Anita E. Albuschier
Born in
Vancouver Washington
Clark County
Sept. 4 - 1899
FORT VANCOUVER IN 1855.
(From a drawing by Captain Richard Covington)
Legends and Traditions
--OF--
Northwest History

--BY--
HON. GLENN N. RANCK
Author of "Pictures from Northwest History," "Letters from the Philippines," Scenes from Washington History," "Dramatic Speeches and Scenes," etc.

Souvenir Edition
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

"A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered by remote descendants,"—Macaulay.

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Among the many friends, living and dead, whose assistance has been of great help to the writer during the last twenty-five years, we might mention the following: Col. B. F. Shaw, the pioneer-warrior; Judge Columbia Lancaster, the first delegate to Congress from Washington Territory; Captain Robert Williams, hero of the Cascade Blockhouse; Major Marshall R. Hathaway, Adjutant-General of Washington and a member of the Battle-Ground expedition; A. T. Coffee, the only surviving member of that expedition; his twin brother, A. L. Coffee, also a member of the Clarke County Rangers; O. M. Seward, another member of that famous organization; Phillip Christ, who came to Vancouver with the first U. S. troops; Micheal Damphoffer, Vancouver's oldest living citizen, now in his 100th year; descendents of Amos and Esther Short, and of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ough; Professor Hough, teacher and student of history; the writer's father, Judge William Ranck, and many other pioneer citizens of high character and unblemished integrity.

"And he shall see old planets pass and alien stars arise,
And give the gale his reckless sail in shadows of new skies.
He shall desire loneliness, and his desire shall bring
Hard on his heels a thousand wheels, a people and a king.
He shall come back on his own track, and by his scarce cool camp.
There shall he meet the roaring street, the derrick and the stamp;
For he must blaze a nation's ways, with hatchet and with brand,
Till on his last-won wilderness an empire's bulwarks stand."

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It is highly desirable that the people of any State or Nation should be familiar with its history. We take a just pride in the settlement and early history of the United States. The landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, the coming of the Puritans and Cavaliers, Catholics and Quakers, and the early Colonial wars are known to all.

The "beginnings" of any State are always of absorbing interest. This is especially true of Oregon and Washington. Through our trackless forests roamed the dusky redman, the swarthy French-Canadian, the reckless fur-trapper, the venturesome courier-de-bois and other wandering "soldiers of fortune." Adown our crystal streams floated the light canoe of the French "voyageur," making the forests resound with his boisterous mirth and musical chansons. Amid these scenes of adventure and strife moved the somber flock of the devout missionary—Roman Catholic and Protestant. Here Fathers Blanchet and Brûillette, Jason Lee and Marcus Whitman vied with each other in the spreading of the gospel.

And then came the pioneer, with his noble wife and his children. His worldly possessions were few, but with his indomitable resolve and ardent patriotism, he founded these great sister-States and saved this region for the Union.

The history of the Pacific Northwest begins with the discovery of the Columbia River by an American sailor, Robert Gray, on May 11, 1792. This was followed by other explorations on sea and land, including the famous expedition by Lewis and Clark in 1805. Then came the fur traders and the ill-fated attempt of John Jacob Astor to establish a trading post at Astoria. On the other side the British spirit of acquisition was typified in that powerful organization, the Hudson’s Bay Company, which soon made its appearance upon the scene. The early missionaries came in the 30’s and the first home-builders in the 40’s. In 1818 the United States and England signed the treaty of joint occupation. This treaty was renewed every ten years until 1846, when it was abrogated.
by a new treaty by which the Oregon Territory became an undisputed part of the United States.

While waiting for the settlement of the boundary dispute between the United States and England, the settlers of the Oregon Territory organized a provisional government, with George Abernethy as Governor. This lasted from 1845 to 1849, when the Territory was duly organized by act of Congress. The new Governor, General Joseph Lane, took the oath of office on the last day of President Polk's administration. Washington Territory was organized in 1853, Isaac I. Stevens being the first Governor. Oregon was admitted to statehood in 1859, and Washington in 1889.

Until 1853, the Oregon Territory included all of Oregon and Washington and a part of Idaho.

The first Indian war in the Northwest began with the Whitman massacre in 1847. Six years afterwards a short campaign was carried on against the Indians of the Rogue River Valley. In the winter of 1855-56 occurred the great Indian uprising which lighted the Western hills with beacon fires of burning log cabins from the lava beds of Klamath to the blue shores of Puget Sound. This was the result of a powerful coalition among the savage tribes, known as the "Conspiracy of Kamiakin."

The story of this great onslaught is replete with bloody massacres and hard-fought battles. This terrible struggle was a severe trial of the courage and fortitude of the early settlers. It has left for us many thrilling traditions—a dramatic story for every storm-swept crag, a tender legend for every sun-lit vale. Shall we hear them?

This series of disconnected sketches is written with the hope of awakening an interest in the hearts of all, especially of the school children, in our long-neglected Northwest history. A feeble attempt has been made to invest the scenes with the same life and spirit with which they were enacted. It is hoped that these pages will not be found dull and colorless to the reader. Indeed, to the sympathetic student any account of the trials, hardships and the heroic deeds of our gallant pioneer men and women, should never be found lacking in life or spirit.
Too much credit cannot be given our patriotic pioneers. Leaving home and friends behind them, they traveled for months across the desert plains, erected homes, schools, and churches, “endured the hardships of Indian warfare, founded three noble commonwealths, and fairly won this magnificent domain for the Union.

To the writer the “short and simple annals” of the early settlers—their strivings, their sufferings, their heroism, “their homely joys and destiny obscure” are of entrancing, absorbing interest. He wishes to lay his faint but fervent tribute of praise at their feet.

To the sturdy pioneer and his noble wife this little volume is humbly and reverently dedicated.

GLENN N. RANCK.

Vancouver, Washington January 1, 1914
INTRODUCTION AND APPRECIATION

(Note—Professor Hough, the writer of this introduction, taught school in Vancouver thirty years, and was for many years principal of the Vancouver High School. A quarter of a century ago he was the beloved school teacher of the author of this work. GLENN N. RANCK.)

History furnishes a fascinating topic for both the author and the reader. In special fields of historic research no writer has a more important task, or a labor more interesting and fruitful, than he who collects, records, and embellishes the memories, the experiences, the traditions and legends of pioneers in any extended region.

This is especially true of the historic birth of the Pacific Northwest. Here the pioneer days teemed with events pathetic, heroic, even tragic, and always patriotic. The collection and annotation of these memories is a useful and valuable work. Such productions ought to be greatly enjoyed by the immediate descendants and successors of those esteemed pioneers. They will certainly be highly appreciated by the future historian seeking source-material for more pretentious historical tomes.

For these and other reasons—some personal—the following pages are greatly appreciated by me. I have known the author intimately since his childhood, and have found him, in his adolescent and mature years, to be a close student of history, which he always read with a degree of patriotism, not always apparent even in those we consider students of, or authors on history. Mr. Ranck was born of intelligent and patriotic pioneer parents in Vancouver, Washington. His maternal grandparents also having been early pioneers of the Oregon Territory. In childhood he inherited, absorbed and assimilated this intelligent patriotism of the pioneers. For him it has been a labor of love to sit with the pioneers of this section—as they successively lapsed into the reminiscent age—and to store his mind with their graphic descriptions of the experiences, the deeds, the heroism, and the patriotism of the
men and women who laid the foundations of the present great commonwealths of the Pacific Northwest—These reminiscences and historic data he has faithfully collected and interestingly recorded in the following pages.

My friend and former pupil, Glenn Ranck, has had a varied and interesting western career. His early days were spent on his father's farm adjoining Vancouver and in the village school. Some twenty and twenty-five years ago he participated in government surveys among the wilds of the Cathlapoolde or Lewis River, and was brought in close contact with the homesteaders and backwoodsmen of that region. He taught in country schools and kept a country store, and was for some years editor of a Vancouver newspaper. When still a boy he planted the first tree ever planted on the public school grounds at Vancouver and in recognition of this act, a flourishing tree has been planted in his honor by the pupils of the Columbia School of this city. With the sons of other pioneers, he served as private, corporal and sergeant in the Washington Volunteer Regiment during the Spanish war and Philippine campaigns; has been trustee of the City Library, President of the Volunteer Fire Department, Justice of the Peace, has twice represented his native county of Clarke in the State Legislature, and is at present Register of the U. S. Land Office at Vancouver. His rich experiences as teacher, editor, soldier and legislator, and the part he has played in the public and political affairs of this state, add immensely to his qualifications as a historian and writer.

Especially do I think this record is of value to the young people, the rising and future generations of citizens. Here they will find concrete and inspiring examples of that sturdy spirit and patriotic individuality which has been so marked a characteristic of the citizens of this region, and which we hope will continue to predominate in the characters of succeeding generations here.

To the citizens in general; to our youth especially; and to the writer engaged in research may this modest work prove as interesting, useful, and enjoyable as it has been to the author's friend,

P. HOUCH.
OTHER WORDS OF APPRECIATION AND ENCOURAGEMENT


Oregon City, Oregon, November 4, 1913.

Hon. Glen N. Ranck,
Vancouver, Washington.

Dear Mr. Ranck,—

With very great satisfaction I have read the first installment of your "Pictures From Northwest History." Your writings seem to bring us nearer to the heart of the soil, and were an inspiration to me, full of anecdote and reminiscence. Out of chronicles such as yours, history is made, real history, the life of a time and a people. Back of all formal records lie these traditions of a people.

I wish more would follow in your footsteps, ploughing the ground for the future Shakespeare. Out of these bits of heroism, plays may come, dramas, poems, operas, paintings, statuary,—the future of Pacific literature and of art.

Giving you my best encouragement, I am,

Yours truly,

EVA EMERY DYE

(From George H. Himes, Secretary Oregon Pioneers' Association.)

Portland, Oregon, March 15, 1897.

Glenn N. Ranck,
Vancouver, Washington.

Dear Sir,—

I read with much interest your article in Sunday's Oregonian, on "A Western Cromwell." I lived but a few miles from Fort Steilacoom in 1856, and had for three years previous, and knew all the persons you name.

As to the "powdered wig" business, that reads well—but well, so far as I know Judge Lander was never suspected of wearing a wig, much less having it powdered. But little things like these should not spoil a good story. I knew Col. Shaw well. It was in 1854 or '55 that he stayed all night at my father's house. The incident you refer to was true—and a big mess grew out of it.

Yours truly,

GEO. H. HIMES,
University Station, Seattle, Washington, Oct. 23, 1902

Hon. Glenn N. Ranck,
Camas, Washington.

Dear Sir,—

I have heard of you often and have wished to see you. One thing I wish you would do now for me. On November 10, I deliver an address in which I would like to use your poem on "Pearson's Ride." Will you please send me a signed copy for my archives? If this will take too much time, please send me the poem to be copied here.

Yours faithfully,

EDMOND S. MEANY.

United States Senate, Washington, D. C., July 24, 1911

Hon. Glenn Ranck,
Vancouver, Washington.

Dear Ranck,—

I appreciate exceedingly your booklet of historical sketches. I have read them over and will fully enjoy them later, at greater leisure. They have real literary charm and local flavor, and I would like to see you develop them a little further and publish in book form.

With best wishes,

MILES POINDEXTER.

Office of Theodore Roosevelt,
The Outlook, 257 Fourth Ave., New York, Dec. 13, 1911

Hon. Glenn N. Ranck,
Vancouver, Washington.

My Dear Comrade Ranck,—

It was fine to get your letter, and I was glad to learn all about your activities. Naturally I should like to receive a copy of that little book which you have written. It is good of you to suggest sending it, and I appreciate your kindness.

With all good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.
A BRIEF HISTORICAL REVIEW

This book consists of a series of articles written and published in local papers at various times, extending thru a number of years. An attempt has been made in this work to give them sequence and order, and they have been strung together, “as the Indians string their bright-colored beads.” It is not claimed for this book that it is profound and deep, but we hope that it will prove interesting and entertaining, and that it will develop an interest in local history and patriotism. The articles should be read in the order in which they appear, and it is hoped that this brief historical review, with the Introduction and Preface will be perused carefully.

An especial effort has been made in this work to revive local traditions and preserve the poetical Indian names and legends. The following important events and dates in our Northwest history should be carefully studied and remembered:

1. The Columbia River discovered by Captain Robert Gray, an American navigator, on May 11, 1792, and named in honor of his ship, the Columbia.

2. In 1803, the Louisiana Purchase, which gave the United States another claim to the Oregon Territory.

3. In 1805, the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

4. The founding of Astoria, by an American, John Jacob Astor, in 1811.

5. The Treaty of Joint Occupation between the United States and Great Britain in 1818; renewed every ten years until 1846.

6. The founding of Fort Vancouver, by the Hudson’s Bay Company, in 1824.

7. The coming of the early missionaries, 1834-40.

8. The coming of the pioneer immigrants of 1841-42-43.

9. Organization of the Provisional Government of Oregon Territory, in 1845, with George Abernethy as Governor.
Map of Clarke County, Washington.

11. Whitman Massacre and Cayuse War, in 1847.


15. Later events, Civil War, Development, Spanish War, etc.
THE MARINER'S LEGEND OF HOPE
(Written in 1895.)
The early mariners sought for the mythical passage across America as faithfully as did the Knights of the Round Table for the Holy Grail, and these expeditions finally led to the discovery of the Columbia River. In 1875, De Heceta, a Spanish navigator, after trying in vain to enter a bay on the Pacific coast, reported that: “The currents and eddies caused me to believe that the place is the mouth of some great river or some passage into another sea.” Several years afterwards, Captain Meares, an English sailor, made a futile attempt to enter the same bay. Vexed and chargined by his failure, he named the northern projection Cape Disappointment. Robert Gray, an American seaman, after many fruitless efforts, made against the repeated advice of Captain Meares, finally succeeded in entering the bay on May 11, 1792, and sailed up the noble river, to which he gave the name of his sturdy ship, the Columbi. The name of Cape Disappointment was changed to Cape Hancock, in remembrance of the revolutionary patriot, John Hancock, while the twin point opposite was named in honor of his compatriot, Samuel Adams.

Among the legends of the West
Clingeth the tales of the famous quest
For the Mythical Strait from sea to sea—
The quest of mariners, bold and free;
Many a noble ship was lost—
Dashed 'mong the rocks and tempest-tossed,
And gallant seamen from every land,
Found a last rest on Pacific’s lone strand.
First came De Heceta from far sunny Spain,
Swiftly sailing the watery main;
And seeking to gain both wealth and fame,
He spied a bay from which there came
A deep, swift stream, inclosed by a gate,
That barred him out like the hand of fate;
His efforts to enter did not avail,—
'Gainst wave and rock he could not prevail;
So, turning his prow away from the West
He sailed back home from the bootless quest.

Soon Captain Meares, with English crew,
Came plowing through the ocean blue;
Dense mists and fogs o'er the passage hung,
About the shrouds and masts they clung;
All efforts to cross the bar were vain,—
The hard-sought entrance he did not gain;
And vexed and baffled by rock-bound shape,
He named it Disappointment Cape!
It stood like a specter, gaunt and grim,
Pointing its stony hand at him.

As Meares sailed back to his island home,
He met the Columbia crossing the foam;
'Twas manned by Gray and his gallant seamen,—
A dauntless crew of American freemen!
"We have sought in vain for the fabled stream,"
Quoth the British seaman, "'Tis only a dream;
Turn back, turn back from the hopeless quest."
"Nay, nay," said the Yankee, "We'll do our best!"
Straight on to the rock-bound bar sailed Gray,
And there he remained from day to day,
Striving to enter o'er and o'er,—
Each time determined to try once more.

At last on a beautiful morn in May,
They sailed through the gate and entered the bay;
The mists and fogs before them flew,
Unfolding a fair enchanting view,
With green sloping shores, snow-covered mountains,
And high cliffs shrouded in silvery fountains.

On, on, they sailed, up the broad crystal stream,
Charmed by dear vision of fond fairy dream.
This lordly stream where they loved to float,
Now murmurs the praise of their gallant boat;
And, forsaking the name the Briton gave,
The Cape remembers a patriot brave.
We are all like Gray and his gallant crew,
Mariners sailing the trackless blue;
Tho dashed by wave and tempest-shock,
If, free as the wave and firm as the rock,
We follow the needle to hope's star ever turning,
Like magician with wand and true Faith ever burning
We may wondrously change, as by wave of the hand,
Disappointment's bleak cape to bright hope's fair land
Doubt's mist in fright will take their flight,
While visions of beauty will burst into sight,
And Hope's fair bay, unconcealed will lay,
As on that glorious morn in May.
THE COMING OF THE BUILDERS
(Written in 1895)

"I hear the tread of pioneers of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves where soon shall roll a human sea".

"The immigration of '43" was the largest of the early
movements to the Northwest and may be taken as typical of
the others.

During their famous winter journey of the year previous,
Marcus Whitman and A. L. Lovejoy in addresses and letters
to their friends and to the newspapers pictured the glories
of the Pacific Coast and its importance to the Union. On
every auspicious occasion they faithfully preached the Gospel
of the Northwest.

Early in the spring while the melting snow still lingered
on many a wind-swept hill, the people began their pilgrimage
toward the appointed rendezvous in a grove near Independ-
ence, Missouri. They gathered as if by magic, soon number-
ing one thousand dauntless spirits. They came from all parts
of the Mississippi Valley, bringing their families, horses, wagons,
cattle and household gods. They had taken their last look
at the old home, had viewed for the last time the scenes of
their youthful joys, and had spoken their last good-by to their
dearest friends, for they were about to depart on a long jour-
ney to a far country, never to return.

Notices were circulated through the various camps call-
ing a meeting on May 17, for the purpose of drawing up a
compact and forming an organization. It was truly a motley
assemblage which thus came together. Peter H. Burnett,
afterwards Governor of California, was first called upon for a
speech, which he delivered from a throne of moss-carpeted
logs. Among the audience was a gallant youth, named James
W. Nesmith, who was destined to win glory for himself and
Oregon in the senate of the United States. Senator Nesmith
has left the following account of Burnett's address:
"He appealed to our patriotism by picturing forth the glorious empire we should establish on the shores of the Pacific; how with our trusty rifles we would drive out the British usurpers who claimed the soil, and defend the country from the advances and pretensions of the British, and how posterity would honor us for placing the finest portion of our country under the dominion of the Stars and Stripes. He concluded by a slight allusion to the hardships and trials incident to the trip, and dangers to be encountered from hostile Indians. He furthermore intimated a desire to look upon the tribe of 'noble redmen' that the valiant and well-armed crowd around him could not vanquish in a single encounter."

After other patriotic addresses, an organization was formed by the election of Mr. Burnett as captain, and J. W. Nesmith as orderly sergeant.

On May 20, 1843, this semi-military caravan took up the line of march. Captain Gantt, an old trapper and mountain-eeer, acted as guide to the Green River, where Dr. Whitman overtook them and guided them to Fort Hall. From that point they were lead by an old Cayuse Indian named "Stic-cus."

Dr. Whitman strongly insisted that the settlers should take their wagons all the way to the Columbia. They followed his wise counsel and brought the first "prairie schooners" to the "continuous woods, where rolls the Oregon."

They marched as did Crusaders to the Holy Land. Scouts rode in advance to prevent surprise from bands of prowling savages; a specified number of men were continually under arms, ready at all times to repel any attack, while faithful sentinels kept the lonely vigils of the night, peering with tireless eyes into the mysterious darkness for any flitting forms or phantoms which might disturb the weird bivouac of the wanderers.

For full six months the home seekers journeyed on and on, over barren deserts strewn with the ghastly skeletons of men and cattle, across high mountains and swollen torrents, till they came in sight of the beautiful valley of the promised land. Having once put their hands to the plough-share, amid
all their trials and temptations they never failed; they never for a moment thought of turning back.

Nor was the journey without its brighter sides. Many amusing incident occurred which kept the traveling community in mirth for days; many enduring friendships were formed which ceased only with life itself.

Gathering at eventide around the camp fire’s fitful beams, they sang the songs that Israel sang beside the deep Red Sea; they sang the songs of Home and Freedom beneath the greenwood tree, and of the land they would redeem for sweet liberty. In the serene and quiet night from some lone mountain-side rang the glad, clear song of the pioneer, rousing the mountain lion from his downy couch, while trembled with fright the timid deer.

**The Hymn of the Pioneer**

From broad Mississippi’s swelling main
We come over mountain and desert plain,
We come as did Israel’s chosen host
To seek Freedom’s home on Pacific’s fair coast;
To win for the Union, by strength of the Lord,
The fair land of Promise from Royalty’s hord,
Swell the bold chorus, exultingly sing,
With Liberty’s anthem the dim woods will ring.

Our homes in the West shall proclaim Liberty,
There from his bondage the slave shall be free;
We sing the glad songs of the brave and the blest,
For the spirit of freedom abides in the West.
Swell the sweet anthem, exultant and free,
Sound the loud timbrel from sea unto sea,
Jehovah will triumph, his people be free,
All will be free—all will be free!

At length, their sojourn in the wilderness being o’er, from some lofty mountain height they viewed the promised land. When they beheld the fertile valley of the majestic Columbia, and the beautiful waters of Puget Sound covered with so many lovely isles, it all seemed to them like a fairy picture of that quest of the ages:
"The island-valley of Avalon,
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor even wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns,
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea."

And here, soothed by the moaning of Old Ocean, pleased
by the melody of murmuring streams, and charmed by the
cheery welcome of the birds, they ceased from their quest and
founded the States of Washington and Oregon.
ABERNETHY'S PATRIOTIC SPEECH
(From a sketch by John D. Clancy)
AN HISTORICAL DEBATING SOCIETY

(Written in 1895)

History, as written by profound and pedantic Professor Dry-as-dust, pays very little attention to the Debating Club. In fact, most histories do not even mention the term. Still, the Debating Society or Lyceum is one of the "institutions" of America. It is a part of the great American system. From the landing of the Pilgrims, during the Colonial period, in the upbuilding of the mighty West, and on to the present time, it has always played an important part in our history. This institution had a share in the "Americanizing" of the great Northwest, and helped to save it as a part of our glorious Union.

Among the first social organizations of this region was the Lyceum and Debating Society formed by the early settlers at Willamette Falls, now Oregon City. From 1840 to 1843 the most important question in the minds of the pioneers was the question of government. Under the treaty of Joint Occupancy, neither the United States nor Great Britain could take any steps towards controlling the political affairs of the Oregon Territory, which then included Washington. Thus left alone, the pioneers found themselves torn by conflicting emotions and desires. One party formed by the British and French-Canadians connected with the Hudson's Bay Company, and aided by some unpatriotic Americans, favored an independent government—a Pacific republic. On the other side a temporary government, based upon the principles of the American constitution and providing for ultimate absorption by the great Republic, was near to the hearts of the patriotic Americans as a "consummation devoutly to be wished." This great question was freely discussed at various meetings of the Lyceum. At a meeting early in 1843 the following resolution was offered as a subject for debate: "Resolved, that it is expedient for the settlers upon the Pacific coast to establish an independent government." George Abernethy, afterward first provisional Governor of Oregon, opposed the resolution, but after a warm discussion it was carried by a large
majority. To check this drifting away from the Union, Mr. Abernethy introduced as the subject at the next debate: "Resolved that if the United States extends its jurisdiction over this country within the next four years, it will not be expedient to form an independent government."

By the time for the next meeting great interest had been aroused, and the people attended in large numbers, some bringing their wives and children. The men who thus came together in that rude, dimly-lighted log cabin on that eventful evening, in personality, appearance and traditions, presented many strong contrasts.

The flickering light from the blazing fireplace and the candles' fitful beams casting weird, grotesque shadows about the room, served to bring the characters into bolder relief, and made the contrast still more intense.

There was one of the early missionaries, a follower of John Wesley, sitting by a group of French-Canadians; a French-Huguenot, whose forefathers had fled across the sea after the ill-fated eve of St. Bartholomew, sat near a venture-some courier-de bois, who had crossed the raging torrents and roamed the trackless wilds from the isles of the St. Lawrence to the River of the West. A descendant of a gallant cavalier who had fought that Prince Charlie might "come to his own again" jostled against a Puritan whose forefathers fought on the side of Oliver Cromwell at Naseby and Marston Moor. On the virgin soil of Oregon the Roundhead was again to win a victory over the Cavalier; freedom was again to triumph over royalty. The grandson of a British redcoat who surrendered with Cornwallis was about to yield a bloodless sword to an American whose grandfather had suffered with Washington at Valley Forge only to triumph with him at Yorkton.*

Before this motley group George Abernethy arose to de-

*Rev. Cushing Eels was descended from Maj. Samuel Eels, one of Cromwell's officers. Hon. C. M. Bradshaw was a direct descendant of John Bradshaw, who presided at the famous trial of King Charles I. Mr. Bradshaw still preserves the relics of the brave "regicide" who boldly voted to behead the tyrant kinglet. Rev. G. Hines, Rev. D. Leslie, the Crocketts, McBrides and the Applegates were from Revolutionary ancestry. Of course, they were not all present at this particular meeting, but they participated in many similar scenes. G. W. Le Breton, who doubtless was present, was a noble type of the patriotic Huguenots.
fend his patriotic resolution. We have no record of his speech, only that it was "earnest." That is all. He doubtless reminded the Americans of the immortal Declaration of Independence, of the suffering and trials of their Revolutionary forefathers, of the efforts of Washington, Madison and Franklin, to establish this glorious Union. And how Clay and Webster, Jackson and Benton, the great friends of the West, had protected and preserved it. "Was it in vain that the embattled yeomanry of Lexington and Concord had fought so bravely "by the rude bridge that spanned the flood?" Was it in vain that Warren had given up his life on that blood-swept slope at Bunker Hill? Could they forget the blood-stained footprints on the snow-clad hillsides of Valley Forge; the stirring midnight ride of Paul Revere, or the recent perilous journey of their gallant comrade, Marcus Whitman? Never while life lasted could they forget the traditions and legends of their heroic ancestry! Never until liberty became merely a memory and patriotism only a name, would they falter in their love or devotion to the great Republic!"

While the patriot was speaking no sounds were heard save the sound of the speaker's voice. But ere his voice had died away a mighty shout arose from the hardy pioneers. All patriotic Americans present "joined in," the mild tones of the women and children blended with the strong, lusty voices of the men in one grand triumphant note. It rolled through the room, on out into the little clearing and penetrated the forests beyond. "The dim aisles of the woods rang with the anthems of the free."

What was that shout and what did it mean? It was the paean of liberty. It was the victorious cry of triumphant freedom. It meant that the resolution was carried by a large majority and that Old Glory would yet wave over the homes of the West. The fire on the hearth had burned low, smoldered and died; but in living hearts another fire glowed brightly, for those burning words had "kindled the land into flame with their heat." It is now over half a century since this scene was enacted, but the speech of Abernethy before that historic debating society is not forgotten by the descendants of the pioneers.
Owing to the noble efforts of the early missionaries, and patriotic discussions in the Pioneer Lyceum, the demand of the settlers of the Oregon Territory for a temporary government based upon American principles and providing for ultimate absorption by the United States, continued to grow rapidly in the spring of 1843. This plan met with great opposition from the British settlers, and the employees of the Hudson’s Bay Company. In order to quiet this opposition a meeting was called for the purpose of adopting measures for the defense of herds against the attacks of wolves and other wild animals. This meeting was held at the house of Joseph Gervais in the Williamette Valley, and is known as the “Wolf Meeting.” It declared war against wolves, bears, panthers and other predatory animals, and adopted plans for their destruction. A treasurer was elected and the organization of the Wolf Association was completed.

But the meeting did not adjourn. As if moved by some unseen inspiration, it then and there passed a resolution for the appointment of a committee of twelve “to take into consideration the propriety of taking measures for the civil and military protection of the colony.” A written protest from the subjects of the Queen was promptly laid on the table.

The committee of twelve called the colonists to meet at Champoeg on May 2, 1843, to vote on their plan of government.

