazatlan to the islands was the bark Fawn, Captain Nye.

“The influence exerted by the treaty upon the pioneers affords a topic too extended for the limits of a reply to your inquiry; but the immediate effects produced by ‘the news brought by the Toulon’ was unbounded joy on the part of the American settlers, that their

homes were to be henceforth under the stars and stripes. One of its immediate consequences was the withdrawal of the British sloop-of-war, *Modeste*. The presence of this vessel anchored in front of the Hudson bay station at Vancouver, since the fall of 1845, had been a source of constant irritation to the hardy band of immigrants settled in the valley of the Willamette.

"The Pioneers' Association does well to commemorate the deeds of those men, not forgetting the brave women, whose courage in facing the toils and dangers and privations of their long journey across the continent, equaled, if it did not surpass, that of the men.

"Your contribution to the approaching anniversary will be an exceedingly gratifying one, in trying to show that the growth and development of the country (the Northwest) has not been so very slow, considering its early conditions and surroundings.

"I shall be with you in spirit in the celebration of your jubilee, on the 28th of this month, and sincerely regret that I cannot be with you and the brethren in person on that day.

"Ever yours sincerely.

"BENJAMIN STARK."

Could anything better show the marvelous changes that these 50 years have wrought in this country than the simple fact that such a piece of news could now be flashed from Washington to Portland in two seconds of time? And how could it be otherwise, that a country—a wilderness—so located, on the outside limit of the continent, five months by sea and six months "by the plains across," with the head and footboards of the graves of the advance guard for mile-posts—how could it be otherwise than that a country so circumstanced should be of slow growth and development? And so it remained, just as far from "home," "back East," where the white people lived, for nearly the first half of these 50 years; for, not till the year 1869 was the Union Pacific road completed to San Francisco; and then it was 14 years more—in 1883—27 in all, till the Northern Pacific spanned the whole continent, and brought Oregon

within sight and within reach of the farmers of New England, weary and worn out with its rock-ribbed hills, and its unresponsive soil; within reach of the lumbermen of Maine and Minnesota, ashamed any longer to call 10-inch poles sawlogs; within reach of the swelterers of the South, and the refugees in the cyclone cellars of the middle West. Now, for only 13 of these 50 years, has this fair land of fruits and flowers, this Pacific country, of grandeur and beauty of scenery beyond rivalry, been within practicable reach of the "common people," the people of "bone and sinew," the people we want here to make glad our vast, unoccupied wastes. What are 13 years—what are 50 years—in the history of any country?

I shall speak of but two other hindrances to the progress of this country in its early days, and of these rather by way of hints than with any fullness of detail. The first would be the condition of the country with regard to the tribes of Indians, and the constant disturbances, wars and terror that prevailed throughout the whole of this Northwestern country, checking immigration, and casting a blight upon every enterprise and every interest in the land. One fact in the condition of the eastern part of the territory will be enough to illustrate and confirm this statement. Colonel James K. Kelly, formerly Oregon's United States senator, who had a prominent share in these Indian wars, has written me these words, concerning the condition of that country, as late as 10 years after the event you are now celebrating:

"I was in the Indian war of 1855-6, and therefore describe the condition of the country, in a great measure, from actual observation. From the Des Chutes river (a short distance above The Dalles) to Fort Hall, there was not an inhabited dwelling-house, occupied by a white man. The same was true of Eastern Washington, with a single exception."

I might say here, for the information of those who may be a little rusty in their geography, that the site of Fort Hall—a celebrated place in pioneer days—is in the southeastern part of Idaho, only a few miles from Pocatello, on the Union Pacific railroad, and about 750 miles from Portland. But to return to Judge Kelly's letter:

"From the Cascade mountains to the Rocky mountains, the only white man left was Major John Owens, then living in Bitter Root valley. There had been a number of families of white people living in the Walla Walla and Touchet valleys, and at the Hudson's Bay Company's fort of Walla Walla (now Wallula), but these were all for safety removed in the fall of 1855 to Western Oregon and Washington, by Nathan Olney, who was then the United States Indian agent in that country. There had been a number of Canadian half-breed families, who had gone from French Prairie, in the Willamette valley, to the Walla Walla country. These people had all left their habitations, and for safety had gone, I think, to the Nez Percés, who were friendly to the whites. Certainly their homes, which were not destroyed, were left tenantless, and their household goods removed. This was the condition of that country in the late fall of 1855, and the spring of 1856, when I was there."

This John Owens, of whom Colonel Kelly speaks as the only white man left in all that country, must have had more than ordinary nerve and courage. He was well known to several persons in this valley, especially to Mr. Lloyd Brooke and Colonel Nesmith, and well remembered to this day by some members of these families for his frequent contributions of nice messes of smoked buffalo tongue, only to be secured east of the Rocky mountains, it is said.

Now, when you remember that the immigrants to that land of promise, the Willamette valley, must pass through a thousand miles of country thus dominated by these savage tribes, is it any wonder that respect for their scalps, and the scalps of their wives and children, made them slow to enter upon this stern undertaking, despite the 640 acres of green and smiling prairie land that beckoned them on? And as it was in this regard, so it was with everything else in the country. The mere hint is enough to indicate what a large chapter these Indian troubles make in the history of this country, and what a hindrance they were to its growth and progress. Many of you, most of you who hear me, know far more about them than I do, and some by their own sad experience could verify all I have here claimed for them.

the good of after-generations, or that erects grand temples for God's service and honor; that makes the place of his feel glorious with all that art, taste and riches can lavish upon it; but we make a great mistake if we suppose that such are of necessity and eminently the places where the noblest faith and highest devotion are illustrated. The zeal, the courage, the toil, the patient waiting, the weariness of hope deferred, that builds a family home, humble little schoolhouse, chapel or church in country village or hamlet, for God's poor and by God's poor, may transcend that which erects a magnificent library or lyceum, or rears a splendid cathedral, adorned with all manner of precious gifts. One has but to speak the word, and the grand creation springs into life. The other comes of that spirit which makes the heroes, confessors and martyrs for the liberty of the state and purity of the church. And if it fall to our lot at a later day and in a more advanced condition of things in any measure to enter into the labors of these heroic, patient and enduring men and women, who went before us bearing the burden and heat of that day of small things, let us hold their virtues in high regard, and thank God for the good success that crowned their labors.

THE CASCADES MASSACRE

BY ROBERT WILLIAMS

The attack and siege upon the portage at the Cascades, W. T., is a familiar tale to the readers of Washington and Oregon history, but the exact location of the middle blockhouse (Fort Rains) is scarcely correctly known but to a few of the early settlers. It is for the purpose of showing the exact location and to give a picture of the blockhouse as it was photographed many years after that tragic event (then long abandoned by the troops and falling into decay), that I now submit the narrative again to the public.

It is the general belief that the blockhouse at the Upper Cascades, erected by Major Lugenbeel, Ninth United States infantry, immediately after that atrocious massacre—is the blockhouse made famous by the gallant defense made therefrom on that memorable occasion, and which furnished protection to the men, women and children that were fortunate to get within its walls, and for whose relief the gallant Lieutenant Philip H. Sheridan, Fourth United States infantry (late general of the United States army), made the first indication of his afterward brilliant military career. The blockhouse was erected in November, 1855, under the superintendence of Captain Henry D. Wallen, commanding company H, Fourth United States infantry, while en route to the Yakima Indian war. It took his command about a week to complete the building. A detail of one sergeant and eight men were left to guard it. Captain Wallen then proceeded with his company to Fort Dalles, Or., to join the command of Major Gabriel Rains, Fourth United States infantry, who commanded the combined forces ordered to proceed against the hostile Yakimas.

The picture submitted shows the exact location of the block

roof, and from there was done most of our firing, it being the best place of observation. In the meantime we were barricading in the store, making portholes and firing when opportunity presented. But the Indians were soon very cautious about exposing themselves. I took charge of the store, Dan (Bradford) of the second floor, and Alexander of the garret and roof.

The steamer Mary was lying in the mouth of Mill creek, and the wind was blowing hard down stream.

When we saw the Indians running toward her and heard the shots, we supposed she would be taken, and as she lay just out of our sight, and we saw smoke rising from her, concluded she was burning; but what was our glad surprise after a while to see her put out and run across the river. I will give an account of the attack on her hereinafter. The Indians now returned in force to us, and we gave every one a shot who showed himself. They were nearly naked, painted red, and had guns and bows and arrows. After a while Finley came creeping around the lower point of the island toward our house. We halloed to him to lay down behind a rock and he did so. He called that he could not get to the store, as the bank above us was covered with Indians. He saw while there Watkins' house burning. The Indians first took out all they wanted, blankets, clothes, guns, etc.

By this time the Indians had crossed in canoes to the island, and we saw them coming, as we supposed, after Finley. We then saw Watkins and Bailey running around the river side toward the place where Finley was, and the Indians in full chase after them. As our men came around the point in full view, Bailey was shot through his arm and leg. He continued on, and, plunging into the river, swam to the front of our store, and came in safely, except for his wounds. He narrowly escaped going over the falls. Finley also swam across and got in unharmed, which was wonderful, as there was a shower of bullets around them.

