

TRANSACTIONS

—OF THE—

OREGON

PIONEER

ASSOCIATION.

Fifteenth Annual Reunion.

PORTLAND, OREGON,

JUNE 15TH,

1887.

HIMES, PRINTER, PORTLAND, OR.





REV. CLINTON KELLY.

TRANSACTIONS
OF THE
FIFTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION
OF THE
OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION
FOR 1887.

Annual Address by Rev. I. D. Driver, D. D.,

AND

The Occasional Address by Hon. George B. Currey,

WITH OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.



PORTLAND, OREGON:
PRESS OF GEO. H. HIMES, 169-171 SECOND STREET.
—
1887.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION.

PORTLAND, OREGON,
Wednesday, June 15th, 1887. }

The fifteenth annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association was held in this city, under the most auspicious circumstances which could be desired. It was one of the most pleasurable and successful yearly gatherings of the Association, and the reunion in several respects was a memorable one—one destined to be long and gratefully cherished in the memories of the old pioneers of the State. The attendance was very large from various sections of Oregon, while the weather proved delightful for both street parade and the indoor exercises.

The following officers were present:

M. Wilkins, President.

J. W. Grumm, Vice President.

John M. Bacon, Treasurer.

Geo. H. Himes, Secretary.

F. X. Matthieu, Joseph Watt and Clark Hay,
Directors.

Under the direction of Col. John McCracken, the procession began forming shortly after 1 o'clock. The county court room was used as a rendezvous prior to the forming of the procession, where badges were distributed by Mr.

but both declined and declared their preference for walking, Mr. Griffin laughingly saying, "We have long been accustomed to hardships and we will not fly the track now."

Accompanying these was Dr. William C. McKay, of Pendleton, the oldest "Native Son," who was born at Astoria in 1824. His grandmother was the wife of Dr. McLoughlin, and his grandfather was the McKay who was one of the founders of Astoria, and who was blown up in the ship *Tonquin*, when attacked by the Puget Sound Indians.

While the procession was being formed was undertaken the task of getting the names of all in the ranks, together with the year of their arrival in Oregon, and the following list gives the result:

1836.

W. H. Gray, Astoria—New York.

1839.

John S. Griffin, Hillsboro—New England.

Dr. W. M. Geiger, Forest Grove—New York.

Geo. W. Ebbert, Washington county—Kentucky.

1840.

J. L. Parrish, Salem—New York.

S. B. Parrish, Portland—New York.

Wm. Abernethy, Multnomah county.

Mrs. Helen McClaine, Grand Ronde—New York.

1842.

J. W. Robb, Portland—Pennsylvania.

S. W. Moss, Clackamas county.

Capt. M. Crawford, Yamhill county.

F. X. Matthieu, Butteville—Missouri.

G. H. Baber, Forest Grove.
Prier Scott, Corvallis.
C. O. Hosford, Multnomah county.
Jas. Terwilliger, Multnomah county.
J. M. Bacon, Clackamas county.
Capt. J. H. McMillen, East Portland.
P. G. Northrup, Washington county.
John Meldrum, Oregon City.
P. M. Rinearson, Clackamas county.
Col. T. R. Cornelius, Cornelius—Missouri.
Mrs. F. R. Smith, Salem.
Wm. Taylor, Macleay, Marion county—Missouri.
R. Gant, Bellevue, Yamhill county.
Wm. Barlow, Barlow, Clackamas county—Illinois.
Col. James Taylor, Astoria—Ohio.
Col. W. W. Chapman, Portland.

1846.

J. M. Garrison, Forest Grove—Missouri.
James Winston, Clackamas—Virginia.
F. R. Smith, Salem.
Mrs. Eliza F. Fouts, Yamhill county.
Albert Stewart, Washington county.
Wm. Elliott, Oregon City.
Wm. R. Kirk, Brownsville, Linn county.
Charles Cutting, Oregon City.
J. Coggswell, Springfield, Lane county.
Levi Anderson, Portland—Ohio.

1847.

Capt. J. T. Apperson, Oregon City.
J. W. Grimm, Marion county.
P. W. Crawford, Cowlitz county, W. T.
Thomas Stephens, Portland.
Wm. Stephens, Walla Walla.
W. T. Scholl, Portland.
L. Taylor, Clarke county, W. T.
M. F. Mulkey, Portland.

1852.

- J. G. Glenn, Portland.
Morris Jones, Dallas, Polk county.
Isaac Ball, Tualatin, Washington county.
C. B. Comstock, Portland.
A. J. Young—Missouri.
John Parkhill, Portland.
J. W. Ross, Astoria—Illinois.
J. K. Wait, East Portland—Illinois.
N. S. Todd, Woodburn, Marion county—Illinois.
G. R. Warren, Coburg, Lane county—New York
E. Heintz, East Portland—Indiana.
Robert King, Portland.
Dr. J. R. Cardwell, Portland—Illinois
John Burke, Portland.
N. S. Todd, Woodburn, Marion county—Kentucky.
O. P. Lent and wife, Multnomah county—Ohio.
H. Wehrung, Hillsboro—Pennsylvania.
Dr. W. H. Saylor, Portland.
J. R. Derby, Yamhill county—New York.
D. G. Olds, Washington county—Ohio.
E. C. Hadaway, Yamhill county—Pennsylvania.
J. A. Strowbridge, Portland.
B. P. Cardwell, Portland—Illinois.
W. T. Wright, Union—Illinois.
W. O. Kendall, Benton county—Illinois.
T. A. Wood, Portland—Illinois.
J. W. Ross, Astoria—New Jersey.
John P. Walker, Portland—Ohio.
Dr. W. Bowlby, Forest Grove—New Jersey.
Wm. Harris, Portland—Illinois.
J. W. Briedwell, Yamhill county.
William Galloway, Yamhill county.
T. K. Williams, Powell's Valley, Multnomah county.
J. W. Huff, Yakima county, W. T.
J. W. Collins, East Portland.
J. B. Knapp, Portland.

An appropriate selection, discoursed by the U. S. Fourteenth Infantry Band, opened the exercises. Following the music was a brief and fitting prayer, offered by Rev. J. L. Parrish. Music was again rendered by the military band.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Col. McCracken, who had been designated as the proper person to deliver the address of welcome to the pioneers, and also to present the magnificent portrait of Dr. John McLoughlin to the Association, came forward and said:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

For several years it has been the desire of the people of Portland that a reunion of the Oregon pioneers should take place in this city. No sordid interest was connected with the desire. Your coming will not add to the wealth of the city. The old residents here wanted to meet the old pioneers. The new people—those who have settled here in recent years—wanted to see and greet the men and women who crossed the plains and braved danger and death to lay the foundation for a great state.

