

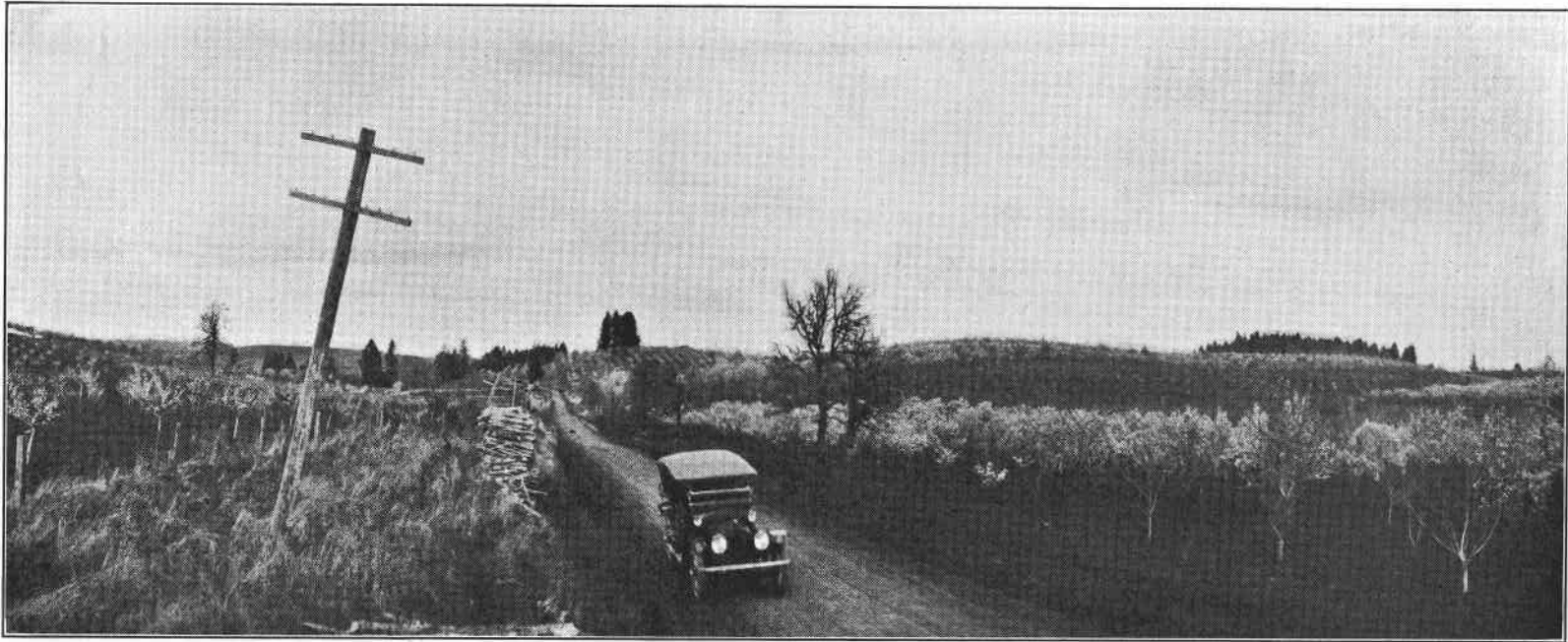
# LADD & BUSH QUARTERLY

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AN OREGON FISHERMAN'S LUCK—MR. E. C. CROSS, ANGLER



A ROSEDALE PRUNE ORCHARD IN FULL BLOOM

# The History of the Origin of the Oregon Statesman

The name was taken from the Ohio Statesman, which was printed in Columbus, Ohio, a long since suspended publication.. Samuel R. Thurston had conjectured that the Whigs were to establish a partisan paper in Oregon. In 1851 he was to become a candidate for re-election as delegate to Congress from Oregon and was anxious to have a newspaper of his political faith to support him. So anxious was he to bring this about that he evidently planned to found such a paper, but this fact he did not mean anyone in Oregon should know, for he wished to play the "non-partisan" role, a word quite familiar in present day politics in Oregon; tricks of partisanship we are apt to call new ideas, but by reading the letters of sixty-five years ago we perceive that they are not new, only old crafty devices worked over. By referring to Mr. Thurston's "Politics of 1850" in our last issue it will be observed that the "Progressive Party," too, existed then. In his first election, in June, 1849, it had been a candidacy of men rather than party. Mr. Thurston was a staunch Democrat, ready to unfurl his banner whenever it was necessary, but he also was a Methodist. This faith had a large vote in Oregon and many of them were Whigs. They had given him their support in the first election and his success was doubtless due to their vote. He evidently was anxious to get by another election before party lines were strongly drawn and a chance given for parties to thoroughly organize. The Oregon Historical Society Quarterly of September, 1914, prints Mr. Thurston's diary, kept during his first year in Congress, and while his reference to placing a Democratic paper in Oregon is brief it gives an interesting clue to what he had in mind in this matter. Quoting from

his diary: "January 13, 1850—Today I had a long talk with Mr. Fitch of Michigan about going to Oregon to start a Democratic paper." "January 19, 1850—During the session I wrote a letter to Mr. Crane of the New York Evening Post relative to going to Oregon to start a paper." "March 14, 1850—From the 1st to the 14th I was at Springfield, Mass., and going to negotiate for a paper to be started at Oregon City. The parties are A. W. Stockwell and Henry Russell." "March 20, 1850—Mr. Stockwell left here today." "April 26, 1850—From this (day) to May 11, I was absent, seeing about a press, etc., etc." "June 22, 1850—Wrote a letter to A. Bush about going to Oregon." "July 28, 1850—This day wrote letters of introduction to Bush, letters to Blain, etc." Attached to the back fly leaf of Mr. Thurston's diary: "If I buy the office at Chicopee (Massachusetts) I will want to buy the same heading, 'Oregon Statesman,' fifty pounds of ink, hundred pounds glue, roller mould, 30 bundles paper, and ten reams common writing paper 1.50 cts. per ream."

Mr. Thurston evidently bought the Chicopee printing plant and sent it to Oregon. He also sent Stockwell and Russell to Oregon, furnishing Russell money to make the trip. He had also negotiated with Wilson Blain to such an extent that he had some sort of an interest in the project. Blain was a United Presbyterian minister who was in 1849 editor of the Spectator published at Oregon City. He got "rucked" at the way matters were finally lined up and sold his interest in the Statesman. He then moved to Linn County and started a parochial school, as had been his previous plan. Mr. Thurston had taken these steps towards

establishing an Oregon paper, but had not yet found the man to fill the place to his full satisfaction. His wife's family lived at Chicopee, Massachusetts, and during recesses he spent his time there. While there he learned of a young man, Asahel Bush, who, while studying law, was also editing "The Standard," a Democratic weekly paper published at Westfield, a town about thirteen miles distance from Chicopee. Mr. Bush had been a printer from fifteen years of age and was, as Mr. Thurston wrote, "a gentleman of high integrity and of the first order of ability. He is competent to carry out with great success the object he has in view in Oregon." A correspondence followed which resulted in Mr. Bush making a trip to Washington to consult with Mr. Thurston. Mr. Bush wrote to the Westfield Standard: "Washington, May 30, 1850—The House of Representatives was in session a few hours yesterday. A bill providing for the extinguishment of Indian titles in Oregon was passed, and another, granting 320 acres of land to every white male who shall emigrate to that territory before December, 1855, and a like quantity to the wives of those who are married, was driven through its preliminary stages and will undoubtedly pass if the all absorbing slavery question does not prevent it from being again reached.

"Giddings, of Ohio, made a characteristic speech upon a motion to strike

out the word 'white' and admit 'niggers' into the territory upon equal terms with the whites. His proposed amendment was rejected by a vote of three to one. Mr. Thurston, the Oregon delegate, made an able speech in defense of the original bill and in opposition to the Giddings amendment; he said the people of Oregon were not pro-slavery men, nor were they pro-negro men; there were but few negroes in the territory and he hoped there never would be more; the people themselves had excluded them and he trusted that Congress would not introduce them in violation of their wishes. Mr. Thurston is a young man, an eloquent and effective debater and a bold and active man, such as are found only in the West, and we predict for him a long career of usefulness and honor. The people of Oregon owe him a debt for his arduous labors in their behalf at the present session which they will never fail to cancel."

Mr. Thurston had at last found the man for his enterprise and evidently appreciated it from the first meeting. It is to be regretted that he did not live to know how well he chose. When a student, Mr. Thurston often asserted that he aspired to have a seat in Congress within five years after he entered upon professional life and this desire was gratified. He was a man of brains and power, eight years the senior of his selected champion, a tireless worker, and had he lived, with the unqualified

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Our service has developed to the point of highest efficiency through the experience of nearly half a century in meeting the needs of the community.

support of the Statesman which he would have had, the history of early Oregon would now be differently written.