Centuries before, the freeholders of England had met in a meadow at Runnymede and there wrested their sacred rights from the reluctant hand of a cowardly king. So now did these free American citizens assemble in an open field to uphold the scepter of freedom and justice against the determined assaults of tyranny and royalty. The meeting which was held on this beautiful day in May was one of the most interesting and picturesque in all history. There were emigrant
wagon, the earliest "prairie schooners" to cross the billowy plains piloted by bolds captains of civilization, who had pitched their tents near by. All around was the deep primeval forest. On the branches overhead the birds twittered softly while building their summer's abode; squirrels leaped joyfully from bough to bough, and the fleet-footed deer, "poor, dappled fools, being native burghers of this desert city," lifting their heads from the cool brook which babbled by, fled in terror from their favorite haunt. Here, under the greenwood tree, with the blue sky above them and the voice of nature in their hearts, the pioneers met to form an American government. In these sylvan shades the scion of Revolutionary sires again opposed the haughty Briton; in this open field cavalier and Puritan met once more in bloodless conflict; in freedom's glorious sunshine, a freed negro struck his first vigorous blow at those who had so cruelly torn his forefathers from the sunny clime of Africa.* A few dusky redmen of the forest, looking warlike in their paint and feathers, were interested spectators of this strange scene of which they unconsciously formed a part.

The meeting was called to order with Dr. I. I. Babcock presiding. G. W. Le Breton, acting as secretary, read aloud the compact of government. It was then voted on, those in favor shouting "aye," and those opposed "no." The vote was almost even, but the motion seemed lost. Le Breton called for a division. Everybody became excited. Noise and confusion reigned. At this crisis Joe Meek, the pioneer explorer and scout of the Northwest, sprang forward. As he stood before that strange group with his strong, erect figure drawn to its full heighth, his head thrown back, his black eyes flashing and the Indians looking on with ever-increasing amazement, the whole scene formed a most striking picture, with the dark forest for a back-ground. Waving his hand, Joe Meek shouted in his usual spirited manner: "All those who favor the government, follow me!" Accordingly those favoring the organization followed Meek to the right, while those

*A mulatto named Winslow Anderson was among the early settlers of the Willamette Valley. In 1843 "prairie schooners" were for the first time brought all the way from the Missouri River to the "continuous woods where rolls the Oregon."
opposed filed to the left. The count showed that the compact was carried by the close vote of fifty-two against fifty. Freedom had triumphed.

The provisional government thus organized adopted an organic law "'until such time as the United States of America extend their jurisdiction over us,' also providing that "There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in said territory, other than for punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted." This provision adopted eighteen years before the Rebellion, kept Oregon and Washington firm in their devotion to the cause of the Union and Freedom in the time of direst need. Truly, the result of this open-air meeting held in the forest wilds of Oregon half a century ago can hardly be overestimated.

What thoughts must have filled the brain of the typical pioneer as he wended his solitary way home-ward in the deepening dusk of that May evening! With his trusty rifle on his shoulder and his faithful dog at his side, he followed the many windings of the narrow footpath through the darkening forest. Entering the dark recesses of the forest dell, he leaned upon the trunk of a large fir tree to rest his weary limbs. As he closed his tired eyelids the elfin voices of the forest rang in his ears. He seemed to hear the fairy foot falls of the guardian of the wood as she waved her wand about him, and visions of the future came and went before his enraptured sight. He saw the Northwest peopled by a happy population, the beautiful valleys covered with villages, farms and factories. Over it all floated the flag of the glorious firmly-united Republic, reminding him strongly of the prophetic picture observed by Benjamin Franklin at the Constitutional convention. The setting sun had long since disappeared below the horizon, but above liberty’s horizon, morning was to break anew on this far Western coast and before the sun of the Union reached its zenith, the day star of our hope was destined to glow with still brighter lustre, like another sun risen on mid-noon."
DEDICATING THE PACIFIC COAST TO FREEDOM

(Written in 1896)

Under all circumstances, in peace and in war, the American navy has gallantly upheld the dignity and power of the United States. Among the most daring of this country's heroes was Captain Charles Wilkes. This distinguished officer explored the coast of Oregon and Washington in 1841, and encouraged the early settlers in their patriotic efforts to win this region for the great Republic. He disapproved of the attempt to organize a Pacific republic, advising the Americans to wait until the government of the United States should throw its mantle over them. The American sentiment was greatly strengthened by his words of hope and cheer.

In 1841 Captain Wilkes and his merry crew signalized the return of our Nation's birthday by holding the first Fourth of July celebration on the shores of Puget Sound. The place selected for this purpose was Mission Prairie, near Fort Nesqually, a trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company.

As the Fourth came on Sunday the celebration was held on the fifth of July. On that morning all was bustle and activity on board the ship Vincennes. At nine o'clock all the crew was mustered on board in their clean white frocks and trousers, and all, including the marines, were soon landed. With music playing and flags flying, they marched to the scene of festivity about a mile distant. They also carried ashore two brass howitzers with which to fire the usual salute. An ox, bought for the occasion, was soon roasted to a turn, the bugle was blown for dinner and all repaired to partake of the barbecue. Captain Wilkes says: "By this time the Indians had gathered from all quarters and were silently looking on at the novel sight, and wistfully regarding the feast which they saw going on before them."

The neat, loose-fitting uniforms of the sailors, the bright-colored garments of the savages, the rich, green shades of the forest, the beautiful blue waters of Puget Sound and the
patriotic memories belonging to the occasion, all combined to make this an interesting scene in Northwest history.

After dinner the usual salutes were fired and patriotic sentiments were given voice. At sunset they returned to the ship in good humor. While passing Fort Nesqually they gave three hearty cheers for the American flag and waited, sailor-like, for the reply. The British response was given by only a few voices, a circumstance which led to many jokes among the seamen. To the English the cheer of the sailors was "a cry of defiance and not of fear." No wonder their reply was a feeble one!

In May, 1843, when the people of the region decided by a vote of fifty-two against fifty to establish a provisional government based upon American principles, they appointed a committee to draw up the organic act. This committee selected July 5 as the day on which the people were to meet to pass upon their charter. However, the opposition was still strong, and the Americans decided to hold a celebration on the Fourth of July to strengthen the patriotic cause. Rev. Gustavus Hines was chosen orator. His speech did not consist of partisan denunciation; it was one of the dear old-fashioned kind, it had its source in the higher springs of patriotism. His theme was the Union; his song was of Liberty. His notes rang clear and true upon the forest air. There may be those who would prefer to hear their countrymen shamed rather praised on the national birthday; but not so the hearty frontiersman. The plain and simple words of the speaker went straight to the hearts of the pioneers. Mr. Hines and many of his listeners were descended from Revolutionary ancestry, and memories of the sacred past were vividly recalled. As the speaker concluded, his words took on the warmth and glow of impassioned eloquence. "All the weary way from Lexington to Yorktown our fathers proved true to the cause of American independence. Who that has ever heard the story of that struggle from the lips of a patriotic grandfather can falter in defense of our sacred rights? Though it may be of little importance what is said here, let us on the morrow remember the examples and teachings of the Revolutionary patriots and our work will be long remembered."
“When the fathers signed their names to the immortal Declaration, they pledged themselves to defend their rights with their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor. So let us now carry on their noble work, let us dedicate ourselves and our homes to the cause of Liberty and Union, and pledge ourselves to support our principles with our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.”

After the oration the national hymn “America” was sung by the entire audience. As they sang that perfect verse where the poet boldly strikes the pure notes of sublime eloquence and invokes the sympathetic voice of nature in freedom’s behalf, the sturdy pioneers felt profoundly moved:

“Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom’s song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong!”

And rock and rill, mountain and forest, all gladly prolonged the joyful sound.

Thus inspired, the Americans on the morrow won another bloodless victory over the Britain, and provisional government was soon in successful operation. Thus freedom triumphed over royalty, and this region was peacefully conquered for the Union. Truly “Peace has her victories not less renowned than war.”

Mr. Hines was descended from Stephen Hopkins, one of the “signers.”

The orator was elected chairman of the meeting of July 5, 1843.
RAISING THE BANNER OF FREEDOM IN THE NORTHWEST

(Written in 1896)

"Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high:
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky!"

History records no greater achievement than the glorious victories won by America's naval heroes in behalf of the starry emblem of our great Republic. From the eventful morning on which Paul Jones first flung freedom's ensign to the expectant breeze, or when the undaunted Perry bore his banner in triumph from his burning flagship to that day when the noble Farragut, while lashed to the rigging of the Hartford, with the flag floating above him, achieved glory for himself and his gallant crew the log book of the American navy speaks of noble deeds. The memories aroused by the mere mention of such names as Lawrence, Decatur, Hull, Foote, DuPont and David Porter should remind us of the importance of a strong navy.

But not alone in the "purple testaments of bleeding war" are the victories of the American sailor inscribed. American commerce, American spirit and American civilization have followed the American flag on the trackless paths of stormy oceans, from port to port and from sea to sea. Into whatever harbor our gallant tars have carried the starry emblem, they have also taken that love of liberty and freedom for which it stands.

When Captain Charles Wilkes, of the United States navy, appeared off the coast of Oregon and Washington in 1841 his hearty assurance that the government would soon extend its jurisdiction over them seemed like a message of hope and cheer wafted by winds of ocean from the far Atlantic coast.

In 1846 the United States schooner Shark, commanded by Lieutenant Howison, was sent to explore the coast of Oregon.
Entering the Columbia River, the Shark reached Fort Vancouver July 24, 1846. Her officers and men were hailed with delight by the patriots of the Northwest. In June of that year a treaty had been completed by the United States and England which finally designated the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude as the northwest boundary line. But as the news of the treaty had not yet reached the Pacific coast, the ill-feeling between British and Americans was becoming hourly more critical. As there is no greater contrast than that existing between a British officer and the American frontiersman, it required the best efforts of Lieutenant Howison to prevent bloodshed.

The Shark remained in Vancouver until August 23, when she left for the mouth of the Columbia. She was wrecked while crossing the bar on the 10th of September. Like the gallant Cumberland, she sank beneath the waves with her colors still flying. Her flag was all that the sailors rescued from the sinking ship.

By this time news of the treaty of 1846 had just reached the Pacific coast, and as it was known that the protecting powers of the United States would soon be extended over this region Lieutenant Howison presented this flag to the provisional Governor, George Abernethy, with the following eloquent letter: "To display this national emblem, and cheer our citizens of this distant territory by its presence was the principal object of the Shark’s visit to the Columbia, and it appears to me, therefore, highly proper that it should henceforth remain with you as a memento of parental regard of the general government. With the fullest confidence that it will be received and appreciated as such by our countrymen, I do myself the honor of transmitting the flag to your address and can I omit to express my gratification and pride that this relic of my late command should be emphatically the first United States flag to wave over the undisputed and thoroughly American Territory of Oregon."

Governor Abernethy gracefully received the starry flag in behalf of the pioneers in his usual patriotic manner saying: "We will fling it to the breeze on every suitable occasion, and rejoice under the emblem of our country’s glory, sincerely
hoping that the ‘star-spangled banner may ever wave over this portion of the United States.’”

On that glorious morn when liberty’s emblem was first unfolded on the virgin breeze of primeval Oregon, all plans of a Pacific republic were swept aside. The ensign seemed to retain within its folds some of the invigorating, purifying power of the sea breeze in which it had so fondly floated for so many years. As free as the wild waves of ocean, as pure as its freshest winds, as terrible as Neptune’s mightiest storms, it purged the Northwest of all taint of treason and became a continual inspiration for an exalted patriotism.
LEGEND OF THE LOST GALLEONS

(Written in 1907.)

While this tale of buried treasure is not given as a strict historical fact, it seems to contain many elements of truth. History records that three ships sent out by Cortez were hopelessly stranded on the California coast and that great wealth was lost by a colonization expedition under Admiral Otondo. In the light of such facts it is believed that this Tillamook tradition should be preserved to illuminate and adorn our Northwest history.—Author.

There's a tale of dreams and stories drifting up the bitter main,
Strewn with wrecks of ruined glories, salt with streams of ancient pain.
Thru the fog-walls split in sunder, from the seas of sun and thunder,
And the Carib Isles of Wonder, dreaming still of scarlet Spain.
Massacres and ambushades, rich armadas laid aboard—
Of these things the ports are keeping vengeful memory up sleeping,
From the years of wrath and weeping, when they lay beneath the sword.

—The Haunted Spanish Main.

Spain was very anxious to plant colonies and missions along the shores of "New Albion," as the British called this region, especially on the banks of a great river, of which they had heard so much from the natives. History tells us that the Spanish navigator, De Heecta, looking for the mouth of that river in 1775, cast anchor in the channel between the mainland and an island on the coast of Washington. Some of his men, going ashore to explore the land, were attacked and killed by the Indians, and De Heecta barely escaped with his ships. In memory of this tragedy he named the island "Isle de Delores," Island of grief. It is now known as Destruction Island.

Several attempts were made by the Spanish to gain a foothold in Oregon and Washington, but as they all came to grief, history makes scant mention of them. Their memory, however, still survives in the traditions of the Pacific Coast Indians, and it is one of these traditions which we call to the reader's attention. The aged Princess of the Clatsops, who, at the age of 100 years, resides in a commodious house near Seaside, Oregon, delights to regale her visitors with this tale. It is, indeed, a familiar theme among the Tillamook Indians and the seamen and others who frequent that locality.

Near the year 1750, or sometime about the middle of the 18th century, a small fleet sailed from San Blas, Mexico, to
plant a mission colony on the banks of that beautiful stream
now known as the Columbia, but called by the Spaniards “Rio
San Roeque.” This fleet consisted of two fair sized ships
and three small treasure-vessels. The crew was composed of
Spanish soldiers, sailors, priests, adventurers and five or six
African slaves. Besides provisions the vessel was laden with
silver and golden candlesticks and various costly altar adorns-
ments, and other articles to be used in the church they were to
build. They also contained quantities of beeswax for making
candles, and chests of gold and silver and other treasures
with which to trade with the Indians. All told, the value of
the treasure, it is claimed, amounted to nearly a quarter of a
million dollars.

Nor does this seem improbable if we recall that when Cor-
tez left Mexico with four ships to establish a colony in lower
California, the value of his treasure and supplies estimated by
historians at $400,000. Speaking of one of these expeditions
a Spanish writer says: “The barracks for the little garrison
were now built and a line of circumvallation thrown up. In
the center a tent was pitched for a temporary chapel; before
it was erected a crucifix with a garland of flowers. The image
of ‘Our Lady of Loretta,’ as patroness of the conquest, was
brought in procession from the boat and placed with proper
ceremonies.” The expedition here spoken of by this Spanish
historian was similar in many respects to the one we are now
describing.

But, to continue our story, this fleet with the proud banner
of Spain and its rich treasures was proceeding along the rock
bound coast of New Albion, when it was dashed by the storm
upon a cruel reef near where the Tillamook lighthouse now
stands to warn the mariner of danger. Most of the crew were
drowned in their frantic efforts to escape from the sinking
ships, but a few were able to reach the shore in safety. After
the storm had subsided, with the help of friendly Clatsop In-
dians, they succeeded in bringing ashore the greater part of
the treasures and supplies. These treasures they buried se-
cretly at dead of night in a secluded part of the forest. It is
also related that they took the body of a slave washed ashore
by the waves and placed it upon a little mound nearby. This
was done in the belief that the natives, having never before seen a negro, in superstitious dread would fear to approach the haunted spot guarded by the forbidding presence of the dead. As land-marks they set up square shaped stones, which they had brought with them for altar stones, at regular intervals around the mound. These may still be seen by the visitor, and are unlike any other rocks to be found in that locality. Curious marks cut on the surrounding trees also add their silent testimony to the romantic tale. Having thus effectually hidden their rescued valuables, the survivors now started to find their way to Mexico, intending to return with another party. But they were ambushed and killed or captured by a war party of the Siletz tribe, so no one returned to relate the story of this ill-fated expedition.

For a long time the legend of the galleon; and their buried treasure slumbered in the breasts of the savages. Gabriel Franchere, an adventurous French traveler, writing of his first journey to the Cascades of the Columbia on May 8, 1811, says: "We saw a hut of Indians engaged in fishing where we stopped for breakfast. We saw here an old blind man who gave us a cordial reception. Our guide said that he was a white man, and that his name was Soto. We learned from the mouth of the old man himself that he was the son of a Spaniard who had been wrecked below the mouth of Columbia river, that a part of the crew got ashore but were all massacred save four, who were spared and married native women. These four, disgusted with savage life, attempted to reach a Spanish settlement on the south coast, but had never been heard of afterward, and when his father, with his companions, left this country, he himself was very young."

In their journal Lewis and Clark write of the Tillamook Indian with a fair skin and blue eyes; and John Minto, in 1846, at Morrison's, near the Tillamook coast, saw a fair Indian girl, so pale that he thought she was sick. She was the daughter of Cullaby, a friendly native for whom the lake east of Clatsop is named, and when Minto talked with Cullaby about the fair-haired Indian of Clark's acquaintance, Cullaby smote his breast and cried: "Nika papa"—"He was my father."

In alluding to these various traditions John Gill says:
"This story of old blind Soto will yet be connected with the wreck of the beeswax ships on Tillamook beach. Being an old man in 1811, he was probably born about 1750, 16 years before Carver left Boston for his exploration of the Red River country." Mr. Gill also suggests a connection between these early Spanish expeditions and the derivation of the name "Oregon," and adds:

"I wonder if some ship of Spain,  
Far-wandering in this northern sea,  
Touched haply on our Western main,  
And all unknown in history,  
Some bold Hidalgo named this land  
With floating flag and flashing brand,  
In memory of Aragon?"

With these explanatory remarks for the purpose of making the tradition more readily understood, we will proceed with our narrative. Half a century went by since the vessels had dashed against the cruel reefs, but the old tale of the Spanish wreck still lived in the memories of the aged Indians. At length it reached the ears of John Jacob Astor through some of his fur-traders who had traversed the Tillamook coast by order of the plucky founder of Astoria, a picked party of eight forest rangers, under a most trusted leader, was sent to look for the hidden treasure. Aided by an intelligent Indian familiar with the Tillamook tradition from childhood, they made a diligent search for the lost treasure. At last their labors were rewarded with success, and the glittering gold lay unearthed before them. Having come ostensibly on a fur-trading journey, they packed the Spanish doubloons and trinkets in absolute secrecy and spent some time in buying a supply of furs before turning their faces northward. Under the directions of Astor a liberal sum was given to each member of the party, but the great bulk of this "treasure trove" was kept for the merchant prince who employed them.

Reaching Fort Astoria shortly before Christmas they celebrated the Yuletide with uproarious laughter and song. The
rafters of the new fort rang with their mirth as they quaffed large flagons of wine and wassail to the health of their dusky Indian maidens and to their popular patron, whom they toasted as the “king of fur-traders.” But most popular of all was a new drink known as “Hudson’s Bay Company Rum.” As they drained their flagons of that now historic beverage they sang in a rough, boisterous manner a rude chorus called:

**THE FUR-TRADERS’ BALLAD.**

Bold and merry Astor-men are we,
We scour the valleys and sail the sea;
From swift St. Lawrence to Columbia’s main,
From Mohawk’s vale to Willamette’s plain,
We traverse the country o’er and o’er,
From forest to forest and shore to shore—
Yo-ho, for that soldier and sailor, ranger and raider,
So dauntless and daring, the fearless fur-trader.

Leaders of civilization are we,
Ranging the land from sea to sea;
We trade with the savage and make love to his maid,
By campfire’s glow and in green forest glade;
We trade, fight and frolic, and hunt for gold,
As free as Robin Hood of old—
Here’s to the venturesome, rollicking raider,
The gallant, true-hearted, care-free fur-trader.

The men were pledged to secrecy and, though in the midst of gayety they let fall a few vague expressions about the discovered treasures, nothing very definite could be obtained from them. An impenetrable mystery, as impalpable as the soft, dreamy mist of the sea, seemed to envelop the weird tale of the phantomlike wreck.

Within a year or two Astor had a new fleet or two at sea, and some ancient mariners whispered that these white-winged merchant ships were the ghosts of those sunken galleons of Spain, sprung to a lustier life beneath a nobler banner. Mathematicians have figured in vain to account for the sudden increase of the wealth of this king of the fur-traders at this period despite several disastrous ventures. Even the highest profits ever known in fur, we are told, fail to account for it.
Certain it is that rapid and magical making of gold by this famous wizard has remained one of the unsolved wonders of Northwest history. And if these old sailors' yarns be true, the riches recovered from the Spanish wreck had, after all, a worthy share in upbuilding our Pacific Coast commerce and prosperity.

Many years afterward a crew of sailors discovered the hulks of some old-fashioned ships, far below the water's surface, on this reef of the Spaniard's woe, and a piece of one of these ancient galleons was sent to a museum in Portland, where it may now be seen. On account of the beeswax found in the galleys of these old vessels, they are spoken of as the beeswax ships. A golden candlestick found near the beach is now in the possession of a prominent citizen of Tacoma who for a long time held a commission in the revenue service of the United States government. And many are the excavations that have been made in recent years by treasure seekers in the vicinity of the charmed spot.

This was only one among the many disastrous attempts made under the haughty banner of Aragon and Castile to gain a foothold in this region, and even if true, only in part, it is typical in a historical sense of the dismal wrecks of Spanish hopes that strew our coast from the enchanting shores of Strait of Juan de Fuca to San Francisco's Golden Gate. The stormy waves of the ocean, the concealed caverns of the sea, and "even the stars in their courses" fought against them. Truth and myth intermingle in charming confusion in the dim, mysterious tradition that has survived for more than a century amid the wreckage of that storm-tossed strand. Closely enshrined in fog and mist still lingers among those sunken hulks the mystical legend of the lost galleons.
In 1813, Mr. John Clarke, a member of John Jacob Astor's Company, while on a fur-trading expedition up the Columbia Valley, had with him a beautiful silver goblet, the gift of Astor. One night this precious cup was stolen from his tent, presumably by an Indian. Clarke, who hated the Indians, was extremely angry over the loss of the silver flagon, and in revenge, hanged an Indian, who was caught pilfering in the camp on the succeeding night. The Indians watched the execution in silent repressed anger, treasuring up the wrong for future requital, and Clarke's foolish act of vengeance is considered the initial cause of many bloody massacres in the Northwest.

"Lift high", shouts Clarke, "The Silver Flagon,"
With carven image of the dragon;
The gift of good John Jacob Astor,
Who founded Astoria, our patron and master;
I drink the curse of hated savage,
Always planning theft and ravage!"
The natives gazed at the Silver Flagon,
And stood in awe of its carven dragon;
A gift, they thought, from God on high,
A sacred relic from the sky;
They stealthily entered the tent at night,
And seized the shining goblet bright.

"Who stole", shouts Clarke, "my Silver Flagon? Now he shall feel the teeth of the dragon!"
So, swayed by revenge, of reason bereft,
He hanged a poor savage for petty theft;
The redskins sat sullen, in anger suppressed,
Nursing bloody revenge in each savage breast.

In hanging for theft of Silver Flagon,
Fierce Clarke had sown the teeth of the dragon—
Years after, mothers and children dear,
Crouched low at night in deadly fear;
And many a massacre and disaster,
Was due to revenge for Cup of Astor.
LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS

No trace could be found of Silver Flagon,—
In vain was all search for carven dragon;
For years it passed from hand to hand,
An omen of ill from band to band;
Nor love, nor friendship blessed the ground,
Till again Talisman by pale-face was found.

Now, this old tale of the Silver Flagon,
With carven image of the dragon,
A lesson for each of us will make:—
"Think well before revenge you take;
Beware of sowing teeth of the dragon,
In vengeance for loss of a Silver Flagon!"

FOOT NOTES

In speaking of the killing of the unfortunate John Reed and his party by Indians the ensuing winter, Gabriel Franchere, the well-known explorer, says in his journal:—"We had no doubt that this massacre was an act of vengeance on the part of the natives in retaliation for the death of one of their people, whom Mr. John Clarke had hanged for theft the spring before."

On the occasion of the death of Mrs. Clarke, in 1910, Mrs. Velina P. Molson, a daughter of Senator J. W. Nesmith, wrote to the Oregonian:

"Montreal, Nov. 20. ......Mr. Clarke, the husband of the woman who has just died, caused our Oregon country a great deal of trouble, as he was the bearer of the Silver Cup that old John Jacob Astor sent out to Alexander McKay, but McKay having been killed on the Tonquin, Clarke brought it back across the continent, and while in the Palouse country it was stolen, and Clarke hanged the Nez Perce who stole it.

This Silver Cup is now in Montreal and is owned by Alexander McKay's descendants. I have seen this cup and held it in my hands. The present owner brought it from the Trust Company to show it to me. The inscription is: "From John Jacob Astor to his friend Alexander McKay, 1811." VELINA P. MOLSON."
According to old legendary lore, the native tribes inhabiting Vancouver and vicinity at the time of the discovery of the Columbia, were called the Waunaisses or Waunamahs, Wauna being the legendary Indian name for the Columbia River. This was a strong tribe and ruled and roamed over the valley of the Wauna from Kalama to Washougal, their chief wigwams being at Waunamah, the present site of Vancouver. Within a generation or two the fur-traders of the Hudson's Bay Company had corrupted the name of this tribe to Wukanisses, and that name is given by some writers. When Governor John McLoughlin established Fort Vancouver at Waunamah, old Chief Kessanah was at the head of the tribe, and greeted the pale-faces with friendship and hospitality. This was somewhat in contrast to the welcome which he extended to the white men in his earlier years, before his youthful pugnacity had been cooled by the sharp explosion of powder and the invincible whiz of the bullets.

As our readers will recall, the Columbia River was discovered by Captain Robert Gray, an American navigator, May 11, 1792, and this discovery was followed up a few months later by Captain George Vancouver, who sailed into the Columbia and sent Lieutenant Broughton with a party to ascend the river in small boats. Kessanah, then a young war-chief, with a band of Waunamah braves, took a position on a rocky projection near St. Helens, called Warriors' Point, and fired a volley of arrows at the approaching boats; but the sharp, explosive reply of the British muskets soon quenched their warlike ardor, and they fled in terror. Lieut. Broughton ascended the river until he reached a beautiful point where the broad stream makes a graceful sweep toward the northwest. Regarding this as the loveliest scene he had ever beheld, Broughton gave this place the name of Vancouver's Point, in honor of his commander. In his admirable book, "Astoria," Washington Irving gives this famous description of the
place:—'About eight miles above the mouth of the Wallamot the little squadron arrived at Vancouver's Point, so called in honor of that celebrated voyager by his lieutenant, Broughton. This point is said to present one of the most beautiful scenes on the Columbia; a lovely meadow, with a sheet of limpid water in the center, enlivened by wild fowls, a range of hills crowned by forests, while the prospect is closed by Mount Hood, a magnificent mountain rising into a lofty peak, and covered with perpetual snow; the ultimate landmark of the first explorers of the river.'

Profiting by this early lesson, Chief Kessanali and his followers extended a friendly welcome to the fur-traders of the Hudson's Bay Company when they came to found Fort Vancouver. Kessanali was a tall, strongly-built man, big-framed, with a large, smiling face and keen eyes. His influence was felt far and near, in his own tribe as well as among the wigwams of his neighbors. In the course of time he became a welcome visitor at the fort, where he and his young daughter, Princess Kessanahwie, were usually feasted and entertained as honored guests. The Chieftain's daughter, Kessanahwie, grew to be a charming Indian maiden and became very popular with the young employees of the company. She eventually married one of these venturesome fur-traders, Richard Ough, who took up a homestead and became a useful citizen of Clarke County. She lived to an honored old age, respected by all, and her descendants are still numbered among our worthy citizens. As their happy hunting-grounds near Fort Vancouver or Waunamah were soon despoiled by the "King George Men" the Waukanisses or Waunamahs retreated to the hills and valleys of the Lewis River, and finally became merged into the Klickitats and Yakimas.

