

Oregon Pioneer Wa-Wa

OREGON PIONEER WA-WA



A

COMPILATION OF ADDRESSES

OF

CHARLES B. MOORES

RELATING TO

OREGON PIONEER HISTORY

PREFACE

The within compilation of addresses represents an accumulation of years. Being reluctant to destroy them we are moved for our own personal satisfaction, to preserve them in printed form. They contain much that is commonplace, and much that is purely personal and local in character. There is a great surplus of rhetoric. There is possibly an excess of eulogy. There is considerable repetition. There are probably inaccuracies. There is nothing, however, included in the compilation that does not have some bearing on Oregon Pioneer History, and this, at least, gives it some value. As but a limited number of copies are to be printed, and these are solely for gratuitous distribution among a few friends, and others, having some interest in the subjects treated, we send the volume adrift, just as it is, without apology and without elimination.

Portland, Oregon, March 10, 1923.

CHAS. B. MOORES.

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ADDRESS

AT SALEM, OREGON

On the Twenty-fifth Anniversary Celebration

OF

CHEMEKETA LODGE NO. 1, I. O. O. F.

Annals are usually confined to the narration of facts and events in their chronological order to the exclusion of any original observations upon the part of the writer such as are allowed in what is called history. What is herewith presented to you has been dignified with the rather vague title of "Historical Review", by which is perhaps meant a sort of nondescript, milk-and-water compound of the two. It will consist in this case of but the plain recital of a few homely and commonplace facts and is presented as a minor historical picture in the great composite picture of many suggestive groups which are to go toward making up the annals of this northwestern coast. History is gossip; not exactly that of the sewing-circle but of a higher order and of more permanent value. If men hadn't gossipped in all ages and told to friends and neighbors and countrymen around the fireside and the camp-fire and from the rostrum what they had seen and heard, much of our present history would have been buried in oblivion, many of the brightest names would be unknown and many of the most important chapters would be veiled in obscurity. To talk and to tell what he knows is one of the most important functions of man, and it is the business of the historian to learn what men have done and talked about, and his sacred duty to tell it with accuracy and impartiality. He is a gossip monger. His mission is to perpetuate facts, to condense, to crystalize and to transmit; to pare off the edges of incident and accident and to dovetail fragments in one historical mosaic. He's a middle-man; a go-between; at once separating and connecting two areas. He doesn't originate, he simply collects and moulds and disseminates.

With us twenty-five years nearly comprises our whole history and dates back almost to the foundation of our social and political fabric. This sketch is to be a brief record of the first twenty-five years of Chemeketa Lodge No. 1, I. O. O. F. The writer is to be charged for all deficiencies in plot and execution. Where it is deficient in detail of facts the responsibility must be divided between P. G. M., E. M. Barnum, from whose history of Oregon Odd Fellowship we have largely drawn, P. G., J. Henry Brown, to whom we are indebted for a synopsis of Chemeketa's first twenty years,—the fading recollections of some of the old members—and the dry and forbidding record books of the Lodge. The two first named sources we deem reliable. As for the older members they *think* and *believe* many things, but *know* much less of the early history of the Lodge than would be acceptable, while the minute books are but a desert waste of motions and resolves with only here and there a refreshing oasis of incident. In details, of more than passing and momentary interest they are poverty-stricken, and it would seem that nothing of permanent value was ever allowed

to go upon record. There are indications now and then of something beneath the surface, occasional ebullitions of wit and wrath, of eloquent appeal and charitable resolve, and here and there a curious commingling of the humorous, the practical and the sentimental, but in all these are only hints and inferences. The average secretary veils all important facts in obscure diction and dodges clear expression with the most provoking persistency.

THE EARLIEST RECORDED EFFORTS

To establish Odd Fellowship in Oregon occurred in 1846. There were, in that year, applications looking toward this end from Washington, from St. Louis and from Massachusetts, all having Oregon as the focal point. P. G. M., S. Y. Atlee, of Washington, D. C., was one who made application for this purpose to Thomas Sherlock who was then Grand Sire. Some brothers in St. Louis also applied for power to institute a lodge in that city and remove the same to some point in Oregon. Neither of these applications were granted. Early in the same year application was received from Gilbert Watson, P. G., of Massachusetts, for dispensation to establish a lodge in Oregon City on his arrival there. He represented that five Odd Fellows were in a party that was about to start for Oregon, and upon his representations he received a dispensation from the D. D. G. Sire, of Massachusetts, though this act was without warrant of law. The G. L. U. S., attempted, however, to legalize the act by afterward forwarding to Bro. Watson a new charter in the place of the one first given, and that year covered into its treasury \$30, to the credit of "Oregon City Lodge No. 1," an imaginary waif in Odd Fellowship that hasn't had an existence even to this day. Bro. Watson's party, for whom this dispensation was issued, sailed from Massachusetts in April, 1846, but never reached its destination. After a journey of thousands of miles down the Atlantic coast, passing around Cape Horn and up into the bosom of the Pacific, drifting with the winds and the waves, this little party finally found anchorage in Honolulu, of the Sandwich Islands, thousands of miles from the place of their destination. Their defective charter which was for a lodge in Oregon City and which was legalized by subsequent vote of the G. L. U. S. was the official nucleus around which was gathered the first lodge of Odd Fellows west of the Rocky Mountains.

Not in this Northwest State, but, by a singular chance, at Honolulu, away out in the waters of the Pacific, and there today in the hall of "Excelsior Lodge No. 1," is doubtless hanging that old charter which, but for ifs and circumstances, would be hanging today in the hall of "Oregon Lodge No. 3." Honolulu now claims it both by right of prescription and by formal vote of the G. L. U. S. If it hadn't been for stormy seas and the peculiar combination of circumstances which attended the long voyage of Bro. Watson's party, we would not have been here tonight and Odd Fellowship in Oregon would have been many days older. The Grand Lodge of the United States learning of this failure to transplant the Order into this territory, made several other efforts looking toward the same end, and their plans finally took form in the appointment of P. G., Alex. V. Frazer, of the District of Columbia, as a "special commissioner" to establish and supervise the Order in California and Oregon and in the islands of the

Pacific during the pleasure of the Grand Lodge. Bro. Frazer was sent out by the Government in that year to supervise the Revenue service on the Pacific coast. He was commissioned for his work as an Odd Fellow, as a Special Deputy Grand Sire of the Order, September 23, 1848. The discovery of gold in California so modified his duties as a Government Revenue officer that he never came to Oregon—another circumstance which had its weight in bringing us together tonight. By a somewhat singular coincidence Bro. Frazer did, however, visit Honolulu, and bearing a regularly-issued charter from the G. L. U. S., intended for "Oregon Lodge No. 1", he made use of it in placing "Excelsior Lodge No. 1", at that place upon a proper footing. From this time until 1850 nothing seems to have been done toward introducing the Order in Oregon. In the latter years there was a feeble effort made but it resulted in nothing. In 1851 the Odd Fellows of Salem and Portland began to canvass the matter of organizing subordinate lodges. In December of this year while the Territorial Legislature was holding its first session in the old University building and the Supreme Court was meeting in that imposing structure known as the Bennett house, notices were distributed by Bro. E. M. Barnum, now of Salt Lake City, inviting Odd Fellows to meet and discuss the question of organizing an Odd Fellows' lodge.

To this call Bros. E. M. Barnum, E. N. Cooke, Samuel E. May, A. W. Ferguson, C. S. Woodworth and J. R. Hardin responded, and on January 7, 1852, a strong petition for the establishment here of a subordinate lodge was forwarded to the G. L. U. S. While this petition was being considered by the powers that were, the petitioners were busy in preparing the swaddling cloths and in choosing an appropriate name for this new baby in Odd Fellowship. Chemeketa prairie was the name by which the site of Salem was formerly known and the name which was selected for this new lodge perpetuates the place of its birth. It was adopted at the suggestion of Dr. Wm. H. Wilson, the original proprietor of the town site of Salem, who gave us, and after whom is named the beautiful park known as Wilson's avenue. Chemeketa—the name selected—signifies in the Indian dialect, "the old home" or "the old camp". After various delays on the part of the petitioners in forwarding the cards, a warrant for "Chemeketa Lodge No. 1" was issued on the 16th of August, 1852, to P. G., E. M. Barnum, with special commission to open the lodge. The five brothers whose cards were duly forwarded and whose names appear in the original warrant are E. M. Barnum, E. N. Cooke, B. F. Harding, Cyrus S. Woodworth and Joel Palmer. A gloomy, dingy, garret-like room on the third floor of what was known as the "Rector building", a two and a half-story structure which yet stands across the street from and somewhat south of the Chemeketa hotel was fitted up as the first home of the lodge. After its session of the winter before, in the old University building, the Legislature had also taken quarters in this building and was occupying humble apartments on the second floor. In this old barn Oregon Odd Fellowship first saw the light of life.

Chemeketa Lodge was here instituted on December 6, 1852. Upon the first part of the first volume of the record books of the lodge under the heading "Salem, Oregon Territory, December 6, 1852", we read as follows: "In accordance with a charter for a subordinate lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows issued

by the G. L. U. S. to Bros. E. M. Barnum, E. N. Cooke, B. F. Harding, C. S. Woodworth and Joel Palmer, and by virtue of a warrant from the Grand Sire of the Grand Lodge, W. W. Moore, dated August 16, 1852, Special Deputy Grand Sire, E. M. Barnum, proceeded to institute at Salem, Marion county and Territory of Oregon, a subordinate lodge of Odd Fellows, to be known and hailed as "Chemeketa Lodge No. 1", I. O. O. F. The brothers named in the charter being all present, together with sundry other brothers, a lodge was opened in due form, the instituting officer, E. M. Barnum, in the N. G.'s chair, Bro. J. A. Ripperton in the V. G.'s chair, Bro. S. E. May, Secretary; Crawford Geddes, Guardian; and the same named as above, Chemeketa Lodge No. 1, with all the immunities, rights and privileges of a subordinate lodge of Odd Fellows. (Signed) E. M. Barnum." Under the same date follows this: "The brothers of Chemeketa Lodge met in their hall at Salem, pursuant to an appointment, by Special Deputy Grand Sire, E. M. Barnum, and the lodge having been duly opened by that officer in the N. G.'s chair, the members thereof proceeded to an election of officers to fill the first chairs of said lodge. The following brothers were thereupon chosen, to-wit: B. F. Harding, as N. G.; E. N. Cooke, as V. G.; C. S. Woodworth, as Secretary, and Joel Palmer, Treasurer. The Special Deputy Grand Sire, E. M. Barnum, then proceeded to install said elected officers into their respective chairs of the lodge. The following brothers were appointed to the Grand officers to assist in the installation, viz.: Bro. J. A. Ripperton, as Grand Warden; Samuel M. Black, Secretary; Luther Carey, Treasurer; Bro. Vineyard, Guardian; S. V. Miller, Marshal. * * * Bros. S. E. May and A. W. Ferguson were admitted on card. * * * Petitions for membership were received from I. N. Gilbert, C. P. Cooke, Milton Shannon, W. K. Leveridge, Al. Zieber and C. A. Reed. (Signed) C. S. Woodworth, Secretary."

With this the initiatory work was done, the entering wedge was driven, the Order was no longer a mere dream or hope but a reality, and Odd Fellowship in this small beginning attained a foothold in this northwest coast from which nothing can drive it in all the years to come. The second meeting of the lodge was held December 8, 1852, at which time C. A. Reed was introduced as an ancient Odd Fellow and Albert Zieber was received by initiation. He was the first initiated, and has for 25 years been a member in good standing in this lodge. The first prerequisite for the efficient working of a lodge is suitable regalia, and to supply this want the wives of our earliest members devoted their time and attention. In the year 1853 the lodge found in the hands of the widow of an Odd Fellow named Terry, who had died in crossing the plains from Wisconsin to Oregon, a set of lodge and encampment regalia and the working books of a subordinate lodge. How this Brother became possessed of these, and with what particular aim he brought them hither, is one of the unexplained mysteries. The lodge was now fully equipped and ready to begin the march upon which it has rounded out tonight a circuit of 25 years. Its experience on this 25 years' march has been varied and full of interest.

First let us treat of the domicil of the lodge in which it drew the first inspiration of life, from out which, as a radiating center, it has breathed its sweet perfume of benevolence and charity, and around which cluster all the sweetest memories connected

with its history. Its first home, as already announced, was in the dirty seclusion of what has long been a deserted garret in the "old Rector building", but toward the end of its first year the members began to discuss the propriety of securing a more commodious hall, and the minutes of September 3, 1853, tell us that eleven brothers on that evening contributed \$100 toward fitting up a new hall, which was ordered to be completed forthwith. This new hall was over what was then the store-room of Bros. George H. Jones and E. N. Cooke, in what was known as the "Headquarters building", which occupied the present site of Ladd & Bush's bank. The old building itself still stands on Commercial street, nearly two blocks north of its former location, opposite the "Starkey block". In December, 1857, the lodge moved into a building built by the Masons and the Protestant Methodists, since used as a school by the Sisters of the Catholic church, and now the asylum for the deaf and dumb. It is now in the heart of the city, but was then referred to as being "away out on the prairie, half way to Parish's". In May, 1858, the lodge appointed a committee to consider the question of building an I. O. O. F. hall, which reported favorably, and the lodge voted that subscriptions for stock should be solicited, and itself subscribed \$600; but in the meantime the plans were changed and the trustees were authorized to lease, at a yearly rental of \$250, a hall to be built by Joseph Holman. Bro. Samuel E. May was chosen to deliver the address at the coming dedication of the new hall, and on February 8, 1860, the lodge met for the first time in the hall where it has assembled weekly for the last 17 years. In 1865 the question of building a new hall was again broached and a committee considered the matter, but nothing tangible resulted.

In 1867 the lodge voted to incorporate itself with Anniversary Lodge and Willamette Encampment into an Odd Fellows' Hall Association, and to buy the "Headquarters" corner. At the next meeting "Starkey's block" was decided upon, but nothing further was done. In this year the lodge bought the two vacant lots west of the court house, with the design of erecting there a hall, but at the opening of the new year they were still found comfortably ensconced in their present hall, and just entering upon a new five-years' lease. In August, 1870, a committee was chosen to act with the Masons, to consider the subject of a new hall. It was decided that articles of incorporation should be filed. The capital stock was fixed at \$50,000, of which Chemeketa Lodge took \$6000, and the name fixed upon was the "Masonic and Odd Fellows' Building Association". A proposition was received for the sale of the "Mallory corner" and for what is now known as "Breyman's corner", but these efforts all fell still-born, and nothing more was done until October 22, 1873, when the present hall was again leased for an additional period of five years. In 1876 a proposition was received for the sale of the property belonging to the Wilson heirs, on State street. Shortly after a committee was appointed, with plenary powers, to "look up" all eligible sites for a hall in this city, and as a result the "Brey corner" at the intersection of Court and Commercial streets, was selected, and another hall association decided upon, with a capital stock fixed at \$30,000. This arrangement ended as brilliantly as all the rest; and the order has not to this day a hall which it can call its own. Our Odd Fellows' temple is yet to come. You will perhaps learn

more definitely of its location, of its dimensions, and of its peculiar style of architecture, from the analyst who is to write your semi-centennial sketch.

One of the first distinctive moves made by the lodge after it was once placed upon a firm footing, was the location and purchase of cemetery grounds. This was naturally in the direct line of its system of relief, which is one of Odd Fellowship's chief corner-stones. About July 10, 1854, Chemeketa Lodge, in conjunction with the Masons, bought for the sum of \$125 the five acres which now constitute the lower portion of the present cemetery grounds. In February, 1860, an additional purchase of 12½ acres was made. On December 4, 1854, a plat of the cemetery was presented in the lodge, and it was voted to accept the same and occupy the grounds in conjunction with the Masons, but on May 14, 1855, the Masonic fraternity withdrew from the partnership and their interest was purchased by Chemeketa Lodge. On May 5, 1859, the Grand Lodge of Oregon met at the hall of Chemeketa Lodge, and in conjunction with the lodge proceeded to the grounds, and, in the presence of a large concourse, dedicated what we now known as the "Odd Fellows' Rural Cemetery"—that silent city of the dead which is tenanted by so many of our departed friends, and which, as our final home, only awaits the coming of hundreds who, in the fulness of life, are now with us tonight. On March 21, 1853, a committee was appointed by the lodge to arrange for the funeral obsequies of Bro. Samuel R. Thurston, who had been our delegate in Congress, and who had died on shipboard, off Acapulco, on his return from Washington to this state. His was the first funeral ceremony performed under the auspices of the order in the territory, and was largely attended by Brothers from various points. Bro. Thurston was first buried just in the rear of where the new Methodist church now stands. On April 26, 1858, the anniversary of the order, his remains were removed to their present resting place in the cemetery, under the auspices of Chemeketa Lodge, assisted by sister lodges in the jurisdiction. The first death among the membership of Chemeketa Lodge was that of Bro. David C. Raymond, which occurred July 10, 1855. The death-roll of Chemeketa Lodge includes the names of Nathan M. McCartney, David Daggett, A. J. Riley, John B. Smith, Hez. Coffin, E. E. Wheeler, Daniel Strang, Charles Hoffesommer, John Zieber, J. Walt. Smith, L. S. Scoville, Gustavus Hines, J. A. McCracken, and lastly, Bro. A. B. Cosper, who died in February of the present year.

Chemeketa, after once feeling that her own footing was secure, and being actuated by a sort of missionary enterprise, soon began to do her part toward instituting other lodges, and her members have perhaps assisted, at least in part, in the institution of half the lodges in the jurisdiction. Bro. E. M. Barnum, one of Chemeketa's charter members, instituted at Portland on April 8, 1853, Samaritan Lodge No. 2, which now, with its membership of nearly 200, is the largest lodge in the jurisdiction. Following this, on December 31, 1853, was the organization of Oregon Lodge No. 3, at Oregon City. On July 26, 1854, Albany Lodge No. 4, was organized. On April 23, 1855, representatives were chosen by Chemeketa Lodge for a convention to be held in Salem on April 26 of that year, to petition the G. L. U. S. for a Territorial Grand Lodge. The petition of this convention was granted, and Thurs-

day, the 23d day of May, 1856, designated for the organization of such Grand Lodge at Oregon City. This Grand Lodge was composed of Chemeketa No. 1, Samaritan No. 2, Oregon No. 3, and Albany No. 4, and the aggregate membership of the order in the territory was then 114. The first preliminary session of the Grand Lodge began at Odd Fellows' hall, Oregon City, May 23, 1856, at which Bro. E. M. Barnum was chosen M. W. G. M. The organization was fully completed on the 10th of the following July. After this the order gradually enlarged its borders, Chemeketa doing her full share in the work. On March 7, 1866, Chemeketa appointed a committee to consider the question of building up a new lodge from its own ranks, and upon a favorable report the lodge consented, and Bros. P. L. Willis, A. J. Brown, J. W. Fisher, M. R. Cox, J. W. McAfee, H. Carpenter, A. C. Schwatka, Jos. A. Baker, A. L. Buckingham, Wm. England, B. F. Drake, T. McF. Patton, J. W. Smith, B. Strang, J. C. Brown and C. M. Cartwright were granted final cards for the purpose of organizing Anniversary Lodge No. 13. On the 8th of January, 1868, the hive again swarmed, and Bros. Jas. Garden, John Q. Wilson, A. L. Stinson, Harrison Smith, J. J. Shaw, L. S. Dyar, J. M. Scott, R. C. Halley, S. R. Woodbury, W. P. Murphy, G. W. Roland and L. J. Crawford were granted final cards for the purpose of organizing Olive Lodge No. 18. Chemeketa, at the time of the forming of Anniversary Lodge, numbered 102 members, the highest number to which she has attained at any one time. The whole number who have crossed her portals as initiates, as A. O. F. and by card has been 291. Her membership at the beginning of the present year—when the 61 lodges of Odd Fellows in the state numbered 2885—was 77. Her revenue, so far as reported up to this, her 25th anniversary, has been \$34,539.92.

Odd Fellowship is an educator and a friend of books, and after providing for the necessities of its existence and putting its agencies of relief in motion, Chemeketa Lodge began to arrange for the establishment of a library. As far back as 1856 arrangements were made for a reading room in connection with the lodge, and Bro. C. N. Terry was chosen Librarian. The history of this first effort is very obscure and cannot be detailed. What was known as the Odd Fellows' Library Association was organized in 1866. This association, however, was dissolved in 1869, and its books and other property thereupon became the property of the life members thereof. In 1871, through the persistent efforts of Bros. T. M. Gatch and J. J. Murphy, the association was reorganized and again placed in good working condition, the life members of the former association transferring their respective interests to the three lodges in this city. The Board of Trustees of this Library Association organized permanently February 9, 1872, by the election of J. H. Moores, President; A. L. Stinson, Vice President; J. J. Murphy, Secretary; and A. N. Gilbert, Treasurer. The expenses of the library are sustained by a tax upon each lodge of 50 cents per member per term. The library at present contains 1173 volumes of well selected works, to which additions are constantly being made, and an extensive assortment of the best newspapers and magazines. The well-filled shelves of the library furnish all the commentary that is needed in this connection.

Charity is one of the primary objects in the Odd Fellowship, and no history of it would be complete without some reference

to this matter. Our reports and record books, so dull in other respects, speak eloquently upon this point. One of the first recorded items which greets our eye in the old records is the granting of \$66 to the suffering widow of an Odd Fellow. Then there is a call from unfortunate brothers in Arkansas—a call from suffering Odd Fellows in the Southern States—another from Charleston, S. C.—another from sufferers in Kansas and Nebraska—a lodge donation of \$100 to destitute Odd Fellows in Chicago—a communication offering relief to sufferers from the great fire in Portland and a beautiful letter in response from Samaritan Lodge No. 2. These are but a few samples to show what Odd Fellows are doing every day and everywhere outside of their own peculiar home work. Complete data of the amount expended by Chemeketa Lodge in the way of relief cannot be obtained, with no report for the year ending June 30, '76, or for the last half of the present year, and with imperfect reports of other years, we find that Chemeketa Lodge has expended \$5731.00 in caring for the sick, in burying the dead and assisting the families of deceased brothers, taking no note of individual subscriptions and voluntary collections in the lodge room. In Dec., 1867, Bro. J. H. Wythe moved for the organization, in Chemeketa Lodge, of a "Life Association", which suggestion was referred to a committee of Brothers Wythe, Moores and Stinson, who reported a plan which was adopted by the lodge. It was based upon the principles of life insurance—was one of the best plans ever originated by Odd Fellowship for affording relief and ought to receive the hearty approval of every lodge in the jurisdiction. This plan, initiated by Chemeketa, was adopted by the Grand Lodge in 1868. In 1871 the Grand Secretary reported the association as having a membership of 334. In 1874 this was changed in the Grand Lodge to what is known as a "Widows' and Orphans' Relief Association"—whose general object is the same. Upon the death of a member of the association a tax of 50 cents is levied upon every member for the benefit of the family of the deceased. By report of the Grand Secretary for 1877, we find that it has paid out to widows and orphans in the last three years, upon 22 deaths, the sum of \$9632.50.

Aside from the features upon which we have already dwelt, there are various little historical scraps which perhaps deserve a passing mention under the head of "miscellany". The first public celebration of the Order in Oregon, which was indulged in by brothers from all parts of the territory, took place in Portland, under the auspices of Samaritan Lodge No. 2, April 26, 1853, at which time a creditable demonstration took place, closing with an oration at the Methodist church by Brother E. M. Barnum. On August 13, 1853, in the lodge room of Chemeketa No. 1, was organized the first Rebecca Degree Lodge in Oregon, at which time Mesdames Samuel R. Thurston (now Mrs. W. H. Odell), E. N. Cooke, C. A. Reed, S. E. May and J. A. Ripperton with several brothers, were initiated and Mrs. E. M. Barnum and Mrs. Wiley Kenyon appeared as visitors. In a social way, the members of Chemeketa seem to have excelled, and throughout all its history we find evidences of the popularity either of the principles it inculcated or of its individual members, in numerous delicate little favors coming from fair hands. To these, want of space will

not permit us to refer. On April 26, 1869, Chemeketa Lodge joined in a celebration at Salem of the 50th Anniversary of American Odd Fellowship in America, which was made general and participated in by nearly all the lodges in the jurisdiction. The 20th anniversary of this lodge was appropriately celebrated in its hall on the night of Dec. 6, 1872, at which time a short historical sketch was read by J. Henry Brown; speeches were made by the charter members present and others, and letters read from various absent brothers.

A long, long time ago—we hardly dare to give the date—Bro. J. A. Ripperton was married in the hall of Chemeketa Lodge to Miss Betty Kemp by the Warden in disguise, Bro. Chester N. Terry, the Probate Judge officiating. Bro. Ripperton, you know, is conspicuous as a man of few words, and of a strikingly modest and retiring deportment. He talks little, perhaps because he has little to say, and is bashful simply because he can't help it. That he is a man of more than ordinary firmness is evinced in his facing the trying ordeal of the marriage ceremony when coupled with the added terrors of hearing the sepulchral tone of a lodge warden in disguise, pronouncing the irrevocable edict that was to change his condition for life. And they do say that he has proved a model husband—that he never quarrels about getting up to build the fires. That he splits all the wood, and brings it in without a murmur, and that when he is sent for the meat he never loiters by the way, but makes it his sacred duty to bring it home direct. If he ever chews, or drinks, or swears, or gambles, he never mentions it to the wife of his bosom—such is his love of harmony and domestic concord. Of course, Mrs. R. is his perfect counterpart, and their married life has been one of perpetual and harmonious honeymoon. Who can doubt that Odd Fellowship has done it all.

Chemeketa Lodge claims in the person of Bro. F. G. Schwatka, who was initiated into the order at Cincinnati Jan. 20, 1836, the oldest Odd Fellow west of the Rocky Mountains. He is a father in this Western Israel of Odd Fellowship and yields to no one in his zealous attachment to the principles of the order and in the faithful performance of duties and attendance upon all stated meetings. He has been twice present at the session of the G.L.U.S. as a Grand Representative from this state. Now, having faithfully borne the burden and the heat of the day in responsible stations, he has retired to humbler and less onerous duties. He is now charged with a plenary supervision of the Odd Fellows' hall and library, and holds by right of prescription the chair of Outside Guardian for all the lodges in the city. He has perhaps repeated in his official capacity, the charge of the Outside Guardian a greater number of times than any other man on the continent. May he live to repeat that charge for 25 years to come, is the heartfelt wish of all orthodox Odd Fellows who know the man.

It has been noted as a gratifying and somewhat singular fact that all the charter members of Chemeketa Lodge are still living. We also have with us our first initiate and claim in Albert Zieber, now of Portland, but for 25 years a continuous member of this lodge, the oldest indigenous Odd Fellow in the jurisdiction. He's Chemeketa's oldest baby, and the flower of the family. Despite all the misgivings of Chemeketa's wet nurses as to whether they would ever be able to raise him, the experiment proved a success.

He has manfully baffled all the dangers of colic, of teething, of nettle rash and the other figurative infantile ailments, and today stands among us in all the panoply of a robust manhood. History is full of the names of great men who couldn't keep hotel. Chemeketa Lodge boasts in him a glorious exception. Remember the Clarendon—convenient of access from all the railroads and steamboat landings—all the choicest delicacies of the season—Terms \$2 a day. We will not attempt the biography of Bro. Zieber, for no biography is complete unless rounded out with an obituary and our subject will not permit such a suggestion, and we hope we may pass our semi-centennial without the necessity of writing his epitaph. May time with her caressing touches deal gently with him, and grant him the joyful experience of at least another 25 years in Odd Fellowship. With this ends our quarter centennial synopsis.

A synopsis of the workings of but one puny lodge in a grand army, or more properly a grand sanitary corps, that has in these United States paid out in the alleviation of suffering from 1830 to Dec. 31, 1875, the enormous sum of \$22,273,306.63. An ingenious brother has condensed the whole story in these words: "Every day 119 brothers are relieved by the beneficial system of Odd Fellowship (5 every hour); every day 15 widowed families have the light of comfort and cheerful abundance in their homes from the same source. Every 24 hours, 12 of our brethren are laid to rest beneath the sods of the valley, decently and in order with the rites of our fraternity; and every minute that Time makes on his dial, witnesses a draft on our treasures, for the benefit of those who suffer or mourn, of over \$3, more than \$4600 a day—\$1,690,000 per year." Such is Odd Fellowship and such are the figures which constitute its logic and its credentials. It deals in realities. It meets want with something more than mere sentiment. It is aggressive. It waits not for the extended hand, but extends its own. Taking the Good Samaritan who washed the wounds of the stranger as a type of his race, it is organized Samaritanism. It literally washes the wounds and comforts the heart, and sends the sufferer on his way rejoicing. In this field, and in its humble way Chemeketa Lodge has in all these years been an active element, and with unseen hands has done its work. She hasn't gone into the market places like the Pharisee, or heralded her charities from the house tops, but has done her work quietly and as an every day duty. For a quarter of a century she has been with and of you. The same year that witnessed the birth of this lodge saw the building of the first of your twelve churches. Salem was then a straggling village without a newspaper.

The Bennett house was then our chief caravansary and seat of justice; and the state capitol, and the Chemeketa hotel, and the opera house where we meet tonight, had not entered into the remotest conceptions of man. Banks and millinery stores were not, and there was then no fire department to enter as a disturbing element in the body politic. It was before the age of pull-backs and dolly vardens, or even hoops and shaker bonnets. Apples were \$12, and wheat \$6 per bushel. Flour sold at from \$28 to \$40 a barrel. Chickens sold at \$1.00 apiece, and were in ready market in S. F. at \$4. Steerage passage was \$40 instead of \$2.50. It was seven months journey overland, instead of seven days and

passage by way of the Isthmus was \$300 gold. Some of our greatest states were but sparsely settled territories. We had had no Civil War. We had no railroads, no telegraphs, no history. Slavery was a reality. Who was Grant, or Hayes, or Greeley? What was Lincoln, and where was the Emancipation Proclamation? How brief the space—how fruitful the history? Can the coming 25 years by any possibility match the past? In the face of all this, how humble appears the station of Chemeketa Lodge, yet she hath done what she could. Tonight on her 25th birthday she stands on what appears an exalted eminence, looking back on a mere fragment of time, and forward to an unknown eternity. The great bulk of her history—her inside history—her only real history—cannot be given, but it is written in grateful hearts, in individual impressions, and in forgotten deeds of charity to which no language can give shape, or form, or force. It has helped orphans you never heard of.

It has assisted widows in ways so unobtrusive that you never suspected it. There are unrecorded tears and smiles and boundings of the heart, remembrances of happy hours of delicate charities, of kindly offices, of sympathy, of comfort, of assistance rendered, purses replenished, hearts cheered, brothers helped in trial, brothers laid away to rest, widows succored, orphans educated, society benefited. This has been her work in times past, and this is to be her work in time to come. We little know where we may be thrown in the kaleidoscope of time. Twenty-five years ago saw here how many of these faces—twenty-five years hence will see how many? In these years almost a generation has passed away and those who remain are cheating the grave. Rosy cheeks have faded since then, the bright eye has dimmed, the merry laugh is cracked and strong limbs have palsied with age. The boy is a man, the man a feeble child again, and the aged have laid down to eternal rest. A new generation is advancing up the slope, and as the ceaseless years go by, new faces, new names, and new communities, with new aims, and new loves and new ambitions are ushering in new and successive eras. Death will come. Changes will come. The places which know it now may know it no more forever. The dismantling work of ruin may leave its trace—the musty smell of age may gather about; what was once prized may be given over to the bat, and the spider and the moping owls may claim the deserted tenements—yet even then, after the pall of death has clouded and change has enveloped all, the history already made by Chemeketa Lodge, humble as it is, will remain as a fragrant memory that will remain with us for generations yet to come.

ADDRESS UPON THE COMPLETION OF THE BUILDING OF THE FIRST M. E. CHURCH OF SALEM, OREGON

Macauley, in attesting the merits of certain histories, declared that the authors had pre-eminent qualifications in that they had "spoken history—acted history—lived history." This remark, which applies so well to a historical work of magnitude, applies with equal force to the simplest and shortest historical sketch. For most of the material facts in the sketch which is herewith presented, we are indebted to Rev. J. L. Parrish, who has for a generation been a central figure in the Methodist Episcopal congregation of Salem, and who has in all his relations to this church, so "spoken history—acted history—lived history"—as to be a competent authority in all matters relating to it. The history of our churches constitutes in a large degree the history of our whole society. The church is so completely interwoven with the various interests of society, that it appears prominently on almost every page of history. Some of the grandest, some of the sweetest, some of the most inspiring memories of our whole history cluster about the walls of our old churches. Old South Church, Christ Church, St. John's and the Old Foundry loom up as prominent landmarks, upon which the mind delights to dwell and ponder. The church penetrates every clime and every region. It goes to stay, to build up, to renew, to benefit society.

With your liberal 19th century views you may decry the bigotry and the narrowness of orthodoxy, but sound discretion accepts it for its solid substratum of truth and correct doctrine, rather than to give rein to license and communistic freedom. Experience proves it a better foundation upon which to build than the hazy speculations of the agnostic, and accepts the Bible, the hymn-book and a pair of saddle bags as better symbols of law and order and a better equipment for the law-giver and founder of society than any substitute that has ever yet been offered. Whether or not orthodoxy will pass muster and stand analysis the men who subscribe to it generally have a record for remarkably clear and correct ideas of government. Let them lay the foundation stones and few after formed vigilance committees are called upon to renovate society. License is checked, law is supreme, the courts command universal respect. As to Methodism there is something in it that specially adapts it to pioneer work. Where there are new fields to conquer—where nature is to be subdued—in the primary stages of this everlasting civilizing process which hammers off the edges and smoothes away the sharp corners of society you find the pioneers of Methodism leading the vanguard. The other divisions of the Christian church are fully as efficient in their particular fields, but here none are her equals, and she goes without a peer or a rival in the spirit of work and of progress to claim the ground in advance of all others. Methodism is still animated by the same old indomitable spirit that went boldly and successfully to accomplishment, through all the noise, the opposition and the violence of lawless mobs in Great Britain—the same spirit that crossed the Atlantic—that grounded itself on American shores—that marched with an irresistible sweep across the Alleghanies and down the valleys of the Mississippi and over the Sierras, into all the valleys and nooks, and corners of this great Pacific Coast.

The lives of the men who laid the foundations of this Church nearly 50 years ago in the State of Oregon were full of romance and adventure. The hardships and trials which they underwent in order to establish a footing here for the Church of their choice were greater perhaps than those undergone by any of their predecessors in other quarters of the globe, and in other eras of the history of this Church, which has done so much to ennoble mankind and spread the teachings of Christianity.

Commencing at the very foundation and considering the first impulse which resulted in the establishment of this Church in Oregon, the story is told that in 1832, four Flathead Indians came over the Rocky Mountains from this then almost unknown coast to St. Louis, asking for the "Christian's Book and the White Man's God." A notice of this interesting incident was published in the New York Advocate and Journal in 1833, and at once produced wide interest throughout the Atlantic states, and a widespread desire to meet their wishes. During the agitation of the subject, Rev. Dr. Fisk corresponded with Rev. Jason Lee of Stanstead, Canada, who had formerly been his pupil in Wilbraham, to ascertain if he would undertake the superintending of an Indian mission west of the Rocky Mountains. Lee was at that time engaged in an Indian mission in Canada. He at once acceded to Dr. Fisk's proposition, and was duly appointed superintendent of the Oregon mission on the recommendation of the board of managers of the missionary society of the M. E. Church.

In June, 1833, Lee repaired to Boston. In the following August, Rev. Daniel Lee was appointed to labor in the same field. Cyrus Shepherd, a lay member, was also engaged. In March, 1834, the party left New England for the West. Arriving in Missouri, P. L. Edwards, a lay member, joined the party. After varied experiences and hardships, these men reached Vancouver on September 15th and there slept for the first time in 152 nights under a roof. After only two days rest, they left Vancouver and started out to explore the Willamette Valley, to make observations relative to the best location for the proposed mission, this valley having been strongly recommended by Dr. John McLaughlin and other Vancouver gentlemen. They landed on the mission premises, about ten miles north of Salem, on October 6th, 1834, and immediately began the erection of a house, and entered upon their work. A second company sailed from Boston in July, 1836, and went by way of Sandwich Islands, entering the mouth of the Columbia in May, 1837. These were Dr. Elijah White and wife, Alanson Beers and wife, Misses Anna Maria Pitman, Susan Downing and Elvira Johnson and W. H. Wilson. On September 20th, 1837, Rev. David Leslie and family with others, arrived at the mission from Boston. The largest of these earlier reinforcements, however, a party consisting of 52 persons, left New York on the evening of the 9th day of October, 1839, on the ship Lausanne, bound for a voyage to Oregon via Cape Horn. This company was organized by Jason Lee, who had returned East from Oregon in the year 1838. It was composed of persons from a half dozen different states, and included seven ministers intending to enter upon missionary work in Oregon. Their departure from New York was a notable occasion, and their "Farewell Meeting," held on October 3rd, 1839, was an event never to be forgotten by the great throng that was present. A programme of the eve-

ning's exercises is preserved by Rev. J. L. Parrish, who was one of the party, as a priceless souvenir. We give it as nearly entire as possible, omitting only the Missionary hymn, which is printed in full:

ORDER OF EXERCISES
FAREWELL MEETING OF THE
MISSION FAMILY FOR OREGON
IN THE

M. E. CHURCH, GREEN ST.
ON THURSDAY EVE., OCT. 3, 1839.

"Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world, Amen". Matt. XXVIII, V. 19, 20.

The chair will be taken at 7 o'clock by the Rev. Dr. Bangs.
Francis Hall and G. P. Disosway, secretaries.

1. Reading of the XXXV Chapter of Isaiah, by Rev. J. Lindsey.
"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose," etc.

2. Prayer.

3. Heber's Missionary Hymn.

4. The names of the Mission Family will be read by the Secretary and the family introduced to the meeting.

5. Addresses from the Missionaries.

6. Address by the Rev. Robert Adler, D. D., of London.

7. Collection.

8. Charge to the Missionaries by the Chairman.

The following constitute the Mission Family, about to sail for the Oregon Mission, in the ship *Lausanne*, Capt. Josiah Spaulding: Rev. Jason Lee and wife, of New England Conference; Rev. J. H. Frost, wife and one child, New York Conference; Rev. Gustavus Hines, wife and one child, Genessee Conference; Rev. William H. Kone and wife, North Carolina Conference; Rev. Alvan F. Waller, wife and two children, Genessee Conference; Rev. J. F. Richmond, M. D., wife and four children, Illinois Conference; Mr. Ira L. Babcock, physician, wife and one child, New York; Mr. George Abernethy, missionary steward, wife and two children, New York; Mr. William W. Raymond, farmer, and wife, Balston, Spa.; Mr. Henry B. Brewer, farmer, and wife; Mr. Lewis H. Judson, cabinet maker, wife and three children; Mr. Josiah L. Parrish, blacksmith, wife and three children; Mr. James Alley, carpenter; Mr. Hamilton Campbell, carpenter, wife and child, Springfield; Miss Maria T. Ware, teacher, Lowell; Miss Chloe A. Clark, teacher, Springfield; Miss Elmira Phillips, teacher, Springfield; Miss Almira Phelps, teacher, Springfield; Miss Orpha Lanckton, stewardess, Hartford; Thomas Adams, Indian boy.

9. Doxology.

10. Benediction.

This "Missionary Family", when it left New York, was just entering upon a long and tedious voyage of eight months, with little to vary its tiresome monotony. On October 25th, 1839, the company celebrated the Centenary of Methodism on shipboard, listened to a sermon preached by Rev. Gustavus Hines, and took up the usual Methodist collection, which on this occasion amount-

ed to \$650. This money was to be used "for the moral elevation of Indians west of the Rocky Mountains," and was, perhaps, the first collection ever "taken up" in the congregation of the Salem Methodist Church, for this was the nucleus around which this Church subsequently gathered. The "Mission Family" landed at Vancouver, Washington, June 1st, 1840. Its arrival at the mission premises a short time later was gladly welcomed. In the years previous to their arrival, Mr. Lee and his assistants had been preaching to a motley congregation, mostly Indians, with a few whites, including his immediate assistants, and various stragglers who had from time to time gathered in from the Rocky Mountains, from California, and from vessels which at long intervals entered the Columbia. An addition had been built to the house erected for the mission families, which was used both for school and church purposes. This was the first Methodist "meeting house" on the Pacific coast, as it was the first Christian organization in the Oregon territory, and the first Protestant church west of the Rocky Mountains. The location of this mission station, proving to be unhealthy, and being otherwise disadvantageous, Mr. Lee, as superintendent, in June or July of the year 1841, decided to remove it to Chemeketa, now Salem. The building, known as "Oregon Institute," the first building erected on what is now known as the Willamette University campus, was begun in 1841, and was first occupied in the summer of 1842. The chapel of this building was occupied for church purposes until 1852. About the time of the removal of the school to Salem, Mr. Lee was superseded by Rev. George Gary, and thereafter his name does not so frequently appear in connection with the Church, though it is indissolubly connected with its earliest history. Jason Lee is described by Mr. Parrish as "a stout man, 6 feet 3 inches in height, well proportioned, of large and bony frame, having the strength of two ordinary men, yet rather frail despite his giant frame." He was a man of fair education, a forcible talker, and of deep piety, and is pronounced by one of his co-laborers to have been "one of the best men that ever graced the state of Oregon." After having crossed and re-crossed the Rocky Mountains and having sailed around the Horn, and once by way of the Sandwich Islands and the Isthmus, and encountered almost every form of physical danger, he was permitted at last to die among friends and kindred at his old home in Canada.

This Church at the time of its organization in 1841 consisted of Rev. Jason Lee and wife, Rev. L. H. Judson and wife, H. Campbell and wife, Rev. James Olley and wife, Joseph Holman and wife, Rev. Gustavus Hines, and wife, and Webley Hauxhurst, the first white man converted through the labors of the missionaries. Rev. David Leslie was its first pastor. In the spring of 1842 Rev. Gustavus Hines was appointed superintendent of the Mission school. In 1843, Mr. Leslie, with the care of all the societies in the Willamette Valley, again assumed the pastorate and probably retained it until 1847. One of the first cares of the congregation was the selection of a suitable ground for the burial of their dead. The first burials were made at the old mission. After the removal to Salem, a location near the present site of the Kinney flouring mills was selected, and it was here that Mrs. Jason Lee was first buried. The bodies of many of the old members of the congregation still repose there. Some interments were made near

where the O. and C. R. R. passenger depot now stands. What are now known as the Mission burial grounds, near the Orphans' home, were finally selected and donated by the Rev. J. L. Parrish and his wife for the purposes to which they have since been sacred. Here Mr. Lee's old companion, Cyrus Shepherd, was finally buried, as well as the wives of Jason Lee and others well known in the early history of the church.

In the year 1847 Rev. J. H. Wilbur and Wm. S. Roberts came to Oregon to succeed Mr. Gary, who, a short time later left the state. From 1846 to 1853 the church was under the ministrations of Revs. Wm. Roberts, J. H. Wilbur, David Leslie, Thomas H. Pearue and F. S. Hoyt. During the succeeding years the following have been pastors of the church: Revs. John Flinn and A. F. Waller in 1853; Rev. Gustavus Hines in 1854-55; Rev. W. S. Lewis, 1857; Rev. J. W. Hines, 1858-59; Rev. E. Arnold, 1860; Rev. David Rutledge, 1861-62; Rev. Isaac Dillon, 1863-64-65; Rev. J. H. Wythe, 1866-67; Rev. C. C. Stratton, 1868-69; Rev. J. H. Wilbur, 1870; Rev. L. M. Nickerson, 1871; Rev. Stephen Bowers, 1872; Rev. William McPheeters, 1873; Rev. Philip M. Starr, 1874; Rev. H. M. Sexton, 1875; Rev. F. P. Tower, 1876-77-78.