Mr. Bush did not have sufficient money to finance the project and Mr. Thurston helped him. From the letters it is evident that at first the exact basis of the transaction was not definitely settled. Mr. Thurston's previous efforts had involved the plant with a partnership, one which, when Mr. Bush became acquainted with the parties, did not altogether meet with his approval. At last Mr. Thurston advised Mr. Bush to buy them out and sold his own interest to him.

The press was long delayed in coming and the Whig paper (The Oregonian), which Mr. Thurston surmised was to be established in Portland, got under way about three months before the first numbers of the Statesman appeared.

Mr. Bush severed his connection with the Westfield Standard, which he had edited from January 24, 1849, to July 3, 1850, and shortly after the Fourth of July departed for Oregon. He was detained in Panama some weeks waiting for the steamship to arrive from San Francisco and sail again. It was in the season of the year when fever was most prevalent on the Isthmus. He took great risks, but did not contract the fever, and arrived in Oregon City on September 30, 1850.

Then followed a long wait for the press, which came around Cape Horn in the ship Columbia, and when it finally arrived it was many weeks overdue. In the meantime Mr. Bush became clerk of the House of the Oregon Assembly, as suggested by Mr. Thurston; the Assembly also elected him Territorial printer.

On March 28, 1851, the first number of the Statesman was printed. Mr. Thurston's letters explain why it did not at once advocate his candidacy for re-election. His request was, "State that I have no control nor influence whatever over the paper and that I will be no further respected nor supported than any other good Democrat."

Mr. Thurston died at sea off Acapulco, Mexico, April 9, 1851, twelve days after the first issue of the Statesman. Notwithstanding all the expense and labor he expended to get the paper started he did not live to see even a single issue.

Washington, July 28, 1850.

J. Alfant, Jeremiah Driggs, John Burkhart, Anderson Cox, Henry J. Peterson, Wm. B. Maley, J. S. Dunlop, John Courtney, Isaac Courtney, Pleasant Robinette, Cal. Finley, H. H. Spaulding, Luther White, Jacob Spore, Russell Watt, Mr. Putnam, Wm. Stephens (in forks Willamette), Mr. Hill and Messrs. Hamilton, all of Linn County.

Gentlemen:

The bearer of this letter is Asahel Bush, Esq., who comes to make Oregon his home. He will explain to you his object. He is a gentleman of high integrity, and of the first order of ability. He is competent to carry out, with great success, the object he has in view in Oregon. He would be obliged to you for letters of introduction to other gentlemen in Oregon. Please lend him your aid and patronize his enterprise.

I am Sirs, Yours truly, etc.,

Sam'l R. Thurston.

This is evidently one of the letters of introduction he mentioned in his diary.

Washington, July 27, 1850.

To Jas. McBride, C. M. Walker, A. J. Hembree, Andrew Thorp, Alvis Kimsey, R. C. Kimsey, Jesse Henderson, W. J. Martin, Jeremiah Sampson and M. P. Deady, Esqs., of Yamhill County.

Dear Sirs:

I can assure you, after taking pains to be informed, that Mr. Bush is a gentleman

## FACILITIES

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of high order of talents, of integrity worthy of your confidence and that he will be sure to carry out whatever he engages to perform. I doubt not you will lend him your influence and further his designs.

I am, gentlemen, Yours truly,  
Sam'l R. Thurston.

Washington, Aug. 11, 1850.

(Confidential.)

My Dear Sir:

This will be the last letter you will receive from me before leaving for Oregon, but immediately on receipt hereof you will write me.

It is now made certain that a Whig press is on the way for Oregon, to be established at Portland, and to be edited by W. W. Chapman, formerly delegate in Con. from Iowa. This is certain. A Mr. Abrams, direct from Portland, was here yesterday, who is to take his family out to Oregon, and from him I received the information. This then establishes the fact which I have before conjectured.

It is also certain that Marion and Clackamas Counties, the two heaviest counties in the territory, have drawn the lines and organized accordingly, and this will probably be the case all over the Territory very soon. It is also true, as I have apprised you, that the friends of the Statesman are at work getting subscribers, and that the paper will be triumphantly supported.

You will therefore have a consultation with Russell, immediately on arriving in the country, and with the leading Democrats, and pursue such a course as you and Russell, in consultation with the Democrats, shall think proper. You will show this letter to Russell, which he will consider as confidential. You will understand my position, I have no objections to parties organizing, but while I am a delegate I shall not engage as a partizan, but consult solely the best interests of Oregon. It would be injudicious for me to take any other course and I trust the Whigs will not seek to draw me to any other position. If they attack me and endeavor to run me down, why we shall go before the people to try the issue, but, come what may, I am for Oregon.

If you and Russell form a partnership, you can use the establishment on the terms understood by him. You will pay a sum yearly to keep the concern in as good condition as when commenced. You will guarantee to insure the same against loss, and

for the paper and ink, etc., you will pay me as soon as the press gets into operation or in a reasonable time thereafter, and you will have the privilege of buying in a part, whenever you may please.

You will not shirk at all, but will prosecute the matter with the utmost vigor and enterprise. You have got a political war on your hands. First of all have the good of Oregon in view and let all other things, party included, be secondary. Treat your opponents with dignity and courtesy, but with decision, ability and firmness.

You will assure Mr. Blain that his enterprise will not be obstructed by the Statesman, but promoted, and that I will do all in my power to aid him in it. You will also show this to Benjn. Simpson and then follow his advice. He is shrewd, and prudent, and energetic.

Lose not a moment in reaching there and when there let no one get up earlier, work later or steal a march on you.

Yours truly, etc.,

Sam'l R. Thurston.

Washington, Sept. 3, 1850.

(Confidential.)

My Dear Sir:

This letter will reach you the last of October. I would see the Democratic Reps. and get elected clerk of the House. I shall write some of my friends about it. Meanwhile be busy and get all the subscribers you can and be ready to operate so soon as the press arrives, which will not be, I am afraid, till the last of December. Be very careful to make everybody your friends. Now, as to party, I should favor party organization in the different counties, as to county officers, for it will take some time, you are aware, to get the party up to the striking point, so far as a Territorial convention is concerned to nominate a delegate. I think I would not urge that, as it might defeat us, from the fact that the entire Whig party would unite against the nominee and then there would be Democrats enough opposed to party lines, who would vote for the anti-party man, to turn the scale. This was illustrated in the recent election in Clackamas. Hence you see the importance of getting the party drilled in subdivisions thoroughly, before you require it to mark time in one body. Therefore, favor party organization in the several counties, at first, and if, as I suppose, a majority of the party would unite on me, anyhow, nothing would be gained by nomi-

## SAVINGS

While you are saving, we will pay you interest, compounded semi-annually, on all deposits in our Savings Department.

nating me formally over the process of naming me by general consent. If this course is adopted, and the Whigs then undertake to run a man, we are on the defensive, and I can go before the whole people, and, while I could get nearly the entire Democratic party, I could carry off one-half of the Whigs. But should the Whigs adopt this course, this would drive the whole Democratic party into solid column, and that is what we desire, because in that case there is no danger.

I can do more for the party, while I am here in a seeming neutral position, than I could were I here strictly as an open party man.

If during the next two years we can get the party under drill in their several counties, it will be a very auspicious time to make the grand rally at the commencement of the next administration, and I would not be surprised if all moved to become a state at that time. Now then, you must not commit me to anything, let me alone to quietly attend to the wants of the Territory, because if they make the assault under these circumstances, it is all the better. I hope you will talk round among my friends and the Democrats generally and support these ideas. Don't let anyone know that I have said anything, and you will understand that I am clearly of the opinion that your best course is to act in all cases on your own judgment. This is the only safety for a Dem. editor, taking of course under advisement all the suggestions of his friends. You are on the spot, I am not, hence you can tell better than I what is, and what should be, but I am of the opinion that it is the best policy for the party to organize in their several counties, but not to have any Territorial convention next year. Get the Assembly, if possible, to defer the next election to a later period. In all cases consider my letters strictly confidential unless I order otherwise.

This winter, while the Assembly is in session, watch the manœuvres, conversations and inclinations of men and cliques, and parties and send me a weekly account of them. I will now say it to you only, that about next February or March you may look for my address to the people announcing myself as a candidate for re-election. You can make a confidential friend of Wesley Shannon under all circumstances.

Yours truly, etc.,

Sam'l R. Thurston.

Washington, Nov. 30, 1850.

(Confidential.)

My Dear Sir:

I hope to hear from you next mail. I am anxious to know how you and Blain hit. Stick by till I come. All will be well. The press left N. Y. on the 16th Oct., but in loading it one of the inside knees, in which the machinery works, was broken, and I not knowing it, it went to Oregon in that shape. You must therefore meet the press at Astoria and have a machinist mend it. The Columbia will not probably come farther than Astoria, but at any rate have all things ready to have it put in order. Show this letter to Russell and Blain, for I write as though you will manage to the satisfaction of all till I come. Drive this thing ahead at all hazards, for when I come we will give the Statesman a push that it will feel for the next twenty years. The enterprise can't fail—it will be triumphant. Go ahead, but mind and have it put right. Should the press land at Portland or Astoria you will take it there, as I will pay the freight, as agreed, to the place of landing. Get along harmoniously till I come.