A year or two after the fort had been erected, so the legend runneth, the Wasco Indians, near The Dalles, became angry at some of the company officials, and came dashing down the river in their war-canoes, proudly arrayed in paint and feathers, to make a night attack on the stockade. Hearing of the approach of their hereditary foes, a war party of the Waunamahs under old Chief Kessanah, repaired to the assistance of their friends in Fort Vancouver. Unaware of the
plans made for their reception, and confident of an easy victory, the Wascoes stealthily crept in the darkness towards the walls of the stockade. As they neared the ditch which surrounded the fort, they sent a thick shower of arrows over the walls. Suddenly the most unexpected, screaching, terrifying noise burst forth from the tower of the palisades. They looked up quickly,—and there, clearly revealed by the light of a torch, stood bold Colin Fraser, the plaided Highland piper, "all belted and plumed in his tartan array", strutting up and down and producing from a diabolical instrument held under his arm, with gaudy streamers fluttering from long stems growing therefrom, the most melancholy and penetrating screams. At that moment the mouth of the Great Spirit belched forth from the bastion tongues of living flame, with a terrible roaring noise, louder than the roar of the cataract. This was followed by a volley of quick, sharp noises, accompanied with a shower of arrows and iron hailstones. Shaking with superstitious fear from this terrible rebuke of the Great Spirit, the terrified Indians sprang into their canoes and rapidly paddled up the Columbia, leaving the Waunamahs and the fur-traders to celebrate in undisturbed merriment their first warlike triumph within the ramparts of Fort Vancouver.

FOOTNOTES—"Wau-na" is pronounced with the accent on the first syllable; "Wau-na-mah:" has the accent on the second syllable. It is also called "Wau-no-mah."
THE RAMPARTS OF OLD FORT VANCOUVER.

(Written in 1914).

Some three-quarters of a century ago, the great Northwest was claimed by both the United States and England. The "Oregon Territory", including Washington, was controlled by these two nations under the Treaty of Joint Occupation, and Great Britain was putting forth the utmost exertions to have the Columbia River recognized as the southern boundary line for her American possessions.

England's greatest stronghold was at Fort Vancouver, the chief trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company in this region. Vancouver lies on the north bank of the majestic Columbia, about one hundred and ten miles above the mouth of that broad, clear-flowing stream. The site is a most commanding one, and the scenery in all directions is of surpassing and enchanting beauty. Among the eternally snow-capped mountains which may be seen from this favored place are Hood, St Helen, Adams, Jefferson and other smaller but picturesque peaks.

At present Vancouver is a prosperous, modern city with a progressive, intelligent population of over ten thousand, and the county-seat of Clarke County, one of the most fertile and resourceful counties on the Pacific slope. It is an important point on the Great Northern, Northern Pacific and North Bank railroads, and is the site of the greatest double-track railroad bridge in the world; and now another iron span, the Inter-state Highway Bridge is in course of construction across the mighty Columbia at that place. Adjoining this lovely and historic city is the Vancouver Barracks, formerly Fort Vancouver—the most beautiful and most healthful military post in America.

This fertile land was fairly won for the Union by the heroic efforts of the sturdy Pioneers. The British were finally swept back before the incoming tide of American settlers, and where the flag of St. George once floated in the breeze, the
THE OLD STOCKADE

(The famous forest-castle "on the border." It brings "an indelible realization of the numerous unsurpassed, picturesque scenes, romantic adventures and historic events that have transpired around the ramparts of old Fort Vancouver.")
starry emblem of the Great Republic now waves in undisputed triumph!

Fort Vancouver was established in 1824 by the Hudson’s Bay Company, as their headquarters in the Northwest, and the rude stockade and blockhouse were guarded by the soldiers and retainers of that semi-military organization. The battlements were erected as defense against the savages, and in many respects, resembled a medieval fortress. This famous forest-castle “on the border”, in the midst of a vast, unexplored wilderness, covered several acres of ground, inclosed by a strong stockade, some twenty feet in height. Against the walls of the enclosure were built the log-cabins for the officers and employees of the great fur-trading company. In the northwest corner of the palisades stood a bastion, surmounted by two small cannon. Around this tower, during the weary watches of the night, the sturdy warden kept his guardful march—

“Low-humming as he paced along,
Some ancient border-gathering song.”

The stockade was entirely surrounded by a ditch, which was filled with water, and was some twelve feet wide and eight feet deep. This narrow moat was spanned by a bridge of planks which was carefully taken up at nightfall, though the removal of this rude drawbridge was unaccompanied by such stirring commands as—

“What, warder, ho! Up with the drawbridge;
Let the portcullis fall!”

At that time Fort Vancouver was replete with variety and romance. Here the brave red-man of the forest would come in his warlike paint and feathers to trade his valuable furs for worthless beads and ornaments. Here that hardy fore-runner of civilization, the intrepid fur-trapper, would come attired in his picturesque costume, and laden with the spoils of his wild wanderings over the mountains and valleys of the West. Here could be seen the daring courrier-de-bois, with the latest tidings from Detroit and Montreal upon his impatient lips. And in this pleasant haven these kindred adventurous spirits were wont to loiter, spending their well-earned gains and rehearsing the tales of their many perilous
adventures. Here the noble John McLoughlin, governor of the fort would receive annual visits from the magnates of the Company and the leading Indian chieftains.

At the merry Christmas-tide these "Barons of the forest" would spend many joyous nights in the large banquet-hall. At these feasts the Governor would regale his guests and retainers with that famous beverage—Hudson’s Bay Rum, which was stored in the company’s cellars and given only to those bearing an order from commandant. Around the festal board the forest barons and their vassals boasted of their boundless dominions, while rum and ruddy wine flowed free, and the rough rafters rang with shouts of laughter and bursts of song.

The favorite chanson of that romantic time has been handed down by tradition and is given here as it was sung to me in my early childhood days, many years ago:

AROUND FORT VANCOUVER’S OLD YULE-LOG

Oh, Christmas night at Fort Vancouver,
Is gayer, we swear, than at London or Louver;
Heap high the fir logs in the huge fire-place,
By its blaze we can see each rough frontier face;
By one glance at each man you can tell whence we come,
As we seal our rude friendship with Hudson’s Bay Rum.

Here are men of King George, with coats of bright red,
And chieftains who from Scotland and Erin have fled;
Swarth French Canadian and dusky Kanaka,
With gay voyageurs just returned from Alaska;
A pioneer of America, a strong trapper and dog,
With half-breeds and Indians, around the Yule-log.

Rude dare-devils of ventures by land and by sea,
Hardy and brave, rough and true, faithful and free;
A king’s Christmas feast at Vancouver we make,
With deer from lovely Lackamas and ducks from Shillipo Lake;
Choice trout from Cathlapoolya’s stream and bear from Mount Tum-Tum;

And to wash it all down, rare, old Hudson’s Bay Rum!
At dawn the fierce and untamed glare
Of mountain lion we boldly dare;
But more joyfully face at night
The eyes of Indian maidens bright;
And we drink to the health of our ladies gay,
With frontiersman’s rum of Hudson’s Bay.

At morn we brave the wild-cat’s lair,
At eve we twine dusky maids’ black hair;
Face death by day, to dance at night,
With chieftain’s daughter by candle-light,—
With laughter and song, care-free as a dog,
Around Fort Vancouver’s old Yule-Log!

That was the Romantic Age of Vancouver’s history. Those ancient glories have long since departed. The Red-coats were forced to haul down their flag and evacuate. They retreated before the peaceful but resistless invasion of the American Pioneer-Yeomanry. The once powerful Hudson’s Bay Company now lives only in the past. Even the Red-man is now a curiosity when he visits the haunts of his forefathers and wanders in solitude down our lovely streets; while the daring deeds of fur-traders, voyageurs and scouts linger only in the memory of men tremulous with age. On the page of history alone are these scenes of the poetic past portrayed. There alone do we see those romantic figures as they pass and re-pass in all the vigor of their lusty manhood.

When the Americans came into undisputed possession of this region, a new fort was established some distance north of the “Old Fort”, and garrisoned by a force of United States soldiers in 1849. One of the log-houses of that time still remains, being used as the officers’ Club. Early in 1856 a block-house was built near where the general’s residence now stands. During the absence of the regular soldiers on an Indian campaign that year, the block-house was guarded by a company of “Clarke County Rangers” commanded by Judge William Strong. It was here that the indignant women of Vancouver and vicinity presented the company with a bundle of feminine apparel as a mock compliment of their famous march to the Battle Ground, a full account of which appears in another place in this book.

Among the early commanders of this frontier post were sturdy veterans of the Mexican War and Indian campaigns,
Generals William S. Harney, John E. Wool and George Wright. Other officers famous in our military annals have been stationed here at various times, the list including Grant, Sheridan, McLellan, Pleasanton, Ord, Miles, Howard, Canby, Gibbon, Kautz Funston, Greeley and others. It was from here that Col. Steptoe started on the campaign that led to his disastrous defeat at the bloody battle of Spokane Plains. It was from here that gallant Phil Sheridan started to the rescue of the soldiers and settlers at the Cascade block-house, where “Little Phil” received his first baptism of fire; it was from here that Gen. Howard started on his long fighting-pursuit of Chief Joseph during the Nez Perce and Bannock campaigns; and it was from here that Clarke County Volunteers and other soldiers entrained and embarked for their long trip to the Philippines during the Spanish war in 1898.

About thirty-five years ago the Piute tribe of Indians under Chief Winnemueca, started on the war-path in Southern Oregon. After a short campaign under Gen. Howard they were captured, and, with the chieftain’s daughter, Princess Winnemueca, were brought to Fort Vancouver. They were among the last bands of hostile Indians encamped at this place. The writer was taken by his father to the fort to view the strange sight. With other children he was led past the tents in the oak grove where the braves and their squaws and papooses were encamped. He remembers with what terror he met the fierce, sullen gaze of the savage warriors. Recent tales of savage cruelty were vividly recalled and visions of blood rushed red on the sight. It was a living object lesson in American history, more impressive than any taught only in books. It enabled the mind to realize, years afterward, the heroism of the American home-builders—whether pilgrims under Miles Standish, Cavaliers under Captain John Smith, frontiersmen under Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton, or Northwest Pioneers under Colonels B. F. Shaw and J. W. Nesmith. It also brought an indelible realization of the numerous, unsurpassed picturesque scenes, romantic adventures and historic events that have transpired around the ramparts of old Fort Vancouver.
THE HISTORICAL APPLE TREE

("Pray plant these true love seeds of mine
On far Columbia’s fertile shore.")
LEGEND OF THE APPLE TREE

(Written in 1913.)

At a dinner party in honor of officials of the Hudson's Bay Company just before their departure from London for Fort Vancouver, a young lady playfully placed her apple seeds in the pocket of a gentleman sitting at her side. The seeds were carefully planted under the watchful eyes of Governor John McLoughlin. One of the seeds germinated and the sprout of a promising apple tree—the first apple tree on the Pacific Coast—soon made its appearance.

After several years it bore one apple, which, when ripe, was picked by Governor McLoughlin and carefully cut into seventeen slices, and one precious slice of the luscious fruit was served to each person at the governor's table. The next year the tree bore twenty apples, and it is still living and bearing fruit. The first account of this historic tree was written by Mrs. Marcus Whitman, in her Journal, on her visit to Fort Vancouver in 1836, when the tree was about ten years old.

In Eighteen Hundred and Twenty-Six on London's famous strand,

On the eve of their departure for Oregon's distant land,

Hudson's Bay officials sat in festive banquet room,

With wives and mothers dear, and sweethearts in their bloom,

They drank long life to ladies bright,
   And to their lovers tall;
While glasses clinked and laughter light
   Rang round that stately hall.

Fair Kate unto her love true,
   Then blushingly did say:
"These magic apple seeds take with you,
   When at dawn you sail away;
And, that they may be a sign
   That you will love me evermore,
Pray plant these true love seeds of mine
   On far Columbia's fertile shore."

And so Love's apple seeds were carried to this far western slope;

And here they thrived and prospered beyond the lover's fondest hope;

In far away Vancouver Fort, to Indians' wondering eyes,

A lordly apple tree soon flung green banners to the skies.
Its offspring now are scattered wide
  O'er the broad Pacific Coast;
Their luscious apples are our pride,
  The orchard's queen, the poet's boast.

Their choice fruit they are lending,
  With cool shade for you and me;
While thousands we are sending
  To old London o'er the sea.

So now we bless the lady fair
  And bless her lover tall,
Who planted here with tender care,
  Sweet apples for us all.
As the time drew nigh when the Treaty of Joint Occupation was to expire, Great Britain put forth great exertions to have the Columbia River recognized as the boundary line between her American possessions and the Oregon Territory. The best land in the Willamette Valley having been taken the American home-builders began to push across the Columbia, as they had a perfect right to do, with the intention of settling upon the north side of that stream. This brought them into still closer contact with the British element, and increased the bitter feeling between them, until, in some instances, it took on all the intensities of border warfare.

During those days the scenes presented within the stockade of the Hudson's Bay Company at Vancouver abounded with historical interest and romantic beauty. There was the French-Canadian trapper with his buckskin breeches, and his picturesque cloak carelessly flung over his shoulders, engaged in animated conversation with a party of voyageurs who had just returned in their canoes from the headwaters of the Snake River; before the company's store, a large building in the center of the inclosure, a group composed of stalwart redmen of the forest, dark-skinned Kanakas from the far-off Hawaiian Isles, and plaided Highlanders from the mountains of Scotland, gave undivided attention to a venturesome courier-de-bois who was describing his latest travels among the frozen regions of the north. An American settler paused while passing out of the main gateway to shout a ringing defiance to the commandant, who had threatened him with violence unless he retraced his steps to the south side of the Columbia.

Alarmed by the growing frequency of such demonstrations, the commandant ordered that the ponderous gate should be more securely barred at nightfall, and that the draw-bridge should be raised promptly at the set of sun. From the tower
in the northwest corner of the palisades the guard peered with
greater vigilance into the gathering darkness. It may not be
out of place to add that the writer's father was often rudely
awakened at the witching hour of midnight by the sentry's
shrill cry: "Twelve o'clock and all is well!" The bastion
was surmounted by two small cannon, and surrounded by a
narrow plank walk. Upon this short beat, the guard, who
was frequently a Scotchman of the redoubtable Douglass clan,
would march to and fro during the weary watches of the night.

"Above the gloomy portal arch,
The sturdy warden kept his march,
Low-humming as he paced along
Some ancient border-gathering song."

But even this stronghold of British influence was destined
to be invaded by the sturdy immigrants from the United
States. A young settler named Henry Williamson was one
of the earliest Americans to brave the wrath of the Hudson's
Bay Company by staking out a claim upon the present site
of Vancouver. This venturesome home-builder had emigrated
from the State of Indiana, and upon leaving home he had
placed a ring upon the finger of a fair damsel who promised to
remain true to her gallant knight-errant during his wander-
ings in the West. After choosing a dwelling place in some
pleasant vale on the Pacific coast, he was to return to take
hither his plighted bride. Impelled by such high hopes as
these, this bold pioneer scaled the rugged mountain peaks and
crossed the burning deserts, until he paused one glorious
morning upon the banks of the majestic river of the West.
With a lightsome ballad on his lips, and music in his heart
sweeter than the blithe carol of the birds among the leafy
branches he began the task of building a home in this vast
wilderness. To a French-Canadian boating song wafted to
him from a party of voyageurs gliding down the stream, he
fitted the words of his own heart—words resonant with hope
and love.
TT-TE YOUNG SETTLER’S LOVE SONG

Loud rings the axe of the woodsman brave,
In his forest-home by Columbia’s wave,
On this chosen spot he builds his cot,
With logs from the evergreen tree.
Hewn with thoughts of thee, Mary,
Hewn with thoughts of thee.

Blithe is the lay of the settler free,
Resounding o’er river and lea,
At his daily toil on the virgin soil,
‘Neath the shade of the evergreen tree,
He sings of love and thee, Mary,
He sings of love and thee.

Here will we dwell in Columbia’s vale,
And sing with the birds in this happy dale;—
In deep forest glade, ’mid the fir’s kind shade,
‘Mong the boughs of the evergreen tree,
I dream of love and thee. Mary,
I dream of love and thee.”

Despite the numerous obstacles thrown in his way by the British, he erected his log cabin and made a small clearing in the wilderness. At length all was ready for the coming of the bride and our youthful pioneer journeyed all the way back to the Hoosier state only to find that the form which he longed to clasp to his breast had lain for months within the tomb. The bright hopes which had lured his eager feet across the dreary plain were not less illusive than the mirage or phantom lake toward which he vainly hastened to quench his parching thirst. The broken-hearted lover retraced his weary footsteps back to his forest home. But it no longer possessed any charms for him. He wandered about aimlessly until he joined the Argonauts of ’49, and was finally lost to our view among the gold fields of California.

The next American to invade this region was Amos M. Short, who came here with his family in 1845. This intrepid settler and his faithful wife, Esther Short, were true types of
the pioneer yeomanry of the Northwest. They were coldly received by the officials of the fur trading company, who refused to sell them either food or clothing so long as they persisted in their intention of erecting their home altar here as citizens of the great Republic. To those who came as neutrals, these "King George Men" were the best of friends; to those who came as American citizens, they were the bitterest of enemies.

Undeterred by this spirit of hostility, the newcomers staked out their claim and erected their humble log cabin. While the husband was cutting the rails for a fence around their little clearing the wife overhauled the spinning wheel and was soon busily engaged spinning the wool for their home-made garments. Through the open doorway she could hear the ring of her husband's axe and the sweet warblings of the birds among the trees. The broad Columbia rolled in majesty at her feet; in the distance that sentinel mountain, Hood, matched his snow-crowned head against the fleecy whiteness of the clouds. In tune to the grand scene about her, and in time to the whirling of her spindle, her heart burst forth into involuntary song. It was a song such as pioneer women were wont to sing as they went about their daily tasks. Into it were carelessly woven scenes and events of everyday life. In it were blended the gay measure of some sprightly ballad and the solemn notes of a religious hymn; now free and wild as the swollen current of Burnt Bridge Creek as it tore away the dam by Priedmore's old mill—now soft and low as that same stream's gentlest murmer when soothed by summer's shallow flow.

**SONG OF THE PIONEER HOUSE-WIFE**

We'll build us a home 'mid the forest wild,
Where sweeps the broad river, so clear and so mild:
Where blooms the wild rose by Columbia's main,
And savages roam o'er the boundless plain;
While 'round our cot the tall firs sigh,
And redmen raise their fierce war-cry.

Bold forest-Amazons are we—
True help-mates of pioneer-yeomanry;
With husbands we work in solitudes wild
Fight savage or wild cat to protect our child;
We help hew logs for frontier roof-tree,
And raise in the West the flag of the free.

What though the Red-coats lay claim to this land;
And madly molest us with fire and brand
Or threaten to drive us from hearth and from home—
From this favored place they'll ne'er make us roam;
We'll firmly protect sacred rights and roof-tree,
And win this fair land for flag of the free!

But the Hudson's Bay Company was not content with the mere withholding of supplies from this American settler. They tried to discourage him by sending parties of their employees to pull down his fences, and commit other like depredations. On one occasion when Mr. Short had gone to the American settlement at Oregon City to purchase needed supplies, a party of the company's employees placed Mrs. Short and her children upon a bateau which they then pushed adrift into the current of the Columbia with but a single oar on board. It was only by the utmost skill and exertion that the poor mother was enabled to paddle the cumbersome craft to the shore and save herself and the children from their perilous position.

Upon his return, Mr. Short announced his firm determination to defend his hearth and home at all hazards. So when the next crowd attempted to pull down his fence, he loaded his rifle and fired upon them, killing an officer and a servant of the company. For this deed, committed in defense of his home, Mr. Short was arrested and taken before Justice Petrain, father of C. A. Petrain, now a prominent attorney of Portland. After an examination, Mr. Short was taken to Oregon City to be tried by Judge Lancaster, of the Oregon provisional government. He was, however, finally released without trial.

During the enforced absence of the home-builder the British prepared to renew their work of destruction. A small squad of men were sent out under the lead of a French-Canadian named FiCeatte, with the instructions to continue the tearing down of the pioneer's rail fence. FiCeatte was an ad-
venturous courier-de-bois who had been in the employ of the company for many years. Under British command he had roamed the Western wilds from Montreal to Fort Vancouver. He therefore represented the aggressive spirit and prowess of Great Britain as truly as did those redcoats who were so badly beaten by John Stark and his "Green Mountain" boys at Bennington. Moreover, he was sent out by Governor Ogden, the son of a British tory who had been driven to Halifax by the patriots of the Revolution. When Esther Short saw this little army approaching her castle she became as indignant as did the Boston school boys when the redcoats under General Gage interfered with their games by breaking up the ice on Boston Common. Like those free-spirited lads, she felt that she had suffered from British cruelty long enough. Like them, also, she was determined to bear their tyranny no longer. So just as FiCeatte put his hands upon the topmost rail and began to wrench it from its place, by a deft swing of her arm she struck him with the palm of her hand a stinging blow across the cheek. Before he realized it, the astonished fur-trapper was lying on the green-sward at his conqueror's feet. As soon as he could gather himself together the abashed French-Canadian beat a hasty retreat to the fort, where he gave the commandant, Governor Peter Ogden, a graphic account of his disastrous encounter. During the recital of his trusty courier-de-bois who had never before suffered defeat, the sides of the gallant Governor fairly shook with laughter. At its conclusion, with a merry twinkle in his eye, he sagely remarked: "I guess we had better give it up; we can never hope to win against such brave women as that." And Mr. FiCeatte himself, who still resides at Vancouver at the ripe age of eighty-five, laughs heartily when he tells the story of his humiliating defeat.

Governor Ogden was a brave, generous-hearted man, to whom a petty war-fare against settlers and their wives was extremely distasteful. This incident taught him that the incoming tide of American yeomanry would maintain their rights with all the bravery of their forefathers. He was wise enough to foresee that a struggle against such a band of determined men and women could have but one result.
candid enough to admit his defeat, and withdraw gracefully from the contest.

The salutary lesson taught by this sturdy American matron was most wholesome in its effect. She did not ride forth to battle, like Joan of Arc, encased in shining breastplate of steel. She was panoplied only in the armor of her own righteousness. Other weapon had she none, save her good right arm and the sublime justice of her cause. Her victory loses none of its grandeur because unaccompanied by the roar of artillery, the flash of sabers, or the cheers of victorious legions. Her army was the brood of children at her knee; her banners, the foliage of evergreen trees waving in the breeze overhead. Standing with uplifted hand amid the rich wildflowers and the swaying grass, the rough log cabin behind her, the rude rail fence before, she presents as impressive a picture as that engraved by our forefathers upon the storied bridge at Concord.

Vancouver’s coat-of-arms consists of a picture of Mount Hood, with the Columbia River in the foreground. This scene may be claimed in common by other towns in this neighborhood, and commemorates no achievements of America’s heroes. Would it not be more appropriate to change this for one representing our Joan of Arc in the act of defying and putting to flight the hirelings of Great Britain’s wealth and prowess? This would continually remind us that the pioneer women of the Northwest displayed the same heroism as did their grandmothers in the days of Betsy Ross, Bessie McNeal and Molly Pitcher. Then, in years to come, some fair reader of this humble narrative, as she sits by the evening fire with her grandchildren on her knee, will relate to the listening little one a tradition not less inspiring than “Grandfather’s Tale of Yorktown”—The thrilling story of Esther Short and her victory over the British Redcoats.

NOTE—Years ago one of the writer’s greatest joys was the annual visit to his grandparent’s old log cabin, on the banks of the Columbia, near St. Helens, Oregon. In the evening grandmother would bring her spinning wheel to the fireside, where she would sing and spin. Her songs consisted of a rude blending of patriotism, religion and romance. Friedmore’s old mill on Burnt Bridge Creek was built by one of the early French-Canadian trappers. Portions of the mills still remain.
It may of interest to the admirers of Walter Scott to know that Sir James Douglas, one of the bravest bearing the dreaded Douglas name, was for a time the commandant at Fort Vancouver.

Our heroine, Esther Short, was the true founder of Vancouver. She laid out and platted the town, dedicating the City waterfront and the park to the people forever. The park should be named Esther Square in her honor.

Miss Esther Short, a worthy granddaughter of our pioneer heroine, resides at Washougal, and is among the most respected, useful, and patriotic school teachers of Clarke County.
PIONEER WITNESS TREE.
(This tree has been washed away by the high water, but it is proposed to plant a slip of the parent tree on the very spot where the old tree stood.)
A PIONEER WITNESS TREE.

(Written in 1898)

Of all the gifts of nature few are more beneficent, bountiful or beautiful than the forest tree. It not only enriches mankind, but adorns the landscape as well. It absorbs many poisonous gases and purifies the surrounding atmosphere. It cleanses the air that loiters to play among its branches, and sends it, loaded with fragrance and sweetness, on its joyous way. Its graceful foliage shelters the nesting birds, while it lends a charm to their sweetest songs.

As the loveliest of ferns and mosses thrive within our shady groves, so many of our most glorious traditions are inseparably associated with the tree of the forest. The tree is the natural friend of freedom. Tyranny, corruption and impurity need never expect a home in the forest. Their tainted and deformed imps would be bereft of all power by the purity and freshness of the breeze that rustles through the scented grove, and stifled by the wild sweetness of the woodland melodies. It was in complete harmony with nature’s plan for William Penn to conclude his treaty of peace with the Indians beneath the kindly shade of a forest monarch, and for Wadsworth to entrust the Charter of Connecticut’s Liberty to the constant heart of a stout old oak.

At the foot of Main Street in the City of Vancouver, Washington, may be seen a large cottonwood tree, which has an honored place in the early chronicles of our commonwealth. It has boldly reared its crest just upon the bank of the broad Columbia, and its antlered branches stand out in clear relief against that silvery stream. In the records of Clarke County this aged giant is officially known by the poetic name of a “Balm of Gilead” tree, a name that seems to light up that musty account of the deeds of the “rude forefathers of the hamlet” with the soft glow of poetry and romance. During the present century this forest monarch has beheld many strange vicissitudes. From its foot the savage tribes
embarked in their canoes on many a war-like expedition; the voyageurs of the Hudson’s Bay Company moored their bateau near its roots when they came to establish a trading post here in 1824; while the humble American settler landed beneath its protecting shade when he came to battle with the British for the possession of the soil.

From 1840 to 1850 that powerful organization, the Hudson’s Bay Company, exerted its utmost influence to deter citizens of the United States from settling on land north of the Columbia River. The officials of this despotic company succeeded in driving away all American settlers until the arrival of the dauntless pioneer, Amos M. Short and his brave wife, Esther Short. Ignoring all the insolent threats of the British, Mr. Short proceeded to erect his log cabin, and stake out his donation land claim, selecting the magnificent Balm of Gilead as his witness tree and point of beginning. This tree thus stood on the border-land between two contending powers, and marked the boundary of the British company’s possessions from the land of the American pioneer.

But it was far more than a mere land-mark. It marked “the point of beginning” to active resistance from the Americans to the haughty aggression of the British. From the moment that Amos Short sunk his gleaming axe into that noble cottonwood and marked its trunk with the blaze of liberty, the power of the British steadily declined. That act dedicated the tree and the surrounding region to the cause of freedom. The bold yeoman had taken up his claim in conformity to the land laws of the United States, and in defending his property he was upholding the honor and dignity of his country’s emblem. He maintained his rights with all the bravery of an American citizen. When the Hudson’s Bay Company sent a party of men to drive him away from his home, he took down his musket and went forth to meet them. After fair warning, he fired upon them, killing an officer and a servant of the company, while the others retreated in utter dismay. After a few more attempts to dislodge him, the British desisted, leaving him to occupy his land in peace. Other settlers came pouring in, and the entire region was soon in undisputed possession of the Americans.
In the dusty, time-stained chronicles in the U. S. Land office the description of this pioneer's homestead is recorded in the customary legal style, as follows: "Beginning at a large Balm of Gilead tree on the north bank of the Columbia River and running thence," etc.