We, who came after 1849, feel that we owe much to those who came ahead of us. After forty-nine we had gold, and gold attracts immigration. But to you of the forties, who took your wives and children and faced dangers, known and unknown, in the weary march across the continent—to you is due the credit of the Oregon of to-day. [Applause.]

There is another and a deeper interest in the pioneers of the forties. Your death list grows longer and your life list shorter each year, and those who want to see the founders of this State, must see them soon. Portland, therefore, gives you a hearty welcome.

Another duty which was to have been mine, to-day, has been placed in better hands. I was to have presented the portrait of that great chieftain (pointing to the picture of Dr. John McLoughlin), the earliest pioneer of all. No doubt many present to-day feel gratitude for material assistance at his hands. People who never saw him feel grateful for what he did for you old pioneers. I have asked a distinguished man to present the picture, and take pleasure in introducing Judge Matthew P. Deady. [Applause].

Col. McCracken then read letters from Gov. Eugene Semple, of Washington Territory, ex-Governor Z. F. Moody, and others, expressing regrets at their inability to attend the reunion and participate in the interesting exercises.

A beautiful selection of music was rendered by the band, after which Rev. I. D. Driver was introduced and delivered the Annual Address, followed by Col. Geo. B. Currey, who gave the Occasional Address.

In the evening the reunion appropriately closed with a ball at the Mechanics' Pavilion. The affair was successful in a financial point of view, the attendance large, and proved very enjoyable to all who were present. Banners (those carried in the procession) were distributed along at regular intervals on each side of the large dancing floor. These handsomely colored pieces of silk, bearing fantastically painted devices, mingling their various shining hues with the emerald boughs of the firs which were arranged down each side of the hall, presented a picturesque aspect under the brilliant glare of electric lights. To the attractive picture thus presented were added the ever-ceaseless movements and kalidscopic shifting of several hundred human forms, as they flitted to and fro in the evolutions of the "mazy dance." And then the delighted ear was flooded with entrancing strains of soft, subdued music, discoursed by the Fourteenth Infantry Band. Quadrilles, waltzes, schottisches, polkas, etc., rapidly succeeded each other as with swiftly flying feet, keeping time to the musical measure, the hours sped rapidly by. The "native"

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY REV. I. D. DRIVER, D.D.

MR. PRESIDENT AND PIONEERS OF OREGON :

In every human undertaking two things are of special interest—the beginning and the ending. As the germ of every seed contains potentially all the developments of the future plant, so the beginning of every enterprise includes all future operations; the end is an unfolding of the successive stages of development, and their recital would be the history. Viewed from this stand-point but few incidents in human history are more suggestive than a meeting of Oregon pioneers.

In many respects the settlement of this coast has no parallel in the history of our race. The stream, which has for six thousand years been flowing westward, has here forever terminated. The restless spirit of migration in man has pushed him westward until he has encircled the globe. "As they journeyed from the East they found a plain in the land of Shinar and they dwelt there," is the simple account of man's first migration, but it is ample and full, as the phrase "journeyed from the East" clearly records their westward journeyings. We stand to-day where the journey is completed. Man will never again turn his face westward in search of a new clime. While coming generations will succeed you in many things, in one thing they never can. There will never be another generation of westward bound pioneers. As the silent fossil remains of an extinct species tell the last mournful story of their race, so future history will point to your resting place in the land of the setting sun, where the restless spirit of man can go no farther. The waves of the Pacific now breaking at your feet proclaim the journey ended.

No nation ever commenced with so rich a legacy as our own, and no country was ever settled by men of as broad culture and deep experience as the settlers of this coast.

Of our nation Noah Webster says—"The United States commenced their existence under circumstances wholly novel and unexampled in the history of nations. They commenced with civilization, with learning, with sci-

Twice has this new element been brought in direct conflict with the mother-country, and in the days of its poverty, against wealth and superior numbers, demonstrated the truthfulness of the wise man's maxim, that "wisdom is better than weapons of war." Right here it is interesting to state that every step in the history and progress of our national existence has been strictly in accordance with natural law, and for every good, full satisfaction has been rendered to the great law of compensation, from the Pilgrims landing at Plymouth Rock to the present progress on the Pacific coast. We are not indebted to justice itself for the priceless fruits of human liberty. Our fathers, with seven years of toil and blood, purchased the tree from the proudest nation of the earth; for one hundred and ten years their sons have guarded it by night and by day, and when the arm of treason has been raised to cut it down, five hundred thousand patriots have fallen at its roots, but not a limb has perished nor a leaf withered.

The settlement of the Pacific coast stands without a parallel in the history of the world. To reach it two thousand miles had to be traveled in a single summer. Every foot of this run through powerful tribes of hostile savages. Large and rapid mountain rivers, with deep, unbridged channels, had to be crossed. Deserts of sand and sultry heat must be passed by night and in constant readiness for a savage foe. Mountains of eternal snow had to be climbed, and the ravages of cholera and mountain fever be endured. Come into camp after guarding cattle all night, find over half the men in your train down with cholera; hurry one in the drifting sand, and while going back after another, see the large mountain wolves fighting over the newly-made grave. This is neither conjecture nor exaggeration, but a living reality and what your speaker has seen. Mr. Wilmot, now a resident of Lane county, was one of eight who fought one hundred savages for three hours, and came out with several arrows sticking in him, and six months afterwards a physician in Springfield cut out an arrow point measuring four and three-fourths inches in length.

History will reveal to future generations but little of the sufferings and perils of the early settlers of this country. Separated as they were by two thousand miles of uninhabited regions of mountains and deserts, it took a year for a letter to go to their friends in the States and another year to get an answer. Around Cape Horn and by way of England was the mail route then. To-day in ten or twelve days a letter will go and come. So far separated from all civilization, and no commerce to bring shipping, put the settlers

with the wisdom of all past ages. Railroads connect you with all parts of our great nation, commerce carries your productions into every climate, while the telegraph puts you in daily communication with the whole civilized world.