The steamer Columbia will not arrive till February, but never mind, nil desperandum.

In haste,

Sam'l R. Thurston.

P. S. Now that the press is on the way I will attend to your exchanges.

New York, Dec. 7, 1850.

My Dear Sir:

I have your letter with the interesting publication, which I will take care to have published in our papers, and I have kept it back to follow the next published accounts from Oregon, which will probably be in Monday's papers; if so this will come in on Tuesday's.

I find that Mr. French, the engineer of the Columbia, told Capt. Stout it was useless to send the press away, as he could readily repair it on board, and to guard against his omitting to do so I will write him particularly on the subject.

I hear from Mr. Daridge that you think I intend to crowd out Oregon, in the temporary semi-monthly line. In this you do me great injustice, as you will see by the enclosed copy of the letter I addressed to the P. O. Department. The order of the Secretary of the Navy requiring the big steamers to go to the Columbia instead of

## YOUR PATRONAGE

When we ask for the patronage of yourself, your family and your friends, we do so with the feeling that we are worthy of it. The policy of this bank has always been along conservative, yet progressive, lines.



the Carolina did not leave us materials to go to Oregon, the second time in the month till the Columbia arrived out—my orders are positive that on her arrival she make the connection between Oregon and San Francisco—twice a month. This I told you when I had the pleasure of seeing you here and I really think it ought to have satisfied you.

With true regard,  
Sincerely yours,

Wm. H. Aspinwall.

Keep this letter. It explains about the press. Be at Astoria when it comes. If it is mended so much the better.

Thurston.

Washington, Jan. 27, 1851.

(Confidential.)

My Dear Sir:

I received on yesterday three letters from you, one of Nov. 2, one of Nov. 15, one of Nov. 19, all of which left Oregon by the November steamer, but the steamer leaving San Francisco before it got down, it laid over at that place two weeks. The mail which left Oregon on the last of December I expect to get about the 8th of February.

I infer that you must have written me more letters than I got, for you did not say a word about your arrangements with Blain, and having heard not a word from him, I should have remained ignorant of the whole matter had I not learned it incidentally from Russell and old man Moore and from Mrs. Thurston. I am informed that Blain is somewhat rucked. I don't see why he should be with me, for I have offered everything and gave every assurance to prevent it. You will treat him with great courtesy and give him and his school a puff now and then. Now as to R. I received only one letter from him, in which he did not mention his wife. I am obliged to you for your seasonable hints, as they are my sentiments precisely. In no case should I have advanced another dollar for him, for he owes me about \$175 now. I desire you reserve this for me, when you get to work, for I have Russell's agreement that it was to have been paid the first money he made in Oregon. In no case is he to have any control over the editorial part of the paper. You are to be the sole judge what shall or shall not go into the paper. It was understood he was to be with Stockwell, the mechanical partner, but there was no idea ever that he

should control any part of its reading matter. Now, sir, in no event allow him to manage the finances of the concern, and if you go into partnership have it in writing that neither shall contract any debt in the name of the firm without the other's consent first had thereto in writing and let your matters be strictly adhered to, for if you allow him to run the firm in debt on any account, you will be in trouble.

Have this further agreement, that all moneys received by either shall not be expended or touched until divided according to partnership articles, and make a violation by one good cause for dissolving the partnership any time thereafter, by notifying the delinquent, by the other.

I see the matter—R's debts—of which you spoke plainly. For this reason have or let the press and fixtures stand as they have been till I come, only the paper and material to be paid for. I will and do sell to you individually, to be yours alone, and will look to you alone for the pay. Then as the firm uses any part of it, take your money for same as used. I see from Russell's letter that you bought fifty bundles of paper of Blain. Am glad of it, for I sent only thirty bundles. I wish I knew what to do about buying more before I leave for home. Think I shall buy a small quantity. This you must observe, to have the concern pay as you go. Never delay or allow it to get behind. You must control all these things.

I am afraid R. will not do. But be extremely prudent and if you find him too difficult to manage, your only plan will be to purchase him out in a friendly manner.

The Statesman will go ahead, you see I have warm fighting friends. In your first number, in a dignified manner, state that I have no control or influence whatever over the paper and that I will be no further respected nor supported than any other good Democrat. I am in hopes while I write that you are clerk of the House—believe you are. That Thornton is a snake in the grass. Treat him as all my enemies, with respect and courtesy, as I alone am competent to attend to their cases. I desire you to be entangled in nothing further, think the case is made by the interest of the party. Be extremely careful to have your paper dignified with chaste and gentlemanly language. I will write you again by this mail.

In haste,

S. R. Thurston.

### SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Those desiring to place their funds in a savings account will find a fully equipped savings department at wicket number six.



Know all men by these presents that I have assigned and transferred and by this instrument do assign and transfer all my right, title and interest in the Oregon Statesman, the press and materials designed for printing the same and everything appertaining thereto, also all my right and interest in a certain contract and assignment executed by Wilson Blain in favor of Russell and Bush, and in consideration of the foregoing the said Bush agrees to assume all my liability under said contract.

Executed on the 19th day of December, 1850, at Oregon City.

Henry Russell.

Washington, Feb. 9, 1851.

Dear Friend:

The Oregon mail was due at New York on the 6th, but I have not heard as yet that it has got in. The mail leaves New York for the Pacific, Tuesday, so that my letters have to come here by tomorrow's mail to go by the next boat. This then I hope will reach you the last of March and I hope your paper will be going. But don't despair, *nil desperandum*, and the thing shall go. But I will give you a synopsis of what I have effected this session so far.

1.—\$1600 appropriation for salary of surveyor general.

2.—\$5000 to pay the expenses of the assembly called by Governor Lane.

3.—Cayuse war bill through providing for paying the whole expense of this war and appropriating now \$100,000.

4.—The Collectors district bill, dividing Oregon into three districts, with three ports of entry—viz., Scottsville, Astoria and Olympia, and four posts of delivery, viz., Nesqually, Pacific City, Portland and Milwaukee.

5.—A bill through the House, which will pass the Senate, authorizing each branch of our assembly to employ another clerk.

6.—A bill through the House which will pass the Senate, empowering our Assembly to protect our school sections.

7.—A provision in the lighthouse bill, which will be safe if that bill passes, for a lighthouse on Umpqua Head, for buoys for the channels of the Umpqua bar and for fog signals for all our lighthouses. I am also in hopes to get an appropriation for custom house buildings and a cutter.

8.—A provision in the portage bill now through the House, and it will become a

law, reducing our portage from 40 to 3 cents.

So you see I shall have consummated every great measure Oregon desired. I tell you I sweat some on the Cayuse war bill, for I was determined to have it through, and I was satisfied certain influence in Oregon was determined I should not.

It is not a little remarkable that, as anxiously as I have urged to have the papers sent on, I have never received even a letter or word from anyone in Oregon about them. But they can't help it. I have done it.

The latest news I have from Oregon is to November 21st. I replied to your letters some time ago. I have heard nothing from the Columbia since she left Rio, though I shall probably when this mail gets in. I hope I may get the mail tomorrow morning, so that I can say a word in reply to some of yours.

Thos. Ewing's speech will come to Oregon by this mail, in which he pretends that Judge Bryant and I charged Lane, etc. A baser attempt to distort letters never was made, and all to extricate himself from a tight place. I have replied to that part of his speech in a letter to W. J. Brown of Indiana, which will soon appear, but not in time to come to Oregon by this mail. I desire you to understand it therefore so that you may put matters right and if Governor Lane is in Oregon please say to him for me, to wait till he gets my reply. All the Indiana delegation will testify that I have been Lane's friend throughout here and this base attempt on the part of Ewing to save himself by perversion of official papers merits the scorn of all men.

I hope to start home in one month from next Thursday, and I hope to arrive safe. I am totally in the dark as to what is going on. See that the result of my labors this session be made known through the paper in the proper manner. Attend to matters and see that my friends are in armor.

In haste,

S. R. Thurston.

Washington, Feb. 10, '51.

Dear Friend:

I have just read Gaines' message and letter. I find the letter is in his language, but I wrote a similar one for him and from which he drew this. You will consider all my letters, this, and the others, confidential, but it is necessary that you should be

### TRAVELLERS' CHECKS

The best way to carry your funds on your trip to the expositions is in Travellers' Checks. They are self-identifying and can be cashed anywhere—even on the exposition grounds.

posted in all things. I have communicated the facts to Shannon. You will communicate the facts to such men as your prudence shall dictate, which you can do without saying I wrote you about the facts. Be prudent. I should not have said a word had I not seen too clearly to doubt that this is a trick to weaken me.

Yours in haste,

S. R. Thurston.

Washington, Feb. 11, 1851.

(Confidential.)