From that Balm of Gilead liberty's lines have been extended in all directions, until the broad principles of American Freedom and Justice now enfold this entire commonwealth within their kindly grasp; for the Tree of Liberty is not a dwarfed shrub growing upon Tyranny's blasted heath but a noble giant. And the blaze of Freedom which the settler cut upon its trunk has broadened and deepened with age.

This historic witness tree still stands upon the bank of the storied Columbia, the warm sap flowing freely through its lusty veins. Its rich green leaves are as bright and fresh as the principles of eternal justice; its soft, snowy bloom not less spotless than the sacred cause of Truth and Right. May it long thrive—a living memorial of the past—a venerable title-deed of American industry, courage and glory!

Foot notes:—The Indian name for cottonwood tree was "Waukomah", which is the name of a neighborhood a few miles from Vancouver.
In 1852 and '53, following his experiences in the Mexican War, Lieutenant U. S. Grant was stationed at Fort Vancouver, to assist in guarding this frontier region from Indian outbreaks. With brother officers, he was quartered in a large log-house, which, with its old fire-place and rough-hewn logs still remains, tho it has been boarded over and painted so that but few of the logs are discernible. It is now used as the officers' club house, and is sometimes styled 'Grant's Headquarters', but the term is misleading in view of the fact that Grant was not the post-commander, but only a subaltern, when he dwelt in this old log-house.

Yes, here dwelt Grant when life was young,
His brother officers among;
They talked and studied, jested and sang,—
These rough log-walls with laughter rang.

Tho these brave comrades have passed away,
The old fire-place remains today,
And its bright blaze with cheerful glow,
Reflects those days of long ago.

He flirted, 'tis said, with Indian lass,
The bright-eyed Mary Looking-glass:
And oft he turned from Columbia's main,
And rode six miles to old Fourth-Plain,
Thru forest-trails of Washington,
To sang with Dolly Covington;
And oft sat silent, still as a mouse,
By the bright fire-place in this old log-house.

He here pondered o'er his future fame,
And planned his fights in war's rough game;
Here grew thoughts that brought victory,
And made this Nation great and free;—
This frontier fort to Vicksburg spread,
Vancouver to Appomattox led;—
While we of Shiloh and Donelson boast,
To this old log-house let's drink a toast!
GRANT'S OLD LOG QUARTERS.
HANK PEARSON’S RIDE
(Written in 1898)

THEME

At the beginning of the Indian uprising under Chiefs Kamiakin and Kanasket, in November of 1855, Governor Stevens was near Fort Benton, Montana, attending the Blackfoot council. As the people needed their gallant leader in this great emergency, Hank Pearson volunteered to hasten onward with the dispatch.

His course lead him through five hundred miles of hostile land filled with lurking savages, and over rough snow-covered mountains. When one horse was worn out he jumped upon another and pressed on without pausing for rest. When he reached his destination his clothes were frozen stiff to his body and he was so weak withal that he had to be lifted from the horse and carried into the house. Pearson lived at Vancouver, and was widely known for his expert horsemanship, having served as a courier on many occasions.

While this dangerous ride did not result in the rider’s instant death, as related in the verse, it greatly hastened his untimely end; and the story of his heroic self-sacrifice remains a poetic truth.

Among the famous riders of history none are more thrilling than this, and it is rendered doubly precious by its associations with the name of our heroic Governor, Isaac I. Stevens.

A COURIER OF THE WEST

“Heaven’s cherubin, hosed upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye.”

THE WARNING.

Around the firesides of the West lingers this tale of a hero brave,
Who breathed his last in storied past, while striving human life to save.
During the fall of ’55 on a dark and stormy night,
Adown the swift Columbia, like an eagle in its flight,
Darted the light canoe of friendly Indian Jack
To warn the people of Vancouver of dreaded night attack.
The startled villagers, for self-defense prepared,
Then called for a volunteer, for one who freely dared
To carry the news to Stevens about the war at hand,
Through five hundred lonely miles where lurked the savage band.

Then rose that gallant yeoman, Hank Pearson, bold and strong
And started on that mountain ride so dangerous and long.
Not his the classic face, not his the rhythmic name.
That sculptor on marble loves to trace, or minstrel softly gives to fame.
But fitter for him by far, is granite's rude, enduring heart,
And sweeter rings his name afar, when comrade sings his noble part.

**THE RIDE**

Fast he rode by Columbia's stream,
Guided by day-star or moon's pale beam;
By day and night he hastened on,
Passing Celilo, whence had gone
All the braves of the fishing village,
The last to leave for war's rude pillage.
As he neared Walla Walla's lovely vale.
He spied a ploughman in the dale;
Telling his tale so fierce and new,
He asked for a horse to carry him through.
"Take 'Antelope,' a steed more true
Ne'er from the meadow dashed the dew."
Springing upon the gallant black,
He breathed his name, the rein held slack;
Forward flew the quivering steed,
Straining his limbs to their utmost speed.
Not faster the startled deer is borne
When soundeth anear the huntsman's horn;
Not surer flies the unerring dart
Seeking its rest in that trembling heart.
Leaving behind Walla Walla's plain,
He dashed on through the Coer d'Alene.

**THE ARRIVAL AND THE PASSING.**

So without pause by night or day,
He rode until one morning gray,
Spattered with variation of every ground,
That 'twixt The Dalles and Benton is found,
He was lifted tenderly from the back
Of the gallant but all breathless black;
And was carried in through the open door
Straight to the side of our war governor,
Then striving to rise, bold Pearson spoke—
Though his words by frequent gasps were broke—
"Kamiakin and fierce Kanasket
Have raised on high the bloody hatchet;
For their leader's return, your people pray,
Make haste, brave Stevens, haste away!"
In the arms of friends, his last words said,
The messenger falls with drooping head;
His eyelids close, his deeds are o'er,
The courier will ride on steeds no more.
Softly our Roman his orders told:
"Keep tender vigils o'er hero bold;
My people are calling, I hasten on.
I'd pause not now for my own dear son."
Stevens sped on to reach Hell Gate,
Where Spotted Eagle impatient did wait
To safely guide the Governor,
O'er mountain path to seat of war;
Where he led his men in gallant fight.
Till peace soon followed the war's dark night.

A CLOSING STRAIN.

Still by the hearth-stones of the West
Lingers this tale of a hero brave,
Who breathed his last in storied past
While striving human life to save.
Still whisper gray sires 'round hearths at home,
That sometimes in the weird moonlight,
A phantom rider on horse afoam,
Comes and vanishes in the night:
A sign that once more in time of need,
He will ride, as of yore, his gallant steed.
The tale is told, the hearth is cold,
But the heart throbs warm for the hero bold;
And ever may his memory last
While hearts are thrilled by tales of the past.
"For whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die,
Is where he dies for man."
FOOTNOTES.

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I'd pause not now for my own dear son.”
“Stevens sped on to reach Hell Gate.
Where Spotted Eagle impatient did wait.”

In describing the death of General Stevens, the New York Tribune of September 5, 1862, says: "A moment after Stevens seized the colors, his son Hazzard fell wounded, and cried to his father that he was hurt. With a glance backward, that Roman father said, ‘I can't attend you now, Hazzard; Corporal Thompson, see to my boy.'"

That was his last farewell; a few minutes afterwards he lay cold and still on the field of Chantilly, his fingers still clasping, like bands of steel, the flag he loved so well.

The Nez Perce chiefs, Spotted Eagle and Three Feathers, with seventy followers, acted as bodyguard for Governor Stevens on his perilous return.

Spotted Eagle and his band proved faithful to the whites throughout the war, and fought gallantly with them in several engagements.
THE CASTLE ON THE PLAINS
Written in 1897.

It is hard to believe that, but a generation ago, Clarke County was on the very verge of the Northwest frontier, and as an outpost of American civilization was continually beset by all the dangers and trials of a border community. In these quiet, "piping days of peace," we hear little of those troublesome times, when the hurrying messenger would draw rein before the cabin of some lone frontiersman to tell him of the latest Indian massacre, and then dash on to warn other remote settlements. At such a time there was as surely as much need of haste as when the messenger of Rhoderick Dhu was dispatched to carry the signal for the gathering of the clan. Whether the courier was a white settler riding a cayuse pony or a friendly Indian runner, his feet clad in moccasins ornamented with beads glistening like dew in the morning sun, the words of Walter Scott come unbidden to the lips:

"Speed, Malise, speed; the dun deer's hide
On fleeter foot was never tied!"

As the Scottish clansmen quickly gathered at Clanrick Mead, so did the frontiersmen of this county hastily meet at some central locality to prepare for the defense of their families. In time of great stress, the home builders quickly became home-defenders. While we read thrilling tales of border warfare in Scotland, we are scarcely aware of the stirring scenes which have been enacted in our own neighborhood. It was quite by an accident that the writer first heard of the old fort at Fourth Plain.

When the news of the Indian depredations reached the settlers of Fourth Plain, early in 1856, they determined not to flee to town for protection, but to erect a stockade near their own homes. Trees were felled and the logs were hauled to a small hill on the place of Mr. Geer, where it had been decided the castle should be built. The fort consisted of a stockade about sixteen feet high, enclosing about an acre of ground.
and was surrounded by a small trench. Within the enclosure and against the walls of the fort, a dozen or more log cabins were built, leaving quite an open space in the center. This open court served as a drilling place for the embattled farmers, as well as a playground for the children.

To this castle the freeholders of the Plain came with their families when they heard of the attack of the Indians upon the Cascade blockhouse, in March, 1856, and within these friendly battlements they remained until July. Their commander was Captain Richard Covington, who drew quite a good picture of Fort Vancouver in 1855.

Tradition has it that Mr. Covington possessed the first organ ever brought into Clarke County, and was wont to entertain his guests by playing upon the violin, while his wife accompanied him on the organ. It is said that one of their most frequent visitors in 1853 was Lieut. U. S. Grant, who thought naught of the six-mile ride on the lonely trail that led from Vancouver to the Plain.

Among the settlers who brought their families to the fort for protection were Walter Maybray, John and Charles Byrd, Valentine, John and Jacob Proebstel, Richard McCary, John Bersh and Thomas Nerton. Sentries kept watch by night, and sometimes scouting parties were sent out to keep the Indians at a distance. In the morning the settlers went forth to work, carrying their rifles upon their shoulders. Though no attack was made upon them, the yeomanry of the Plain showed that they possessed the courage to defend their homes and were equal to any emergency.

Instead of being the scene of bloodshed and death, the fort was a place of life and birth, for there Henry Bersh was born, June 11, 1856.

After the people had returned to their homes, a term of school was taught at the fort, and it was also used as a place for religious services. Thus, within those walls which it was feared would resound with the war-whoop of the Redmen, the yeomanry and their families united in singing the sweet songs of Zion; while from those battlements, erected as a defense against a savage foe arose the supplications of His peo-
ple to the great Jehovah, imploring divine protection against their most insidious foe, the common enemy of man.

The fort and buildings are now completely obliterated and have become only a dim tradition of the past. The land once occupied by this grim monument of war is now covered with flourishing fruit trees. This is another virtual fulfillment of that beautiful prophecy: “Their spears shall be fashioned into ploughshares and their swords into pruning hooks.”
SHERIDAN'S FIRST BATTLE-RIDE

Phil Sheridan was the greatest and most famous cavalry leader in American history, but the story of his glorious career is not confined to his stirring achievements in the Civil War. His first battle-ride was made, not on the back of a coal-black charger, but on the deck of a sturdy steamboat up the Columbia River from Fort Vancouver, and his unblemished knightly fame is inseparably associated with Vancouver and Northwest History.

In the spring of 1856, Lieutenant Sheridan, then a gallant youth of 25, was stationed at Fort Vancouver. When after midnight on March 27th, word was brought by a friendly Indian-runner that the settlers and their families had been attacked by a large band of Indians at the Cascade blockhouse, and would soon be overcome and murdered. Quickly gathering about forty dragoons and volunteer settlers, at two o'clock in the morning, Sheridan jumped upon the steamer Belle and dashed to the rescue; and after a bloody and brilliant combat, saved the lives of the besiegéd settlers and soldiers. Captain Robert Williams, for many years a beloved citizen of Vancouver, was among the brave defenders of the blockhouse and delighted to tell the story of Little Phil's baptism of fire.

From Fort Vancouver rode Sheridan,
To the rescue of woman, child and man,
Who, besiegéd in the blockhouse at Cascade,
Sent friendly "Eagle Wing" for aid.
On deck of a noble boat rode he,
On that bloody day in our history.

A motley crew formed his company,
Troopers, trappers and frontier-yeomanry,
Rode on the Belle by Little Phil's side,
On fair Columbia's majestic tide;
Fast flew the boat thru the foaming spray,
With Sheridan forty miles away!

O, how the bullets and arrows did pour,
As the boat approached the Cascade's shore!
And how Phil and his troopers rushed pell-mell
O'er the gang-plank of the steamer Belle!
The savages scattered far and wide,
And fathers kissed children, and bridegroom kissed bride.
CASCADE BLOCKHOUSE
SHERIDAN’S FIRST BATTLE-RIDE

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O’er the gang-plank of the steamer Belle!
The savages scattered far and wide,
And fathers kissed children, and bridegroom kissed bride.
Still! old pioneers with rapture tell
How half a tribe on that day fell,
As Little Phil led his gallant charge,
From blood-stained deck of that brave barge;
And the Indians fled in wild dismay,
With Sheridan forty feet away!

Then, hurrah, hurrah, for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah, for boat and man!
Hurrah for the soldiers and settlers brave,
Who fought, loved women and children to save!
And a "Tiger" add for those days of old,
When women were true and men were bold!
AN OLD JACKSONIAN DEMOCRAT

(Written in 1910.)

In these happy, piping days of ‘Insurgency’ and ‘New Nationalism’ it is somewhat refreshing to hear of a real old-fashioned Jacksonian Democrat, such as flourished in the youthful period of our Republic. One of those now rare characters, a survival of those early, rugged days is still with us in Clarke County and is before the voters as a candidate on the Democratic ticket this fall. We allude to that sturdy, stalwart Democrat of the old school. Capt. A. L. Coffee, Democratic nominee for state representative. As a good Republican, the writer cannot support Mr. Coffee’s candidacy, but we consider this old Democratic war-horse “good copy”, and we know our readers will be pleased to hear about him at this time. So we present him as a living reminder of those early days.

Capt. Coffee is by birth and breeding a genuine, unadulterated Jacksonian Democrat. He was born in the sunny South in 1831, nearly eighty years ago, during the first administration of his patron saint, President Andrew Jackson, canonized by he faithful as “Old Hickory.” He has lived through the eventful administration of Jackson, Van Buren, “Tippecanoe” Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Ben Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt, “The Strenuous”, and is now basking in the sunny smile of big Bill Taft. He has seen presidents, cabinets and congresses come and go; he has witnessed glory-crowned generals, dignified dames, stately statesmen, prominent politicians and powerful parties pass on and fade away into the dim obscurity of the past. He has listened to the inspiring eloquence of John Quincy Adams, Clay, Calhoun, Hayne, Webster, Corwin, Giddings, Sumner and Seward and has knelt at the sacred political shrine of Jackson, Tom Benton, Sam Houston and Steve Douglas. During his life-time this struggling Republic has developed into one of
the great nations of the earth and its former domains, with their indefinite boundaries, have grown to imperial proportions and have been extended from ocean to ocean.

And Mr. Coffee has taken his part in this historic movement. When a young man of 21 he came "across the plains" to the great Northwest and settled in Clarke County, Washington, where he has lived most of the time ever since. At the beginning of the Indian war in 1855 he enlisted in the Washington Territory Volunteers and served under that intrepid pioneer and Indian-fighter, Col. B. F. Shaw. This gallant regiment waged an extremely active and vigorous campaign. Its fields of operation extended to both sides of the Cascade Mountains and took in Oregon as well as Washington. These hardy frontiersmen and pioneer-yeomanry fought dozens of bloody battles and skirmishes, and chased the savages over hundreds of miles of rugged mountains and desert plains. Within a year's time they conquered peace for the greater part of two large commonwealths. Mr. Coffee was a member of Capt Strong's Clarke County Rangers, a detachment of which had the famous encounter with the Indians at Battle Ground, near Vancouver; being on duty elsewhere, he did not participate in that stirring encounter, but his twin brother, A. T. Coffee, who still resides at Washougal, was present at that historic occasion.

Since those war-like times Capt. Coffee has devoted himself to the peaceful development of this state, serving two terms as Sheriff of Clarke County in the frontier days. He resides at Camas, tho he is also interested in large wheat fields east of the mountains. He and the writer's father were "tillieums" or close friends for nearly half a century, and he has always been esteemed as a helpful neighbor and a patriotic citizen. He is very tenacious in upholding the timehonored principles of Jacksonian Democracy and loves to recall the bitter struggle waged by Jackson, Benton and others against the powerful United States Bank; and the other half forgotten political political fights of those stirring times. He remembers "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" and the "Log-cabin hard-cider" campaign of 1840. But through all the political changes for lo, these many years, he has proved faithful to the Democratic
party and remained unshaken in his support. His steadfast faith and his unselfish, unfaltering fealty evoke our surprise and admiration, and we join in respect and reverence for this old pioneer Indian-fighter and sturdy Jacksonian Democrat, who is left among us as a living reminder of the rough frontier period and the rugged days of "Old Hickory" and Jacksonian ascendency.
COL. B. F. SHAW, THE HERO OF GRAND RONDE

(From a picture taken many years after the war by Major Lee Moore of Pendleton, Oregon, showing the famous Indian fighter in his old uniform and with his old battle sword.)
A WESTERN CROMWELL
Written in 1897

All students of history have read of that dramatic scene when Oliver Cromwell, England's great protector, at the head of his invincible "Ironsides" marched down the great hall where the "long parliament" was in session and dismissed that dignified assemblage. An event somewhat similar to this was enacted amid the primeval forests of the Territory of Washington more than forty years ago.

In 1856 the pioneers of Washington were engaged in a bloody border warfare against the savage tribes. Governor Stevens had appointed Col. B. F. Shaw, a gallant frontiersman and Indian fighter, to the command of the volunteer militia. Several French-Canadian fur-trappers, who were charged with having given "aid and comfort to the enemy," had been captured and placed under a military guard at Fort Steilacoom. In order to keep these prisoners from the civil authorities, Governor Stevens proclaimed martial law over Pierce and Thurston Counties.

At this time Edward Lander was chief justice of the territory, having been appointed by President Franklin Pierce. Judge Lander was an upright, dignified, Jeffersonian democrat of the "old school." The declaration of martial law had aroused the indignation of the worthy jurist, and he proceeded to open the spring session of the district court of Pierce county at Fort Steilacoom, with the intention of inflicting just punishment upon those who had shown contempt for the majesty of the law as represented in his own august personage. It was also suspected that a writ of habeas corpus would be issued, ordering the military authorities to give up the prisoners for trial by the civil courts. This act Governor Stevens was determined to prevent. When the day dawned upon which the court was to convene the excitement was intense. News of the impending trouble had spread abroad, and many settlers from
the surrounding country had driven to the "settlement" to witness the exciting event.

It was a pleasant May morning and the people gathered in groups within the little clearing around the court house, discussing the important questions of the day, including the general conduct of the war. It is hardly necessary to remark that in conformity with their privileges as American citizens, these stay-at-homes bitterly denounced the judge, the governor, the militia officers and all others in authority. With slow, dignified steps the gallant judge walked by the noisy groups and entered the court room. He was followed by the bailiff and, at a more respectful distance, by the entire crowd.

After seating himself and carefully adjusting his powdered wig, the chief justice commanded the bailiff to call the court to order. That gallant custodian of the law, mindful of his great importance, arose and in his loudest tones shouted: "Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye!" At this point he was interrupted by the noisy tramp, tramp, tramp of a band of men marching up the steps. The cry of "Soldiers, soldiers," was heard in many parts of the room. "Order in the court!" sternly shouted the judge. "Mr. Bailiff, proceed." Thus admonished, that worthy continued: The district court of the fourth judicial district of the Territory of Washington is now—" "Forward, march!" Bang! The door flew open with a slam, and into the room rushed Colonel Shaw at the head of his company of brave Washington volunteers. In spite of their vigorous protests, the judge and his bailiff were promptly seized and placed under arrest; the room was quickly cleared and the door locked.

It may be safely assumed that when the free American citizens, who had been thus summarily ejected from a public building, again assembled on the outside, their arguments were somewhat more heated than usual. The discussion was taken up by the politicians of that time and became the burning issue of an exciting political contest. Those who sided with Chief Justice Landor were called "tories" and "confederates of the savages," while Governor Stevens and Colonel Shaw were denounced as "tyrants" and "military despots."
As the campaign progressed, old party ties were rent asunder, and the war-governor received the support of the volunteers and the "war whigs," as well as a large majority of his democratic brethren. His vigorous war policy met with the approval of the people and he was triumphantly elected to represent the Territory in the halls of Congress.

At the conclusion of the political contest all patriotic citizens joined hands in a united effort to restore peace to the distracted territory. It is but fair to state that Judge Lander himself shouldered a musket and proved himself a brave soldier as well as an honest judge.

Of the prominent actors in this stirring scene Col. B. F. Shaw, the present state senator from Clarke County, now alone survives. With his strong, giant-like form and vigorous intellect, he seems a fitting embodiment of the "heroic age" of Washington's history. He is a true type of the sturdy pioneer yeomanry that fought so bravely upon Grand Ronde's Hills and Walla Walla's Plain.

FOOTNOTES—In a letter to the author, G. H. Himes, of the Oregon Historical Society, says:—"I read with much interest your article in Sunday Oregonian on "A Western Cromwell," I lived but a few miles from Fort Steilacoom in 1855 and knew all the persons you name; Col. Shaw very well. The incident you wrote was true and a big mess grew out of it.

Harvey W. Scott, veteran editor of the Oregonian, was a boy soldier at the time and has often told the author how he was placed on guard over the arrested Judge.
BALLAD OF THE BATTLE-GROUND

THEME

At the beginning of the Indian war in 1855, the Klickitat Indians were conveyed from their homes on the Cathlapoodle or Lewis River to the Fort at Vancouver, Washington. This was done to prevent them from being led to the war-path by the emissaries of Kanasket, the hostile chief. As the regular soldiers had been sent away, the fort was garrisoned by Company “A”, “Clarke County Rangers,” commanded by Judge William Strong. These were joined by a company of trappers from the Willamette Valley, under Captain Robert Newell, a well-known scout. But the greater part of these two companies were absent on campaigns, leaving only about thirty men.

These were also preparing to embark on the steamer Belle for the seat of war, when it was discovered that, during the night, the Klickitats had “folded their tents like the Arabs, and as silently stolen away.” They were soon overtaken, at a place since called Battle-Ground, about fifteen miles from Vancouver and promised to return. But soon after the council-fire the Indian chief, Umtux, was found dead near his tent, having been killed by some unknown person, and the Indians requested to be left alone to mourn their chieftain and bury him in secret, pledging themselves to come back the next day. The whites trusted them and returned without them. For this they were severely criticised on their return, some of the impulsive women of Vancouver and vicinity presenting them with feminine apparel as a proper costume for “squaw warriors”, as they termed them. These pioneer women were deeply in earnest; with them it was too serious a matter for an idle jest. But as the Indians kept their pledge and returned, only pleasant memories remain, and this tradition of bygone days.

This tale was first told me by an old settler as we sat around the fire one winter’s night. He has since passed away; “for him no more the blazing hearth shall burn”, but to hear it as he told it—his graphic words, his dramatic gestures, his flashing eyes, and his hearty laugh at the close—ah, that was poetry!

THE FLIGHT OF THE KLICKITATS

List to this dim tradition old,
As told be by a pioneer bold:—
In ’55, in the moon of November,
As many old settlers still remember,
The fierce Klickitats were gathered around,
In Fort Vancouver’s historic ground,
Near Vancouver’s frontier village,
To keep them away from war and pillage,
The regular soldiers were all away,
On bloody campaign and fierce foray,
And Newell and Strong, with settlers brave,
Guarded the fort by Columbia’s wave,—
The "Clarke County Rangers" volunteers bold,  
From Washougal's stream and Vancouver's fold.  
All went well, till late one night,  
'Twas found the Indians had taken flight;—  
"Would they join Kanasket savage,  
And aid in war's rapine and ravage?"  
These words were whispered with dread and fear,  
While mothers pressed their children dear.  
Quickly did Strong and Newell then,  
Pursue with thirty mounted men;  
The trusty scouts the foe soon found,  
At a place since called the Battle-Ground.

THE COUNCIL-FIRE

The time of day was sitkum-sun,  
For half the heavenly course was run;  
At mid-day feast were seated the foe,  
With sweet camas-root and wapato.  
A council-fire was promptly planned:—  
Chief Umtux, of the savage band,  
Young Red-Wolf sitting by his side,  
With feathered plume and war-like pride,  
Scout Newell and his aid Dupwee,  
True types of mountain trappers free,  
With Strong and Sergeant Hathaway,  
From yeomanry of Company "A."  
Spreading blankets on the ground.  
They formed a group the blaze around.  
Newell then asked the chieftains bold,  
To come in quiet to the fold;  
Umtux said some treach'rous knaves,  
Had spread false tales among his braves;  
But now, all thoughts of warfare o'er,  
They would return to Columbia's shore.  
He seized a coal of living light,  
To place in Friendship's Pipe so bright;  
And each one blew a breath of Love,  
Wafted by angel's wings above;
While Love's sweet incense rose in air,
All hate and anger vanished there.
The meeting o'er, with smiling face,
Each one resumed his former place.

THE DEATH OF UMTUX

Two scouts were started back to tell
The anxious town-folk all was well;
But as quickly on they push,
Beside a fragrant sallal bush,
Lying lifeless on the plain,
They find Chief Umtux, bullet-slain!
Back to camp they haste in fright,
And tell brave Strong the dreadful sight.
Who killed the chief no one could say,
Nor is it known unto this day;
Did vengeful pale-face do the deed?
Or some young brave, eager to lead
The Klickitat tribe to camp of Kanasket,
And wave on high the bloody hatchet?
For Chief Umtux was good and wise,
And did for peace and friendship advise.
Right well did Strong and Newell know
That some brave scout must quickly go,
To soothe the Indians' fear and alarm,
And quench all danger of bloodshed and harm;
To swear that no white committed the crime,
And ask their return to Columbia's clime.
So they told the men of the urgent need,
Of messenger brave to relate the deed:
"Who volunteers the tribe to tell?"
Forward sprang bold Isaac LaBelle,
Bared his breast to savage foe,
And briefly told his tale of woe!
Tho wails and threats were mingled loud,
The trapper soothed the tearful crowd;
At his kind words they wiped their tears,
So, touched by sun, snow disappears.
A SCENE ON THE WASHOUGAL RIVER
("Our sweet Washougal Illihee.")
The trapper his savage friends embraced.
Then back to camp his steps retraced,
Only a short time had gone by,
When Indian messenger came nigh;
At him a pale-face aimed his brand,
A comrade knocked it from his hand.
The brave was friendly Cowlitz Jack,
Who said the redmen would go back:
"The fires of love still brightly burn,
The Klickitats for peace and friendship yearn;
But give us one day to show our grief,
For brave Umtux, our fallen chief;
And chant the death-song o'er his grave,
By Cathlapoolya's silv'ry wave!"
Scout Newell had faith in the savage foe,
And the day was given to soothe their woe.
The volunteers with hostages left,
While Klickitats mourned, of chief bereft;
In secret they buried their warrior,—
Where no man knoweth his sepulcher.

THE KLICKITATS' LAMENT

At eventide dusky Indian maids,
Chanting the Klickitats' sad serenades,
Gather that hillside grave around,
Mingling moans and wails o'er their chieftain's mound;
With bodies swaying in mystic grace,
They dance the weird death-song of their race:—

"Gone is Umtux, gone forever!
No more down broad Wauna River,
Where he oft the wild deer slew,
Shall he dash in light canoe;
He now rides his fleet cayuse,
On hunting-grounds of Memaloose!"
"Farewell Umtux, farewell forever!
You have crossed death's darkened river;
No more to fight in battle for us,
Nor sound with us dread war-whoop chorus;
You leave lone squaw and loved papoose,
For happy isle of Memaloose."