And now that the civilization of the East has overtaken the West, nature points out the great thoroughfare along which the commerce of the world will be compelled to travel. Near by you is the finest harbor and inland sheet of water on the globe, while right by your side nature has cut the only channel through the mountain range, over or through which all commerce must travel. While other routes are transporting over these barriers of perpetual snow, yours has only to overcome the grade over which the steamboats continually ply, abutting The Dalles and Cascades, and along the degree of latitude where nature directs commerce.

You take from our hands all these interests. It is for you to carry forward what we have thus far conducted, and finish what we have begun. While your task in many respects differs from ours, it loses none of its importance. We put into your hands the orchards, vineyards and cultivated fields. The public schools, colleges, churches, courts of justice and halls of legislation will be under your care. You, from these fields, forests and mines must feed and sustain commerce. You must foster educational interests make and execute the laws that shall meet the wants of rapidly growing interests and an intensely thinking age. And above all, and as a guide to all, cultivate and maintain true religion and a pure morality, which are to the state what the helm is to the ship, determining her course, and the guardian of life and treasure.

Sisters of our toils and triumphs, I should do great injustice to my subject were I to close without a word of congratulation and acknowledgment to the mothers and daughters who so faithfully and heroically sustained and helped us to reach and so rapidly improve this beautiful land, amid so many perils and hardships. We readily accord to you the first honors in the boasted progress of our country. On you the heaviest burdens have rested, while you have been an equal sharer in our perils. For us you left the parental roof and bade an eternal farewell to home and friends. By you our homes have been adorned and beautified, while you shrank from no danger or hardship. Often have I passed the cabin where a pioneer was attacked by a body of Indians at night. Early in the night the husband was killed. Seizing the gun the mother, to save her children, fought all night over the body of her dead

those properties of the human mind that acts without reason, and therefore no reason or "why" can be given for it. To go West is an instinct—an impulse received at the time of our creation from the moulding hand of our Creator. Ask the songster of the grove why she abandons her summer nest and, with her brood of fledgelings, starts on the long and perilous flight for the South. Fierce hawks sweep through the air through which her flight must be winged. Why does the wild goose seek the northern plashes, the homes of the polar owls, foxes and wolves? Why do the salmon, when young, go down stream to the sea, and when old, up to the cataract and death? God made these creatures to perform these journeys, and neither bird, goose nor salmon can give a more satisfactory "why" they, in obedience to the laws of their being, do these things, than an old pioneer can for coming to Oregon.

The fact is, the human race treads round the earth from East to West, in one eternal journey. The great westerly rolling wave of humanity may apparently pause for a few centuries, and at its resting places, mark the outlines of kingdoms and empires, build cities, invent and cultivate the arts and sciences necessary or convenient for the uses and embellishments of a stationary condition, and then, in obedience to the primal law, roll on, leaving ruins vast and magnificent to mark the camping place. What historians call the "decline of empires" does not convey to my mind the idea of a people's death, but rather that the people, or the larger and more vigorous portion thereof, have moved on. And if by this movement certain arts or sciences have lost their relative importance or declined, it is only in obedience to the law of the "survival of the fittest." New conditions make new demands upon the physical and mental surroundings and call forth new appliances.

A characteristic feature of this ever-flowing current of humanity, one overlooked and ignored by historians and statesmen, is that the movement, though a race, is in reality an individual one. Practically, the great changes which have been wrought in, and the displacements which have taken place in, the centers of fixed population, have been effected by individual volition, generally caused by the individual escaping from the oppressive weight imposed upon him by the institutions and rulers of the masses.

To illustrate: There are more Irishmen to-day in America than in Ireland, more Jews in Europe than in Palestine, more Yankees of the Plymouth stock west of the Allegheny Mountains than in New England. In a hundred years the Irish race will be west of the Atlantic; yet Dublin and Ireland will

were transferred to camp and road ; the duties were changed but responsibility remained. The family was the unit ; its integrity was unaffected. Each yoked its teams in early morning, plodded on until nightfall, and unyoked. During the afternoon some member of the train would ride ahead and select a camp for the evening, or often the guide-book was relied upon. Often several trains would camp at the same watering place, so that the camp would be an ephemeral village of several hundred people, and a thousand or more cattle. The stock was guarded during the night, sometimes near camp, and at others from one to two miles away. The men and larger boys took their turns in guarding the cattle and camp. Each day repeated its yesterday until the end of the journey. Our route extended for several hundred miles up the north bank of the Platte river, through an almost continuous meadow of wild grass, with billowy sand hills on the right and the yellow waters of the river on our left. On this part of our journey camp gossiping was indulged in and often protracted too far into the night, and as a consequence the people would be drowsy the following day.

I have seen representations of immigrant trains moving in close order, under mounted officers, the men on foot with shot pouch and powder horn at their sides, long rifles on their shoulders, pistols and formidable knives in their belts. In coming up the Platte our people were too sleepy for such wise precaution or pantomimic war. After the first few miles in the cooler morning scarce a woman or a child would be seen outside of the wagons, and as the sun beat hotter, the landscape lost its charms to the men, and they, too, sought the friendly cover of the wagons. The drivers stalked limberly and lonesomely by the sides of their ruminating teams, but as the sun beat upon that tireless plain, bathing the sweltering landscape with glimmering heat, the crack of the whip became less frequent and the driver would crowd between the oxen's heels and the wagon wheel and take a sidewise seat on the wagon tongue, and nodding, drive. At intervals the driver would wave his long whip and drowsily drawl out "Get up thar," and relapse into silence. There was sort of a rhythmical sequence in these somniferous "Get ups," which at regular times welled out from that slow line of dusty teams and sleepy drivers. Like the answering calls of farm yard fowls, when one driver would call out "Get up," "Go along," each companion would repeat the admonition to his sluggish charge. Thus in sleepy dreaminess the train would wend along for hours.

The approach to a spring or running brook was the occasion for life and activity. The cups, coffee pots, cans and kegs were hurriedly sought amid the confused upper deck of the wagon, to the discomfort of the sleeping children, and a general-escapade would take place from the wagon toward the

the sun glared from a sky of brass; the stony mountain sides glared with the garnered heat of a cloudless summer. The dusky brambles of the scraggy sage brush seemed to catch the fiery rays of heat and shiver them into choking dust, that rose like a tormenting plague and hung like a demon of destruction over the panting oxen and thirsty people. Thus day after day for weeks and months the slow but urgent retreat continued, each day demanding fresh sacrifices. An ox or a horse would fall, brave men would lift the useless yoke from his limp and lifeless neck in silence. If there was another to take his place he was brought from the loose band, yoked up and the journey resumed. When the stock of oxen became exhausted, cows were brought under the yoke other wagons left, and the lessening store once more inspected; if possible, another pound would be dispensed with.