Dear Friend:

Judge Nelson is here—is not going to take his family; Judge Pratt advised him not to, and Pratt will not take his as I believe, nor does he ever intend to move to Oregon as I think. He may say he shall. He will leave New York on the 13th of this month. When you get a-going just give the administration some for quartering men on us and go in for having men in Oregon appointed. Not being able to import Whigs enough, they have removed Lownsdale to make way for a New York Whig. Keep your eye on Pratt. Just blow up the idea of men coming to Oregon to hold offices with their families in the States. The Cayuse war bill and Port of Entry bill were signed today.

In haste,

Thurston.

Union Point, O. T., March 17, '51.

Dear Sir:

I heard incidentally a day or two since that your press had arrived and I avail myself of the very earliest opportunity to say to you that we will look impatiently for the appearance of the "Statesman."

I have been holding on to your subscribers in this county, but can not ask the pay till the first number appears. We have little encouragement, however, to take papers, as the mail has been brought here only twice since I have resided in the neighborhood. If the friends of the Statesman can prevail on the new postal agent to give us a regular mail it would add greatly to its circulation.

The people in this county (Linn) refuse all other papers because they can not be relied on as the supporters of Thurston; and they go in for the Statesman purely on the supposition that it will go its length for Thurston.

Someone on his way to the mines left a copy of Thurston's speech before the H. R. on McLaughlin, Thornton Wait & Co., in this neighborhood. It has been going the rounds till it is nearly worn out. All who have read it regard it as a triumphant defense. They laud Thurston to the skies and declare if he is molested in Oregon City they will come down and burn the town. You need not ask about parties here. There is but one party, and that is the Thurston party.

Someone has told me (for I have not seen it) that the Spectator (alias the Dictator) in speaking of the chances against Thurston spoke of a **small cloud** appearing on the Calapooya. The folks here say they have not seen it. If such a cloud did appear, which is more than doubtful, the bright sunshine of a beautiful, a glorious winter has completely dispersed it.

I have also been informed that some one has given Thurston fits over my shoulders on account of some documents which came to me at Oregon City. I have however written to B. F. McClench now to explain that **awful affair**.

I have got my school house up and shall open school in April. As I shall have more scholars than we can accommodate I shall defer advertising until fall, by which time we will have better boarding accommodations.

I have a location here which possesses many peculiar advantages, as a central beautiful and healthy village site, and an academical institution.

There is within three-quarters of a mile of our place an extensive deposit of an argillaceous rock which will be invaluable for building purposes. When first taken from the quarry it is so soft that it can be hewn with an ax and dressed with a jack-plane. It soon hardens on exposure and proves more durable than brick. It is not injured by fire.

Men bound to the gold mines are passing our door almost hourly for some weeks past; so that I should suppose the male part of the population below this place must be pretty much gone to the far-famed gold bluffs.

Give my kind regards to friend Turner and my other friends in your vicinity.

Yours truly,

Wilson Blain.

New York, Aug. 24, 1851.

Dear Sir:

Yesterday I received through the post-office a package of your papers, for which I feel under obligation to you. Printers say your paper looks like civilization in contradistinction to the Oregonian and Spectator. I learn that Waterman has removed from Milwaukee to Portland and that the Star now wears the title of **Times** and is published in the city. Possibly this is but a start down the river squinting towards a voyage that shall restore him to the hills of Vermont which his maternal ancestor should never have suffered him to wander from. Wm. D. Carter, who has supported him mainly since he left Montpelier, is a noble specimen of a printer—may he soon be relieved of his load, is my hearty wish.

Several weeks since I met Capt. Houscomb, formerly of the **Lot Whitcomb**. He arrived in this city with Mrs. L. Torrance under his care, both enjoying health. The

lady immediately proceeded on her journey to her friends in Illinois.

I have been looking in vain thus far for a letter from Wm. L. Torrance, who is as noble a specimen of a man as Oregon or any other country can produce. Aside from yourself he is the only one I would care to hear from. B., I see by the *Spectator*, has not sense enough to know his friends, or see his own interests; otherwise he would have abstained from disclosing all those family matters likely to be used against Thurston's family and himself by the honest dictators of the *Spectator*. What object he could have had in saying I owed him \$200 is more than I can guess; and when I remember that the statement is untrue and that on the other hand, by the agreement of Thurston, the deceased would now have been owing (supposing of course that he had not returned here and paid it) me more than that sum. I can not conceive of any other motive, believing as I do that B. could not see the tendency to injure himself and friends more than me in his making the report, than love of scandal and desire for notoriety, when he agreed to let me have the money to pay my fare across the Isthmus and from San Francisco to Oregon City, he agreed with Thurston and was to look to him and not to me for his return, therefore I never owed him a penny; again, per agreement, I say Thurston, were he living, would now be owing me near \$300—as he forwarded but \$100—to my wife. But why I should trouble you with all this may be a query in your mind. I will simply say an old number of the *Spectator* was found this morning by Mr. Allen's brother, containing the notice of indebtedness, which he read for my edification; and on the impulse of the moment I have written the above, and now I see no reason for destroying it, so I shall let it go—you can read it and forget it.

As for the *Spectator*, the wonder is that it could find no more serious charges against me, possessed, as the dictators are, of so fruitful imaginations. The *Star* man has the disposition, but little ability. As for the Oregonian I know them not, neither so far as I learn do they make pretensions to any knowledge of myself. I see you handle the trio with much tact, as I had anticipated. So far as I am personally concerned I feel that you have made all

the defense of my acts in Oregon that the case demanded and more than I possibly would have felt called on to do. For the manner of the notice and the articles themselves I thank you.

Had circumstances permitted I am satisfied I should at least have been content with the arrangement we agreed upon for mutually carrying on the *Statesman*. Your idea of getting rid of Blain, I believe now more than then, was the part of wisdom. But what has become of him? Why do we hear nothing from him? Has he in fact retired to the privacy of his farm and religious school?

The papers furnish me evidence of the continued hypocrisy of Thornton.

As for news there is little beyond what you find portrayed in the papers.

Until they demanded 15 and 20 cents postage I, from time to time, forwarded such papers as I supposed you would not otherwise receive, which fell into my hands. Allen does not now publish any paper; so I have no means of smuggling any through the mail. He still does the composition for several papers, but the mailing he does not do. The papers you address to me to the care of E. P. Allen, No. 9 Spruce street, the postmaster delivers free of charge by putting them in Allen's box. This newspaper postage law is the theme of every day condemnation, by everybody here but postmasters and their clerks. Their aim, the officials', is to exclude all transient paper from the mail, because it gives them some little trouble, as proportioned to the income, double and treble the labor attending the transit and delivery of letters. I have not been out of the city since the first week after my arrival here in March last. My wife and boy are here, happy and contented I believe, yet could they have gone to Oregon when I did I doubt not we all would have been as comfortable as we now are and no more so. It was for their comfort I returned here, and I have not regretted it. Had I been single as you, I should not have thought of returning to the states to live. Hoping you are "making (gaining) money" equal to the wear and tear of body and mind and the civilized comforts you have forsaken for it, I will close this.

From your friend and well wisher,  
Henry Russell.

### A BANK ACCOUNT

The habit of keeping a bank account is a good one, because it furnishes a place of safety for the depositor's funds, and his checks provide receipts for his expenditures. Besides, it is not so much of a temptation to spend money in the bank as it is to spend the money in one's pocket.

# A Suggestion for Oregon Which Will Apply Everywhere

By D. WARD KING, Maitland, Missouri

The Ladd & Bush Quarterly, of Salem, Oregon, published an article expressing disgust with the condition of the Pacific Highway through Oregon. It declares the aforesaid highway is so bad that portions of it have been abandoned by tourists, who have made a detour and traveled what is known as the Capital Highway instead. Its plea is for a hard surface. It believes coarse gravel, bound with clay and rolled, finally finished with a fine gravel wearing surface, will make a good road for all seasons of the year at a minimum cost, provided it is taken care of each year.

In telling this tale of woe the article states: "From the California line to the Columbia river, with the exception of here and there gravel or macadam for short distances, the whole Pacific Highway is the usual Oregon road, flat instead of crowned, more or less uneven, worked some each year, but in such a manner it (the work) is of no lasting advantage." This general indictment precedes a column of detailed charges in which especially bad stretches of road on the Pacific Highway are set out by name of county, town and city.

Following this wholesale denunciation of the Pacific Highway as a thoroughfare for wheeled vehicles, respect is paid to the King drag, saying, "The King road drag will, without question, do that which is claimed for it in climates that will give it half a chance, but when the ground gets as wet as it does here in winter and stays dry as long as it does in summer (a clay road will cut up almost as badly into dust as it does into mud) something more than a smooth dirt surface will be required to hold even under ordinary use. Last January the rain poured almost unceas-

ingly for twenty-six days out of the thirty-one." It is their opinion that so much rain would put the King drag out of business. In concluding the discussion of this phase of the subject the assertion is made, "The King road drag man does not know our climate."