"Down Wauna's stream who'll lead the way,
To fishing-grounds of Skamokaway?
Who'll hunt the bear thru brush and brake,
On the shores of lovely Lackamas Lake?
Who'll guard council-fire and wigwam-tree,
Of our sweet Washougal illahee?"

"Where Cathlapoolya flows along,
Who'll lead in sounding the wild war-song?
Who'll chase the deer from Speeleeyi's fountain,
By Serpent Lake and Tum-Tum Mountain?
In fair Chelatchie's sunlit vale,
Who'll list to your maidens' sweet love tale?

"O, come, brave Umtux, come forever!
Return across the darkened river!
Lead again in war's fierce race
Lead in the merry hunting-chase;
Come to lone squaw and loved papoose,
From meadowed vale of Memaloose!"

As the maidens wail o'er that lonely mounci
The canyons the wierd death-song resound;
The coyctes' sad cry the echoes awake,
From Yacult Hill to Shillipoo Lake.
First rose the requiem loud and shrill,
Chanted on vale and lonely hill;
Its closing cadence of deep woe,
Sank to a murmur, soft and low.
The music, borne by passing gale,
Sounds faint and sweet adown the dale.
"IN FAIR CHELATCHIE’S SUNLIT VALE."
(Umtuxilla Falls, on a tributary of the Lewis river, “where Cathlapoolya flows along.”
Umtuxilla was a daughter of Chief Umtux, and married Skookum Charlie, a
Clarke County Indian.)
OF NORTHWEST HISTORY

THE MATRONS' GIFT

Knowing full well the tribe would follow,
The men marched back over hill and hollow.
Fast flew the news about the town,
Of what was called "the squaws' back-down!"
"What! let free those wild redmen?"
Short time for explanation then,
Was given by angry dames of village,
Who thought of homes exposed to pillage,
And saw already their children dear,
Victims of tomahawk and spear—
They gathered apron, hood, and shawl,
As fit apparel for "Squaw-soldiers" all,
And quickly marching to the fort,
Presented the clothes in mocking sport:—
"These gifts as medals of bravery take,
For leaving precious lives at stake!"
Then rose fierce words and loud uproar,
But soon Strong and Newell order restore;
Answered then good Captain Strong,
With explanation full and long;
E'en as he spoke a scout arrived—
"The Tribe is coming back," he cried.
Blushed for shame the women then:
"Forgive our hasty words, brave men;
Those words from foolish anger came."
"We gladly forgive thee, worthy dame,
But still these trophies do we claim;
To us they will be like the pillar of flame,
When tomorrow we speed on Columbia's main,
Beyond Multnomah's silv'ry fountain,
Toward lovely Hood, our sentinel mountain,
To the cascades' roaring torrent,
Where sheets with rage the rushing current.
On the mast of the Belle, our gallant boat,
This apron shall securely float;
While above will wave this bonnet free,
Speaking of home and victory!
This shawl, like Spartan matrons’ shield,
To savage foe we’ll never yield,
But bring it back with us in glory,
Or ne’er return to tell the story.
’Twill be our boast in all sorts of weather,
That we show a white hood, not a white feather!”
Thus did the aged pioneer bold
Tell me this tender story of old.

AN AFTER-THOUGHT

Ever, women of Vancouver, be
Impulsive, generous, and nobly free,
As were your ancestors of yore,
Who settled on storied Columbia’s shore;
And may all men of Vancouver town,
Ever tremble at a woman’s frown;
Ever your colors bravely wear,
O, ye maidens, so bright and fair!

FOOT NOTES

Memaloose signifies death or the abode of the dead. Memaloose Island, in the Columbia River, was a favorite Indian burial ground.
“Wauna” was the ancient Indian name of the beautiful Columbia. Serpent Lake, a small clear lake near Battle-Ground, was a sacred ceremonial place. “Ilhaee” is the Indian word for home.

Isaac LaBelle was a famous French-Canadian trapper who possessed the confidence of the Indians. His descendants still live near Vancouver. Friendly Cowiltz-Jack was a well-known Indian who risked his life on several occasions during the war, to warn his white friends of impending massacre. Camas and Wapato were popular foodstuff among the natives, both of them somewhat resembling a small potato.

T. N. Strong, a son of Captain Strong, is a prominent attorney of Portland, Oregon; descendants of Hathaway, Dupwee and of Chief Umtux still reside in Clarke County. A. T. Coffee of Washougal is, perhaps, the only surviving member of the famous Battle-Ground expedition.

Cathlapoolya or Cathlapoodle was the old Indian name for Lewis River; it is now the name of a voting precinct in Clarke County. Che-latchie Prairie is one of the garden spots in Clarke County. Speelseyi, Indian word for coyote, is a mountain stream on the northern boundary of the county. Tum-Tum, Indian term for heart, is a beautiful heart-shaped hill. Lackamas Lake, in the eastern part of Clarke County, is especially lovely, “when visited by the pale moonlight.”

In ancient Sparta, as the husband went forth to war, it was the custom of each matron to present her husband with a battle-shield, as she said:—“Come back with this shield or upon it!”
"Lessons of courage and honor, incorruptible patriotism and stainless loyalty are brought home to us by this old, deserted house on Harney Hill."
THE OLD HARNEY HOUSE.
(Written in 1903.)

Nestling in a cozy nook amid the ridges of Harney Hill, still stands one of the historic houses of Clarke County. Though now old and deserted, in the days of its glory it was the home of a conqueror of Mexico. The halls, now silent and lone, once echoed to the tread of one who marched with General Winfield Scott into the halls of the Montezumamas.

It was built in 1859 by General Wm. S. Harney, who at that time commanded this military department. He was a leader in that victorious column that swept with irresistible might over the rocky plateaus, and through the dense chaparral thickets of old Mexico. With impetuous bravery they stormed the heights of Monterey and the narrow pass of Cerro Gordo, and with invincible valor planted the stars and stripes on the walls of the ancient fortress of Chapultapee. The old house is inseparably associated with the glories of this golden age of the Republic.

General Harney was a southerner by birth and breeding, having been born in the state of Tennessee; while in Missouri he owned a plantation well stocked with slaves. He married a wealthy French lady, and thus added to his worldly possessions. He was of patriotic ancestry, for his father was an officer under Washington at Brandywine and Monmouth. It was during Harney’s stay here that the affair known as the “Pig War” occurred on San Juan Island. The General promptly sent Capt. Pickett, who afterward led the famous charge at Gettysburg, to the aid of the American settlers. Governor Douglas surrounded the Island with six British warships with 2000 men on board to prevent the landing of reinforcements. Harney then dispatched Colonel Casey with three additional companies on a small steamer. Colonel Casey safely eluded the squadron by running the blockade at night, and his gallant men marched ashore amid the enthusiastic cheers of their comrades. At this juncture General Scott was sent
out by President Buchanan, and a peaceable adjustment was
effected. Scott came up the Columbia on a ship and anchored
at Vancouver, but did not come ashore. Harney went out in
a small boat to confer with his old comrade, and no doubt the
minds of these old veterans were filled with crowding recol-
lections of their campaign in Mexico. The courageous and
patriotic action of General Harney during this crisis probably
saved San Juan Island for the United States.

In 1860 General Harney was given command of the De-
partment of Missouri with headquarters at St. Louis. He left
the house on Harney Hill in charge of a negro servant, a young
man about twenty-five years of age. Soon after reaching St.
Louis Harney made a deed giving the place to this young
negro, and sent it in care of the Post Adjutant at Fort Vancou-
ver. The Adjutant returned the deed with the information
that the negro had departed for British America. The place
was then sold to Wirt Nye, the original owner, whose de-
scendants still retain possession.

The house is one of the old-fashioned kind with quaint
French windows and green shutters. In the main part of the
house are four commodious rooms, with a large fire-place in
each room. Along the front extends a large covered porch,
now crumbling to decay, and over-grown with a climbing rose-
bush, which kindly conceals the ravage of time. This faithful
clinging rose-bush lends to the old verandah a pathetic charm
which it never knew in the proud days of its youth. Last
year while visiting this historic spot, I secured a slip of this
rose-bush and transplanted it at my home in Vancouver, where
it now thrives under the name of the "General Harney Rose."

At the beginning of the Rebellion some people thought
that Harney would follow many of his southern friends into
the camp of the Confederacy. While on his way from St.
Louis to Washington City, he was seized by a band of Con-
federates and taken to Richmond, where many of his old army
comrades urged him to desert the Union, but the old hero re-
mained loyal to the flag under which he had served so faith-
fully in the years of his vigorous manhood, and which he had
followed with such devotion on a foreign soil.
A pessimistic professor recently expressed the fear that our homespun virtues would disappear with the "white house with green window shades." But the homespun virtues are too deeply interwoven with the warp and woof of our national character to be torn asunder by any mere outward change. It should be our aim to earnestly cultivate and strengthen these old-fashioned virtues so they will survive the fleeting vicissitudes of life, and renew their springtime vigor, even amid scenes of ruin and decay. This deserted dwelling is filled with the thrilling memories of heroic deeds. Its tenantless rooms are haunted with the dauntless spirit of the old hero. Its silent walls in mute eloquence relate to a generation that knew him not, the deathless story of his valor and virtues. And lessons of courage and honor, incorruptible patriotism and stainless loyalty are brought home to us by this old, deserted house on Harney Hill.
To the school teachers in particular History cannot fail to be an extremely interesting and useful study. There are few books, if any, that can boast of a more interesting subject. History is the record of humanity. It tells of its longings and its passions; its sins and virtues; its sorrows and joys; its hopes and despair; its failures and its triumphs. It is, in short, the story of the deeds and strivings of immortal souls.

There is nothing in History that does not bear some important lesson. There are no lessons more valuable than those which teach us to be honest and noble, to uphold the cause of truth and right, and strive against the wrong. But all her gems, like the pearly drops of the fountain, finally merge into one, and all the "syllables of recorded time" form but one sentence: Morality is the golden legacy of History.

The history of the United States in particular seems to abound with these gems of morality. We cannot read of Arnold without detesting treason; we cannot read of Washington without loving loyalty; we cannot read of Lincoln without partaking of his own courage and forbearance.

Nor is the history of our own state without its lessons of hope, devotion and loyalty. With this thought in view, let us turn our attention to the annals of that state, which in its claim on our love, our loyalty and our patriotism is second only to our glorious Union.

The first Governor of Washington Territory was Isaac I. Stevens. Mr. Stevens was a graduate of West Point, and had served as a gallant officer in the Mexican war. In 1853 he was appointed governor of Washington Territory, and he thereupon resigned his commission of Major in the United States Army. His duties as governor were many and arduous.
An Indian war broke out in 1855 which lasted for more than a year, being brought to a close in 1856 by the vigorous management of Gov. Stevens. Like all others, Gov. Stevens had his political opponents, and the policy of his measures was sometimes criticized, but his courage and integrity were never questioned. Of the right or wrong of his policy we may never know, but of the sincerity of his motives there can be no doubt. From his last message to the Legislature we quote the following eloquent words: “I have endeavored faithfully to do my whole duty, and have nothing to reproach myself with regarding intentions. I could have wished some things had been done more wisely, and that my whole course had been guided by my present experience. I claim at your hands simply the merit of patient and long labor, and of having been animated with the determination of suffering and enduring all things in your behalf. Whether in the wilderness contending with the hostile elements, managing and controlling the more hostile aborigines, or exploring the country, or at the capitol struggling with disaffection, the subject of obloquy and abuse, I have no end but my country’s good. It is for you to judge how I have done my part, and for the Almighty Ruler to allow each man his desert.”

The popularity of Gov. Stevens was shown by his election as delegate to congress in 1857. At the close of his term he was again elected, his second term ending March 3, 1861. When the Rebellion began Mr. Stevens made a journey to Washington City and offered his services in behalf of his country. They were promptly accepted and on account of his service during the Mexican war, he was appointed colonel of volunteers. He was soon made brigadier-general and for gallant conduct was again promoted to the office of major general.

On the morning of September 1, 1862, his division was attacked by the Rebel forces near Chantilly, Va. In the midst of the battle the gallant standard bearer of Gen. Steven’s old regiment was shot down, and the long line was wavering. With his usual dash Gen. Stevens grasped the “star spangled banner” from the hand of the dying soldier and again waved it in the breeze.
At this inspiring sight the hopes of the soldiers returned, and they sprang forward to the support of their gallant commander. When they would see their daring leader, they looked not for the white flowing plume as did the followers of Henry of Navarre, but Oh! "Flag of the free heart’s hope and home,” they looked anxiously for Thee! And when in the thickest of the fray they saw Thy beautiful folds still flying free, then they knew where to find their leader and sprang at once to defend him and Thee.

On foot, at the head of his column he dashed, leading and cheering his men, still waving o'er them the starry emblem of the Free.

I have read somewhere that the Ancients believed that it pleased the Almighty to dispatch the Angel of Death to seize his favorite heroes while enacting the noblest duty it was their destiny to perform, and concealing them in clouds, to bear them to the Realms Above before their last noble deed could be stained by any unjust act.

At such a time, in the very moment of victory, in the strength of manhood's prime, was General Stevens shot down by the iron Messenger of Death. As he fell the flag of his love, robbed of its support, fell upon him and flung its folds about him, as if to implore his protection even in death.

After the battle when his body was found among the heaps of "undying dead," in his death-grip was still clenched the flag for which he had given the "last full measure of devotion!"

Thus fell the hero-statesman of the Territory of Washington. The story of his death was writ deep amid the smoke of battle by the fiery flash from death dealing guns. It shall never be forgotten. Upon the assembling of the legislature, the following resolutions were passed in memory of the lamented hero:

"Whereas, In the conflicts and battles growing out of the war now pending between the United States and certain states refusing to acknowledge the power and authority of the general government, Gen. Isaac I. Stevens, formerly Governor of this Territory, afterwards representative in Congress, and lately a Brigadier General, in the army of the United States,
was struck down by the hand of death, and the people of this Territory thereby deprived of a valuable citizen, the army of a gallant soldier, and society of an inestimable member; therefore,

Be It Resolved, That the people of Washington Territory in Legislative assembly represented, hereby acknowledge with deepest sensibility the sad intelligence of the death of General Isaac I. Stevens.

Resolved, That the members and officers of the Legislative assembly will wear the usual badge of mourning, as is customary upon such sad occasions, for the period of ten days, as a testimony of the profound respect that the members of this Legislative Assembly entertain for the memory of the deceased."

The story of the life and death of our first governor exercised a great patriotic influence upon the minds of our early settlers. It should have a still greater influence upon the rising generation and upon ages yet unborn, for it illustrates the eternal grandeur of noble motives, unimpeached integrity, and unfaltering devotion, sealed at last by his own heroic life-blood.

Another of our early governors was Wm. Pickering who occupied the executive chair during the civil war when the minds of our people were filled with anxiety for the safety of the Union, and with alarm over trouble with the Indians. But through it all the courage and loyalty of our governor never faltered. In his message of 1862 we find words of hope and strength, followed by prophecy and prayer. After many useful suggestions regarding the welfare of the Territory, he says:

"Fellow citizens, I leave these views with you. It will be my duty, as well as pleasure, to co-operate with you in furthering the interests of the people of this Territory. Let us unite to develop their moral, social and political virtue. Let us teach them to revere him whose name she bears, that they may ever be loyal to that government which he contributed so much to establish. Let us frown down treason, or sympathy with it, by our steadfast adherence to the government, in its every effort to suppress this Rebellion. Let each one
of us stand by the Constitution and Union as the only harbor of national safety, thanking God we are yet exempt from the ravages of war, but feeling, none the less the pangs of woe at our country's affliction. She will yet ride successfully through the storm of treason and rebellion, and survive the great crisis now being undergone. Out of this war America must emerge brighter, more powerful, and dearer than ever to every lover of human rights.

"God grant that our most anxious hopes may be realized. In Him we trust, and our prayers cannot be in vain."

Thus strengthened by the examples and teachings of their leaders, the people of Washington stood firm in their devotion to the Union. So shall the living memories of our heroes keep us ever true to the cause they held so dear. And in moments of danger they will come forth from their graves, unseen perhaps, and fly to the rescue of their country, as did the heroes in the olden time. And, "In the hour of darkness and peril, and need, we will awaken to hear" the patriotic message of Governor Pickering, and will again see the gallant Stevens seize the fallen standard of liberty and wave us on to victory.

In territorial days the motto of this commonwealth was the Indian word "Alki." This word means beyond, and signified the "time to come," when this would be a great and prosperous commonwealth. It told the pioneers of the smiling land beyond the mountains and bid them struggle onward.

On the great seal of the Territory this word appeared at the head. Under it was pictured the Goddess of the Territory, her finger pointing to the brilliant future; her eager eyes, like luminous stars, piercing the vanishing darkness; her face already aglow with the glory yet to come.

When statehood was granted us, this expressive motto and lovely image were discarded, and we were told that our fondest hopes were realized. But this is not entirely true. There is still much room for improvement; still brighter promise of a more glorious future. Let this old Indian word "Alki" still be the motto of the patriotic citizen of Washin-
ton; let that prophetic finger still be his guiding star; let him
still enkindle his cooling ardor by the light of those glowing
eyes; let him still gaze on the enraptured face of the Guard-
ian Angel of this favored state, and thus inspired and strength-
ened, press on and on, in obedience to her high commands!
LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS

DRAMATIC SPEECH OF A WESTERN SENATOR
(Written in 1911.)

Under the heading, "Half a Century Ago," the Oregonian of October 31, 1911, contains the following extract, which appeared in that paper October 31, 1861:

"The dispatches received on Tuesday evening announced the death of Colonel Baker in a battle on the Potomac on the 21st of October. The dispatches do not furnish the details of the disaster, but his column of 1800 men was attacked by a force of 6000 of the enemy and he fell gallantly leading his troops.

"We have been assured Colonel Baker expected this result, and prepared for it by making his will some days previous to the battle. His letters to Oregon spoke of the event, as very probable, that he might never be permitted to mingle again with his fellow citizen here. We feel our entire inability to present to our readers the true character of their fallen Senator and his great personal worth. He felt that in the conflict now pending for the preservation of this Union and Government his duty was plainly marked out before him. He hesitated not to walk in that path, and his death proves the deep love he had for his country. He could have honorably refrained from joining the Army, but he believed it would be treason to the great cause of human liberty to do so.

"Colonel Baker was a remarkable man in his indomitable energy, in his great accumulations of useful knowledge, in his brilliant eloquence, in his chivalrous bravery. 'Death loves a shining mark.' All that is mortal of Edward D. Baker has perished, but his memory will live.'"

This brief extract of 30 years ago reminds us of the time when Oregon was so grandly represented in the Senate by that eloquent and chivalrous statesman and orator, whose name and fame still cast a halo of glory upon the state. It also vividly revives the glorious recollections of one of the greatest and most thrilling speeches ever delivered in the
United States Senate and one of the most picturesque and
dramatic scenes ever witnessed in that august assemblage.
This was Senator Baker's famous speech in reply to Senator
John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, August 1, 1861.

The critical occasion, the over-heated excitement of the
war period, the ability and eminence of the orators, and the
historic surroundings, combined to make the event both inter-
esting and important.

Mr. Breckinridge had been Vice-President of the United
States and Democratic nominee for President in 1860. He was
the favorite orator of the South, and, to a great extent, had
inherited the place so long held by Henry Clay in the hearts
of the Kentuckians.

Senator Baker was one of the ablest and noblest orators
who ever occupied a seat in the Senate. He was an intimate
friend of Abraham Lincoln, had served as a member of Con-
gress from Illinois, and had fought gallantly as commander
of a volunteer regiment in the war with Mexico. At the
beginning of the rebellion President Lincoln had appointed
him colonel, with power to raise a regiment. His command
was stationed near Washington and the soldier-statesman
alternated between his seat in the Senate and his tent in the
field. One hour he would be drilling his men at camp, the
next his voice could be heard in patriotic eloquence in the
capitol.

On the first day of August, the darkest period of the
Summer of '61, Senator Breckinridge made his celebrated
speech, in which he bitterly denounced the National Govern-
ment and defended the slaveholders in their acts of insurrec-
tion, making the following gloomy prediction: "War is separ-
ation; it is disunion—eternal and fatal disunion. We have
separation now; it is only made worse by war, and an utter
extinction of all those sentiments of common interests and
feeling which might lead to a political reunion founded upon
consent and upon a conviction of its advantages. * * *
Fight 12 months longer and the already opening differences
that you see between New England and the great Northwest
will develop themselves. You have two confederacies now.
Fight 12 months longer and you will have three; 12 months longer, and you will have four."

While Breckenridge was speaking Colonel Baker entered the room in his military uniform, with fatigue cap and riding whip in hand, his sword clanging at his side. He sat down and listened impatiently. As soon as the Kentuckian finished the Senator from Oregon sprang to his feet, his face aglow with excitement. Laying his sword upon his desk he replied to those utterances with fervor and eloquence never to be forgotten.

Severely denouncing the position of Breckenridge he passionately declared:

"I tell the Senator that his predictions—sometimes for the South, sometimes for the Middle States, sometimes for the Northwest, and then wandering away in airy visions out to the far Pacific, about the dread of our people as to the loss of blood and treasure, provoking them to disloyalty—are false in sentiment, false in fact and false in loyalty. The Senator from Kentucky is mistaken in them all. Five hundred million dollars! Five hundred thousand men! What then? We have them; they are ours; they are children of the country; they belong to the whole country; they are our sons—our kinsmen, and there are many of us who will give them all up before we will abate one word of our just demands or will retreat one inch from the line which divides right from wrong.

"Sir, it is not a question of men or money in that sense. All the money, all the men, are in our judgment, well bestowed in such a cause. When we give them we know their value. Knowing their value well, we give them with the more pride and the more joy. Sir, how can we retreat? How can we make peace? Upon what terms? Where is to be your boundary line?

"Where the end of the principles we shall have to give up? What will become of constitutional government? What will become of public liberty? What of the past glories? What of future hopes? Shall we sink into the insignificance of the grave—a degraded, defeated, emasculated people, frightened by the results of one battle, and scared by the
visions raised by the imagination of the Senator from Kentucky upon this floor?

"We will rally—if indeed our words be necessary—we will rally the people, the loyal people of the whole country. They will pour forth their treasure, their men, without stint, without measure. The most peaceful man in this body may stamp his foot upon this Senate chamber floor, as of old a warrior and a Senator did, and from that single tramp there will spring forth armed legions.

"Shall one battle determine the fate of empire, or even a dozen? The loss of 1000 or 20,000, of $100,000,000 or $500,000,000? In 10 years of peaceful progress we can restore them all. There will be some graves reeking with blood, watered by the tears of affection. There will be some privation; there will be some loss of luxury; there will be somewhat more need for labor to procure the necessities of life. When that is said, all is said. If we have the country, the whole country, the Union, the Constitution, free government—with these there will return all the blessings of well-ordered civilization; the path of the country will be a career of greatness and of glory (such as, in the olden time, our fathers saw in the dim vision of years yet to come, and such as would have been ours now today if it had not been for the treason for which the Senator too often seeks to apologize."

"What would have been thought if, in another Capitol, in a yet more martial age, a Senator with the Roman purple flowing from his shoulders had risen in his place, surrounded by all the illustrations of Roman glory, and declared that advancing Hannibal was just, and that Carthage should be dealt with on terms of peace? What would have been thought if, after the battle of Cannae, a Senator had denounced every levy of the Roman people, every appeal to the old recollections and the old glories? Sir, a Senator (Mr. Freesten) far more learned than myself in such lore tells me in a voice that I am glad is audible that he would have been hurled from the Tarpeian Rock.

"Are not the speeches of the Senator from Kentucky intended for disorganization? Are they not intended to destroy our zeal? Are they not intended to animate our enemies? Sir,
are they not words of brilliant, polished treason, even in the very Capitol of the Republic?

For me, I have no such words as a Senator to utter. For me, amid temporary defeat, disaster, disgrace, it seems that my duty calls me to utter another word, and that word is bold, sudden, determined war, according to the laws of war, by armies, by military commanders, clothed with full power, advancing with all the past glories of the Republic urging them on to conquest!"

The effect of these stirring sentences was electrical. "It is impossible," wrote James G. Blaine, "to realize the effect of the words so eloquently pronounced by the Oregon Senator. In the history of the Senate no more thrilling speech was ever delivered. The striking appearance of the speaker in the uniform of a soldier, his superb voice, his graceful manner, all united to give the occasion an extraordinary interest and attraction." In his "Anecdotes of Public Men" Colonel Forney says:

"Never shall I forget the scene."

Events moved forward rapidly. Within a few weeks the two Senators who had thus clashed in debate were fighting in a bloodier conflict with unsheathed swords in opposing armies. Senator Breckinridge carried his disloyalty to his country from the forum of the Senate to the field of battle, and drew his sword, as he had raised his voice, against the defenders of the stars and stripes. Colonel Baker sealed his devotion to his country with his life. He died on the field of honor at Balls Bluff, October 21, 1861. His noble words and heroic deeds can never be forgotten by the state and Nation, which he served so faithfully.
OLD VANCOUVER SEMINARY
(Written in 1897.)

They have torn down the old seminary; they have taken apart the timbers which were joined together for the cause of learning twenty-eight years ago. This is not said in protest. It is merely the statement of a fact. For many years the hand of the destroyer had lain heavily upon the deserted school house. But one who attended school there in the olden days expressed regret that due notice was not given so that a photograph of the old landmark could be taken and preserved. He showed the writer the original articles of incorporation and asked him to pen a few lines "in memorium."

And this is the elegy of the ancient temple:

In the fall of 1868, a few public-spirited citizens of Vancouver came together and organized a corporation "for the purpose of establishing and maintaining an institution of learning under the charge of the Methodist Episcopal church. These articles of incorporation of the Vancouver Seminary lie before me as I write. This historic compact is signed by eight pioneers who should be remembered tho' the Temple which they erected is now no more. The eight founders of this institution were: H. K. Hines, A. G. Cook, Louis Sohns, S. D. Maxon, S. R. Whipple, J. E. C. Durgan, J. H. Goddard and S. W. Brown. One of these, Mr. J. E. C. Durgan, celebrated his seventieth birthday of which mention was made in these columns last week.

The ancient Greeks built their temples of learning amid the kindly shade of some sacred groves. So these early settlers built their seminary under the protecting shade of a grove of lordly firs, near where the residence of Col. Pike now stands. For about ten years this was the chief educational institution of Vancouver. Among those who taught the rising generation within these walls were: H. K. Hines and wife, Prof. Nichols and wife, E. D. Curtis, Miss Josie Curtis and Miss M. Ella Whipple.
Among the "boys" who here played their youthful pranks may be mentioned: J. Eddie Smith, the poet, now in Kentucky; Albert Messenger, Ilwaco; J. R. Wintler, Lemuel C. Thomlison, Harry Smith, C. C. Gridley, Charles Brown, E. L. Brown, W. K. Curtis, of Forest Grove; G. W. Coplen, a prosperous mine owner at Murray, Idaho, Homer Hathaway, manager for Coplen, Hiel B. Hathaway and George Whipple, both located on good farms in this county.

Among the "girls," most of whom have changed their names since then were: M. Ella Whipple (now Mrs. Marsh), Libbie Whipple (Mrs. Brown), Annie Wintler (Mrs. Hubert Daniels). Dena Wintler (Mrs. A. J. Cook), Emma Hathaway (Mrs. R. H. Caples), Abbie Hathaway (Mrs. J. E. King), Clara Messenger (Mrs. S. S. Smith), Lizzie Bowman (Mrs. Clarence Clark), Elmarene Bowman (Mrs. Eli Van Atta), Rose Jaggy (Mrs. W. B. Daniels), Imogene Gridley (Mrs. W. J. Higgins), and Laura Sturgis (Mrs. J. D. Harris.)