The membership of the church has fluctuated with the many changes that have taken place in the community since its foundation. From the years 1866 to 1870 the membership was between three hundred and four hundred. At the present time it is somewhat less. With the church there has always been connected a flourishing Sunday school. Since 1863 the following named persons have acted as superintendents in the order named, viz.: Rev. P. S. Knight, F. H. Grubbs, Thomas H. Crawford, L. S. Dyar, J. K. Gill, Joseph Hoberg, C. H. Hall, L. Cheesbrough, Prof. T. M. Gatch and Geo. P. Litchfield. In 1857, during the pastorate of W. S. Lewis, the school was reported as having 11 teachers, 121 pupils and a library of 488 volumes. In 1861 Hon. J. S. Smith subscribed \$100 for a Sunday school library. Other subscriptions increased this amount to \$312, with which a library of 1200 volumes was secured, of which Prof. Gatch had charge as librarian. At this time the school had an attendance of 258. In 1867, according to the report of John H. Albert, secretary, the Sunday school had on its rolls 486 teachers and scholars, with an average attendance of 235. At the present time, owing to the organization of other schools in the city, the attendance is somewhat less.

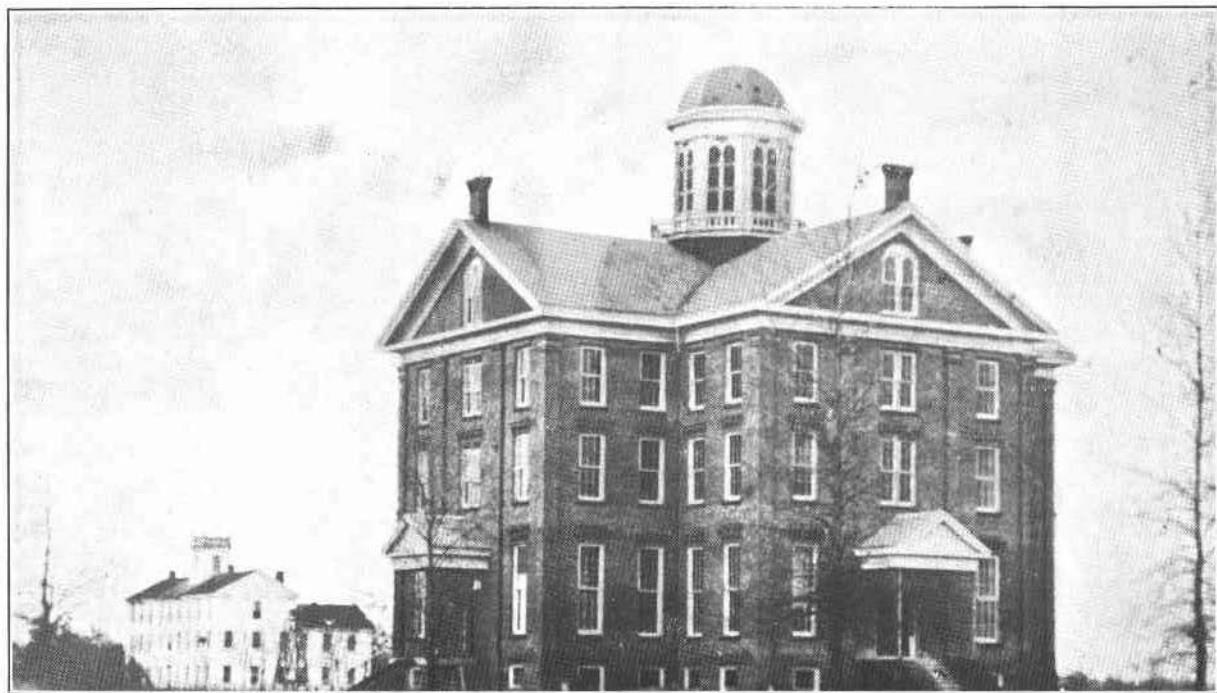
In 1850, after having occupied the chapel of the University as a place of worship for several years, the congregation determined to build a church. At that time Rev. A. F. Waller was the presiding elder of this district. He first set in motion this new movement, circulated subscription papers, let the contract, and superintended the building of the church. The probable cost of the edifice was eight or ten thousand dollars, much of the work upon it being done by the ministers themselves, and different members of the congregation. This building was occupied as a house of worship for nearly twenty-five years. In the succeeding years, as the population of the community increased, the membership of the church was greatly enlarged and the plans for building a larger and more commodious church were broached. These plans took definite shape in 1868 when Chaplain C. C. McCabe visited Salem in company with Bishop Ames. The efforts

of Chaplain McCabe were seconded by Father Waller, who had built the old church and the new University building, and who lived to see this new temple erected and enclosed before he died. The cornerstone of this new church was laid in October, 1871. Upon the death of Father Waller, the work of finishing the church was taken up by Rev. J. H. Rook, who was in time succeeded by the present pastor, Rev. F. P. Tower, to whom is to be awarded the credit of finally completing the structure. The total cost of the church has been about \$40,000. It has seating capacity for nearly one thousand persons and is pronounced to be the finest, the largest and the most commodious house of worship belonging to the M. E. Church on the Pacific coast.

In these lines we have briefly traversed the history of this church, old as we reckon time, but encompassed within the brief space of less than half a century. In this time it has spread its roots through every community on this Pacific Coast, and borne fruit in every society under this blue western sky. It has gradually changed its pioneer character and today finds itself facing new responsibilities and new duties begotten of a total change in the aspect of society. This new church building, standing today in its magnificent beauty, a completed structure, with every nail driven, with every cornice rounded, with every appendage complete, indicates the prevalent spirit of a new age. This society is now moulded. This community has acquired a fixedness of character. In the wonderful changes of the past 45 years this church has, visible and invisible, been a potent agent. The household of the Mayflower gave a character to New England society whose bold trace is visible to this day. The Plymouth Rock of the Pacific, is the old Mission station on the Willamette—the birth place of this church—where Protestant Christianity on this coast had its first inception. These nineteenth century Methodist Brewsters and Bradfords, leaving the comforts of home and facing the perils of a wilderness, not to find a religious asylum, but to found a religious empire, displayed here a heroism that was not transcended by that of the old Puritans as they left the harbor of Delft Haven with the parting benediction of old John Robinson. It was the display of a rare moral heroism—a heroism which Dr. Johnson commended as superior to the mere physical courage which fills armies at a call, and leads hundreds of thousands impelled by the hope of glory and reward to go down to the carnage of battle.

The work of these men will remain as a permanent contribution to the history of Oregon. Memories of Jason Lee, the leading and central figure of your pioneer history, of Hines as the historian of Oregon Methodism, and of those two boon companions, Father Wilbur, the splendid executive, and Wm. Roberts, the polished and eloquent scholar, will remain as a constant inspiration in all the coming days. There yet remain among you many who will never forget the figure and the flowing white locks of that old Methodist patriarch, Father Leslie, and many whose privilege it was to come into personal contact with Father Waller, builder of church and school, and genial, persuasive, and persistent solicitor for the wherewithal with which to carry on the work to which his whole life was dedicated. Let the names of these men be engraved not only upon the tablets of memory, but let them shine forth in golden letters from the material walls

of your new temple, as a constant suggestion of their lives and their work. To these should be added the names of Beers, Hauxhurst and Waldo, of Craft and Boon and Watt, and all their conspicuous colaborers in the ministry and the laity, and those active and efficient hand maidens of the church, who, if not prominent in its business councils were often its best stay and support in critical crises where womanly work and womanly counsel were demanded. In some central space should appear the name of almost the last one of this congregation to lay off the habiliments of this world to put on the robes of eternal life, the name of Fiske—alumnus of Brown and of Harvard—quaint, genial, versatile, student, physician, artist and scholar. The individual records of these men and women constitute the composite record of the church. That record for almost 50 years has already been made. It can never be recalled. It constitutes but one chapter in the past history of this coast. The mission of the pioneer has practically ended. We are now facing new and more complex conditions. The fact that this church has successfully faced the conditions of its pioneer days gives assurance that it will successfully face the problems of the future. May its influence continue to widen and increase with all the coming years. May it stamp its record upon this community in characters so indellible that all the waves of time shall not efface it. May all of its future history be brilliant and effective. May its young men grow up as the strengthening pillars of this commonwealth. May its old men be trusted as its guiding counsellors, and may its women continue to adorn society and to strengthen the agencies of the church with all the sweet influences of a pure womanhood. May this new temple ever stand as a symbol of law, and of order and of an undefiled religion, and as it gathers age, and becomes historic with antique traditions, may it stand in all its wealth of years and traditions, a worthy monument to the labors of its founders, and reflect eternal credit upon those brave men who crossed a trackless continent and faced the terrors of the seas to lay here upon these shores the foundations of a great church and a great commercial empire.



OREGON INSTITUTE AND WALLER HALL.
IN 1868

ADDRESS AT PRINTERS' PICNIC AT SALEM, OREGON,
JUNE 24, 1881

The young man who stands before you on this occasion has been asked by a committee of citizens and printers to extend to you a cordial welcome to take part in the festivities of the day. He has been given *carte blanche*, limited only by the suggestion that an address of 15 minutes will meet all requirements. This limitation will doubtless meet your enthusiastic endorsement. Given what is apparently a dual task, we appear in a dual capacity. This has been heralded as a "printers' picnic" and yet your formal welcome is to come from a mere citizen. Marion Square has been dedicated to your use for the day by the City Council, but this is a "printers' picnic," and to make a welcoming host out of a citizen who is not a printer is certainly out of the usual order. But why waste your time in veiled apology and refined distinctions? We are here for a good time. Let us "go to it."

Although we have perhaps set as many type in our day and generation as General Odell or Frank E. Hodgkin, and are as competent to do the circular work of the press room—in everything save the very important element of muscle—as our friends Tom Davis and Hi Gorman, we could not today tell you the points of difference between a Hoe or a Gordon press and a steam engine or tell a galley from an *em quadrat*. The "devil" is the only fixture about the printing office about whom we feel competent to speak from intimate personal association.

The brief space to which we are limited will barely permit us to allude to the history of printing or of printers, or advert to their relation to society either individually or as a craft. You do not want depth at a picnic—you do not want moralizing—you do not want religion, or philosophy, or politics. You have human nature enough to require that what is denominated in the plays bills as the opening address shall be characterized by brevity and be of the free and easy, float, and soda pop sort, such as comports with the characteristic exercises of the day. Those who require anything else demand that which we have neither the ability nor the disposition to furnish. Perhaps it would be our best plan to briefly review the history of the printing press and determine in some superficial way by what process of evolution the full-fledged printer of the present day was brought up to his present standard and from what sort of a protoplasm arose that abstract power, which we call the press, which moulds the thoughts of men and through them rules the world. Accustomed as we are to look upon the newspaper as a matter of course and the compositor as a necessary evil, we can conceive of nothing that would so startle mankind or so revolutionize society as the blotting out of the printing press and the newspaper, and yet for thousands of years these were matters which seem not to have entered into the remotest conception of man, and they are luxuries which have been enjoyed to the fullest extent only within the past one hundred years. It appears of record that the despised Chinaman adopted the principle of the printing press in the engraved tablets which he made use of centuries before its discovery by the Caucasian world.

Accepting this bit of history, it would appear that Faust and Gutenberg must yield their places as fathers of the Craft, by giv-

ing way to some defunct Chinaman, whose place of burial is unknown, and whose body went back to the dust of the Celestial Kingdom from whence it came centuries ago.

The bricks from the ruins of Egypt and Assyria are stamped with characters by something in which must have been embodied the original principles of the printing press. There are similar evidences found among other ancient ruins but the printing press proper had its origin about the middle of the 15th century. According to good authority the first man who deliberately made up his mind to bury all of his early aspirations in a job office was John Faust. The report current that E. M. Waite learned his trade in Faust's office is apochryphal. Waite was not born until the early part of the 16th century—nearly 50 years later. Faust was believed by the superstitious people of his day to have sold himself to the devil. The copies of the Bible which he offered for sale to the public had such a mysterious origin were evidently done by so accomplished a penman and the manuscripts were so remarkably similar that collusion with Satan was evident and the smell of brimstone was on every leaf.

It seems that the idea of movable types did not occur to our first printers for many years. Lawrence Coster, it is claimed, was the first inventor of movable types. Harlem, Mentz and Strasbourg claim the honor of the birth place of printing. Coster, however, lived at Harlem, Faust was his workman, and stole his art, and his type, and entered into a co-partnership with Guttenburg. Others claim that Guttenberg was an independent and original inventor of movable type at Strasbourg, and that he afterwards removed to Metz and engaged in business with Faust. For a while all their type were carved. Peter Schoeffer, however, one of the workmen in the office of Guttenburg and Faust, originated the idea of casting the type in a mould.

We cannot upon this occasion follow further the history of these parties. It is sufficient to know that Schoeffer afterwards received Faust's daughter in marriage; that Guttenburg and Faust dissolved partnership and that their workmen finally smuggled the secret of the printing press out of their office into all the cities of Europe. In 1455 the first book ever published was brought out by Guttenburg and Faust.

Printing was introduced into London by William Caxton in 1471. A few years previous to that date John De Shira and Christopher Valdafor of Venice manufactured the first printing presses. The press invented by them was a simple contrivance deriving pressure from a screw, on the principle of the cider press of the present day.

Before the year 1500, printing presses were set up in two hundred and twenty places in Europe. The first books printed after the Bible were the Greek and Latin authors, and an edition of 200 or 300 copies was considered remarkably large. For three centuries this cheap contrivance—a mere excuse for a printing press—was not improved upon. Ben Franklin used the same kind in Boston, in London, in Philadelphia, as apprentice, as journeyman, as proprietor, and never saw a better one, as his old press now on exhibition in the patent office at Washington will bear witness. It is said that no better press than that was brought to California before the year 1849, and that the Alta California and other pioneer Pacific Coast papers were printed upon a press

essentially the same as that introduced in Europe in 1470, and that in many places in South America no better press is used to this day. The press of this kind was first introduced into America at Cambridge, Mass., in 1639. The first improvement in the hand press was made in 1815 by Earl Stanhope. This improvement consisted principally in building the press of iron instead of wood. Walter, the proprietor of the London Times, was compelled formerly in order to issue his regular daily editions, to have four distinct presses, to have his paper set up four different times, and to employ four times the number of compositors that he would have had in case his press had been capable of the rapid work done at the present day. To him the idea of steam power in operating his press occurred, and in spite of the threats and opposition of his employees he finally put his thoughts into execution, and on November 27, 1814, that paper was run off by steam for the first time. In this way he was able to decrease his force and yet meet the wants of his large circulation. The singular effect of the application of this power has been to increase the number of journals published. It is an historic fact that there were more journals published in London in 1820 than there are today, although the total aggregate newspaper circulation is now much greater. This mere glimpse of newspaper history is all that this occasion will allow. We simply have the privilege here of suggesting thoughts upon these interesting topics, without any attempt to exhaust a single branch of the subject. The printing press, the newspaper, the type setter, the editor—all suggest a boundless range of thoughts, to which there is no limit. The editor and the type setter of our day are doubtless fashioned after the pattern of the editors and type setters that beset the world from the days of Faust to Franklin. There were doubtless "Long Primer Halls," and Craigs and Waites, and Goods, and Cornells and Dunbars in those days, as in this. There is something about the presence of the man who breathes from day to day the air of a printing office—an impress—that indicates his trade. If a compositor, he has the inky look and the inky scent of the type he handles. If a driver of the quill, he carries about the inevitable note book and the cadaverous, far away, poverty-stricken cast of countenance that is always suggestive of a weary brain and an empty purse and stomach. You are likely to be oppressed, if you are nervous, or at all sensitive, with the shape of the man, his ill-fitting clothes, his cheek, his irresistible pertinacity, and his infernal ubiquity, and you are likely to moralize upon what could have been the design of Providence in the creation of the journalist. We cannot upon this occasion consider this topic, and determine by what hidden design we have him among us. It is enough for us to know that we have him on our hands, and there is a degree of consolation in the thought that as he has chosen to keep the company of the "devil" in this world, it is hardly probable that they will be separated in the next. With all his faults we must confess we love him still.

The veteran compositor and journalist, oldest in service in Oregon, is Asahel Bush, who has been a stranger to the case for so many years, that to many of this generation he is not known as an old "print." But though no longer an habitue of the printing office, he prides himself upon his years of service as a compositor, both in the Eastern States and in Oregon, and has doubt-

less done as good service in his day as any printer in the State. In 1850 Samuel R. Thurston, then our delegate in Congress, secured a press in the East, with the design of establishing a newspaper in Oregon. Upon his return home from the East Mr. Thurston died, and the press was purchased by Mr. Bush, who came to Oregon the preceding fall, of Mrs. Thurston, who is now the wife of Gen. Odell, editor and publisher of the *Statesman*. With this press Mr. Bush, in March, 1851, immediately began the publication of the *Oregon Statesman*, which is, with the exception of the *Oregonian*, which was founded in December, 1850, the oldest paper in Oregon. Mr. Bush was for years the Territorial Printer, and as the editor of the *Statesman* was the political autocrat of this whole northwest coast, the head of the Democratic party, and the maker and the breaker of the fortunes of Democratic politicians. Here he laid the foundation of his fortune, and though as banker he might now be able to buy out every newspaper and job office in the State, he looks back with pride and satisfaction to his years of service at the case as an humble compositor. The bankers, however, who have seen service in a newspaper office are, as we all know, few and far between. Conspicuous among those who never owned a bank we might name E. O. Norton, the newspaper fiend of the *Vidette*, against whom all of us entertain a special grudge for the way with which he always persuades us to subscribe for all of his newspaper ventures just because it's Norton. All the blonde and blue-eyed damsels in the country, who read his love stories in the *Vidette*, would go into mourning if we should raise a mob and lynch him as he deserves. Walter Moss is considered a monstrous bad fellow, yet there isn't one of the boys who wouldn't give his last dollar rather than miss his regular weekly dose of *Mercury*.

We all of us abuse Charley Watts, but have you ever reflected what an aching void there would be if he were suddenly called, by some inscrutable Providence, to the enjoyments of a better world. And E. M. Wait! Think of the character of that man!! In early life he was a horseman and used to bet his bottom dollar in all the horse races in the country, and yet the necessities of the job office require us to suffer daily the evil effects of his presence and example. D. W. Craig we abuse as a recluse and a book-worm. Let us learn to tolerate him for the sake of what he knows, and for that refreshing faculty he has of keeping his mouth shut and attending to his own business in this world of gabble and intermeddlers. According to Harvey Scott and the Investigating Committee, Mart V. Brown and Tony Noltner had entirely too "fat" a "take" in the state printing, but the rank and file of the democracy in Linn and Multnomah still swear by them. According to the stalwart wing of the republican party Harvey Scott is a Dolly Varden, and a "fleshliest incubus," but the Oregon "halfbreeds" accept his editorials as law and gospel. S. A. Clarke has, perhaps, in his career as a journalist, during the last twenty-five years, given and taken more abuse than any other man in the state, but he is regarded today as an oracle by the grangers of Oregon. We cannot array before you the whole Craft, but every man is distinguished by some peculiar vice and versatile depravity. What a rogues' gallery we could establish with Himestheprinter, with Hand, Ireland, Moreland, Michell, Baltimore, Cornell, Billy Boone, Jerry Coldwell, Conover, Algion

Binks Mauzey, Hembree, Good, Dunbar, Brown, the Alexanders, Dorris, Snyder, Keller, Bowden, Munkers, Godfrey, Stinson, Fiske and the rest, with those two renegade printers, Jule Stratton and Pete D'Arcy in the foreground. Look at 'em—scarcely a dollar or clean shirt in the crowd! A regiment of hungry brothers whose presence in a community is comparable only to the locusts and the lice of Egypt. And yet we bear with them—pariahs as they are—pity their infirmities; forgive their manifold transgressions; give 'em our old clothes; divide our beer tickets with 'em; and without the espionage of an officer allow them the freedom of the country and all the customary privileges of an American citizen. Like the Jews and the gypsies they are a people unto themselves, and they swarm upon all our borders. Issue an edict of banishment against them today, and where would the American people be tomorrow night? Tonight you will miss the familiar face of the Town Talk, and tomorrow you will search your front yards in vain for the *Statesman*, and this whole community will be "out of sorts" for twenty-four hours. You are willing to forego, occasionally, your morning cup of coffee or your evening cup of tea, but your daily newspaper has become one of the necessities of life. Such is the appetite begotten by that modest little discovery made by Guttenberg and Faust four hundred years ago.

What a marked change has been wrought in the views and conditions of society since those good old days when Ben Franklin's practical mother-in-law expressed her fears that he would starve to death in his newspaper venture, because there were already two other newspapers published in the United States. Today the newspapers of the country are numbered by tens of thousands, and newspaper men are starving to death all over the country. From morning till night, and from night till morning again, the click, click, click of the type is heard in perpetual succession about the globe. An immense and tireless array of printers is at work at its cases, setting and assorting type without a break during every hour of the twenty-four. In London, in Constantinople, in New York, in Bombay, from Alaska to the cities and hamlets of Central and South America, the task of the printer is never done. A hundred years ago this was an almost unknown industry; today it covers the globe. Then a mere pittance was invested in the work, today our newspaper buildings are among the finest architectural ornaments of our great cities, and a *Chicago Tribune* can afford at the cost of \$10,000 to furnish in a single daily issue a complete edition of the Revised New Testament, while the ordinary annual running expenses of our great dailies amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars. A few generations ago a single copy of the Bible was worth a fortune; today you can purchase a play of Shakespeare in pamphlet edition, printed in clear type, for a three cent stamp. What was in those days an unattainable luxury has become an almost absolute necessity. It is a somewhat singular item of history that the first use of the invention of printing was in the manufacture of Bibles and playing cards, and this illustrates in a very striking way the inconsistent and impartial character which has ever since marked the history of the printing press, which, Proteus-like, can change its character, shape and opinions every twenty-four hours, and is the only thing known that can outrun the conscience of the average American politician. It is a sort of mechanical chameleon,

or paradox if you please, alternately independent and subservient, sectarian and non-sectarian, partisan and non-partisan. To-day for Grant, tomorrow anti-Grant. Today for Garfield, tomorrow for Conkling. Favoring Republicanism, Democracy, or the inflation of currency, just as the editorial head determines. Now printing the *Ladies' Repository*, now the *Police Gazette*, now preaching philosophy, now writing Spring poetry; preaching religion today and infidelity tomorrow, here a lecture by Ingersoll, there a sermon by Beecher. It builds up men and parties, and pulls them down at will.

The press is a mighty barometer that indicates the condition of the public pulse—it is more—it is rather the regulator than the mere indicator of public opinion. The majority of men look upon it as a guide, and implicitly depend upon the journalist for their opinions on almost every topic. He is esteemed a greater necessity than the tailor or family grocer. To us of this day can any more desolate condition in life be imagined than that of the man who cannot read? With all that wealth of papers and books with which we of the present generation are blessed, he is the only man who can not find in them a genial companion in his loneliest hours. Who that knows the luxury of a good book, of the monthly magazine, of the weekly and the daily paper, would not rather lose any one of the five senses than to be cut off from this perpetually flowing fountain of enjoyment? Without the press, where would be your modern ideas of religion, of morals, of politics? What incentive would Morse have had for the building of his telegraph, or Cyrus Field for the laying of his ocean cable? Half of the industries of the day owe their existence to the invention of the printing press. The farmer boasts that he is the foundation stone of society, and there is an element of truth in it, yet who more eagerly scans the market reports of our daily and weekly press? Agriculture has enlarged its bounds many fold as the direct result of this invention. Through it, remedies of the physician reach the masses, that would come to them by no other way. It has immensely widened the field of the Bar, and the Gospel has been and is preached through the press to hundreds of thousands who never receive it in any other way.

It is only by these reflections that we can appreciate what a debt of gratitude we owe to the printer, that miserable victim, on every other day of the year but this, to late hours, to poor beer, and to bad manuscript. As you sit down to your morning meal or sip your tea in the evening over the daily dispatches, how many thoughts do you devote to those whom we are now dedicating this day and occasion? These men have made journalism a distinct profession; they have made typesetting one of the great trades; they have built up the telegraph, making its operation at once possible and successful; they have brought all points of the world together; their work is the burden of our mails, the light of our firesides, the companion of the man in his lonely mountain cabin, and the topic of discussion in all of the offices and workshops and counting rooms of our great cities. Every literary programme, every notice of a society reception, every "fly," every illuminated poster, every deck of playing cards, is stamped with the work of his hands. Every letter that you see has been handled in its original mould by the printer; every newspaper that comes to you through the mails, or that you find from day to day crumpled

in your front yards, denotes hours of labor at his hands. Every monthly magazine bears the printer's impress, and every library in the land owes to him its existence. He prints the lectures of our physicians, the decisions of our courts, the sermons of our preachers, and the speeches of our politicians and statesmen. In every trade and profession, in every walk of life, in every department of society, we meet face to face the familiar form of the printer, and encounter tangible evidences of his handiwork.

The typo!—a singular creature is he,
 A bit of a wizard I take him to be,
 A paradox ever, I stoutly assert,
 And fancy the statement you can't controvert;
 He "takes" a great deal, and he "proves" all he gets,
 And he "sets" while he stands, and he stands while he "sets"!
 A magical power there is in his hand,
 As swiftly the types marshal in at command;
 The art of a painter he has to portray
 The incidents many that make up today.
 A wedding he pictures;—"click, click," and 'tis there—
 The glad, merry party, the just-wedded pair;
 You see the young wife in her garments of white,
 (You have gone to the wedding without an "invite,")
 And fancy you hear the good wishes of friends,
 And—the bright picture unwittingly ends,
 For the typo paints all kinds of scenes in a breath,
 He spelled you a marriage—the next is a death;
 And low in the coffin you see a dear face
 All silent and cold, that was full of rare grace;
 A sorrowing circle that tenderly kiss
 The lips whose sweet pressure they ever will miss;
 And softly the tear-drops creep down o'er your lashes
 As sadly you echo the "ashes to ashes."
 "Click, click"—now he's spelling a railroad disaster,
 And fast "click" the types, and still faster, and faster,
 And sorrow is seen in each one of their faces,
 As quickly he ranges them into their places,
 "A terrible slaughter," you shudder, then laugh
 With hearty good will at the next paragraph:
 A joke of three lines, or a dozen as brief,
 Done up—a rich bundle of fun—in a sheaf.
 Variety truly gives living its spice,
 And typos can present it to you in a trice.
 From gravest to gay, every mood of the mind
 Is by them each hour completely defined;
 One moment they laugh, and another they weep—
 I fancy their sorrow is not over deep—
 But be their expression whatever it may,
 The will of the typo they only obey;
 To all of his commands they respond with a "click,"
 He rules with a stout little "rule" and a "stick!"

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE ODD
FELLOWS' TEMPLE IN SALEM, OREGON, IN 1901.

Tonight, as Odd Fellows of the Oregon jurisdiction, we are gathered to set another milestone, to mark an interesting event in the history of the Mother Lodge of the Northwest. Chemeketa Lodge is nearly approaching the 50th anniversary of her institution, yet tonight, for the first time, she is officially installed in a home that she can call her own. For nearly 50 years a tenant, seeking refuge and shelter under the roof of an alien, she can tonight look around her feeling that she is no longer a wanderer or a wayfarer, and in a fraternal house-warming, gather about her own fireside the children of the Order, to talk over old times, and from personal contact gather such inspiration for the future as may be found in a contemplation of the past.

We are asked to give a brief historical review of the work of this Lodge. In complying we shall endeavor to make the story as brief as may be consistent with a recital of a history which extends backward over a period of nearly 50 years. History is, in a local sense simply crystallized gossip. Men, no less than women, have been gossip mongers in all ages.

From the camp fires of the wandering nomads of olden times have come down to us all the legends, half authentic and half mythical, which we now designate as ancient history. Modern history is the composite result of the gathered and classified legends of a later day, for even it contains such an admixture of fact and of fancy that the average layman can seldom say what is the authentic and what is legendary. To talk, and tell what he knows, or what he thinks he knows, is one of the most important functions of man. He takes it up, and cultivates it, until it becomes a habit, often more honored in the breach than in the observance, trusting that it may be accepted as a contribution to the larger and more pretentious work of the real historian.

The story you will hear tonight will be confined to narrow limits. It will be a simple relation of commonplace facts—a homely recital of the humble work of an obscure Lodge in a fraternity that never indulges in unseemly exaltation; that never proclaims its virtues from the housetops, and that seldom dispenses its ministrations under the full glare of the noonday sun.

The grouping of incidents which we are to relate tonight constitutes but one of many that go to make up the annals of the Northwest Coast. The history of Chemeketa Lodge dates back for a period of over 48 years, a brief space in the annals of time and yet one which encompasses almost the entire history of the Northwest Pacific Coast, and reaches back to the foundation of our social and political fabric.

The earliest recorded efforts to establish Odd Fellowship in Oregon occurred in 1846. There were, in that year, applications looking forward to that end from Washington, from St. Louis and from Massachusetts, all having Oregon as the focal point. P. G. M. S. Y. Atlee of Washington, D. C., was one who made application for this purpose to Thos. Sherlock, who was then Grand Sire. Some brothers in St. Louis also applied for authority to institute a Lodge in that city and to remove the same to some point in Oregon. Neither of these applications were granted. Early in the same year application was received from Gilbert Watson, P. G.

of Massachusetts, for dispensation to establish a Lodge in Oregon City on his arrival there. He represented that five Odd Fellows were in a party that was about to start for Oregon, and upon his representations he received a dispensation from the D. D. G. Sire of Massachusetts, although this act was without warrant of law. The G. L. U. S. attempted, however, to legalize the act by afterwards to Bro. Watson a new charter in the place of the one first given and that year covered \$3 into its treasury to the credit of Oregon City Lodge No. 1, an imaginary waif in Odd Fellowship that has not had a real existence even to this day. Bro. Watson's party for whom this dispensation was issued, sailed from Massachusetts in April in 1846, but never reached its destination. After a journey of thousands of miles down the Atlantic Coast, passing around Cape Horn up into the waters of the Pacific, drifting with the winds and the waves, this little party finally found anchorage in Honolulu of the Sandwich Islands, thousands of miles from the place of its destination. Their defective charter which was for a Lodge in Oregon City, and which was legalized by subsequent vote of the G. L. U. S., was the official nucleus around which was gathered the first Lodge of Odd Fellows west of the Rocky Mountains.

It took root, however, not in this Northwestern state, but, by a singular chance at Honolulu, away out in the waters of the Pacific, and there today, in the hall of "Excelsior Lodge No. 1," is doubtless hanging that old charter, which but for a number of ifs and circumstances, would be hanging today in the hall of "Oregon Lodge No. 3." Honolulu claims it today both by right of prescription and by formal vote of the G. L. U. S. The Grand Lodge of the United States, learning of this failure to transplant the Order into this territory, made several other efforts looking toward the same end, and their plans finally took form in the appointment of P. G. Alex V. Frazer of the District of Columbia, as a "special commissioner" to establish and supervise the Order in California and Oregon and in the islands of the Pacific during the pleasure of the Grand Lodge. Bro. Frazer was sent out by the Government that year to supervise the Revenue Service on the Pacific Coast. He was commissioned for his work as an Odd Fellow as a Special Deputy Grand Sire of the Order, September 23, 1848. The discovery of gold in California so modified his duties as a Government Revenue officer that he never came to Oregon. By a somewhat singular coincidence Bro. Frazer did, however, visit Honolulu, and bearing a regularly issued charter from the G. L. U. S. intended for "Oregon Lodge No. 1," he made use of it in placing "Excelsior Lodge No. 1" at that place upon a proper footing. From this time until 1850 nothing seems to have been done towards introducing the Order in Oregon. In the latter year there was a feeble effort made, but it resulted in nothing. In 1851 the Odd Fellows of Salem and Portland began to canvass the matter of organizing subordinate Lodges. In December of that year the Territorial Legislature was holding its first session in the "Oregon Institute" building, and the Supreme Court was meeting in that imposing structure known as the Bennett House. Notices were distributed by Bro. E. M. Barnum inviting Odd Fellows to meet and discuss the question of organizing an Odd Fellows' Lodge.

To this call Bros. E. M. Barnum, E. N. Cooke, Samuel E.

May, A. W. Ferguson, C. S. Woodworth and J. R. Hardin responded, and on January 7, 1852, a strong petition for the establishment here of a subordinate Lodge was forwarded to the G. L. U. S. While this petition was being considered by the Sovereign Grand Lodge, the petitioners were busy in preparing the swaddling clothes and in choosing an appropriate name for this new baby in Odd Fellowship. Chemeketa Prairie was the name by which the site of Salem was formerly known, and the name which was selected for this new Lodge perpetuates the place of its birth. It was adopted at the suggestion of Dr. William H. Willson, the original proprietor of the townsite of Salem, who gave us, and after whom is named the beautiful park known as Willson Avenue. The name selected signifies in the Indian dialect "the old home," or "the old camp." After various delays on the part of the petitioners in forwarding the cards, a warrant for "Chemeketa Lodge No. 1" was issued on the 16th of August, 1852, to P. G. E. M. Barnum, with special commission to open the lodge. The five brothers whose cards were duly forwarded and whose names appear in the original warrant were E. M. Barnum, E. N. Cooke, B. F. Harding, Cyrus S. Woodworth and Joel Palmer. A gloomy, dingy, garret-like room on the third floor of what was known as the "Rector Building," a two and one-half story which stood just across the street from and somewhat south from the present site of the Willamette Hotel, was fitted up as the first home of the Lodge. After its session of the winter before in the "Oregon Institute" building, on what is now the Willamette University campus, the Legislature had also taken quarters in the "Rector Building," and was occupying humble apartments on the second floor. In this old barn Oregon Odd Fellowship first saw the light of day.

Chemeketa Lodge was here instituted on December 6, 1852. On the first page of the first volume of the record books of the Lodge, under the heading "Salem, Oregon Territory, December 6, 1852," we read as follows: "In accordance with a charter for a subordinate Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows issued by the G. L. U. S. to Bros. E. M. Barnum, E. N. Cooke, B. F. Harding, C. S. Woodworth and Joel Palmer, and by virtue of a warrant from the Grand Sire of the Grand Lodge, W. W. Moore, dated August 16, 1852, Special Deputy Grand Sire, E. M. Barnum, proceeded to institute at Salem, Marion County and Territory of Oregon, a subordinate Lodge of Odd Fellows to be known and hailed as Chemeketa Lodge No. 1, I. O. O. F. The brothers named in the charter being all present, together with sundry other brothers, a Lodge was opened in due form, the instituting officer, E. M. Barnum in the N. G.'s chair, Bro. J. A. Ripperton in the V. G.'s chair, Bro. S. E. May, Secretary, Crawford Geddes, Guardian, and the same named as above Chemeketa Lodge No. 1, with all the immunities, rights and privileges of a subordinate Lodge of Odd Fellows. (Signed) E. M. Barnum." Under the same date follows this: "The brothers of Chemeketa Lodge met at their hall in Salem pursuant to an appointment by Deputy Grand Sire, E. M. Barnum, and the Lodge having been duly opened by that officer in the N. G.'s chair, the members thereof proceeded to the election of officers to fill the first chairs of said Lodge. The following, to-wit: B. F. Harding as N. G., E. N. Cooke as V. G., C. S. Woodworth as Secretary, and Joel Palmer,

Treasurer. The Special Deputy Grand Sire, E. M. Barnum, then proceeded to instal said elected officers into their respective chairs of the Lodge. The following brothers were appointed to be Grand Officers for assisting in the installation, viz: Bro. J. A. Ripperton, as Grand Warden; Samuel L. Black, Secretary; Luther Carey, Treasurer; Bro. Vineyard, Guardian; S. V. Miller, Marshal. . . . Bros. S. E. May and A. W. Ferguson were admitted on card. . . . Petitions for membership were received from I. N. Gilbert, C. P. Cooke, Milton Shannon, W. K. Leveridge, Al Zieber and C. A. Reed. (Signed) C. S. Woodworth, Secretary."

With this the initiatory work was done, the entering wedge was driven, the Order was no longer a mere dream or hope, but a reality, and Odd Fellowship, in this small beginning obtained a foothold on this Northwest Coast from which nothing can drive it in all the years to come. The second meeting of the Lodge was held December 8, 1852, at which time C. A. Reed was introduced as an Ancient Odd Fellow, and Albert Zieber was received by initiation. He was the first initiate, and has for nearly 40 years been a member of this Lodge in good standing.

The first prerequisite for the efficient working of a Lodge is suitable regalia, and to supply this want the wives of our earliest members devoted their time and attention. In the year 1853 the Lodge found in the hands of the widow of an Odd Fellow named Terry, who died in crossing the plains from Wisconsin to Oregon, a set of Lodge and Encampment regalia, and the working books of a subordinate Lodge. How this Brother became possessed of these, and with what particular aim he brought them here, is one of the unexplained mysteries. The Lodge was now fully equipped and ready to begin the march upon which it has rounded out tonight a journey of nearly 50 years. Its experience on this march has been varied and full of interest.

First let us treat of the domicile of the Lodge in which it drew the first inspiration of life, from out which, as a radiating center, it has breathed its sweet perfume of benevolence and charity, and around which cluster all the sweetest memories of its history. Its first home, as already explained, was in the dirty seclusion of what had long been a deserted garret in the old "Rector Building," but toward the end of its first year the members began to discuss the propriety of securing a more commodious hall, and the minutes of September 3, 1853, tell us that eleven brothers on that evening contributed \$100 toward fitting up a new hall, which was ordered completed forthwith. This new hall was over what was then the store room of Bros. Geo. H. Jones and E. N. Cooke, what was known as the "Headquarters Building," which occupied the present site of Ladd and Bush's Bank. In December, 1857, the Lodge moved into a building built by the Masons and the Protestant Methodists, used at one time as a school by the Sisters of the Catholic Church. In May, 1858, the Lodge appointed a committee to consider the question of building an I. O. O. F. hall, which reported favorably, and the Lodge voted that subscriptions for stock should be solicited, and itself subscribed \$600, but in the meantime the plans were changed and the trustees were authorized to lease, at a yearly rental of \$250, a hall to be built by Joseph Holman. Bro. Samuel E. May was chosen to deliver the address at the coming dedication of the new hall, and on February 8, 1860, the Lodge met for the first time in the hall

where it afterward assembled weekly for over 30 years. In 1865 the question of building a new hall was again broached, and a committee considered the matter, but nothing tangible resulted. In 1867 the Lodge voted to incorporate itself with Anniversary Lodge and Willamette Encampment into an Odd Fellows Hall Association and to buy the "Headquarters" corner. At a subsequent meeting "Starkey's Block" was decided upon, but nothing further was done. In this year the Lodge bought the two vacant lots west of the Court House on which our new Temple now stands, with the design of erecting there a hall, but at the opening of the new year they were still found comfortably ensconced in their old hall, and just entering upon a new five years' lease.

In August, 1870, a committee was chosen to act with the Masons, to consider the subject of a new hall. It was decided that articles of incorporation should be filed. The capital stock was fixed at \$50,000, of which Chemeketa Lodge took \$6,000, and the name fixed upon was "Masonic and Odd Fellows Building Association." A proposition was received for the sale of the "Mallory Corner," now covered by the Thomas Holman Block, which for about seven years just past has been the home of this Lodge, and for what is now known as "Breyman's Corner," but these efforts all fell still born and nothing more was done until October 22, 1873, when the old hall was again leased for an additional period of five years. In 1876 a proposition was received for the sale of the property belonging to the Willson heirs, on State Street. Shortly afterward a committee was appointed with plenary powers to "look up" all eligible sites for a hall in this city, and as a result the "Brey Corner," at the intersection of Court and Commercial Streets, was selected, and another hall association decided upon with a capital stock fixed at \$30,000. This arrangement ended as brilliantly as all of the rest. From that time forward there were spasmodic efforts made from time to time, but the new hall which had been discussed for over 40 years was only a dream until a little over a year ago the initial steps were taken which resulted in the building of the splendid \$30,000 Temple within the walls of which we are now gathered. A large portion of the success which has crowned this last and final achievement is due to the energy and capacity of the building committee of the Lodge consisting of Bros. Tilmon Ford, A. N. Moores and J. W. Young. Ground was broken for the foundation of this Temple on April 26th last, the anniversary of the Order. The first spade full of dirt was cast by P. G. M. George H. Burnett with a spade presented by Bro. Ray L. Farmer. The soil that formerly reposed on the spot where is located the cornerstone of this Temple was formally and officially deposited in the silk hat of Bro. Tilmon Ford. That soil, and that spade, and that hat now form a part of the archives of this Lodge, where they are to remain for the inspection and contemplation of all future generations.

The cornerstone of this Temple was laid with appropriate ceremonies on the 14th day of June, 1900.

One of the first distinctive moves made by the Lodge after it was once placed upon a firm footing, was the location and purchase of cemetery grounds. This was naturally in the direct line of its system of relief, which is one of Odd Fellowship's chief cornerstones. About July 10, 1854, Chemeketa Lodge, in conjunction with the Masons, bought for the sum of \$125 the five

acres which now constitute the lower portion of the present cemetery grounds. In February, 1860, an additional purchase of 12½ acres was made. On December 4, 1854, a plat of the cemetery was presented in the Lodge, and it was voted to accept the same and occupy the grounds in conjunction with the Masons, but on May 14, 1855, the Masonic fraternity withdrew from the partnership and their interest was purchased by Chemeketa Lodge. On May 5, 1859, the Grand Lodge of Oregon met in the hall of Chemeketa Lodge and in conjunction with the Lodge proceeded to the grounds and, in the presence of a large concourse, dedicated what we now know as the "Odd Fellows Rural Cemetery"—that silent city of the dead which is tenanted by so many of our departed friends, and which, as our final home, awaits the coming of hundreds, who, in the fullness of life, are with us tonight. On March 21, 1853, a committee was appointed by the Lodge to arrange for the funeral obsequies of Bro. Samuel R. Thurston, who had been our Delegate in Congress, and who had died on shipboard, off Acapulco, on his return from Washington to this State. His was the first funeral ceremony performed under the auspices of the Order in the Territory, and was largely attended by Brothers from various points. Bro. Thurston was first buried just in the rear of where the First Methodist Church now stands. On April 26, 1858, the anniversary of the order, his remains were removed to their present resting place in the cemetery, under the auspices of Chemeketa Lodge, assisted by sister lodges in the jurisdiction. The first death among the membership of Chemeketa Lodge was that of Bro. David C. Raymond, which occurred July 10, 1855. The death roll of Chemeketa Lodge includes the names of many of those who moved as the most prominent figures in the social and political circles of the community and State, and if the silent tenants of that little city of the dead, founded by this Lodge, could break the confines of their narrow homes, march down the hillside and move into the old familiar circles which they knew in life, this community would have such an accretion of stalwart manhood and womanly strength and beauty as would make it notable and pre-eminent among all the communities of this new world.

Chemeketa, once feeling that her own footing was secure, at once began the work of instituting other Lodges in the jurisdiction. Bro. E. M. Barnum, one of Chemeketa's charter members, instituted at Portland on April 8, 1853, Samaritan Lodge No. 2, now the leading Lodge of the jurisdiction. Following this, on December 31, 1853, was the organization of Oregon Lodge No. 3, at Oregon City. On July 26, 1854, Albany Lodge No. 4 was instituted. On April 23, 1855, representatives were chosen by Chemeketa Lodge for a convention to be held in Salem on April 26th of that year to petition the G. L. U. S. for a Territorial Grand Lodge. The petition of this convention was granted, and Thursday, the 23rd day of May, 1856, was designated for the organization of such Grand Lodge at Oregon City. This Grand Lodge was composed of Chemeketa No. 1, Samaritan No. 2, Oregon No. 3 and Albany No. 4, and the aggregate membership of the Order in the Territory was then 114. The first preliminary session of the Grand Lodge began at Odd Fellows Hall in Oregon City, May 23, 1856, at which Bro. E. M. Barnum was chosen M. W. G. M. The organization was fully completed on the 10th of the following

July. Its subsequent history cannot be detailed on this occasion.

On March 7, 1866, Chemeketa appointed a committee to consider the question of building up a new Lodge from its own ranks, and upon a favorable report the Lodge consented, and 16 Brothers were granted final cards for the purpose of organizing Anniversary Lodge No. 13. After a career of about 20 years this Lodge surrendered its charter and returned to the fold of the mother Lodge.

On January 8, 1868, the hive again swarmed, and 12 Brothers were granted cards for the purpose of organizing Olive Lodge No. 18.