Perhaps this charge of lack of familiarity is right, and yet quite possibly the King drag man **does** know a good deal about mud. He has given twenty-five years' study to the mud road problem. He knows what water and earth mixed by travel can do in the way of manufacturing hopeless quagmires; and he knows what the split-log drag has done and can do in the way of changing these quagmires into speedways.

The King drag man has spent many dreary, drizzly days in Washington state, and he has traveled through the dust clouds of unkept roads in Oregon. Furthermore, he has stood eye to eye with clean visioned men in both states who told him exultingly about the marvels the King drag performed as a reducer both of dust and of mud.

Come, let us reason together. Let us give the matter a thorough examination for the benefit of Oregon highways.

We can agree, I assume after reading the Quarterly's article, that the people of Oregon can not gravel the Pacific Highway today, nor this year. Possibly it can not be graveled for several years. We can agree that periods will occur when there will be too little rain. That will mean dust; and there will be periods, undoubtedly, when too much rain for the good of the road will fall and that would mean mud. But make a note of this great truth, if the road has been dragged the dust will be delayed and lessened, and the mud will not be so deep.

I believe the Quarterly probably is

right about the flatness of Oregon roads—that they are uneven and rough—that the most of the yearly work is done in such a manner that it is of no lasting advantage. But this charge, in every item, holds good against a large mileage in every state of the Union.

The Quarterly frankly agrees, to quote its own words, that the King drag will help to level the surface and is of advantage, and further that the drag will do all that is claimed for it in a "climate that will give it half a chance." Now if the drag would level the road, as you say, would not the improvement gained by dragging be worth the cost of the dragging?

Oregon roads, I assume, were very dry in the summer of 1914. We have been told how flat and rough they are. For the sake of an example let us suppose that rain fell on these dry flat roads in the first week of September; and that in one, two or three days, just as soon as the surface soil became moist but not sticky, a certain average mile of road was thoroughly dragged.

Let us drag this selected average mile every time the surface is wet, at exactly the proper moment, which will be at that consistency of the material in the road when it has lost its stickiness but is still moist enough to pack firmly. Let us agree that the road gets wet—dries—is dragged—twice in September, twice in October, three times in November and three times in December. On January first, 1915, how will the dragged mile compare with the unkept road joining it at each end? What good results will we have to show for our four months' drag work?

There will be numerous good results. Almost too many to enumerate in this letter; and not a single bad result.

First, and most noticeable of these good results will be the smoothness of the dragged mile. If you, perchance, come from a far country and happen on that mile of dragged road in inky darkness, you would instantly become aware

of a decided change. If you are asleep on the back seat of your motor car the change from bumps and jolts to the smoothly gliding motion on the dragged road will probably waken you. You will think the car has broken down and stopped. This saying is no joke. Such incidents have occurred.

Second: If you happen to come onto the experimental stretch in bright day light you will observe that the surface is no longer flat, but is neatly rounding. You undoubtedly will note the **oval top** to the road.

Third: The entire traveled surface of the experimental mile is of even denseness. No soft spots are apparent, nor can humps of extra hardness anywhere be found. These three characteristics are the important results that follow a period of regular, skillful dragging. They can not exist separately. The presence of each one is conditional upon the presence of the other two.

From the foundation laid by these three major qualifications flow a stream of minor valuable conditions; as for instance (a) absence of mud holes, (b) a dry, smooth, hard boulevard for many days (often weeks) before the adjacent roads have dried off; (c) the ability to stand up fairly well under a combination of traffic and wet weather that would put clear out of business the nearby undragged road. There would be less dust, and the dust would not be noticeable. The coat of mud, when it came, would be even and shallow—and no mud holes would appear at all.

I positively **know**, without any guesswork or theorizing, that the sequence of events following the use of a well-made split-log drag, for the period and weather as stipulated, will be approximately as described above. And you, I trust, can agree with me in saying that the end attained is worth while.

And now, having come thus far together, can not we take one more step in company by agreeing that we, as a





SKATING ON THE SLOUGH DECEMBER 23d, 1914—A RARE TREAT



THE CHARLES CLAGGETT HOMESTEAD FIVE MILES NORTH OF SALEM ON THE RIVER ROAD—A LANDMARK OF PIONEER DAYS

community, will make more progress if we advance the merits of the road drag **positively** instead of **negatively**. Had we not rather lay emphasis on what the drag can **do** rather than on what can **not** be done?

Shall we not better say "Hurrah, drag the roads. Yes we need gravel, need gravel badly, but dragging will help. Drag the road." Will not we have more influence for road betterment if we drag a stretch of road ourselves, so we may cry "Come on, boys, let us all drag." At any rate may we not join hands to drag all the roads

(including the Pacific Highway) **right now**; join hands to get a **gravel surface** as quickly as possible; to get cement, brick, or artificially bonded macadam on heavy travelled portions; just as soon as the people can be brought to see the light.

This is my point. This is the one idea I wish to hammer home. Road dragging is good. Drag **now**. Road dragging may not be everything that is needed, but as Senator Lafayette Young of Iowa expressed it, "The King split-log drag is first aid to the wounded."

## Skating on the Slough

A few days before Christmas, 1914, there was again skating on the Slough, although it was somewhat marred by a very thin coat of fine snow. The weather prophets promised a clear, cold Christmas with an east wind, but instead we got a warm south wind and a driving rain storm which soon put an end to safety on the ice. The climate of Salem must be changing, for it imposes a task on the memory to recall how many years have passed since the last slough ice was strong enough to hold a body of skaters. We guess, nearly thirty years. In the seventies there were several winters when slough skating was all that could be desired. One year skates could be strapped on at the Salem Flour Mills dock and the ice was smooth and safe from there to the Heads. An earlier year even the river in front of Salem was frozen over, not safe to cross, but covered with ice. Each winter we fear that this is to be the year we will again get cold weather, for we remember the past, and have escaped for so many years that it would seem the turn must soon come. 1913-14 winter gave us but one snowy day and 1914-15 only a slight snow dust cloud early one morning. Thus the years pass until we hear newcomers talking about

this being a country which has no winter.

Last December there were two weeks of freezing weather; finally boys carrying skates over their shoulders began to hunt the ponds north of town. Next the Slough Heads were safe, then the slough. Evidently there have been so many years without ice that the boys and girls of the present day know little of the art of skating; the most skilled skater made only a forward movement varied at the best with a backward scull.

Not one Mark L. Jones came by flying like the wind in graceful swings doing the outer edge. We also missed Mr. A. T. Yeaton, in the good old days the center of attraction, wearing a pair of rocker-skates (skates that only a grand master dared to put on, for the least loss of balance behind meant a crack of the skull on the ice). He was continuously, while on the ice, cutting fancy forms, rolls and figure eights, grape vines double and single—all the time his long black, silky beard, parted, was streaming back over his shoulders.

There were many other minor skaters, such as Orin Barker, who could perform many graceful turns, all adding to the charm of the sport and the delight of the occasion.



# LADD & BUSH QUARTERLY

PUBLISHED BY

**LADD & BUSH, BANKERS**  
SALEM, OREGON

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This year is not far advanced, but though still young it has taken heavy toll on us, for we have lost four of the remaining few who were citizens of Oregon when its territorial days were beginning. Mr. C. C. Beekman of Jacksonville, Mr. John McCracken of Portland, Mr. John Minto and Mrs. Z. F. Moody of Salem. For these of the generation of our fathers we have long begun to feel are in a measure kinsfolk and that their departure is a personal loss.

A few weeks ago we asked "Uncle John Minto" if he would sit for a picture for the next Quarterly. He promised to do so and a few days later came to the bank dressed for that purpose. When asked to which gallery he wished to go he replied the one we selected, but when he got on the street he had a decided preference for the Trover Gallery. One of the bank men went along with him and when they got to the stairway he stepped forward to assist Mr. Minto up. He promptly said "Hands off, young man, I will attend to this." It was with considerable effort that he

climbed the stairs, but he finally accomplished it. He did not have on a necktie, and the young man was debating how the picture would look without one when Mr. Minto produced a new one from his pocket. After he had adjusted it he told the photographer to take a good picture and make him look as young as possible. When the proofs came he looked them over and, promptly picking out the picture that appears in this paper, said "That is the one." His judgment was good, for it is a most excellent likeness of him and the last one we shall have. After the selection of the picture had been made we asked him to write a short sketch of his life to accompany it. He first gave us a copy of his "Rhymes of Early Life in Oregon" and said to make up one from that, marking some passages he wanted included, but later he had changed his mind, saying that his father had been one of the noblest men who had ever lived and he wanted to pay homage to him.

He then began the sketch of his family which we publish, and was working on it the day before he went to sleep. He was writing different parts at the same time and, as he was not permitted to finish, it is not all connected but, incomplete as it is, it is very interesting notwithstanding, doubly so when we consider that it was written by a man long past 92 years of age and very shortly before his death. It is to be regretted that he could not have been spared to finish it, but it stands, the last act of his long life, a tribute to the memory of his honored father.