Watkins next came running around the point, and we called to him to lie down behind a rock, but before he could do so he

was shot in the wrist, the ball going up the arm and out above the elbow. He dropped behind a rock just as the pursuing Indians came following around the point, but we gave them so hot a reception from our house that they backed out and left poor Watkins where he lay.

We called to Watkins to lie still and we would get him off, but we were not able to do so until after the arrival from The Dalles of the steamer Mary with troops—two days and nights afterwards. During this time Watkins fainted several times from weakness and exposure, the weather being very cold, and he was stripped for swimming, down to his underclothes. When he fainted he would roll down the steep bank into the river, and, the ice-cold water reviving him, he would crawl back, under fire, to his retreat behind the rock. Meantime his wife and children were in the store, in full view, and moaning piteously at his terrible situation. He died from exhaustion two days after he was rescued.

BULLETS AND FIRE.

The Indians were now pitching into us right smart. They tried to burn us out; threw rocks and firebrands, hot irons, pitchwood—everything that would burn—on the roof. But you will recollect that for a short distance back the bank inclined towards the house, and we could see and shoot the Indians who appeared there. So they had to throw from such a distance that the largest rocks and bundles of fire did not quite reach us, and what did generally rolled off the roof. Sometimes the roof got on fire and we cut it out, or, with cups of brine drawn from pork barrels, put it out, or with long sticks shoved off the fire balls.

The kitchen roof troubled us the most. How they did pepper us with rocks; some of the big ones would shake the house all over.

There were now forty men, women and children in the house—four women and eighteen men that could fight, and eighteen wounded men and children.

the saw mill, got on board; also a half-breed named Bourbon, who was shot through the body. After sufficient steam to move was raised, Hardin Chenoweth ran up into the pilot-house, and, lying on the floor, turned the wheel as he was directed from the lower deck. It is almost needless to say that the pilot-house was the target for the Indians. After the steamer was fairly backed out and turned around, he did toot that whistle at them good. Toot! toot! toot! It was music in our ears. The steamer picked up Herman on the bank above. Iman's family, Sheppard and Vanderpool, all got across the river in skiffs, and, boarding the Mary, went to The Dalles.

Colonel George Wright and the Ninth regiment, First dragoons, Third artillery, had started for Walla Walla, and were out five miles, camped. They received news of the attack at 11 P. M., and by daylight were back at The Dalles. Starting down, they only reached Wind mountain that night, as the Mary's boiler was in bad order because of a new fireman the day before.

They reached us the next morning at 6 A. M.

NOW FOR BELOW.

George Johnson was about to get a boat's crew of Indians, when Indian Jack came running to him, saying the Yakimas had attacked the blockhouse. He did not believe it, although he heard the cannon. He went up to the Indian village on the sandbar to get his crew; saw some of the Cascade Indians, who said they thought the Yakimas had come, and George, now hearing the muskets, ran for home. E. W. Baughman was with him. Bill Murphy had left the blockhouse early for the Indian camp, and had nearly returned before he saw the Indians or was shot at. He returned, two others with him, and ran for George Johnson's, about thirty Indians in chase. After reaching Johnson's, Murphy continued on, and gave Hamilton and all below warning, and the families embarked in small boats for Vancouver. The men would have barricaded in the wharboat but for want of ammunition. There was considerable government freight in the wharboat. They staid about the wharboat and schooner nearly all day, and until

the Indians commenced firing upon them from the zinc house on the bank. Then they shoved out.

Tommy Price was shot through the leg in getting the boat into the stream. Floating down, they met the steamer Belle, with Sheridan and forty men, sent up on report of an express carried down by Indian Simpson in the morning. George and those with him went on board the steamer and volunteered to serve under Sheridan, who landed at George's place and found everything burned. The steamer returned, and the Indians pitched into Sheridan, fought him all day, and drove him with forty men and ten volunteers to below Hamilton's, notwithstanding he had a small cannon; one soldier killed.

The steamer Belle returned the next day (third of the attack), and brought ammunition for the blockhouse. Your partner, Bishop, who was in Portland, came up on her. Steamer Fashion, with volunteers from Portland, came at the same time. The volunteers remained at the Lower Cascades. Sheridan took his command, and, with a batteau loaded with ammunition, crossed to Bradford's island, on the Oregon side, where they found most of the Cascade Indians, they having been advised by George Johnson to go there on the first day of the attack.

They were crossing and recrossing all the time, and Sheridan made them prisoners. He pressed a boat's crew, and, as they towed up to the head of the island and above, saw great numbers of Indians on the Washington territory side and opposite them. Sheridan expected them to cross and fight him, and between them and the friendly (?) Indians in his charge, thought he had his hands full.

Just then Sheridan discovered Steptoe and his dragoons, infantry and volunteers, coming down from the Mary, surprising completely the Indians, who were cooking beef and watching Sheridan across the river. But on the sound of the bugle the Indians fled like deer to the woods, with the loss of only one killed—"Old Joannum." But for the bugle they ought to have captured fifty.

So ended the battle. The Ninth regiment are building a block-house on the hill above us, also at George Johnson's, and will hereafter keep a strong force here.

Lieutenant Bissell and twelve men who were stationed at the Upper Cascades were ordered away, and left for The Dalles two days before the attack was made upon us.

The Indians Sheridan took on the island were closely guarded, and sentenced to be hung. The Cascade Indians, being under Old Chenoweth (chief) was brought before Colonel Wright, tried treaty, were adjudged guilty of treason in fighting. Chenoweth died game; was hung on the upper side of Mill creek. I acted as interpreter. He offered ten horses, two squaws and a little something to every "tyee" for his life; said he was afraid of the grave in the ground, and begged to be put into an Indian dead-house. He gave a terrific warwhoop while the rope was being put around his neck. I thought he expected the Indians to come and rescue him. The rope did not work well, and while hanging he muttered: "Wake nike quash copa memaloose!" He was then shot. I was glad to see the old devil killed, being satisfied that he was at the bottom of all the trouble. But I cannot detail at too great length.

The next day "Tecomeoc" and "Captain Jo" were hung. Captain Jo said all the Cascade Indians were in the fight. The next day, "Toy," "Sim Lasseias" and "Four-Fingered Johnny" were hung. The next day, "Chenoweth Jim," "Tumath" and "Old Skein" were hung, and "Kanewake" sentenced, but reprieved on the scaffold. Nine in all were executed. "Banaha" is prisoner at Vancouver, and decorated with ball and chain. The rest of the Cascade Indians are on your island, and will be shot if seen off of it. Such are Colonel Wright's orders. "Dow," "Watiquin," "Peter," "Mahooka John" and "Kotzue," maybe more, have gone with the Yakimas.

I forgot to mention that your house at the Lower Cascades, also Bishop's, was burned; also to account for Captain Dan Baughman and Jim Thompson. They put back into the mountains, and at

night came down to the river at Vanderpool's place, fished up an old boat, and crossed to the Oregon side. They concealed themselves in the rocks on the river bank opposite, where they could watch us, and at night went back into the mountains to sleep. They came in safely after the troops arrived.

We do not know how many Indians there were. They attacked the blockhouse, our place, and drove Sheridan, all at the same time. We think there were no less than 200 or 300. When the attack was made on us, three of our carpenters ran for the middle blockhouse, overtook the cars at the salmon-house, but the mules loose, and, with the cardrivers, all kept on. They were not fired upon until they got to the spring on the railroad, but from there they ran the gauntlet of bullets and arrows to the fort. Little Jake Kyle was killed in the run. Several were wounded.

I append a list of killed and wounded. This is a long letter: but, knowing you would be anxious to hear all the particulars, I have endeavored to give you a true description. Dan is writing to others at home, and has read this letter. We have got to work again, building and transporting; are going to build a saw mill as soon as we can. We had but few poor specimens of men here during the fight—generally all behaved well. There was, however, one notable exception, a person who arrived at the store a few minutes before the fight commenced—and whose name I will give you in person.

Am a little bit afraid to go to Rock creek to fish: in fact, have had no time so far. Don't think I shall have much fishing this summer. Wish you were back. Yours,

L. W. COE.

KILLED.

George Griswold—Shot in leg; close by middle blockhouse.

B. W. Brown and wife—Killed at saw mill; bodies found stripped naked in Mill creek.

Jimmy Watkins—Driving team at mill.

Henry Hagar—Shot in Watkins' house; body burned.

Jake Kyle—German boy; killed near middle blockhouse.

Jacob White—Sawyer at mill.

Bourbon—half-breed; died on the Mary, going to The Dalles.

James Sinclair—Of the Hudson's Bay Company, Walla Walla.

Dick Turpin—Colored cook on steamer Mary.

Norman Palmer—Driving team at mill.

Calderwood—Working at mill.

Three United States soldiers—Names unknown.

George Watkins—Lived four days.

Jacob Roush—Carpenter; lived six days.

WOUNDED.

Fletcher Murphy, arm.

P. Snooks, boy, leg.

J. Lindsay, shoulder.

Jesse Kempton, shoulder.

Tommy Price, thigh.

Two soldiers, U. S. A.

H. Kyle, German.

Moffat, railroad hand.

Johnny Chance, leg.

M. Bailey, leg and arm.

J. Algin, slightly.

THE MIDDLE BLOCKHOUSE.