Deeper and deeper into the flinty mountains the forlorn mass drives its weary way. Each morning the weakened team has to commence a struggle with yet greater difficulties. It is plain the journey will not be completed within the anticipated time, and the dread of hunger joins the ranks of the tormentors. The stench of carrion fills the air in many places; a watering place is reached to find the putrid carcass of a dead animal in the spring. The Indians hover in the rear, impatiently awaiting for the train to move on that the abandoned trinkets may be gathered up. Whether these are gathering strength for a general attack we cannot tell. There is but one thing to do—press on. The retreat cannot hasten into route, for the distance to safety is too great. Slower and slower is daily progress.

I do not pretend to be versed in all the horrors that have made men great on earth, but I have followed the "Flight of Tartar Tribes," under the focal light of DeQuincy's genius, the retreat of the ten thousand under Xenophon, but as far as I am able to judge, in heroism, endurance, patience and suffering, the annual retreat of immigrants from the Black Hills to the Dalles surpasses either. The theatre of their sufferings and success, for scenic grandeur has no superior. The patient endurance of these men and women for sublime pathos may challenge the world. Men were impoverished and women reduced to beggary and absolute want, and no weakling's murmur of complaint escaped their lips. It is true, when women saw their patient oxen or faithful horses fall by the roadside and die, they wept piteously, and men stood in all the "silent manliness of grief" in the camp of their desolation, for the immigrants were men and women with hearts to feel and tears to flow.

There can be no shadow of doubt but that it was the duty of the government to have protected from savages' threat and assault this long line of its citizens. They were travelling within its border, to become inhabitants of an organized territory, at the invitation of an act of congress to go take land and make a home there. The warlike and predatory habits of the Indians through

future historian, if there ever should be one, will go carefully over the road with each immigration to Oregon from 1842 to 1861, he will, I have no doubt, find the actual loss sustained by the pioneers of Oregon, justly attributable to the government's neglect of its plain duty to render protection, will foot up more than a million of dollars in excess of the price of the land it donated to the settlers. If he will scan the circumstances of the immigrant as they land on the west bank of the Missouri, he will find them a class of well-to-do, thrifty people, men who have had land and homes of their own earning, nearly all of which had been sold to buy an outfit for the plains. If he will then station himself at the entrance into the settlements of Oregon he will see that a large proportion of this outfit has been consumed by the disastrous journey, and the well-to-do thrifty looking citizen and his family have been worn by the friction of the trip to a tattered band of hungry petitioners—begging his brothers of the earth to give him leave to toil. But if the old home and early life's earnings were consumed by the desert, there was one thing that was not diminished by the ruggedness of the route—our appetites.

An immigrant's appetite—who can forget or describe it? It was illimitable in its voracity, and then seemed eternal in its cravings. Even now, viewed from the realm of satiety and dyspepsia, it seems glorious in its robustness and courage. It would attack anything from dried salmon to boiled wheat, and get away with it. It prescribed but one condition to the cook—plenty. The only word it learned from the courtly jargon was muck-a-muck. Hi-yu-muck-a-muck was the la-la-ly to which we went to sleep to dream of pots of flesh and kettles of potatoes.

After we had lost much of our property and complexion in the mountains, and finally reached the protection of the Nez Percés, our train seemed especially ravenous for potatoes. A wag used to set the whole camp roaring about potatoes by slyly slipping about the camp-fire, and apparently in all innocence, make use of the word potatoe, in some ingeniously framed sentence, and then take a convenient position and await results. The hum of many voices would soon be heard, and the chorus of each group would be potatoes. It was potatoe here, and tater there, and tater, tater everywhere.

When we reached Oregon in the fall of 1853 a population of something near 40,000 whites had settled in the Willamette, Umpqua and Rogue River valleys. Society was organized socially and politically. A large portion of the people were residing on their donation claims, but there were several towns. Oregon City was just about to become the Lowell of the Pacific. She was soon going to harness the Willamette falls and set up spinning for all creation. Portland had metropolitan dreams, and soon hoped to dictate terms of per cent. and profit to the rest of the country. Champoege was hilarious with hope, and held corner lots at rates which would now purchase half

CAPT. WILLIAM SHAW.

BY T. C. SHAW.

Died, at the residence of his son, G. W. Shaw, Howell Prairie, Marion county, Oregon, on the 20th day of January, at 6 o'clock a. m., Capt. William Shaw, aged ninety-two years, one month and five days. Uncle "Billy" Shaw, as he was commonly called by his neighbors and all those that knew him, was born in Wake county, North Carolina, about seven miles from Raleigh, the State capital, on the 15th day of December, A. D. 1795, and came of Revolutionary stock, his grandfather, James Shaw, having served through the Revolutionary War. His father, James Shaw, and his grandfather were both born in Maryland, where his grandfather left six brothers with large families when he moved to North Carolina some time after the Revolutionary War, date not known. When William, the subject of this sketch, was about seven years of age, his father and family moved to Cocke county, East Tennessee, where they resided for eight years on the French Broad River; they then moved to West Tennessee, where they lived until after the War of 1812, where the father died, leaving William, who was his eldest son, to take care of his mother and family. In the year 1814 there was a call for volunteers to go to the South to defend our country against the attacks then being made by the great and renowned Gen. Pakenham, of the British army, and among many other Tennesseans was William Shaw. Gen. Andrew Jackson had command of the forces, and moved them immediately to the attack. The first place he met the enemy was at Pensacola, where a short engagement took place, but the British soon left the city and took to their ships and weighed anchor and went to sea, leaving Jackson in full possession of the city and country. After a few days' delay the forces under Jackson were all marched to Mobile, where there was a garrison left, and among the companies stationed there was the company that William Shaw enlisted in. They remained there on duty until the war closed, and then were discharged and sent home. On arriving at home he took charge of his mother and family again, and provided for them. In the year 1817 William, then a young and vigorous man of twenty-two years of age,

He then returned home and engaged in the cultivation of his farm and the civil pursuits of life. He was not allowed, however, to remain in the pursuit of his favorite calling, but was soon called to serve his countrymen in the legislative body of the territory. This was in the year 1850. As soon as the legislature adjourned he returned home to his family and immediately entered upon the duties of his chosen occupation, that of farming. He continued his work on his farm until the year 1876, when his worthy companion was called away from him by death. He then broke up house keeping, and lived with his children until his death, as above stated. As to his religious character I will state that he was an old-fashioned Methodist, having joined the M. E. church in the year 1823. He was soon appointed a class leader, which office he continued to fill for over thirty years, and was only released from said duties when it was thought he was too old to perform such service. He lived and died an exemplary Christian, and I have no doubt but that he is now enjoying the sweet reward of the long service of his Master while here on the earth. He was a friend to the poor, and always did everything in his power to alleviate their distresses. No one was ever allowed to go away from his place hungry, to which fact there are many in Oregon and Washington Territory who will testify. He was a kind-hearted husband and an affectionate father, and will long be remembered by those who knew him.