Odd Fellowship is an educator and a lover of books, and after providing for the necessities of its existence and putting its agencies of relief in motion, Chemeketa began to arrange for the establishment of a library. As far back as 1856 arrangements were made for a reading room in connection with the Lodge, and Bro. C. N. Terry was chosen librarian. The history of this first effort is very obscure and cannot be detailed. What was known as the Odd Fellows Library Association was organized in 1866. This association, however, was dissolved in 1869, and its books and other property thereupon became the property of its life members. In 1871 through the persistent efforts of Bros. T. M. Gatch and J. J. Murphy the association was reorganized and again placed in good working condition, the life members of the former association transferring their respective interests to the three Lodges of the City. The Board of Trustees of this Library Association organized permanently February 9, 1872, by the election of J. H. Moores, President; A. L. Stinson, Vice President; J. J. Murphy, Secretary, and A. N. Gilbert, Treasurer. Our present Library, comprising nearly 3000 volumes of the choicest literature in the English language, is the outgrowth of these efforts.

Charity is one of the primary objects of Odd Fellowship. Upon this point our record books and our official reports, otherwise dull, speak with stirring and inspiring eloquence. The limits within which this review is confined will not permit even the barest reference to the countless instances wherein this Lodge has extended the hand of benevolence. In this obscure field and in her own humble way, Chemeketa Lodge has been in all these years an active agency, with unseen hands quietly doing her work. The great bulk of her history—her inside history—her only real history—is unwritten. There is no record of the impressions stamped upon the hearts of the grateful recipients of her bounty. To all of her forgotten deeds of charity no language can now give shape, or force or form.

Since the organization of this Lodge the population of the nation has increased nearly fourfold, and such years of practical achievement have moved in panorama before us as have never had a parallel. The greatest war of modern times has developed, and come and gone into history. The great captains of industry and invention have trespassed upon the very domain of omnipotence and opened up vistas in the line of achievement and of endeavor such as to give assurance that no limitations are to be placed upon the genius of man. Chemeketa Lodge, young as she is, is yet old enough to have seen a new nation develop and a new era open up its almost boundless possibilities. Lincoln, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan have risen up and shifted by as giant figures in the panorama of passing time, hard pressed by the heroes

of a newer, and a greater age. Our own Northwest has in the intervening years cast aside the habiliments of its infancy and developed the strength of a financial and a political giant. A new world and a greater world, with new problems, whose complexity is such as to confound our wisest statesmen and worry our cheeriest optimists, is forcing its burdens and its responsibilities upon us.

Undisturbed by the confusion attendant upon the environments of her later years, Chemeketa Lodge, one of the products of the earlier days of our social and political history, nurtured here in the quiet retreat of the homelike capital of Oregon on the Western frontier, 3000 miles from the commercial and political centers of the continent, has been doing her allotted work, moving modestly, quietly, and without ostentation, obeying the injunction of the ritual to visit the sick, to relieve the distressed, to bury the dead and to educate the orphan. Hers is an humble story, but one full of interest. It is a story of help rendered to a needy Brother—a story of quiet ministrations at the bedside of the sick—a story of midnight watching at the bier of the departed—a story of silent marches to the grave with the precious dust of the dead, and of deeds of charity bestowed upon the helpless dependents of deceased Brothers.

The story of this Lodge is the story of Odd Fellowship at large. This Lodge and this great Order have been active and aggressive in their charities. They have organized and made these charities effective. They have been a shield against the exactions of hunger and want. They have ignored creeds and questions of faith. They accept man for what he is and not for what he believes. They honor no man for his love of sect or party. They antagonize nothing that is pure and holy in religion. Their mission is the single mission of humanity. In little more than three-fourths of a century Odd Fellowship has expanded from a little nucleus about the city of Baltimore until it has spanned the continent and girted the entire Union. Calling in its recruits from every quarter, spreading out and gathering in, mastering in succession the East, the North, the South, the West, planting its standards on the frontiers, upon all the outposts as well as in the busy haunts of trade, it has developed into a grand army moving up and down all the valleys of the Union and pitching its white tents on every mountain top, with its banners kissing every breeze.

It is a power greater than steam or electricity that has made the work of this Order effective, a power latent in the principles on which it is founded. It is the magic of benevolence, of charity, of social friendship, of common fatherhood, of universal brotherhood; the building, active, aggressive influence of Friendship, Love and Truth, three links that are strong enough to make a chain that will bind together the continents with all the islands of the sea, in an embrace that no sectarian or partisan hate can snap asunder. It stands today an organization equipped for practical work, embracing in its ranks the best blood, the best brains and the best hearts on the continent. Hampered though it is by the limitations which cause every human agency to fall short of its ideals, its works commend it to every man who looks upon life as a reality, upon charity as a virtue, and upon humanity as a duty, and invites for it public support and confidence as one of the greatest of human instrumentalities for the mental and moral elevation of mankind.

ADDRESS AT SALEM, OREGON,
ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF
CHEMEKETA LODGE NO. 1, I. O. O. F.

On December 6, 1877, just twenty-five years ago tonight, on the stage of Reed's Opera House, in this city, it was my privilege to read a historical review of Chemeketa Lodge, No. 1, I. O. O. F., the mother lodge of this jurisdiction, upon the occasion of the celebration of its 25th anniversary. This evening ends another chapter of twenty-five years in the history of that lodge and of Oregon Odd Fellowship. In the presence of a new generation, and facing new conditions, from an eminence of fifty years, we have again called a halt, to indulge, for a brief hour, in contemplation of the past, and in congratulations that the future is full of hope and promise. Fifty years in retrospect seems but an atom of time. Fifty years, stretching out into the future, with all of its hidden and boundless possibilities, seems to almost trench upon the very domain of eternity. What is held in store by the coming fifty years outruns imagination, and is beyond the ken of the most exuberant prophecy. No period of equal length, since the morning stars first sang together, has ever even remotely approached the commercial and political and inventive development of the fifty years that lie just behind us. In 1852 the fathers of Oregon Odd Fellowship stood upon the uttermost confines of an undeveloped continent, and the threshold of a half century, the drawing aside of whose curtains would have revealed a dazzling apocalypse, luminous with glories such as had never before entered into the remotest conceptions of man. December 6, 1852, was one of the red letter days of the pioneer era of Oregon. In a certain material and comparative sense that day lies centuries behind us. It was the opening portal of a new and marvelous era. The charter members of Chemeketa Lodge, with worthy co-laborers in other fields of effort, then laid the foundation stones of what is soon to be the seat of a great commercial empire.

Tonight, facing new conditions, that have brought in their train new and complex responsibilities, we meet to pay tribute to these modest heroes of an earlier day, to draw new inspiration in contemplation of their work, and to renew our pledges that the future work of this Order shall be worthy of the best traditions of its past. The occasion is itself historic. We are met to commemorate the work of the past, rather than to speculate upon the possibilities of the future. Conditions seem to require that any address upon such an occasion shall be historical in its character, yet we are admonished that local history may be made dreadfully dull in the telling. The historical sketch must hit only the high places, although it is down in the valleys that we find the strong historical currents that determine the destinies of men and of nations. "Local history," we are told, "is the ultimate substance of national history. * * * The history of a nation is only the history of its villages written large, and it is the largeness of the scale that gives dignity and spirit." So, we may assume, the history of our composite of national charities and benevolences is simply the history of the local agencies in that work. These local agencies are the ultimate substance of that national aggregate of benevolence that is one of the glories of the age. As the country antedates the town—as communities

widen into states—as colonies develop into nations—so the work of the obscure lodge, and the scarcely less obscure Order, widens and develops, and becomes a living and active and controlling force, that makes itself apparent in the amelioration of the condition of hundreds of thousands in the nation at large. No more potent agency in the amelioration of the condition of man exists than American Odd Fellowship. No more worthy branch of that great Order exists than that which has been doing its work in Oregon during the fifty years that have ended tonight, and this anniversary occasion invites consideration of the history of that branch of the Order. Only the bare outlines of that history are possible at this time, and what is given necessarily suggests little or nothing of the real spirit of the Order.

For much that follows relating to the early history of Odd Fellowship in Oregon we are indebted to a sketch prepared many years ago by Hon. E. M. Barnum, the first Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Oregon. From this, and other sources, we gather that the earliest recorded efforts to establish Odd Fellowship in Oregon occurred in the year 1846. There were in that year applications looking toward that end from Washington, from St. Louis and from Massachusetts. P. G. M. S. Y. Atlee, of Washington, D. C., was one who made application for this purpose to Thomas Sherlock, who was then Grand Sire. Some brothers in St. Louis also applied for authority to institute a lodge in that city and remove the same to some point in Oregon. Neither of these applications was granted. Early in the same year application was received from Gilbert Watson, P. G. of Massachusetts, for a dispensation to establish a lodge in Oregon City on his arrival there. He represented that five Odd Fellows were in a party that was about to start for Oregon, and upon his representations he received a dispensation from the D. D. G. Sire of Massachusetts, though this act was without warrant of law. The G. L. U. S., attempted, however, to legalize the act by afterwards forwarding to Bro. Watson a new charter in the place of the one first given, and that year covered into its treasury \$30 to the credit of "Oregon City Lodge No. 1," a waif in Odd Fellowship that was destined to find its permanent home thousands of miles from the place originally designed by its sponsors. This defective charter, which was intended for a lodge in Oregon City, and which was legalized by a subsequent vote of the G. L. U. S., was the official nucleus around which was gathered the first lodge of Odd Fellows west of the Rocky Mountains. It took root, however, not in this north-western state, but, by a singular chance, in Honolulu, away out in the waters of the Pacific, and there today, in the hall of "Excelsior Lodge, No. 1," is doubtless hanging that old charter, which, but for a singular chance, might today be hanging in the hall of "Oregon Lodge, No. 3," at Oregon City. The constitution may not have followed the flag to those distant islands of the Pacific, but it is a satisfaction to know that in less than fifty years the flag followed the charter of that pioneer lodge, and now commands the allegiance of every patriotic citizen in the land of its adoption. Adverse winds and stormy seas carried that charter thousands of miles out of its course, and that is at least one circumstance that made December 6, 1902, the fiftieth anniversary of Oregon Odd Fellowship, and brought us together upon this occasion.

The Sovereign Grand Lodge of the United States, learning of this failure to transplant the Order into this territory, made several other efforts to do so.

In his report to the Sovereign Grand Lodge, in 1848, Grand Sire Horn R. Kneass says: "In May last I received from Bro. William Towers, M. W. G. M., of the District of Columbia, a communication upon the subject of establishing lodges on the Pacific Coast, particularly in Oregon, and suggesting to me a ready means by which that object can be accomplished in the event of my seeing no impediment in the way of authorizing so important a step. The introduction of the light of Odd Fellowship to that remote region would no doubt contribute, in a great degree, to make that comparative wilderness smile and blossom with the fruits of civilization and impart additional warmth to the hearts of the sparsely scattered population of that recently explored seaboard. Yet I was constrained to defer to the decision of this body, made at its last session, in the hope that at the reassembling of the representatives at this session, some efforts might be made to send the glad tidings of our brotherhood across the Rocky Mountains and proclaim them in accents of fraternal love upon the ocean-bound coast of Oregon."

Plans to carry into effect these suggestions took form in the appointment of P. G. Alex V. Frazer, of the District of Columbia as a "special commissioner" to establish and supervise the Order in California and Oregon and in the islands of the Pacific during the pleasure of the Grand Lodge. Bro. Frazer was sent out by the Government in that year to supervise the revenue service on the Pacific Coast. He was commissioned for his work as an Odd Fellow, as a Special Deputy Grand Sire of the Order, September 23, 1848. The discovery of gold in California so modified his duties as a Government Revenue officer that he never came to Oregon—another circumstance which had its weight in bringing us together upon this occasion. By a somewhat singular coincidence, Bro. Frazer did, however, visit Honolulu, and bearing a regularly issued charter from the G. L. U. S., intended for "Oregon Lodge, No. 1," he made use of it in placing "Excelsior Lodge, No. 1," at that place on a proper footing. From this time until 1850, nothing seems to have been done toward introducing the order into Oregon. In 1850 there was a feeble effort made, but without result. In 1851 the Odd Fellows of Salem and Portland began to canvass the matter of organizing subordinate lodges. In December of that year, while the Territorial Legislature was holding its first session in the old University building, located where the University gymnasium now stands, and the Supreme Court was meeting in that imposing structure known as the Bennett House, which was located on the southeast corner of the block on which this Odd Fellows' Temple now stands, notices were distributed by Bro. E. M. Barnum inviting Odd Fellows to meet and discuss the question of organizing an Odd Fellows Lodge.

To this call Bros. E. M. Barnum, E. N. Cooke, Samuel E. May, A. W. Ferguson, C. S. Woodworth and J. R. Hardin responded, and on January 7, 1852, a strong petition for the establishment here of a subordinate lodge was forwarded to the G. L. U. S. While this petition was being considered by those in authority, the matter of choosing an appropriate name for this new baby in Odd Fellowship was being considered by the petitioners. "Chemeketa

Prairie" was the name by which the site at Salem was originally known, and the name which was selected for this new lodge perpetuates the place of its birth. It was adopted at the suggestion of Dr. Wm. H. Willson, the original proprietor of the town-site of Salem, who gave, and after whom it is named, the beautiful park in this city known as Willson's Avenue. Chemeketa—the name selected—signifies in the Indian dialect "the old home," or the "old camp." After various delays on the part of the petitioners in forwarding the cards, a warrant for "Chemeketa Lodge, No. 1," was issued on the 16th of August, 1852, to P. G. E. M. Barnum, with special commission to open the lodge. The five brothers whose cards were duly forwarded and whose names appear in the original warrant are E. M. Barnum, E. N. Cooke, B. F. Harding, Cyrus S. Woodworth and Joel Palmer. A gloomy, dingy garret on the third floor of what was known as the "Rector building," a two and a half story structure then standing across Commercial street, from, and somewhat south of, the Willamette Hotel, was fitted up as the first home of the lodge. After its session of the winter before in the old University building, the Legislature had also taken quarters in the "Rector building," and was occupying humble apartments on the second floor. Housed in this old barn in the somewhat suspicious and doubtful companionship of an Oregon Legislature, Oregon Odd Fellowship first saw the light of life. Chemeketa Lodge was here instituted on December 6, 1852.

Upon the first page of the first volume of the record books of the lodge, under the heading, "Salem, Oregon Territory, December 6, 1852," we read as follows: "In accordance with a charter for a subordinate lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, issued by the G. L. U. S. to Bros. E. M. Barnum, E. N. Cooke, B. F. Harding, C. S. Woodworth and Joel Palmer, and by virtue of a warrant from the Grand Sire of the Grand Lodge, W. W. Moore, dated August 16, 1852, Special Deputy Grand Sire E. M. Barnum proceeded to institute at Salem, Marion County, and Territory of Oregon, a subordinate lodge of Odd Fellows, to be known and hailed as 'Chemeketa Lodge No. 1, I. O. O. F.' The brothers named in the charter being all present, together with sundry other brothers, a lodge was opened in due form, the instituting officer, E. M. Barnum, in the N. G.'s chair; Bro. J. A. Ripperton in the V. G.'s chair; Bro. S. E. May, Secretary; Crawford Geddes, Guardian, and the same named as above, Chemeketa Lodge, No. 1, with all the immunities, rights and privileges of a subordinate lodge of Odd Fellows. (Signed) E. M. Barnum."

Under the same date follows this: "The brothers of Chemeketa Lodge met in their hall at Salem, pursuant to an appointment by Special Deputy Grand Sire E. M. Barnum, and the lodge having been duly opened by that officer in the N. G.'s chair, the members thereof proceeded to an election of officers to fill the first chairs of said lodge. The following brothers were thereupon chosen, to-wit: B. F. Harding as N. G.; E. N. Cooke as V. G.; C. S. Woodworth as Secretary; and Joel Palmer, Treasurer. The Special Deputy Grand Sire E. M. Barnum then proceeded to install said elected officers into their respective chairs in the lodge. The following brothers were appointed to the Grand offices for assisting in the installation, viz: Bro. J. A. Ripperton as Grand Warden; Samuel Black, Secretary; Luther Carey, Treas-

urer; Bro. Vineyard, Guardian; S. V. Miller, Marshal. . . . Bros. S. E. May and A. W. Ferguson were admitted on card. . . . Petitions for membership were received from I. N. Gilbert, C. P. Cooke, Milton Shannon, W. K. Leveridge, Al Zieber and C. A. Reed. (Signed) C. S. Woodworth, Secretary." With this the initiatory work was done, the entering wedge was driven, the order was no longer a mere dream or hope, but a reality, and Odd Fellowship in this small beginning obtained a foothold on this northwest coast from which nothing can drive it in all the years to come. The second meeting of the lodge was held December 8, 1852, at which time C. A. Reed was introduced as an Ancient Odd Fellow, and Albert Zieber was received by initiation. Of the brothers hereinabove named J. A. Ripperton and C. A. Reed still survive and are now residents of Portland. Bro. Reed was formerly Adjutant General of this state and several times represented Marion county in the Legislative Assembly. Bro. Zieber was afterwards United States Marshal of the state of Oregon, and for many years a prominent citizen of Portland. Bro. E. M. Barnum, an attorney of high character, was the leading competitor of the late Hon. John Whiteaker as a candidate for the first Governorship of the state of Oregon, being defeated at the polls by a narrow margin. He was afterwards a leading citizen of the Territory of Utah, where he died a number of years ago. B. F. Harding afterwards represented Oregon in the United States Senate, and was at one time judge of this judicial district. C. S. Woodworth was long a leading business man of this city, dying about a year ago, the last survivor of the original officers of Chemeketa Lodge. E. N. Cooke was eight years Treasurer of the State of Oregon. S. E. May was eight years Secretary of State of the State of Oregon, and served two terms as Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Oregon, the only case of its kind in its history. General Joel Palmer was many years one of the most conspicuous of Oregon's pioneers, especially in the Indian service. In 1870 he was the Republican candidate for Governor of this State, and was defeated by Governor Grover by a small majority. The public careers of these brethren indicate the high character of the men who laid the foundations of Odd Fellowship in this State.

Of all those who united with Chemeketa, the mother lodge, prior to 1860, but three survive as Odd Fellows today, viz: Brothers C. A. Reed of Portland, and John G. Wright and John Hughes of Salem.

On May 5, 1859, the Grand Lodge of Oregon met in the hall of Chemeketa Lodge, and in conjunction with that lodge proceeded to the grounds and there dedicated what we now know as the Odd Fellows' Rural Cemetery, one mile south of Salem, which is believed to be the oldest Odd Fellows' Cemetery on the Pacific Coast, and which now perhaps numbers a much larger population than the Capital City of the State.

The first public celebration of the order, which was indulged in by brothers from all parts of the territory, took place in Portland, under the auspices of Samaritan Lodge, No. 2, April 26, 1853, at which time a creditable demonstration took place, closing with an oration at the M. E. Church by Bro. E. M. Barnum. On August 13, 1853, in the hall of Chemeketa, No. 1, was organized the first Rebekah Degree Lodge in Oregon, at which time Mesdames Samuel R. Thurston (afterwards Mrs. W. H. Odell) E. N.

Cooke, C. A. Reed, S. E. May, J. A. Ripperton, with several brothers, were initiated, and Mrs. E. M. Barnum and Mrs. Wiley Kenyon appeared as visitors. On March 21, 1853, a committee was appointed by Chemeketa Lodge to arrange for the funeral obsequies of Bro. Samuel R. Thurston, Oregon's first delegate to the National Congress. He had died on shipboard, off Acapulco, on his way home from Washington, and was buried at that place. By resolution of the Legislative Assembly of Oregon his body was exhumed and brought to Salem for burial. It was buried just in the rear of the First M. E. Church of Salem, the ceremony being in charge of Chemeketa Lodge. This was the first funeral ceremony performed under the auspices of the order in Oregon, and was largely attended by brothers from various points. On April 26, 1858, the anniversary of the order, Bro. Thurston's body was again exhumed and removed to its present resting place in the Odd Fellows' Rural Cemetery, under the auspices of Chemeketa Lodge, assisted by the sister lodges of the jurisdiction.

Chemeketa Lodge bore a conspicuous part in the institution of all the pioneer lodges of the Oregon jurisdiction. Bro. E. M. Barnum, one of Chemeketa's charter members, instituted at Portland, on April 8, 1853, Samaritan Lodge, No. 2. Following this, on December 31, 1853, was the organization of Oregon Lodge, No. 3, at Oregon City. On July 26, 1854, Albany Lodge, No. 4, was organized. On April 23, 1855, representatives were chosen by Chemeketa Lodge for a convention to be held in Salem on April 26th of that year, to petition the G. L. U. S. for a Territorial Grand Lodge. The petition of this convention was granted, and Thursday, May 23, 1856, was designated for the organization of such Grand Lodge at Oregon City. This Grand Lodge was composed of Chemeketa, No. 1; Samaritan, No. 2; Oregon, No. 3, and Albany, No. 4. The aggregate membership of the order in the territory at that time was 114. The first preliminary session of the Grand Lodge was held at the Odd Fellows' Hall, in Oregon City, when Bro. E. M. Barnum was chosen the first Grand Master. The organization was fully completed on the 10th of July following.

The members of that Grand Lodge were: From Chemeketa Lodge, No. 1, E. M. Barnum, C. A. Reed, C. N. Terry and Jonathan O'Donald; Samaritan Lodge, No. 2, J. C. Carson, Seth S. Slater, Israel Gradon, H. W. Davis, H. Seymour and Z. N. Stansbury. Oregon Lodge, No. 3, Amory Holbrook, Thomas Charman and Wm. P. Burns.

The Patriarchal Branch of the order had its origin in Oregon in the institution of Ellison Encampment, No. 1, in 1857.

The first Grand master of the Oregon Grand Lodge was E. M. Barnum. He has been succeeded in turn by H. W. Davis, Wm. P. Burns, S. S. Slater, Samuel E. May, Ezra St. John, A. G. Hovey, J. H. Douthit, Samuel E. May, A. L. Stinson, William Morton, John T. Bloomfield, Silas J. Day, J. M. Bacon, William Dierdorff, E. L. Bristow, Hon. J. T. Apperson, A. J. Marshall, Hon. H. G. Struve, Prof. T. M. Gatch, Hon. J. N. Dolph, W. J. Snodgrass, Hon. H. H. Gilfry, John Kenworthy, I. W. Case, Hon. Phil Metschan, J. A. Boyer, Charles E. Sitton, Hon. J. J. Walton, W. C. Tweedale, R. Alexander, H. E. Dosch, C. L. Palmer, Dr. O. D. Doane, Hon. George H. Burnett, P. P. Gates, A. D. Helman, Dr. W. T. Williamson, L. C. Parker, T. J. Stites, Hon. W. I. Vawter, Hon.

Claud Gatch, T. B. Wells, Hon. J. K. Weatherford, J. W. Welch, J. H. Nelson and Robert Andrews.

Amory Holbrook was elected the first Representative to the Sovereign Grand Lodge, but as he could not attend, the vacancy was supplied by the election of George H. Jones.

The first Secretary of the Grand Lodge was Wm. P. Burns. After one year's service he was succeeded by Chester N. Terry, who served seventeen years, he by John M. Bacon, who served fifteen years, he by A. N. Gambel, who served five years, and he by E. E. Sharon, our present Secretary, who has served nine years.

The Grand Treasurers have been Charles Pope, Z. N. Stansbury, George H. Jones, Thomas Charman, George M. Stroud, who served four years, I. R. Moores, who served eighteen years, John G. Wright, T. O. Barker and Dr. B. E. Miller.

This, in brief, is the local history of a great movement that had its inception on American soil nearly eighty-four years ago. When, on Monday, April 26th, 1819, five Englishmen met at the "Sign of the Seven Stars," at Lupton's, on Second Street, in the City of Baltimore, to institute Washington Lodge, No. 1, I. O. O. F., they little dreamed that on December 6th, 1902, there would be commemorated, at a point on the Pacific Coast thousands of miles away the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of their order into this remote region. Thomas Widdey uncouth and untutored, but a master spirit, the evangelist of the order, with the faith of a devotee, and the zeal of a crusader, preached the gospel of fraternity, as exemplified in Odd Fellowship, for full forty years, and when, on October 19, 1861, in his 80th year, he ended his life's work, he left behind him forty-two jurisdictions, and a membership of 200,000. Yet he perhaps little dreamed that in another forty years the order would cover the continent, and elsewhere, having within its folds a membership of over one million souls. In 1819 American Odd Fellowship comprised a band of five obscure mechanics in the City of Baltimore. Since that time it has developed into an army of more than a million patriotic American citizens, representing every trade, profession and branch of industry.

In England there are today over 900,000 members of the parent body,—the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows. In the United States and Canada there are seven secret benevolent orders, whose membership exceeds a quarter of a million. In membership Odd Fellowship leads them all.

The last accessible reports of the supreme bodies of these various orders obtainable at the beginning of the present year showed their membership in the United States and Canada to be as follows:

Odd Fellows	1,027,628
Mason	902,601
M. W. A.	642,957
Knights of Pythias	516,944
A. O. U. W.	420,000
Red Men	260,469
Woodmen of the World.....	251,130

The reports of the Sovereign Grand Lodge for the year ending December 31, 1900, showed the following as the record of Odd Fellowship for that year:

Widowed families relieved	5,674
Brothers relieved	112,764
Paid for the education of orphans....	\$83,205
Paid widowed families	143,840
Paid for burying the dead	721,853
Paid for the relief of brothers.....	2,928,028

Total disbursed for benevolence.....\$3,876,926

These disbursements for a single year represent nearly eight times the amount to be raised in a two years' levy, of the proposed Lewis and Clark appropriation, which our bucolic and journalistic economizers would have us believe is to bankrupt the taxpayers of the State. It is nearly four times as much as the Imperial State of Oregon spends yearly upon all of its insane, its criminals, its judiciary, its high priced officials of every grade, and all of its other expenditures of every description. Every day over 300 brothers are relieved by this great order. Every day \$400 is disbursed for the relief of her widowed families. Every day \$2,000 is spent in the burial of her dead. Every day \$8,000 is spent in the relief of her suffering brothers. Every day of the 365 sees the disbursement of more than \$10,000 in the relief of want and suffering and distress. Yet, within the memory of living men, this order, that now makes its yearly disbursements of millions of dollars in charity and benevolence, included within its membership just five men, a coach spring maker, a printer, a currier, a house and ship painter, and a mahogany sawyer,—five men of plebeian birth, English aliens, launching a new enterprise in the City of Baltimore, only forty miles distant from the National Capital, which, barely five years before, had been destroyed by British troops. How well have these men, aliens and plebeians though they were, have compensated their adopted country for the ruin wrought by British arms, in giving life and form to this great system of benevolence, that has been for nearly three generations past, and is to be for generations to come, an unfailling and abundant source of comfort and support for millions of the citizens of their adopted country. In the association of these simple men there was underlying a high purpose and lofty ideals. In its origin the social feature was dominant, but there was yet evidence, ever present, of a serious purpose. It was an animating and controlling purpose in harmony with the spirit and expression of the quatrain—having deep concern

“For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that we can do.”

The unfailling test of merit is results. We have little concern for the tradition that traces the order back to the Jewish Legion under Titus, or the less fanciful account of its origin in the 18th century. To the boast of the degenerate, that he could trace his ancestry back for nine generations, came the pertinent response: “Oh, you can? Well, what else can you do?” A pedigree without

a personal record is an empty boast. A coat of arms that represents nothing but antiquity is a badge of dishonor. Odd Fellowship invites your confidence, not because of its ancient origin, but because of the assurance that it measures fully up to the requirements and responsibilities of the 20th century, because its fifty years in this state have verified and consummated its professions, because its ceremonials have been elevating and ennobling, because the lessons of its ritual have been absorbed and practiced and transmuted into form and substance in its daily ministrations. No man reaches his ideals. No benevolent institution completely meets its professions. No church practices all the requirements of its creed. There is something of divinity in every agency for the uplifting of man. The lack of one agency is often supplemented by the work of another. The fraternity has much in common with the Church. Too often are hungry souls fed on the husks of doctrine. Too often, in the congenial task of preaching foreordination, and total depravity, and purgatory, and perdition, do we ignore the supreme importance of a simple faith, and pure living and high ideals. The more there is of practical sympathy and toleration, the less there is of dogmatism and self righteousness, the less do the fraternities wax fat at the expense of the Church, and the less the necessity for stated meetings to discuss the cause and the remedy for decreased religious interest.

" 'Tis not the wide phylactery
Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers
That makes us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears
And when a man can live apart
From works,—on theologic trust,
We know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust."

The fraternal brotherhoods take issue with the churches upon nothing which is essential or fundamental. They are natural allies, filling places left vacant, and doing supplemental work. Humanity is hungry for sympathy, and companionship. Hundreds of thousands, homeless in every real sense, swarm the highways and the by-ways of life. To satisfy the heart hunger of the world's wanderers is the highest ideal of the fraternal brotherhood. In the consistent adherence of Odd Fellowship to the essentials of Christianity and in its devotion to the everyday wants of dependent humanity is found the secret of its power and influence. Along these lines it has developed for fifty years in Oregon. Operating in its own circumscribed field of effort, it has seen the great outside world advancing with the tremendous strides of a planetary giant, treading almost upon the domain of omnipotence. Its work has run parallel with a fifty years' development of steam and electricity,—a fifty years that discovered the telephone, the phonograph, the X-ray and wireless telegraphy,—a fifty years that has seen our railroads grow from 10,000 to 200,000 miles, and our telegraph lines from 15,000 to 1,000,000 miles, and Oregon develop in population from 13,000 to 500,000, and the nation advancing at the rate of 1,000,000 a year, from 23,000,000 to 80,000,00.

Standing tonight upon this eminence of fifty years, and looking back upon a pathway luminous with achievements that dazzle, and inspire, and embolden,—we see great armies coming up the slope; we see kingdoms grow and principalities arise; we hear

the crash and the thunders of war; we see a people freed; a continent conquered by the forces of civilization; the flag floating over distant seas, and American thought and invention and enterprise dominating the world.

A modest contingent in the procession that sweeps along in this world movement is the fraternity whose banners are inscribed with the sentiments: Friendship, Love, Truth, Benevolence, Charity, Sobriety, Mutual Relief, and Universal Brotherhood, sentiments that are pregnant with hope and comfort and inspiration. During all of these years, in comparative obscurity, it has been doing holy work, relieving the distressed, visiting the sick, burying the dead, caring for the widow, educating the orphan, establishing its libraries, building its temples, and founding its asylums. In the face of its record eulogy is a mockery. Its eulogists are its beneficiaries. Its credentials are its works. Its record for all these years,—the pioneer, the moulding, the shaping, the preparatory years, lies before us—an open book. That record is our warrant for declaring that Odd Fellowship is Christianity in its essentials; that Odd Fellowship is good citizenship; that the good Odd Fellow is the good American, and that the work of the fraternity is worthy of all acceptance as an augury for the betterment of the man and the citizen, and redounding in no small way to the credit, and the profit, and the glory of the nation and of the age in which we live.

THE DONATION LAND LAW
ARTICLE PREPARED FOR THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY
NUMBER OF THE PORTLAND DAILY OREGONIAN.

An inquiry into the origin of the act of Congress of September 27, 1850, commonly known as the Oregon donation land law (the full text of which was printed in *The Oregonian* December 4, 1850), and the effect which that law had upon the later development of the State of Oregon, makes pertinent brief inquiry into the origin and development of our entire land system. Few men trouble themselves about the origin of things. The man who holds a fee-simple title to a town lot is satisfied to know that the original title was good, and that his own chain of title is complete. Time was, and not so very long ago, when no individual owned a foot of the soil of Oregon. What sovereignty held title before the question of individual titles became a practical topic doesn't particularly interest the average man. Who cares whether or not we now own it by virtue of Captain Gray's discovery of the Columbia River in 1791, by virtue of the purchase from France in 1803, by virtue of the treaty with Spain in 1819, or by virtue of the treaty of June 15, 1846, with Great Britain? We do know that our line should have gone to 54 degrees 40 minutes, the southern line of the Russian possessions, instead of stopping at the 49th parallel; but all of that is milk that was spilled many years ago.

Not to go too far back into the dim recesses of time to discover the origin of Government title, it is pertinent to ask: How does the man who holds title through the General Government discover "where he is at," and what is the nature and origin of our system of land surveys? Under laws that have existed for over 100 years, the public lands of the United States are all surveyed under what is known as the "rectangular system." This system was reported by a committee of Congress consisting of Thomas Jefferson and Messrs. Williamson, Howell, Gerry and Reas May 7, 1784. In the ordinance submitted by this committee it was proposed that the lands of the country should be divided into "hundreds" of 10 geographical miles square, these again to be subdivided into lots of one mile, square, each to be numbered from 1 to 100, commencing in the northwestern corner and counting alternately from west to east and from east to west continuously. This plan was so amended as to provide for the present system of townships six miles square, wherein we begin in our alternate numbering of the sections at the northeast corner. Each township consists of 36 sections of one mile square each. In numbering these townships north or south, we start at the established base line, and in numbering the ranges east and west we start with an established meridian line. This system of surveying, so far as is known, found its origin in this committee. It was enacted into law May 20, 1785. In the United States there are at least two dozen principal meridians, and a similar number of base lines. The Willamette meridian is coincident with longitude 122 degrees 44 minutes west from Greenwich. Its intersection with the base line is on the parallel of 45 degrees 30 minutes north latitude, and it controls the public surveys of Oregon and Washington.

The original methods for the disposal of the public lands of the country were radically different from those in force during

the past 50 or 60 years. Congress in 1785 issued a proclamation forbidding settlement on the public domain. A law passed in 1804 emphasized this prohibition, and a law passed in 1807 gave the President the power of removal of settlers on the public lands. At that time settlement of the public domain was not encouraged. It was expressly prohibited. Congress then concerned itself with so handling the public lands as to secure from them the largest amount of revenue. As early as 1790 Alexander Hamilton, in response to a resolution of Congress, submitted a plan for the disposition of the public domain. It is one of the evidences of the matchless genius of this greatest of all our Revolutionary statesmen that the leading features of his plan have become a permanent part of our land system. He, however, contemplated the sale of all our public lands. That was the ruling idea of that era. At different periods our agricultural lands have been sold at the rates of 12½, 25, 50, 66 2-3 and 75 cents, and at \$1, \$1.25, \$2 and \$2.50 per acre. Today, while our agricultural lands, under the general laws, are only open to homestead entry, except in the case of arid lands or isolated tracts, timber lands are sold at \$2.50 cash per acre, and coal lands at \$10 and \$20 per acre.

The first laws passed to encourage settlement on the public lands were the various pre-emption laws, the act of September, 1841, being the fullest in its scope. Under this law one could enter 160 acres, and at any time after 12 months' residence, not later than 33 months from the date of entry, the claimant was entitled to patent upon the payment of \$1.25 per acre.

The idea of giving any part of our public lands to individual citizens, solely in consideration of residence and cultivation, seems not to have taken root until the homestead law was passed, although the donation of lands to the states and to various public enterprises, and to individuals for military service, was common from the beginning.

Each organized territory, after 1803, was given the 16th section of each township within its borders for school purposes. Oregon Territory was the first to be granted not only the 16th, but the 36th section. In the Act for the organization of the Territory of Oregon, August 14, 1848, Senator Stephen A. Douglas inserted an additional grant for school purposes of the 36th section in each township. This applied to all public lands, states and territories thereafter.

Bounty land warrants, issued for services in the Revolutionary War, covered 2,165,000 acres. For services in the War of 1812 they covered 4,930,000 acres. Scrip in lieu of land warrants for military service since 1812 covers 12,000,000 acres, and bounty land grants, under the acts of 1847, 1850, 1852 and 1857, cover 61,028,000 acres.

From 1824 to 1866 there were given away 4,424,000 acres for the construction of canals; 1,301,000 acres have been donated for the construction of military wagon roads, of which 777,000 acres was for roads in the State of Oregon.

Grants to state universities aggregate over 1,000,000 acres, while nearly 10,000,000 acres have been granted to states for the equipment of colleges, for the cultivation of agricultural and mechanical science and art.

About 52,000 acres have been granted to the states as swamp lands, and nearly 20,000,000 acres more are claimed.

A total of 155,504,994 acres have been granted to the railroads of the country, of which 8,198,593 were granted under Fillmore, 19,678,179 under Pierce, 74,395,801 under Lincoln, 34,001,297 under Johnson, and 19,231,121 under Grant.

It is interesting to contrast with these liberal, if not extravagant, concessions the statistics, which show that, although about 600,000 homestead entries have been made in the country since the homestead law took effect in 1863, they cover only about 80,000,000 acres of land, yet it required a bitter and long-continued fight to secure the passage of the homestead law. The first demand for this law was made by the Free-Soil Democracy in their National convention at Pittsburg, August 11, 1852. February 1, 1859, the first homestead bill, introduced by Hon. Galusha A. Grow, who is now the Republican Congressman-at-Large from Pennsylvania, passed the lower house of Congress by a vote of 120 to 76, all of the affirmative votes but two being from the Northern States, and all of the negative votes but eight being from the South. The bill was defeated by the Democratic leaders in the Senate. May 6, 1860, the bill was again introduced by Mr. Lovejoy, and passed the House by a vote of 115 to 65, all of the affirmative votes but one being from the North, and all of the negative votes but two being from the South. This bill was so amended in the Senate as to require the homestead entryman to pay 25 cents per acre for his claim. The House reluctantly accepted the amended bill, because, as Mr. Grow expressed it, "half a loaf is better than no bread." Even this bill was killed by the veto of President Buchanan, and the passage of the first homestead law was left to the Congress that went into power with the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln. That law passed the House February 28, 1862. It passed the Senate May 5, 1862, and was signed by Lincoln May 20, 1862. According to its terms, it took effect January 1, 1863, the very day that the emancipation proclamation took effect. This furnishes an added reason why that day should be memorable in the annals of the Nation.

The only donation laws ever passed by Congress were confined in their operation to the Territory of East Florida and the Territories of Oregon, Washington and New Mexico. The acts applicable to East Florida and New Mexico granted only 160 acres to each claimant and the total amount patented under these laws were about 20,000 acres in New Mexico and 210,720 acres in East Florida. The Oregon donation land law was more liberal in its provisions and much wider in its scope. The stages attending its development cannot be fully set forth in a brief article. The authorship of the law is in dispute. In the earlier years of our history as a state this was a subject of much acrimonious discussion,

As early as August 6, 1846, President Polk, in a message to Congress bearing upon the needs of a territorial government for Oregon, expressed his desire that this region might "be filled up by a hardy and patriotic population" and urged that it was "but an act of justice that these emigrants, whilst most effectually advancing the interest and policy of the Government, should be aided by liberal grants of land." In his message of December 8, 1846, he says, referring to Oregon: "As our citizens who now reside in that distant region have been subjected to many hardships, privations and sacrifices in their emigration, and by their

improvements have enhanced the value of the public lands in the neighborhood of their settlements, it is recommended that liberal grants be made to them of such portions of these lands as they may occupy, and that similar grants or rights of pre-emption be made to all who may emigrate thither within a limited period to be prescribed by law." In his message of December 7, 1847, and in a later message, specially devoted to the interests of Oregon, he earnestly renews his recommendations.

Oregon was admitted as a territory August 14, 1848, and her territorial boundaries included not only the Oregon of today, but Washington, Idaho and the western portion of Montana. Prior to her admission as a territory and under the operation of treaty stipulations for the joint occupation of the country by the United States and Great Britain, extensive settlements had grown up and the people in governing themselves had adopted land laws which made occupancy the basis of ownership between settlers. These laws had provided that every male inhabitant of the country over a certain age should have 640 acres of land. The act of Congress establishing the Territory of Oregon declared void all laws theretofore passed in the territory making grants of land, or otherwise affecting the title of lands. The temper of Congress, however, in various antecedent acts and resolutions relating to the Oregon country had been pretty thoroughly tested and the conviction was universal that in any subsequent special legislation the liberal ideas of the provisional government in regard to land grants would find favor and be enacted into law. For this reason immigration was stimulated, and it is literally true that the donation law, then in limbo and without shape or form, began to operate long before it found a place in the statutes.

The donation law, as passed September 27, 1850, provided for making surveys and donations of public lands in Oregon and related to two classes of settlers. It granted to the first class of actual settlers who were such prior to September 1, 1850, a donation of 320 acres to a single man, and of 640 acres to a married man and his wife, one-half to the husband and one-half to the wife in her own right. The second class of settlers were those who were or should become settlers between December 1, 1850, and December 1, 1853, and the date was later extended to December 1, 1855. To the settler of this class were granted, if a single man, 160 acres; if a married man 320 acres, of which one-half went to the husband and one-half to the wife in her own right. Such discrimination as was made was in favor of the man who was already in Oregon at the time of the passage of the law. This indicates that the leading and primary purpose of the law was not particularly the encouragement of immigration, but rather to meet the antecedent expectation of the pioneers who were already upon the ground, and indicates that one of the objects of the law may have been to attach to the American interest the resident servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. No discrimination was made as between native-born Americans and those who were willing to take out certificates of naturalization. Under the original law four years consecutive residence and cultivation was necessary to insure a patent from the Government. An amendment to the law passed February 14, 1853, permitted claimants after two years' residence and cultivation to secure patent on the payment of \$1.25 per acre, and subsequent legislation still further

reduced the time to one year. The total number of certificates issued under the law was 7317, embracing 2,563,757 acres of land. The records of the United States Land Office at Oregon City, however, show but 5286 patents issued.

The first notification filed by any settler of his intention to take a claim under the law was that filed on February 18, 1852, by Joseph M. Blackerby; the second was John Barger, the third B. A. Leonard, the fourth E. F. Colby, the fifth Rice Dunbar, the father of Judge Dunbar, of the Washington Supreme Court, and of Register Dunbar, of the United States Land Office at Vancouver. The sixth notification was that of Wilburn King, and the seventh that of King Hibbard, to whom, on January 18, 1859, the first patent under the law was issued. Prior to the issuance of that patent no individual, since the creation, had owned a foot of the soil of Oregon. The second patent was issued to Ralph C. Geer, uncle of Governor Geer and father of L. B. Geer, State Land Agent. The land covered by these notifications was all in township 7 south, range 1 west, about 15 miles east of Salem, in the beautiful region known as the Waldo Hills, one of the richest and most picturesque sections of the Willamette Valley. The foregoing list of names is one familiar to all the pioneers of Western Oregon and will recall the best and richest traditions of the pioneer era.

The donation law expired by limitation on December 1, 1855. It long since served its purpose and has now become ancient history. So far, at least, as the land titles of the country were concerned it was the first effective instrumentality applied to bring out of the comparative chaos of the provisional days a semblance of order and of stability. While to Hon. Samuel R. Thurston, our first provisional Delegate, must be ascribed much of the credit of securing the passage of the law, even the pioneers themselves were unable to agree as to whom belonged the credit of its authorship. It can hardly be said that it was the creation of any single man, but it came as a development out of the minds of many men, and it was the creation, not of a day, but of a series of years. At the request of Governor Abernethy and many leading citizens of Oregon, Hon. J. Quinn Thornton, Supreme Judge under the provisional government, went to Washington in the Spring of 1848 to labor with Congress on behalf of Oregon, and at that time, it is said, he prepared a bill embodying the leading provisions of the donation land law as finally enacted. Mr. Thornton also claimed the credit of securing the insertion, in the law providing for the admission of Oregon as a territory, the provision giving us, for our schools, not only the 16th, but the 36th section of every township, the first law of the kind ever enacted; but this claim of Mr. Thornton has been stoutly combated by Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor and others.