The following is my former published account of the defense of the middle blockhouse, excepting that I now omit some irrelevant part, which is immaterial to relate. I was the first person who suspected that the Indians were preparing for mischief. I discovered the same on the day previous to the attack, while carrying a message from Mr. Griswold, who lived at the Middle Cascades, to Mr. Hamilton, who lived on a farm a little below the landing at the Lower Cascades. The message was for Mr. Hamilton to bring up immediately a yoke of oxen which Mr. Griswold had purchased of him, and also to hitch them to one of a lot of new government wagons that were at the landing and bring it up also. Mr. Hamilton started on his mission the next morning, but learned that the Indians had broken out on the warpath. He

abandoned the wagon and hastily returned to warn his neighbors and seek safety for himself and family.

In passing each way by the Indian camp, as I had to do in going to and from carrying the message, my attention was particularly attracted at seeing the majority of the Indians standing together in council and dressed in warlike costumes, while some few were playing at a game resembling shinny. Their actions were suspicious and confirmed by belief that they were planning mischief. The movements of some of them in particular, going in a half-circle through the timber, thus to flank me, awakened in my mind a very strong suspicion that they were planning to catch me to kill me. I did not show to them any evidence that I suspected them of doing me harm, but after I got past their camp and out of their sight I hurried with my utmost speed for the blockhouse, and then told Sergeant Kelly and my other comrades my suspicions. But by reason of our belief in the strength of our position, few as there were of us, we did not dread any danger from Indians, or even think any more about it, for, during the whole of the night previous to the attack, six out of nine of us there, and an old German, H. Kyle, were drinking whisky toddy and telling army stories, the old German taking an active part in the sport, and claiming to be one of Blucher's Waterloo veterans, but none of them got drunk. The next morning the sergeant permitted Frederick Bernaur to go to the Upper Cascades for a canteen full of whisky; but, unfortunately for him, the Indians had commenced their attack on the blockhouse before he returned, preventing him from getting back to us. They shot him through both legs. He managed, however, to get to the bank of the river, and there hide from sight. He fainted several times from loss of blood, but the whisky he had in his canteen supported his strength. When night came on he left his hiding-place and got in safety to the blockhouse, where he received a joyful welcome, for we all thought he was killed.

WHEN THE ATTACK FIRST BEGAN.

Nearly all the men of the detachment were scattered around the vicinity. There were but three of us in close proximity to the blockhouse, Sheridan, the cook, McManus and myself. We all

any more, consequently our little party deemed it advisable, if possible, before night came on, to make an effort to get food and water.

I instantly volunteered to do so. The sergeant willingly consented to my going. The stranger who joined our force with Switzler and McDowell gallantly volunteered to go with me in search of whatever we could find to sustain life. Our companions in the blockhouse were meanwhile watching with guns in hand, ready to defend us to the utmost of their ability, if occasion offered. But, luckily, we were not molested. I went through a window into Mr. Griswold's house, and, to my great joy, I found a dishpan full of excellent doughnuts. I then handed them to my companion outside to take them to the blockhouse, which he did, to the great delight of all. In the meantime, I discovered in the pantry a fine large ham, which, with the doughnuts, sufficed to relieve all of the pangs of hunger. But we failed to get water. So ended the first day's transaction. But still on constant vigilance by day and night it was necessary to depend for the safety of our lives until we could get assistance, which came on the morning of the third day of the siege.

THE SECOND DAY AND RELIEF.

The second day the Indians were still besieging us and thus preventing us from getting the precious elixir, water, which by that time all of us greatly needed, especially the wounded. But close by there was a small saloon, owned and kept by one of the Palmer brothers, who, with his brother—who kept a store at the foot of the hill by the river bank—luckily made their escape immediately after the Indians commenced their attack, locking the doors of both buildings before they left. My army comrade, William Houser, suggested that somebody should be allowed to go to the saloon and get whatever they might find that would alleviate hunger and thirst. I seconded his motion. Sergeant Kelly then permitted him and me to go. The door being locked, my comrade had to break it open with an ax. We procured within one dozen bottles of English porter, one decanter of brandy, the same of whisky and

wine, and a small box full of oyster crackers. We failed to get water, but the articles mentioned satisfied every requirement, except surgical aid, until we would get relief, which we knew was close at hand by hearing the report of gallant Phil Sheridan's guns, firing upon the enemy at the Lower Cascades. After that signal of relief, we all relaxed the ceaseless vigilance we had all the time kept, for the purpose of allowing a portion of our guards to take a little rest and sleep. We were greatly favored at night during the siege by the service which a vicious bulldog of one of the neighbors rendered to us; he barked and gave warning to us of any attempt the Indians made to get toward the blockhouse. If they had been allowed to get close enough to the building, they would without doubt have tried to burn it, by throwing burning pitchwood on the roof. The next morning Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Edward J. Steptoe, Ninth United States infantry, commanding companies A, E, F and I, same regiment, and detachment of company E, First dragoons, and company L, Third artillery, in all 200 men and officers, came to our relief. The sergeant told them how we had made the defense, and the colonel then complimented all of us for our admirable conduct. Now that relief had come, the citizens who had taken refuge with us left for their homes and destinations. We soldiers also went where our fancies directed, and to examine, in particular, if we could find traces of injury that we had done to the Indians. We failed to see any signs of blood, but my comrade with me, Hiram Smiley, found the body of Laurence Rooney, our murdered companion, horribly mutilated and entirely stripped of his clothing, and the cordwood he had been cutting piled on top of him. His murderers had first hung him with a willow withe, the same being left around his neck; they had also mashed his face with the ax he had worked with. We now called out to our other comrades to bring up a blanket to carry the body down to the blockhouse, where we soon made a rude box and placed the remains therein.

IN PURSUIT.

Colonel Steptoe and his command proceeded on towards the Lower Cascades in quest of the hostile renegades, and about one mile and a half below the blockhouse met Lieutenant Sheridan and

his small command, just as they had crossed the river from the Oregon side to come to the relief of the blockhouse. But being that it had been relieved, he advised Colonel Steptoe to allow him to go back to the island he had just left and capture all the Cascade Indians there or that would get there after being abandoned by the fleeing Yakimas. Lieutenant Alexander Piper, Third artillery, of Colonel Steptoe's command, was permitted to accompany him, and took along a mountain howitzer. All the Indians on the island were made prisoners. Nine of the principal guilty miscreants that participated in the attack and massacre at the blockhouse were tried by a military commission and hung, as stated by Mr. Coe.

After accomplishing that duty, Lieutenant Sheridan and his command returned to Fort Vancouver, taking with them the remains of our murdered comrade for burial at the military cemetery.

In conclusion, I deem it due justice to all those who shared the protection of the little garrison, men, women and children, to say that they showed courage and fortitude worthy of admiration, for which we soldiers were truly thankful, as such noble, uncomplaining conduct encouraged us, and, moreover, gave us perfect liberty to perform our duties. To our decimated command of only five men and a sergeant was intrusted the important duty of guarding those murderous savages captured on the island, who received trial and execution, which, after having undergone the hardships of the siege and loss of sleep and rest, was indeed a hard duty for us to perform. But, considering the terrible torture and death which would have been our fate had we been caught, and in reverse circumstances, we all did our duty without the least feeling of complaint. But at the end of two days we were relieved of the command by an officer of the Ninth infantry (I think Lieutenant Harvey), who had under his command a detachment of twelve men. A few days afterward we were sent to join our company at Van-

cover. Thus ends the history of the siege and defense of the middle blockhouse.

ROBERT WILLIAMS,

Sergeant of Ordnance, U. S. A., Retired.

Vancouver, November 10, 1896.

I find the following in general orders No. 14, headquarters of the army, New York, November 13, 1857:

Par. 4.—In March, 1856, Sergeant M. Kelly, company H, Fourth infantry, with eight men, gallantly defended a small blockhouse and protected all the public property at the Cascades, Washington territory, for two days, against a body of fifty Indians. He had one man, Private Laurence Rooney, killed, and two privates, F. Bernaur and O. McManus, wounded, the latter since dead of his wounds.

Par. 8 speaks of Lieutenant-Colonel Steptoe's (Ninth infantry) command, repulsing and routing the Indians, and Second Lieutenant Philip H. Sheridan, Fourth infantry, is specially mentioned for his gallantry. By command of Brevet Lieutenant-General Scott.

IRVIN McDOWELL,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

The following also recognizes the gallant defense of the blockhouse:

JOINT RESOLUTION

Relative to granting extra pay to certain soldiers for meritorious service at the Cascades.