## BANKING BY MAIL

You will find banking by mail quite as satisfactory as banking in person. All deposits will be acknowledged immediately upon receipt, and you will receive the same consideration as those who come to our counter.

get more wages in the mines as I grew older. I also tested the accuracy of the guns he made, as quietly as possible, and assisted my father in every way I could and became my father's trusted friend.

After six and a half years Thomas Eastham, superintendent of five collieries, said: "Minto, I think you have been punished enough. Get your family here." When he received re-employment as a coal miner he hired some one to continue the work at his bench. He was determined to make and save money every way he could to enable him to take his family to America. To cheapen the cost of our living he leased half an acre of garden land, which I cultivated and raised vegetables for the family's use. I can not say that I studied cultivation in England, but later on I could not help seeing that the difference between the way we worked there and the practice in the United States was very great. Frequently his theme was what he had observed in America, and he always had many listeners as long as he would talk. After eight years, all of which time it had been father's purpose to emigrate to America as soon as he could do so, we reached New York June 26, 1840. Our enjoyment of America began on seeing New York harbor. We spent the 27th and 28th in the city. On the 29th we started on foot across New Jersey to Philadelphia. Mother and three smaller children went by rail and joined us there on July 1. The rest of our journey to Pottsville was made on a canal boat. Six miles farther on is Black Valley. Here we domiciled and took employment as coal miners to get means to reach our objective point, Pittsburg. Black Valley was then on

the westward out-edge of the anthracite coal beds, and we were now out of danger of being molested, if we had broken the law by vacating in England a house under the kitchen floor of which were seven guns, twenty-one pikeheads and a lot of instruments intended to tram-mel a re-occurrence of the Peterloo incident. It would not have hindered father's arrest if it had been told ever so plainly that he had no part in placing that property there. Father only favored peaceful means of getting the right to vote into the hands of every English subject untainted with crime, but there are always excitable people to do silly things under such conditions as the Chartist times made in England in the spring of 1840. In October we moved to Pittsburg. Here we were met with warm friendly welcome. We got work and so were able to purchase food and clothing. On Christmas day we had our first turkey dinner. Among our new friends were some gunsmiths, who talked game from the squirrel to the buffalo on the great plains, which brought up the word Oregon. And I said, "If I live I will cross the Rocky Mountains and see Oregon." Father said, "Johnny, are we not far enough west, now?" I could see that Pittsburg was sure to be a center of attraction for a coal miner's immigration and a glut of mine labor would occur, and I had already begun to receive hints of the delights of life in the fields and along the streams, which the miners' life sees little of. I wanted to see American life.

Towards midsummer of 1841 I went to Washington County, twenty-five miles from Pittsburg, to a place between Canonsburg and Washington, both college towns. I did not know the

### OUR REPUTATION

We have stood all tests in prosperity and business crises, and hold the good opinion of our oldest depositors.

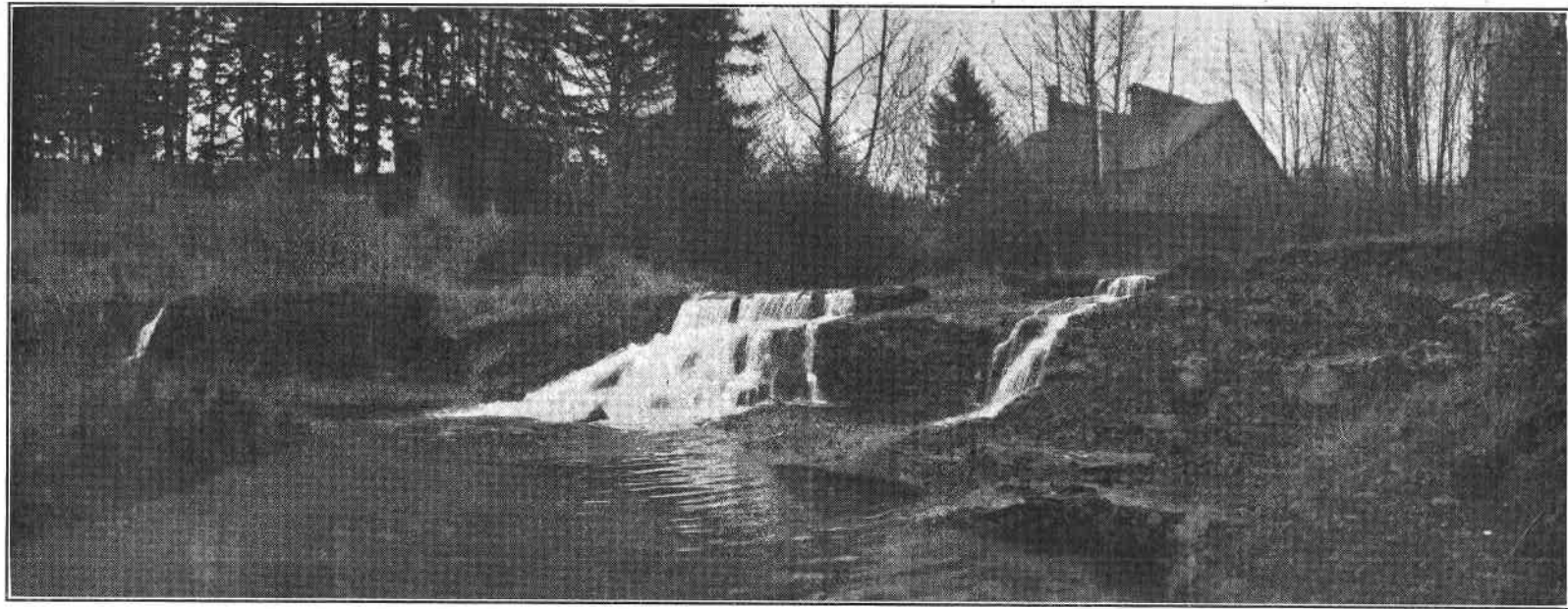
meaning of the word student, but I became desirous of an education and with the aid of a worn-out copy of Hillfield's book, which had supplied the spirit of the Whiskey Rebellion, I began to teach myself to read.

Father became a Jeffersonian Democrat. In 1854, while at sea on board the "Star of the West," he died of a tropical fever. He was coming to join the writer in Oregon. The youngest girl of the family was with him at the time of his death. He had with him \$300 which I had sent him to pay his passage to Oregon. He had funds of his own to defray the cost of the trip, for his skill as a gunsmith had enabled him to earn much more money than the average frontier settler in Iowa at that date.

To get along crossing the plains was a personal matter. From infancy I had loved the woods and streams, I could swim fairly well, the stroke with an ax did not differ much from that of the miner's pick, and the ways of traveling had to be learned by the others as well as by me. I soon found myself among the first when the task was "to swim or ford the swiftly running stream." To swim young horses is more dangerous than to swim cattle and, though we had but few horses in Gilliam's train, we lost much more in value of horses than cattle. While speaking of the dangers of the way, I feel safe in saying that the average man or boy felt little or no concern. If he was worth his salt every day's progress gave him new and manly experiences. With the wives and daughters the case was very different. Every day the travel was through a new scene. Sometimes days were passed in quiet pastoral beauty, grand in extent, without seeing a single specimen of wild life. Another occasion the cry of buffalo rang along the train. The Morrison teams set the pace and I was the driver. One day Captain Morrison had selected the location and we were about to camp when in a panic a thousand wild buffaloes came rushing down the

plains. It was worth ten years of a common life to see them. Without thought I got in front of my leaders. It was wisdom to do so. I stood at the head of the train. General Gilliam arose from his wagon rubbing his eyes; apparently he had been asleep. He looked at the moving mass, then he called loudly for a horse, got his gun and accoutrements and mounted. He ordered the boys with ox-teams to proceed and camp when they came to a place where there was wood and water; to those who had horses and guns he said, "Mount and follow me."

No man can say that was not the day of General Gilliam's life. The action of a soldier was there, but prudence was lacking. He might have ridden in among chasing Indians; nothing was more likely. About an hour after Mr. Gilliam and those following him had gone, Captain Morrison came back to look for the train and found it camped. He had killed a large buffalo, which we estimated weighed 2000 pounds. He asked for volunteers to bring in the meat and seven of us went with him. We found that it had been so quietly killed that it had settled with all its feet under it. Dressing began by slitting the skin from neck to the tail. The meat was all saved except the hump and ribs. It was divided among the seven men, mounted on horses, to carry to the camp. The one mule along refused to carry not only meat but also his rider and the latter was compelled to walk back leading the mule, and as he tramped along he sang comic songs to make his long road seem shorter. The wide plains of the Platte district were much dug up into buffalo wallows and one of our party, while attempting to kill an antelope, fell in one of these holes and his horse rolled over him, breaking his gun in two and nearly crushing him to death. The meat we brought was the first good meat brought into camp.