It is difficult to estimate the effects of the law, either immediate or remote. As its provisions were confined to American citizens, either native-born or naturalized, it naturally alienated many of the old servants of the Hudson's Bay Company and weakened the hold of that company upon the destinies of the country. It quickened and strengthened the American spirit and it certainly exerted no small influence in stimulating immigration. The white population of Oregon in 1850, a full decade after the advent of the first missionaries, was only 13,294. The immigration of

1852 has been estimated at about 10,000. It in no way detracts from the merit of these earlier builders of the state that the hope of securing a half section of the fertile soil of the Willamette Valley, upon which to build the foundations of a life of comfort and independence, was the motive which inspired many of them to face the perils of a six months' journey across the trackless wastes of a continent. The real heroes, after all, are of the practical sort who look forward to some substantial reward for facing the dangers and privations they have the courage and perseverance to meet and overcome. The legacy of a good name and a heroic spirit, even in the absence of material achievement, is a magnificent thing to leave behind, but the reputation of having seasoned your heroism with an admixture of common sense and business thrift, is a heritage not to be despised. The Oregon pioneer who saw in the donation land law a good thing was no less heroic because of his thrift and his prescience. His ambition to secure, through that law, 320 acres of Oregon soil marked him not as a merely sordid, but as a very practical man of affairs, while in this way building up his own fortunes, he was also doing his full share in developing this great state and transmitting to those who were to follow blessings which they might not now otherwise enjoy. Every man owes something to himself and his immediate dependents. The people who have a touch of the sordid element in their composition are the people who have conquered the world for civilization, and contributed more largely than any other class to the sum total of human comfort and human happiness. Heroic sacrifice that is purely of the ideal sort makes rich material for song and story, but the Oregon pioneer whose practical eye saw in the broad acres of this new Eldorado something worthy of his quest, and whose spirit never quailed in the face of perils that were to be met in reaching the goal of his ambitions, was no less a hero because he reserved to himself a goodly portion of the reward instead of devoting it all to posterity. Few men have conquered greater perils. Few men have shown better courage. Few are the men whose ultimate motives were of a more lofty type. The Oregon donation land law made no heroes, but it has played no mean part in the development of that spirit, both heroic and conservative, which was so characteristic of the early pioneers of the state.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL REUNION OF THE PIONEER ASSOCIATION OF YAMHILL COUNTY, OREGON.

One day in March, 1852, nearly 50 years ago, an expedition comprising about 70 wagons started out from the little village of Danville, Ill., now a railroad center of 25,000 people, upon what was a hazardous trip of six or eight months, across the plains to the Oregon Eldorado. The company had been fully made up. The equipments of stock and wagons and provisions had been gathered. The date was fixed for the initial step in the long and trying journey. When every preliminary had been arranged, and everything was in readiness, as the final good-byes were said and the order to start was given, a youngster but a few sizes larger than the proverbial pint of soap, was picked up and thrown into the straw in the back end of one of the covered wagons, among other impedimenta that could not well be disposed of otherwise. The patient oxen that furnished the motive power for that pioneer caravan were among the most important members of the expedition. The plebian yellow dog that during the nights of that long journey was to keep faithful vigil while the worn travelers slept was an indispensable adjunct, while on many critical occasions even the glory of the inanimate tar bucket on the hind axle shone resplendent.

The ox, the dog and the tar bucket, all played a part in contributing to the safety and the comfort of the expedition. But the pioneer boy baby was properly classed in the same category with Indians and cholera and short rations and alkali water as one of the trials and hardships of the trip. Normally, he was ravenous as a wolf and as omnipresent as the elusive and pestiferous flea. His pastimes were sitting in a pan of undone and plastic biscuit, upsetting the milk pans. Tumbling head-first into a full churn, lighting underneath a feather bed in the bottom of a creek and occasionally varying the monotony of a day's journey by sitting down upon a well-matured cactus plant, while at night, loaded with colic and other infantile complaints, he so contributed to the gayety and festivities of the camp as to make his presence felt as a continuous benediction. How can you define his relation to this great pioneer movement? What were pioneer experiences to him? What lessons was he learning? What cared he for Indians, or cholera, or wrecked wagons, or starving stock, or bad water or short grass? What to him were the headaches or the heartaches of his toil-worn and discouraged elders who were the buffers and shields protecting him from the dangers and discomforts of the journey? What to him were all these trials and hardships that have been the topics of all the pioneer epics of later years? To him, as to all Oregonians of a later era, this journey across the plains is recalled only as a fascinating romance, the reality of which he can neither comprehend or appreciate.

In no essential sense has he ever had any pioneer experience. He has indeed passed through the experience, but without a taste of its real flavor. He bore no burdens. He faced no conscious perils. None of the hardships or responsibilities were his, and without the inspiration born of actual experience he cannot enter upon the contemplation of these scenes, and recount them with the eloquence and enthusiasm of one who was a participant. His eloquence is the hollow and metallic eloquence of the grapho-

phone, lifeless and artificial, and therefore not eloquence. Filtered through an intervening medium, the zest and the snap and the flavor are wanting. It is not the earnest and the homely eloquence of the mature and seasoned pioneer, warm with a realization of the full import of all the trials which he and his companions endured. These are the men who should still be forced to the front at your pioneer gatherings.

It cannot be truly said yet that the old veterans who remain are lagging superfluous on the stage, for many of them are still active and capable factors, measuring fully up to the responsibilities of life. The gaps, however, that are constantly appearing in their depleting ranks offer the opportunity and the excuse for forcing to the front and exploiting the reminiscent talent of those who were kids in the old pioneer days. This may explain the action of the executive committee of your association and account for the appearance upon this occasion of the youngster who was dumped into the straw of the covered wagon at Danville, Ill., nearly 50 years ago. With less impetuosity and less hair—with more experience, if not more discretion—with the scars of the cactus plants obliterated, but bearing other scars, which, while marring somewhat his pristine beauty, are badges of experience, if not of wisdom, he greets you with a full realization of his want of power to rouse you to transports of enthusiasm with any eloquent or graphic account of pioneer experiences in which he had no real part and of which he knows only by tradition.

When I received the courteous note of your secretary conveying to me the invitation to appear upon this occasion, I asked what fitness for the designated task has this particular pioneer boy baby, whose feet never pressed the sod of "old Yamhill" until long after he had reached years of manhood, and a train of reflections brought to mind Yamhill names and Yamhill traditions that had been familiar to me from my earliest boyhood. I recalled that my uncle, L. R. Moores, had here begun his career in Oregon, and with his associate, Captain William Logan, who, with his wife, perished in the wreck of the Brother Jonathan, had, as a surveyor, run the original lines of many of the old donation claims of Yamhill County. I recalled my first sight of General Phil Sheridan, a Yamhill pioneer, who narrowly escaped marrying a Yamhill maiden and possibly missing his great military career, when, as a small boy, I saw him on the porch of the old Union Hotel in Salem as he was starting East to take part in the Civil War, boasting that he would earn a Colonel's commission or die on the field of battle. I recalled that even prior to my glimpse of Sheridan I had seen young Roswell Lamson just before he left Oregon for Annapolis, little dreaming of the magnificent record he was to make as an officer of the Navy in the battles of the coming Civil War. I saw again the imposing figure of George L. Woods and heard again the campaign eloquence for which he was famous as I first heard it in the old Court House in Salem when, in 1866, he was canvassing with Colonel James K. Kelly for the Governorship. I saw again the wiry frame of David Logan, the great criminal lawyer of our pioneer days, as he appeared with Hon. J. S. Smith, his competitor for Congress in 1868, in the old Republican wigwam in Salem.

I again saw the rather stern but attractive face of General Joel Palmer as he appeared in joint debate in Reed's Opera House in

1870, with Hon. L. F. Glover, his competitor, for the Governorship of the state. Another figure familiar to me for years was that of the erratic George W. Lawson, who settled in La Fayette in 1850 and was prominent in the early history of this county, and who was one of the most unique and picturesque characters in the pioneer politics of the state. In 1854 he essayed to run against General Joseph Lane for Congress, drafting his own platform covering prohibition, abolition and non-sectarian schools, abolishing Sunday laws and extolling Tom Paine as the author of the Declaration of Independence and founder of American liberty. A fluent, but erratic and unbalanced man, for many years he practiced law in Salem with but indifferent success. After leading a rather long and precarious existence, he drifted to Portland, where the last two years of his life were spent and where about 20 years ago he died. It was the sad end of a checkered and pathetic career when his body was brought back to Salem and carried to the cemetery in a hearse followed by a single carriage containing but three or four members of his alienated and scattered family.

Other long familiar figures of Yamhill pioneers were Medorem Crawford, W. T. Newby, Robert Kinney, A. R. Burbank and Uncle Andy Shuck, Yamhill's first Sheriff, and six times her representative in the Legislative Assembly. Still another—last, but by no means least—was Dr. J. W. Watts, the dulcet-voiced Boanerges of Yamhill Republicanism, whose refusal to desert his postoffice at La Fayette made him a National character and the most conspicuous Presidential elector of the exciting campaign of 1876. He is one of the most sturdy and interesting of all the characters whose names figure upon the pioneer roll of this county.

But these recollections are almost wholly political. I have been fortunate enough to run counter to old Yamhill often in a social way. Considerably more than 30 years ago, when just emerging from the blue apron period of my existence, I first met Mrs. W. F. Gilkey, and in 1866, when she appeared upon the stage as one of the graduates for that year of Willamette University, looked upon her as the incarnation of all worldly wisdom. In later years Mrs. J. B. Stilwell crossed my path. As schoolmates we often swung upon the same gate, not at the same time, but at distinctly different times. Another classmate was Judge Henry H. Hewitt, and among the big boys of old Willamette in those days was Judge William Galloway, who, as Receiver of the United States Land Office, has been my official associate for several years. His incumbency of that office probably had a beginning. It appears to have no end. Receivers come and Receivers go, but Galloway runs on forever.

Another old Yamhill associate is Judge George H. Burnett. Years ago, in the adolescent period of our existence, as timid and complaisant and susceptible suitors, we exchanged confidences, more sacred than that of attorney and client, in a court entirely different from that over which he now presides as the stern and unyielding autocrat of the bench of the Third Judicial District.

Later still, in the Salem primaries and elsewhere, it has been my fortune to run counter to Hon. George G. Bingham, and with him as my associate to make my first political campaign in this county, with results so disastrous to those whose cause we advocated that our services have never since been considered absolutely indispensable.

These reflections and the fact that the green hills of this county, looming up in the northwest like a vision of fairyland, have been familiar sights since my earliest boyhood, and that from time immemorial the State Fair has made me familiar within Yamhill calves and Yamhill pumpkins and Yamhill pioneers, and that nearly 20 years ago I had the good sense to choose as the head of my household and the chief engineer of all my domestic concerns, one who, though not a native daughter, got her start in Oregon, in Yamhill County, on the old Nehemiah Doane donation land claim, have given me reassurance and place me en rapport, in my own mind at least, with the members of your association. The pedigree of every New England blue blood runs back to Plymouth Rock and the Mayflower. In coming generations the coat of arms of every blooded Oregonian must bear the insignia of old Yamhill. My descendents are, happily, already within the charmed circle.

Your local history is an important part of the history of the State of Oregon, and your pioneer traditions are of the richest and most romantic interest. The old, old story of these pioneers whose names with you are household words, is ever, ever new and does not stale with repetition. It is a story of the good old times when all of this local world was new. Of the days of barley coffee and hominy and boiled wheat, of moccasins and buckskin suits and bluejeans, of bare floors and swinging cranes and an abundance of good cheer. Then a Bible and Shakespeare and Plutarch's Lives and Baxter's Call to the Unconverted constituted a library, and then the old blue-backed speller was the leading textbook in our public schools, and our most exhilarating sports were shinny and townball and hot pepper and three-cornered cat. There was a wholesome simplicity in our manners, in our labors and in our sports. Those were days of rude plenty, of open methods and of wholesouled hospitality, when our intercourse was marked by fewer of the requirements and amenities of life, but by a more active display of the sturdier virtues and generous qualities which honor our race in its best estate.

As upon Independence day we recall, year after year, the names and the achievements of those who were conspicuous in the revolutionary era, it is proper that upon these annually recurring occasions we should repeat the life story of those around whose careers eddied the pivotal events that saved Oregon for the Stars and Stripes and contributed so much to the earlier development of the Pacific Northwest.

Medorem Crawford, one of the earliest and most conspicuous of your pioneers, for many years a leading and influential factor in the state, who came to Oregon in 1842, tells us that the only citizens he can remember as then residing within the limits of Yamhill County were Sidney Smith, Amos Cook, Francis Fletcher, James O'Neill, Joseph McLaughlin, Williams, Louis La Bonte and George Gay. Of these, Sidney Smith was long conspicuous as a forceful, energetic and progressive citizen. He came to Oregon in 1839, helped raise the first house built in The Dalles; for many months worked barefoot in the winter rains of Oregon at six bits a day, living meanwhile principally on hope and boiled wheat. Later, as his financial condition improved, he succeeded to the dignity of moccasins and buckskin breeches, and ultimately became a leading landed proprietor. His marriage in 1846 was one

of the first celebrated in this county, and his daughter, Mrs. Calbreath, wife of the Superintendent of our State Hospital for the Insane, if not the first, is one of the first white women born in the county.

It is believed that the first marriage celebrated in this county was that of B. M. Robinson and Elizabeth Chrisman the parents of Mrs. Mary A. Gilkey and Mrs. Eliza Stilwell. This marriage was solemnized by Rev. Enoch Garrison on the 14th day of April, 1845. Mrs. Gilkey, now the wife of Hon. W. F. Gilkey, one of the leading agrostologists of the state, was their oldest child, and her birth antedates that of Mrs. Calbreath by about one year. It is worthy of note that Mr. Robinson, who located here his donation claim in 1844, has ever since continued to live on the same claim, and today, although 87 years of age, he is in the enjoyment of excellent health. Let us hope that he may yet be spared many years to enjoy the fruits of his labors as one of the builders of this community.

George Gay, another strong character heretofore referred to, is given the credit of erecting the first brick building in Oregon, which is said to stand as one of the monuments marking the boundary line between Polk and Yamhill Counties. To Hon. George H. Hines, secretary of the State Pioneer Association, I am indebted for the story that J. C. Nelson, an honored pioneer still living among you, who came here in 1844, made, and here used, the first grain cradle ever used in Oregon. The story runs that he constructed it from a scythe found on his overland journey beyond The Dalles, where it had been thrown away, with other articles, by some immigrant who anticipated no use for them in the Willamette Valley.

We are told that the first full cargo of Yamhill wheat, and the first ever shipped from Oregon to Liverpool, was shipped by Joseph Watt, for more than a generation a resident of this county.

Jesse Applegate, one of the really great men of our pioneer era, though thereafter most closely identified with Southern Oregon, began in this county his Oregon career. He, with Abijah Hendrix, was a member from Yamhill County of the first Legislature under the Provisional Government, and he is awarded the credit of being the author of the first law passed in that body—an emergency law, pushed through in 30 minutes—against duelling, to prevent Messrs. Campbell and Holderness, two irate and impetuous pioneers, from meeting on the field of honor.

The first nominee of any Republican convention in the State of Oregon was S. C. Adams, long a resident of Salem, where he recently died. He was nominated at a convention held in Yamhill County November 22, 1856, to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of A. P. Ankeny of his seat in the lower house of the Legislature, and was defeated by the redoubtable Andy Shuck. The first Republican in the state elected to fill any office was John R. McBride, a brother of ex-Senator George W. McBride, and a brother-in-law of S. C. Adams, and now a practicing attorney in Spokane. He was chosen in 1857 to represent Yamhill County in the state constitutional convention and was the only Republican in that body. He was afterwards, in 1858, the first Republican nominee for Congress, but withdrew before the canvass was over in favor of David Logan, who was defeated at the polls. In

1862 he was again nominated and was the first Republican Congressman elected from this state.

The most conspicuous character, however, in the earliest history of this county, and one of the central figures in the history of the state, was Ewing Young, a speculator and cattle baron, whose range at one time extended from Wapato Lake to the river east of Newberg and from the top of Chehalem Mountains on the north to the Handley hills on the south. A native of Tennessee, and later a resident of New Mexico, he came here from California in 1834 with a herd of California mares and horses. There soon followed an unsolicited letter of introduction from Figuero, Governor-General of California, to Dr. McLoughlin, denouncing him as a horsethief. Later, however, this letter was recalled with expressions of regret. Young has been described by one writer as "an adventurer of great force and character;" by another as "a man of mark, fond of adventure, and endowed with force of character," by another as "a very candid and scrupulously honest man, thorough going, brave and daring." He erected the first dwelling built west of the Willamette River, and started here, with a man named Carmichael, the building of the first distillery in Oregon. This was appropriately located near the present site of the Quaker and prohibition town of Newberg. His distillery project, however, was abandoned out of respect for the earnest protests of Dr. McLoughlin, the Methodist missionaries and others, and instead he erected the first sawmill in the county. In 1836 he was at the head of a great cattle company, and as such went to California and purchased about 800 head. The story of the drive of this drove of cattle from California into the Willamette Valley, which he reached with 630 head in October, 1837, after being harassed by the Indians for many weeks, well illustrates the determined character of the man, and reads like a veritable romance. These cattle were the progenitors of the herds that in later years swarmed in the Willamette Valley. His turbulent career ended in the Winter of 1840-41, when he died attended by his friend, Sidney Smith, and his body found its last resting place on the Sidney Smith Donation Claim in this county. His prominence and his wealth made his death a matter of more than passing importance.

It has been said that the early Provisional Government in Oregon grew out of the death of Ewing Young and that its treasury was first filled from the funds of his estate. Who can estimate what was the effect of his death at that particular time, or how the current of affairs might have changed if it had been postponed 10 years? He left a large estate, but no then known relatives, and, dying intestate, the disposition of his property became an important question and emphasized the chaotic condition of affairs and led to the first attempt to form a Provisional Government. At his funeral was gathered a large proportion of the people of Oregon, and immediately after consigning his body to the grave, those in attendance selected a committee to call a mass meeting of the inhabitants of Oregon south of the Columbia River, to be held at the Methodist mission in the Willamette Valley on the 17th and 18th of February, 1841, "to take steps for the government of the community and to provide for the disposition of the estate of Ewing Young."

The meeting which followed comprised nearly all the white male adults south of the Columbia River and was designated as the "primary meeting of the people of Oregon." This primary meeting seems to have lapsed, but it was revived and consummated in the famous meeting of May 2, 1843, at Champoege, where the Provisional Government had its actual inception. Thereafter the provisional authorities took possession of Young's estate, settled it, loaned the proceeds to various individuals and later, December 24, 1844, directed the collection of the outstanding funds and their payment into the treasury of the Provisional Government, pledging the faith of the Government that they should be refunded to any heirs of the estate who might appear and establish their claim. This same act appropriated \$1500 of the funds for the erection of a jail at Oregon City, the first erected west of the Missouri River. A singular chain of circumstances is linked about the history of this unique character. He was among the first of the settlers of the Willamette Valley. He brought here the first herd of cattle. He was the first white man to build a house on the west side of the Willamette River, the projector of the first distillery in Oregon, the builder of the first sawmill in this county. He lies buried on the Donation Claim of one of the first men to locate in Yamhill County. He furnished the first estate of the Northwest for probate, and his death gave impetus to that movement for a Provisional Government which snatched this great Northwestern Empire from Great Britain and placed it forever under the domination of the Stars and Stripes.

No sketch of the pioneer era of this county is complete without a reference to "Parson Billy Adams," preacher, lawyer journalist and all around literary athlete. He was famous in our early journalistic annals under the noms-de-plume of Junius and Brakspear, and as the Whig editor of the Oregon City Argus. A descendant of Ethan Allen, and collaterally related to John Adams, his acute mind and independent character was manifest in boyhood. At Bethany College, Virginia, under the famous Alexander Campbell, he took high honors as a scholar and was rated the best writer in college. Leaving college, he married and started in life in the Mississippi Valley with a threadbare suit of blue jeans and a purse of \$32, of which \$15 was furnished by his wife. After a checkered experience he decided to set out for Oregon. President Campbell, hearing of his plans, wrote him, saying:

"Is there not land enough in Illinois for your talent and enterprise without burying yourself and family in a wilderness among savages?"

He replied: "Illinois is not big enough or good enough for me. My soul hungers for something Illinois cannot give. In Oregon I expect to find what I desire."

To Oregon he came, reaching it only after many hardships. His money was exhausted when he had reached Oregon City, and he borrowed \$2 and paid all of it for ferriage across the river, except 10 cents, which he lost through a hole in his pocket. Thereafter his career reopened in Yamhill. Here he traded his wagon for 10 Spanish cows, whose increase kept him in meat for years. In 1848-9 he opened one of the first schools in this county, his boy scholars coming to school in buckskin suits and moccasins and his girl scholars dressed in shirting, colored in tea grounds. These girls in after years had a creditable share in building up the

pioneer commonwealth and among the moccasin-footed boys were Dr. L. L. Rowland, afterwards State Superintendent of Public Instruction, John R. McBride, afterwards a member of Congress from Oregon, and later Chief Justice of the State of Idaho, and George L. Woods, famous as a campaigner and as Governor of both Oregon and Utah.

Although still living, Adams has for almost a generation lived in comparative retirement. During the 10 years closing with the Civil War he was as a journalist and campaigner the veritable storm center of the bitter political strife then raging in this state. He, as editor, of the *Argus*, Dryer, as editor of *The Oregonian*, and Bush, as editor of the *Salem Statesman*, were a famous journalistic trio, whose trenchant and vigorous editorials gave us what was long known as "the Oregon style" of journalism. In one of the initial numbers of the *Argus* George L. Woods, the future Governor, is advertised as "our traveling agent in the counties of Yamhill, Washington and Polk." In one of his early editorials Adams denounced the Donation land law as one cause "why schools were so few and so poor, as the land was held in such immense tracts—a mile square usually—that a school district could not support a decent teacher, nor could the legs of the children support the strain of carrying their owners so far to school."

The most prominent figure in pioneer history, who was identified with this immediate locality, was General Joel Palmer, a pioneer of 1845, and the founder of Dayton, who made the trip across the plains three times. Twice a member of the Indiana Legislature before coming to Oregon, he was in 1858 appointed Superintendent of Indian Affairs for this state, and in that capacity gathered and centered on the Siletz and Indian Reservation all the Indian tribes of Southern and Western Oregon. Later he represented this county in the State Senate. In 1870 he was the unsuccessful Republican candidate for the Governorship of Oregon. After first casting his fortunes with the pioneers of this state, he went to California and narrowly escaped becoming a citizen of California, but his love for the pastoral beauty of this locality brought him back to Dayton, where he erected our first mill, and later erected a second on the ruins. Here he spent his middle age and closing years, honored and respected as one of the most sturdy types of pioneer American manhood.

Another of the well known pioneers of Dayton was A. L. Alderman, who, in 1848, here bought of a French half-breed, for 100 head of cattle, a tract of land whose boundary lines were somewhat inaccurately described as follows: "Begin in the morning on a cayuse horse; go west till the sun is very high; then go south till it is around towards the west, and then back to the river." Here for a long time he went barefooted, sowing his wheat and planting his orchard and at one time selling the former at \$5 per bushel and the apples from the latter at \$16 per bushel. It is recorded that on this land he paid his first taxes in 1848 to Sheriff Hembree in cattle hides.

No roll of the pioneers of this county would be complete that did not include the names of Burch, Holman, Snelling, Lamson, Burbank, Robinson, Hunsaker, Sitton, Loughary, Eckman, Hewitt, Garrison, Hembree, Chrisman, Watts, Laughlin, Merchant, Collard, Graves, Durham, Stout, Olds, Hendrix, and scores of others living and dead. Those who have been referred to at length are recalled

because they present to our view pronounced types of the men who conquered this land for civilization and made it a constituent part of the great American Union. These men were not outlaws. They were not roaming adventurers. They were not mere speculators. They were, as a rule, home builders of the best pioneer American type, and as a result, our early history is singularly free from those turbulent scenes of riot and personal violence which marked the early history of California, Nevada, Idaho and Montana.

The motives that prompted our earliest immigration were various, but the dominant motive was legitimate and patriotic. Senator Nesmith once declared that he was not quite certain that any rational answer could be given to the question why, in those days, any man should take his family and brave the terrors of massacre and starvation to reach a land of vague and unknown possibilities such as Oregon then was. No journey within the confines of the civilized world, at this day, presents, in hardships and perils, a parallel to the six months' journey in the 40's and 50's across what was known as the Great American Desert. Governor Peter H. Burnett has told us that the motive which inspired him was "more room, better and broader acres, better health, better returns for labor, and a land a little nearer Heaven than Missouri then was in which to die." Another has declared that he came "because the thing wasn't fenced in and nobody dared to keep him out."

Hon. W. Lair Hill illustrated another motive in his story of a Western orator who was flying the American eagle in the presence of a stranger who was paying such attention to his eloquence as indicated lively appreciation. Said the orator: "My foreign friend who sits before me would testify that even across the Atlantic the people are looking to the Stars and Stripes as the source of their ultimate deliverance from kingly tyranny. You left the fatherland and braved the storms of the surging seas that you might enjoy the blessings of liberty under the aegis of this very glorious old flag, did you not, my foreign friend?" "Vell, no, mein freund," he answered, "I can nicht dell no lies; and to dell the drood, Ich came to dis coundry to sell cheap ready made clodings." But whatever the motive or lack of motive, whether or not it was mere instinct, or naked impulse, or well matured judgment, it brought us to a land whose resources and whose possibilities, yet almost totally undeveloped, will ultimately make it the seat of a commercial empire that has yet had no parallel in history. It is not state pride or the exuberance of an evanescent enthusiasm that prompts this remark. America has but just begun the making of history. The century whose portals we are now entering will see, on this continent, more in practical development and commercial achievement than has been seen in all the days since the landing of Columbus.

Only two generations ago our ablest statesmen were standing on the floor of the United States Senate thanking God that he had interposed the impassable barrier of the Rocky Mountains between the National capital and the Oregon Territory; giving pledges that none of their boys should ever people this country unless they were fit subjects for Botany Bay; giving elaborate figures to show that no representative from this state could go and return from the National capital in less than 531 days and at an expense of

less than \$3728, proving beyond a doubt the impossibility of building a transcontinental railroad without tunneling through mountains five or six hundred miles in extent and at a cost that would absorb all the wealth of the Indies. The brilliant Senator McDuffie, of South Carolina, publicly proclaimed that for agricultural purposes the whole territory was not worth a pinch of snuff, and Daniel Webster denounced it as a vast and worthless area, a region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts and shifting sands, whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and of prairie dogs.

In two more generations this Northwest Territory will equal a dozen such states as South Carolina and Massachusetts. While these political theorists were spouting eloquent nonsense in the National halls of legislation, thousands of men, with less reputation, but more patriotism and common sense, were invading these shores, and Lieutenant William Peel, son of the English Premier, Sir Robert Peel, leading a cavalcade from the English sloop of war *Modeste*, and standing upon the soil of Yamhill County, within gunshot of where we are now assembled, was declaring "This is certainly the most beautiful country in its natural state my eyes ever beheld. I only regret to say I am afraid we are not going to be the owners of it." This was the cool and deliberate utterance of an alien whose disappointment at the prospective loss of the country would rather lead him to depreciate than to unduly praise. Surfeited, for half a century, with the fruits of her rich soil, and lulled to lethargy by the influences of her soporific climate, your contentment is mute, but convincing, attestation, of the fact that Oregon in her surpassing wealth of natural endowments stands second to no other in the great sisterhood of states.

The natural habitat of the old story of the evangelist and the pioneer is Yamhill County. After a lurid exposition of the torments of the infernal regions, the preacher said to his congregation:

"All of those present who wish to go to Heaven will please arise." All rose except an old pioneer.

"All of those who wish to go to hell will please rise." Nobody rose.

The evangelist, addressing the old man, said: "My friend, I see that you do not respond to either proposition."

"Well, stranger," was the response, "the fact of the business is I don't care to go anywhere. Old Yamhill is good enough for me."

That is the spirit of absolute content, but to make this land pre-eminent as the world's paradise, we need the steam and enthusiasm of California, the land of brag and sand and sunshine and jackrabbits. California is man-made. Oregon is God made, and many of us hesitate to attempt to improve upon the handiwork of the Almighty, and we suffer in the estimation of the world thereby. Southern California, sweltering season after season in the vapors of her own far-famed and incomparable ozone, boasts of her glorious climate, projects endless schemes of irrigation, depreciates with a patronizing air an annual rainfall of 40 inches in Oregon, and periodically sends up petitions for remission of taxes on account of drouths, and begs the Governor to set apart a day of fasting and prayer for a copious downfall of rain. Nerve like that, coupled with money, will overthrow empires and establish kingdoms.

It has required enormous sums to give to California what God

has given in manifold measure to the State of Oregon. Here is the happy mean, where we escape alike the discomforts of the heat of the tropics and the cold of the North. Indeed, our genial climate and our fertile soil would tend to enervate a man of even the superior type of a Bradford, and temper the snap of a Miles Standish. The harsh climate of the sterile soil of New England has given strength and fiber to her citizenship, as the sunny skies of Italy have had largely to do with making her a third-rate power. In a measure, we are here handicapped with the disadvantage of superior advantages. For three-quarters of the year ours is the best climate on the face of the globe. For the remaining three months it is better than that on three-quarters of the globe. Handicapped as we are, like a pampered favorite of fortune, the great outside world will yet force our development, for we lie directly in the line of the future great highway of nations. If we do not choose to lead, the current will eddy and circle about, and sweep over and encompass us with its surging waters. General Cass could boast that he had talked with those who had conversed with the children of the Pilgrims. Three centuries hence, he who can boast that he has talked with those who had conversed with the children of Oregon's pioneers will stand in the light of three centuries that have seen greater achievements than all the preceding ages of the world.

The march of the pioneer along the lines of geographical exploration and development is nearing its end, but the march will still continue along the avenues of commerce and invention. Morgan and Carnegie are but the forerunners of a new era of development, and Edison and Tesla and Marconi are merely children playing at the threshold of the temple of invention. The Almighty has placed no limitation upon the genius of man, and coming achievements will outrun the dreams of our wildest visionaries. In coming days, how pitiful will seem the prescience and prophecies of the statesmen who 60 years ago attempted to block the way of the men who were then blazing the trails and opening up this great highway for the armies that were and are to follow, for here, over the graves of those who conquered this land, will resound the tread of millions, and over their head will sweep the current of the world's traffic.

The day is coming when this remote corner will be no longer a remote corner, but a teeming center with millions of souls and billions of wealth. What was once the wilderness is to assume the power and the proportions of a mighty empire. That day will see these towns as cities, these villages as towns, these farms as throbbing hamlets, and these hills and fields of beauty, smiling in their heavenly garniture of green, blooming anew at the touch of genius and of educated industry. Thomas H. Benton, fighting the cause of the Northwest, and pointing his prophetic finger Oregonward, exclaimed: "There is the East; there is India!" His keen vision was even then penetrating a future ripe with greater possibilities than those that have ever yet confronted any age or any people, and a destiny in the face of which language is mute and eloquence is dumb. When uttering these prophetic words he pointed over the trackless wastes of a continent, divided by great rivers, and by mountain barriers cut by trails known only to the Indian and the trapper, while still beyond rolled the restless waters of a great ocean. That undeveloped continent has been

reclaimed. Those mighty rivers have been bridged. Those mountain trails have given way to a half dozen transcontinental lines, and across the wastes of the ocean beyond our commerce has made its way by well-defined paths into the citadels of the Orient.

Our real history and our real development is all in the future. Here will soon throb the loudest pulsations of the world's great heart and along these lines will course back and forth the commercial currents of National and international life. In the coming days some future Benton from his seat in the National capital may paraphrase the words of his great predecessor, and, looking hitherward, say that here is the brightest jewel in the American crown, and, pointing along the line of Hawaii and the Philippines and over an ocean white with the sails of American merchant marine, exclaim: "There is the East; there is America." Then will have ripened into full fruition all of the hopes and all of the labors of those whose lives and whose work we commemorate upon this occasion.

ADDRESS DELIVERED JUNE 12, 1902, IN THE CHAPEL OF
 "WALLER HALL" OF WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY UPON
 THE OCCASION OF THE UNVEILING A MARBLE
 TABLET IN MEMORY OF REV. ALVIN F. WALLER.

On the 8th day of May, 1808, in the little village of Abington, in the County of Luzerne, in the State of Pennsylvania, more than 3000 miles from the scenes of the labors of his mature manhood, was born the man whose life work we commemorate upon this occasion.

The scion of a family of sterling worth, the youngest of seven children, losing his mother at the age of five months, his early, and his later boyhood, and his young manhood, knew few of the advantages which at this day wait upon the steps of almost every boy in this broad land.

He was nurtured in a school whose alumni roll contains thousands of names that shine resplendent on the pages of history and bear witness that in the man, rather than his environment, be the elements which make possible the most successful achievement.

With few advantages, but equipped with native ability, with integrity, with industry, with the saving qualities of diligence and perseverance, he went forth to battle with the world.

Before reaching his majority he went to Elba, New York.

In 1832 he began his ministerial career as a junior preacher on the Lewiston Circuit of the Genessee Conference. In 1833 he was married to Miss Elepha White. Shortly after his marriage he entered the Seminary at Lima, New York. For the six years next ensuing he continued as a minister of the Genessee Conference. While he was here opening up his life's work, little dreaming that practically his whole career was to be in other, and remote and wider fields, events were taking shape that were to entirely change the current of his life and, in many ways, the character of his work. These events to which he, at that time, was but indirectly and remotely related, were, unknown to him, shaping his future career, and opening up for him on the Western shores of the continent, a field of labor of which he little dreamed.

These were events that were to change not only the current of his career, but the current of the world's history, and to make, in the coming years, a then unknown land a seat of empire, and a center of such commercial activity as would outrun the most extravagant dreams of the early fathers of the republic.

In the Spring of 1834, within two years after the entrance of Father Waller upon the work of the ministry, Rev. Jason Lee, with Cyrus Shepherd, Daniel Lee and P. L. Edwards, made his remarkable overland journey across the continent, passing upon his way the exact spot in what is now the State of Washington where, two years later, Dr. Marcus Whitman located and began his work.

He and his companions reached the Willamette Valley in the Fall of 1834, and on September 21st of that year, at a point ten miles north of Salem, they first raised the standard of the cross, and laid the foundations of a Christian civilization in this Western world.

The work of Lee for the ensuing four years is familiar history. In 1838, in anticipation of his return to the Atlantic States, and



REV. ALVIN F. WALLER

under date of March 16th of that year, he and P. L. Edwards, assisted by Rev. David Leslie, drew up a memorial "To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America." It was signed by ten male members of the Methodist Mission at Willamette Station, by seventeen other American citizens, and by nine French-Canadians who desired to become American citizens. It urged the importance of the immediate occupation and domination of the Oregon Territory by the United States, and 60 years before the guns of Dewey thundered at Manila, it commented upon its "happy position for trade with China, India, the Western Coast of America, and the Islands of the Pacific."

In the month of March, 1838, Lee started upon his journey to the Atlantic seaboard. On his way overland he meets for the first time and visits with Dr. Whitman. Months later, with five Indian boys, he enters, unannounced, and almost like an apparition, the Illinois Conference then in session at Alton. Continuing his journey, he carries his memorial to Washington, and through Senator Linn, of Missouri, it is presented to the Senate on January 28, 1839.

Within ten days Senator Linn has presented a bill "establishing a Territory North of latitude 42 degrees and West of the Rocky Mountains, to be called Oregon Territory, authorizing the erection of a fort on the Columbia River, and the occupation of the country by the military force of the United States." In the meantime, in November, 1838, Lee had reached New York, the pioneer Oregon Immigration Aid Agent, and there met the Missionary Board of the Church. The Winter of 1838 and the following Summer he spent in traveling and delivering missionary addresses and succeeded in stirring the whole Eastern Church, and the people generally upon the importance of this Western field. In 1832 the great M. E. Church of the United States had raised only \$17,097 for missions. In 1834, when the two Lees, with Shepherd and Edwards made their first journey across the continent, it raised \$35,700. In 1838, upon Lee's return to the Eastern States, his memorial to Congress aroused such interest in the President, his Cabinet and Congress that out of the "secret service fund" of the Government \$5,000 was added to the funds of the "Missionary Board" for use in "Americanizing" the Pacific Coast.

The energy and eloquence of Lee made such an impression upon the Church and upon the "Missionary Board" that with the \$5,000 coming from the National Treasury and with other funds raised from within the Church, the good ship *Lausanne* was chartered to bear away to this new field such as chose to volunteer for missionary work.

The departure of these missionaries was a memorable event in the annals of Methodism, and a topic of almost national interest, as it was indeed, in its results, to be an event of national importance.

On the evening of October 3, 1839, under the auspices of the Missionary Society, as the representatives of the whole Methodist Episcopal Church, there was held, in the Green Street Methodist Church, in the City of New York, that memorable and historic farewell meeting of the "Mission Family," on the eve of its departure for Oregon. To join that "Mission Family" of 51 souls there came from the Genesee Conference Rev. A. F. Waller with his wife and two children, and from that time to the close of his

life, a full generation later, this new missionary field in Oregon absorbed all of his time and energy, and talent.

Six days subsequent to that memorable "farewell meeting" the Lausanne sailed out of the harbor of New York on her eight months' journey to Oregon. One thousand miles out on the waters of the Atlantic, on October 25, 1839, the Centennial of Methodism was celebrated, and upon that occasion there was collected from that missionary family the sum of \$650 for the cause of education in Oregon. There, and upon that occasion, was laid the foundation of Willamette University, the first Protestant institution of learning on the Pacific Coast, and that subscription of \$650 was the nucleus of its endowment. On the 27th of January, 1840, the good ship passed from the waters of the Atlantic into the Pacific. In February they cast anchor in the harbor of Valparaiso. Two months later they were in the harbor of Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands. After remaining there three weeks, they resumed their voyage on April 28th and on May 21st caught their first glimpse of the shores of Oregon, and on June 1, 1840, they finally debarked at Vancouver, Washington.

Upon that day Father Waller began his work in this new field and from that day until the close of his life, 32 years later, he was a leading factor in Oregon history. His first work was the construction of the Mission Mill, at Chemeketa, now North Salem.

At that time the headquarters of the Church was at the old Mission Station established by Lee, 10 miles North of Salem, but with the erection of the Old Parsonage, on the present site of the Thomas Kay Woolen Mills, the Oregon Institute located where the University Gymnasium now stands, and the Mission Mill in North Salem, the first three buildings erected in Salem, the missionary center was shifted to this point.

Father Waller's first stated charge was at Willamette Falls, now Oregon City. At the annual meeting of the Mission held May 10, 1841, he was returned to that charge, and his appointment was renewed in the following year. In the Autumn of 1842 he found such a community of whites gathered about him that he began, in Oregon City, the erection of a church, which is still standing, the first Protestant church erected and dedicated to Christian worship on the Pacific Coast. In the original book of subscriptions for the building of this church, in his handwriting, under date of December 21, 1842, his name heads the list opposite a subscription of \$50. Under his direction this church was completed and dedicated in 1844. Prior to the erection of this church he had built the first residence in Oregon City, and it was so pretentious that for twenty years it stood as one of the chief residences of the town. The first building, however, a small cabin for the storage of goods, had been erected by Dr. McLoughlin a few years before. A few weeks later we find him at Salem, the manager and the leading spirit in the building of the first church at this point.

On February 1, 1842, at a meeting held at the Old Mission it was resolved to establish a collegiate institution to be known as the "Oregon Institute," the constitution of which provided that it was to be under the control of some branch of the Christian Church. This was the outcome of a previous meeting held at the home of Jason Lee in Chemeketa on January 17, 1842. On the

subscription list for the establishment of this institution appears the name of Father Waller for \$200.

It was not until October 26, 1842, that the Oregon Institute was taken under control of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This was done at a meeting held in the "Old Parsonage" upon a motion made by Dr. Elijah White, seconded by Father Waller. This action was affirmed at a later meeting held May 29, 1843.

On the 12th day of July, 1843, we find him a conspicuous figure at Tualatin Plains, near where Hillsboro now stands, at the first camp meeting for the benefit of white people ever held West of the Rocky Mountains.

Later he was in charge of the Mission at The Dalles, remaining there until it was disposed of to Dr. Whitman and the American Board.

Only three months before the Whitman massacre at Walla Walla he narrowly escaped a similar fate at The Dalles.

The General Conference of 1848 authorized the organization of what was designated as "The Oregon and California Mission Conference."

Geographically that Conference included the present States of California, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Idaho and a large part of Montana. That Conference, composed of six members, was organized September 5, 1849, in the Chapel of the "Oregon Institute."

Father Waller was one of the six. The others were William Roberts, David Leslie, James H. Wilbur, Isaac Owen, and William Taylor, who later became famous the world over as Bishop Taylor, who, the last survivor of that Conference, passed away at his home in California within the past two months.

At that Conference the "Oregon Institute" was formally adopted as an educational institution of the Church. Subsequent to this time, after officiating for two or three years as minister in charge at Calapooia and Mary's River, Father Waller made Salem his permanent home.

He was first named as a member of the Board of Trustees of the "Oregon Institute" in 1843, one year after its organization, and thereafter his service was continuous, and in the Legislative Charter of 1853 when this institution became Willamette University, he was named as one of the Board under the new regime.

In 1854 he was named as one of a committee to adjust the differences between the University and Dr. W. H. Wilson. And he was one of those named to apportion the premises in controversy, which lie within what is the very heart of the Capital City.

In May, 1844, he and Revs. Pearue, Wilbur and Roberts and Hon. George H. Williams, the mayor-elect of Portland, were regularly appointed agents of the University and authorized to receive donations of money and property for the institution.

In September, 1856, the Missionary Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church pledged the sum of \$5,000 for an endowment of the University, conditioned on the raising of \$15,000 additional by the Board of Trustees.

Father Waller was selected for this work. In so sparsely settled a State it was a desperate task, but by August 5, 1859, he reported that the required amount of \$15,000 had been raised and invested in good securities.

In lieu of the promised \$5,000 the Missionary Board deeded to the school 80 acres in Salem, but this act was not consummated until 1867, after more than \$24,000 had been secured by Father Waller, and after the building in which we are now assembled had been completed. In the consummation of all this, Father Waller was the leading spirit.

For several years he served without compensation and in addition, from his own pocket, he contributed the sum of \$500. In 1860 he and Dr. Hoyt, the President of Willamette, were named as delegates to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

From that mission Dr. Hoyt never returned, and in his stead Dr. T. M. Gatch, now President of the Oregon Agricultural College, was on September 26, 1860, named as his successor.

The erection of this building was decided upon by the Board at a meeting held October 3, 1860. For two years no progress was made.

On November 19, 1862, however, the Board named A. F. Waller, Gustavus Hines, J. L. Parrish, J. H. Moores and Jeremiah Lampson as a committee to prepare and submit plans for the proposed college building. These were reported December 2, 1862. Father Waller was named as the agent to solicit funds for the prosecution of the work. On May 20, 1863, he reported \$12,000 subscribed.

Thereupon A. F. Waller, T. M. Gatch, Gustavus Hines, J. H. Moores and E. N. Cook were named as a building committee. Warm and prolonged discussions ensued. Various plans were adopted only to be set aside. Finally at a meeting held February 22, 1864, the plan of the building finally erected was adopted by a vote of 16 to 1, a historic ratio, once regarded as more sacred than at the present time.

Ground was broken for the building in February, 1864. Father Waller was placed in control of the work. The cornerstone was laid July 24, 1864, upon which occasion Rev. Gustavus Hines, the historian of Oregon Methodism, read a historic sketch, and Governor Gibbs delivered the address.

From that day until the last brick was laid, during which time he completed the raising of a construction fund of over \$40,000, Father Waller was the one man upon whose broad shoulders rested practically the whole responsibility for the work, and when, on the morning of October 21, 1867, the Old Institute was abandoned for these new quarters, he might well have been pardoned for feeling that it was a day for which all the preceding days in his long and useful career, had been created. But from this completed work he was called as the one man who could be relied upon to carry to a successful consummation the work of building the new church, which the needs of the Salem congregation imperatively required, and into that work he plunged with the energy and persistence characteristic of the man, and in the midst of it, with the harness on, burning with zeal, buoyant with hope, and looking forward to years of useful service for the Church, to which his whole life had been dedicated, the grim messenger called him, and on December 26, 1872, he passed from the labors of this life to his eternal reward. On that day there went out from this community, and from the ranks of Oregon

Methodism, one of the most unique and heroic figures that ever graced the annals of any State.