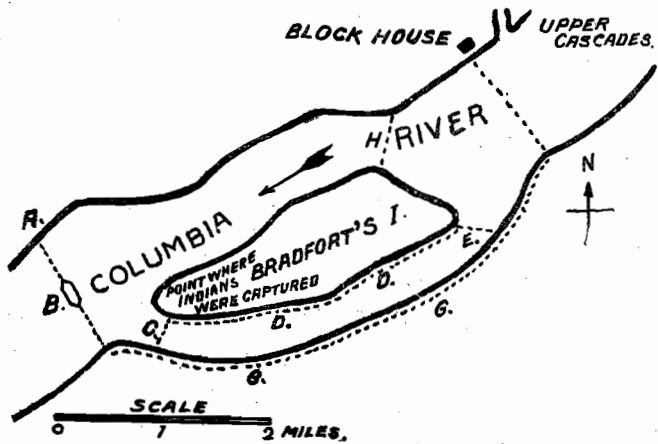
Resolved by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Washington:

That our delegate be and he is hereby instructed to exert his influence to procure the passage of an act by congress granting to Sergeant Kelly, and Privates Houser, Roach, Sheridan, Bernaur, Smiley and Williams, Company H, Fourth infantry, as a mark of commendation for their efficient aid in protecting the citizens that

escaped the massacre at the Cascades, W. T., on the 27th of March last, and their gallant conduct in defending the blockhouse at that place against the combined attack, for three days, of several hundred Indians, the extra pay allowed during the Mexican war to such noncommissioned officers and privates as received certificates of merit for distinguished services.

Passed January 24, 1857.

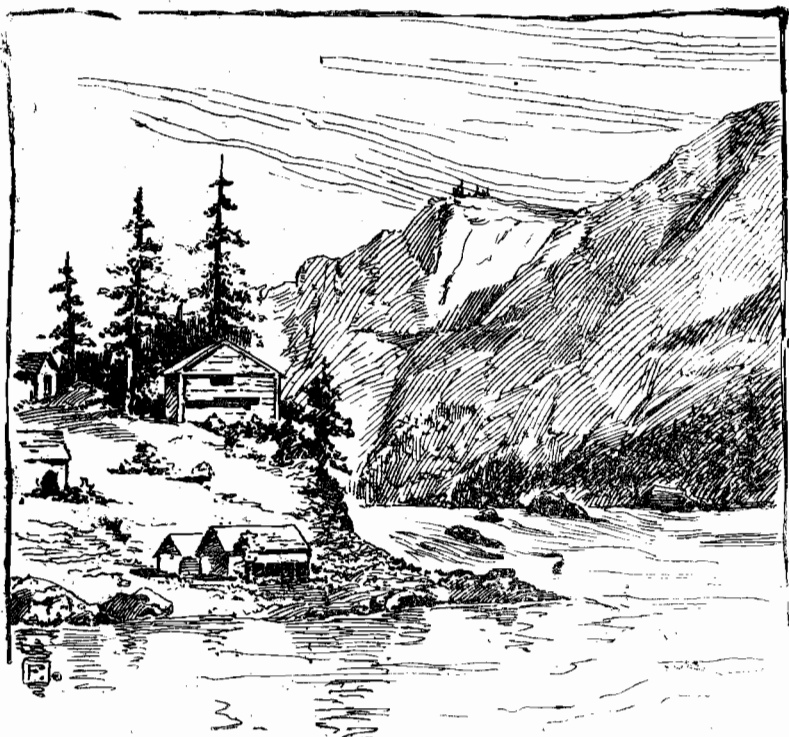
R. W.



Lieutenant Sheridan's fight for the relief of the blockhouse at the

EXPLANATION:

- | | |
|--|--|
| A. Point of landing from steamer. | E. Crossing again to south shore. |
| B. Route of crossing to south side of river. | F. Crossing to blockhouse. |
| C. Route of crossing to island. | G. Route of troops marching up on south side of river. |
| D. Route by which the boat was pulled up. | H. Route to the island to attack the Indians. |



Cascades of the Columbia in 1856.

—Pritchell, an English tailor, and J. R. Shortess, who had resided some years in Western Missouri.

After reorganizing by re-electing their leader, and agreeing to bury all bygones and differences, they, early in June, crossed the Missouri line into Indian territory, which at that time reached from Missouri to the Pacific ocean and from the bay of San Francisco to the Arctic. The first encampment was at Elm Grove, about thirty miles from the Missouri boundary, on the Santa Fe road, where, during the following day, they remained to complete the organization of the company and procure a supply of flour at the Shawnee agency. The organization was completed by the election of C. Wood lieutenant, and the division of the company into platoons of four men each, sixteen men and two officers all told. On the following morning, by sound of trumpet, the company was called to hear the following general order read:

“Oregon dragoons, attention! The order of march for the day is: The first platoon will march in front, the second platoon in rear of first, the third platoon in rear of second, which will take charge of the public mules, and the fourth platoon in the rear. Take your places. (Trumpet sounds.) Forward! March! Close order!”

The Santa Fe road was preferred to the usual or Platte road, by the advice of A. Sublette and Phil Thompson, who arrived at Independence from the Rocky mountains, while the party stopped at the former place.

The little party having now left the civilized world behind them and entered an unknown and dangerous country, it might be expected that they would unite for mutual assistance and protection, but unfortunately such was not the case. Old grudges still had their influence, new causes of discontent arose, and unity of interest failed to produce unity of feeling. Near the crossing of the Osage river three men, Owen Garrett, Thomas Pickett and Moore, concluded to leave and return to Peoria. The rest continued their journey, but not in that cheerful and resolute mood requisite to enterprises of the nature of that in which they were engaged. It is not intended to make a record of daily occurrences, but merely a

sketch from memory of some of the more important events of which the writer was cognizant. For several days after the event already noted, they continued their march through a country of rich soil, abundant water and little timber. When within about one day's travel of the buffalo range, four men, of whom the writer was one, were sent forward to kill meat. Toward evening they overtook a train of wagons bound for Santa Fe, belonging to Mr. Kelly, who was quite alarmed at the sight of travelers, but soon became satisfied that our intents were not wicked. At the same time we were overtaken by a storm of wind, rain, thunder and lightning, such as is seldom witnessed except on the Western prairies, from which we sheltered ourselves as well as we could under the lee of Mr. Kelly's wagons. After it abated we pursued our journey, and soon arrived at an encampment belonging to Charles Bent and Larout, consisting of ten wagons loaded with furs and peltries, a large band of mules, and a flock of sheep bound for Missouri and a market. Mr. Bent very kindly offered us the shelter of his tent, which we gladly accepted. His party, a short time previous to our meeting, had lost about thirty-one head of horses and mules (strayed), and requested us if we found them to take them to his fort, which we afterward did.

In the morning we started on our way, but found that the storm had swelled the small streams so as to render traveling difficult. After fording and swimming several, the party arrived on the Little Arkansas, which they found so swollen and rapid as to render it unsafe, if not impractical, so they spread their baggage on the grass to dry, took out fishing tackle, and soon had a number of catfish on the bank. On the next morning the river had fallen so as to render crossing practicable, which was effected, and the hunters resumed their journey, expecting very soon to feast on buffalo hump and marrow bones. But, alas for human hopes! when they reached the hunting ground they found plenty of signs, but no meat. The Crow Indians had been there and they and the game had left for parts unknown. Our hunters, after riding all day in search of game, bivouacked at night supperless, having neglected to breakfast on fish, in anticipation of fat buffalo. They had now

fasted 24 hours, with no better prospect for tomorrow. On the following morning the hunters were early in the saddle, seeking their morning meal, but noon came and passed, the sun declined in the western sky without any prospect of relief, when one of the party shot a large rattlesnake. His comrade observed that they might do well to carry it along for supper, provided they found nothing better. "I'm not hungry enough yet to eat rattlesnake," was the reply. At sunset they reached the corral of a train of Santa Fe wagons at the mouth of Walnut creek, an affluent of the Arkansas, where they camped. Next morning they proceeded in advance of the train, but found no game throughout the day; stopped at night with the Santa Fe traders; started ahead in the morning, and in a short time descried three buffaloes in the distance; gave chase, and, after an exciting run, two of them were brought down, the meat cut into slices, scaffolds erected, the meat placed on them, and fires kindled underneath to dry it. The hunters were here overtaken by the rest of the party, who had found Mr. Bent's animals and brought them along. During the separation, the dissatisfaction of the main portion had increased almost to mutiny and a feast of fresh buffalo had but little effect in allaying their wrath. After halting over night, the party took the line of march on the wagon road on the north side of the Arkansas river. On the second or third day an accident happened, which caused much suffering to the individual, and detriment to the company. The writer was absent at the time, having gone in search of some mules that had strayed off the night previous, but the statement of eye-witnesses was that a wordy war broke out between the men while packing up in the morning. One of them seized his rifle by the muzzle and drew it towards him with a jerk; the hammer being entangled with his saddle was drawn back and the rifle discharged, the bullet glancing from a button of his trousers, passing between the skin and ribs, fracturing some of them and stopping inside the skin near the back. An express was sent to the wagon train, which was not far ahead, and soon returned with a surgeon and light wagon. The ball was extracted, the wound dressed, and late in the afternoon the company resumed their journey, traveling

until a late hour, and bivouacked on the prairie in a violent storm. We proceeded on our way early and soon overtook the wagons, traveled in company with them to the crossing of the Arkansas, a distance of about 200 miles. The weather was very hot, with occasional storms of rain, wind and thunder. Our wounded man was entirely helpless and unable to bear rapid traveling, consequently our progress was slow. Before reaching the crossing, our leader, in consequence of intemperance and neglect of duty, had entirely lost all influence or authority, and every one did that which was right in his eyes. Here (at the crossing) we separated from the wagons, they crossing to the southern side, and we continuing up the river on the north. Three of our party, Chauncey Wood, Quinn Jordan and Pritchett, left and went to New Mexico, and a man named Blair left the Santa Fe teams and joined us. Before leaving the crossing, our leader, being accused of incompetency and waste of funds placed in his hands, saw fit to resign, and narrowly escaped expulsion along with two others who had become obnoxious to the party. They were, however, permitted to stay until our arrival at Bent's fort. We were here obliged to return the wagon which we had borrowed, and, after spending a day in trying to make a litter for our invalid, and failing from want of skill and proper material, we placed him on our gentlest mule, detailed three men to attend him, and resumed our journey, toiling slowly under a burning sun over sandy plains. We reached Bent's fort, a distance of 150 miles, in about 10 days. Here we halted to arrange for the further prosecution of our journey, it being the first opportunity of a safe resting place since leaving Independence.