Peace be to his ashes.

a woman of noble character ; an uncompromising enemy to the use of ardent spirits—bitter in her denunciation of the curse because it had wrecked her father's home ; faithful and true to her beloved religion and the cause of right. No burden was too heavy, no task too difficult, when a fellow being needed assistance. After the death of her husband she continued the business of the farm and the care of the household, supervising the seeding and harvesting. This godly woman consecrated four sons to the itinerant ministry, who overcame apparently insurmountable obstacles to become the bearers of the precious tidings of salvation to a fallen race, and have entered upon their reward. What higher encomiums of praise could be bestowed upon a mother ? She instilled so effectually her own convictions and love of religion into the minds of her children that her family as a result were total abstainers—a wonder of the times. Her eldest son in a remarkable manner manifested those principles which ever dominated his subsequent career. He was led, as a result of such training, to devote his life to the service of God and humanity. He became a remarkable Bible student, many hours daily being devoted to reading and meditating upon the sacred Word. Possessed of a retentive memory he was able in after life to repeat extensive portions of Scripture and often remarked that should misfortune deprive him of the use of his eyes he would be able from memory to largely reproduce the inspired writings. How sweet a solace, and what a tower of strength.

At the apparently early age of nineteen, though more mature than his years, he was betrothed to Mary Baston. About this time he began public exhortation, having been brought under conviction during a revival of religion in his neighborhood a few months prior to this time, and converted shortly thereafter, while rafting logs on the Cumberland River. He was married, Aug.—1827. Five sons were born to them of whom three are living, Plympton and Archon, both of Multnomah county, and Hampton, of Wasco county, Oregon. Shortly after his marriage, he was licensed to preach in the Methodist Episcopal Church, serving the church in this capacity for several years. Joined the Kentucky Conference in 1835, and for his first work was assigned to the Glasgow circuit with Rev. J. C. C. Thompson. He continued in the itinerant service until the division in the church in 1844, serving thereafter in the same relation the M. E. Church up to the time of his departure for Oregon.

With reference to his status relative to the division, already mentioned, it may be said here that he strenuously opposed it, both in public and private

First; a small shop on the same block was opened about this time by Judge Moran, but did not continue long in existence; a blacksmith shop, a school house, near First and Pine, and a few unpretentious cabins scattered here and there in the dense forest. After reaching Oregon City the last dollar was paid for storing room, in which to dry books, goods, etc., which had been unfortunately wet in the river passage by the carelessness of the Indians. A portion of the goods were never recovered. Here the winter of 1848-49 was spent. Here he buried two of his sons, aged sixteen and fourteen. By the advice of Seth Catlin, whose claim was located a short distance south of the present site of East Portland, Clinton visited during the fall of '48 the claim afterward known by his name, and determined to locate thereon, paying Baker, the agent, \$50 for the squatter's title and interest. After looking the ground over with great care and precision, and taking into consideration her natural advantages, he came to the conclusion that Portland was destined to be not alone the metropolis of the Northwest, but a city of vast proportions. A conclusion which the lapse of time only served to confirm. His convictions of Portland's future were clearer and more decided than those of the other pioneers; a fact to the truth of which scores could testify, who at one time or another have conversed with him on the subject.

Early during the following spring he moved upon his donation claim with his family. At this time the woodman's axe had scarcely marred the forest primeval, over which roamed the wild beasts at their own free will. The roads were Indian trails, he being the first to open the road between Portland and his place in the direction of Powell's Valley. The neighbors were few and widely scattered, but none so warm-hearted and hospitable—Seth Catlin, Gideon Tibbits, James Stephens, Jacob Wheeler, and John Caruthers; and, on the Columbia bottom, David Powell, Thomas Cully, and — Switzler. He was among the first in the vicinity to turn his attention to gardening and the growing of fruit, and hence very early the products of his garden found their way to market, first upon wheelbarrow, direct to the river, thence conveyed across upon his own flat boat. The day of small beginnings to be sure, but the proceeds of sale were not so small relatively, \$20 per load not infrequently being realized. Upon the Sabbath the entire family attended church at the school house mentioned above, taking the usual conveyance—walking, to the river, where the family skiff was brought into requisition for conveying them across. The river was not so wide in those days; time and the elements have removed at least thirty yards of embankment from the old landing place.

mit if your souls were in my soul's stead, standing ready to depart. I want you to understand that this is not the result of a fevered brain, or hallucination of any kind. I have not had one hour's fever in the whole course of my disease. My mind has been all the while as clear and rational as through common life.

"Now, if this little circular should bring any of you to God, I am content.

"CLINTON KELLY."

ing his absence Mr. Harris and Mr. Burton bought the store of J. L. Parrish & Co., Portland, Oregon. Upon Capt. Holman's return from England, he purchased Mr. Burton's interest in the book store and again became a partner with his friend Mr. Harris. Six or eight years thereafter and during the copartnership, Mr. Holman again visited England, and during his absence Mr. Harris sold out the stock to J. K. Gill & Co. After this he had many times invested in steamers, in transportation lines and in the dray and truck business, and at the time of his death he and his two sons, Herbert and Charles, owned a farm and much valuable stock in Clackamas county.

He led a very active and useful life, contributed his share to the growth and prosperity of Oregon, was respected by his neighbors and those who knew him best. He always took an interest in public affairs.

He leaves sorrowing a very respectable family—his very estimable wife, the daughter of Benjamin Huntington, with whom he became acquainted and married while he was in business at Monticello, and five sons and four daughters. All will miss him and feel his loss.

uary 30, 1855, by a special act confirm Mr. Bush's title to the 640 acres of land taken up and claimed by him.