Such a life cannot be perpetuated in bronze, or marble, or granite, but its influences run on, unseen, it may be, and unappreciated, in their steady and effective course, up to the very gates of eternity.

As the result of the thoughtful appreciation of Miss Ellen J. Chamberlin of the faculty of the Oregon State Agricultural College, long a friend and protege of Father Waller, for years a student, a member of the alumni, a member of her faculty, and first, last and always a loyal and devoted friend of Willamette, there has been placed in the walls of this temple, erected by his hands, a marble tablet in memory of Father Waller.

It may add in no way to the influences that have already gone out from that life that ended more than a generation ago. It may emphasize in no way the force, and the value, and the effect of that life, but it may, in some way, arrest the attention of many of the coming generations as they sweep along the way and impress upon them the fact that in the old days, when this vineyard was new and men were in demand, here toiled, and struggled, and wrought, and triumphed, a man of heroic mould, a man of earnest purpose, and a man of pure and unselfish devotion to the highest ideals, in the person of Alvin F. Waller.

It was two generations ago that the old ship *Lausanne* sailed out of the harbor of New York, bearing her precious consignment of human freight to the distant shores of Oregon.

It was not the *Argo*, sailing away on a mission of greed and revenge and conquest to the distant land of Colchis.

It was not the *Santa Maria* freighted with all of the ambitions of a great nation, seeking commerce and dominion.

It was not the *Mayflower* pointing her prow toward Plymouth Rock in search of some haven where the right to worship God according to the dictates, not of law, but of conscience, might be asserted.

The *Lausanne* was sailing, not upon a mythical or a sordid, but upon a practical and unselfish mission. She was not being driven from the home port as a result of political or religious intolerance, and the motive power back of her spreading sails was not wholly religious enthusiasm.

That memorial of Jason Lee and that subscription of \$5,000 from the "Secret Service Fund" of the general Government is evidence that there was in this missionary enterprise a dual purpose, and that back of the venture there stood as sponsor the statesman as well as the ecclesiast. Sixty-three years ago the Western half of the continent, now numbering 15 or 20 States, with a population of more than ten millions, was an almost boundless waste. There was more than 1,000,000 square miles of compact territory without a home, an orchard, a schoolhouse or a church, and there was more than 1,000,000,000 acres through which the plow had never turned a furrow and upon which there had never been grown a single grain of wheat.

Chicago was a malarial village. St. Louis was a frontier trading post. San Francisco was not even a spot on the map. Alaska was simply the home of the iceberg, the polar bear and the North Pole. Hawaii was a distant and romantic island of the sea and the Philippines were but the mythical outposts of another world.

It was ten years after the Lausanne left the harbor of New York, that Superintendent William Roberts sent from Oregon to the late Bishop Taylor, the material out of which was constructed the first church in San Francisco.

In October, 1839, the world may have been 6,000 years old, or it may have existed for untold ages, but if progress and material achievement make age, then the world was new when Father Waller left the Genessee Conference, and the last two generations have seen more of real history than all preceding ages. It is not a paradox to pronounce this the real age of romance wherein the genius of man outruns his imagination. We are no longer dreaming things. We are doing them.

It was the good fortune of the Methodist Episcopal Church and of Father Waller, as its loyal and devoted servant, to be in at the beginning and with the softening and elevating influences of the Church, to lend a helping hand in the peaceful and legitimate conquest of the Oregon territory. The passengers of the Lausanne constituted an American colony and their arrival in Oregon settled the national status of the territory. It was by a vote of 52 to 50, at that historic meeting at Champoege on May 2, 1843, that the provisional government came into being, and the question of American sovereignty was forever settled, and at that time five members of the "Mission Family" who sailed on the Lausanne voted with the majority and saved Oregon for the Stars and Stripes.

Then was apparent the first working of the leaven, and from that time the work, in this region, of the Church and of all its institutions went forward under purely American auspices to a successful consummation. Around the standard of the Cross was thrown the protecting folds of the Stars and Stripes.

The cordial relations of the Church with the ruling powers of the State made here an alembic from which arose a composite but harmonious society, the equal, if not the superior, of any frontier community that ever gathered in any quarter upon the entire face of the globe.

The social and political structure that was then raised in this remote and distant field was essentially the result of self-denial and consecration and religious zeal. All honor to the church that bore its full share in conquering this region for the forces of religion and American civilization. The pioneer leaders in the earlier development of this Northwestern empire tower in the ranks of the world's benefactors, and among them all there stands no worthier figure than that good citizen, that loyal American, that devoted son of the Church, Alvin F. Waller.

**ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE 32ND ANNUAL REUNION
OF THE OREGON STATE PIONEER ASSOCIATION,
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1904.**

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

An invitation to address you upon this, the 32nd Annual Reunion of your Association, is an invitation to enter a field which has already been harvested, and from which every grain of reminiscence has already been gathered and garnered away in your archives by real Pioneers, equipped for the work by reason of their actual personal experience in the trying and discouraging labors of the Pioneer era. Having borne none of the hardships and privations of the Pioneer; having had no share in his achievements; being simply a beneficiary, and not an actual participant in his work, I hesitate to crowd into a space upon your annual programme that seems sacred to others. The importance of explaining this relation of the man to the occasion, or of the occasion to the man, shall be my apology for prefacing my remarks with a few references that are largely personal. As one of the infantry of the immigration of 1852, I am linked in a way to the persons, to the deeds, and to the memories of Oregon pioneer days. As the grandson of a member of the Oregon Constitutional Convention, as the son of an Oregon Pioneer, who for nearly 30 years bore an honorable part in the labor of making Oregon what she is, and above all, as the son of an Oregon pioneer mother, I know that I am one of the household of Oregon's elect, and that, standing in this presence, I am looking into the eyes of the members of a great family circle to which I belong by right of inheritance. A pioneer boy baby, or a native son, is worthy, or is not worthy, for reasons wholly personal to himself, but a descendant of two generations of Oregon pioneers, if a true scion of genuine and original stock, is the peer of a Son of the American Revolution, and has at least a *prima facie* claim upon your charitable consideration.

In March, 1860, a census of Salem, Oregon, was completed which showed a population at that time as follows:

Males over 21 years of age.....	359
Females over 21 years of age.....	190
Males over 4 years and under 21.....	179
Females over 4 years and under 21.....	184
Males under 4 years.....	85
Females under 4 years.....	73
Total	1068

As one of the 179 persons included in the third classification my memory of pioneer days prior to the date of that census is vague and shadowy; a matter almost wholly of tradition. It is to me a matter of personal interest that I was born in a little town in Missouri, where so many of Oregon's pioneers began life's journey, on the very day upon which Hon. Samuel R. Thurston, Oregon's first Congressional Delegate, left Oregon City, my present home, for Washington, to begin his duties as a Representative of this State in the Lower House of Congress. At that time biography and history were not among the specialties engaging my attention. Bill Nye has recorded with pride the active part he took in guid-

ing the destinies of his parents. Judge M. C. George has also told us, with the enthusiastic unction of one conscious of having discharged his whole duty, how he, in 1851, at the early age of 18 months, piloted his parents from the State of Ohio through all of the perils of that great overland journey to the shores of the Pacific Coast. It is with the coy and reluctant modesty that is one of my personal characteristics, that I ask for the enrollment of my name, side by side, with those of William Nye and Melvin C. George. It was in 1852, and in association with Hon. Joseph Butchel, the Grand Marshal of this occasion, that, acting upon the stern promptings of filial duty, I undertook a similar feat, and started with my charges upon that long weary way from Missouri, via Danville, Illinois, to Portland, Oregon. Knowing that Oregon needed them and me, and that Missouri had noble sons in plenty to spare, smothering the misgivings that might have deterred a weakling, bidding farewell to all of the associations of and sacred memories of a happy youth, leaving behind forever the good old negro "Mammy," who had preceded Joe Butchel in my custody and my affections, and reckless alike of colic, of cactus, of cholera, and of a savage foe, I plunged with fearless abandon into the breach and led the way on that long journey across the "Great American Desert," to establish my charges in this new world, and to engage with Applegate, Nesmith, Deady, Boise and Williams in the work of planting here a commonwealth that in the coming years was to be the wonder and admiration of the world. The intimacy of my relationship in succeeding years with these eminent men was not such as to attract special comment, and it may be well to confess that it was not until well along towards the date of the taking of the census that has been referred to that I began to realize "where I was really at." The burning of Oregon's State Capitol in 1855 is a dim recollection. The booming of the cannon that announced Oregon's admission into the Union is more clear and pronounced, as well as later an occasional sight of Col. E. D. Baker, the announcement a few months later of his tragic death at the battle of Ball's Bluff, and the subsequent announcements, from time to time, of the great battles of the Civil War. The personal appearance of many of the leading men of that day is easily recalled. Nesmith and Lane, Baker and Applegate, Logan and Harding, Deady and Kelly and Wilson, Bishop Scott and Atkinson, Pearne and Waller and Leslie and Hines and Wilbur, were all, in my boyish imagination, Titanic figures, and mature reflection does not efface the impression that they would have ranked as the peers of the ablest men in the Pioneer Association of any State. The figures and the events of those days go shifting by in the kaleidoscope of memory, in the usual kaleidoscopic fashion, with little respect for the requirements of logic, or of orderly sequence. They are but the crude and fantastic surface impressions of a boy whose perspective and field of vision was limited, who had no powers of analysis, and who made little note of the really important and crucial events of the time. In the procession of events that go shifting by, among the earliest of mundane things remembered, are the resplendent red shirts of the volunteer firemen, conspicuous in every 4th of July parade; the marvels that were seen at the first one tent—one clown—one trick pony, pioneer Oregon circus; the procession that always responded to the whistle and went down to greet the arrival of

every steamboat; the great flood of 1861, and the historic trip of the Onward under the command of Capt. George Pease; the daily arrival of the old four-horse stage coach, with the driver sounding his bugle as he came plunging down the hill just before entering the old covered bridge, and the swish of the whip and the magnificent sweep of the team as the old coach rounded up at the front porch of the old "Mansion House." These, and many other incidents, all have a distinctive pioneer flavor which those of the present generation cannot appreciate.

Among the clearest recollections are those of individuals, belonging to what might be called the renascent or secondary crop of Oregon Pioneers, students mostly of the old pioneer school—Willamette University. Among these were Gen. W. H. Odell, Judge John Catlin, Hon. Richard Williams, Major George Williams, George H. Durham, Prof. T. H. Crawford, Frank H. Grubbs, Judge John B. Waldo, Roswell Lamson, Oregon's distinguished naval hero; George P. Holman, a native son of the vintage of 1842; Rev. P. S. Knight, conspicuous as Poet and Society debater; U. S. Dist. Judge C. B. Bellinger, who, with a brilliant companion now dead for 40 years, used to air his talent for forensic eloquence from the branches of the second growth firs of South Salem; Judge O. N. Denny, conspicuous always as a central target in the strenuous game of hot pepper, long years before he dreamed of earning pelf and fame as the legal adviser of the King of Corea; ex-Senator P. L. Willis, then janitor, bell ringer, and general roustabout, and later a potent factor in politics, and the purse-proud possessor of broad acres in the corporate limits of Oregon's metropolis; Judge and ex-Congressman M. C. George, even then a man of great promise and greater physical bulk; Henry H. Gilfry, famous for his white sombrero and skill in the broad jump, now for more than 20 years an official of the U. S. Senate and consort of Senators and Diplomats; ex-Senator N. L. Butler, vendor of college pathos and philosophy; Chas. W. Parrish; Peter H. D'Arcy; Judge J. A. Stratton and R. O. Dunbar of Washington; ex-Governor T. T. Geer; Dr. Wm. H. Saylor; Fred Schwatka, the Arctic explorer; Syl. C. Simpson, the logician; Sam L. Simpson, the poet; Col. "Bob" Veatch, the great objector; Judge, that was and is to be, William Galloway, ex-Legislator, ex-Receiver, ex-Candidate for Governor, and in the callow days of his youth, ex-haustless reservoir of Irish eloquence; and finally, to overlook scores of others, Postmaster John W. Minto, conspicuous as a point winner in Shinnery, Hop Scotch, Base, Keeps, Bull Pen, Town Ball, and Three Cornered Cat. Others outside the College environment were Capt. Rhoda White, French Louie, and Curley, worthy, but quaint and peculiar, and Chris Swinesberger, Quinaby, Nigger Jack and others, characters all, and conspicuous principally for their "conspicuity."

Nothing, however in man, or in man's creation, loomed up at that time in such magnificent proportions as the old "Bennett House," the Waldorf-Astoria of Oregon's early days. It was a long, rambling, two-story structure, with rooms patterned in size after the staterooms of an ordinary steamboat, and with a second floor porch, fronting on two sides, that must have been nearly four feet in width. It was the home of all visiting Legislators and Statesmen, of high and of low degree, and distinguished visitors from abroad were always there received in great state. In the

early 60's Schulyr Colfax, afterwards Vice President, with ex-Gov. Bross of Illinois, Samuel Bowles of the Springfield Republican, and Albert D. Richardson, the celebrated correspondent, were among its guests and addressed the people of Salem from its upper porch. Nothing that was said upon that occasion is recalled, but my recollection is clear of how I swelled with patriotic pride at the thought of the impression that the classic and spacious architecture of the "Bennett House" must be making upon this distinguished party who had probably never see nanything to surpass it in all of their extended travels. No creation of any architect from Michael Angelo to Edgar M. Lazarus will ever approach what the "Bennett House" was to me in 1865.

Seriously, and to revert to more important matters, the pioneer boy baby of 1852 cannot hope to satisfactorily recount the romantic and fascinating reminiscences of the real pioneer days in the presence of those to whom these tales have been so well and so often told before. They have too many times been related by actual participants, men of responsible age, understanding the real portent of passing events, who had both an attractive story to tell, and the capacity to tell it in an attractive way. To such men, and to their associates, these old memories are sacred though reckoned as of little worth by the indifferent thousands who in later years have followed, to enjoy in ease and comfort, upon these shores, the fruits of pioneer effort and of pioneer enterprise. We are now in a state of transition. In a certain sense the work of the pioneer is done. In this, our later development, the commercial idea is dominant. As it runs on towards its consummation an age of greater leisure and of greater intellectual development will succeed when a new interest in pioneer memories will arise. This bustling, reckless, electric age has little patience with that which is purely sentimental in life. The forces of the present are concerned in the development of the raw material of our natural resources. It is the work of this Association, and of the Oregon Historical Society, to gather and to garner away the crude historical material to be fashioned into shapes of usefulness and beauty in future years. With distance and maturity and leisure will come that historical perspective that will bring out every detail in its true proportions, and enable the painter and the writer, and the epic poet to perpetuate, with accuracy of detail, and in glowing colors and immortal measures, the romantic story of the Argonauts of Oregon. With this in view

"It is well that Pioneers
Should thus meet in passing years
While the locks that once were dark are turning snow
To recall the olden story
That shall be their children's glory
How they crossed the plains and mountains long ago."

It is a story to command the service of pen and brush and pencil. It is a story of men whose work has stood the test of time, a work that after 50 years, in the light of changed conditions, and despite the lapse of time, still commands our admiration. Thomas H. Benton declared that the draft of the plan of our Provisional Government, of which Jesse Applegate was mainly the author, was the most thorough of its kind that had ever been presented to Congress. The work of the members of our Constitutional Convention has met the approval of the most competent critics, and

today stands intact after a lapse of 47 years. Our early leaders were men of great natural talent. Many of them, sons of Yale and Harvard and Williams, of Princeton and Bowdoin and Dartmouth, were trained for the most exacting duties incident to the control and development of a pioneer State. Character and capacity was the rule and not the exception. The leaders who survive meet every modern test, and measure fully up to present conditions. No man of his years surpasses in the vigor of his intellect the pioneer octogenarian Mayor of the City of Portland, Hon. George H. Williams, who 57 years ago was Judge of the First Judicial District of the State of Iowa. The opinions of none of our Circuit Judges command greater respect than those of our pioneer Judge R. P. Boise, who, at the age of 85, is just closing a career of nearly 50 years on the bench. Few, if any, U. S. District Judges rank higher than Matthew P. Deady, or his pioneer successor, Judge C. B. Bellinger. It requires no stretch of the imagination to picture McLoughlin among the great statesmen of the Revolution, or men like Lane and Nesmith and Palmer as the trusted military advisers of Washington and Greene, or men like Applegate, or Pratt, or Burnett as members of the Presidential Cabinet, or Col. E. D. Baker, with more than the eloquence of Patrick Henry, rousing to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, the Virginia House of Burgesses.

Pioneer names still figure in every profession and department of industry. The old blood runs in new veins, and the work of this later day is being advanced along every line by the sons of Applegate and Waldo and McBride and Burnett and Boise and Strong and Hill and Williams and Moody and Geer and Holman and the hundreds of others whose work glorified the early history of Oregon.

In contemplating the character of these men, and the character of their work, there is inspiration for every Missourian in the thought that the name of Missouri is inseparably linked with the early history of the State of Oregon. In the formative period of this State no other State figured so conspicuously as Missouri. In the halls of Congress no men worked for us so persistently and so effectively as the imperious Thomas H. Benton and the amiable and cultured Dr. Linn. For years they led the fight when the immense value and importance of "the Oregon Country" was little understood on the Eastern seaboard. They were the untiring and effective champions of all the early legislation upon which the destiny of Oregon depended. Linn was for 10 years a Senator, and died in the harness at the early age of 48, in the year 1843, a year memorable as the one in which the first decisive step was taken by the people of this territory to determine our American status. Benton, Missouri's first Senator, for 30 years conspicuous as a leader in the American Senate, died in 1858, the year preceding that of Oregon's admission as a State. From the fact that Missouri was then the gateway on the Western border of civilization through which the Westward tide must flow, and that her Senators were leaders in the fight that was to make this American territory, it is not strange that the citizens of Missouri became early interested in the Oregon question and that they were dominant factors in the early development of this State. Thus it happened that Missourians were in at the beginning, that Missouri became the "It" of the pioneer era, and that in the census of 1850, which gave Oregon a population of 13,294, there were included

the names of 2206 Missourians. It was from St. Louis that Lewis and Clark started upon their memorable and historic 20 months' expedition. Out of St. Louis and St. Jo and Independence, rolled, year after year, those tented caravans that in the early days carried the hopes and the destiny of this new empire. The Missourian led the vanguard in this last grand march to the sundown seas that was to end the migration begun in the far East thousands of years ago. The immigrants of the 40's and the 50's, wanting light, and seeking the land of promise, said to Missouri, Show me; and Missouri, speaking through her representative sons, pointed the way to Oregon, as the modern El Dorado, and a field of promise and great achievement.

It was John C. Calhoun who denounced Oregon as "a God forsaken Asiatic region." It was Senator Woodbury of New Hampshire who declared that "the wealth of the Indies would be insufficient to build a railroad to the Columbia, and thanked God for his mercy in placing the Rocky Mountains across the way as an eternal barrier." It was Daniel Webster who, in comparing the Columbia with the St. John, sarcastically suggested that "the latter had a mouth which was a thing of some importance in rivers, and that for human use the St. John was worth 100 times as much as the Columbia was or ever would be." It was Thomas Hart Benton, speaking to the people of his State at St. Louis in 1844, who said: "I say the man is alive, full grown, and is listening to what I say (without believing it, perhaps) who will yet see the Asiatic commerce traversing the North Pacific Ocean, entering the Oregon River, climbing the Western slope of the Rocky Mountains, issuing from its gorges, and spreading its fertilizing streams over our wide extended Union. The steamboat and the steam car have not yet exhausted all of their wonders. They have not yet found their amplest and most appropriate theatres—the tranquil surface of the North Pacific Ocean and the vast inclined plains which spread East and West from the base of the Rocky Mountains. The magic boat and the flying car are not yet seen upon this ocean and upon this plain, but they will be seen there, and St. Louis is yet to find herself as near Canton as she now is to London, with a better and safer route by land and sea to China and Japan than she now has to France and Great Britain." That was not the voice of Webster, or Calhoun, or Woodbury. It was not the sublimated wisdom of New Hampshire or Massachusetts or South Carolina. It was the voice of Thomas H. Benton—"Old Bullion"—"The Emperor of Missouri"—God bless him! It was the prescience and the practical hard sense of old Missouri pointing out the true way to the self sufficient, but purblind statesmen and philosophers of the far East. The Missourian, who was with us at the beginning, still abides with us. The census of 1900 shows that the 2206 Missourians of 1850 have increased to more than 17,000. They are of our own household. What harm can befall the Commonwealth of Oregon with 17,000 Missourians within her borders? They come from the land of Benton and Linn and Green and Doniphan and Blair and Bates and Jo Folk, the home of the world's greatest Exposition, a region located literally in the centre of all created things, equidistant—East, West, North and South—from the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Gulf of Mexico and the Canadian border, the fabled spot about which the blue sky drops down at equal distance all around. We hail them as the cherished companions,

and friends, and allies of pioneer as well as of all our later days, native sons of a State of fertile soil, and sunny skies, of cattle, coal, and zinc, and fruit, of statesmen, corn, and hogs, and mules, the keystone of the Federal arch, and the brightest star in the constellation of States.

What were the various motives that prompted that wonderful Western movement it is not for us to discuss upon this occasion. The importance of the movement was then little understood, and is even yet little appreciated. To the man who has never been a pioneer the work of conquering a wilderness is but a romantic adventure. To the last immigrant who came across in a Pullman, that journey of 2000 miles was a holiday excursion. No modern venture can be suggested that is comparable to it, but the languid camp follower of a later day sees little in the exploits of those who led the vanguard. Even actual participants have almost forgotten the sacrifices, the hardships, and the daily perils of those who came to the Coast prior to Oregon's admission as a State.

To make no accounting of the daily experiences of all the thousands who made the journey, we are told that 1800 men, women and children were killed by Indians; that of a total of 50,000 immigrants for a certain series of years 10,000 perished from hardships, disease and violence; and that more than \$6,000,000 in service, merchandise and money, was spent by these people, few in numbers, in defending themselves against a savage foe. Yet all of this does not tell the story any more than does the description of a great battle give any one a realization of all of its horrors. To thousands of strong men it meant a struggle against exposure, disease and death that was enough to dismay the stoutest heart. It was an exploit worthy the prowess of any knight errant of chivalry, and the story of that great excursion is in the future to illumine the brightest pages of history. But who, after all, were the real heroes of that great movement? If to all of these stout-hearted men, nurtured in the school of hardship and adversity, it meant what it did, what must have been the experience of that great army of pioneer women, companions of all their trials, many of them invalids, many of them delicately nurtured and of finer mold and more delicate sensibilities, leaving home friends and home comforts, and all of the hallowed associations of a lifetime for the dread uncertainties and responsibilities of an expedition to a distant and unknown land whose promises might turn to ashes and prove the wreck of all their hopes? No repetition of the story can even approach the actual experience. We may get a faint impression of the spirit of these women in the first entry in the diary of Mrs. Myra F. Eells, made March 6, 1838, the day she left her Eastern home for the Pacific Coast, which reads: "Left home, father, mother, brothers, and sisters, and all near and dear by the ties of nature and affection, with the expectation of never seeing them again in this world." Through all of the pages of her journal the entries bespeak the same courageous and determined spirit. In a letter from Mrs. Whitman, written in 1840 to her father, telling him "it is almost two years since we have received a single letter from home" there is a story of sacrifice and of deprivation that means much more than is realized by the casual reader.

Away back in Iowa one day in the year 1845 a young husband abruptly announced to his wife that he had decided to go to

Oregon, and advised her that she could either accompany him, or, if she preferred, remain with her father until he had gone before and prepared for her a home on this Coast. This wife, the mother of a young babe, although herself but 16 years of age, promptly declared that her duty was to accompany her husband and that she would go with him. The father reinforced the mild suggestion of the husband, and urged her with tears not to undertake the perilous trip, but the mother, siding with her daughter, urged her to go, and the determination of these two brave women overcame the misgivings of the father and the discretion of the husband, and husband and wife made the journey together. That young mother was Elizabeth Perry, now a resident of Houlton, known to many of the people of Tualitin Plains, and residents of Washington, Multnomah and Columbia as "Grandma Perry," and everywhere respected as one who, during all of these years has done well her part, and ever commanded the good will and the profound regard of all who know her for her many womanly deeds of mercy and kindness, and her humane and charitable disposition.

We see the spirit that glorified the work of all of these women in the story of Tabitha Brown, one of the founders of Pacific University, as she keeps her lonely vigil over her sole companion, covered with a wogan sheet, sick unto death, and likely to pass away before the morning, sitting worse than alone in a savage wilderness, without food, without fire, cold and shivering, the wolves howling and fighting all around her, the dark clouds hiding the stars, and everything, so far as human need goes, solitary as death.

We see the same spirit of sacrifice illustrated in the story of Mary Richardson Walker at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, sitting on top of all her earthly possessions, in the pitiless storm, with water above, beneath, and all around, weeping that her father's swine in the old home were better housed than she.

We see it in the stories of Mrs. Morrison and Mrs. Spaulding, and Mrs. Gray, and Mrs. Welch and hundreds of others, and reading these stories, can understand the sentiment which animated Rev. Spaulding in writing to the Missionary Board of the Presbyterian Church: "Never send another white woman if you have any regard for human life."

The struggle and the perils did not end with the journey of 2000 miles. The fight was then but just begun. With a new home to be established, a task entailing a life of daily toil, with few conveniences, with no luxuries, away from the companionship of friends and kindred, here were trials to which the trials of woman in her best estate were trifles in comparison, and here was illustrated in the pioneer women of Oregon, facing fearful odds, that highest type of heroism, the faithful discharge of each recurring day's duty with a patience that was not supported with any hope of reward other than that of the consciousness of duty well performed.

There is something to fire the blood in the story of Mrs. Welch protecting her home in the forests, in the absence of her husband, against the incursions of Indians and wild beasts, and of Mrs. McAllister meeting with an axe the attack of Indian savages on the Des Chutes, and of Mrs. Harris, the heroine of Southern Oregon, with her 10-year-old boy a captive, her 12-year-old daughter

wounded, her husband dying at her feet, successfully defending her home with her trusty rifle and defying her Indian foes until succor arrived, but there were thousands of other women whose courage was tested in the less spectacular way of discharging duties which men could not perform, and in the presence of which many an Indian war veteran would have been as helpless as a child. We have a sample of that in the story of Mrs. Scott "cooking for 16 men with only one frying pan in which to make and bake all of the bread and fry all the meat and one tin bucket in which to boil and bake the beans and make the tea." It is a commonplace story, a story without sentiment, with nothing to inspire the poet, or to stir the heart of eloquence. It is the old, old story of the cooks, and the scullions, and the pot-washers, the doers of things that have to be done, whose work is the foundation of the triumphs of the commerce, and the art, and the oratory, and the diplomacy of all the ages. It is the story of the makers of the blood, and the bone, and the brawn of the warriors who fight our battles, and of the constitution makers who write the statutes that give force, and form, and substance to the results of war and diplomacy. Without the bread bakers, the tea makers, and the bean boilers your crop of poets and painters and orators would not survive a single hard winter, and your future literary, and commercial and inventive achievements would hardly rival those of your red-skinned predecessors on the vast stretches of the "Great American Desert." Without them many a statesman would be dependent wholly on the "breakfast foods" of the illustrated magazines, and many a distinguished warrior would pale in the presence of a cook stove, and stagger at an order to prepare a meal. The indifferent cooks number among their dead a greater army than has ever fallen on the field of battle. The cook stove is one of the storm centers of civilization, and the presiding genius of the kitchen moulds the destinies of the world to a greater degree than those who imagine they are at the helm are willing to concede.

Another picture shows in still a different light the high qualities of patience, and industry, and capacity, and the essential good citizenship of the Oregon pioneer mother. In the famous "Waldo Hills" is a historic cabin where in the olden days bluff old Dan Waldo held Provincial Court, and where ex-Senator Nesmith and ex-Governor Burnett, and other pioneer gladiators, made the most eloquent forensic efforts of their lives. It stood on a highway known to all old pioneers. Here often as many as 30 persons had their meals cooked, not on a range, but on an old-fashioned cook stove that cost the robust pioneer price of \$125. The adjoining school house was the lodging place. On Sunday the preacher was there, with most of his congregation. The agents of the Hudson Bay Company camped there, and Mormon missionaries were occasional customers. The upper story of the cabin was a loft where mother and father and eight children slept. There is something of the flavor of the story of Cornelia and the Gracchi in the saying of "Mother Waldo" that "the happiest time of her life was when she could rise up in bed and see her children asleep all around her." Another very commonplace story, you may say, but upon the shoulders of that pioneer mother rested the care and the guidance of all those children, and the real responsibilities of all that hospitality, a burden that would

tax to the extreme limit the tact and the judgment of the sturdiest pioneer father in the land. Yet this, in all of its essentials, was the story of thousands of pioneer mothers, differing only in immaterial details. The great majority were far less favorably situated, and in the lives of the majority there was so much of toil and privation and danger that we can appreciate the query of Mrs. Kamm, addressed to her mother, Mrs. W. H. Gray: "How could you with your education and surroundings, the refinements of life that you were accustomed to, and your own personal habits, ever make up your mind to go on such a terrible journey, thousands of miles from civilization, into an unknown wilderness, across two chains of mountains, and exposed to countless dangers?"

The pathetic story of the Puritan mothers who had to bear not only the trials of the Puritan fathers, but the Puritan fathers themselves, has been applied to the Oregon pioneer mother. This is not entirely a jest. Even the Oregon pioneer fathers could be improved upon in some minor details. Many of them had little sentiment. There was often want of appreciation because there was want of conception of the sensitive nature of woman, and of the value to her of an occasional show of appreciation to smooth the highway of life, and to lighten its daily burdens. The want of it heightened the merit of the patient worker, and was the crucial test of the endurance and the temper of the pioneer mother. Even so just and true a man as Jesse Applegate was not impressed with this until his companion of 50 years was called away, when he said of her: "In the true sense of the word in all these years she has been my helpmeet, she has been the chief comfort of my life, the sharer of my toils, and my consoler in adversity. She had strong good sense, a loving heart, and deep devotion to the right. She was a safe counsellor, for her untaught instincts were truer and safer rules of conduct than my better informed judgment. Had I oftener followed her advice her pilgrimage on earth might have been longer and happier, at least her strong desire to make all happy around her would not have been cramped by extreme penury. I have not been as good a husband as she has been a wife. In the day of prosperity I did not realize at its proper value the priceless treasure I had in a friend so faithfully devoted and true; it required adversity to prove the true gold."

We are flippantly told that in those old days there was a scarcity of cats and old maids. For the latter especially there was an inordinate demand among the prospective Donation Land claimants who were unmarried, for in their sordid eyes a woman was worth 320 acres of land. One case is recorded of a woman who succeeded in getting into the domestic circle of her devoted swain only two hours before the privileges of the law expired. To many of these husbands the wife was simply an appendage to be appreciated because she had a market value of 320 acres of land. These are the husbands who are included in the inventory of trials that had to be borne by many of the pioneer mothers.

These incidents, related at random, indicate in a way woman's relation to the pioneer movement, and demonstrate, not only her physical courage, but her high capacity for the discharge of the homely duties that are the pivotal and essential duties of life. Her courage is made manifest a thousand times and in a thousand different ways, in the 40's and 50's in all the steps of the historic

journey across the plains, and in the subsequent experiences of pioneer life in this State. All along the great highway over which they came to this Coast are mute evidences of toil and danger and privation. If the scattered bones of the buried victims along that great national highway could again take on the habiliments of life, and the spirits that went out on those plains could again enter their earthly tenements, and the pallid lips find utterance, what tales of heroic sacrifice, and baffled hopes, and broken ambitions, and hopeless despair would greet the ear. For the average woman there was an utter lack of incentive. It was a forced and cheerless march to a promised home on the frontiers of civilization. If the land of promise proved a delusion there was little or no promise of return. With every caravan there stalked along the nameless dread of Indian outrage, and the slow, consuming torture of dread apprehension. On all of that long and weary way the pioneer woman marched side by side with father, husband, son and brother, "firing his courage, nursing his patience, and cheering his hopes," until the final goal was reached and new responsibilities came with the surroundings of a new home, the consummation of the march. Here among new surroundings she again took up her life work. There was no cessation of toil. There was no lack of the drudgery that pall the courage and chills the spirit. There was lack of home comforts and lack of social diversion. There was the isolation incident to all homes on the frontier. There was the monotony that always marks a fixed and unvarying round of duties. There was privation and anxiety and heartache and yearnings for the old home and the old friends that were never to be seen again.

Over all of these trials the spirit of the majority rose triumphant, but many went down in the unequal battle. In all of the varying phases of frontier life there were no better soldiers. Our most heroic soldiers are in the ranks of the privates. Our most deserving naval heroes are not the admirals, but the unsung stokers away down in the holds of our battleships. The pioneer mothers were the privates and the stokers of their day. Physical courage is one of the commonest attributes of man, but courage of the highest type is not that which displays itself upon mere impulse, but that which is a habit of life. The flaunting of the flag, and the roll of the drum, and the music of the bands, the battle shout, and the crash and thunder of artillery will stir the blood of the veriest craven, but the commonplace courage of everyday life, that is exemplified in the highest degree in woman, the courage of industry, and persistence, and patience and endurance, without the incentive of adequate recompense or reward, is grander than that which inspires the battle charge, or that which glorifies the bridges of your battleships. Of such heroism no one keeps a record. For such heroes there is seldom an eulogy, or a tablet, or an epitaph. There is better work for the chisel of the sculptor in the perpetuation of the virtues of the pioneer women of Oregon than in that of perpetuating the pigmy heroism of many whose shafts and monuments and statues ornament the parks and public squares of all our cities. No tablet of brass, and no shaft of granite, though it pierce the skies, and though it prove as enduring as the pyramids, can worthily, and adequately tell the story of these women and of the dark and stormy days of their van-

ished years. Their best memorial will be the results of their work made manifest in their descendants, and through them, we have abundant reason to hope, will all of the trials, and privations, and sacrifices, and loyal devotion to duty of the pioneer mothers redound to the honor, and the glory, and the profit of generations yet to come.

The ample recompense of the Oregon pioneer was a home in a State of magnificent resources that are yet undeveloped and of which we have even yet only the slightest comprehension. In many ways our development has not been what it should have been, but North and South of us are States of boundless resources, and we have besides had to await the peopling upon the East of us an intervening empire, whose sole advantage was convenience of access. Between us and what was, 60 years ago, the Western fringe of civilization, great States have arisen, offering homes to millions of American citizens. In 1840 the population of the United States was only 17,000,000. In the area West of the Mississippi, having a three times greater field for development, were but three States and less than 1,000,000 people. Today we have a population of 80,000,000, with nearly half the States and one-third of the population West of the Mississippi. In another 60 years these States will exceed in population those East of the Mississippi, and the close of the century will see the population of the Pacific Coast equal to that of the Atlantic seaboard.

The conservatism of Oregon is a favorite theme in California, our airy sister on the South, and in Washington, the bumptious young State on the North, inflated as she is with the exuberance that is characteristic of youth and immaturity. She apparently forgets her distinguished origin. She forgets that Oregon has made her what she is. She forgets that for 40 years we have been sending her the men that have not only held her offices, but that have made and administered her laws, and developed her resources. She forgets that we raised Senator Ankeny for her special benefit. She forgets that three of the present judges of her Supreme Court are native sons of Oregon, all worthy scions of Marion County pioneer stock, and that all along the pathway of her history she has been walking and basking in the reflected glory of the pioneer men and women of Oregon.

As for California, it may be as well to remind her that for years after Oregon became American territory she was simply a province of the little Republic of Mexico. It was Oregon that first discovered her gold for her in the persons of James W. Marshall, a pioneer of Yamhill County, and Capt. Chas. Bennett, a pioneer of Salem. It was Oregon that gave Peter H. Burnett the political training that fitted him for the discharge of his duties as the first Governor of California, and it was Oregonians who held the balance of power in the election that made him Governor. San Francisco had to file her original official plat of survey in the District Court at Oregon City, where it still remains. We are making today in the mills of Oregon City all of the paper on which are printed the metropolitan dailies of San Francisco and Los Angeles. We are raising the potatoes that put meat upon the bones of California. The salmon of the Columbia are her main dependence for California brain fag. The Oregon prune has given her reputation abroad as the grower of that succulent fruit. The most genteel California jag gets its inspiration from the expressed

juice of the Oregon hop, and last January when all of the ministers of Los Angeles, "including Bishop Johnson," gathered in their respective places of worship to implore the Almighty to avert the impending results of a destructive drouth, Oregon sent her cool and refreshing showers and the spirits of California arose, and her parched and arid plains took on new life. Let our good sister restrain her impetuosity. Let her recall the old story of the sturdy oak that slowly gathered strength to meet the assaults of the violent storms of her later years.

Deliberation and conservatism are always characteristic of the soundest judgment and the most substantial prosperity. Our development rests upon a solid substratum of granite, and not upon the ozone of California, or the stratum of hot air that circulates along our Northern borders. We contracted our habits of deliberation and conservatism in the pioneer days. The news of the treaty of June 15, 1846, that determined our American status, reached us by way of the Sandwich Islands on November 12, 1846, after a period of nearly five months. The usual time schedule for a journey across the plains covered a period of six months. It required 48 days to ship the men and materials of what the captain of the bark Keoka called "Tom Dryer's d——n little whig paper," the Oregonian, from San Francisco to Portland. Our accretions of wealth and population have been slow but substantial. Those who are impatient because we number but 600,000 should remember that 50 years ago this was virgin soil, and that we are still in the babyhood of our history and of our development. Although it is 400 years since the first navigators sailed along the Coast, and more than 100 years since Captain Gray entered the Columbia, and 100 years since the expedition of Lewis and Clark, our real history covers but two generations, and thousands are still among us who were in at the beginning. F. X. Matthieu, who in his early manhood, cast the deciding vote at the famous meeting of May 2, 1843, is still among us. Judge R. P. Boise, who is still upon the bench, was admitted to the bar in the year in which California became American territory, and was old enough to be eligible to a seat in the U. S. Senate when Oregon was admitted as a State. Judge Williams, who was a District Judge in Iowa in the year following the ratification of the treaty of June 15, 1846, is today actively and efficiently discharging his duties as Mayor of the City of Portland. Asabel Bush, the millionaire banker of Salem, the Warwick of Oregon in Territorial days, is still an active and powerful factor in the financial affairs of the State. Grand Marshal Buchtel, a pioneer of pioneers, is still a sprinter and an athlete capable of taking first place in more than one event in any college field meet. It was little more than 50 years ago that Lovejoy and Pettygrove tossed the penny that determined that this beautiful city should be known as Portland instead of Boston. It was less than 60 years ago that James B. Stephens refused to trade his neighbor Overton 300 salmon barrels for his claim, which is now in the heart of the City of Portland. Prior to 1840 there were not 50 Americans in the whole Oregon country.

Our whole American population, when the vote of May 2, 1843, was taken, was only 300. Sixty years ago, in the youth of men still hale and hearty, Portland was a solitude. The first caravans that dragged their way across the plains

started long after many of you had begun life's journey. It is but 60 years since the first Protestant institution of learning West of the Rocky Mountains was founded. Two generations ago, from Mexico to Canada, and from the Missouri border to the Pacific, from which region there have since been carved a dozen States, there was hardly a church, or school, or a home. Our first general election was held on May 14, 1844, and our first legislative body was in session 60 years ago today. Our first Governor was elected June 3, 1845. Our first and only State Constitution has been framed but 47 years. We saw our first steamboat in 1850, our first telegraph in 1855, our first stage line in 1857, our first railroad in 1868, and it was in this year that we sent the first shipload of wheat to Liverpool, the forerunner of a commerce that is already great and widespread and whose future has no bounds. If our progress has not been sufficient to meet the requirements of the boomer, it has at least discounted that of the early commonwealths, for what were Virginia, the mother of Presidents, or Massachusetts, the home of Harvard and Bunker Hill and the Adams family, or New York, the land of the Knickerbockers, 60 years after their original settlement.

Sixty years after the first huts were built on Manhattan Island English dominion was still in question, Roman Catholics were under the ban, and New York meant simply Staten Island, Manhattan, Long Island, and the banks of the Hudson.

Sixty years after settlement Massachusetts was hanging witches and banishing Quakers and making life a burden to the Baptists, while 40 years later she was still being devastated by Indian wars.

It was 86 years after Jamestown was settled by the English before the College of William and Mary was founded, and 100 years after when Governor Spotswood, the first white man to enter the Great Valley, crossed the Blue Ridge.

Our local progress has exceeded the wildest expectations of the men of two generations ago. At the inauguration of the enterprise of building a plank road from Portland to Tualitin Plains, over 50 years ago, the orator of the occasion was rash enough to prophesy that the iron horse would ultimately take the place of the plank road, and that "persons were within the sound of his voice that would live to see the day when a main trunk railroad would be extended from sea to sea—from the Atlantic to the Pacific." His prophecy was verified in less than 20 years.

The mournful suggestion of Senator Dickerson that "the mines of Mexico and Peru disembowled would scarcely pay a penny on the pound of the cost of a railroad to the Pacific Coast" was discredited within a generation by the construction of a half dozen transcontinental lines, while the mines of Mexico and Peru are still paying princely dividends. The prophetic words of Jason Lee, "Here is the germ of a great State," are being verified, and events already past have vindicated the wisdom of Thomas H. Benton, in his utterance of May, 1846: "I look upon the settlement of the Columbia River by the van of the Caucasian race as the most momentous event in history since man's dispersion over the earth."

It was the pleasure of Senator Woodbury of New Hampshire, speaking of Oregon 60 years ago, to say: "If I had a son whose conduct made him a fit subject for Botany Bay I would say in the name of God go." If the dear old, misguided man had sent

the boy we would have made a man of him, and in a few years returned him as a Senator or a Missionary, to teach the benighted denizens of New Hampshire, rock-ribbed land of abandoned farms, something of the mysteries of physical geography, and of the opportunities open here in God's country for even a New Hampshire Yankee.

In 1844 the Louisville Journal published to the world that: "Russia has her Siberia, and England her Botany Bay, and if the United States could ever use a country to which to banish rogues and scoundrels, the utility of such a region as Oregon will be demonstrated." Sixty years later, in 1904, Hon. Henry Watterson, the present editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, put himself on record as saying: "If I were a young man of 20, leaving the State of Kentucky, I would make my home in Oregon, as the one country offering the most magnificent opportunities to the young men of America."

Even Daniel Webster deemed it necessary to characterize the Pacific Coast as "a region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts of shifting sands and whirlpools of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs, a Western Coast of 3000 miles, rock bound, cheerless, uninviting, and not a harbor on it." Within a mile of the spot where we are now assembled is a harbor floating more magnificent ocean ships than Daniel Webster ever saw. Today his prairie dogs are dead. His cactus has given place to the cabbage and the cauliflower. His whirlwinds of dust have been laid by our gentle and refreshing showers. His deserts of shifting sands are producing millions of bushels of wheat, and millions of barrels of flour for the markets of the Orient. His wild beasts are all, thanks to the persuasive and hypnotic powers of Colonel Hawkins, either caged on the grounds of the City Park, or stuffed and set up on a pedestal in the rooms of the Oregon Historical Society, and if the god-like Daniel could now visit us in person we would lead him, without a bodyguard, through this "region of savages" to the gateway of the Indian Industrial School at Chemawa and introduce him to Indian students who could tell him more than all of the Harvard professors of his day, about the resources of this great empire, and about the capacity of the American pioneer to conquer the forces of nature, to transform the wilderness, and to make the waste places bud and blossom as the rose.

This "God-forsaken Asiatic region" of John C. Calhoun has vaster resources than a dozen States like South Carolina. The old "Oregon country" embraced a region of over 300,000 square miles. Oregon as she now is, extending East and West 345 miles, and having an ocean frontage of 276 miles, includes a territory of 95,000 square miles. Three million people make their homes in Massachusetts, a State having but one-twelfth of the area of Oregon with not a tithe of her resources. Oregon, peopled as is Japan, or Great Britain, would have a population of 30,000,000. and with a population like that of Belgium, 461 people to the square mile, her numbers would be more than 40,000,000, and her resources would ultimately sustain them. She has nearly one-sixth of the timber of the United States, more than any other State in the Union, and even now the products of her forests are adding millions annually to her wealth. Her fish, her fruits, her wheat, her wool, her dairy products are immense in value and unsurpassed in quality. The United States is one of the leading

hop countries of the world, but of the hops grown in the United States more than 30 per cent come from the State of Oregon, and 12 per cent from the single County of Marion. In 1903 the output of our farms, and orchards, and ranges, and waters, and factories, and from other sources was more than \$200,000,00.