We remained at Bent's fort about one week, during which time the stores of the party were collected as was also the property held in common. Three, T. J. Farnham, Sydney Smith and C. A. Oakley, were voted out, and W. Blair and Joseph Wood chose to go with them. They went under the guidance of a trapper named Kelly, following the Arkansas river. The rest of our party, now reduced to eight, followed the same river about 60 miles, thence north to South Platte, which we reached at the spot where the city of Denver now stands; thence down the river to

St. Vrain's fort, where we halted to await the arrival of a party bound for a trading post on Green river. Here we were detained six weeks. During our stay, four of us went on a buffalo hunt, in company with some men belonging to the fort, and were quite successful in killing meat. On the morning after starting, two Sioux Indians came to us; one of them was lame; both were on foot, and worn down by traveling. They represented themselves as belonging to a war party returning from an expedition against the Pawnees and Omahas, over whom they had gained a great victory, killing 90 of the former and 40 of the latter, and asked leave to stop with us for rest and refreshment. They remained during the day and night, but in the night appeared desirous of leaving without our notice, but did not succeed. In the morning after breakfast they set out and were seen by our hunters about 10 or 12 miles from camp, traveling north toward their home. On that night our animals were picketed, as usual, close to camp; but in the morning seven of them were missing, with the ropes by which they were fastened, and were never seen by us afterwards. A few days after this, a party of whites arrived from Laramie and stated that two Indians had arrived at that place just as they left, having animals in their possession answering the description of those we had lost. Through the long weary weeks of August and part of September we waited for the Green river party, but waited in vain. Our time was spent in buffalo hunting, berrying and rides to Indian villages. Three villages visited the fort—Cheyennes, Arapahoes and renegade Sioux. There were at that time three forts within 10 miles on South Platte, viz.: Lubton's, Sublette and Vasquez', Bent and St. Vrain's, and as a necessary consequence of the civilizing influences of commerce, the Indians were drunken and debauched, and the whites ditto, but much more so.

At length the expected party arrived, and we renewed our journey, following the Cache La Pouch, crossing the Black Hills to Laramie, up the same nearly to its source, thence to North Platte; thence across the divide separating the waters of the Atlantic from those of the Pacific. We struck a small stream known as the St. Vrain's fork, down which we journeyed to its junction with

Little Bear river, an affluent of Green river, traveling some distance down Bear river; thence over a barren desert, and entered Brown's Hole, a fertile and pleasant valley on Green river. No incidents of this journey are remembered of much interest except passing the spot where a battle had been fought between a party of white hunters and a war party of Sioux, in which the latter were repulsed with a loss on the part of the whites of one man and several animals; Indian loss unknown. The weather during the journey was pleasant, and game plentiful. Two trading parties had come from the Platte in company with us—one from Sublette and Vasquez in charge of T. Biggs, and the other from Bent and St. Vrain's in charge of C. Warfield, who afterward attained some notoriety as a Texan colonel. As evidence of the good (?) feeling among rival traders, it may be mentioned that Biggs, wishing to send a letter to his employers by Warfield, who was about returning, applied to the present writer to send it, as the employes of rival companies were forbidden to do such favors for each other.

In Brown's Hole we stopped at Fort Crockett, a trading post owned by Thompson Craig and St. Clair, where were several traders and trappers, among whom were Dr. Robert Newell and Joseph L. Meek, who have since become pretty well known in Oregon and Washington, especially the latter. Soon after our arrival we had a snow storm, which continued about 24 hours. The snow fell in the valley about 10 inches, and on the mountains about three feet in depth. The party of emigrants, considering that further traveling was impracticable, decided (with the exception of the writer) to go into winter quarters, and as soon as the weather moderated, commenced building a shanty for that purpose. Newell and Meek being about to start to Fort Hall to sell their furs and lay in a supply of goods for the winter trade, the writer was invited to accompany them. As soon as the snow melted on the low ground, we started on our journey of 300 miles, having about three days' provisions of dried meat. Two hunters, Craig and Mitchell, went ahead, promising to bring a supply of meat to our camp in the evening but came in empty handed, took supper and remained with us

coercion as a last resort. In this they only manifest that they are human.

I remained at the station until the 12th of March, 1840, when I left for the Willamette. I set out, solitary and alone, and continued so until I arrived at an Indian village below Walla Walla, when I overtook an Indian chief of the Deschutes village, with whom I traveled to The Dalles. The weather was windy and cold, and the air darkened with drifting sand, and on the day of our arrival at Deschutes it snowed during most of the day and became bitter cold in the evening, the weather continuing cold and stormy. I remained at the village during the next day, and was hospitably treated by the chief and his people. During the previous winter a religious revival had been going on, and 1,000 natives had, according to a report sent to the board of missions, been hopefully converted. While stopping at this village, I had an opportunity of seeing some of the effects. Each morning and evening the village was called together at the chief's lodge to hold a prayer meeting. The exercises were as usual on such occasions. At the close, the chief would say to the writer, interrogatively, "Tants ta token" (good people). Being answered in the affirmative, he went on to tell of the change from sin to righteousness wrought in them through the instructions of the missionaries, and concluded by asking for tobacco to treat his people to a smoke all around. On the second morning the sun was clear and bright, and, swimming my horses over the Deschutes, I set forward for the mission, 15 miles distant, escorted by the chief and four or five of his people. I arrived about noon and met a kind reception from Rev. H. K. W. Perkins, the missionary in charge. I also found at the mission a Mr. Ben. Wright, from Texas (of whom more hereafter), and a young man by the name of Dutton, both of whom had crossed the plains the year previous. I found Mr. Perkins deeply interested in missionary work and sanguine of full success. Rev. David Lee, his associate, was off on a visit to the villages on the river below The Dalles.

Ben. Wright had, according to his own story, once been a Methodist itinerant in missions, but, weary of the profession, had gone to Texas and engaged in trade. Being threatened with indictment for selling liquor to negroes and Indians, he left in haste and made his way to Oregon, in 1839. He and Mr. Dutton had crossed the plains together, stopped at The Dalles to work for

the mission, and became the subjects of converting grace. Wright had taken up his old trade or profession, and had been quite an efficient laborer in the late revival. He and Dutton were now buying horses from the Indians to drive to Willamette for sale, and, offered work at The Dalles, I concluded to remain till they were ready to start for the settlement, meanwhile working at the mission farm.

In about two weeks we were ready to bid adieu to The Dalles, intending to cross to the north side of the river at a point about 10 miles below, but, on arriving at the place, found the wind too high, and camped to wait for a change. Very soon angry words and gestures were used by my traveling companions and several Indians, who had accompanied us from the mission, to each other, and I noticed the Indians preparing their guns for service. On my inquiring of Rev. B. Wright the cause of the quarrel, I was answered by his asking, "Will you fight?" I replied, "Certainly: if there is fighting to be done, I'll take a hand in it, but I wish to know what it is about." "Why," said his reverence, "these Indians claim that they have not been paid according to contract for their horses, and threaten to take some of them from us." After making what preparation we could for war, peace was made by paying the natives a few shirts and other trifles, with which they departed, apparently well satisfied; we, however, stood guard all night and next morning. The wind continuing high, we proceeded down the river on the south side, over mountains and rocks, for two days, to a point on the Cascades, where we stopped two or three days waiting for calm weather. At length the wind abated and we procured the assistance of some of the natives, who ferried us and swam our horses to the other side. After passing the Cascades, we left the river, and, passing over the mountains covered with snow and so steep that our horses had to slide down them, arrived in two days at Fort Vancouver, the commercial capital of Oregon. Here we rested and replenished our stock of provisions and goods to pay traveling expenses, and then, with the assistance of Keasena, an Indian chief at Vancouver, crossed to the south side and remained in camp from Saturday till Monday, feasting on sturgeon and wapatoes.