(The following account of its first commencement exercises appeared in the Pacific Coast Advocate:)

"This exhibition came off on Friday evening, July 2d, 1869; prayer by Rev. Belknap. We give the students much credit for the fine entertainment of the evening.

We will not speak of any one individual as being the best speaker or doing the best, as all did so well. Allow us, however, to name one or two, acknowledging that the girls did a little the best.

"Miss Libbie Whipple's 'All is not Gold that Glitters.' was handled skillfully and delivered with force. 'Pleasures Derived From the Beauties of Nature,' Simeon D. Durgan, reflected much credit to himself. Then came in the little gun, Miss Lau A. Hines, subject: 'All Bright and Beautiful.' All said well done, Lau. 'Advice to Young Men, by J. A. Hines, was good. 'Moral Sublimity,' by G. A. Whipple; few boys of his age could come up to it. 'Song of the Rail,' by Hines Ollis. 'Beautiful Land,' Miss Belknap, were among the best I ever heard. 'The Beautiful Above Us,' Miss E. Whipple; 'Materialization of Thought,' by Miss M. Smith; a diploma was awarded her and it was well deserved. We must not omit complimentary allusions to the remarks of Principal and
Preceptress upon receiving each a present from the students. It was a rich intellectual treat, highly gratifying.” (C. A. R.)

After a few years the common school increased in usefulness and the seminary was closed. In 1878, the deserted building was purchased by Gridley & Whitney and moved to the corner of 7th and west B Streets. Here it was used for a place for storing farming implements and as a carpenter shop.

And now the ancient Temple has been torn down. The useless timbers were heaped into a funeral pyre and given to the flames. Amid the curling smoke and the blazing fire the thoughtful listener could hear the voices of the past—the low whisperings of the boys and girls and the stern reproofs of the teacher.

Nor has the old seminary been entirely destroyed. Its ashes have been gathered into Memory’s urn by those who studied within its walls. But a spark is needed to kindle the memory and make the ashes glow with warmth and fire. To the students of that time the ancient Temple can never be destroyed—

“Even in its ashes live its wonted fires.”
A PACIFIC COAST POCOHONTAS.

(Written in 1903.)

(The romantic tradition of Princess Winnemucca is a beautiful blending of history and romance, and is connected with both the educational and military history of Vancouver. It is, moreover, well substantiated on all essential points. The writer several times saw the heroine and the Indian prisoners brought to Vancouver by Gen. Howard after the close of the Nez Perce and Bannock campaigns in 1878, while his father and other pioneers of his acquaintance were personally acquainted with the Indian chiefs mentioned here. The circumstances concerning the two marriages of the Princess, now related for the first time in print, were well-known by many Indian-war veterans. An earnest attempt has been made to preserve the story of the chieftain's daughter without slighting its historical lessons or robbing it of the wealth of romantic charm and beauty that rightfully belong to it.)

Wild roved the Indian girl, bright Alfaretta,
Where sweeps the waters of the blue Juniata;
Fleet as an antelope thru the forest going,
Loose were her jetty locks in wavy tresses flowing

"True is my warrior bold"—sang bright Alfaretta,
"Proud waves his snowy plume along the Juniata;
Soft and low he speaks to me, and then his war-cry sounding,
Lifts his voice in thunders loud, from height to height resounding."

"Strong and true his arrows are, all in their painted quiver,
Swift glides his light canoe adown the rapid river!"—
Fleeting years have borne away her love and Alfaretta;
Still flows the river on—the blue Juniata!" (Old Ballad.)

Away back in the early '60's there could be seen roaming the Alkali plains, near the present town of Winnemucca, Nevada, a bright and winsome Indian maiden. Some mornings she would dash in her light canoe down the crystal streams; at other times, jumping on her sturdy cayuse pony, with her jetty locks waving freely in the breeze, she would ride over to the new army post, known as Camp Winnemucca. Here the darts from her flashing black eyes would create more havoc among Uncle Sam's gallant young officers than could be caused by the arrows of a dozen warriors. Men who had unflinchingly withstood the onset of the fiercest redskins now fell helpless victims to the resistless fascinations and witcheries of the proud native beauty. Figuratively speaking, the hearts of the most of the gay young subalterns at that
distant camp soon dangled like so many bleeding scalps at her brightly beaded belt.

It will readily be guessed that the fair possessor of all these potent charms and witcheries could be none else but some princess, at whose birth the fairy godmother had presided and over whose cradle the fairy queen had waved her magic wand, dispelling evil, bringing health, beauty and love. In all truth our heroine was Princess Winnemucca, daughter of head-chief-tain of the powerful Piute tribe. As a toddling girl, little Sarah had seen white men for the first time when her father welcomed Fremont, "The Pathfinder", and his adventurous scouts on their historic trip. To her childish fancy, so she related years afterwards to her friends in Vancouver, these men with huge black beards up to their eyes looked like large owls, and, thinking that a large man with a red shirt on was on fire, she ran away in fright and buried herself in the sand.

As became a great chieftain's daughter, she was educated by the Catholic Sisters at the Convent of San Diego, California and could write and speak the English language fluently. Her father was an intelligent, broad-minded man, and her moral and religious ideals, naturally far above those common to her race, were carefully cultivated and developed, so she possessed noble conceptions of life and its duties. Her manners were pleasing, gay, and decidedly coquettish; her conversation was sparkling, intelligent and refined. It is no wonder that when this spirited, coquettish beauty first rode into that frontier camp and appeared suddenly before those homesick young cavaliers on that lonely desert plain to their excited imagination the beautiful apparition seemed like the lovely vision of a dream!

It was soon noticed, moreover, that the young Indian braves vowed their devotion to distainful, unheeding ears, for the favored warrior of this proud, haughty princess was not arrayed with feathered plume, painted quiver or beaded mocassin, but wore the sword, the gauntlets, and the shoulder-straps. Her lover, who soon became her husband, was a young lieutenant who had been formerly stationed at Fort Vancouver, and had many friends among the young ladies of the town. His father was a well-known instructor at the military
academy at West Point. Soon after his marriage the young lieutenant resigned his commission in the army to live in undisturbed repose with his Indian bride.

A dozen years pass by before our heroine, now a bewitching widow in the full bloom and charm of womanhood, and, it must be confessed, a most alluring, fascinating and accomplished flirt, is again brought to our attention by the events of the Nez Perce War. Chief Eliegant, (called "Egan" by the settlers), with a portion of the Piute tribe, has joined the Bannocks under Chief Buffalo Horn, and they are trying to compel old Chief Winnemucca and his followers to raise the bloody hatchet. But throughout his long life this worthy chieftain has remained the constant friend of the whites, and he resolutely refuses to assist in their murderous attack upon the settlers and their families. In this stand he is steadfastly supported by his son, the young Chief Winnemucca, and especially by his daughter, the Princess Winnemucca. At this critical juncture, accompanied by his brother’s wife, Indian Mattie, the princess succeeded in breaking thru the hostile lines and fled for assistance to the approaching army under General Howard, who had started to the rescue from Fort Vancouver. Lieutenant C. E. S. Wood, then on Howard’s staff, and now a prominent attorney of Portland, Oregon, says in a letter to the writer:

"Sarah Winnemucca appeared in our camp at Sheep’s Head on the Winnemucca stage-road, and in great excitement said that they were going to kill her father and brother unless they joined in the hostilities. We had already fought and whipped the hostiles twice, and General Howard promptly dispatched a company to the rescue, under the guidance of the chief’s daughter. She remained with us during the rest of the campaign, acting as interpreter, guide and scout."

By her intimate knowledge of the lay of the land, and of the Indians and their ways, she successfully avoided all danger of sudden attacks and ambuscades, while her acquaintance with secret mountain trails enabled Howard’s troopers to take advantage of short-cuts thru mountain pass and ravine. Thus the savages were overtaken and defeated and the campaign was brought to a speedy conclusion. Surely we owe a debt
of gratitude and remembrance to this Pacific Coast Pocohontas and her friends.

Riding at the head of the column over the narrow mountain trail, along murmuring streams, and among the leafy branches of the forest, she feared neither war-whoop nor ambush. A brave sergeant, chief of Howard's scouts, rode by her side, and was he not eager to protect her against the fiercest foe? With his lady-love to cheer him by her warm glances of admiration, he performed numerous deeds of knightly valor. With ringing voice and swinging sabre he lead many a gallant charge, driving the foe in terror before him. The campaign was brief and bloody and the hostiles were soon glad to lay down their arms. After the surrender of the Indians, bowing in humble submission before his comrade, the brave sergeant gallantly handed her his blood-stained sword in token of his captivity. With a becoming, but most unsoldierlike blush, the princess-scout graciously accepted his capitulation, and at night, when the moon's pale beams shone softly o'er the sleeping camp and the deep shadowy forest beyond, the chief of the scouts, with his fiddle under his arm, would conceal himself behind the fragrant salal bushes near the tent of his beautiful Indian Amazon and soothe her changeful dreams with a soldier's song of love and war:—

THE SCOUT'S SERANADE.

By day, by night,
We scout and fight;
O'er mountains steep,
Thru valleys deep;
In front we go,
To charge the foe,
And lead the race,
In war's wild chase!

By your dear side,
'Tis sweet to ride,
O'er hill and dale,
And lonely trail;
Thru narrow pass,
And wide morass;
To win the race,
In love’s sweet chase!

Thus, by your side,
I’d ever ride:—
On storm-swept trail,
In sun-lit vale;
With saddle and saber,
Together we’ll labor,
And ride the race,
In life’s long chase.

In this rude but romantic manner was our soldier-princess wooed and won, and thus did she plight her troth upon the bloody battlefield. This love, welded and tested in the fiery flames of war, was the deep and lasting affection of her life. Soon after the return to Fort Vancouver, the wedding was duly solemnized by all the religious rites and ceremonies of the pale faces, General Howard, with several of his officers and their wives, gracing the occasion with his presence.

General Howard was always anxious to do something for the uplift of the down-trodden and unfortunate, and he was not long in organizing a school for the children of the Indian prisoners whom he brought to Vancouver with him. Princess Winnemucca was selected as the teacher for this worthy educational establishment and nobly did she acquit herself in this important task. She resided here for some time, while waiting for her husband to receive his discharge from the army, and it was at this period that the writer, visiting the fort with his parents to view the Indian braves, would gaze with eager interest at this chieftain’s daughter, as she flitted from tent to tent on her kindly visits. It is pleasing to relate that some years ago the pupils of the Columbia School at Vancouver planted a beautiful tree as a monument to this native school-teacher, to proclaim her name and good deeds to future generations of an alien race.

Literature knows no character more ennobling than the true Christian-soldier. He marches across the pages of his-
tory with a divine light that warms even the cold blood of the cynic. He is at once courageous and gentle, stern and tender, loving and daring. He elevates the cause for which he fights, and uplifts war from a bloody butchery to a sacred crusade. Such a man was General Howard when we saw him in the prime of life at Vancouver,—a veteran of the empty sleeve, the leader of the Union army at a critical moment on the heights of Gettysburg, and the hero of a score of hard-fought fields. This modern Puritan fought with the same earnestness that animated his ancestors under Cromwell at Marston Moor or under Mad Anthony Wayne at Stony Point. When his corps was overcome by superior numbers at Chancellorsville, he placed the horse's reins between his teeth and, seizing a flag from a fleeing standard-bearer, led his men back upon the enemy. But when the shades of night fell upon that field of carnage, he laid aside his weapons of war to visit the wounded and dying, the Holy Bible under his sword arm. There was much of the spirit of knight-errantry in his nature, and in his last years this white-haired warrior visited the feud-distracted districts of Kentucky on a friendly mission of peace and good-will. During his Indian campaigns he was bitterly criticised by some for showing kindness and mercy to the Indians, but the time is coming when this rare jewel will be considered one of the most precious diadems in his crown. The narrow-minded Duke of Norfolk, present head of the Howards of England, represents one of the oldest among the noble families of the realm. But our noble Howard did not owe his knighthood to the touch of any tyrannical monarch. He was one of Nature's noblemen and, as the great Macaulay would say, "received his title of nobility by the imposition of a mightier hand."

Let us take a parting glance at our Indian Princess.

Upon receiving his discharge, her husband took her to the Eastern states. Here she visited the President of the United States as an honored guest, and used her influence to secure the removal of her people, as she always loved to call them, from the Yakima reservation to their old hunting grounds in southern Oregon. She also delivered many lec-
tures in behalf of better treatment for her unfortunate race. And here in this noble work let us leave her, fondly believing that, like the princess in the fairy tale of our childhood, "she lived happily ever after."
VANCOUVER'S HISTORICAL BANNER AT THE BRIDGE ELECTION

(Glenn N. Ranck, register of the United States Land Office, was color-sergeant in the Spanish-American War and today he again unfurled the old flag he had carried for 18 months in the Philippine campaign. The flag is brought forth only on historic occasions, and Mr. Ranck considered today an epoch in Vancouver's history. The flag was carried by Company G, Washington Volunteers and was presented to the company by the patriotic women of Vancouver.—Portland Oregonian, August 13, 1913.)
CLARKE COUNTY IN THE SPANISH WAR

During the stirring days of the Spanish War Vancouver lived up to her inspiring history and the historic town and Clarke County in general were well represented by patriotic sons at the front. The Clarke County Company was officially known as Company G, of the First Washington Volunteers, but it was more generally known as the "Prune Pickers' Platoon", because prune-growing is one of the leading industries in Clarke County and many of the members of the company were directly or indirectly connected with that flourishing industry; the company was also sometimes styled the "Dutch Company", from the fact that its commander, Captain M. F. Ellrich was a German-American and spoke with a marked German accent. Captain Ellrich had seen previous service in the U. S. Army and had participated in Indian campaigns on the plains of Washington. The ladies of the Vancouver Relief Corps presented Company G with a beautiful company flag, which the boys carried with honor in their campaigns in the Philippine Islands and which they brought back with them in glory on their return. As Sergeant Glenn N. Ranek was standard-bearer of the company at the time of its disbandment, this historic banner remains in his keeping, as its guardian on behalf of his comrades. It is needless to add that upon its return Co. G was given a royal welcome by the citizens of Clarke County in recognition of its arduous service of eighteen months under the glorious stars and stripes.

Many of the patriotic young men of Clarke County also entered the 14th Infantry, U. S. Army, others the Oregon regiment, and some joined various other organizations, and we feel safe in stating that no other county of the same population furnished such a large number of soldiers for the Spanish war and Philippine campaigns. The pioneer families of Clarke County were especially well represented and among the pioneers and builders of this county whose sons and grand-
sons upheld the patriotic traditions of their ancestry we recall the following: Hayden, Boutelle, Dupwee, Ranek, Henrichsen, Tempes, Fletcher, Tooley, Brant, Wintler, Cresap, Thompson, Goddard, Damphoffer, Barlow, Wilson, Walker, Protzman, Van Vleet, Baker, Fleming, Moore, Waite, Pancoast, Weston Mills, Wooll, Kays, Parcel, Hasson, Geogehan, Clayce, Lawrence, Boyer, Swank, Spurgeon, Sturges, Hall, Bundy, Coahran, O'Connell, Trisler, Elwell, Becker, Bessener, Johnston, Bush, and many others. The following letter written a few days after the opening battle in the Philippines, may be of interest in depicting the sentiments and spirit of the Clarke County soldiers on the field of battle:

San Pedro, Feb. 9, 1899.

Editor Independent:—Hurrah for Old Glory!

The long expected battle has at last taken place, and resulted in a glorious victory for the American forces. Co. G and the rest of the Washington regiment were in the very thick of the fight.

At about 8 o'clock on the evening of Saturday, Feb. 4th, the Vancouver company returned from 24 hours outpost duty on Artillery Mound, near Blockhouse No. 12. By nine o'clock the boys were all in bed enjoying a well earned rest. At 9:45 some fellows came rushing into the Palace, shouting that the firing had commenced. We tumbled out of bed and began falling into line without waiting for orders. By 10 o'clock Company G stood impatiently waiting for marching orders.

We marched across the Paco Bridge, where we halted until Gen. King came up and gave the order to advance. We reached Blockhouse No. 10 at 11 o'clock. Here we lay down, while an occasional bullet whistled over us. until 3:30 Sunday morning, Feb. 5th. We then started forward again under a heavy fire. We moved slowly by zigzag lines and it was 5:30 before we reached a good position on the firing line. We fired our first volley at 6 o'clock, most of us taking the trouble to save the empty cartridge.

An overwhelming body of insurgents was firing at us from strong intrenchments on a knoll over 15 feet in height, about 350 yards away, and also from a banana grove on a hill 450
yards away. At 9 o'clock gallant Captain Ellrich gave the welcome command "Charge!" and we sprang forward with cheers. On the way we came to a creek over 25 feet wide and from 5 to 6 feet deep. Captain Ellrich and Sergeants Reigle and Bundy sprang into the muddy water, and the boys followed with a yell, fording the stream with bullets singing all about us.

By this time Co. I, of our battalion, was charging on the other side of the knoll. The enemy became demoralized and those who could not escape put up the white flag before we reached the breast-works. Then we all stopped to give three rousing cheers.

No one of Co. G was killed and only three were wounded, and these not seriously. Co. G's wounded are Sergt. Clancy, in the neck; and Private Will Kays and Geo. Duncan, both in the arm. Lieut. W. E. Wiegle and Private John Barlow were also grazed by Mauser bullets. Two heroes of Co. I gave up their lives in the onset. But the insurgent's loss was very great. Seventy-four lay dead in the trenches on the knoll, while others lay thick over the fields. We also captured 91 prisoners on the knoll and in the banana grove. So we drove the insurgents back all along the road. The entire American loss is estimated at 54 killed and 250 wounded. Of these the gallant Washington's lost 15 killed and 60 wounded and the brave 14th Infantry 13 or 14. The insurgents loss is in the thousands. We are still in pursuit of the fugitives, our battalion being in the field seven miles from the Palace. We have not slept in quarters since the battle. Up with the Stars and Stripes!

GLENN N. RANCK,
Co. G., 1st Washington Volunteers.
A ROMANCE OF OLD MANILA

(Written in 1898.)

(In December of 1898, the writer was stationed with the 2nd Battalion, First Washington Volunteers, in the Paco District of Manila, Philippine Islands. We were quartered in a spacious mansion which, years before, had been the residence of the Bishop of Manila. As this was some weeks before the beginning of the Philippine Insurrection which broke out on the evening of February 4, 1899, we had considerable leisure and spent much time in talking to the natives and in writing letters home. A short time ago my sister showed me a letter which I had written to her at that period, and as it deals with a Christmas tradition of the Filipinos and shows the bitter race hatred then existing between the Spaniards and Filipinos, it might be of interest to your readers at this season. It is given here with only a few unimportant changes.)

Bishop’s Palace, Manila, P. I., Dec. 25, 1898.

Dear Sister:—

Christmas day finds us in the old city of Manila, living in a palace. Our battalion has taken up its residence in the former abode of the Bishop of Manila, and it makes a beautiful home. If any of the soldier boys ever “dreamt that they dwelt in marble halls” they can now say that their dreams have been realized, for the halls are of marble and mahogany (and it might be well to add that a marble floor, though very nice to look upon, does not make a very soft bed, for we have to spread our blankets on the hard, cold floor.) The commodious grounds are laid upon a magnificent scale, and contain many beautiful flowers, shrubs and palm trees so that we can always find plenty of shade during these warm December days in the tropics. We ate our humble Christmas dinner today in Palace gardens under the sheltering shade of the palms, rice pudding with raisins in it, being our only “extra.”

Our quarters are in the Paco district, some distance outside of the historic Old Wall, which surrounds the old part of Manila, and is the great glory of the Philippine capitol. The city is interlaced with numerous canals from the Pasig River and its branches, and is widely known as “The Venice of the Orient.” A great part of the travel and traffic is carried on in these canals by flat-bottomed boats called “cascoes,” and it is a strangely interesting sight to watch the “casco” boat-
men propel a "casco" up the stream with their long bamboo poles. These half-naked boatmen pole the boat by running rapidly back and forth on the narrow bamboo platforms extending along each side of the "casco."

Of course such a lovely and picturesque place as the Bishop's palace is sure to have some romantic traditions connected with it and here is one which I hope will be of interest to you. It was related to me yesterday by an aged Filipino while we watched Christmas procession as it marched up the street with flying banners and filed into the Paco Cathedral near by.

Many years ago, when the Bishop of Manila occupied this beautiful palace with its gardens, he numbered among his parishioners a wealthy Spanish planter from the ancient city Seville, by the name of Manuel Roderigo. The planter's lovely daughter, Senorita Rosario, had fallen in love with Pedro Rizaldo, a Filipino gentleman of part Spanish blood, who owned a line of cascoes on Pasig river and on canals of Manila. But the haughty Spaniard, with bitter hatred for the native race, coldly refused to consider the marriage of his daughter to any one with Filipino blood in his veins. But the young couple found sympathetic friends in the broad-minded Bishop and his assistant, an aged Filipino friar. They took many sacred walks beneath the darkening shadows of the graceful, swaying palm trees in the palace garden and sometimes enjoyed a moonlight, casco ride on the Paco Canal, which flows by the palace grounds. At such times Rizaldo would unsing his Fiji-pino harp and sing to Rosario the favorite ballad of the casco-boatmen. of which the following is a rough translation into English:

THE CASCO BOATMAN'S BRIDE

(Within the Old Wall of Manila, Is many a senorita fair; But none so sweet as my Sanilla, With sparkling eyes and lustrous hair;)

THE GRAND OLD WALL. a survival of the Middle Ages, still stands unharmed after all the ravages and invasions of 300 years. It is a strange sight to be seen in a city flying the stars and stripes of our Republic. The Lunetta is a lovely park extending along the shore of Manila Bay. A carametta is a light carriage, very popular in the Philippines. Beautiful views of the sacred starry constellation, the Southern Cross, can be obtained from Manila.)
On starlight nights with her at my side,
'Neath the Southern Cross I gently glide.

Within the Old Wall of Manila,
Is many a carmetta neat;
And dark-eyed maids from old Castilla
Along the gay Lunetta meet;
But we leave them all for a moonlight ride
In my light casco on Pasig's tide.

Within the Old Wall of Manila,
Is many a gallant cavalier;
And of noble name is sweet Sanilla,
Courted by dons and haughty peer—
But she turns from all with love and pride,
To become the casco boatman's bride!

By decree of the Governor-General of the Philippines no Spanish senorita could marry a man with Filipino blood in his veins without the written consent of her parents and of the Governor-General. Thus the union of the lovers seemed to be effectually barred. But upon the approach of Christmas the aged Friar told the couple of an almost-forgotten law by which their obstacles might be overcome. According to this immemorial law and custom of Nanila, to all persons appearing before the Bishop in his chapel at the witching hour of midnight of December 24, while the cathedral chimes were ringing out the blessed message of the Saviour's Nativity, for that one fleeting moment, all laws regarding race or caste were swept aside. So pursuant to an arrangement made by the friar, Rizaldo and his senorita appeared in the palace chapel at the appointed time, and as the bells of Paco Cathedral pealed forth their joyous tidings, the happy old Bishop promptly pronounced the words that joined the loving couple as man and wife. Just at this juncture Rosario's father rushed into the room accompanied by a young Spanish lieutenant, a suitor for her hand, rejected by Rosario, but favored by the wealthy owner of banana groves. In the confusion this jealous rival slipped up behind Rizaldo and vengefully raised his dagger to strike his unsuspecting victim in the back. Quickly throwing
himself forward to ward off the treacherous blow, the old Bishop received the flashing stiletto in his breast. Horrified by the terrible result of his revengeful act, the treacherous Spaniard fled screaming from the place and was never seen or heard of again. And there in his chapel, even before the altar high, his robes and vestments streaming with blood, the Bishop of Manila died in the arms of the lovers whom he had joined. Deeply moved by the sad tragedy he had witnessed, the haughty Spanish planter became reconciled to his daughter and son-in-law, and the casco boatman proved himself a worthy and loving husband to his faithful wife.

And here it might be of interest to note that the sleeping place assigned me is on the very spot where the tragedy was enacted and my head rests against the step upon which the hapless prelate was slain, but my sleep is peaceful and his ghost disturbs me not. Last night as I lay listening to the Christmas chimes of Paco Cathedral all the scenes of this Manila romance seemed to present themselves to me and I could see the Filipino lover and his faithful Spanish senorita, while they sang the soft refrain of the boatman's ballad:

"But she turns from all with love and pride,
To become the casco boatman's bride."

The tradition of this tragedy and romance has made a deep impression upon the minds of the superstitious Filipinos and they still believe that Palace and gardens are haunted by the ghosts of those who loved and suffered on this romantic spot, and that when comes the weird hour of midnight, when the pale moonlight is shining upon the Old Wall of Manila and every mango tree is illuminated by thousands of brilliant fire-flies, the spirits of the faithful lovers meet at the foot of the graceful stairway, all heedless of the sleeping Washington volunteers and of the weapons of warfare upon the floor, and, hand in hand, they walk out through the wide doorway, past the murmuring fountain, and along the winding pathways of the garden, in the moonlight and the starlight.
In 1902 the citizens of Washington were deeply interested in the question of a Railroad Commission, there being no adequate laws to determine railroad taxation or adjust the numerous disputes continually arising between the transportation lines and their patrons. Clarke County took an active part in this agitation, and after a warm campaign elected A. H. Parcel and Glenn N. Ranck as Representatives to the state legislature on a Railroad Commission platform. Soon after the convening of the legislature a few well-meaning citizens sent a petition to Representatives Parcel and Ranck requesting them to disregard the platform upon which they had been nominated and elected, and vote against any Railroad Commission Bill whatsoever. Mr. Ranck promptly replied to this petition in the following letter:

Olympia, Wash., January 19, 1903.

W. P. Crawford and Others,—Dear Friends:—Your petition, with thirty-eight signatures, requesting me to work against any railroad commission bill, has been duly received and carefully noted. As the petition has been given publicity it is proper that my reply should be made public also, and I trust it will be received by you in the same kindly spirit in which it is given.

You are doubtless aware that the platform upon which I was nominated, instructed the legislative candidates to work for the passage of a commission bill, and that it was publicly stated by me that the platform met with my approval, and that I would stand firmly upon it. With a full knowledge of these facts, the voters of Clarke County gave me a majority of nearly seven hundred votes. This pledge was not made merely to “get it on,” but is regarded by me as sacred, and I desire to keep it inviolate, “as stainless as a soldier’s honor, as sacred as a lover’s vow.”

The petition asserts that the railroad company “is handi-
There is nothing threatening in the simple proposal that the State of Washington create a railroad commission. It is the only method by which the vexed question can be taken out of our politics, and will help to bring justice and prosperity to all. It not only contains no threat, but it will prevent future threats of dangerous legislation. It yet remains for us to hear any arguments against its fairness and justice. In Olympia the arguments against it are confined chiefly to threats by an unprincipled railroad lobby. And this bill is "threatened legislation" only because it threatens to banish these Hessian hirelings from the legislative sessions. They tremble lest they will soon be repeating in chorus, the wail of Othello: "My occupation's gone!"

Exception must also be taken to the statement in petition that it will not bring us "one cent of tribute," for it will bring us thousands of dollars in taxation, which is being paid by our over-burdened farmers and workingmen. Somehow this carries the mind back to the early days of our Republic, when the insolent demand of the French Directorate for tribute, drew from Pinckney the spirited rebuke—"Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." It ill-becomes us to surrender our birthright of liberty to the insolent pirates of the railroad lobby.

The time has come when we must place proper checks upon our great corporations, or else turn the commonwealth bodily over to them. We should act in this matter, unshaken by timid fears or foolish threats, but with true manly courage, prudence and justice. We should enact a law which is properly conservative, and which carefully safeguards alike the just interests of the corporations and the public. We should, of course, see to it that these helpless railroad companies are not imposed upon or tyrannized over by the common people of the country. The lobbyists here will kindly lend us their powerful assistance in this.