Sixty years ago the brilliant Senator McDuffie of South Carolina, speaking of what was then known as the "Oregon country," declared that he would not give a pinch of snuff for the whole territory, but that despised territory is now adding \$400,000,000 annually to the national wealth; in 50 years it has contributed to the revenues of the national treasury more than \$50,000,000, and in gold and silver alone it has contributed over \$125,000,000 to the wealth of the nation.

In the distorted imagination of Daniel Webster the Columbia River had no mouth, and for all human use she was not to be compared to the St. John, but she is the second river of the United States, and at certain stages she carries more water than the Mississippi. With her principal tributaries she includes more than 2000 miles of navigable waters, and drains a region equal to the combined area of New England, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Maryland. Her annual foreign commerce runs into the millions. Through the mouth of the Columbia, for in spite of Daniel Webster she has a mouth, ocean vessels, like the *Algoa*, carrying a cargo of 9276 tons, sail up her waters and through the mouth of the Willamette, more than 100 miles to Portland, her chief seaport, a city to which is almost wholly tributary the 1700 miles of railroad already constructed and in operation within the State of Oregon. From this port, greater than was Boston in Webster's time, whose annual bank clearances are \$175,000,000, whose annual jobbing trade is more than \$160,000,000, and which spends annually in the trifling matter of postage stamps alone the sum of \$350,000, a single company sent out six ocean vessels with a cargo of 2,500,000 feet of lumber each, and a seventh with a cargo exceeding 3,634,000 feet. All of this would make little impression in the great commercial centers of the East. There is in all of it but a simple suggestion of what the future has in store. It was Benton who, in the spirit of prophecy, and pleading the cause of Oregon, pointed to India and the unlimited possibilities of the East. Let us read the lessons of history. Let us consider the geography of our situation. Let us examine the ocean charts, and learn the pathways of commerce and watch the outgoings and the incomings of our ocean transports, for away beyond the waters of the Pacific three-quarters of the population of the world beckons the way to our commerce, and to new markets for the products of our fields, and our forests, and our ranges, and all of the fruits of American industry and invention. Here is one of the world's great gateways. Here is a future seat of empire. Here, in this remote corner, but future center, is the Ultima Thule of discovery and achievement. And all of this great region, still undeveloped, boundless in extent, boundless in its resources, and boundless in its possibilities, is the gift of the Oregon pioneer to the American sisterhood of States. Westward—ever Westward—has for thousands of years been the story of man's migrations,

"And nations wrecked along the rolling years

Mark where for 60 centuries have run

The tidal waves of men toward the setting sun."

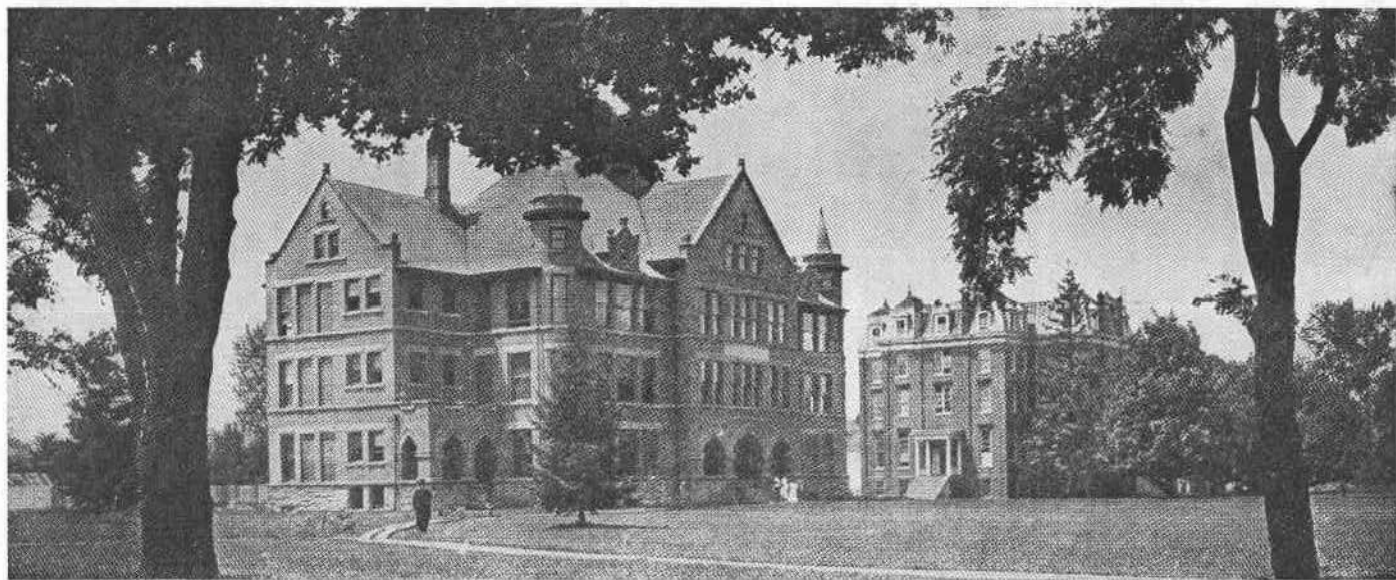
Here the journey, begun thousands of years ago, has culminated. Here the long procession that started in the dawn of history has finally broken ranks. From this point, under new conditions, with new equipments, with columns rearranged, and along other lines of human endeavor, on, and on, and on, will go the ceaseless march of men and events. Prescience, hope, opportunity, ambition, courage, energy, ingredients all of the heaven that first dissipated the primeval shadows, will continue ceaselessly to work until the dazzling splendors of ultimate achievement mark the end of human quest and of human endeavor.

The withholding for so many ages of this wonderful land was a prodigal loss to the past of all its enormous materials of wealth and opportunity, and covers designs of Providence that are wholly inscrutable. Undiscovered and undeveloped, it has lain through the centuries while wars were waging, and nations were rising, and civilization was advancing, and the history of men was being illumined with all of the triumphs of music and of art, and science and law and commerce and statesmanship and religion. During all of these years while the civilizing processes of the ages were being evolved in the mind of the great Architect, and all the varying stages of discovery and development were reaching their culmination in other and extended fields, this world of wealth—this richest of all lands—this exhaustless reservoir of promise and of opportunity—was being hidden from the eyes of civilized man. Here—during all these centuries of time—the wild birds have sung, the wild flowers have bloomed, the wild beasts have roamed, and wilder men have traversed the forests and the desert solitudes. Here old Mount Hood, majestic sentinel of the skies, "lonely as God and white as a winter moon," has stood watch and ward; the great forests have gathered age and strength, and substance, and proportion, and the rivers have gone rolling down with ceaseless monotone to mingle with the restless waters of the sea. And here, at last, in the fullness of time, have come the avant couriers of civilization, and in Gray, and Astor, and Lewis and Clark, and Lee, and Whitman, and all their compeers and successors, the exploiters, the explorers, the home builders, and the law givers, has been begun the work in this wide and rich, but long neglected field, that is to rival all the work of the past, and bring developments that will surpass the hopes and the prophecies of the cheeriest optimist. The first foundations in this new field have been laid. The initial chapters of our history have already been written. We already have what we are pleased to refer to as a pioneer era. The opening years of the new century have noted, in increasing ratio, the passing of many of the founders and State builders of Oregon. Over their graves will arise new scenes, and be made new history. The world wants results—constantly results—and is reckless alike of the presence or of the absence of individuals. After the lapse of but two generations, this is no longer a land of romance, but a commercial asset, and the primitive work of the pioneers is being overshadowed in the march of commerce, and pioneer memories are swallowed up and forgotten in the hum of the traffic on our rivers and in our cities, and in the rush and the roar of all the varied engines of modern industry.

At our last annual reunion 1007 of the sturdy pioneers of

Oregon were here to inscribe their names upon the register. Their average age was 70 years, and it is believed that in the meantime, of all our Association, less than two score have passed over the river, a striking commentary upon the vigor of Oregon Pioneer stock.

But a new Oregon is already here. A newer and a greater Oregon is to follow. Over the old trails thousands have followed in the steps of the "foot soldiers" of the 40's and the 50's. Millions are yet to come. The evening shadows are gathering about those of the vanguard who yet linger upon the shores of time. Year after year inroads are made in the scattered ranks, and the stories of the joys and the perils that clustered about the campfires of long ago are but fading memories and idyls of the past. With no regrets for the years that are gone, with no misgivings for the future, these heroic pathfinders and State builders, at each recurring reunion, gather in closer ranks their thinning numbers, touch shoulder to shoulder, and press the handclasp with a firmer, but more tender, grip, and looking outward and upward, with clear and steady vision, as men of purpose and men of action who have done their work, and done it well, accept all of the transitions of time as but the adjustment of new forces to changed conditions, necessary to make effective the work begun by them, proud and exultant that it was their good fortune to be dominant factors in so memorable, and so romantic an era in the history of the world.



UNIVERSITY CAMPUS AND EATON HALL

ADDRESS UPON THE LAYING OF THE CORNERSTONE OF
EATON HALL, WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY,
DECEMBER 16, 1908.

The occasion which brings us together today is the laying of the cornerstone of a building which constitutes the largest individual gift ever received by Willamette University in all its history. It is a compliment and an honor to be commissioned to appear in a dual capacity upon this occasion as the representative of a great fraternal order and as the representative of the pioneer educational institution of the Pacific slope, and to join with you in doing honor to one who for many years has been a leader both in Odd Fellowship and in Methodism. For more than a generation it has been my fortune to be a member of the great fraternity of Odd Fellows, and it is a matter of pride with me that, although all my life I have simply kept within hailing distance of the great Methodist Church, I am the dean of the board of trustees of Willamette University by virtue of 30 years of continuous service. Although not yet ready to enroll myself in the ranks of the veterans, when I look upon the present membership of that board, and find not a single face that was familiar 30 years ago, I know that my bald head tells something more than the story of early piety and domestic infelicity, and I realize that I am gradually approaching the period of "the lean and slippered pantaloons."

The old veterans of Odd Fellowship and of Methodism in this State were men who stirred the liveliest hopes and ambitions of my early boyhood, and they were familiar figures in all the experiences of my early manhood. Those were good old days, and those were good old specimens of God's elect. They had their virtues, and they had their frailties, and they had their vices, for there was human nature in plenty then as now, but in my eyes their qualities were typical only of strength and of character. On my boyish imagination they loomed high above ordinary mortals, and while, with advancing years, the perspective has deepened and broadened, and imagination has given place to a less exuberant judgment of men and things, there still remains the conviction that "there were giants in those days," and that the earlier builders of Chemeketa Lodge and of Willamette University were men who would have been potent factors in any community and in any age. The pioneer is seldom a weakling. To undertake 60 years ago a journey of 3000 miles across mountains and streams and deserts, such as intervened between the Middle West and the Pacific slope called for will and strength and character and courage of the highest type. There is no chapter in American history that teems with more heroic exploits, or better illustrates the sterling quality of American manhood than the story of the early pioneers of Oregon, and there is nowhere any prouder ancestry to stir the pride and the ambition of American youth. Having conquered the dangers and the privations of a six-months' journey across the "Great American Desert," companions in trial and partners in all of the trying experiences of that early day, there was ever thereafter a more than ordinary community of interest. Friendships were closer and more confidential. Class distinctions were unknown, and there was an absence of the complex, distracting and centrifugal forces that are ever at work in communities of later and completer growth.

Under such conditions began the history of Willamette University and Chemeketa Lodge. They were both "in at the beginning," and for nearly 60 years they have worked side by side in the interest of this community. Willamette is by a few years the elder. It has been 68 years since that first subscription of \$600 to the endowment fund of Willamette was taken away out on the waters of the Atlantic ocean by the "Missionary Family" that, a few days before, had sailed on board the good ship *Lausanne* out of the harbor of the City of New York. It has been 56 years since Chemeketa Lodge No. 1, I. O. O. F., was instituted—the mother lodge of the Oregon jurisdiction, and the pioneer lodge of the Pacific Coast. It was on the 16th day of August, 1844, that the old "Oregon Institute," out of which has developed Willamette University, opened its first session. It was on December 6, 1852, that Chemeketa Lodge was instituted by E. M. Barnum, who was afterwards the first Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Oregon. This lodge was organized with B. F. Harding as N. G.; E. N. Cooke, as V. G.; C. S. Woodworth, as Secretary, and Joel Palmer, as Treasurer. Less than 40 days later—on January 12, 1853—the "Oregon Institute" was incorporated by the Legislative Assembly as "Willamette University," and it is worthy of note that the instituting officer, and all of the officials named, were intimately associated with the early history of Willamette University. B. F. Harding, the Noble Grand, was a member of the first board of trustees of Willamette. E. M. Barnum, the instituting officer, was the first secretary of the board. E. N. Cooke, the Vice Grand, was for years a member of the board, and an active and prominent Methodist layman. All of the children of C. S. Woodworth, the secretary, were educated at Willamette, and his wife was a member of its faculty, while General Joel Palmer, the treasurer, was a leading Methodist layman and a staunch friend and supporter of the University.

Like the early leaders of Methodism, these veteran Odd Fellows were men of a strong type. C. S. Woodworth was one of the leading pioneer business men of Oregon. E. M. Barnum was an able lawyer and in 1858 was the leading competitor of John Whiteaker for the governorship of the State. E. N. Cooke was for eight years the treasurer of the State of Oregon. General Joel Palmer was one of the most noted of the early pioneers of Oregon and in 1870 was the Republican candidate for governor of this State. B. F. Harding was for years the circuit judge of this district and served the State as a member of the United States Senate. Worthy in every way to be associated as co-workers with these men were the pioneer missionaries of Methodism, the founders of Willamette, and the original "Empire Builders" of the Northwest, upon whose foundations Harriman and "Jim" Hill are but erecting the superstructure. The memory of these earnest and consecrated men comes down through the intervening years like a benediction. We see upon every side the fruition of their labors. Their works do follow them and in those works they are ever present. We still hear the thunder tones of Waller and of Gustavus Hines. Still here in all these reminders of the early days are Parrish, the stalwart blacksmith-preacher, and the eloquent and scholarly Pearne, and the polished and courtly Roberts, and David Leslie, with his long gray hair flowing to his shoulders,

the modern embodiment of one of the patriarchs of old, and the stately "Father Wilbur," the eloquent preacher, the successful man of affairs, the giant frontier statesman, the noblest Roman of them all. With them, men of the past, and men of the present, men whose work is done, and men who are still in active service, there was a notable combination of zealous and earnest men, not of the traditional uncouth stock, but men of polish and of scholastic attainment. Hoyt and Gatch and Wythe, who presided over the destinies of Willamette during its two first decades were all men who would measure up to the modern standard. Dr. Wythe passed over the border years ago, but Dr. Hoyt, an octogenarian, is still in the harness as professor of Greek in Berea College, Ohio, while Dr. Gatch has just retired from active work after a continuous service of 50 years as an educator in the Northwest, during 14 years of which he was the president of Willamette University.

Following these men as the head of Willamette were Woodward, Rounds, Lambert, Van Scoy, Stratton, Whiteaker, Hawley, Coleman, and Homan, strong men all, who have done valuable service in taking up the pioneer work of the fathers and widening and extending its influence. Special mention is due Revs. F. P. Tower and John H. Roork, who as financial agents of the University, did yeomen's work at a critical period in its history. Of others of the old guard of Methodism, who were identified with the history of the school in its early days, Doane, Dillon, Harvey K. Hines, Rutledge, Driver, Bowers and Nickerson all rest from their labors. Among the veterans who still remain are Rev. T. F. Royal, now approaching his 90th year, and Rev. John Flinn, who at 92 years of age is one of the liveliest boys of the Oregon Conference.

In all this company there was not a man of wealth in the material sense, but no millionaire ever made a greater sacrifice, or bestowed of his substance with a more lavish liberality. If the mere accumulation and possession of wealth is riches, then is the miser rich indeed, but if wealth means the possession, coupled with the capacity and the disposition to invest it with liberal and rational spirit, and to so distribute the surplus as to redound to the greatest good of the greatest number, then are both the miser and the profligate among the poorest of men. Our millionaire class numbers thousands. Those of our people whose revenues greatly exceed every rational want are numbered by the tens of thousands. But a pitiful proportion of all these possessors of wealth have discovered that a liberal devotion of their surplus to the good of their fellow men is either a duty or a pleasure. In every line of industry and of trade we see evidence of the national apotheosis of the almighty dollar. Life is a mad scramble. To accumulate is the universal ambition. With wealth accumulated our remaining days are spent in piling up a useless surplus, while want and disease are telling their pitiful tales in every community—while poverty stalks about in the streets of all our cities—while hundreds of thousands of industrious poor are begging for the opportunity to earn for themselves and those dependent upon them, the means to share in the higher comforts and pleasures of life—and while libraries and schools and churches and hospitals are everywhere appealing for help to make this world what the highest interests of all of us require it should be. Something is radically wrong in a system which allows a Rockefeller, within

a single generation, to accumulate and assume absolute control of a fortune of \$500,000,000—which allows the Bradley Martins to squander in a single ball, enough to endow a hospital—which allows the Astors and the Belmonts and the Vanderbilts to spend every season enough in banquets and diamonds and extravagant raiment to support a great university—which allows men of the type of Jay Gould to accumulate millions by the most infamous methods, to be squandered by the Castellanes and the de Sagans in the brothels and the gambling hells of Europe—which allows the lords and the loons, the counts and the no-accounts, the dukes and the dead beats, the brainless and the characterless spawn of European “ig-nobility” to barter their worthless titles for the daughters and the dollars of industrial highwaymen whose millions have been filched from the pockets of American citizens by utterly indefensible methods.

What reason can any economist or law-giver offer for a condition that permits any man to secure, in a single generation, the absolute control of a fortune equal to the entire assessed wealth of the State of Oregon? If such an accumulation is possible for the man who starts in life without a dollar, what may we expect of his legatee who starts upon his career with an accumulation of a half a billion. Why should such abnormal wealth, accumulated under the protection of our laws, and which accumulation would be impossible except for that protection, be allowed to be diverted from worthy and needy objects everywhere appealing for help, to be devoted to the extravagant follies of the aimless rich of our own land, or to minister to the vices of the titled rakes and profligates of Europe? So flagrant have been the abuses of wealth in recent years that there are millions of American citizens, having no patience with the doctrines of Socialism, having no sympathy with the gospel of discontent, having nothing in common with those who would array class against class, who, yet, are ready for legislation that will forever prohibit the accumulation of abnormal wealth in the hands of any single individual, or corporation.

It is a question of morals as well as of political economy. Competition should be encouraged. There should ever be ahead the incentive of reward for skill and for a life of honest industry, and that reward should be so large as to assure every comfort and every luxury consistent with reason, but the limit should make impossible an accumulation that is at once a menace to legislation and to the best interests of the commonwealth, as well as a burden and a temptation to its possessor. As Americans we scoff at the suggestion of entailing the political power of an official upon his descendants, and nowhere have we an advocate of the doctrine of confining our rulers to a single line of ancestry. We have no hereditary rulers except as we are the subjects of our money kings, and except as we carefully guard by our laws the transmission of our great fortunes from father to son. We permit the greedy money grabber to accumulate million upon million, to smother competition, to absorb our great industrial concerns, to acquire the financial strength to dictate legislation, to control our markets, and to practically rule communities and counties and states. Many of the most vital interests of the states and of the nation are served by the concentration of wealth, and corporate wealth and corporate power are the necessary adjuncts of great national industrial enterprises, but the monopoly and the hereditary trans-

mission of fortunes equalling the wealth of a great state have become a menace that calls for the gravest consideration. All of our income taxes and all of our inheritance taxes restore to the community but a mere pittance of its dues. The perfection of legislation is that which secures the greatest good to the greatest number. The talent, the business sagacity, the financial skill of no man should, in the event of his death, redound solely to the benefit of his descendants who never contributed an effort or a thought to the accumulation of his fortune. Abolish the law, withdraw the protection of our courts, disorganize society, take down every bar that holds in check the criminal and the outlaw, let every man of wealth rely wholly upon his own resources and the greatest fortune will tumble like a house of cards, and the millionaire will stand helpless as a child. There is much both of truth and wisdom in the suggestion of Andrew Carnegie that it is a disgrace to die rich. He apparently has some conception of the fact that his own great fortune is his largely by reason of the loyalty of American citizenship to the forms and the methods of law and order. To none more than to men of great wealth—paradoxical as it may seem—should a law be welcome that would, by compulsion, make them what A. E. Eaton is of his own free will—benefactors of society and builders of monuments to their own memory that would outlast all the feeble devices of the aimless rich for contentment and happiness and fame.

There is in the work of the founders of Willamette University an illustration and a lesson. It was a work of benefaction and philanthropy. They gave of their substance as they were able, and no millionaire founder of colleges or of libraries was ever animated by a higher purpose, or gave with a more liberal and unselfish spirit. They lived in a day of smaller things and of smaller opportunities, but who shall estimate the comparative and ultimate results? It is a far cry from the old days of 50 years ago, when Willamette's only building was a wooden frame in the midst of a wheat field, surrounded by a rail fence, and when her only endowment was the loyalty of a meagre faculty and the patronage of a sparse and widely scattered population. But even in those old days her halls swarmed with students coming from every community from California to the line of British Columbia, and who later went out into every section of this great Northwest to conquer it for the forces of civilization and to crown their own careers with the laurels of successful endeavor. Our progress in wealth and in influence may have been a disappointment, but it is not for us to compute the results of the work of the old school whose leaven has been working in every considerable community of Oregon, Washington and Idaho for two full generations. It is not for us to bewail the financial mistakes of the past. It is not for us to call in question the liberality of those who might have given to this institution an endowment that would have placed it in the front rank of the great institutions of the country. This is not a wake, or an occasion of condolence. It is a jubilee and a day of rejoicing. Willamette's early history is lighted up with the glamour of romance. She was a child of sacrifice and devotion, and hers will ever be a story of abiding interest. She is now greeting the dawn of a new day. When she was born the total white population of Oregon could have been seated within this hall. On August 16, 1844, when the first session of the "Ore-

gon Institute" was opened, there were in existence only five of the 50 institutions of college grade that are now operating under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church, not including the Ohio Wesleyan University and the Iowa Wesleyan University, both of which opened their doors in that year. Then Boston University, and Cornell, and Johns Hopkins and Stanford, and Berkeley, and Northwestern, and Syracuse, and Vanderbilt, and the University of Chicago, and Bryn Mawr, and Smith, and Vassar, and Wellesley, and the universities of Denver, and Illinois, and Kansas, and Minnesota, and Nebraska, and Texas, and Wisconsin, and other great schools, endowed with millions of wealth and swarming with tens of thousands of students, were not only unknown, but unthought of.

In that year there were in full operation three colleges west of the Mississippi, Tulane, at New Orleans, the University of St. Louis, at St. Louis, and the University of Missouri, at Columbia, and of these Tulane University and the University of Missouri were founded after Jason Lee had been named as the superintendent of the Methodist Missions on the Pacific Coast. Aside from these, in all that great empire extending from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean—that vast expanse comprising two-thirds of the territory of the United States, there was not a single institution of college grade, there was not a single mile of railroad, and schools and churches and orchards and wheat fields were almost unknown in all of that boundless territory that today teems with all the evidences of an advanced civilization, and boasts its millions of men and its billions of wealth.

In that early day, thousands of miles from the seat of civilization, and over on the extremest edge of the continent, with an almost trackless and limitless desert behind, and in front the restless and boundless waters of the Pacific, Willamette arose as a single star, as if to beckon to this new land the forces that are to make of it in the future a great commercial empire and the home of a great and a happy people.

We are here today to do honor to its founders, to bear testimony to their wisdom, to pay homage to their work, and to indulge in gratulations at the concrete evidence we have that the spirit of the fathers still survives. In the gift of Eaton Hall there is manifest the financial sagacity of the donor that prompts him in his own lifetime to set apart a portion of his fortune for a great work, and to personally direct and supervise the ante-mortem investment of his own legacy. It is an investment, wise both in its method and in its purpose, that gives to him who makes it a foretaste of what, in its great and steady returns, it is to accomplish for his fellowmen in all the coming years. In all those years Eaton Hall is to bear constant tribute to one who is a splendid specimen of the stalwart pioneer stock that has conquered the Northwest by the peaceful methods of a Christian civilization. Built by the hand of a man gifted with physical and mental vigor, and animated by an earnest purpose—by a man endowed by nature with a sure business sagacity—by a man schooled in the college of toil, and hardship, and privation—man-loving, God-fearing, honest, industrious and unpretending, it will stand as the fruit of honest toil, and as a representative of the homely and saving virtues of integrity and industry and application, and a wisely directed spirit of benevolence. It will stand not merely as

a monument to a worthy donor—not merely as a home of science and literature—not merely as the ornament of a beautiful campus, but as an inspiration and a lesson, and a text, inciting the ambition of the youth of coming generations, and pointing the way to careers of wealth and honor and useful citizenship.

All honor to Hoyt, and Gatch, and Wythe, their associates and successors, that loyal phalanx of instructors who in the last 60 years have done so much to mould and to elevate our citizenship and our homes.

All honor to Lee, to Willson, to Waller, to Hines, to Leslie, and their companions, loyal and efficient servants of the Church, who led the van in the discovery and the conquest of this great El Dorado of promise and of opportunity.

All honor to Eaton and Kimball and Booth and the scores of others of Willamette's benefactors whose wealth and whose liberality has been an active and efficient force in the uplift of humanity and the spread of a better and a greater civilization.

May their tribe increase. May the hopes and prayers of these devoted men be more than realized. May the proud history of the past be but a minor chapter in the volume that is to record the achievements of the future, and as generation follows generation, may the sweep and the scope of the work of Willamette ever widen, and may her colors lead the van in every movement that makes for the good of humanity, and the spread of influences that are to make us a greater, a better and a happier people.

ADDRESS AT CHAMPOEG, MAY 2, 1911.

We are gathered together again upon our annual visit to one of the pioneer shrines of the Northwest, to exchange greetings, to recall the pleasures and the sorrows of pioneer days, and to pay the homage due that rapidly disappearing group who, in moulding the earlier destinies of this Coast, not only had a part in moulding our individual careers, but added greatly to the power and the prestige of our country by giving to the American nation what in the coming days is to be a great and a prosperous commercial empire. Time after time we have heard the story in all of its details, and year after year we have gone home from these gatherings with new inspirations, and with new resolves to make the most of the opportunities that have become our heritage because of the sacrifices and the prescience of those whose deeds we celebrate.

All of our sentimental and patriotic inspirations have their root in the prosaic and practical affairs of life. The welfare of the individual is the fundamental idea in every political and governmental organization, and the patriotic fervor with which we regard the home and the flag and the nation is generally limited in its application to our own home, and our own flag and our own nation. It was the purely selfish but practical protest against "taxation without representation" that was one great inspiration of the American Revolution. In the earliest stages of our own history as a State there seemed to be little disposition to organize any form of a government until it appeared necessary upon the death of Ewing Young to make some disposition of his large estate, consisting solely of personal property, for at that time, in all of this vast territory, there was not a foot of soil to which any individuals could lay personal claim. The incident of his death seems to have been the first to awaken in the minds of the men of that day the necessity of governmental organization, and that incident was the origin of the development which was at least partially consummated on the 2nd of May, 1843. The probating of Young's estate was one of the first important acts of the Provisional Government, and the appropriation of \$1500 from the funds of that estate for the building of a jail at Oregon City with the understanding that it was to provide quarters for all criminals in the State of Oregon, was the first important financial exploit of the new commonwealth. We are told that in the beginning of the year 1842 the whole American population was only 137 persons, of whom 34 were white women and 32 were white children. During that year 112 were added to the population. There was then no American citizen north of the Columbia River. It was an extremely small constituency having in its keeping the destiny of an immense territory that is in time to surpass in wealth and power and population some of the greatest principalities known to the civilized world. This constituency was unconsciously bearing a tremendous responsibility. Even at this day, after a lapse of more than two generations, we but imperfectly realize the immensity of our heritage.

We need not again tell in detail the old, old story. It is familiar to every intelligent and patriotic Oregonian. McLoughlin, and Lee and Whitman will ever loom as historic names above the

horizon, and Minto and Matthieu, Crawford, Babcock and Le Breton and scores of their leading compatriots, will ever hold conspicuous place on the pioneer roll of honor. The pioneer classics of the Northwest will embody the story of their lives and of their work. That work is done. Within a few short years the last survivor will have gone to his reward. We little realize how completely the early heroes of the State have disappeared from the scene of action. Soon this great commonwealth which, in a sense at least, they discovered, and which in a truer and a more real sense they saved to the American flag, will have gone into the control of those who are strangers to all the hardships of pioneer life, and who it may be feared, may be so much absorbed in solving new political problems, and dealing with new commercial and industrial conditions as to pay little heed to the lessons of pioneer days.

The first settlers found here a new world of unbounded possibilities. Speaking in a different sense, and having regard to changed conditions and new developments, we are today living in a yet newer world than did our forefathers. We are confronted with intricate and complex political problems of which the fathers never dreamed. We are now compressing ages within the bounds of a single generation. So boundless and far-reaching, so fascinating and absorbing, so exhilarating and demoralizing are the interests which now attract and distract us that we have little time for philosophy, and we are allowing the purely practical and selfish affairs of life to smother the romance and the sentiment of our pioneer days. Where is it all to end? What is to be the limit of development? To what goal is this tremendous pace to carry us? The most distressing feature is the tendency in all these developments to dwarf the individual and lose him in the common mass. The intimacy of old-time personal relationships is giving way to superficial friendships scattered among thousands. There is a widespread tendency to make the home secondary. The social circle is larger, but the friendships are more lukewarm. Hospitality is becoming an empty display. Then the quiet ministrations to want and suffering carried personal sympathy and direct individual interest. Now they are bestowed according to well-established philanthropic plans through paid agents, devoted and faithful no doubt, and far better skilled in the work of alleviation, but without the warmth and affection of intense personal sympathy.

We cannot stay the tide. There are many reasons why we should not attempt to do so, for the new methods have their compensations, but we can do something to soften and humanize any demoralizing tendency, by calling a halt now and then and asking our impetuous fellowmen to give more of life to what we all know is the best of life. We can revert back from time to time to the wholesome days when the simpler things were paramount—to the days when toil and privation were the common lot, and the mad scramble for material gain was not the consuming ambition. No single influence will do more to moderate our pace and restore the old ideals than a faithful observance of these anniversary occasions. Let us go back occasionally to the primeval days and make the going back a religion and a duty. The dollar is a thing greatly to be desired—never more than now when the

high cost of living has become one of our most serious problems, but man himself is a more important consideration, and rational ambitions, and rational habits and rational results should be the inspiration, the aim and the climax of every new development.

To realize the value of our heritage as a people we should know how it came, and, to preserve and make the most of it, we should keep ever in the foreground some reminder of its tremendous original cost. As American citizens we are better, and happier and more patriotic because of the flag, the sight of which recalls the trials and the struggles of early days, the sacrifices of our heroes, and the glories of final achievement. We are better citizens because of Bunker Hill and Valley Forge and Yorktown. We are locally better citizens because of our pioneer traditions, and the work of men like those who, with F. X. Matthieu, first set up on these Western shores the standard of American sovereignty. Every monument, every statue, every historic structure, every state and national anniversary, stirs the pride, arouses the enthusiasm, and ministers to the loftiest patriotic sentiment. Every shrine has its meaning and its lesson, and the romance and the sentiment they embody will make these lessons attractive. Let every important event be symbolized by some enduring sign. It will keep in fresh remembrance every notable man and every notable achievement. Let us honor, exploit and magnify these anniversaries, and make them anchors to hold us fast to the ideals of the primitive days when man was closer to nature and to his fellows.

There can be no better use made of these anniversary occasions than to make them the means of emphasizing the duties of citizenship, and considering the serious responsibilities that have been imposed upon us as the successors of those who blazed the way and founded here a new commonwealth. These men, as a rule, were good citizens of high character, upon whose shoulders the duties of citizenship did not lightly rest. Their wants were few, their habits were simple, and their methods were open and direct. In moulding a good citizen it is of prime importance that he should be given some knowledge of history and of political precedents, and that he should be endowed with common sense, a knowledge of human nature, and a tolerant spirit. It is unfortunate that a large proportion of the electorate are not endowed with all of these requirements. An absence of the spirit of tolerance is one of the most conspicuous defects of human nature, and nothing is more common in political life than our own lofty assumption of superior virtue, and the indiscriminate abuse of political opponents and public officials. There are abuses in plenty that call for severest censure, but that want of discrimination, which assumes the guilt of every public official until he proves his innocence, is driving many of our best men from public life. The bigotry of politics is more intolerant than that of religion. The universal habit of impugning the motives and questioning the sincerity of political opponents puts every candidate on the common level, and so bedevils the electorate that a choice might as safely be left to the rattle of the dice box. Too often the palaver of the demagogue is more potent than the cooler counsel of the man who would rather be right than popular. We are too prone to forget that honest men have differed ever since

the days of Adam, and that the most conscientious of men often reach the same results by the most radically different methods.

The average man is conscientious, dependable and patriotic, and those who seek to profit by criminal political practices constitute an utterly insignificant percentage of the electorate. The politician, or the so-called reformer, who preaches the doctrine that the larger proportion of our public officials are corrupt, or that any large proportion of the voters of the country of any party, or of any faction, are interested in the success of demoralizing political practices of any kind utters an indefensible libel on American citizenship. If such men would spend more of their time in mingling with their fellowmen of every shade of political and religious belief, and in the observance of such occasions as have brought us together today, they might learn lessons that would lead them to abandon their pernicious habit, and engage in work that would do them more credit and the country a greater service. Such men could carry us to higher ground by doing something to smooth the asperities of political strife, and exerting themselves to arouse in every citizen a sense of his personal responsibility as a citizen.

We all decry the grafter and the demagogue, but the indifferent citizen is a yet more dangerous menace. We affect to despise the politician, but every good citizen is a politician. In every political contest he has a vote, and the privilege carries with it the duty of making that vote an intelligent one. The privileges of citizenship have cost billions of money and hundreds of thousands of lives. They are the usufruct of sacrifice, and devotion, and patriotic service. They are the fruit, not of war alone, but of the civil battles, as well, that have been continuously waged from the very foundation of the Republic. Under any political system corruption and misrule are bound to flourish where the individual citizen neglects his duty. With us no political system can automatically either work reform or defeat reform. The citizen himself is the central factor. Good citizenship is an everyday duty. The good citizen is the continuous citizen. He is on the firing line in the crisis of every political battle. The hysterical, spasmodic, intermittent citizen, whose only equipment is his nerves and his emotions is a public pest. He ought to be eternally relegated to the scrap heap. The man who does not exercise the privileges of a citizen as a religious duty is estopped from criticizing the results of his own neglect, and he ought to be estopped from the privilege of exercising the elective franchise. If he will not vote when he should, he should not be allowed to vote when he would. The self-centered slave of his own pursuits and ambitions, he makes the opportunity for the grafter to prey upon those who have the highest conceptions of a citizen's duty, but are powerless and defenseless because of the neglect of their fellows. The boss and the henchman are the legitimate progeny of the indifferent voter, and he alone is their legitimate prey. Godspeed the grafter on his way to the pocketbook of that kind of citizenship.

The crucial point is the party primary. There is the fountain head of all political power, and the source of all political good and political evil. If Francis X. Matthieu and his friend Etienne Lucier, 68 years ago, had failed to discharge the duties of citizen-

ship that famous meeting would have been without result, and it is possible that the entire current of history on this Northwest Coast would have run in other channels. The call of Le Breton and Gray for a divide on that historic day, seconded by the call of Meek for all in favor to stand up and show their hands, was a call that should sound perpetually in the ears of every citizen of the State of Oregon. There is a continuous cry for a divide, and a continuous need to stand up and be counted. Every man should stand ready to respond to every call for a division. It is an individual and not a community duty. A single vote has elected Governors and Senators. A single vote has fixed the decisions of our highest Courts upon the most vital and important legal questions. A single vote has even determined the Presidency of the Nation. The single vote and influence of F. X. Matthieu has made May 2, 1843, historic. The vast power that reposed in that single vote turned the tide and utterly changed the current of history in this great empire of the Northwest. On that day everything was in the balance. Our great statesmen in the halls of Congress had no conception of the possibilities of this region. The sentiment on the question of acquisition was not merely apathetic. It was, much of it, intensely hostile. As in the later discussions involving the possession of Alaska, the debates upon the question, participated in by our greatest statesmen, exhibited an ignorance of actual conditions and prospective possibilities that in the light of later days seems absolutely amazing.

The meeting of May 2, 1843, was not in any way spectacular. It was but the consummation of previous meetings. The issues were well understood. The lines of the two opposing forces were clearly drawn. Upon one hand was a compact phalanx of French-Canadians. Upon the other the proponents of American domination, with Matthieu, who had brought from Canada a personal grievance. The outcome meant the triumph either of the United States or of the Hudson Bay Company. With the possible exception of Lucier, the friend of Matthieu, there was probably not a single vote in doubt. With the American contingent the dominant thought was perhaps not so much the acquisition of empire as the eminently practical one of business and self-preservation: it was a response to a call for community stability and orderly procedure. To respond to such a call and make it effective was a simple thing for these sturdy men to do, but it affords a striking illustration of the importance of every citizen standing ready at all times to do his whole duty. They were there, most of them, in the flush of early manhood, seeking orderly freedom of action and enlarged opportunity, having the necessary pioneer equipment of physical health and physical courage and with a high conception of the duties of citizenship. They had little realization of the importance of the step they were taking. It appealed to them as a present duty and that appeal was sufficient. Their response to that appeal was a test of good citizenship. It affords a lesson worthy of our serious consideration. We but serve our own interests in paying to these men the homage of a yearly attendance and observance of this occasion, for we are gathering here new inspiration for the proper discharge of our duties as their successors, upon whom rests the responsibility of bringing their work to a successful fruition.

It is a happy fortune of our friend, Francis Xavier Matthieu, who bore so important a relation to this great historical event—that he has since lived for more than two full generations to witness, in that time, developments that have no parallel in history—to know that now, after a long life of 93 years, he, a simple, unassuming and unaffected citizen, has the universal confidence, respect, and affection of his fellows, and to realize that his name will always be linked with what in time will be recognized as one of the most important events in American history. He is a worthy representative of the great average electorate of the country in whom rests the future destiny of the Republic. So long as the homely virtues and the loyal devotion to the everyday duties of life, which have characterized his career, continue, the dominant impulses of our political life no power can impede us in our course as a prosperous and a happy people. May all the gentle influences that sweeten the journey of life attend his pathway, and may all of his remaining days be crowned with health, happiness and abundant prosperity.

**ADDRESS DELIVERED JUNE 15, 1912, ON THE OCCASION OF
THE DEDICATION OF THE JASON LEE MEMORIAL
CHURCH AT SALEM, OREGON.**

We have been asked to say a few words on this occasion upon "Jason Lee as the Founder of Willamette University." The task is accepted as a congenial one, for, although Jason Lee passed away years before our time, our whole literary education was obtained in the institution which he founded. For one who was for a time a pupil of Mrs. C. A. Wilson, the first teacher in the school, in later years a pupil of Lucy Anna Lee, the daughter of the great Missionary, and for one for more than a full generation in continuous service as a member of the Board of Trustees of "Old Willamette," it is a pleasure to pay, on this occasion, tribute to the memory of Jason Lee and in this task to be associated with those who have taken up and are carrying on the great work he began many years ago, for memories of his pioneer associates, and their familiar figures are indissolubly linked with the most vivid impressions of our boyhood.

It may not be historically exact to say that Jason Lee was the founder of Willamette University. He had been years in his grave when this name was adopted, and there were a number associated with him in the initial work which was consummated after he had passed away. It must be conceded, however, that, in its incipency, and in the earlier stages of its development, no other man was a more potent factor, and to no other man is so well due the title of Founder.

The career of Jason Lee in Oregon covered a period of but ten years, but he was literally "in at the beginning" and during that crucial ten years he was a dominant factor as educator, ecclesiast and statesman. No figure of that era looms up in comparison save Dr. John McLoughlin, who had the distinct advantage of being at the head of a great and wealthy English corporation and of having occupied this field in its service for a long series of years. Both were great men. No true friend of either would tear a single laurel from the brow of the other.

While Lee is credited by Bancroft, the historian, with having raised, during his entire career, the sum of \$250,000 for missionary purposes, he came to this Coast at a time when the great Methodist Church was spending less than \$18,000 yearly on Foreign Missions, and this was then a foreign field. And what a potential field it was! How little conception had even the cheeriest optimist of that day of the vast potentialities of "the Oregon Country," or of what the little influences then set in motion meant for the two generations that have since elapsed, or for all of the ages that are to come.

The parents of Jason Lee were natives of the United States, but he was born in Stanstead, Canada, on June 27, 1803. Having in early life become a member of the Wesleyan Church of Canada, in 1827 he entered Wilbraham Academy. Here he was a classmate of O. C. Baker, in later years a Bishop of the M. E. Church, who describes Lee as "a large, athletic man, six feet three inches in height, with a fully developed frame and a constitution of iron." Returning from Wilbraham to his birthplace, Lee contemplated missionary work among the Indians of Canada, but



REV. JASON LEE

while still considering this move, he was offered an appointment by the Bishops of the M. E. Church to head "a mission among the Indians West of the Rocky Mountains," and on July 17, 1833, he was officially designated as the leader of that great missionary venture. It was a position of vast responsibility, and its offer to this young man of 30 was a certificate of high capacity. He accepted the responsibility, and went forth in the blush of early manhood, the sole leading representative of a great church, into an immense field, then unexplored and almost unknown, today a vast commercial empire with millions of people and billions of wealth, a country of boundless resources, whose existing wide-spreading and rapidly developing industries offer but a faint suggestion of what the future holds in store.

In March, 1834, Lee left New York with Daniel Lee, his nephew, who was but three years his junior. A few weeks later, having been joined by Cyrus Shepherd and P. L. Edwards, they joined the expedition of Nathaniel Wyeth. After a journey of almost eight months they reached Oregon October 1, 1834, and five days later they pitched their tents on the banks of the Willamette River ten miles north of the present site of Salem, and there founded the "Methodist Mission," and there established the first civilized American settlement west of the Rocky Mountains. This location was on the east bank of the Willamette River, near a place later known as "Garrison's Landing," one-half mile from what later became the site of the town of Wheatland. Lee and his companions, upon their arrival, erected a log schoolhouse, and there gathered some dozens of Indian children, and immediately established what was called the "Oregon Mission Manual Labor School." Although this was primarily purely a missionary enterprise, it was the germ of what ultimately developed into Willamette University. This mission school, and one at Vancouver, were the first that were opened on the Pacific Coast for instruction in the English language.

The growth of the work at the Mission led Lee to appeal to the Missionary Board for reinforcements. Among those who responded to the appeal were Miss Anna Maria Pitman and Miss Susan Downing, who left the City of Boston in July, 1836, and reached the Willamette Valley May 27, 1837.

On Sunday, the 16th day of July, 1837, near the Mission House in a beautiful grove, Mr. Lee led a remarkable religious service. At its close he announced his approaching marriage. He then stepped forward and led Miss Pitman to the altar, and they were there married by Rev. Daniel Lee, who immediately performed a like service for Cyrus Shepherd and Miss Susan Downing.

In the interest of his work at the Mission Mr. Lee started for the Eastern States, March 26, 1838. Upon his way, on September 1st, at Westport, Missouri, through a courier dispatched by Dr. John McLoughlin, he learned of the death of his infant son and of the subsequent death of his wife on June 26, 1838.