BATTLE CREEK OVERFLOWING INTO THE ROCK QUARRY ON THE WILLIAM MCGILCHRIST FARM NEAR ROSEDALE

The next day the general took a wagon to get the meat his party had killed, but it had cooled in undrawn skins on a sultry night and all the meat was tainted. They confessed to having killed forty-five buffalos. There was a turmoil in the train over it. The best men were prudently silent, but on account of the wasteful slaughter his own family kin expressed dissatisfaction and gave an excuse for his resignation. After that whatever organization we maintained was by Captains Shaw,

Gilliam's brother-in-law, and R. W. Morrison. So far I have only mentioned men. I have felt it futile to attempt to imagine the feelings of the general's sister, Mrs. Shaw, who had six sons; Mrs. Nancy Morrison, who had three sons and three daughters; Mrs. Gilliam and her married daughter. What would have been the fate of the entire womanhood of the Gilliams and the Fords, of all the women of the train, if a strong party of Indians had been after those countless buffaloes?

## Bunker Hill and Battle Creek

Route 4, Box 81,  
Salem, Ore., Feb. 1, 1915.

Dear Sir:

In reply to your letter of inquiry as to the origin of the name "Battle Creek," as applied to the stream that runs eastward through Rosedale, Marion County, would state that while I have no personal knowledge of the matter I was told by Rev. Ramsdell, one of the early pioneer preachers of this section, that the name had its origin in a fight between the settlers and the Indians in 1844 or '45.

The Indians had become troublesome and would enter the settlers' cabins when the men were away and order the women to cook them meals, and annoy them in various ways until they became frightened.

When the nuisance became unbearable the men organized and ordered the Indians to leave this section. They gave them so many days in which to comply and, when the time was up,

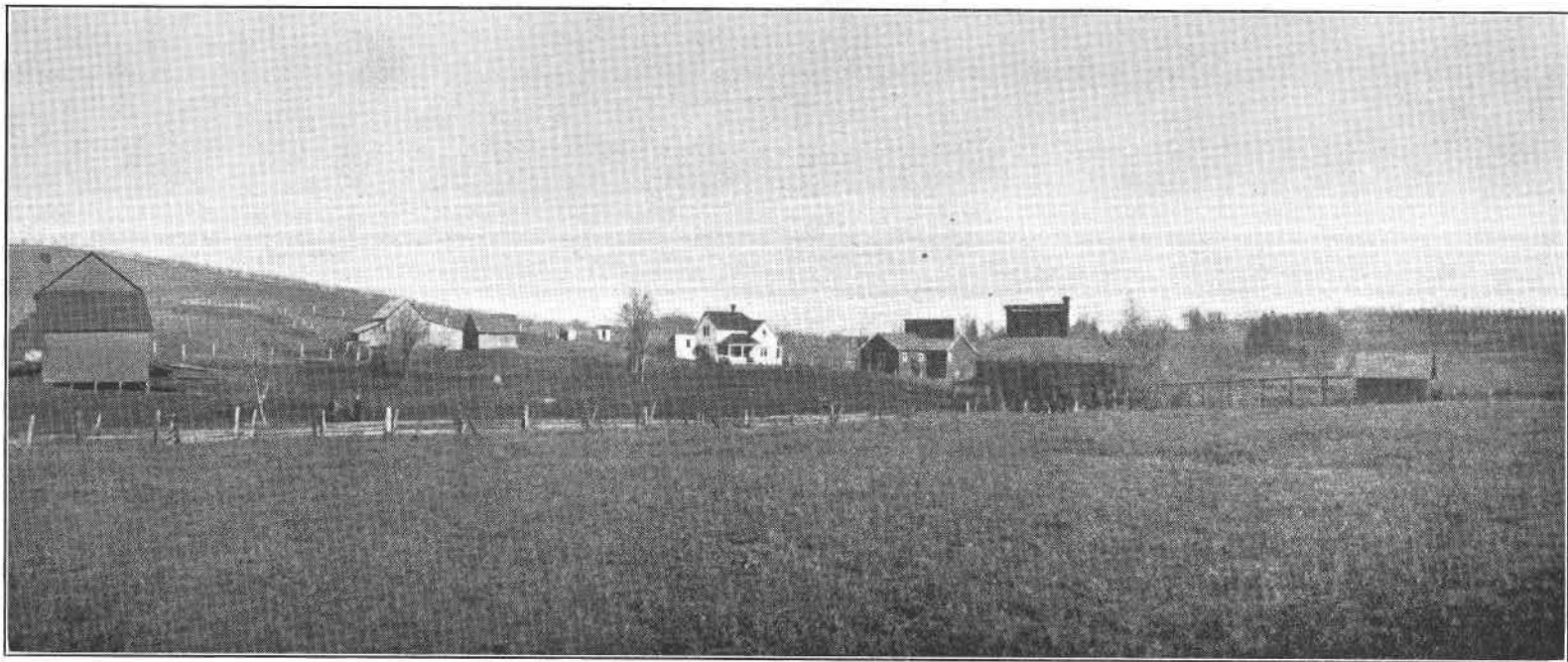
formed a company and went in search of them.

They located them about a quarter of a mile west of the spot where Rosedale now stands. The whites took up a position south of the creek on the hillside just north of where the Jory cemetery is now located. The Indians were along the creek among the alders and underbrush.

Who fired the first shot I do not recall, but in the fight two Indians were wounded, one receiving a bullet through the hips, and another was shot twice, one bullet raking him across the side of the head and another across the forehead without penetrating the skull. None of the whites were wounded, but one of them fainted and fell from his horse. There were twenty or twenty-five whites engaged in the fight, but in the fifty years which have intervened since the story was related to me, I have forgotten the names of all but two, that of Rev. Ramsdell, who told me the

### CHECKS

Checks are your personal coinage system. The check stub is a complete record of expenditures.



ALBERT BATES FARM ON BATTLE CREEK WHERE THE INDIAN FIGHT TOOK PLACE

story, and a young man by the name of Patterson, who owned a claim just east of Liberty. I think some of the Looneys probably took part in the fight, but I do not know, nor do I know whether any of the participants are still living. Rev. Ramsdell died in Portland this winter. In 1849 my grandfather, James Jory Sr., settled on his donation land claim, which included the old battle ground, and built his cabin a little west of the point where the fight started.

Anyone can locate the old battle ground by going west on the road from Rosedale to a point just east of Albert Bates' residence. The whites took position south of the road, on the hillside, now occupied by John Pemberton's prune orchard, while the Indians fought from the creek bottom on the north side.

In answer to your second question, would say that the hill, now known as "Bunker Hill," was formerly called the "Bald Hill" to distinguish it from the other hills in that vicinity. While most of the hills near by were quite well covered with trees and underbrush, this one was bare, especially so, near the summit, except for a few scattering oaks. I'm inclined to think that the name was changed to "Bunker Hill" either by Perry Watson, a brother-in-law of Mr. I. C. Needham, or by Henry Ankeny, son of the late Captain A. P. Ankeny of Portland, who owned a large tract of land (some 5,000 acres), including the summit of the hill. The name "Bunker Hill" has been in general use for forty or forty-five years. It is one of the picturesque spots of Marion County, as it affords a most magnificent view of the Willamette River, the Cascade and Coast Range Mountains, and the lovely valley lying between. It was a famous resort in the early days for the young people of the vicinity. In 1850 the settlers built a log school

house about three-fourths of a mile southeast of the summit of the hill. Here the Coxes, the Pettyjohns, the Marlatts, the Crumps, the Neals, the Elgins, some of the little Jorys, the Simpsons and others took instruction from and learned obedience to such famous pedagogues and wielders of the "hazel" as Francis McDonough, C. H. Matton, and Lizzie Sager—the latter a survivor of the "Whitman massacre" of 1847. Sam Simpson and his sister Louisa attended school here, and it takes no great stretch of imagination to see the embryo poet, standing at the summit of "Bunker Hill" watching the beautiful river and following with fascinated gaze its forest lined banks to where—

"From the Cascades' frozen gorges  
Leaping like a child at play,  
Winding, widening, through the valley,  
Bright Willamette glides away"—

and filling his young soul with those lovely pictures which a few years later found vivid expression in the immortal poem "Ad Willamettam."

In December, 1861, the Willamette River overflowed its banks and flooded all the lowlands, washing away many of the settlers' cabins along the river bottom, compelling many to take refuge in tree tops, where they spent hours, some of them days, before they were rescued. We could hear the signal guns day and night, and father went up to the summit of "Bunker Hill" to see if he could locate any of the flood victims, or devise some way to help them, but it seemed impossible to reach them from the land side, and most of those who were rescued were saved by boats from the river. The flooded area was miles across opposite where Sidney now stands, and extended from the main river channel westward to the foot of the Polk County hills.

Yours very truly,  
John W. Jory.



# The Mystical River

A poem written by Sam. L. Simpson, Oregon's greatest poet. It was dedicated to Professor John M. Garrison's daughter Blanche, on December 11, 1894, the eighteenth anniversary of her birthday. She is now the wife of Rev. P. E. Bauer, the Congregational minister at Nome, Alaska.