On Monday we left the Columbia river, and, crossing the Columbia slough and Clackamas river, we camped on a prairie a

Green river on his return from Fort Hall, to which place he had guided Rev. J. S. Griffin and Asahel Munger and their families, who were on their way to Oregon's independent missionaries. Richardson said that he was well acquainted with the climate and soil of the Willamette, of which he gave so unfavorable an account as to induce them to return with him. Farnham, Smith and Blair continued on their way to Oregon. The former two disagreed so widely respecting the salmon and furs they expected to ship, and the division of the profits as to become irreconcilable enemies, and separated at Walla Walla. Blair found employment as a millwright at Clearwater mission. In the spring he came to the Willamette, stayed two or three years, went to California, and there died. He was an honest, upright man, but intellectually weak. Smith went to Willamette and was employed as a laborer. He is yet living and has accumulated considerable property. Of his moral qualities it is not necessary to speak, as he is well known. Farnham also went to the Willamette, where he spent some time at the Methodist mission and among the settlers. He returned to Vancouver, but, instead of raising the American flag and turning the Hudson's Bay Company out of doors, he accepted the gift of a suit of clothes and a passage to the Sandwich Islands, and took a final leave of Oregon. He wintered at the islands, went to California in the spring, arriving at a time of some disturbance between the government and some foreigners who had attempted to take the control of affairs and had been themselves taken by the authorities and held in duress vile. Mr. Farnham, by representing himself as acting by authority of the United States government, was able to influence the California officers, or at least claimed that he did so. However that may have been, the prisoners were released without punishment. From California he made his way through Mexico to the United States, returning to California in 1849 or '50, and died.

Of those who returned to Illinois, Pickett became editor of a paper in Illinois or Iowa; Garrett, a steamboat pilot, married rich, and settled down for life. Oakley died a few years after his return. Moore fancied riding a horse without the owner's leave, and was boarded at the expense of the state for so doing. Chauncey Wood, J. Quinn Jordan and James Trask also returned to Peoria some time later. Of those who wintered in the mountains, four, viz., Francis Fletcher, Joseph Holman, Ralph L. Kilbourne and Amos Cook, arrived at the Methodist mission about the first of June.

They left their winter quarters in February, the weather being warm and pleasant, but were caught in a snow storm, which detained them 40 days in reaching Fort Hall, a distance usually traveled in 10 days. After reaching the fort, they went north with but little difficulty. They are all living in Oregon yet, with the exception of Kilbourne, and are among our most prosperous and respected citizens. About the same time, the ship *Lausanne*, from New York, arrived in the Columbia river, having on board the Rev. Jason Lee, with a supply of goods for the mission, and a large reinforcement of missionaries, numbering some 45 or 50 persons in all, children included. The hopes of all in Oregon were considerably raised by this arrival of so many persons devoted to the religious, moral and physical good of the country, and it seemed for some time as if vice and immorality were to be banished from the land, and truth and righteousness prevail everywhere. But, alas! it soon became apparent that missionaries are not exempt from the failings of humanity.

“Poor race of men,” said the pitying spirit,

“Dearly we pay for our primal fall;

Some flowers of Eden ye still may impart,

But the trail of the serpent is over them all.”

In June of this year (1840) the brig *Maryland*, of Newburyport, arrived in the Columbia river, and remained till September.

REMINISCENCES.

BY T. M. RAMSDELL, A PIONEER OF 1844.

I, T. M. Ramsdell, came to Oregon in 1844 when I was 23 years old. I will briefly, as my recollection serves me, give you some facts and incidents. When our emigration of 1844 started on the transcontinental trip we had not heard whether the emigration of 1843, of about 80 wagons, under the pilotage of Dr. Whitman, the missionary, had succeeded in safely getting through. There were no mails those days. That emigration was the first emigration of wagons to cross the plains, and from Fort Hall, for about 600 miles, they broke the first wagon road. Our emigration was of about 150 wagons, and in the next year, 1845, there were about 500 wagons. The very rainy season of 1844 hindered us very much on the first part of the journey, and we were very late in reaching The Dalles of the Columbia, where our wagon road ended. Two years afterwards the Barlow road was made over the Cascades. Our party of Captain Shaw's company, under General Gilliam's command, reached The Dalles about the 3d day of November, and while the families went down the Columbia on bateaus and rafts, some of us drove our cattle over the Indian trails, in snow and rain, and on the 2d day of December we reached Liunton, on the Willamette. There was no Portland then. Three days after we left The Dalles we were out of provisions and we were six days more before we reached our people to get more. In the meantime we traded our clothes to the Indians for roots and wormy salmon skins to live upon. Garishe's party, next behind us, killed and ate a dog. The emigrants of 1843 had bought supplies from the Hudson's Bay fort, which had been shipped to that company as trappers' supplies; but our emigration was too large to be supplied from that source, and many necessary things were lacking.

Our emigration was from Missouri, mostly because of periodical malarial sickness there; some from financial troubles; some because of 640 acres of land which the Linn bill before congress promised. I often heard Father Cave, a Methodist minister, say of the trip: "I confess this to be the most foolish act of my life." The French Canadian trappers, the missionaries, and a few Americans had settled in the Willamette before the emigrants of 1843,

and our emigrants obtained food supplies from them. I consider Dr. McLoughlin and the Hudson's Bay Company did well by us, although we antagonized their plan of securing to Great Britain this Oregon by the possession of settlement. I remember working five days for Charley McKay for a pair of shoes made entirely of sole leather which he had tanned, and I was fortunate, as most of our emigration wore moccasins. I remember hearing Charley McKay say that he would give a horse for a gallon of whisky, and he cursed Dr. McLoughlin for shutting out whisky from this country. Buckskin clothing was in large use among us. Some stores sprang up at Oregon City, but legal tender was more in the form of furs and produce than in cash. I packed butter in boxes on a pack horse 60 miles to pay for my wife's wedding dress. We brought no money from the states and had none till the gold mines broke out in 1849. We were all broken down to a social equality financially. I remember taking in but 25 cents from any source from 1844 till 1848. Very few could hire work done only by barter, and after staying a week at Oregon City, looking for work, I started with several others for the French settlements without a wagon road, over Indian trails, uncertain ways to us: was once lost; camped out—a weary trip, but we reached there. I found work with an old trapper, with native wife, a Mr. Lucier, and worked on contract, in trade, to build him a frame barn—the first Yankee frame barn in the French prairie. I had an emigrant's appetite and could eat squaw cooking, fly-blows, or anything else, but I was disgusted with Oregon. I tried, in the spring of 1845, to fix for going back to the states with Dr. White, an attache at one time of the mission, but supposed at times to be an Indian agent. I did not succeed, and it was well for me, for Dr. White, with Brown and Saxton, suffered terribly, being robbed at one time by Pawnees, and obliged to walk 200 miles to the first white settlement.

In the French settlement I was at a called meeting of the settlers for mutual protective measures, as common citizens of Oregon, destitute of any national oversight. But little was accomplished. I remember distinctly that Mr. Judson, an attache of the Methodist Indian mission, nearly precipitated a break-up of the gathering and an imminent personal conflict between the French settlers and the American element by his hot remarks, and by insisting that the United States people alone control this move-

ment. There were present American trappers like Jo Meek, Robert Newell and others, as well as conservative emigrants, who finally pacified the excited French. I heard Jo Meek tell some of his famous trapping and fighting stories in his own inimitable style.

In the French prairie I remember old man Cannon, who was one in the Hunt party of 1813, of Astor fame, and now a settler here. I remember La Framboise, settled near Champoeg, who was the first white person who saw the Willamette valley. While a Hudson's Bay trapper he went with an Indian party from the Clatsop plains to a tribe in the Willamette to recover a runaway squaw for a Clatsop, or rather Chinook, chief. Tom McKay was a famous leader, a Napoleon, among the early Indians—reputed a medicine man, an expert in Indian games, and very daring. He was much feared. Once, going across the Cascades to recover a runaway squaw, the tribe asked what he would give. He held up a bullet between his thumb and finger. The squaw was returned. At Father Leslie's house, at Oregon City, Tom was given a Testament to read at family prayers. His verse was, "They that are whole need no physician," but he read it "physicking."

From the French prairie I went up to the Mission Institute, as it was then called; now it is Salem. Some of our emigrants had located there. After this I went with Father E. E. Parrish over a wagon road he was first to travel to the Santiam river, and I saw that river before an emigrant had ever crossed it. Milton Hale, of 1845, first crossed it. In fact, but three families were in the whole Santiam country, with none on the south as far as California. Hamilton Campbell, once of the mission, a Mr. Holden, lately from the Sandwich Islands, and Mr. Looney, of the emigration of 1843, had ventured into the virgin wilds of the Santiam. During 1845 others settled there. There were bands of Indians around. Others of our company discovered and settled on the west in the Rickreall country. I heard General Gilliam describing what a fine country he discovered in what is now Polk county.