During the twelve months following his arrival in the East he was busy enlisting interest in his missionary enterprise and spreading a knowledge of the wonderful possibilities of the Pacific Northwest. During this time he made a tour of New England and of the Middle Western States and aroused a widespread interest through all these regions. He succeeded in persuading

the Missionary Board to appropriate \$42,000 to provide for sending the ship *Lausanne*, with its human cargo of over 50 souls, to the mission fields of Oregon. In the meantime, at Barre, Vermont, he was married to Miss Lucy Thompson, and their bridal trip was a voyage of 22,000 miles around the Horn and by way of the Sandwich Islands on the good old missionary ship to the extreme western verge of the continent. The second wife who accompanied him on this wedding trip died suddenly on March 20, 1842, leaving an infant daughter, Lucy Anna, then but three weeks old.

While one of the main objects of this expedition was to reinforce the missionary work that was predestined to failure, it served a great and successful service in contributing to the educational enterprise that culminated in the founding of Willamette University.

Among the passengers of the *Lausanne* were Lee, the first President of the Board of Trustees of the Oregon Institute, and Miss Clark, who later, as Mrs. C. A. Wilson, was the first teacher, and Parrish, Waller, Hines, Abernathy, Judson and others who were active and conspicuous among the founders of Oregon's pioneer institution of learning. On that good old ship, away out on the waters of the Atlantic, on October 25, 1839, the centennial of Methodism, there was taken up a collection of \$650 for the cause of education in Oregon. That collection, and the \$42,000 appropriated for dispatching the "Missionary Family" to Oregon, never reached the coffers of Willamette, but in that contribution and in that appropriation, and in that passenger list, there was laid the foundation of that endowment fund of Willamette that has so grown in the recent days as to make it a million-dollar institution, with millions more to follow.

Having returned to Oregon to resume his work at the Mission, it soon became apparent to Lee that the location of the school on what was, and has ever since, been known as "Mission Bottom" was unsuitable, and it was resolved to move the headquarters of the Mission to Chemeketa, now Salem, and in connection with this removal it was determined, with consent of the Mission Board, to build a suitable house for the accommodation of the Mission School. This work was consummated in 1841, in the erection of the old "Oregon Institute," a three-story wooden building, at a cost of \$10,000, on what is now the campus of Willamette University, at a point east of Eaton Hall, near the present location of the University gymnasium. This building, in which all the classes of Willamette University were educated up to 1867, was destroyed by fire in 1872. The Indian Mission School moved into this building in 1842, and there remained for two years, when, because of various adverse conditions, it was abandoned.

In the meantime the first decisive movement for the founding of Willamette University took form at a meeting held in the house of Jason Lee in Chemeketa, when on January 17, 1842, a committee consisting of Gustavus Hines, David Leslie and Dr. I. L. Babcock, was appointed to consider the feasibility of founding an institution of learning. This committee called a meeting for Feb. 1, 1842, at the "Old Mission." Here the initial work of the enterprise was consummated, and the proposed school was, on motion of Gustavus Hines, named "The Oregon Institute." The

parties participating in this meeting appeared in their individual capacities and not as representatives of the Mission. The first Board of Trustees consisted of Jason Lee, David Leslie, Gustavus Hines, J. L. Parrish, L. H. Judson, George Abernethy, Alanson Beers, Hamilton Campbell and Dr. I. L. Babcock. Jason Lee was chosen President of the Board and was empowered "as agent to labor for the interests of the school in the United States whither he was going soon to promote further the civil and religious welfare of Oregon." Jason Lee was also named as a member of "the committee on location." After considering various locations this committee reported in favor of the upper end of what is known as "French Prairie," a beautiful location but without living water. For this reason it was later abandoned and a site on "Wallace Prairie" was selected. This location is two and one-half miles north of Salem, and covered land now owned by Asahel Bush, who is today one of the two surviving members of the first Board of Trustees of Willamette University, Rev. John Flinn being the other. A prospectus, constitution and code of by-laws, prepared by Hines, Parrish and Judson, a committee appointed March 9, 1842, were adopted at a meeting held at the home of L. H. Judson in North Salem on March 15, 1842. The prospectus set forth that the institution was to be placed "in the hands of that society of Evangelical Protestant Christians which shall first pledge itself to sustain it." At that time there was no money in the country. All was barter. Three thousand nine hundred and seventy dollars was subscribed for starting the institution, and orders either on the Mission store, or upon the Hudson Bay Company's store at Vancouver were accepted as cash. Among the subscribers were Jason Lee, David Leslie and L. H. Judson, each of whom pledged \$500. Hines and Beers each subscribed \$300, and Messrs. Waller and Parrish \$200 each. A number of the subscribers pledged one-half and one-third of all they possessed.

Subsequently at a meeting held at the "Old Parsonage," which was located on the present site of the Thomas Kay woolen mills, Jason Lee, as superintendent of the Oregon Mission, was requested to call a meeting of the members of the M. E. Church in Oregon to consider the importance of adopting the "Oregon Institute," and at a meeting held October 26, 1842, the school was adopted, and this action was later confirmed at a meeting held on the Institute premises at "Wallace Prairie," May 29, 1843.

During 1844 Jason Lee returned to the United States, carrying with him a commission as agent of the Board of Trustees to solicit funds for the library, physical apparatus, etc., for the Oregon Institute. At Honolulu, on this, his last journey, he learned that, under a total misapprehension of actual conditions in Oregon, the Missionary Board had superseded him as superintendent and had appointed Rev. George Gary in his stead.

Upon his arrival in Oregon, Superintendent Gary found conditions such, in his judgment, as to warrant an abandonment of the "Mission Manual Labor School," and a proposition was made by him to the trustees of the Oregon Institute to sell them the Mission school building in Salem for \$4,000, although it had cost \$10,000, and although the Catholic Church had made an offer of \$8,000 for it. Having an opportunity to sell their property at Wallace Prairie for \$3,000, the Board of Trustees of the Institute

accepted Mr. Gary's offer. This step marked the final disappearance of the Indian Mission Manual Labor School, and thus began the history of Willamette University in its new home on the campus under the shadow of the State capitol building, where it has now been doing its work for nearly 70 years.

The Oregon Institute opened in August, 1844, with Mrs. Chloe A. Wilson as the only teacher. After the existence of ten years, or more, under that name, the Oregon Institute was formally chartered by the Oregon Legislative Assembly, in January 1853, as Willamette University. Since that day, in the continuous work of its various faculties, and in the useful and effective careers of its hundreds of alumni it has amply justified the tremendous sacrifices of Jason Lee and his pioneer compeers.

Jason Lee, upon his return to the East in 1844, attended his conference, the New England Conference. He was urgently requested to accept an appointment in that conference, but his heart was in Oregon and his only desire was to be appointed "agent of the Oregon Institute." He then proceeded to his native town, Stanstead, and there, a few months later, on March 12, 1845, he passed away, longing for Oregon and his infant daughter, and remembering the Oregon Institute with a final bequest of \$100 in his will. His last sight of his daughter was in February of the year before, when he left her in Honolulu in the care of Rev. and Mrs. Gustavus Hines. It is a pathetic incident that a year or two later Mr. Hines, who had returned to Oregon, having the opportunity, thought it a duty to return the daughter to her father, and on the 13th day of September, 1845, with her in charge, he left the mouth of the Columbia River for the Eastern States. The father had been then six months in his grave, and it was not until reaching New York on May 4, 1846, more than a year after his death, that they had knowledge of it. Returning to Oregon, that daughter, 18 years after her father's death, appeared, on July 13, 1863, as one of the graduating class for that year, of the institution founded by her father, and afterwards gave a number of years of acceptable service as a member of its faculty.

In the pioneer cemetery of Oregon, the "Lee Mission Cemetery," in Salem, "beneath the first sod broken in Oregon for the reception of a white mother and child," rest the remains of Anna Maria Pitman, the first wife of Jason Lee, and their infant son. She was "the first white American woman married west of the Rocky Mountains and the first American wife and mother to find sepulchre in Oregon." By her side rest the remains of Lucy Thompson Lee, the second wife, who died March 20, 1842. Thirty-nine years later, on April 25, 1881, Lucy Anna Lee Grubbs, the only daughter of Jason Lee, died, and found her final resting place in the same family plot, to he followed less than two years ago by her college classmate and husband, Prof. Francis H. Grubbs. Their only daughter, Ethel Waif Grubbs, of Portland, survives.

For more than 60 years the body of Jason Lee lay in the old home cemetery in Stanstead, Canada, but Oregon claimed him as her own. His body was returned, and, on June 15, 1896, during the sixty-second annual Commencement Week of Willamette University, 103 years after his birth, the remains of the great Oregon missionary were laid away in the cemetery which bears his name, Dr. John H. Coleman, President of the University, offi-

ciating in the presence of a great concourse, not one of whom had known him in life, but all of whom were deeply impressed by their knowledge of his life work, which had closed nearly two generations before.

This is but a bare, hard, material outline of Lee's achievements along the single line of his relationship to Willamette University. His was a life of romance and of tragedy, of sacrifice and achievement. We stand today upon the platform of a church that is being dedicated to his memory, located upon the immediate field in which he was the pioneer bearer of the standard of Methodism. Here were planted the seed from which has grminated the existing State. This beautiful capital of 20,000 people had its real origin in 1841 in the "Old Mission Mill," the "Old Methodist Parsonage" and the "Old Oregon Institute." The early history of this community is the early history of what we now call "Old Willamette." Here on September 5, 1849, in the chapel of the Oregon Institute, was organized, by Rev. William Roberts, "The Oregon and California Mission Conference," the pioneer conference of the western half of the American continent, and during that year Roberts shipped from this State the material to build the first church in the City of San Francisco. That pioneer conference was composed of but six members: Roberts, Wilbur, Waller and Leslie—all famous in the annals of Oregon Methodism—and Taylor and Owens of California. Taylor in later years was known the world over as the great Missionary Bishop of Africa. The field of that conference of six members covered what are now the States of California, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Idaho and a large part of Montana. In this conference, organized more than four years after the death of Lee, the Oregon Institute was officially adopted as an educational institution of the Church.

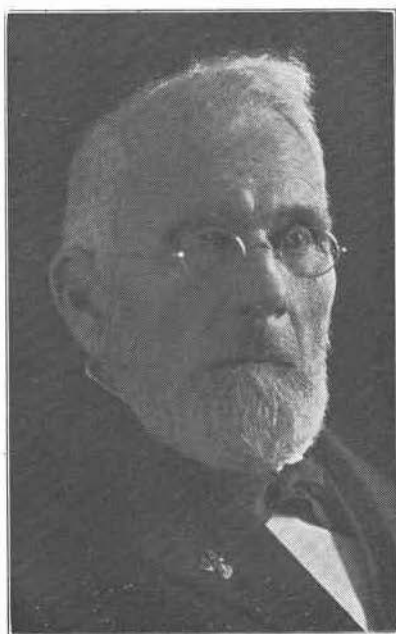
On every hand are there reminders of Lee and the heroic men and women who were here the pioneer torch bearers of civilization. Just over the way lies all that is mortal of the great leader. Among his comrades in those early days was David Leslie. For 25 years, as the successor of Lee, he officiated as President of the Board of Trustees of Willamette University. Here was his home and here is his grave. Two miles to the south, but within the corporate limits, is the Leslie Memorial Church, dedicated to his memory. The third President of the Board of Trustees of Willamette was Josiah L. Parrish, a fellow passenger of Lee on the Lausanne. Here he lived and here he died. Here in the heart of the City, with Willamette University and the State Capitol in its very center, is the Donation Land Claim of William H. Wilson, Willamette's first secular agent, and of Chloe A. Wilson, Willamette's first teacher. And here, too, is the Donation Land Claim of Rev. A. F. Waller, another passenger of the Lausanne, the builder of the first Methodist Church in Oregon, the builder of the old Mission Mill, the builder of the first brick building on the campus of Willamette, and for many years her effective and indefatigable financial agent. At every step are there suggestions of Lee and suggestions of Willamette. Lee, the founder, has gone to his reward. Willamette remains, the continuous conservator of his fame. With the record of but 70 years already made, every sacrifice is justified, and every hope and promise is fully met, yet that record is but a suggestion of the possibilities of the days that

are yet to come. Who can tabulate the ultimate results of that crucial period of ten years in the life of Jason Lee on this Northwest Coast, in the closing years of the first half of the Nineteenth Century? Standing today on the summit of her latest achievement, with an equipment of one million dollars, with her hundreds of alumni, with all of her romantic traditions, and looking out and away beyond her present endeavors, Willamette is but entering upon a new career that is to immortalize the name of Lee, and that is rich in its promises for Methodism, for Oregon, and for our common humanity.

With her past history, with her history yet to be made, with all her students past, and yet to come, with all of their radiating life work as they march out and on, from year to year, invading every avenue of thought, of endeavor, and of achievement, there will go some part of Jason Lee, the great Canadian-American evangelist, and of his loyal and devoted comrades. They builded upon an enduring foundation. They did their work wisely and well. That work will live, for it will be perpetuated by men imbued with the spirit of the fathers:

“Those men of prayer, of lives austere,
Of faith unwavering and of toil severe,
Here where Mt. Hood on vale and stream looks down
And, towering high, St. Helens lifts her crown,
Waller, Leslie, Wilbur, Judson, Lee—
Why name them all? They live in memory.
No monumental bronze, nor marble tomb
Need these the story of their lives t’illumine”

for that story is to find its incarnation in the highest type of Oregon's future citizenship, and the influences set in motion in those old days of small beginnings will illumine the way, and carry with them hope and strength and inspiration for all of the generations yet to come.



FRANCIS X. MATTHIEU

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT CHAMPOEG, OREGON, MAY 2, 1914.

One year ago today upon these grounds, there appeared for the last time the sole survivor of a group of 102 men who, 70 years ago, laid here the foundation of a new State. Burdened with the weight of 95 years, he was yet a keenly alive, and a happy, and a thoroughly interested participant. For years it had been his wont to celebrate with us each recurring anniversary of this occasion. Today his chair is vacant, and never again will we be cheered with the genial presence of the kindly old man to whom we delighted to pay the respectful homage that was his due. A tribute to his memory can be but little more than the repetition of a story that is familiar to every student of Oregon pioneer history.

Francis Xavier Matthieu was born at Terrebonne, near Montreal, Canada, on the second day of April, 1818. He died at his home near Butteville, Oregon, on February 4, 1914, lacking less than two months of being 96 years of age. His father and mother were both of pure French descent. His father was a native of Normandy, his mother of Brittany. Both branches early migrated to Canada. When a mere slip of a boy he became a clerk in a mercantile house of Montreal. It was at that critical time in the history of Canada when Louis J. Papineau, a statesman and orator of wonderful eloquence, was stirring the French population to resist the aggressions of their British rulers. Under the spell of Papineau's eloquence, and moved by a keen sense of the wrongs of the French, Matthieu, boy that he was, soon found himself enrolled as a member, and an officer, of the "Sons of Liberty," organized for resistance to the constituted authorities.

The incipient rebellion was short lived. Matthieu's brief career in Canada ended in 1838 when, with the assistance of Dr. Fraser, an uncle of Dr. John McLoughlin, he was enabled to cross the border and enter the United States under a forged passport. Reaching Albany, N. Y., he found employment as a clerk. Later he went to Milwaukee, and thence to St. Louis, where he found service with the American Fur Company. His employment carried him as a trader among the Sioux and the Dakotas. Returning to St. Louis, he outfitted as a free trapper and in 1840 went to the Arkansas at Bent's Fort, where he encountered Kit Carson and George Bent, the trapper-captain.

The following Winter and Spring were spent trapping in the Black Hills. This life, however, did not appeal to him, and early in the summer of 1842, at Fort Laramie, the opportunity offered to join Captain Hasting's company of over 100 emigrants bound for Oregon, among whom were Dr. Elijah White, Medorem Crawford, Sidney W. Moss and others who were afterwards prominent in Oregon pioneer history. Mr. Matthieu's familiarity with the language and the peculiarities of the Sioux made him an invaluable member of the company. After varied experiences, the farm of Dr. Whitman at Waiilatpu was reached and 15 days were there pleasantly spent in his companionship. The trip over the Cascades, after this visit, was the most trying and difficult of the entire journey. Oregon City was reached about the 25th day of September, 1842.

Learning that there was a settlement of French-Canadians about 15 miles up the Willamette Valley, near Champoeg, Mr.

Matthieu continued his journey to this historic point, and here he made his home almost continuously, for the ensuing 72 years of his life. Here he met and secured employment from Etienne Lucier, who was to share with him in the following year, the honor of settling for all time the question of American sovereignty in the Northwest. Here was a location that had been selected by Dr. John McLoughlin in 1830 as a strategic trading point for the Hudson Bay Company. Lucier had settled in this locality about 30 years prior to Matthieu's arrival. He was one of the old trappers who had come in Hunt's party, the overland exploration party of the Astor expedition. Having reached the age of 60 years, he had the Hudson Bay Company trappers' suspicions of the tyrannous exactions of American laws and customs, suspicions that were generally entertained by the French-Canadians of the valley.

The leaven of unrest, however, was working among the people of the Willamette Valley. Their necessities called for some kind of an organization. Opinion was divided. Some desired American control, some British control, and some were insistent upon an entirely independent government. The immediate formation of a Provisional Government did not appeal to either Jason Lee or to Abernethy, who was later Provisional Governor, and it had the open opposition of the Canadian-French, who held preliminary meetings in opposition at Vancouver, at Oregon City, and on the French Prairie. The subject of a Provisional Government was diplomatically approached at two meetings held in February and March, 1843, ostensibly called for the adoption of some measures to protect their flocks and herds from wild animals. These were known as "Wolf Meetings." Mr. Matthieu attended neither of them. Their culmination, and at least a partial consummation, of their real object, a Provisional Government, was reached at the historic meeting of May 2, 1843.

The story of that meeting has become an Oregon classic. Champoege means as much to the history of Oregon as does the story of Plymouth Rock to the history of New England. It is a singular, and rather significant, fact that McLoughlin and Lee, the two chief figures of the time in the Northwest, were both absent, and it seems to be an open question as to whether they were absent by accident or design. That was the one crucial and pregnant occasion of our early-day history. There are some reasons to believe that Dr. McLoughlin, in spite of his relationship to the Hudson Bay Company, desired an independent government, and that Jason Lee regarded the movement as premature, while really favoring the American contention. There was no lack, however, of the presence of men bearing names that are familiar to the pages of the pioneer history of the State.

It seems a far cry, back to that beautiful May morning in 1843, when that rugged and motley band of frontiersmen gathered here at this romantic spot, on the banks of the Willamette, of whose varied beauties Sam L. Simpson has so sweetly sung. Little conception had they of the import and vast possibilities involved in the action to be taken by them on that day, and it is even yet difficult to estimate how much their decision has affected the historical currents of the world.

The scene was one to challenge the highest talent of the his-

torical painter and the story is one worthy of the loftiest periods of an epic poet. These men were the vanguard of the millions who have since followed in their footsteps, and of the multiplied millions who are yet to come. Here was the frontier, thousands of miles from the borderland of civilization—the Northwest corner of a new and an undiscovered continent. The richest half of what we know as the American Continent was theirs. In all that vast empire, stretching from the Mississippi to the Pacific, now teeming with its millions of souls, and its billions of wealth, there was hardly a home, or a school, or a church, or an orchard, or a grain field, or a solitary mile of railroad. No richer prize ever tempted the greed of man. No greater empire ever asked the taking. They stood at the very dawn of two generations of time whose marvelous achievements have never been matched in any preceding thousand years.

It was their high good fortune to face an opportunity that is seldom offered in the history of any nation. It was a call not so much for men of talent, as men of purpose, fitted for taking the raw material that frontier conditions provide and moulding it into form. The black frock coats of Gray and Parrish, of Griffin and Beers, of Willson, Babcock and Hines, contrasted no less strangely with the buckskin suits of Meek and Newell and Ebbert, than did their habits, their ideals, and their life purposes. But they were as one in their impulses, and their conceptions of the orderly forms, that were needed to promote the common good. Political opinions, considered in the narrow party sense, did not divide them.

Such differences as existed were based upon various social and moral conditions, and their respective national, religious and commercial affiliations. Any ordinary public hall would have housed the whole American population then living in the western half of the continent. The American population at the beginning of 1842 was 137, including women and children, although this number was almost doubled by the end of the year. Of the 102 men who voted at the meeting of May 2, 1843, the 50 who voted against organization were all of the Catholic faith, and of French or French-Canadian descent whose relations to Dr. McLoughlin and the Hudson Bay Company were such as to make it almost a duty to take the stand they did.

For their course there can be no reasonable word of censure. The sincerity of their motives is not open to question. Of the 52 men who took the American side when Joe Meek dramatically called for a divide, five, including Matthieu and Lucier, were of the Catholic faith, four were Baptists, six Congregationalists, six Episcopalians, eight Presbyterians, and fourteen Methodists, while the affiliation of nine are unknown. Five were natives of England, two of Scotland, one of Ireland, two, Matthieu and Lucier, of Canada, one each of Alabama, North Carolina, and the District of Columbia, three each of Ohio and New Hampshire, four each of Connecticut, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, ten of New York, and six unknown.

With possibly three exceptions, Matthieu was the youngest man of the group. His was not a chance or accidental vote. It was the vote of a man of decision and of character. He was but 25 years of age, but a mature man in experience. His was the

vote of one who was at once a French fugitive, and a British alien. He carried with him, boy that he was, the vote of his friend, Etienne Lucier, a mature man of 60 years, and he carried it in the face of his friendship for his ideal, Dr. McLoughlin, and against the judgment of the majority of his friends of the Catholic faith, and his French-Canadian countrymen. In that vote there was some indication of the character of the man.

For a full 71 years he went in and out among his fellowmen in this community, where in early manhood he cast his fortunes, and during all those years he measured up to the requirements of that standard of citizenship which is the very foundation of an ideal commonwealth. Although without political ambition, he was a man of public spirit, and, although a member of the minority party, served his fellow citizens of this County as Commissioner, and as a member of the Oregon House of Representatives at the sessions of 1874 and 1878. He was one of the founders, and the first President of the Oregon State Pioneer Association, chosen at a time when the pioneer element was the dominant element of the State, and the best blood of the Association was subject to call. In 1846 he secured the Donation Claim that for the remaining 62 years of his life was his continuous home. He was married April 15, 1846, to Rose Osant, whose father, Louis Osant, had been a Hudson Bay employe and trapper, and who was one of the 50 arrayed against him at the meeting of May 2, 1843. His relationship to that meeting, and conditions that later existed, have given to F. X. Matthieu a peculiar distinction. It was a close vote, and a chance friendship, that gave to him, and to Lucier, the opportunity to forever fix the political status of a great State—a group of States—to change the currents of the world's history, the destiny of a nation, and the individual destinies of millions of men. Had the vote and the influence of these two men been cast, on that crucial day, in favor of British domination, the Oregon Country would have been lost to the flag.

What then of the map, and of the history, of the Pacific Coast, and the Middle West? Who would now be harvesting the rich treasures of Alaska, and who would now be building the great waterway that is to divide the continent? Not only did the participants have little appreciation of all that was involved in that meeting, but its full significance apparently did not dawn upon the people of this State until after the lapse of nearly two generations. Fifty-eight years had gone by when, on May 2, 1901, a monument was erected and dedicated upon these grounds, to the memory of the 51 dead, and as a suggestion to the sole survivor, that in the part he took in that event he had the good fortune to permanently link his name with one of the really important events of American history.

As that monument arose what must have been the emotions of the man, all of whose 51 companions had gone over the Divide, and into the great undiscovered country of the dead? It has been said that the three red letter days of his life were his birthday, Christmas and the second day of May. Who would have denied to him the satisfaction that was his in the closing years of his life, of knowing that his services were finally appreciated, and that his name was for all time to have a conspicuous place upon Oregon's roll of pioneers? Trivial events have changed the face

of history, and moulded the fate of nations. A single vote has made a President. A single vote has elected Governors. A single vote in our highest courts has settled questions of even international importance, but seldom in history has a single vote involved results of greater importance than did the deciding vote of Francis Xavier Matthieu on the second day of May, 1843. It was but the well-considered vote of a normal man, with the average poise, and balance and temperament of a good citizen. Good citizenship has been the one insistent requirement of all times. The crying need of the distracted Republic upon our southern border, is not a leader, but an intelligent and law-abiding elector. Latent talent for leadership always exists in abundant supply. It is always in evidence, and subject to call, in every crisis, but it is powerless without the support of that quality of citizenship that is the distinguishing mark of American civilization. We honor our departed friend not as a statesman, or a soldier, or a diplomat—not as a scholar, or a sage, but as a splendid type of such a citizenship as is needed to insure the quality and the permanence of what we call the state.

No higher tribute can we pay to the memory of Francis Xavier Matthieu than to say that in his death the State or Oregon lost a splendid citizen. For two full generations he has commanded the universal confidence and respect of the people of his adopted State.

For full 40 years he has been a welcome guest at all of the meetings of the Oregon State Pioneer Association, and it is a matter of record that he has never missed an annual meeting of the Association. As the sole survivor of the historic group that gathered here 71 years ago today, he has ever been the central figure, and the one conspicuous guest, at our annual reunions upon these grounds. Today his chair is vacant. He has fallen into line with the vanguard that started years ago. He has gone to resume the companionships of his pioneer days, on the other side. Today, for the first time, he responds to the completed roll call in a reunion beyond the divide, where his quaint humor and genial presence is to lighten up and sweeten the long-interrupted fellowships of the old romantic days of his early manhood. The memories of his genuine and homely qualities will linger with us as an inspiration, and thoughts of his kindly nature and tolerant spirit will remain as a constant benediction. It is fitting that his worn and broken body has been laid away within hailing distance of the marble shaft that marks the scene of the most notable act of his life.

May the sod rest lightly, and may the storms beat gently o'er his grave. May the warmth of Oregon's affections temper the chill of the narrow bed in which he lies. May we who remain, as faithfully discharge the responsibilities of life, and when the final summons comes, meet it with the same serene complacency, and leave behind us the record of as good a name.

ADDRESS DELIVERED IN SEPTEMBER, 1918, BEFORE
THE OREGON M. E. CONFERENCE, AT THE FIRST
M. E. CHURCH OF PORTLAND.

"The relation of the Methodist Church to the early political development of Oregon" is a bone-dry topic that should find a congenial atmosphere in the leading bone-dry Church of a bone-dry State. The entire story with all of its amplitude of detail, would tax the temperament of even the patient old patriarch of Uz.

In considering "the relation of the Methodist Church to the early political development of Oregon," it seems pertinent to inquire, how many of us, familiar as we may be with the history and the lore of other localities, of other countries, of other times, are well grounded in the early history of "the Oregon Country?" It is a fascinating story—full of romance, of tragedy, of high adventure and of great achievement. It is our task to touch only the high spots, to give you a skeleton sketch, to simply articulate the skeleton, eliminating the essentially human features that touch the heart and stir the blood and excite the imagination. It is a dull and prosaic task, and it calls for a preliminary appeal to your patience and your fortitude.

It is hardly too much to say that, in point both of time and capacity, Jason Lee was Salem's first and greatest citizen. He was the most conspicuous figure of Oregon pioneer Methodism. He was in at the beginning. His was the directing master mind. He was the incarnation of the church, as Washington was the incarnation of the cause of the Colonies, and as Foch has been the hope and the incarnation of the cause that he has represented on the battle-scarred acres of France. Although coming as an evangelist, Lee was Methodism's most effective contribution to the civil development of the State. In 1833 the great Methodist Episcopal Church, that is today planning a campaign to raise a five years' mission fund of over \$100,000,000, was making a yearly contribution to that cause of less than \$18,000. In 1833 Liberia was her lone mission field. In that year the story—whether authentic or otherwise—of the four Flathead Indians, aroused the Methodist Church to a realization of its possibilities in the great Northwest.

Dr. Wilbur Fisk of Wilbraham, if not the foremost man of American Methodism, was in the foremost rank. Called upon to recommend, out of all the remarkable men he had educated at Wilbraham, a man to lead in this field of vast responsibility and vast potentialities, he named a young man of 30 years, a Canadian of American Revolutionary stock, and one, not of his church, but of the Wesleyan Church of Canada. He was called from Stanstead to the mission field of Oregon. After 12 years of faithful and effective service he went back to die and be buried in Stanstead, and after resting there 61 years his body was exhumed and brought back to this field of his active labors, and reinterred at Salem, in the Lee Mission cemetery, on June 15, 1906, in the presence of a great multitude, not one of whom had ever known or seen him in the flesh.

Named by Bishop Hedding to lead the van in evangelizing the Northwest, Lee entered at once upon his task with zeal and enthusiasm. He enlisted the co-operation of Capt. N. J. Wyeth, who

had recently returned from the Oregon Country. In the interest of his prospective work he addressed a series of meetings at New Haven, New York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Louisville, St. Louis and other points. These meetings were primarily in the interest of his mission work, but they bore fruit in later years in the fight for American control.

Once started on his western journey with Daniel Lee, Cyrus Shepherd, P. L. Edwards and others, he reached the summit of the Rocky Mountains June 15, 1834. On July 27 he preached on what was later the site of Fort Hall, and the next day conducted the first funeral service ever conducted by an American clergyman west of the Rocky Mountains. Reaching Vancouver September 18, 1834, he preached, eleven days later, his first sermon there. On October 19, 1834, he preached the first sermon ever preached in the Willamette Valley. Then followed the establishment of mission stations near Salem, and at The Dalles, Astoria, Oregon City, and at Nisqually, near the present site of Tacoma. Meantime the cause of Oregon was being constantly pushed in the papers of the Church. In 1837 he was reinforced by a contingent headed by Rev. David Leslie and others. In that year also appeared Paymaster Slacum of the U. S. navy, a government agent, whose interest in Lee and the Mission indicated a belief that they were considered important factors in the matter of American control. Time will not permit a recital of all the activities of these preliminary years.

In 1838 Lee returned East on mission business, but carrying with him a memorial to Congress setting forth the resources of the country and earnestly urging the importance of American possession. This memorial was placed in the hands of Caleb Cushing, chairman of the committee of foreign affairs of the House of Representatives, and its importance was later emphasized by Lee in correspondence with Cushing. On January 25, 1839, this memorial was introduced in the senate by Senator Linn of Missouri. Ten thousand copies of a Congressional Report, including this memorial and accompanying papers, were published and scattered broadcast. Later, on March 31, 1840, Senator Linn introduced a bill which proposed granting 1000 acres to all male settlers above the age of 18 years, which was, according to Bancroft, suggested by Lee. It failed to pass, but its introduction was a stimulus that had some bearing on the immigration of 1843. All of this work was supplemented by Lee in personal interviews with the President and Government officials.

Stimulated by the Leslie memorial, which followed later, Linn, on December 16, 1841, introduced another Oregon bill similar to his first, but providing for a gift of 640 acres to male settlers. Lee in the meantime was proceeding with the work of organizing the expedition of the Oregon missionary ship *Lausanne*, besides conducting a campaign that covered twelve states in which he delivered addresses in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Providence, Portsmouth, Portland, Brooklyn, New Haven, Lowell and Hartford, on the Atlantic Coast, and Alton, St. Louis, Springfield, Peoria, Chicago and Detroit in the Middle West. Everywhere he urged the importance of making Oregon an American asset. This campaign everywhere attracted the attention of the Church and secular press. The late '30s and the early '40s were

the crucial years for Oregon, and here was Lee actively at work in the foreground.

Mrs. Eva Emery Dye, the Oregon historian, declares that Lee's campaign "stirred the entire country." The historian, Bancroft, says: "A proof of the favor with which his work was regarded by the Cabinet is furnished by the appropriation of considerable money from the Secret Service fund for the charter of the *Lausanne*." The Illinois press from 1839 to 1842 was full of the Oregon movement growing out of Lee's campaign. The *Springfield Journal* of April 12, 1839, says: "There is a strong and growing disposition among many persons in this region to remove to the Oregon Country," and the Illinois State Register of a later date says: "For Oregon the people are in motion. Emigration to Oregon has commenced in earnest." Paymaster Slacum, before referred to, who had visited Oregon in his capacity as a Government agent, writes in a letter to *Zion's Herald* of February 27, 1839: "No language of mine can convey any adequate idea of the great benefit conferred upon Oregon by Jason Lee."

Bancroft, referring to the sailing of the *Lausanne* out of the harbor of New York, says that: "No company ever sailed from that port whose departure was watched with more interest by religious and political circles."

The extended comments of Oregon's foremost journalist, Harvey W. Scott, upon the influence of Lee and his compeers, are of especial interest. He says: "I regard the immigration movement inaugurated by Jason Lee in Illinois and elsewhere throughout the country as his greatest work in behalf of Oregon. It was not until the American missionaries entered and possessed the country that a foothold was gained for the occupation of Oregon by American settlers. As settlers and colonizers our missionaries became the chief force that Americanized Oregon. It is due to the truth of history to show that Jason Lee was the leader in colonial as in missionary work in Oregon. The missionary stations were the outposts on the line of colonization. It is not too much to say that most of those who came to Oregon during the first 20 years of settlement and growth were moved to come by the agitation begun and carried on by those engaged in the missionary cause. In my conception Oregon was secured to the United States by a train of events in which numerous persons were important actors. Nevertheless I must give chief credit to our beginning as an American state to the missionary effort of which Jason Lee was the protagonist. The Protestant missions were the main instruments that peopled Oregon with Americans. They established the sovereignty of the United States in the Pacific Northwest. Lee induced the government of the United States to participate in the colonization and support of the country. In this work no name stands, or will stand, above that of Jason Lee." It is noteworthy that none of this is Methodist testimony, as not one of the persons quoted was affiliated with that church, and it is in line with testimony from other independent sources.

The Eastern campaign of Lee and his compeers was but a part of, and a continuation of, his work in the local field. At the very beginning Lee secured the endorsement of President Jackson and his secretaries of state and war for the foundation of the

Oregon mission, the first mission, Protestant or Catholic, in the Northwest. He was in touch with the heads of the general Government in 1833, and in 1838, 1839 and 1840. From 1818 to 1843 Great Britain and the United States held Oregon under the treaties of joint occupancy. In the charter of the Hudson's Bay Company, Great Britain granted the company practically unlimited administrative powers, and the interests of British subjects were guarded by justices of the peace duly named by that company. American interests had no official protection until Lee, upon the suggestion of Dr. McLoughlin, appointed Rev. David Leslie a justice of the peace, who thus became the first American judicial official west of the Rocky Mountains. His appointment was purely arbitrary and without legal force, but it sufficed under the then existing conditions. The memorial drafted by Lee and others of the mission was the first memorial sent out of Oregon urging American supremacy. It was followed by other appeals for congressional action, and these were the basis for the most effective legislative action. At the meeting of February 7, 1841, held at Champoeg "for the purpose of consulting on steps necessary to be taken for the formation of laws and the election of officers to execute them," Jason Lee was chairman. At the second meeting on the occasion of the funeral of Ewing Young, held at Champoeg February 17, 1841, and looking to the development of a Provisional Government, Lee was chairman, and Rev. Gustavus Hines of the Mission, was secretary. At a meeting with the French-Canadian settlers on the following day an embryo government was organized, and Dr. Ira L. Babcock, a Methodist layman, was selected as supreme judge, with probate powers. It is notable that in this year the first celebration of the 4th of July ever held in the Northwest was held at the Nisqually Methodist Mission, and that Dr. J. P. Richmond, the head of the Mission, was the orator of the day. The first celebration of the 4th of July ever held in the Willamette Valley was in 1843, and the Rev. Gustavus Hines was both chairman and orator of the day.

To give real form and substance to the Provisional Government was the object of a later meeting held at the Oregon Institute February 2, 1843, presided over by Dr. Ira L. Babcock. It was followed by a meeting March 4, 1843, at the home of Joseph Gervais, presided over by James A. O'Neill, also a Methodist. This was famous as the "Wolf Meeting," and its objects were consummated at Champoeg at the still more famous meeting of May 2, 1843, of which Dr. Babcock was also the chairman. Out of this meeting grew Oregon's "Legislative Committee" which met on May 16, 1843. Robert Moore, a member of the Peoria party of 1839, one of the results of Lee's Eastern campaign, was named as the head of this committee, and Oregon's first legislative session was held in the granary of the Methodist Mission, the pioneer capitol building of the State. It is hardly conceivable that Oregon would have been lost to the American Union if action of the meeting of May 2, 1843, had been adverse. The vote of 50 to 52 left a narrow margin, but it was the calibre and not the numerical superiority of the majority, that was significant. It included all of the dominant figures of the assemblage. Not a single one of the 50 was conspicuous in pioneer history, and it is to be said that not a single one of them was affiliated with the Methodist Mission,

or had come to the State under the auspices of the Church, while of the 52 who voted for American control there were, according to Bishop Bashford, seven Methodist ministers, four Methodist laymen and 17 who had come to the state, directly or indirectly, through the work or influence of the Methodist Mission. Here was driven the first stake that anchored Oregon to the sisterhood of states, and here, striking sturdy blows, was the stalwart arm of Methodism. The prominence and activity of the Mission naturally provoked some antagonisms and caustic criticisms. Much of this had its root more in opposition to Methodism than to individual Methodists. That the Mission engaged in certain secular enterprises that were necessary for its support and continuance was certainly not a legitimate cause for criticism. That some of the members of the Mission, years after their arrival, exercised the legitimate rights of American citizenship in taking up Donation Land claims, offers little excuse for censure. The incipency of any great movement like this is almost invariably signalized by fierce rivalries and contentions, and in these the most conspicuous figures are always the targets of attack. The pioneer is usually headstrong, impulsive and aggressive, and not seldom contentious, and in the heat of rivalry and contention he is prone to criticism that his mature and later judgment would often recall. It is enough to say that even Methodists are not entirely free from the frailties that are the common heritage of man, but there are yet living a cloud of witnesses who, from personal knowledge, can testify to the high character and the unselfish purposes of the early fathers of Oregon Methodism.

Nothing is more common than this human impulse to tear down unless it is the impulse to give undue praise. Oregon was saved. But no single man saved Oregon. The chief glory of Methodism is, not that she did better or greater things than others might have done under similar circumstances, but that she had the courage, the prescience and the enterprise to lead the vanguard and pre-empt the field. It was the good fortune of Lee and his missions to appear in the crucial years. Much of the work of others was sporadic and done at a time when public sentiment was not receptive or responsive. The work of Lee was opportune, sustained, continuous and effective. In his second Eastern campaign, in an even dozen states, 13 months were spent. That campaign was the greatest single influence in starting the immigration of 1843. The claim that Whitman saved Oregon was based almost wholly on a single trip made years after Lee's active work was done. On that single trip he reached the Eastern seaboard in March, 1843. It was primarily in the interest of his mission, with a brief side trip to Washington. He left Middlesex, N. Y., on his return, on April 20, 1843, and joined the Oregon expedition of that year a month later, after it had been fully organized. He played a prominent and an honorable part, but in no real sense was he the savior of Oregon. His reputation was enhanced by his tragic fate. It has suffered in later years from the intemperate zeal of his friends. A remarkable and absolutely conclusive analysis of the legend that "Whitman saved Oregon" is the subject of a work of two volumes by Prof. W. I. Marshall entitled "Acquisition of Oregon". It is a work of 800 pages and is the result of 28 years of research, and is a most valuable and comprehensive contribution to this long-continued controversy.

If the judgment of Hall J. Kelly had equalled his zeal he would have been given a higher meed of credit for his part in saving Oregon. In Congress, the real factors in this work, to whom must be awarded the chief credit, were Floyd of Virginia, and Senators Linn and Benton of Missouri. The influence of Dr. McLoughlin cannot be ignored. He was a British subject, and the head of a great British commercial organization, and loyalty to these forbade that he should take any part in the Americanization of Oregon, but he contributed indirectly to that end by his broad and catholic spirit and his kindly treatment and encouragement of the American pioneers. For nearly a full generation he was the dominant figure of the Northwest, and it is hardly an extravagance to say that this region has never developed a greater or a better man. Considering, however, length of service and the disparity of their respective financial and political strength, it cannot be said that the work of Lee was not of equal effect and merit, or that, from the American standpoint, he was not entitled to greater consideration. McLoughlin spent here a career of over 30 years, coming to the coast in 1824 a man of 40 years, in the prime of his manhood and at the maturity of his powers. Lee came here at 30. At 40 his active career was at an end. It is pathetic that both of these great men went down to their graves victims of injustice and ingratitude, and that for both their closing years were years of continuous tragedy.

But the greatest contribution of Jason Lee and local Methodism to the civic life of Oregon was Willamette University. The most valuable and effective influences of the Church have not come from her immediate and specific contact with provisional territorial or state politics, but from the civic ideals she has implanted and developed in the young manhood of the state. No seed planted in that early day has borne such rich fruition, and no interest nurtured by the Church has so directly and effectively touched the civic heart and soul of Oregon. Less than a half dozen of the sixty or more Methodist institutions of college grade in the United States antedate Willamette. The \$650 raised for English education in Oregon on the good old ship *Lausanne* out on the waters of the Atlantic, in October, 1839, the centennial year of Methodism, is now represented in buildings and land and cash endowment, by a fund approximating one million dollars. The real genesis of Willamette was the meeting at the home of Lee in North Salem, January 12, 1842. There were set in motion influences that are to run on forever. In the '30s and '40s the western half of the continent was the "No Man's Land" of America. That great empire out of which have since been carved a dozen states, now the home of 15,000,000 or 20,000,000 people, was then the Great American Desert, whose homes and schools and churches and grain fields and railroads and cities had never entered into the remotest conceptions of the cheeriest optimists. The civilization of all this vast region began at its extremest western border, at that time almost as remote as are now the jungles of Central Africa. Looking back over less than two generations, what is the record? What has been Willamette's relation and what has been her contribution to the civil government of the state? Hers is a modest record, when compared with that of the great institutions in the congested centers, but it is notable when you consider her remote location and her meager resources.

From the student body of this educational protege of Oregon Methodism have gone forth two state school superintendents, one secretary of state, one state treasurer, one attorney general, one distinguished Arctic explorer, two surveyors general, two state printers, two presidents of the Oregon state senate, two federal judges, four state librarians, six speakers of the house of representatives of three different states, one lieutenant-governor and one chief justice of the state of Idaho, three justices of the Washington supreme court, three justices of the Oregon supreme court, two governors, two U. S. senators, six congressmen, and hundreds of circuit and superior judges, legislators and men of distinction in business, law, theology, journalism, medicine and all the varied lines of professional and industrial activity. Who can measure the sum total of the harvest from the seed first sown in this fertile soil two generations ago?

Often a simple story is eloquent in its suggestions of the potentialities of seemingly small things. Forty-seven years ago Amelia Scriber Miller was graduated at Willamette—a strong and symmetrical character. Thirty-four years later her son followed in her footsteps, and then went out to devote his life to the work of the Y. M. C. A. Since that day, in his chosen field, in a half dozen states, he has rendered conspicuous service. A few months ago, "Somewhere in France," Fred Lockley of the Oregon Journal, himself an alumnus of Willamette, said to Dr. Doney: "Kinney Miller is in town, on his way to Rome, and wants to see you." Dr. Doney replied: "I especially desire to see him for, just the other day, out near the front, I met a Y. M. C. A. secretary who expressed his pleasure at meeting the president of Willamette University. Said he, 'I never spent a day at Willamette. I never saw Willamette, but I owe all that I am in the world to your institution. Kinney Miller, one of your graduates, found me a drunken sot. He loved me. He trusted me. He dragged me out of the mire and placed my feet on the road to the kingdom.'" Here was bread cast upon the waters. Here was a specimen illustration of the handiwork of the pioneer fathers. Here was one of the by-products of this modest institution of learning that they founded on this remotest frontier, in what now seems like the mythical days of another age. It is but one story of a thousand. Back of that Y. M. C. A. secretary in Rome; back of that other Y. M. C. A. secretary in France; back of her two hundred soldier students in the great army that enlisted to fight for the freedom of the world; back of her thousands of other soldiers, men and women, in civil life, who have shed lustre upon her name, and who are illustrating in their daily lives the precepts that she has taught, and are weaving them into the warp and woof of the domestic and civil life of the state, there loom the figures of Lee and of Leslie, of Wilbur and of Roberts, of Waller and of Flinn and Pearne, of Gustavus and Harvey K. Hines, and of all their compeers of the Oregon Mission. These men have lain in their graves for many years, but they are not sleeping the long sleep. They were never wider awake. They were never more really alive. They were never a more active and effective power. Two generations are but a fragment of time. Their work is just begun. Gathering in momentum and power as they run, continuing to bless mankind in increasing measure, broadening in

scope as generation succeeds generation, the influences that they set in motion are to go on, and on, and on, until they sweep up to the very gates of the Eternal City. This in brief is the story of "the relation of the Methodist Church to the early political development of Oregon" and told in a way that is but faintly suggestive of the debt that the world owes to the great Canadian-American evangelist and the pioneer forefathers of Oregon Methodism.