Gentlemen, it is my earnest desire to represent the people of Clarke County faithfully, and loyally, and when fully convinced that I do not truly represent them, I can at least resign, but I cannot make myself the mere appendage of an irresponsible lobby. And I confidently appeal to you, and to
all the voters and taxpayers of our beloved county to support me in this position. With kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,

GLENN N. RANCK.

The Railroad Commission Law was finally passed in 1905 and the citizens of Clarke County endorsed the stand taken by Representative Ranck by re-electing him to the legislature in 1906. During the year following the passage of this alleged "Threatening legislation", work was begun on the North Bank Railroad and on the big bridge across the Columbia at Vancouver, and more railroad construction was done in Clarke County that year than in any ten years before. This was true in other parts of the state also, despite the dismal predictions of the opponents of the great reform.

It will be found almost universally true that no public good can come from slavish subservience to any class or special privilege. Patriotic and considerate legislation, just to all interests, and without demagogy or cowardly cringing, will bring about the best conditions and result in justice and true prosperity for all. When corporation lobbyists or narrow-minded demagogues ask that unfair and unjust laws and conditions be perpetuated merely to give an artificial prosperity to a few, they are seeking to stop the grand, majestic march of civilization and justice, and should be swept aside for the general good of humanity.
A TYPICAL PIONEER FAMILY.

(Written in 1911.)

A few days ago the following item of current history appeared in many of the newspapers of the United States:

"Sheriff Ira Cresap, of Clarke County, Wash., was shot at 7:30 o'clock tonight near the Spokane, Portland & Seattle railroad shops at Vancouver, by an unknown character, thought to be the murderer of W. H. Shores, the brakeman who was killed at Butler Station Tuesday night. The bullet struck in the neck, between the larynx and the jugular vein, but fortunately glanced off, inflicting only a flesh wound. Hastily binding up the wound with his handkerchief, the sheriff pursued the thug, who turned and ran as soon as he had fired the shot. The sheriff sent several shots after the fleeing man, and it is believed that the fugitive is wounded."

There is a strange resemblance in this stirring engagement between the sheriff and the desperado amid the cabooses and freight cars of the dark railroad yards and the running fights which took place between the frontiersmen and the savage red men among the trees and thickets of the dense forests. In hastily wrapping his handkerchief about his wound while he continued the pursuit of his desperate foe, the plucky sheriff was merely repeating the deeds of his forefathers for several generations. His father, Robert V. Cresap, was not only a gallant veteran of the Civil war, but was also a fearless frontiersman and Indian fighter in many conflicts with the redmen in Oregon and Washington sixty years ago. Where his children now hear the hum of industry and the scream of the locomotive, he heard the whirr of the tomahawk and the war-cry of the painted warriors. He was born in Ohio in 1836 and "crossed the plains" to the Pacific Northwest in 1859. Mr. Cresap took part in Indian campaigns in Oregon, Idaho and Washington, and served in the Union army during the four years of the great rebellion. In 1866 he settled at Battle Ground, Clarke County, Washington, being one of the early
pioneers and backwoodsmen of that locality. He married, cleared his farm and spent the remainder of his active life as a home-steadier and farmer at Battle Ground, Washington. He passed away in this county at the home of his son, Sheriff Cresap, on August 31, 1911, at the age of 75 years.

But he was not the first member of his family to strike boldly into the pathless forests of America, for his great-grandfather, Col. Michael Cresap, was one of the best known backwoodsmen along the Ohio, and the family has an unbroken record of nearly two hundred years as frontiersmen and Indian fighters. Thomas Cresap came to this country from England about two centuries ago and settled in the western wilds of Maryland, where he took up the fierce struggle against the wild animals and the wilder redmen, becoming a leader in his community and an active member of the Ohio Company.

His son, Col. Michael Cresap, was born in Alleghany County, Maryland, June 29, 1742. He became a famous hunter and furtrader and moved west to the Ohio river, where he established a settlement near Wheeling, West Virginia. He took command of the settlers in that vicinity, and upon the declaration of hostilities against the savages by the deputy of Governor Dunmore, in 1774 he attacked and defeated a party of Indians in a skirmish on the Ohio. Speaking of this period, Theodore Roosevelt, in his excellent work, "The Winning of The West," says:

"There were on the border at the moment three or four men whose names are so intimately bound up with the history of this war that they deserve brief mention. One was Michael Cresap. A Maryland frontiersman, who had come to the banks of the Ohio with the purpose of making a home for his family. He was one of the regular pioneer type; a good woodsmen, sturdy and brave, a fearless fighter, devoted to his friends and his country; but also when his blood was heated, and his savage instincts fairly roused, inclined to regard any redman, whether hostile or friendly, as a being who should be slain on sight.

"Such a letter from Lord Dunmore's lieutenant amounted to a declaration of war, and there were plenty of backwoodsmen who would put a very liberal interpretation upon
the order given them to repel an attack. All the borderers prepared for war. Cresap was near Wheeling at the time with a band of hunters and scouts, fearless men, who had adopted many of the ways of the redskins, in addition to their method of fighting. As soon as they received Connolly’s letter they proceeded to declare war in the regular style, calling a council, planting the war-post, and going thru other savage ceremonies, and eagerly awaited a chance to attack their foes.”

About this time another party of whites treacherously slew the family of Chief Logan (Taga Jute) on Yellow Creek. Chief Logan, who had been friendly to the whites, mistakenly accused Cresap as the leader of the whites in that vicinity, as responsible for the deed. To messengers from Lord Dunmore the Indian Chief made the following pathetic speech:

“I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan’s cabin hungry and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked and he clothed him not? During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his camp, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as I passed and said, ‘Logan is the friend of the white man.’ I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Col. Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.”

This pathetic speech was brought back by the messenger and read to Col. Dunmore’s backwoods army. Col. Roosevelt thus describes the scene: “The tall frontiersmen, lounging in a circle round about, listened to the reading of the speech with eager interest; rough Indian haters though they were, they were so much impressed by it that in the evening it was a common topic of conversation over their camp fires, and they continually attempted to rehearse it to one
another. But they knew that Greathouse, not Cresap, had been the offender in the murder of Logan's family; and when the speech was read, George Rogers Clark, turning round, rallied Cresap at being so great a man that the Indians put everything on his shoulders; whereat Cresap, much angered, swore that he had a good mind to tomahawk Greathouse."

It has been conclusively proven by Roosevelt and others that Cresap was absent in Maryland at the time of the murder of Logan's family and had nothing whatever to do with it.

Cresap received a commission as Captain from the Governor and served gallantly throughout Lord Dunmore's war. At the beginning of the revolutionary war he was appointed to the command of a battalion of frontier riflemen, with whom he joined Gen. Washington at the seige of Boston. Becoming seriously ill from camp exposure he secured a leave of absence and started for home, but died on the way in New York City, Oct. 16, 1775. He was buried with military honors in Trinity churchyard, New York. While on a visit east last year Sheriff Cresap, of Vancouver, visited the tomb of his revolutionary ancestor in that ancient churchyard.

Col. Cresap's sons and grandsons were also backwoodsmen and Indian fighters as was his great-grandson, Robert V. Cresap. In the present generation he is represented by Edward E. Cresap, a pioneer settler of Clarke County and by Ira C. Cresap, the present sheriff of the county, also a pioneer and backwoodsman, whose early years were spent in hunting bears and cougars and in clearing the ground on his father's farm.

But in 1898 the bugle call of the Spanish-American war aroused the patriotic blood of his revolutionary sires and as a Clarke County volunteer he fought under the flag of his fathers in the Philippines. It was the writer's fortune to serve as a comrade with him in the thickets of Luzon Island and it can truthfully be said that he gallantly upheld the courage and honor of his warlike ancestry.

We will close this sketch by giving from a faulty memory a somewhat imperfect version of an old backwoodsman's ballad, such as was sung by the followers of Boone and Kenton, Wayne and Harrison. It has been handed down by tradition thru several generations of these rough frontiersmen of the
West, and is thought to express the rude courage and steadfast friendship of this bold yeomanry of the border:—

THE BRAVE BACKWOODSMAN

Away in the West we'll ever be,
Where nature is wild and man is free,
We till our own soil, we clear our own land;
We build our own homes with rifle at hand.
A friend, fearless and faithful, to yours and to you
Is the brave backwoodsman, sturdy and true!

Afar in the woods we ride and we roam,
Hunting couger and bear in their forest home;
Or with Kenton and Boone, Cresap, Sevier and Clark
We fight the wild redmen from daylight till dark.
A fierce foe, but kind friend, to yours and to you,
Is the brave backwoodsman, sturdy and true!

On the slope of King's Mountain we fought in our might,
With Morgan at Cowpens we stood for the right;
Under Clark at Vincennes, with Wayne at Maumee,
We struck savage and tyrant with the strength of the free.
A hard grasp and firm clasp, for yours and for you,
From the brave backwoodsman, sturdy and true!
A BARBARA FRIETCHIE OF VANCOUVER TOWN

(Written in 1914.)

On a warm day in July, 1913, a stranger passing thru the lower part of Vancouver Barracks, paused at the home of Mrs. Mary Williams, wife of John Williams, U. S. Forage-master, and asked for something to eat. While the kind-hearted woman was supplying him with food, he launched forth into a bitter denunciation of the American Flag, and shaking his fist at the glorious banner waving in the breeze overhead, he called it a dirty rag, and declared he would like to tear it down and tread it underfoot. This was too much for his patriotic hostess. Without an instant's hesitation she seized a pan of clear water, intended for the dog, and dashed it upon him. As soon as he could recover from the unexpected shock, he hung his head and slunk away in humiliation.

This incident is authentic in every particular, and the writer is well acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Williams and their family. The heroine who thus upheld the honor and patriotism of Vancouver women of today is the daughter of a veteran of the Civil War and of frontier Indian campaigns, who was stationed at Fort Vancouver in 1859 and took part in the "Pig War" at San Juan Island under General Harney. Her husband, ex-Sergeant John Williams is a veteran of the Spanish War and Commander of the Vancouver Camp of Spanish War Veterans.

The green hillsides of Vancouver Town,
To broad Columbia slope gently down;
A sight more fair can ne'er be found,
Than this historic and lovely ground;
And here 'neath the shade of our flag so dear,
Dwells brave Mary Williams, true and sincere.

One day a stranger paused at her door,
And said: "I am hungry and foot-sore."
The good-hearted dame with kindness sweet,
Hastened to bring him bread and meat;
But still the wretch was not content,
And gave no thanks for kindness meant.

"Now why", growled he, "am I in need,
While some on cakes and sweet-meat feed,
And drink the rich wine's ruddy dreg,
While I must either work or beg?"
And shaking his fist at the starry flag,
He called it "a dirty, treach'rous rag!"
Now Mistress Williams all her life
Had followed stirring drum and fife;
Had served with father and husband brave,
From Potomac's stream to Columbia's wave;
A patriot's daughter, a patriot's wife,
She loved "Old Glory" above her life!

Without a pause, without a fear,
She seized a pan of water clear,
And dashed him o'er from head to hip,
Washing the foul words from his lip;
With hang-down head he fled in dismay,
From brave heroine in battle-array.

The flag flies o'er Dame Frietchie's grave,
By Shenandoah's silvery wave;
Where Columbia's vale slopes gently down,
Lives heroine brave of Vancouver Town;
All honor to her on Maryland's hill,—
All praise to her by Wauna's* rill!

(*Footnote—Wauna was the ancient name for the Columbia.)
TYPICAL PIONEERS AND BUILDERS OF CLARKE COUNTY.

The pioneers and founders of Clarke County were a strong, sturdy, patriotic people; they were domestic and home-loving, and, as time went on, they developed a deep love for this locality. This love for Clarke County they instilled into their children and so we find their descendants, their children and grand-children among the most patriotic, public-spirited, intelligent and industrious citizens of our county today. We believe the history of our county and its pioneers and builders, their legends and traditions, can be developed into a great patriotic and commercial asset for Vancouver and Clarke County. It should unite us and make us more harmonious and active in our labors for the public welfare. This sentiment of loyalty, patriotism and pride in our community and its glorious traditions will bind us together and help to draw others to us, and should be a great help in the development and building up of our beautiful and historic county. With all these inspiring legends and traditions, memories and mutual affection, the true citizen of Clarke County cannot be truly happy or content in any other place: he wants to live all his life among its lovely valleys and fir-clad hills, and he wants other progressive, patriotic citizens to join us here and make this the most happy, prosperous and progressive community in all the world.

Among the pioneer-builders whose descendants still live and labor in Clarke County may be found the following:—

Short, Shaw, Bird, Williams, Crawford, Hathaway, Goddard, Sehns, Jaggy, Leiser, Fales, Heitman, Lockwood, Lancaster, Knight, Marsh, Marble, Timmen, Durgin, Christ, Brant, Bozorth, Coffee, Caples, Bersch, Burlingame, Messenger, Petratin, Ernst, Ough, Proebstel, McAllister, Nerton, Henrichsen, Fanck, Whipple, Dupnis, Burgy, Le Belle, Parker, Morrow, Nye, McCarty, Carty, Simmons, Stanger, Toohey, Proulx, Van
Vleet, Brown, Steward, Bier, Carter, Padden, Wise, Bateman, Smith, Schofield, O'Keane, Daniels, Cook, Duback, Dillon, Hidden, Laver, Love, O'Donnell, Scheule, Slocum, Spurgeon, Tenney, Alexander, Knapp, Gillihan, Goodnight, Gridley, Dietderich, Bell, Russell, Wintler, Young, Wall, Bybee, Tempees, Spencer, Fletcher, McMaster, DuBois, Surber, Sturgess, McCavet. Davis, Blair and many others. And the author wishes at this time to express his thanks to those who, by their advanced subscriptions to this little volume, made this work a possibility.

In this biographical chapter we submit a few brief sketches of pioneers and modern builders, whom we believe to be typical of the sturdy settlers and of the patriotic builders of today.

COLONEL B. F. SHAW.

This famous pioneer-warrior was undoubtedly the most historical character in the history of Clarke County. He was born in Missouri, May 8, 1829, of patriotic ancestry. His grandfather, Captain James Shaw, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War; his father, William Shaw, served under General Andrew Jackson at the battle of New Orleans in the War of 1812 and was Captain in the Cayuse Indian War in Oregon in 1847-48; while his uncle, Col. Cornelius Gilliam was a Captain in the Black Hawk and Seminole Indian Wars and Colonel of the Oregon Regiment in the Cayuse War in 1847. B. F. Shaw crossed the plains with his parents in 1844 and spent the fall and winter of that year working for the Hudson’s Bay Company at Fort Vancouver. In 1845 he went to Puget Sound settling at Tumwater, and in 1848 he served in his father’s company in the Cayuse Indian War. Early in 1854 he was selected by Governor Stevens for special duty in the Indian service, a duty for which he was especially well-fitted, owing to his sound judgment, his excellent knowledge of Indian dialects as well as of the Chinook jargon, and his clear understanding of Indian character. In this account he accompanied the Governor throughout Western and Eastern Washington, visiting nearly every tribe and making treaties, acting in the capacity of Interpreter. This was the longest and greatest treaty-
making trip in American history and of vast importance to
the future of the Northwest, tho, perhaps, some of our citi-
zens could tell much more about some unimportant treaty
with the Penobscots or Narragansetts.

In 1856 he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel by Gov.
Stevens and in July of that year, at the head of the Washing-
ton Volunteers, he won the decisive battle of Grand Ronde,
thus bringing the war to a speedy close. This was one of
the bloodiest and most brilliant victories in Indian warfare,
more than 50 Indians being killed, while in killed, wounded
and captured the less of the savages was fully 200. In his
official report Gov. Stevens says: “Col. Shaw, moving in the
night by an unused trail, fell upon the main body of the
hostiles and struck the hardest and most brilliant blow of
the war.” After the war Col. Shaw settled on a farm near
Vancouver, where he spent the remainder of his active life.
He served the people of Clarke County as County Commis-
sioner, County Treasurer, Representative in the Legislature
and as State Senator; and was also Register of the U. S. Land
Office at Vancouver. Col Shaw died in his eightieth year,
leaving three children, B. F., J. W., and Frank Shaw. The
author of this work was intimately acquainted with Col. Show
for many years and found him modest and unassuming, of
high character and integrity, and of tenacious memory.

In an editorial in the Portland Oregonian, the well-known
editor, Harvey W. Scott, who served under Col. Shaw in 1856,
thus speaks of his old commander: “The death of Col. B. F.
Shaw, of Vancouver, removes one more link of the chain that
connects the old Oregon Country with the Oregon Country of
today. Shaw was a pioneer of 1844. He was an active man,
a thorough frontiersman, a pioneer of pioneers. He was one of
those men who, in the early settlement of a country, would
always be regarded as a leader; for he was slow and careful
in judgment, yet intelligent in action. In person he was tall
and thin, of immense physical endurance, the type of the
western backwoodsman, hunter and Indian-fighter. His
recognized qualities called him to the front as commander of
the Washington Territory Volunteers in the Indian War of
1855-56, which he conducted successfully, in the open field,
OF NORTHWEST HISTORY

thru one of the severest winters the Northwest has known. In the following Spring, passing with his command over the mountains, Colonel Shaw gave the finishing blow to the Indian coalition that had come perilously near to extermination of the white settlements of Washington. Even the stronger settlements of Oregon were in danger, and in Southern Oregon all the people had to fight for their lives. In all the hardships and dangers and struggles about Puget Sound, the person who pens these lines, then a youth of seventeen, bore his part, in one of the companies under Shaw's command. Needless to say, Col. Shaw knew every man personally; and during all the years since then, no survivor of the command, upon meeting a comrade, has failed to ask with affectionate regard when he last saw Colonel Shaw."

His son, J. W. Shaw, is at present among Vancouver's most respected and patriotic citizens. He has spent much time in the forests as a timber cruiser and is the author of a book on timber cruising, which is accepted as an authority on that subject in Washington and Oregon and is used by private and by government timber cruisers. He has also written some interesting articles on pioneer history and it is hoped will resume his work along those lines. He is Exalted Ruler of the local lodge of Elks. Secretary of the Commercial club, and City Judge of Vancouver, and many of his friends bespeak for him higher honors and usefulness.

CHAPLAIN JOHN McCARTY.

Rev. John McCarty, known in the Northwest as "Vancouver's Fighting Chaplain." was born in New York and served as Chaplain in the U. S. Army in the Mexican War. He resigned in 1852 and came West, but was again appointed Chaplain, this time from Washington Territory, in 1853, and was Post Chaplain of Fort Vancouver. He went into the field with the troops during the Rogue River campaign of 1853, and in the Yakima War of 1855, and on account of his militant activities in these campaigns became widely known throughout the frontier as "Vancouver's Fighting Parson." He was the organizer of the Episcopal Church of Vancouver and that useful institution is a grand monument of his piety and perseverance.
We have mentioned Chaplain McCarty largely on account of his historic and picturesque military experiences and his direct connection with the Indian Wars, but there were many other missionaries like Bishop Blanchet, Rev. Jason Lee, Rev. H. K. Hines, Father Schram and others who played a most important part in the evangelization of this region and we regret that this work is too limited in scope to give them more than a brief mention. Their work was all-important and they deserve the highest praise and reverence.

The example of Chaplain McCarty was followed by another well-known Vancouver minister, Rev. John R. Thompson, the pioneer organizer of the Presbyterian Church in this city. Rev. Thompson took an active part in all public questions and represented Clarke County in the Legislature and owing to his prominence in political affairs of Washington, he was called by some the “Political Parson.” But in later years this gave place to the term of “Fighting Parson,” for he went to the front during the Spanish War as Chaplain of the Washington Regiment and gave up his life while serving the flag of his country in Manila, Philippine Islands.

CAPTAIN ROBERT WILLIAMS.

Robert Williams was a noble type of soldier and citizen and played an important part in the history of this region. He was born in the northern part of Wales, England, May 13, 1834, and came to America in 1846, living for awhile with his uncle at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He always evinced a great love for military life, and this, combined with a romantic disposition, led him to enlist in the United States Army on February 28, 1855, at Philadelphia. With a detachment of 150 recruits he was sent by way of Panama, to Fort Vancouver, where he arrived on June 7, 1855. He was attached to Company H, Fourth U. S. Infantry, the same company in which Lieutenants U. S. Grant and P. H. Sheridan served when stationed at this historic frontier post.

The first engagement in which Mr. Williams participated in was in a hot fight in the fall of that year at Cascade Gap, where Colonel Nesmith and Major Rains defeated the Indians. In March, 1856, with a small band of soldiers and settlers, he
aided in the successful defense of the blockhouse at the middle Cascades, against an overwhelming force of savages. For this act of unsurpassed bravery, he and his comrades were officially thanked by the Washington Legislature, being mentioned by name in the resolution. Mr. Williams was honorably discharged from the army in 1860, but at the beginning of the Rebellion he re-enlisted in the First Iowa Infantry, April 22, 1861. He participated in the battles of Wilson's Creek, Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Jackson, Vicksburg, Tupelo, and other engagements, being taken prisoner at Shiloh; and for six months he suffered the indescribable hardships and privations of Libby Prison, until finally paroled. He was promoted to Second Lieutenant, First Lieutenant and Captain, commanding his company of veterans during the last year of the Civil War.

At the close of the war Captain Williams retired to his farm, but after a few years, he again enlisted in the U. S. Army and was again stationed at Fort Vancouver, this time for nearly twenty consecutive years. He was retired from the army in 1896, after thirty years of honorable and meritorious service, receiving medals of honor and his gallant deeds being mentioned in general orders. Captain Williams continued to reside at Vancouver until his death a few months ago; he was the first honorary member of the local camp of Spanish War Veterans, who acted as a Guard of Honor at the hero's funeral. The author of this little book knew Captain Williams well for a quarter of a century, and always regarded him with deep admiration and affection.

JOSEPH SMITH BRANT.

This early settler of Vancouver was born in Germany in 1822, and came to the United States at the age of six years; was a wagon and carriage builder by trade. He was married to Louisa Francis Burget at Dayton, Ohio, from which place they crossed the plains in 1852, and took up a Donation Land Claim on the Lewis or Cathlapoolde River, in Clarke County, Washington. They moved to Vancouver during the Indian troubles of 1855, and made that place their permanent residence.

Mr. Brant erected a large building on Main Street, which was for a long time the best hotel in Vancouver; also a hall
for theatre and dances. He conducted a carriage-shop and livery stable and was for many years Justice of the Peace. He died in 1872; his wife, who was born in 1828, died in 1890. They had thirteen children: Louis P., now a Major in the U. S. Army; George W., now a resident of Portland, Oregon; Rosanna. (deceased); Joseph A. C., foreman of The Oregon, Portland; Mary A. C.; Adeline F.; Rosetta A.; Emma L. Albert, (deceased); A. C., (deceased); Cecilia C., Nellie, (deceased); Charles and Elizabeth. The block where the old home-place stood is now the most prominent one in the city, being occupied by the five-story U. S. National Bank, Palace Theater, Spark's Hardware Store, etc.

ROBERT W. DOWNING.

R. W. Downing, one of the few surviving Indian-war veterans left in Clarke County, was born in England, in 1838, and came to the United States with his parents when nine years of age. In 1857 he crossed the plains to the California gold mines, and as a member of a government exploring expedition traversed Arizona and New Mexico in 1859; he first came to Vancouver in 1860.

Mr. Downing enlisted in the Union Army in 1861 and was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg; in November, 1863, he re-enlisted in the First Oregon Cavalry and campaigned against the Indians in Oregon, Nevada and Washington, being mustered out of the service in 1866. He returned to Vancouver in 1866 and has resided here ever since, engaging in business as carpenter and contractor. Mr. Downing is the owner of the Downing Block on Washington Street and has retired from active labor.

JUDGE WILLIAM RANCK

William Ranck was born in Butler County, Pennsylvania, July 30, 1829; he was of "Pennsylvania Dutch" stock, and of Revolutionary ancestry, his grandfather having been a soldier under Washington at Brandywine and Germantown. He came across the plains in a "prairie schooner" to the gold mines in California in 1852, and participated in the organization of the Republican party in that state, voting for "Fremont and Freedom" in 1856; he was afterwards one of the six men who or-
ganized the Republican party in Clarke County in 1860.

He came to Vancouver in 1858 and established the pioneer wagon-making shop there, and planted one of the early prune orchards in Clarke County on his farm adjoining Vancouver; he also worked for some years as government wheel-wright at Fort Vancouver. He was married to Kate Neer in Vancouver in 1864, and had three children, Lulu, Bertha and Glenn. He was member of the City Council, Chief of the Fire Department, School Director, Justice of the Peace, Representative in the Legislature, County Commissioner and Probate Judge for four terms. One of his monuments is the present court house, which was built while he was Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners. He was for fifty years a public-spirited and patriotic citizen of Clarke County.

GLENN N. RANCK.

Glenn N. Ranck, the son of William and Kate Neer Ranck, was born in Vancouver, Washington, November 24, 1869; his maternal grandfather was also a pioneer of the Northwest and a veteran of the Mexican War, and some members of the family served in the Civil War and in the Indian campaigns of the Northwest frontier. He attended the public schools, worked on his father's ranch and participated in the government survey of the Northeastern part of Clarke County, spending some time with the backwoodsmen of that frontier district; also taught several terms in country schools and worked for several years as assistant to the City Engineer and the County Surveyor. He served as private, corporal and sergeant in Co. G, First Washington Volunteers during the Spanish War and in the Philippine Insurrection, sustaining a slight wound at Guadaloupe Ridge, and being in the military service for about eighteen months.

After the war he conducted a general merchandise store at Camas and for several years was editor and publisher of the Vancouver Chronicle; has served the people as Trustee Public Library, Clerk of the School Board, President Volunteer Fire Department, Chairman County Committee, Justice of the Peace, twice as Representative of his native county in the state legislature, and is at present Register United States Land
Office. He is the author of "Pictures from Northwest History," "Legends and Traditions of Northwest History," and other historical writings.

Mr. Ranck is blessed with a happy home, an estimable wife, and two twin children, William and Winfred. He is among those who believe that wealth and commercial gain are not all there is to this life; that deep affection and friendship, kind deeds and pleasant memories, and sentiment, song and poetry are, after all, what brings the warmth and glow to life, and "makes the world go round."

LOWELL M. HIDDEN

This well-known citizen was born in Craftsbury, Vermont, December 16, 1841, and went to San Francisco, California, by way of Panama, in the gold mining days of 1864. He came to Vancouver the following year, 1865, and has resided here ever since. In 1869 he returned to Vermont and was married to Mary S. Eastman, bringing her back to the new home in the West. Four children were born to them, W. Foster, Oliver M., Mabel Lucy, and Julia.

Mr. Hidden has taken a prominent part in the development of this city and served for a number of years on the City Council and also as County Commissioner. He has engaged in many enterprises in the city and county, but spent most of his time in the manufacture of brick and in farming. He is now Vice-President of the United States National Bank of Vancouver, but has retired from his general activities, and enjoys nothing better than a fishing trip to Four Lakes. His sons, who are among our enterprising citizens, have succeeded to his business.

J. J. HENRICHSEN

J. J. Henrichsen, Vancouver's pioneer cabinet-maker, was born at Utland, Denmark, November 12, 1832, and learned his trade as an apprentice at Apperadee, Denmark. He served in the Danish army during the Schleswig-Holstein War, in which Prussia took those provinces from Denmark; and during part of his military service he was stationed in the barracks in gay Copenhagen, near the palace of the King.

He left his native country for the United States in 1858,
and that same year came by sea to Vancouver, going “around the Horn”, as it was called when they came via Cape Horn. He established the pioneer cabinet-making shop in Vancouver in 1858, and also worked as cabinet-maker and cooper at the military post for several years. During the later part of his life he operated his ranch on Burnt Bridge Creek, adjoining Vancouver, spending his last days quietly at his home.