As we were dependent on ourselves for protection, Captain Bennett, afterwards killed in the Yakima war, organized about 30 of us young men into a company called the Oregon Rangers. We drilled at the Mission Institute. This was either in the fall of 1845 or the spring of 1846. I remember in the summer of 1846 that

Mr. Looney lost some cattic, killed by Indians, and he called upon us to assist him in getting redress. We went in a body under Lieutenant A. A. Robinson, in the absence of Captain Bennett, first to the Santiam. We found from scouts that the band of Indians were moving north; then went nearly to Salem; then turned south again, and found the Indians camped on a creek six miles south of Salem. We surrounded the camp, found the fighting Indians hid in the grass and brush outside and around us; had a parley and they all came in; could not come to terms, and our lieutenant concluded to take the leading Indians as hostages for payment. When the second platoon moved to surround them, the Indians rushed to the brush and a brisk firing on both sides was carried for a short time, and we moved back to the hill. Several Indians were wounded, and one of our horses, and our parleying broke up. Some frightened settlers slept out away from their houses that night. Some arrangements were made with the Indians the next day. In our skirmish some one said, "Patterson is shot." He was helped off his horse, and to water, but the place where he was shot was never found. Mr. Doty, returning to his home from Mr. Looney's the next morning, was chased by Indians in war paint, but they proved to be Chief Louie's band of friendly Calapooias, who had been after the other roving band of Walla Wallas that we had been engaged with. In that scare Mr. Holden, when informed the Indians were coming, shaved and dressed for death. In 1847, one night about midnight, I was awakened by a runner from the lower valley, calling me to get up and save myself and wife by forting up with others at Campbell's, as the Molalla Indians had broken out below and were killing all the settlers as they went. The scare was worse than the reality, but we gathered at Campbell's. Scouts sent out brought news that the Indians were moving south, and I was one of a small party that went to intercept them at the crossing of the North Santiam, where they were expected to cross. But news came that they had had a second engagement below, and the Indians were scattered. So we returned to our homes. While I was gone from home a friendly Indian had broken into my house and stolen provisions. I remember my young brother-in-law, living with me, coming home from a neighbor's, was surrounded by painted Indians, yelling and charging around him, but they merely frightened him badly. The settlers, on the whole, dealt justly with the Indians and succeeded

sions through the winter. We waited until the following Monday, meanwhile living on salmon trout and bread made of unbolted flour, without salt. My brother Daniel then went down to the mission to see why James did not return. When he arrived at the mission, he learned that Dr. Whitman, his wife, and all those associated with him, 14 in all, had been massacred by the Cayuse Indians on Monday, November 29, 1847, and that James was killed the day he left us, when about a mile from the mission. The Indians held a council the night my brother got there, in order to determine what they should do with us at the mill. Their conclusion was to keep my brother Daniel all night and have him come to the mill and tell us all to come down to the mission the day following. He got to the mill about an hour before sundown and told us the terrible news; and about a half an hour afterwards five big Indians came up to see that we did not get away, which was useless, as there were no white folks nearer than the Willamette valley.

The next morning we started for the mission with the Indians following behind as a kind of rear guard. In fact, we were prisoners and were regarded as such. We got there a little after dark, and were put into a room where two men by the name of Bewley and Sales had been killed that day. At the time of the massacre they were sick, so the Indians waited ten days until they got well, and killed them. Their bodies were thrown out of the back door, and laid there when we arrived. The floor of the room was covered with blood. You can imagine our feelings at such a time.

At the time of the massacre, the Indians attacked all points at once. They were detailed at every place, and when they heard a pistol shot in Dr. Whitman's house, which seemed to be the signal for general attack. The doctor, who was reading in the library, was shot in the temple, but he lingered several hours. They at last killed him with a tomahawk. Every one was struck down at whatever occupation he happened to be at. There was no time for defense. Mrs. Whitman and a young man named Rogers were wounded, and both of them fled up stairs and poked an old musket over the top of the stairs and kept the Indians at bay until they heard them talking of burning the house down. Then they agreed to come down, with the assurance from the Indians that they should not be hurt. Rogers assisted Mrs. Whitman down stairs, and they carried her out on a litter, and when they set it

down the Indians fired a volley, riddling them with bullets. They died a few hours afterwards.

A man named Osborn and his wife and three children, one of them only a day or two old, were in a room by themselves, and, upon hearing the firing, raised some of the floor and all crept under the house, and escaped immediate danger. While there Osborn heard Mrs. Whitman praying for God to sustain her parents in this great affliction which would now fall upon them. He also heard Rogers moaning in the night, and the last he heard him say was, "Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly," and then all was quiet. Osborn lay for some hours longer, listening for any sound from the Indians, and as all was quiet, he raised the floor and came out. Taking what pieces of bread they could find, they started out in the dark, his wife hardly able to walk. He took two of his little children in his arms, and his wife the youngest. They traveled three or four miles down the Walla Walla river and hid themselves in the brush during the day. They frequently heard the Indians talking as they passed near them. The next night when it was dark they started again toward Fort Walla Walla. That night Mrs. Osborn gave out, completely exhausted from her recent illness and subsequent exposure. Osborn hid them in the brush as well as he could, and started toward Fort Walla Walla for assistance.

He arrived there about noon, very weak and hungry, and asked Mr. McBean, the captain, for a horse to go after his wife and children, but the captain refused to let any of his horses go. He also refused to give him any food to relieve his hunger—he had eaten nothing for three days. McBean at last let him have a little food and told him to go to the Umatilla, and forbade him to return to the fort. While Osborn was eating, an artist named Stanley arrived at the fort. When the case came to his knowledge, he offered his horse to Mr. Osborn.

With an Indian as a guide, and a little meat and crackers furnished by Stanley, Mr. Osborn set out to return to his suffering wife and children. He and his guide traveled rapidly, arriving near the place where he supposed his family to be concealed, but the darkness had confused his recollection. They hunted for them until after daylight before finding them. The poor mother and children were barely alive, having suffered from famine, exposure

pany, came up from Fort Vancouver to Fort Walla Walla, and bought us from the Indians by giving them blankets, butcher knives and ammunition. Happily for the captives, the prompt action of the Hudson's Bay Company averted any collision between the Indians and Americans until after they had been ransomed.

We started from the mission with ox teams, before daylight. December 31, and we reached the fort that night, about an hour after dark. We were all put into one room, and were so crowded that we could hardly find sleeping room on the floor.

Captain McBean allowed the Indians in the inclosure of the fort that night. They held their war dance, whooping and yelling, until after midnight. The captain came into the room and said: "You must not say here what you believe was the cause of the massacre. These very walls have ears." He came in several times during the evening, and said that he could not keep the Indians out of the inclosure of the fort. He had his cannon all shotted and ready, he said, and if the Indians made an attack, he could fire from the parapets of the fort and clear the inclosure of the Indians. This was all said to intimidate us.

The road from Spalding's mission intersected our road from Whitman's, about ten miles from the fort, and, as we came to this road, Spalding and his party came in view, with ten or fifteen Nez Perces Indians; they were tall, noble fellows, who came to guard Spalding's party to Fort Walla Walla. Spalding had left his daughter, Eliza, at Whitman's on the way over to the Umatilla. She had been with us ever since the massacre. She met her father, mother, brother and sister, and to them the meeting was like meeting one raised from the dead. Canfield was also with Spalding's party, and he too met his wife and children.

The day after we arrived at the fort was New Year's day. On this day we all started down the Columbia, in three boats, with crews of Canadian Frenchmen, with Mr. Ogden in the leading boat. Think of this, going down the Columbia in midwinter, in open boats, and only the scanty clothing we had on when taken prisoners by the Indians four weeks before, no shelter to cover our heads, and nothing but a few old blankets to make our beds on the cold, bleak shores of the Columbia. This was a paradise compared with being held by the Indians, and a council held every few days to determine what they would do with us.

At the Deschutes in the Columbia river, we made a portage of over one mile in length, carrying our boats on our shoulders, bottom side up, twelve men to each boat. We launched the boats again, and ran through the dalles, a very dangerous passage—the second party that ever passed through those rock-bound channels safely. We came out four or five miles above The Dalles city, that is now. It is eight miles through, and we ran the distance in about twenty minutes. As we came opposite The Dalles, we saw the volunteers that were on their way to avenge the death of Whitman and others. We passed salutes with them, and kept on our course down the river to the cascades, where we made another portage of about a mile. We carried two boats, as before, and let one over the cascades and caught it below. We camped that night at what is called Cape Horn. There is where we saw the first tidewater. The tide there rose and fell about a foot. The next night we arrived at Fort Vancouver; it belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company, and was a dilapidated, dirty place, with a few Indians and French Canadians around the fort. That night we occupied a small plank house, the first shelter we had after leaving Fort Walla Walla. We staid until Monday, then all got into two large barges and started for Oregon City, our destination. We stopped at Portland an hour or two. It at that time contained two frame houses and a few log huts. We camped on Ross island, and the next day we reached Oregon City, destitute of everything. The Indians had taken all our property, except what few bundles we could carry in our hands. There we were put on the shore to face the world in our helpless condition. In a few hours we secured a slab shanty. Into this we carried our few bundles, and that night slept the sleep of the weary and worn out.