Upon this claim Mr. Bush resided continuously up to the date of his death, which occurred April 5, 1863. Though George Bush has been dead a quarter of a century, his memory is still fresh and green in the minds of those who knew him; for he had both the ability and will to be hospitable, when hospitality meant something substantial, and in those early days his hand was always open to the deserving who needed assistance.

Mr. Bush's children still own and occupy the old homestead and are counted among the most industrious, useful and enterprising citizens of Thurston county.

him by a close observer of human nature—"Uncle Peter Scholl is the only man I ever saw that had exactly the right kind of religion."

It was men of this character and disposition, accompanied by their heroic wives, mothers and sisters, who severed all connecting ties with home and civilization and struck out boldly upon a trackless desert, known to be inhabited by howling wolves and merciless savages, and surrounded by dangers seen and unseen, who finally reached and saved Oregon to the United States.

God bless the American pioneers. Long may they be remembered by a grateful country.

W. T. S.

three girls and one boy, the latter dying a few weeks before Mr. Allen. On September 5, 1859, she married Mr. George W. Spencer, with whom she lived until her death at Corvallis, March 30, 1888, being seventy-one years of age, there being one child born to them. She has now living eight children, twenty-two grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren, and two sisters at the time of her death, one of whom died in twenty-nine days after her death, leaving only one of her family at present, alive.

While living in Illinois she joined the Methodist Episcopal church and remained a member of the same for some thirty years, and then joined the United Brethren church, as the tenets of that church were more compatible with her belief on some doctrinal subjects. She was of a religious turn of mind, but broad and catholic in her views and of a very charitable disposition, and whether she resided in country or town her influence was felt. She was lively and happy in disposition and took as much enjoyment from her surroundings as possible, and liked to see others—especially children and young folks—enjoy themselves.

Mrs. Spencer was a pioneer from ancestry and in fact, but of that class that carried civilization and culture wherever she went. She looked at life without any romantic coloring, but as a stern reality, to fulfill a duty or destiny. Wherever she was, her aim was to leave the world improved and enlightened and the better by her having lived. She cheerfully accepted her lot, whether living in the log cabin of early pioneer days and cooking at the fireplace for her young family, or later in life, surrounded with more conveniences incident to the advanced development of the resources of the country and of commerce of her chosen home on the Pacific shore. She lived under the provisional government, then the territorial, and for years after Oregon was admitted in the bright galaxy of the sisterhood of states. The men and women of the "40's" were no common people—they were chosen or winnowed out of the intrepid, hardy self-reliant pioneers of the west, they rocked the cradle of the infant provisional government, guided the youth of the territorial government, and looked with joy at the development into statehood. The women fulfilled their allotted part as well as the men in founding Christianity and education and the development of the natural resources of the country, that their children and the thousands that have come since as the way was made clear and easy, now enjoy. Out of seventy-one years of her life over fifty was spent in new or sparsely settled countries, but still she was

SOLOMON HOWARD SMITH.

Peculiar interest attaches to this pioneer, as he was one of Wyeth's party, which came in 1832. Smith therefore was one of those that we hear spoken of as the remnants of the trapping companies, whose members, surviving the breakup of their party, instead of going home, took hold to settle up the country in which they found themselves. There was something peculiarly American about these rovers; when they had marched and ridden, or sailed off their Viking uneasiness, they had no other earthly idea, but a snug home. Hence those that remained on the coast, went to work with axe and spade, with oxen and horses, with cows and poultry—and a wife—to reproduce the thrift and comfort that they had known in old New England or Virginia. Here they brought their Lares and Penates; here they reared their families; and here, they came to think, was the best spot in America.

Solomon Howard Smith was born in Lebanon, New Hampshire, December 26, 1809. Like many of the Americans of the early days, his father was engaged in the army against England. He was not a soldier, however, but a surgeon. He died at Plattsburg, 1813. The wife, Mrs. Smith, soon removed to Norwich, Vermont, where the boy, Solomon, afterwards went to school at the military academy of Col. Partridge. During this time he read medicine, but never took a degree.

At twenty-one, longing for something a little more stirring than the pastoral life of a New England village, he went down to Boston, where he found employment in a store, as clerk, gaining a practical knowledge of mercantile business which stood him in good stead afterwards.

Somewhat restless for business on his own account, he went into a cod fishing enterprise, sailing on a schooner to the banks of Newfoundland, and expecting to remunerate himself by the haul, each one, as was customary, taking a share of the profits. They had a good time going and fishing, but were unlucky getting back. They were run into, during a fog, by the Liverpool packet ship, on her return to Portland, Maine. The schooner was sunk,

slopes, provisions became exhausted, and the party divided, Wyeth commanding one portion, Smith the other. For several days Smith's division subsisted upon rose buds; or rather the red fruit of the rose. As their fast drew to its week's duration, having descended from the foot-hills of the Blue mountains, and looked over the desolate sage plains of the Walla Walla, nearing the deep Columbia, they looked out over the undulating plains and observed a smoke from an Indian lodge. Putting their horses up to their utmost speed they struck out each man for himself. Smith reached the lodge first, in time to find the chief watching a buffalo heart boiling in a pot, over the camp fire. A handful of beads sufficed to buy the coveted article, and the starved trappers were soon dividing it up. The buffalo was lying by and was soon drawn upon as much as was required. It was in November that they reached Vancouver, where they were most hospitably received by McLoughlin. The chief factor never allowed an act of discourtesy, although as is well known he soon broke up Wyeth's business, by severe competition and bought him out.

It was at Vancouver that one of the party, Trumbull, imprudently overate, killing himself. He had scarcely gotten over his starving up in the mountains. At Vancouver he had been invited aboard the Hudson's Bay ship to eat dinner. They had duff, and he ate very heartily. Coming back to his party he found them putting dry peas to cook. Not considering the consequences he ate ravenously out of the pot, the peas not being yet well swelled, with the result above stated.

Finding that Smith was an educated man, McLoughlin desired him to teach the school which had been started, and taught ten weeks (Bancroft says ten months) by Mr. Ball. Smith kept school nearly two years. It was here that Smith became acquainted with Celiast, daughter of Kobaway, chief of the Clatsops. This Kobaway was the Indian designated as John, by Lewis and Clark.