Mr. Henrichsen was a man of quiet, retiring disposition, of an earnest, sincere, industrious character, and was one of Clarke County’s useful and reliable citizens. He was married to Hannah Christina Hansen, December 26, 1861, and had eight children, namely: Yetta, Neils, Christina May, Tobey L., Hannah, Lawson, Jens, and Elsie.

His son, Tobey L. Henrichsen, was born in Vancouver, November 14, 1869, and educated in the public schools, working for some years at fruit-raising and at prune drying and prune packing; he served for a while in the Washington Regiment during the Spanish War, until discharged on urgent calls from home owing to the feeble health of his father. He has served several terms in the City Council and is a member of the firm of Higgins & Henrichsen, a leading grocery firm of Vancouver.

JAMES PADDEN

James Padden was born in County Mayo, Ireland and came by sea “around the Horn” to Vancouver about 1859. He took up a homestead a few miles from Vancouver, on which he lived until a few years before his death, when he resided for awhile in Vancouver. This homestead is still in possession of the family and is now operated by his son, Thomas Padden. Mr. Padden was a patriotic, industrious citizen, who did his share in the development of Clarke County and was the father of a worthy and respected family.

His son, James J. Padden, is the proprietor of Padden’s Clothing Store, one of Vancouver’s most prosperous and progressive business houses. He is a most progressive, public-spirited citizen and has been active on the Board of Managers for the Commercial Club, as Chief of the Volunteer Fire Department, member of the City Council, and is Past Exalted Ruler of the Vancouver Lodge of Elks.
Tho still a comparatively young man, Mr. Blackburn, is Ridgefield's pioneer merchant and postmaster, a position which he still holds. He has always taken a great interest in political affairs, having represented Clarke County at many congressional and state conventions, and is among our most energetic and public spirited citizens. Mrs. Blackburn, who is an accomplished musician, has taken an active part in all social, religious and education affairs.

During the Civil War Ridgefield was given the name of Union Ridge on account of the strong loyalty and love of the Union displayed by the patriotic citizens of that locality. The Post Office Department afterwards changed the name to Ridgefield, but the change has wrought no alteration in the deep patriotism and loyalty of its citizens.

JOHN K. GAITHER.

Mr. Gaither, the present pioneer Postmaster of LaCenter, Clarke County, Washington, was born in Monroe County, Indiana, January 6, 1838, and came to Clarke County in 1873; he married Mary E. Gourley, who was born in North Carolina, November 19, 1835, by whom he had six children: P. T. Gaither, born June 8, 1863; S. P. Gaither, born March 12, 1865; Sadie C. Gaither, born December 24, 1869; F. O. Gaither, born February 22, 1873; W. T. Gaither, born April 6, 1875; J. C. Gaither, born May 13, 1880.

Mr. Gaither was in the mercantile business at La Center for fifteen years and has been Postmaster there since 1875, with a brief interval during Cleveland's second term, and he still fills that office faithfully and efficiently. His son, S. P. Gaither, was for two terms County Clerk of Clarke County.

HON. A. A. QUARNBERG.

Andrew A. Quarnberg, Clarke County's pioneer in the nut-growing industry, was born in Sweden, August 16, 1849; attended public school and Galun College until 1869, when he came to America with his parents, settling on a homestead in Dakota Territory. He was married to Lydia E. Norclius, September 17, 1876, and engaged in the hardware business until 1884. That year he was elected Register of Deeds and County
Clerk, serving three terms in succession; also served as school District Treasurer, Member Board of Directors, etc.

In 1891 he located in Clarke County on a fruit farm near Vancouver, making prune-growing and nut-culture a specialty, and in that capacity has invented fruit dryers and has done much valuable work along the lines of nut culture. Mr. Quarnberg has developed several new varieties of nuts and has demonstrated that Clarke County can raise the best walnuts and filberts in the world, and the nut-growing business promises to be one of this county's most lucrative industries.

In 1892 Mr. Quarnberg was elected County Commissioner, and was re-elected in 1894, serving six years; in 1909 he was appointed District Horticultural Inspector for the Counties of Clarke, Skamania and Klickitat, serving as such for over four years, rendering valuable services to the horticulturalists of this district. His wife died in 1909; they have had four children: Roland A.; Amy N.; Carl N.; and Ruth E. Quarnberg.

JOHN E. MESSENGER.

This pioneer and homesteader of Clarke County was born in Ohio, March 7, 1832, and there he grew to manhood; was married to Miss Catharine E. Lord, April 25, 1852; that year he started across the plains to the gold mines of California.

In 1853 he settled in Clarke County, first on a farm at Salmon Creek and in 1864 at Brush Prairie, where he lived and labored until his death. He had six children, of which three grew to maturity: Albert, Clara and Anna. Clara married S. S. Smith of Brush Prairie, and they are now residents of Vancouver.

HENRY C. LIESER

H. C. Lieser, a pioneer school-teacher, was born in Franklin, Wisconsin, August 21, 1848, but in 1851 came to the Pacific Coast with his parents and settled in Clarke County. Having received his education at Forest Grove College, he subsequently taught school in Yamhill and Washington Counties, Oregon, for about ten years, and also in Vancouver, but shortly was admitted to the bar and opened a law office in Vancouver, but shortly afterwards abandoned the practice and has since occupied the farm, where he still resides. He has been Principal of the Vancouver schools, County School Superintendent and
more recently Public Librarian of Vancouver.

His sons, Doctors Miles and Herbert Lieser are among Vancouver’s most prominent and progressive medical practitioners.

RICHARD T. COWAN.

Richard T. Cowan, one of the founders of the flourishing city of Camas, Washington, was born in Iron County, Missouri, January 15, 1834, and came to Clarke County in 1884, engaging in the mercantile business at Camas, where he resided until his death in 1898; he platted Cowan’s Addition to Camas, which now comprises the most important part of the town. Mr. Cowan served the people of Clarke County as County Commissioner and in the Legislature.

His son, John A. Cowan, was born at Iron Mountain, May 17, 1868, and came to Clarke County with his parents in 1884. He worked at the paper-mill until 1894, when he was appointed Postmaster of Camas, which position he held until 1899. He then engaged in the cigar and confectionery business, which still occupies his attention. He served as Mayor of Camas from 1909 to 1911, having the honor of being the second mayor of that town, and of seeing the first street graded during his administration.

JOHN H. FLETCHER.

This pioneer fruit-raiser of Clarke County was born in Franklin County, Vermont, December 27, 1841; he moved with his parents to Wisconsin and Kansas, and finally settled in Clarke County in 1870. Mr. Fletcher made his home on a beautiful tract of land east of Vancouver, and overlooking the broad Columbia, and here he started a prune orchard, which he gradually increased until it became the largest orchard in the county. He was the first to raise prunes on a large scale in Clarke County and did much to develop that industry. He was married to Miss Ellen Wells, September 3, 1866, and has seven children: Albert J.; Arthur H.; Mary L.; William R.; May: Edward; and Harry.

Mr. Fletcher has taken an active and honorable part in public affairs, serving for many years on the Vancouver School Board, two terms as County Sheriff, and two terms as County Assessor, and in other positions.
His son, Arthur H. Fletcher, served as Corporal and Sergeant in Co. G, Washington Volunteers, during the Spanish War and the Philippine Campaigns in 1898-99, served as a member Board of Governors Commercial Club, was twice elected County Treasurer, and is at present manager of an Abstract Company in Vancouver. Another son, William R. Fletcher, is serving his second term as County Treasurer, while Edward is a partner in a prosperous drug store in this city.

S. N. SECRIST.

County Commissioner Secrist was born in Grant County, Indiana, January 17, 1845, his parents having been pioneers of Ohio and Indiana, and his ancestors having come to Virginia with the early colonists in the Seventeenth Century. He was of Revolutionary ancestry and his grand-fathers, Henry Secrist and William McMahan were patriotic soldiers in the War of 1812. When sixteen years of age, Mr. Secrist "crossed the plains" with his parents and in 1862 enlisted in the Union Army, serving in Indian campaigns and on frontier service.

Mr. Secrist came to Clarke County in 1872 and took up a homestead a few miles northwest of Vancouver, on which he still resides. In 1898 he joined the stampede to the Alaska gold-fields, going over the ice and thru the Chilcoot Pass, where hundreds of people perished in the sliding snow; he and his sons, John and George, built a small boat, with which they went down the Yukon and Klondike and engaged in mining on Bonanza Creek. He was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Odem, March 22, 1865; to this union thirteen children were born, of whom seven are still living, namely: John T.; Fred N.; George W.; William H.; Grace A. Secrist; Mrs. Mary M. Wood; and Mrs. Fannie M. Sowers.

Mr. Secrist affiliates with the Odd Fellows and Patrons of Husbandry, having been Master of the local Grange for several years. He has served as School Director for twelve years, two terms as County Sheriff, and is at present County Commissioner; in this latter position he is taking an active part in the construction of the Inter-State Highway Bridge at Vancouver. His son, John T. Secrist is Chief of Police of Vancouver.
A. J. MILLS.

Hon. A. J. Mills was born in Lake County, Illinois, May 8, 1841, his ancestors having been among the Dutch settlers of New York, then called the New Netherlands; his grandfather served in the Revolutionary War and some of the accoutrements used by this compatriot of Washington are still in the possession of the family. In 1861 Mr. Mills enlisted in the Union Army and served through the Civil War with courage and patriotism. Some years after he moved to Dakota, being among the early settlers of that Territory, where he took a prominent part in public affairs; he was elected as Representative in the Legislature in 1870; also served as County Commissioner and Deputy Warden of the Penitentiary.

Mr. Mills came to Clarke County in 1888 and settled on an orchard in Fruit Valley, where he has resided ever since; has served as School Director for several years and as Representative in the Washington Legislature. He was married November 22, 1866 to Miss Marie Mcollum and has five children, namely: Mrs. Alma Myers; Miss Edmenia Mills; G. M. Mills; A. C. Mills; and B. Fay Mills; two of his sons, G. M. and A. C. Mills served in the Washington Regiment in the Spanish War and Philippine Insurrection. The seventy-two years of age Mr. Mills takes a lively interest in all that pertains to the welfare of the state and nation and "his eyes undimmed and his mental powers unabated."

CHARLES S. IRWIN.

Mayor Irwin, one of Vancouver's modern builders, was born in Pike County, Missouri, November 7, 1868; he received his general education in the public schools, being a graduate of the local High School, and received his diploma as a dentist from the Western Dental College, the best known institution of that kind in Missouri. His parents and grandparents were early pioneers of that state and his grandfather was killed in an engagement with the Indians.

Dr. Irwin came to Vancouver in 1901 and has since practiced dentistry in this city. He has been very active in social and public affairs, being a member of the Masonic Order, belonging to the Vancouver Knights Templars and to Affil Temple, Mystic Shrine; he has also served as Exalted Ruler of the
Vancouver Lodge, B. P. O. Elks, and represented that Lodge at the Grand Lodge in 1908, at Dallas, Texas.

Mayor Irwin was for eight years a member of the State Board of Medical Examiners, having been appointed by Governor McBride and re-appointed by Governor Mead and Governor Hay. He was on the Board of Governors for the Commercial Club and a member of the first Inter-State Bridge Committee, which conducted the soundings and surveys of the Columbia for that project; he was elected Mayor of Vancouver in 1911 and re-elected in 1912.

HON. R. H. BACK.

Judge Roscius Harlow Back, son of Roscius and Harriet Cutler Robbins Back, was born at Union, Connecticut, May 28, 1865; educated in the common schools and Hitchcock Free Academy; graduated in 1889 from Boston University School of Law, L.L. B.; practiced his profession in Massachusetts from 1889 to 1903; located at Vancouver, Washington, in February, 1904, and has practiced law here ever since. One of his paternal ancestors, Captain Judah Back, was a soldier in the American Revolution, and his maternal great-grandfather. Ebenezer Robbins, was also a Revolutionary patriot and served under General Washington at Valley Forge.

Judge Back was elected City Attorney of Vancouver in 1908 and Superior Judge of the State of Washington for Clarke County in 1912, taking his seat on the bench in January, 1913. He was married to Anna Phillips, October 1, 1906, and has three children: Roscius H. Back, Jr.; Helen R. Back, and Harriet E. Back.

AENEAS McMaster.

This pioneer merchant of Camas, was born in Inverness County Scotland, October 15, 1830, and learned the trade of carpenter and joiner in Glasgow. He settled in Canada in 1874, and in 1883 became a citizen of Camas, Clarke County, Washington, being the first person to break ground in that town. There he established the pioneer general merchandise store, which he operated with great industry and success until his death some years ago. He married Miss Elizabeth McIndoe, now deceased, and had nine children: Isabella, Mary, Lizzie, Hugh, Jessie, Donald, Agnes, Violet and Annie.
His son, Hugh McMaster, still operates the pioneer store established by his father at Camas and is one of the substantial, public-spirited citizens of that thriving town. Another son, Judge Donald McMaster, was raised in Camas, where he attended the public school, worked in the paper mill, and studied law while working in his father’s store; he was admitted to the bar and began the practice of law in 1898 at Vancouver, where he enjoys a large practice. Judge McMaster is a patriotic citizen of wide intelligence, industry, courage and Scotch determination; he has served as School Director, Justice of the Peace, Attorney of Clarke County, Trustee Public Library, and Superior Judge.

JOHN S. BELL.

Mr. Bell, one of the early settlers of the Brush Prairie District came to Clarke County nearly half a century ago, and took up his homestead on the slope of Bell’s Mountain, which was named in his honor. Here he raised a large family and was active in clearing the land and in opening the locality for settlement. He was also active in public matters, serving on the School Board and representing this county in the Legislature. During the latter years of his useful life he operated a general merchandise store at Brush Prairie.

His son, Ben J. Bell, is a well-known pioneer merchant of Yacolt, and has done much work for the prosperity of that growing town. Mr. Bell has as his help-mate, Olive Daly Bell, a most estimable lady and daughter of pioneer parents, and together they labor for the advancement and well-being of their community.

O. B. AAGAARD.

Representative O. B. Aagaard is a native of Sweden and came to Clarke County when a mere lad, some thirty years ago. He took up a homestead a few miles from LaCenter, on a part of which he still lives with his family, and where he has a handsome and hospitable home. For the last quarter of a century he has been actively engaged in farming and logging, that part of the county being very well timbered.

Mr Aagaard is exceedingly desirous of seeing this county improved and developed, as he recognizes its wonderful resources and possibilities, and he is especially active in good-
road work. It is his firm belief that nothing will help this re-
gion so much as good roads and that no effort or expense
should be spared to extend improved roads throughout the
county. He has served the public as County Commissioner
and as Representative in the State Legislature.

CAPTAIN H. C. FUNK.

With the single exception of Col. John L. Clem, Captain
Funk was the youngest veteran of the great Civil War. He
was born in Nantzic, Germany, in 1849, and was brought to
this country by his parents when very young. His father
was a surgeon in the U. S. Army during the Civil War, hold-
ing the rank of Major. Herman C. Funk enlisted in the navy
in 1863, seeing service in three gunboats in engagements on
the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers. Afterwards he re-enlisted
in the First U. S. Cavalry and in 1865 was sent to Arizona,
where he participated in an Indian War. He was discharged
in 1868 and became a clerk in the subsistence department of
the army, being stationed at Portland, Oregon, but was trans-
ferred to Vancouver Barracks in 1878, remaining a resident
of this city until his death in February, 1913. He was married
to Miss Elizabeth Carr, who with two children, Mrs. George
Walter and Herman Funk, survive him.

Captain Funk was an extremely enthusiastic and active
member of Ellsworth Post, Grand Army of the Republic, of
which he was Post Commander. For twenty years he served
as Adjutant of the post and was presented a gold medal by
his comrades in recognition of his long and faithful service.
His son, Herman Funk, is a popular citizen of Vancouver and
and active member of the local lodge of Elks.

THOMAS DORMAN

Thomas Dorman was born in 1836, and spent his early
years on a farm. At the beginning of the Civil War he enlist-
ed in the 12th Iowa Infantry, the same regiment of which the
late Captain Robert Williams was a member. He participated
in the battles of Fort Donaldson, Shiloh, Jackson, Vicksburg,
Tupelo and others, suffering severe wounds and hardships
and spending some months in Confederate prison pens.

Mr. Dorman came to Clark County and settled on a farm
in Fern Prairie and labored diligently in the development of
that portion of our county. He was an unassuming, industrious citizen and raised a family of intelligent and useful children who are today among the reliable citizens of this county. His son, Bert Dorman, taught several terms of public school, and for some years was assistant to the Civil Engineer force of this city. He is now Vancouver's energetic and efficient City Engineer.

H. H. GRIDLEY

Was born May 2, 1831, in Tioga County, New York State, where he lived until fourteen years old when he, with his parents, came by way of the Lakes to Chicago, Illinois, on their way to a farm in Kendall County, about forty miles southwesterly from Chicago. That metropolis was smaller at that time than Vancouver is now, and had but one or two brick buildings and no such streets as Vancouver now has. He grew to manhood on the farm and Dec. 10, 1856, married A. Ellen Cook and in 1906 they celebrated their golden wedding at their home 414 Eleventh Street, Vancouver, the author of this work being among the guests on that occasion.

In April, 1871, he arrived in Vancouver with his family by way of San Francisco and in 1876 started the first furniture store here. His wife passed to the better life February 4, 1913 and he now resides with his only daughter, Mrs. Emogene Higgins, wife of W. J. Higgins. They have a daughter, Nellie Higgins, who graduated from the State University at Seattle, securing a Denny scholarship and is now taking post-graduate work. They also have a son, Hubert Gridley Higgins, younger than his sister, but a good student. Father Gridley is proud of his grandchildren. His eldest child and only son, Charles Clinton Gridley was born on the old farm in Illinois, Oct. 12, 1857, was the pioneer abstractor of Washington; he sold his abstract plant and now conducts a mortgage loan business in Vancouver.

H. H. Gridley was an Abolitionist, a Republican and now a Prohibitionist, always leading in moral reform. In Illinois he was deacon and Sunday School Superintendent of the Congregational Church for many years and after arriving here was soon made Superintendent of the M. E. School. He was Justice of the Peace, Councilman, County Commissioner, and
one of the five men who formed what was called the "Short Claim Committee" formed to purchase the interests of the ten heirs and clear the title to all the city west of Main Street, thus saving the homes then under litigation. He can read without glasses and is active for his years.

MICHAEL DAMPHOFER

Michael Damphoffer, the oldest living citizen of Vancouver, is now in his 100th year, and was born in France, serving in the French Army from 1846 to 1852, and participating in the European wars of that period. He came to America in 1852 and enlisted in the U. S. Army in that year, arriving in Vancouver with the Ninth Infantry January 12, 1856, and participated in the Indian campaigns of that year. Not long after his arrival Fort Vancouver was besieged by a band of about 300 Yakima and Cascade Indians, and as almost all the soldiers were absent on campaigns the situation was considered critical. But the small force of regulars, volunteers and settlers in the fort succeeded in defending until the arrival of re-inforcements, when the savages beat a hasty retreat.

Mr. Damphoffer also took part in the campaigns against the Indians in 1858 under General George Wright, and with his son, Michael Damphoffer, Jr., served during the Civil War and also in the expedition against the Indians of Southern Oregon in 1865. He was honorably discharged in 1865 and since then has been a citizen of Vancouver, and always takes part in the parades and exercises on the National Birthday. Another son, Peter, enlisted in the army in 1873 and participated in the Nez Perce War in 1877-78. He also had a grandson in the Spanish War of 1898.

EDSON M. ROWLEY.

This pioneer real-estate dealer was born in Grant County, Wisconsin, June 3, 1860, and graduated at the University of Michigan in 1884. That year he enlisted in the 14th U. S. Infantry and served at Vancouver Barracks, and at other places on the frontier. He was also Chief Clerk of the Ordinance Department and in 1898 was Commissary Clerk of the Second Army Corps under Col. Allison, during the Spanish War. In May, 1899, he resigned his position and returned to vancou-
ver, thus severing his connection with the military service, with which he had been identified for fifteen years.

Mr. Rowley then established his real-estate and insurance business, in which prosperous business he is still engaged. He has large property interests in Vancouver and is one of the city’s public-spirited citizens, having taken an active part as member of the Commercial Club, in the work for the Interstate Bridge, and as a member of the City Council.

CHRISTOPHER KALAHAN

Judge Kalahan was born in Illinois in 1844, and was raised on a farm in that state. In 1861 he enlisted in the Union Army and served throughout the Rebellion, being in the battles of Fort Donaldson, Jackson, Vicksburg, Tupelo and others; was severely wounded at Vicksburg, the bullet going through his cheek and coming out of his mouth. Soon after that war he crossed the plains and settled on a homestead in Clarke County, on the Lewis or Cathlapoodle River, being one of the early pioneers of that district at a time when the neighborhood was full of the noble Redmen. During those years he became closely associated with the Indians of that locality and he still retains a splendid memory of the Chinook jargon.

In 1889 Judge Kalahan moved to Kalama, Washington, where he practiced law until the fall of 1912. He is an exceptionally well-read man and has taken an active part in public affairs; he has served as U. S. Commissioner, Mayor of Kalama, Probate Judge, and is at present Receiver of U. S. Land Office at Vancouver. His son, Elmer Kalahan, is a popular conductor on the Northern Pacific Railway and an active member of Vancouver Lodge of Elks.

J. M. LANGSDORF

Mr. Langsdorf is familiar with pioneer life in all its phases. He was born in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, and, as the name indicates, comes from German ancestry, the name originally having been Von Langsdorf. He lived on the farm until fifteen years of age, and in 1861, with three older brothers enlisted in the Union Army. During the war he crossed the plains with a military expedition, driving a six-
mule team. After the war he was employed as clerk and paymaster for contractors engaged in the construction of the Union Pacific railroad in Kansas.

Since 1868 he has been engaged continuously in the banking business and organized the Commercial National Bank at Ogden, Utah in 1884. In 1910 he organized the U. S. National Bank of Vancouver, Washington, of which he is president. It is a most reliable, progressive institution, with responsible and reliable men as stockholders and on the Board of Directors, and under his management has made rapid and substantial growth, having erected the large and handsome five-story brick building, in which this prosperous bank is located. Mr. Langsdorf is an active member of the Masonic Order and of the Commercial Club. His son, J. S. G. Langsdorf is the able cashier of the bank.

There are many other prominent and useful citizens of Clarke County whom we would like to mention at length if time and space permitted. Among these are Fred W. Bier, Vancouver’s oldest native-born citizen and the present Secretary of the Clarke County Fair Association; Professor Hough, our beloved pioneer teacher, for many years Principal of the High School; E. R. Schofield, son of early pioneers, and for many years active in the City Council, and now a prominent business man; Captain Patrick Hasson, a gallant veteran of the Civil War and of Indian campaigns; Col. J. A. Munday, our silver-tongued orator from Kentucky and former Receiver of the U. S. Land Office; J. R. Harvey, ex-mayor and developer of the electric light system; J. P. Kiggins, ex-Mayor and Spanish War veteran of the 14th Infantry; Mayor-elect Henry Crass; prominent business men like John L. Marsh, son of Vancouver’s pioneer blacksmith; Lloyd DuBois, Joseph Carter, pioneer telegraph operator; A. C. Chumasero, C. D. Hayes, J. J. O’Keene, Frank Eichenlaub, ex-County Treasurer, and former member of the 14th Infantry, C. E. Cook, a Spanish War veteran of the old 14th. James McSparran, Spanish War veteran and Commercial club worker, and many others. But our space and time are both limited so we must bring this chapter to a close.
A PATRIOTIC TOAST

(Written in 1905.)

“At the feast of Balshazar and a thousand of his lords,
As they drank from golden vessels as the Book of Truth records,
In the night as they reveled in the royal council-hall,
They were seized with consternation—'twas the hand upon the wall!”

From the day of Queen Esther's banquet, when the haughty Haman was humbled, to day of the Bryan “dollar dinner”, when the plutocratic Democrats were severely rebuked, the banquet-hall has occupied an important and picturesque place in history, both in the Old World and in the New. It was at a banquet that Washington impetuously hurled defiance at “Citizen” Genet and his followers; it was at a banquet that the gallant Captain Coghlan, his blood still warm from the tropical glory of Manila Bay recited “Hoch der Kaiser” so dramatically that he severely strained the diplomatic relations between this country and Germany, and caused his countrymen almost to split their sides with laughter, while the German Kaiser gave a more war-like twist to his imperial mustache. It was a speech at the festive board that brought reproof from the war department to General “Aguinaldo” Funston for denouncing the “antis” in plain Anglo-Saxon; and, it was by a “feast of reason and flow of soul” and spirits, at a Seattle dinner, that the “tie that binds” was so strengthened among the supporters of Senator Piles that they were finally enabled to quaff the wine of victory, along with that of other vintages.

And only a few days ago two Jefferson Day banquets were added to the long list. One was held in New York City; the other in Chicago. At the former the “late lamented” Judge Parker was the guest of honor. At the latter Mr. Bryan appeared in the limelight, and for a moment cast a shadow over that golden-tongued and golden-whiskered orator, Colonel J. Hamilton Lewis, who adorned the table by his presence and delighted the diners by his eloquence. The speeches of the leaders at these banquets show that the Democratic party is
divided into two powerful factions, with widely diverging principles. Nor is this the first time that the birthday anniversary of its patron saint has found the Democratic party bitterly divided. Three-quarters of a century ago the administration of Andrew Jackson was torn into factions by the nullification issue, President Jackson and Senator Benton being the leaders of one faction, and Vice-President Calhoun and Senator Hayne of the other. The echoes of the great debate between Webster and Hayne had not yet died away, and the whole country was on the tiptoe of expectancy.

The disunion leaders planned to take advantage of the coming Jefferson birthday banquet, to be held at the Indian Queen Tavern, in Washington City, by proposing poisonous toasts of treason and uttering polished phrases of disloyalty. So on the evening of April 13, 1830, the Nullifiers jubilantly gathered in large numbers at the Indian Queen, but just as the feast was to begin, "Old Hickory" himself walked sternly into the room, followed by Martin VanBuren, the Secretary of State; General Eaton, who had married the charming Peggy O'Neil, and Senator Benton, Marcy and other friends. The first toast was: "The memory of Thomas Jefferson," and was drunk in silence. The grim-visaged countenance of the hero of New Orleans dampened the ardor of the Nullifiers. After a few perfunctory toasts, the toastmaster, Mr. Lee, of Virginia, called for volunteer toasts. This was the opportunity desired by Calhoun, and he instantly presented a paper to Lee, who took it and read:

"The Federal Union—Next to our liberties the most dear. May we all remember that it can only be preserved by respecting the rights of the states and distributing equally the benefits and burdens of the Union." As these words were read all eyes were fixed intently upon the President. Seizing a pencil he hastily wrote one short sentence, which he quickly handed to the chairman. With breathless interest everyone leaned forward to hear this patriotic toast: "Our Federal Union—it MUST be preserved." This inspiring sentiment electrified the Union men in the crowd, and was received by them with hearty applause. It fell as a stunning blow upon the disunionists. The iron hand of Jackson had written so clearly
that it needed no prophet to interpret the writing on the wall. As the Nullifiers emerged from the Indian Queen Tavern they realized that the defiant declaration delivered in the banquet hall would go forth as a ringing message of cheer to the American people. In his "Thirty Years' View," Senator Benton says: "This brief and simple statement, receiving emphasis and interpretation from all the attendant circumstances, and from the feeling which had been spreading since the time of Mr. Webster's grand speech, was received as a proclamation from the President to announce a plot against the Union, and to summon the people to its defense."

It was a happy thought that led this eminent Missouri statesman thus to link Webster's historic speech with Jackson's historic toast. These two great patriots will be forever associated together in the public mind, and their memory will forever join in an unbroken chain, the grateful hearts of their countrymen. The words of Webster and the action of Jackson, during this crisis, should always be treasured among the glorious traditions of our Republic.

GLENN N. RANCK,
Vancouver, Washington.

THE END.