## I.

A happy maiden, pure and fair,  
With fresh wild flowers in thy hair,  
Thou standest, wistful, dreaming;  
For lo, the river thou hast sought  
In rambles sweet with budding thought  
Before thee now is gleaming!

## II.

Its rhythmic waves upon the beach  
In low, melodious silv'ry speech,  
Repeat their mystic greeting;  
With mellow murmurs, o'er and o'er,  
They chant of glad days gone before  
And visions, fair and fleeting.

## III.

This is the river of the years,  
Dimpled with joys and dimmed with tears,  
To which thy youth was speeding,  
Whose far-off music thou hast heard  
When sunset's last, low-nestling bird,  
Has hushed his tender pleading.

## IV.

Here waits thee, Blanche, a slender sloop  
Where rare gold-dusted lilies droop  
And gleaming reeds are sighing:  
Its snowy sail will soon be spread  
Above thee, joyous, garlanded,  
And with the winds be flying.

## V.

But ere thy trembling bark takes flight,  
Pluck from the reeds a lotus white  
Thy young days to remember;  
A chalice vow, a fragrant pray'r  
To comfort thee when life's despair  
Is bleaker than December.

## VI.

The blue waves flash with morning beams  
And, far and faint, rose-tinted dreams  
O'er isles of magic hover;  
And somewhere, by his castle gate,  
Like thee, a questioner of fate,  
Delays thy restless lover.

## VII.

Adieu! adieu! A last good-by,  
The myrtle groves of girlhood sigh  
From shores adream with beauty;  
Spent with the beams of grace divine  
The crown of womanhood is thine,  
And every pledge of duty.

## VIII.

The rosebud in its calyx green,  
Its folded loveliness unseen  
The summer fairies cherish;  
But danger haunts the full-blown rose,  
With ev'ry wooing wind that blows  
Its perfumes waste and perish.

## IX.

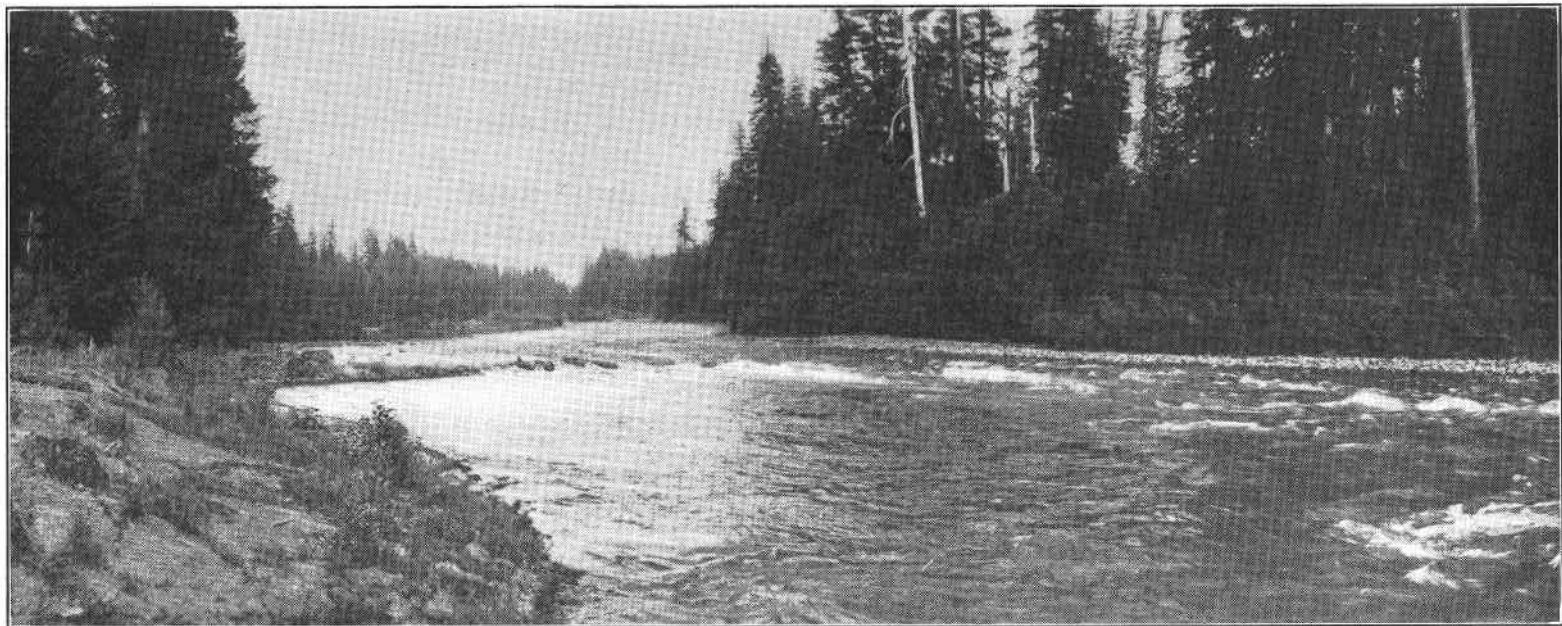
Sail forth, sail out, sail proudly on  
By cliffs of twilight, capes of dawn,  
Still to the true cause cleaving—  
Shadow and sunlight on thy sail  
As shifting fortunes flush and fail,  
Thy own life-myst'ry weaving.

## X.

Thy world is now all light and love,  
Blue waves beneath, blue skies above,  
But waves and skies may darken;  
O'er faithless isles of song and bloom  
Bright shapes will beckon thee to doom  
If once thou pause and hearken.

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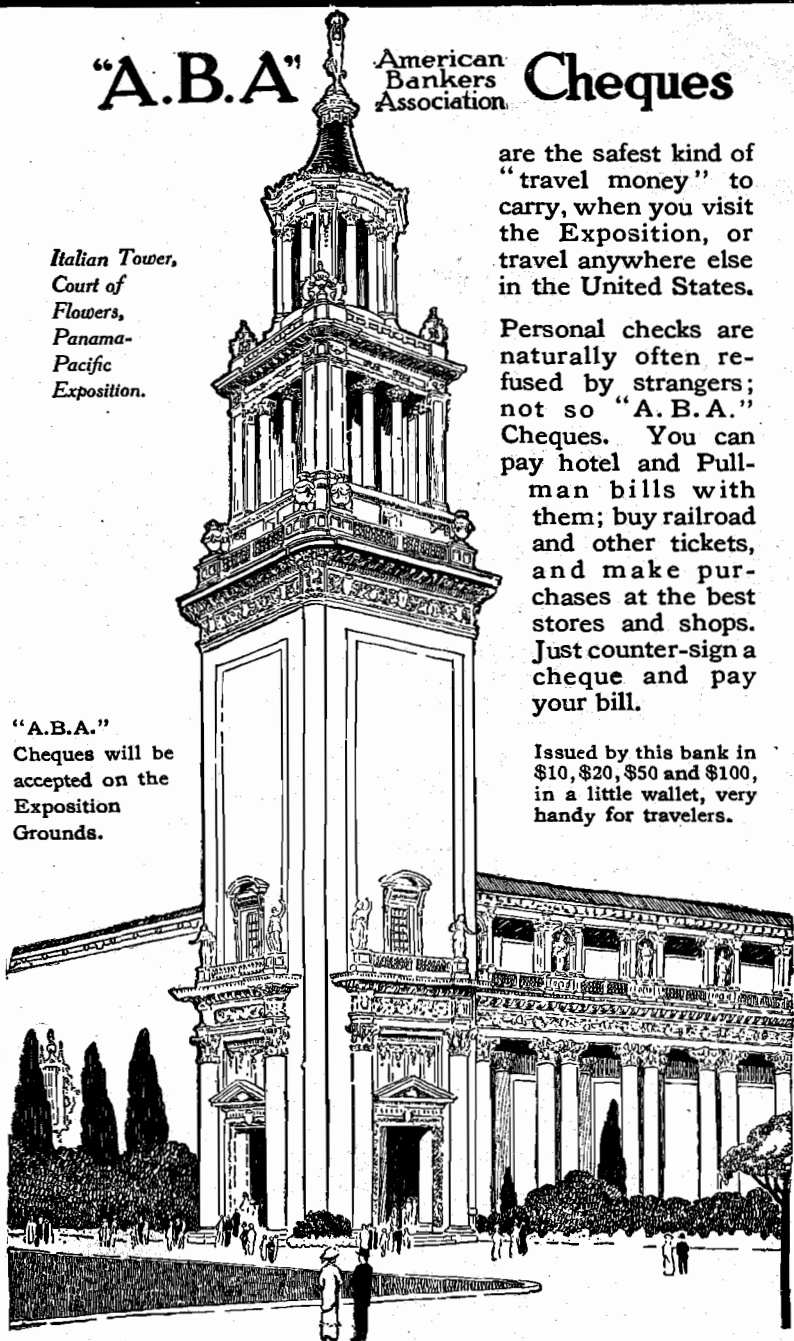
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Flowers,  
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