The circumstances which brought her to Vancouver were as follows, and show what an injustice Bancroft does Smith and her in saying that he ran away with the wife of the baker at the fort: She had been married (as marriages were then recognized where there was no civil or ecclesiastical authority to solemnize marriage) to a Frenchman, named Porier, a baker, by whom she bore three children. McLoughlin discovered that Porier had a wife in Canada, and advised Celiast to leave him, which she did. Porier was sent

one strong settlement, like the fort here. But if you can find two others to go with you, you might do so."

As Daniel Lee was going down to the mouth of the river, Smith concluded to accompany him, and with Celiast as pilot, Lee's big canoe with its Woscopom paddlers, went down the Willamette, passing the Falls in safety, which was afterwards the death of Rodgers. The little craft, with its curiously mixed company, had a delightful voyage down the lordly river in its May day shores. They came around the Tung, as a spring day was waning to the west, and aiming for Chinook, went diagonally across the estuary, here six miles wide. As they neared and passed the Indian village under the hill and rounded the point into Baker's Bay, they saw the Lausanne lying at anchor in the shadow of Cape Hancock.

The next day Smith crossed over from the harbor within the arm of Hancock to Clatsop point, or Point Adams, as now designated. The mouth of the Columbia was two or three miles narrower than at present. The place now swept by the south channel was then a region of hills, some of them nearly a hundred feet in height, and Clatsop spit, or sands, was a region of undulating hills and grassy dunes. There was a belt of spruce timber on the side of this peninsula toward the Columbia, while the sea front was bare of trees, except in scattered groups along the creek, and grass up to a man's head in summer, covered the hills even to the ocean beach. The face of this peninsula, which has since gone into the sea, was not so much parallel dunes, as knobs and hillocks, many of them being cut into fantastic forms. One of these knobs, called "Peek's Hill" from old man Peek who lived there, has been variously reported as from seventy to two hundred feet in height. As this pyramidal hill was near the extremity of the peninsula, it commanded a magnificent prospect of the plains, the river, the bar, and the illimitable sea.

Smith was much fascinated with the duchy of his wife, Celiast, daughter of Kobaway, chief of all the Tschlahtsoptschs, and spent these merry days in May in wandering over the hills, eating the ripening strawberries, and conversing with the great Indian hunters. There is a fine view from the dunes of Clatsop. Tilliamook head, a solid block of rock, with its blunt peak one thousand feet above the waves, stands bold on the south, while behind it—a score of miles—the blue hard outlines of Icarai mountain close the view. A half dozen far-away rock-tipped slant-sided cones roll away them to the east, and the purple top of Swollalachost, the Saddle mountain of the whites, overlooks all the sea and shores.

Educational interests were not neglected. Smith, Wirth, Morrison and W. H. Gray employed (1851) a teacher named Brock, for \$1,200 a year to conduct a school of some thirty-nine or forty pupils. Brock had the reputation of doing excellent work as a teacher, but turned out to be a tricky man in a business way, fleecing two confiding friends all the way to California, whither he went as he outdid Oregon.

Solomon Smith was ever interested in school matters, usually holding some office, such as clerk or director in the district. He was county commissioner of Clatsop county two terms and at the time of his death in 1874 was a member of the state senate.

He was uniformly neighborly and public-spirited; assisting new settlers, even to entertaining them for months in his house. He furnished them seed, and let them work according to their necessities. He contributed liberally for the erection of the first Presbyterian church, and built the first warehouse on the Skipanon, allowing free use to all. He had one of the finest farms on Clatsop, which has lately, however, been much damaged by the drifting sands consequent upon the breaking up of the turf; and by the rising of the swamp water consequent upon the filling up of the Nescoxa.

Smith was a man of fine physical proportions, of noble and kind countenance, and is remembered with respect by all his neighbors who survive him.

His son Silas W. Smith, who was educated in law in New Hampshire is now living on the old place.

of living for themselves; Second—to form an ancleus around which the passing tribes might gather. Among fixed tribes, the missionaries may set up their school and church, and instruct the same persons day by day. But among a people as migratory as the birds of passage, the missionary finds this impossible. He must persuade the tribes to come to him.

In the midst of the labors necessitated by these two steps, the Independent Missionaries of the Tualatin, as those at Salem, and Wailatpu, as well as the Catholic Missionaries later, found that the Indian population was melting away, and vanishing from before the face of the white men. The Willamette valley Indians had died by the thousands from measles and small-pox. The remnants were shirking away to the strange tribes on the coast and in the mountains.

The missionaries on the Tualatin soon found that their work was in building up American institutions, and laying the basis for the great American population, which was sure to come to Oregon.

Alvin T. Smith selected a claim near the union of the two mountain streams which unite to form the Tualatin, long since famous as one of the finest farms in Oregon. With great energy and thrift he set about civilized farming, soon raising from stock obtained from the Hudson's Bay company, a herd of cattle, the income from which he largely devoted to religious and educational work.

With many idiosyncrasies and severities and even asperities of character, he had a noble and tender heart and was ever true to his convictions of duty, and the aim of his life. He was a man whose disposition, character and purposes were little understood by those of less earnestness.

Below is a sketch of his life and a tribute to his memors from his old associate Rev. J. S. Griffin. Coming from a comrade in arms, it possesses double value.

“Alvin T. Smith was born November 17, 1802, in the town of Branford, Conn., near the line of East Haven, in the district called Foxon. His early life was in accordance with rugged times and poverties of those New England days, in which the better classes, even, sustained severities which later generations could illy endure. Toward the close of his first decade of manhood, Mr. Smith, like many a young man of his day, went westward and purchased land near Quincy, Ill. In the spring of 1840 he married Miss Abigail Raymond, a well established Christian lady teacher of those times.

tion, and Forest Grove may not soon find so good and so firm a friend to her institutions as "Father Smith," and be assured his name will not be forgotten while the objects and institutions of Forest Grove endure.

What better council can be given to the young people of this place, than that of saying, "as for this man of more than eighty-five years, has been true to his Lord and master, so be ye true to the same Redeemer of man?"

It is now over forty-seven years since Mr. Smith commenced the first improvements in this valley west of Hillsboro. Most of this time he has moved among this people as a leading and principal man in the west half of Washington county. Who and how many can be expected to fill for forty-seven years, so good a place for the institutions and well-being of this educational village? But Mr. Smith has gone to his rest and "blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; yea; saith the Spirit, from henceforth, they shall rest from their labors and their works do follow them." The works of Mr. Smith shall follow on and live in the hearts and the memory of the coming generations; while the work and names of many shall perish; having passed away from the memories of earth.