"I went over to the mission house, sometimes two or three times in the day, as long as the bodies were lying there. The place was full of Indians every day but Sunday. That day we had to ourselves, until night. We had to sew for them, cut and make shirts out of a bolt of yellow flannel they had brought out of the doctor's stores. One Indian was very wroth because, he said, the sewing was not good. He said it would all pull out. Mrs. Saunders showed him another flannel shirt, which was made in the same way, and satisfied him that they were doing for the Indians as well as they could for any one. Governor Ogden, that same fall, had sent Mrs. Whitman a present of a new dress. The pattern is as vivid to me as if it were on this table. Lining, buttons, everything necessary were in the package. (The doctor amused himself with making Mrs. Whitman guess the name of the giver. She tried a great many times before getting the right one.) An Indian brought those goods to be made into shirts. There were a great many that the women were compelled to cook for. They ate, Indian fashion, and one case, Beardy, was made sick. After an attack of cholera morbus, he came over and reproached them; said he had saved the children's lives, and now they tried to poison him; and said he would burn the house. That day a woman called Catherine came from Fort Hall. She talked to Beardy and allayed his suspicions, and talked him out of his murderous humor. The third day after the massacre, Eliza Spalding and I went to the mission house. We found the rooms full of feathers, where ticks and pillows had been emptied. Almost everything had been taken from the house. A large chest in which Mrs. Whitman had stored her things not for common use was empty. Joe Stanfield, a French Canadian, was the only white man left, until Messrs. Smith and Young were brought from the sawmill, with their families. They were wanted to run the gristmill. Mr. Young had two sons about grown. Dr. Whitman would never allow any native to run the mill. He always exacted a regular toll from them to show them that he was not their servant, and that they must pay for their work. The Indians must have felt the change the following winter, for they had become accustomed to eating the mill products, and had nothing to take their place when they were stopped. Once Joe Lewis told us to go over to the crib and help him shell corn. I do not know whether it was for the house or for the Indians. The Indians could not talk with Smith and

Young, and Eliza Spalding could, and I went with her. We wrapped ourselves in a blanket and dug a place for shelter in a straw stack, for the December wind was cold.

"Crockett Bewley and Mr. Sales were sick in bed. Crockett was in bed in the boys' room during the massacre. We who were upstairs did not know it. Now, the Indians kept saying that they would have to kill all that were sick, to keep from taking the disease. Mary Ann Bridger got out of bed, at our persuasion, to make them believe she was not sick. When they began to beat Mr. Bewley with the post of a bedstead that had been broken up, we all ran outside, thinking the end was near for us all. They said to go back in, which we did. They threw the bodies of Mr. Bewley and Mr. Sales outside. We did not know what was to become of us. We lived from minute to minute. As I look back now, it seems as if all were demented. I cannot understand why certain things were done, unless it was from the bewilderment of the great shock. The Indians then told us to get dinner, for the priest was coming from Umatilla to bury the dead. The priest, Brouillet, came. He was a Frenchman. He had nothing to say to us—he just ate his dinner. A little while afterward Mrs. Hall, Eliza and I went over to help bury the dead. I did not go at first; I was afraid of the priest, but afterward thought better of it and went. Eliza was sewing a sheet around my brother. I took a few stitches, and then I couldn't go on. Joe Stanfield drove up the oxen and hitched to the wagon, and the bodies were buried on the edge of the Indian graveyard, where Joe said it was easier digging, but they were not covered enough for protection. Mrs. Whitman was not scalped, as has been asserted. Of that I am positive. My little sister died five days after the killing, Helen Meek two days after her death. The last time I was in the house I saw the doctor's medicine case, the cabinet of curios and specimens, and the bookcase, apparently undisturbed. All else had been removed or destroyed. A great many books were torn up. I have now the Bible of my own that Mr. Rogers had written my name in, and my daughter, Mary, has a Testament that belonged to my brother, John, when he left Ohio. This is all that remains to me of that part of my life.

"Sunday evening, as I remember, a week before we left, a number of braves, dressed in war paint, with whoopings and yellings, left for the fort, and said if the soldiers, whom they evidently

expected, were there, they would come back and finish their work by killing us all. They came back next day, with their tune changed, and said 'Uncle Pete,' as they called Mr. Ogden, was there, and that they had sold us and he had bought us, and we were to leave in three days. Such a change! Hope had seemed dead, but it was now born anew. Everything was done to make the ride comfortable that could be. Miss Bewley, who had been sent for from the Umatilla, arrived, for the message of Mr. Ogden was, 'All, every one, or no pay.' It was a cold ride, but we were kept up by the prospect of rescue. We reached the fort about dark, and were most kindly received and cared for by Mr. Ogden and the occupants of the fort, and everything that could contribute to our welfare was done for us. We were ordered to stay closely indoors, and on no account to open them for any one after they had been closed for the night. The Indians, many of whom went down with us to deliver us up and get their pay, were camped inside the square, and kept up their war songs nearly all night. These precautions taken by Mr. Ogden were of evident necessity.

"The morning we were to start to the boats, Mr. Spalding was put in the center, the men and boatmen outside, and so we marched to the boats, as there was evidently a determination that Mr. Spalding should not escape. The Indians were running along the bank as we left the fort. The cannon was fired as a parting salute to Mr. Ogden, but I think also as a suggestion to the Indians, who seemed in great excitement. The weather was wintry, but not stormy, and for the time of year good. At The Dalles we met the first of the volunteers going up to the rescue. Mr. Ogden said he was glad he had been before them, as otherwise there would not have been any one alive to be rescued. The portage at the Cascades was made in the manner of old. The goods were carried by land, and the boats had there to be recaulked and pitched, and then let over the rapids by ropes. This took a full day. When we neared Fort Vancouver the men began to sing a boatman's song, and never can music on earth be so beautiful to me. The cannon fired a salute of welcome to Mr. Ogden. We stayed there three days, and every one was exceedingly kind and considerate. At Portland we met others of the volunteers en route to Waiilatpu. Then Colonel Gilliam and Mr. Shaw, with whom we (Sagers) had crossed the plains, came to greet us. It seemed as if there was some one left in this great world, which had seemed so cruel, after all."

LIST OF ALL PRESENT AT WAILATPUE AT TIME OF THE MASSACRE.

BY GEO. H. HIMES, PORTLAND.

As I write there lies before me a document brown with its 49 years of age, a reminder of one of the most awful tragedies that ever took place in this country. It is a list of the persons killed and captured at the Whitman massacre at Waiilatpu (the mission station), a few miles from the present city of Walla Walla, Washington, on November 29, 1847. The handwriting is that of Peter Skeen Ogden, an old and influential factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, at Vancouver, who, prompted by humanity, and without waiting for orders from his superior officers, departed promptly to the scene of the massacre with an armed force. He held a council with the Cayuse Indians, which resulted in his ransoming the prisoners and taking them to Oregon City, where they arrived on January 10, 1848. For his humane conduct and prompt action, Mr. Ogden should always occupy a warm place in the hearts of all Americans. In times past, however, there have been those who accused him of attempting to arm the Cayuses against the Americans, because a few guns and a little ammunition formed a portion of the ransom paid to rescue these helpless women and children from a captivity worse than death. No pen can depict the terrible sufferings inflicted upon them, bordering upon infamy, including even girls of a tender age. No ransom was too great for their release.

It is possible that the list of names has been published somewhere before, but it has never appeared in these Transactions; hence it is here given, as prepared by Mr. Ogden:

"List of persons killed at Dr. Whitman's mission: Doctor Whitman, Mrs. Whitman, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Sanders, Mr. Marsh, John Sager, Francis Sager, Mr. Kimball, Mr. Gillen, Mr. Bewley, Mr. Young, Jr., Mr. Sales. Mr. Hall escaped to Walla Walla and was put across the Columbia river by Mr. McBean, and was never heard of afterwards.

"List of names of the persons from the mission of Dr. Whitman:

"Mission children—Miss Mary A. Bridger, Miss Catharine Sager, 13 years; Miss Elizabeth M. Sager, 10 years; Miss Matilda J. Sager, 8 years; Miss Henrietta N. Sager, 4 years.

"Mr. Joseph Smith, Mrs. Joseph Smith, Miss Mary Smith, 15 years; Edwin Smith, 13 years; Charles Smith, 11 years; Nelson Smith, 6 years; Mortimer Smith, 4 years; from Du Page county, Illinois.

"Miss Eliza Spalding (the second white child born of American parents west of the Rocky mountains; date of birth, November 15, 1837), Mrs. Rebecca Hays, H. Clay Hays, 4 years; the last two from Platte county, Missouri.

"Mrs. Eliza Hall, G. Jane Hall, 10 years; Mary C. Hall, 8 years; Ann E. Hall, 6 years; Rebecca Hall, 3 years; Rachel M. Hall, 1 year.

"Mrs. Mary Saunders, Helen M. Saunders, 14 years; Phoebe Saunders, 10 years; Alfred W. Saunders, 6 years; Nancy J. Saunders, 4 years; Mary A. Saunders, 2 years; from Mahaska

"Mr. Joseph Stanfield, Canadian.

"Mrs. Harriet Kimball, Susan M. Kimball, age 16 years; Nathan M. Kimball, 12 years; Byron E. Kimball, 8 years; Sarah S. Kimball, 6 years; Nimee A. Kimball, 1 year; from La Porte, Indiana.

"Mr. Elam Young, Mrs. Irene Young, Daniel Young, 21 years; John Q. A. Young, 19 years; from Osage county, Missouri.

"Mr. Josiah Osborn, Mrs. Marguerite Osborn; Nancy A. Osborn, 9 years; John L. Osborn, 3 years; Alexander A. Osborn, 2 years; from Henderson county, Illinois.

"Mrs. Sally A. Canfield, Ellen Canfield, 16 years; Ascur Canfield, 9 years; Clarissa Canfield, 7 years; Sylvia A. Canfield, 5 years; Albert Canfield, 3 years; from Mahaska county, Iowa.

"Miss Mary E. Marsh, Miss Lorinda Bewley.

"Mission children deceased since the massacre: Miss Hannah S. Sager, Miss Helen M. Meek."

All told, there were 14 persons killed and 53 taken prisoners today, eight of whom were present at the annual pioneer reunion of 1896.