Too much can not be said of Dr. Whiteman's persistent activity urging the emigrants to bravely travel, travel, as he said that nothing else would carry us through. The emigration of 1843 was the first emigration of consequence to Oregon, and they made a broad wagon road from the frontier of Missouri to the Columbia river and the way plain for future emigrations. The history of the emigration of 1843 may well be deemed a record of men and women's heroic deeds. They cheerfully gave up home, society, and all the blessings of peace and quiet, and turned from a country blessed with plenty, to face the unknown dangers of a wilderness, and to patiently endure the perils and privations, and to challenge the fierce assaults of the wild beasts, and the still wilder and more ferocious Indian foe. But a kind Providence permitted us to overcome difficulties and reach Oregon with but few accidents and but little sickness of a serious nature. Two babies were brought to light on the way. One baby died from sickness, and one boy four or five years old was killed by falling under the wheel of a wagon. One man was drowned crossing Snake river, and one lady died from sickness and was buried where La Grande City now stands. The train was delayed but little otherwise than at the crossing of streams, and the tardy moving of a large drove of loose cattle and horses. The train was delayed eight days crossing the main Platte river. A caulked wagon box and a green buffalo hide formed with a hook and cross-sticks in the shape of a wash bowl and a small rope was made fast to each end of the wagon box and the buffalo boat, as it was called, and two or three men to each boat towed them from side to side. Late in the evening examination disclosed the possibility of teams fording the river drawing the empty wagons. Early the next morning eleven teams, drawing as many wagons endeavored to cross, but about midway the river the sand had washed out and made a channel so that we could not go ahead, neither could we go back against the current; after some difficulty we loosed the cattle from the wagons and permitted them to swim to land. It being the fourth of July, twenty-five or thirty men celebrated the afternoon in water waist deep getting the wagons out of the river; all the while listening to the glowing tales and development of Colonel Nesmith's genius.

The train crossed the middle Platte on a ferry boat at Fort Laramie and forded the north Platte, Green river and the various crossings of Snake river by coupling a train of teams one to the wagon of the other and placing an extra driver to each team below on horseback to guard the teams into line. Oc-

daubed and plastered with mud on the inside to prevent them from taking fire; a large opening cut through the logs communicating with the chimney, formed a fire-place, of which the back, jambs and hearth was made of mud and dried by a slow fire. The roof was made of shakes laid like shingles, kept in place by small timbers laid across each row, those kept in place by shorter ones placed between them up and down the roof. In this manner the pioneer constructed a roof for his cabin without the expense of a dime for nails, with wooden hinges and a wooden latch for the door, the latch string made from the skin of a deer pursued and killed by himself, which as the old song has it, "hangs outside the door," in those days symbolizing a cordial welcome within. There was a bed in each corner at the end of the room opposite the fireplace. There was no chamber above to obliterate the view of the roof. There was no division in departments; from floor to roof, from wall to wall was a single family room, occupied by the family in common. A rough board table, and a very few other articles, such as could be manufactured out of a fir tree with an ax and auger, completed the inventory of household furniture of a pioneer's house. We plowed the ground then harrowed the wheat in with a harrow made wholly of wood, cradled, raked and bound the wheat into sheaves, and when dry placed the sheaves on a smooth piece of ground in circular form inclosed with a fence, and then drove the horses or cattle around on it to thrash out the grain, and with a rake and a wooden fork separated the straw from the wheat. In the afternoon when the wind raised, the wheat was separated from the chaff by standing on a box and pouring the mixture down on a sheet. Wheat was then a legal tender at one dollar per bushel. The flouring mill at Oregon City was then the only one of importance in Oregon. However, there was a cheap mill in Marion county, where North Salem now stands, and also a very cheap one in Washington county, a short distance west of where Forest Grove now stands; but there were many who had to go to mill at this time whose situation was such they had to carry the sacks of grain and the wagon over creeks on foot-logs, swim the team over, yoke up and drive on to the next creek and repeat the same performance, both going to and coming from the mill.

The reader who sees not the high patriotic motive of the early settlers of Oregon has read history in vain, and has a small appreciation of the men and women who made pioneer days illustrious. Imagine the fearful winter of 1843 and 1844, when hunger and death stood in our midst;—surrounded by In-

We then dislodged him and had some merriment at his expense. At another time I went in search of a panther who had killed a calf belonging to a neighbor, and the dogs tracked him to the jungles on the mountain, and there roused him from his covert, and cat-like, he hastened to climb the tree nearest by. He was high up the tree crouched in a cluster of limbs. I fired at and wounded him. He then backed down the tree, and not more than thirty feet from where I was standing, gave the most hideous screech I ever heard from any living creature; but a second shot finished his career. He measured nine feet six inches, from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail, and apparently could carry a calf two or three months old over a seven rail fence into the jungles of a canyon with as much ease as a tom cat could carry a rat. Again I was requested to go in search of a bear who was killing hogs twenty miles from my residence. Early in the morning myself and two other men shouldered our rifles, and went in pursuit of him in the thick brush along a small serpentine mountain stream. The dogs roused a large fat black bear from his secret covert. The dogs early made bruin a captive. The brush and briars were so thick I had to advance near the enraged animal in order to gain a position to fire, but the bear made a violent motion to attack me and, although both dogs seized him and held their grasp, he advanced toward me; I fired at him, not more than ten feet distant and disabled him; a second shot slew him. In the afternoon of the same day, we roused and killed an old she bear and two cubs, and late in the evening the dogs chased another medium-sized bear up a tree, which was the fifth bear three of us killed in one day. A man recently from England brought with him two female hunting hounds bred from the most celebrated kennel in England. Late one afternoon myself and the Englishman were on the mountains when one of my friend's dogs disappeared mysteriously. The next morning we went in search of the missing dog, and the dogs searched and roused from his secret couch in the jungles on the mountain a monstrous animal of the feline family. Two other men and myself fired a volley at and slayed the beast, and found the missing dog in his stomach.

The pioneers of 1843 severed all connection with a country which had been their tender and nourishing mother, to face the unknown dangers of the west. Three doubtful and weary years lay between us and the confirmation of the question of title to Oregon. But a kind Providence has permitted me to witness a marked change in the face of the country since 1843. Thrifty