**ADDRESS AT THE FIRST M. E. CHURCH, SALEM, OREGON,
IN AUGUST, 1919, ON THE OCCASION OF THE 75TH
ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF
WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY.**

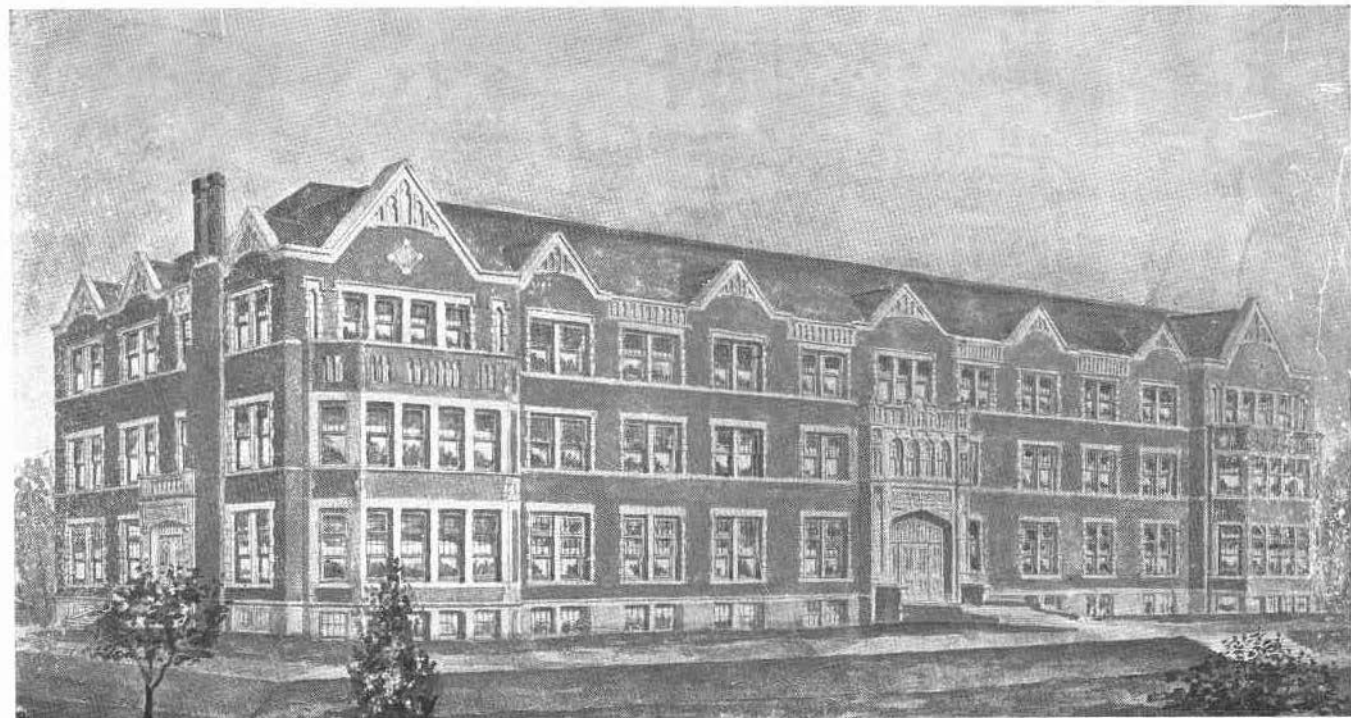
On July 16, 1837, just one month more than 82 years ago, there gathered a congregation at worship, out in the open, in a beautiful grove on the grounds of the "Mission Manual Labor School," on the banks of the Willamette River, at a location that has ever since borne the name of "Mission Bottom." The most prominent characters present were Jason Lee, general superintendent of the mission work of the M. E. Church in the Northwest; his nephew and associate, Rev. Daniel Lee, and Cyrus Shepherd, the superintendent of the Mission school. They were gathered to take part in the first public sacramental service ever held west of the Rocky Mountains, and incidentally to witness the marriage of Cyrus Shepherd to Miss Susan Downing. Seven men and five women came from the Mission House. Besides these five women there was not another white woman within two hundred and fifty miles, and but two others west of the Rocky Mountains. The rest of the congregation was principally made up of thirty or forty Indian children from the Mission school, and a promiscuous group of Canadian-Frenchmen with their Indian companions and half-caste children. After a few brief preliminary remarks Jason Lee surprised his congregation by stepping forward and leading to the altar Miss Anna Maria Pitman, to whom he was then married by Rev. Daniel Lee. This ceremony performed, Mr. Cyrus Shepherd and Miss Susan Downing appeared and were united in marriage by Rev. Jason Lee, who followed this by performing the marriage ceremony of Charles I. Roe and Miss Nancy, an Indian maiden of the Calapooia tribe.

After the preaching of a powerful sermon, he then baptized, and received into the Church, the young man, Charles I. Roe, just married, and Mr. Webley Hauxhurst, who for 50 years thereafter proved a most worthy and useful citizen of the State.

But a few years ago a gray-bearded patriarch sought to ally himself, in a way, with the Pilgrims of 1620, by boasting that he had conversed with one, who in his turn, had conversed with one of the passengers of the Mayflower. In seeking someone to prepare a historical sketch of Willamette University, the powers that be have selected one who bears a similarly familiar relation with the Pilgrim fathers of the Pacific, one whose favorite boyhood hunting companion was one of the half-breed sons of Webley Hauxhurst, and one who remembers well the presence in the old Salem Methodist church of Charles I. Roe, attending service under guard while awaiting his execution, who remembers later reading on the wooden headboard at the grave of Nancy Roe, beneath her name the rude scrawl, "shamefully murdered by her husband".

This, however, relates to one of the unpleasant, and therefore expurgated, chapters of the early missionary history of the Northwest.

The task of preparing a historical sketch, suitable for such an occasion as this, is one that paradoxically calls for both fullness and brevity. It is suggestive of both Scylla and Charybdis and of the devil and the deep blue sea.



LAUSANNE HALL

The historian as a compiler is dependent upon the testimony of those who have gone before. The early history of Willamette is familiar as a more than thrice-told tale, and does not belong in the news column.

Very naturally, the proper place to begin is at the beginning.

The first thing to do is to dissipate a common impression that Willamette University, in its origin, was an Indian school. The Indian Mission Manual Labor School, founded in 1834, and for eight years located at what is known as "Mission Bottom", and during the last two years of its existence in the old "Oregon Institute" building in Salem, never, at any time, bore anything more than an incidental relation to Willamette.

An early Oregon writer has suggested that Willamette University was born on the good ship Lausanne on October 25, 1839, when the "Missionary Family", on that ship, celebrating the 100th anniversary of Methodism, took up a collection of \$650 for the cause of English education in Oregon. That was a famous voyage of 22,000 miles, almost equalling the circumference of the globe, beginning, as it did, in the harbor of New York on the 9th day of October, 1839, rounding Cape Horn, touching at the Sandwich Islands and ending at Vancouver, June 1, 1840. The passengers of the Lausanne constituted what was known as "The Great Reinforcement", and gave wonderful encouragement to the small contingent that had preceded them. The combined forces were but a pitifully small army to face the giant task of bringing this great northwestern empire under the sway of Christian civilization. It was almost an unparalleled altruistic adventure that had its root in a faith and a religious enthusiasm that was little short of fanaticism. The marvel is not that the adventure did not wholly succeed, but that it did not wholly fail. The dominant thought and the dominant impulse was for the spread of Christian education. These, so far as directly related to Willamette, first took form in a meeting held January 17, 1842, at the home of Jason Lee at Chemeketa, now North Salem, called for consultation on the subject of English education in Oregon and for the establishment of a literary institution. At this meeting Dr. I. L. Babcock, Rev. David Leslie and Gustavus Hines were appointed a committee to outline plans for future consideration. These were submitted at a meeting held at the "Old Mission" on February 1, 1842. To this meeting were invited "all English and American residents in the Willamette Valley, with as many Canadians as the committee might think proper." The meeting was well attended, and, after a general survey of the ground, it was unanimously resolved to establish a collegiate institution, and "that a log boarding house and school house be built of sufficient size to accommodate the teachers and pupils if teachers can be employed." On the motion of Gustavus Hines, seconded by Dr. Babcock, it was decided that the institution bear the name of "Oregon Institute". Jason Lee, David Leslie, Gustavus Hines, J. L. Parrish, George Abernethy, Alanson Beers, Hamilton Campbell and I. L. Babcock were selected as the first board of trustees and Jason Lee was named president of the board. It is notable that one of these men, Alanson Beers, was one of the executive triune who constituted the first provisional governorship of the State; that another, George Abernethy, was the first elected Provisional Gov-

ernor of Oregon; that seven of them were passengers on the "Lausanne", and that six of them were present at the famous Champoege meeting of May 2, 1843, and cast their votes for the establishment of American sovereignty over the Oregon Country.

A committee on location of the prospective institution was named consisting of Lee, Leslie, Hines, Babcock and Harvey L. Clark, who has later been recognized as the real founder of Pacific University at Forest Grove. This committee reported in favor of a location at the upper end of French Prairie. At a meeting of the board of trustees held March 9, 1842, Messrs. L. H. Judson, Parrish and Hines were named as a committee to draw up a prospectus and report a constitution and by-laws. These were all reported March 15, 1842, at a meeting at the house of Judson in North Salem. This report, which was adopted, called for a change in the location of the school from French Prairie to a location "on Wallace Prairie, on an eminence about one mile south of the place occupied by Baptist Delcour, near a fountain of living water." This location is about two miles north of the existing north boundary of Salem. The prospectus adopted provided that the school "should be placed in the hands of that society of Evangelical Protestant Christians which shall first pledge itself to sustain it." Article III of the constitution adopted set forth that "the primary object of the institution is to educate the children of white men, but no person shall be excluded on account of color." It was also provided that "anyone paying \$50 to the institution shall have a voice in all the business of the society relating to the institution during his natural life." No one, however, was to be "eligible to the office of trustee, steward, teacher or member of a visiting committee who denies the authenticity of the sacred Scriptures." The form of a subscription list submitted provided that of all donations at least one-third should be "in cash orders on the Mission, or Vancouver, and the remainder in tame, neat cattle, lumber, labor, wheat or cash at market prices." The sum of \$3970 was subscribed, Lee, Leslie and Judson each subscribing \$500, Hines and Beers each \$300, and Parrish, Waller, Brewer and Raymond each \$200. A number of the subscribers gave from one-quarter to one-third of all they possessed.

No millionaire subscriber to any modern institution ever manifested a more liberal spirit.

Some months later, at a meeting held at the house of Rev. Gustavus Hines, at what was known as "the Old Parsonage", built in 1841 and located just east of the campus, on land now occupied by the Thomas Kay Woolen Mill Co., it was resolved that Rev. Jason Lee, as superintendent of the Oregon Mission, be respectfully requested to call a meeting of the Methodist Church, both ministers and laymen, to consider the importance of receiving the Oregon Institute under its care and pledging itself to patronize and support it. Such a meeting was called to meet at the same place October 26, 1842, and there, after discussion, on the motion of Dr. Elijah White, seconded by Rev. A. F. Waller, it was unanimously resolved to adopt the institution. This action was affirmed at a later meeting held May 29, 1843, at the Oregon Institute premises on Wallace Prairie. Immediately after this Mr. W. H. Gray was chosen as general superintendent and secular

agent of the Oregon Institute at a yearly salary of \$400, and was authorized to draw upon the board of trustees for funds requisite for a needed building, upon which, up to November 16, 1843, the sum of about \$3000 was expended. At about this date the active relation of Jason Lee to the Oregon Institute practically ended. He was succeeded as president of the board by Rev. David Leslie, who continued in that capacity until his death on March 1, 1869.

David Leslie was the first American judicial officer in this region. He first instituted civil government and trial by jury in the Oregon Country, and in his court was held the first trial by jury west of the Rocky Mountains.

Lee, after nearly ten years of faithful service in Oregon, prepared to leave for the Atlantic States upon the mission of securing funds for the Oregon Institute, expecting soon to return. During his absence, under an entirely erroneous assumption as to Lee's conduct of the affairs of the Oregon Mission, he was supplanted as superintendent by Rev. George Gary. Although later thoroughly vindicated, before he could arrange his affairs for a return to Oregon he died at his birthplace in Stanstead, Canada, in April, 1845, leaving in his will in addition to former subscriptions, a legacy of \$100 for the Oregon Institute.

Mr. Gary arrived in Oregon May 1, 1844. After a general survey of the situation he called a meeting for the ensuing 7th of June at the "Old Parsonage". This meeting convened at an early hour of the day and continued until daylight the next morning, so important were the problems under consideration. This meeting resulted in a conclusion to finally abandon and close up the affairs of the "Indian Mission Manual Labor School". The original site of this school was sold by Superintendent Gary to David Carter and by him to the late Hon. John Minto. It is now the property of Senator A. M. LaFollett. The mission buildings were washed away by a great flood December 3, 1844. The trustees of the Oregon Institute having an opportunity to sell their property on Wallace Prairie for the sum of \$3000 accepted the offer of Superintendent Gary to sell to them for \$4000 the building that had been erected for the Indian Mission School on what is now the site of the gymnasium on the University campus. In doing this an offer of \$8000 for the building, made by the Catholic Church, was turned down. This was a building three stories in height, 75 feet by 48 feet in dimensions. It was completed and first occupied in 1842 and was at that time rated as the most imposing building in the western half of the American continent, though some of the Catholic monasteries of Southern California should perhaps be excepted.

A few years later there arose a serious complication over the matter of securing government title to this property which was desired as the permanent home of the embryo university. It resulted in an unfortunate controversy between Dr. W. H. Willson and his wife and the trustees of the Oregon Institute. This was finally adjusted by the acceptance of a deed from Dr. Willson and his wife covering 60 acres of land of which the present campus is a part. The doctor and his wife were both actively identified with the early history of the University. She was a member of the great missionary family that came to Oregon on the ship "Lausanne", and she and her husband were married

August 28, 1840. They were the first white couple married in the Puget Sound district of Washington, and the second couple married in that State, Rev. Daniel Lee and Maria T. Ware, a passenger on the Lausanne, having been married in Vancouver, June 11, 1840.

Dr. Willson, who gave "Willson Avenue" to the city of Salem, was on the 26th day of May, 1846, named as general business agent of the Oregon Institute. It was in this year that the original townsite of Salem was laid out by the trustees of the Oregon Institute, and much of the work of Dr. Willson related to the sale of lots in this townsite. The Oregon Institute was finally opened as a school on the 16th day of August, 1844, with Mrs. Willson as the first and only teacher and with 20 pupils in attendance. Here were consummated the original plans that made Salem the pioneer educational center of the State, and that in later years made it Oregon's capital and political center, for she was named as the permanent capital in June, 1864, by the narrow margin of 79 votes, and these were secured by the efforts of the pioneer students of Willamette scattered over the State, and by pioneer citizens whose children were educated within her walls.

For the first two years Mrs. Willson constituted the entire faculty of the Oregon Institute, and she was in control until 1848. During 1846 Mr. Alanson Hinman was an assistant. He was succeeded in the following year by Joseph S. Smith, who later represented Oregon in Congress. In 1848 Rev. J. H. Wilbur, Miss Wilbur, and Rev. St. J. M. Fackler, an Episcopalian clergyman, served as teachers. During the next two years Rev. N. Doane and wife and Rev. M. Eels and wife were in charge. In 1850 Rev. F. S. Hoyt was elected president and served for the ensuing ten years.

From October, 1842, until 1849, the school was under the control of an association of members of the M. E. Church. On September 5, 1849, the Oregon and California Conference was organized under authority of the general conference. Its jurisdiction covered Oregon, California, Nevada, Washington and part of Montana. It comprised six members: Rev. William Roberts, who presided, and A. F. Waller, David Leslie, J. H. Wilbur, Isaac Owen, and William Taylor, afterwards famous as a missionary bishop. At its first session held in the Oregon Institute building this conference formally assumed the patronage and control of the school. At its third annual session, held in the same building, a committee was appointed to procure from the legislature the incorporation of the school under the name of the "Oregon Institute and University." It was chartered, however, January 12, 1853, as "Willamette University". The first meeting of the board under this charter was held March 1, 1853.

Under the heading of "Salem, Oregon Territory, August 22, 1855," the University, operating apparently under full sail, advertises that "a new and commodious mansion erected by the late Alanson Beers has been purchased by the Trustees of the University for a boarding house." Rev. Gustavus Hines is advertised as the manager and assurances are given of "a suitable and inviting home for students of both sexes where their comfort will be promoted and their morals protected" for the small sum of \$3 per week for board, an additional weekly charge of 50 cents per week being exacted from the ladies for lodging in the boarding

house, and from young gentlemen lodging in the Institute building.

In February, 1856, the Missionary Board of the Church pledged \$5000 for the Endowment fund of the University, upon the condition that the University first secure an additional fund of \$15,000. This imposed a heavy task upon the frontier community of a sparsely settled state, but Rev. A. F. Waller was named as the agent to secure the required funds and on August 5, 1859, he reported the amount fully pledged. After years of delay without redeeming their pledge, the Mission Board in 1864 offered as a substitute gift, a deed for 80 acres of land adjoining the campus. This offer was accepted August 20, 1864, but the transfer was not consummated until 1867. It is an almost pathetic circumstance that less than 15 years later, under the stress of then existing conditions, the University felt compelled to sell 44 acres of this land, near the center of the City of Salem, for the sum of \$50 per acre.

In 1860 the Board of Trustees of the University was composed of 43 leading pioneer citizens of the State. General W. H. Odell, who will in a few months enter upon his 90th year, is the sole survivor of this group. On October 3rd of that year the erection of a new and substantial building for university purposes was determined upon, and a committee was named to prepare and submit plans. Final plans were not submitted until December 6, 1862. Father Waller was named as the agent to solicit funds and on May 20, 1863, reported \$12,000 subscribed. On February 22, 1864, final plans were adopted and ground was broken for the erection of the building in that month.

The cornerstone was laid July 24, 1864, the dedicatory address being delivered by Governor A. C. Gibbs. On October 21, 1867, the school marched "to the sound of martial music" from the Oregon Institute building to what has since been known as "Waller Hall," now the oldest building upon the campus and a fitting monument to one of the most faithful and efficient of Oregon's pioneer builders. Its occupancy meant the passing of the "Oregon Institute," which was the home of Willamette in the romantic and crucial years which marked the very beginning of things in this great Northwestern empire.

When this old building went up in smoke in December, 1872, there disappeared from the sight of man Oregon's greatest and most interesting storehouse of pioneer memories. In its lower floors were the school rooms and lodgings of its earlier teachers. On the second floor, over the west school room was held the first court under United States auspices ever held in the upper Willamette Valley. On this floor, over the east school room, was held in 1851-52 the first session, in Salem, of the Oregon Legislature, and this room was used for church purposes from the time it was finished in 1842 until the original M. E. Church building at the corner of State and Church streets was completed in 1851. With this building have gone all of the older builders. Other and younger builders have taken up and continued the work of the fathers and other and more imposing edifices have arisen upon the campus. Hundreds upon hundreds of graduates have followed in the footsteps of Emily J. York Moore, the first graduate in 1859, and the growth and influences of the old school have already exceeded the rosiest dreams of the earlier builders. Lausanne Hall, a later accession to the campus, contests the claim of Wal-

ler Hall to pioneer honors, for its first two stories constituted the original home of Mrs. C. A. Willson, Willamette's first teacher. It was originally located at the northeast corner of Court and Capital streets, and in the early '80s was given to the University by President Van Scoy and removed to its present location on the campus. The University gymnasium was built in 1898 on the original site of the Oregon Institute. The building of the Kimball School of Theology, the gift of Mrs. Kimball, was erected in 1906. The building of the School of Music, given by W. W. Brown of Fife, Oregon, was placed on the campus in 1907. Eaton Hall, the gift of A. E. Eaton of Union, Oregon, in 1908, was dedicated September 21, 1909. All of these buildings are monuments of the devotion and liberality of friends, a number of whom have never been given conspicuous credit. Willamette never had a more faithful friend and worker than Father Waller. He was the builder of the first Protestant church on the Pacific Coast, at Oregon City, and of the original Methodist Church in Salem. Others entitled to especial credit were Revs. F. P. Tower and J. H. Rook.

It may be truly said that Willamette never saw darker days than in the later '70s, the '80s and the early '90s. For 19 long years, equally divided between the administrations of President Van Scoy and President Hawley, these men and their faithful faculties, working for a pittance, displayed a spirit of loyalty and unselfishness that entitles them to the lasting gratitude of the University. Among the conspicuous givers to whom Willamette is indebted, with the amount of their respective gifts, may be named Senator Robert A. Booth, \$100,000; Peter W. Severson, \$100,000; James J. Hill, \$50,000; A. E. Eaton, \$50,000, besides a very large legacy from his estate, and Mr. E. E. Upmeyer, who left us a legacy of many thousands.

These contributions have not only materially aided in conducting the operations of the University, but they have strengthened the faith of its friends, and added to its prestige in the state at large. An added element of strength is the fact that her students have immediate access not only to the libraries of the school itself and of the Kimball School of Theology on the campus, but also to the Carnegie library, the supreme court library and the Oregon state library, none of them as much as a block distant from the campus and comprising in all nearly 150,000 volumes.

The Music Department of the school has been continuously conducted since 1863.

The College of Medicine of the University was established in 1867, the first courses of lectures having been given in March of that year. This department was later conducted in Portland for a number of years, when it was returned to Salem. It was finally merged in 1912 with the Medical Department of the University of Oregon. The College of Law was organized in 1884 and has ever since been in successful operation.

It is universally accepted that the most vital and essential unit in the equipment of a university, great or small, is a competent head. In this respect Willamette has been well served. Her first president, Dr. F. S. Hoyt, who served from 1850 to 1860, ranked high as a minister, an editor and a finished scholar. He was succeeded by Dr. T. M. Gatch, who was president from 1860 to

1865 and later from 1870 to 1879. In his career as an educator in the Northwest, covering a period of 50 years, he was successively a professor in the University of Oregon and president of Willamette, of the State University of Washington and of the Oregon Agricultural College. He was succeeded as president of Willamette in 1865 by Rev. J. H. Wythe, a minister, a physician and a man of high scientific attainments. His successor was Rev. L. T. Woodward, an alumnus of Wabash College. Dr. Nelson Rounds, a former editor of the Northern Christian Advocate and an instructor in Cazenovia Seminary, Allegheny College and other institutions, eminent both as a minister and an educator, served in 1868 and 1869. The second term of Dr. Gatch covered the succeeding nine years. Dr. Charles E. Lambert, a graduate of Northwestern University, served in 1880, and was followed by Rev. Thomas Van Scoy, also a graduate of Northwestern, who presided continuously from 1881 to 1890. Dr. C. C. Stratton, a graduate of Willamette and recognized as one of the great pulpit orators of Methodism, was president in 1890, and was succeeded by Dr. George Whittaker, former president of Wiley University, Texas, who served for two years. Prof. W. C. Hawley, for the past 12 years congressman from the First Oregon district, was president from 1893 to 1902. He was followed by Dr. John H. Coleman, president from 1902 to 1908, and by Dr. Fletcher Homan, president from 1908 to 1914. Since the latter date Dr. Carl G. Doney, former president of West Virginia Wesleyan University, has presided over the destinies of the institution. Of the 13 presidents named, seven rendered an aggregate service of 60 years but Dr. Doney gives abundant promise, if not prematurely called to his final reward, of breaking the record of all his predecessors.

In the foregoing you have been presented in dry detail simply the historical framework of Willamette. It may enable you in a way to sense the spirit that has animated, and the motives that have controlled in the development of this great enterprise ever since its earliest conception. What prophetic instinct was it that prompted Lee, in that early day, to face all the perils and trials of a journey across a trackless continent? What Providence was it that inflated the sails of the Lausanne in that long voyage of 22,000 miles. By what chance was it that a half dozen of the passengers of the Lausanne and later sponsors of Willamette were present at that famous meeting at Champoege in 1843? Suppose the majestic figure of Lee had not arisen across the horizon in 1834, and suppose he and his compeers had not been here to play their part in shaping the then existing conditions, in what direction would have run the currents of history in those crucial days? That was the time, and here was the field for effective effort of tremendous importance. There is an institution in the Middle West, at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, known as the Iowa Wesleyan University, that, like Willamette, has a record of 75 years of splendid service. She makes the claim of being the "Mother of Protestant education west of the Mississippi." As her first president came, like Jason Lee, from Wilbraham Academy, and as one of her later presidents, Dr. John W. Hancher, has proven himself an efficient friend and factor in increasing the endowment of Willamette University, it is not a pleasant task to protest the validity of her claim. The real date of her birth, like that of Willamette, is

somewhat a matter of speculation. Preliminary and pre-natal suggestions mark the real origin of many of our great institutions. The contract for Wesleyan's first building was let on the 11th day of March, 1842. That was months after the beginning of the construction of the building of the "Manual Labor School", later christened the "Oregon Institute", Willamette's first home. It was more than two years after the taking of the collection at the centennial celebration on board of the ship *Lausanne*. It was nearly two months after the meeting of January 17, 1842, at the home of Jason Lee. It was more than a month after the meeting of February 1, 1842, at which time the name of "Oregon Institute" was adopted, and her first board of trustees was elected. Willamette faced the Pacific. Wesleyan faced eastward. She does indeed lie west of the Mississippi, but she is near enough to hear the swish and swirl of her waters and to almost hug her banks. Here we listen to the waters of the Columbia. The Missouri is but the northwestern arm of the Mississippi, and Mt. Pleasant is 100 miles east of the Missouri. She lies within the boundary lines of the effete East. Even in 1844 she was not upon the frontier, for St. Joseph, the rendezvous of the pioneer caravans of the '30s and '40s and '50s, was many miles west of her. The real starting point of Willamette was west, both of the Mississippi and of the Missouri. At one leap she skipped over two-thirds of the continent and landed 2000 miles west of Mt. Pleasant, which, to use the flippant and forbidden vernacular of the street, was "going some". Having beaten the United States to the Pacific coast, and having had a hand in first hoisting here the Stars and Stripes and turning over to the custody of Uncle Sam this magnificent Northwestern empire, Willamette cannot patiently brook any suggestion that she is not entitled, not only to her claim of being the "Mother of Protestant education west of the Mississippi", but to the prouder title of "Mother University of the western two-thirds of the North American continent."

Since 1844, out of over 500 colleges in the United States, 150 have arisen west of the Mississippi. The institutions of the various branches of Methodism numbering less than a dozen in 1844, now number nearly 70. It was May 4, 1844, when Prof. Morse sent his first telegram from Baltimore to the City of Washington. It was the presidential campaign of 1844 that gave birth to the Polk and Dallas campaign slogan of "54-40 or fight". For years after the founding of Willamette there was not a single Protestant church on the Pacific coast from Cape Horn to Behring's sea, and no church of any denomination north of Sacramento. For ten years after the meeting of January 17, 1842, at the home of Jason Lee, there was not a mile of railroad west of the Mississippi river. It was 15 years after the first arrival of Jason Lee, and 10 years after the sailing of the *Lausanne*, and five years after the opening of the halls of Willamette, when William Roberts, the presiding officer of the Oregon and California Conference, offered to California the material for the building of the first church in the City of San Francisco.

Plymouth Rock in 1620 was nearer to Delft-Haven than was Willamette University to the cities of the Atlantic coast in 1844. She was located not simply upon the frontier, but on the extreme outer fringe of it, hundreds of days in time, and thousands of

miles in distance, from the heart of American civilization. Portland, our proud metropolis of 300,000 people, was then a solitude of firs, and the vast empire lying between the Mississippi and the Pacific was mapped as "the Great American Desert".

It is a far cry from 1636 to 1844, from Harvard to Willamette, from the pioneer institution of North America to the pioneer institution of the western two-thirds of the continent, but in the origin of Harvard there is something suggestive of the origin of the modest institution that over 200 years later followed in her wake, away out west, in the land of the sundown seas. Harvard was founded by a colony of English colonists. Their declared object was the education of the English and Indian youth of the country, "in knowledge and godlyness". Their first brick edifice, called the Indian College, had rooms for 20 aborigines, the exact number of students that faced Mrs. Willson August 16, 1844. Because of a gift of \$4000, the exact purchase price of the "Oregon Institute Building," the College has ever since perpetuated the name of Rev. John Harvard, the giver. There may be few, if any, really suggestive points of resemblance and however far fetched these may be, it is at least well to remember that the pedigrees of many of our proudest aristocrats and our greatest institutions are rooted in a plebian origin that, on close inspection, invites neither pride nor confidence.

Let those who boast the conceded wealth and standing of Harvard despise not the day of small beginnings and possess their souls in patience until institutions of like humble birth, but of later beginning, have had 300 years in which to work out their destiny. It has been said that "only a prophet can hear a voice that has no sound, and only a prophet's eye can see a light that never shone over land or sea." Lee and his compeers were prophets. The Lausanne was freighted with dreamers having a vision, and guided by a faith that was indeed "the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen." The prophecies of Lee are in process of development. The faith of his co-workers has been justified by the achievements of 75 years, and by the roseate promises of the years that loom just ahead. Willamette is yet a small college in a yet remote corner of the world. Her real history is still in the making, and the chronicles of her richest achievements are to be written by historians who are yet unborn. Already rich in her traditions she is vastly richer in her potentialities. The smaller college that is the creation of personal sacrifice and devotion, that does not look to the state as an almoner, that bears neither the odor of the slaughter house nor the taint of Wall Street or of Standard Oil, offers little that tends to foster a spirit of scholastic snobbery. It is not the pampered child of an immediate creation, but one tempered and hardened by a long and stressful process of development. Quality is not held subordinate to size, or bulk, or magnitude, and duty and personal responsibility rather than power and conquest, are the controlling incentives. It gives assurances of closer personal contact with the teaching circle, and of the more intimate college companionships that are among the richest and most profitable assets of later years. The pioneer sponsors of Willamette were not drifting nomads, but men of stable and determined purpose. They were not trappers, promoters, or profiteers, but builders—

builders of home and school, of church and state. Willamette is their most conspicuous monument. She will be their lasting monument, for her foundations were deeply laid, upon a still deeper spiritual sub-foundation, embodying the highest ideals of man, the one and final perpetual insurance against the ravages of time.

ADDRESS AT OREGON CITY, NOV. 2, 1919, UPON THE OCCASION OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE 75TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF THAT PLACE.

On the great stock ranges of the Northwest, the unbranded cattle, nomads of the plains, unclaimed by any owner, and belonging nowhere in particular, are known as mavericks. For this occasion, the pastor of this church, instigated by unwise advisors, has "roped in" an unbranded religious maverick of Methodist breed, having but a few superficial earmarks of his Methodist ancestry. He stands before you in temporary captivity, caged in a Congregational pulpit, commissioned to tell a Congregational audience what manner of people they were who laid here in Oregon the foundations of Congregationalism. He will probably not meet the expectations of his sponsors, but he hopes at least to weather the test suggested by Horace Greeley, who once said that he always knew he was impressing an audience when more staid in than went out. A seven years' residence in Oregon City, beginning over 20 years ago, and a faithful attendance, during that time, upon the frequent banquets of the brotherhood of this Church, gives us assurance of a hospitable toleration of what is in store for you in the coming half hour.

This is in a real sense a historic church, founded in a historic town, and in a historic era. It was in 1844 that the first steps were taken by the Lyceum Society, of which your first pastor, Harvey L. Clark, was president, looking to the establishment of the Oregon Spectator, the first newspaper published west of the Rocky Mountains. It was in 1844 that the first institution of college grade in the western two-thirds of the American continent opened its doors. It was in 1844 that the first Protestant church built upon the Pacific coast was here dedicated. It was in 1844 that this old pioneer town was incorporated. From 1843 to 1845 Oregon was governed by an executive triune and Oregon City was Oregon's capital. It was in 1844 that the United States was ringing with the famous presidential campaign slogan of "54° 40' or Fight." It was in 1844 that Morse sent his first telegram, "Behold what God has wrought", from Baltimore to the City of Washington. Standing here today upon this eminence of 75 years, and looking back upon all of the intervening days, we may well, with added emphasis, repeat the words of that famous telegram, "Behold what God hath wrought". We are here to deal in retrospection. We are here to recall and recount the work of the fathers, and to make an accounting of results.

There was no need for you to call upon any one outside the pale of your own church to recite the story of your pioneer days, for George H. Himes, a Congregationalist, was the inventor of Oregon History. Horace S. Lyman, a Congregationalist, was the writer of one of Oregon's most pretentious histories, and the pioneer stories of Mrs. Eva Emory Dye, a Congregationalist, are the most popular and fascinating of all our Oregon classics. It would not become me, and it is not my purpose, to trespass upon their preserves. I shall touch but lightly upon the general history of the church, and asking you to condone an occasional personal reference, I have presumed that you may be interested

in hearing a few simple and homely comments on some of the pioneer Congregationalists of Oregon with whom I came in personal touch in the days of my boyhood and early manhood. My earliest recollection of Dr. George H. Atkinson was when he was a guest at the home of my father, at a time when they were both members of the commission to select permanent sites for the location of the State Penitentiary and the Asylum for the Insane. Mrs. Elizabeth Miller Willson was one of the first teachers in the Tualatin Academy, and in all the later years of her life, at Salem and The Dalles, was an active and earnest Congregationalist. She and her sister, Mary Miller, afterwards the wife of James K. Kelly, who for six years represented Oregon in the U. S. Senate, were among my earliest teachers in Willamette University. Rev. Obed Dickinson, the first permanent pastor of the Salem church, and Peter H. Hatch, one of the charter members of this church, and Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Gilbert, pioneer members of this church, and later charter members of the Salem church, were all acquaintances of my early boyhood and their children were my pioneer intimates and companions. Rev. P. S. Knight, for two years pastor of this church, was one of the big boys at Willamette University in my kindergarten days, when his poetic effusions, his discourses upon such subjects as "Liberty is too young to die," and his debating prowess, made him an object of wonder and admiration. In later years I was a quasi-student of Prof. Thomas Condon as he marched up and down the Newport beach and in his earnest and attractive way unfolded the story of the geology of that region.

But something of the story of Harvey L. Clark must precede the introduction of all these characters. He first came to Oregon as an independent missionary and failing to find work, as he had hoped, among the Indians, he located as early as 1842 upon a claim on the Tualatin Plains, where Forest Grove now stands, and taught the children of the settlers in a log meeting house on his land. He was a Vermont Yankee, born October 7, 1802, and passed away in the prime of life March 25, 1858. He was the undisputed founder of the "Tualatin Academy" and the first President of its Board of Trustees, though the work of Mrs. Tabitha Brown was one of the factors in its earliest development for which she should be awarded credit. This developed later into "Tualatin Academy and Pacific University". Mr. Clark gave to the institution 200 acres of land and later gave the proceeds of the sale of 150 acres additional. Always interested in the cause of education, he had a part in the founding of Willamette University and was named on a committee with Revs. Jason Lee, Gustavus Hines, David Leslie and Dr. Ira L. Babcock in selecting the permanent site of that institution, joining with them in selection of the original location in the northern part of French Prairie. He organized the First Congregational Church at Forest Grove. He was one of the famous 52 who voted for American sovereignty at the historic meeting of May 2, 1843, at Champoege. He was elected chaplain of the first Legislative Assembly of the Territory. At the first 4th of July celebration held in Salem in 1846, under the oaks on the Donation Claim of Rev. David Leslie, later the home of Hon. Asahel Bush, W. G. T'Vault, the first editor of the Spectator, was the orator of the day, and his oration was

supplemented by an evening sermon delivered by Harvey L. Clark. When this church was organized on March 25, 1844, Mr. Clark was called from his residence at Forest Grove, thirty miles distant, to perfect the organization. Three persons constituted the original organization: Peter H. Hatch, a Congregationalist; Robert Moore, a Presbyterian, and Osburn Russell, a Baptist. In deference to Mr. Moore, a venerable man, the oldest of the group, and an assertive man of strong convictions, it was established as "The Presbyterian Church of Willamette Falls", and this name it carried until the pastorate of Dr. Atkinson, when in 1849 the name was, by a vote of 8 to 1, changed to "First Congregational Church of Oregon City". Mr. Clark officiated as the pastor of this church for four years, retiring upon the advent of Dr. Atkinson in June, 1848. This but briefly indicates the important and prominent part taken by Mr. Clark in those crucial days. It is to be regretted that he was not permitted to witness the consummation of his early labors, and to realize how much they have meant to the community and the State in which his final years were spent.

The extent and the value of the work of Dr. George H. Atkinson mark him as easily the foremost man in the pioneer and formative days of the Congregational Church in Oregon. He was a native of Newberryport, Mass. He was educated at Dartmouth College, where he was a classmate of Hon. Samuel R. Thurston, Oregon's first territorial delegate to Congress, and was graduated in 1843. He immediately entered Andover Theological Seminary. Graduating in 1846, he offered his services to the American Board of Foreign Missions, and was assigned to the Zulu Mission in South Africa. Conditions arose that prevented the consummation of this plan, and he was later assigned to the Oregon field. He reached Oregon City on June 21, 1848, and at once found temporary quarters in the home of Deacon Peter Hatch. On Sunday, the 23rd, two days later, in this hospitable home, located near the river bank at the corner of 4th and Marion streets, he preached his first sermon in Oregon, and for years thereafter he was the pastor of this church and during all the remainder of his days was a leading factor in religious and educational work. He served this church for 15 years. He early became interested in the fortunes of Pacific University, and so close became his intimacy with Mr. Clark in this work that they were often referred to as David and Jonathan. No ordinary address could give an adequate idea of the vast scope of his work in this State. One of his ruling passions was the development of the material resources of the Northwest. Another was the upbuilding of the common school system of Oregon. He was the first man to name the vast stretches of eastern Oregon and eastern Washington as the "Inland Empire" and was criticized as a visionary for continually predicting that in coming years that so-called desert would become a vast wheat field. He was a man of remarkable poise and of splendid physique, with a personality that stamped him as a man of the broadest and highest type. He was a builder, an optimist and a prophet. Rev. D. B. Gray said of him that a sufficient response to the query as to what the Home Missions have done for Oregon would be "they give this man and his works to this country." Harvey K. Hines, the historian of Oregon

Methodism, said of him: "One of my well known friends in early Oregon life was Geo. H. Atkinson. He was a Congregationalist, and I think quite an ideal Congregational Minister, but he was largely more than that. A man of good natural abilities he was finely educated in the schools and full of resources for all intellectual and social and civic life. His application to his work was intense and continued. He was not loud, boastful or sensational, but he was solid, reasonable and conservative. Whoever else among the pioneer ministers of the coast is worthy of special mention and memory, it is the opinion that I formed from a rather intimate acquaintance that lasted from 1853 until his death, that as a pioneer minister, as a founder of educational interests and as a true citizen, with the instincts and patriotism of a real statesman, George H. Atkinson ranks among the foremost civilization builders of this coast."

Gen. John Eaton, for 16 years U. S. Commissioner of Education, said of him: "Around his consecrated purpose there centered the activities of his strong and large nature. His scholarship was of a high order. His habits of application were fitted to make the most of his time and his talent. He was not only wise in promoting civil and religious institutions, but he was a leader in the development of the agricultural and mineral resources, the commerce and varied industries of Oregon and the Pacific coast. He was the most completely rounded man I ever knew, and I shall always be his debtor."

Probably ranking next in reputation to Dr. Atkinson, and in some ways outranking him, was Prof. Thomas Condon. He was better known as a geologist than as a minister. Born in Ireland March 3, 1822, he was brought in his youth to New York, and there while pursuing his studies in Auburn Theological Seminary, from which he graduated in 1852, he became interested in gathering fossils from the hills and stone quarries of that region. He came to Oregon in 1852 and for years rendered acceptable and valuable service in the pulpits of the church. His church work at The Dalles brought him into contact with the geological riches of the John Day Valley and ultimately carried him from the pulpit to the Professorship of Geology and Natural History in the Pacific University. In 1876 he was called to the same chair in the State University at Eugene. Here he continued during all the remaining active years of his life, and made a national reputation in this his chosen field. He wrote much and gave many lectures, and carried on an extensive correspondence with leading geologists and scientists of the country, and was recognized as a high authority at Yale and Columbia and the Smithsonian Institution. His most pretentious work, "The Two Islands", a geologic history of the Northwest, was issued in 1902, after his 80th birthday. As a man, as a minister, as a scientist, he stands in the foremost rank of Oregon's pioneer leaders.

A companion of Prof. Condon on his journey to Oregon in 1852 was Rev. Obed Dickinson, a graduate in 1849 of Marietta College and in 1852 of the Andover Theological Seminary. He reached Portland March 4, 1853, and went at once to Salem as the pastor of the First Congregational Church established there on July 4, 1852. He remained for 15 years as the pastor of that church. This of itself is a sufficient tribute to the character of

his work. For years he was a trustee of both Willamette and Pacific Universities. No man was ever truer to his convictions. Because of his advanced views on the slavery question in that early day, Hon. Asahel Bush, a great pioneer, a political Warwick, and editor of the Salem Statesman, frequently referred to him in derision as Rev. Oberlin Dickinson, Oberlin College having taken an advanced position on the status of the colored man long before emancipation became a popular doctrine. In 1877 Mr. Dickinson again showed the courage of his convictions by casting his lot with the Seventh Day Adventists, and during his remaining years was the mainstay of that church in Oregon. When he passed away on November 27, 1892, there gathered about his grave no more sincere mourners than his old-time parishioners of the Congregational church.

Responding to an appeal from Oregon for teachers in 1851, Governor William Slade of Vermont, as President of the Board of Popular Education, dispatched a group of lady teachers to the Pacific coast. Among the number was Miss Elizabeth Miller. Her father later became one of the pioneer ministers of Oregon. In the later part of 1851 she became a teacher in the Tualatin Academy, but very soon became the bride of Joseph G. Willson, later a district judge and a member of Congress from this State. Hon. Fred W. Willson, now District Judge of The Dalles, is her son. Among her fellow passengers from New York was a lady who became later the wife of Governor Gaines. Others were John B. Preston, Surveyor General of Oregon; Samuel R. Thurston, Oregon's delegate in Congress, and S. F. Chadwick and Z. F. Moody, who both were afterwards Governors of Oregon. When they reached Panama Mr. Thurston became very ill. He soon passed away and was buried at Acapulco, while his ship companions continued on their way up the coast. They came up the Willamette on the 21st day of April, 1851. They were due at Oregon City at 4 p. m., but were delayed, and soon found that they were fast on a bar of Clackamas River, and there Miss Miller and her fellow passengers passed a cold and supperless night. The next morning a breakfast of mince pies was dispatched, and at 10 o'clock they began a tramp over blind trails, burnt logs, and almost impassible gullies to Oregon City. They were met "on a bridge a little north of the Congregational church" by Rev. George H. Atkinson. That morning, on the Linn City side of the river, Mrs. Thurston said as she laid her baby daughter in her crib: "I think it will be your father who will wake you," little anticipating that she was so soon to be apprised of his death at Acapulco. This was the introduction to Oregon of Miss Miller, who in her long life in after years at Salem and The Dalles was to be so prominent in the affairs of the Congregational Church of those communities.

There was another rugged character in those days who is worthy of special mention. He was one of the jurors in the trial of the Whitman murderers. He was one of the three charter members of this church. He was an elder and a deacon and a Sunday School superintendent and an all-round handy man who was always in demand, and ready to respond, in every emergency. It was in his home that this church was organized. It was in his home that Dr. Atkinson found his first welcome in

this community. It was he who for years as Sunday School superintendent was willing to travel every Sunday for three or four miles from his farm, with his wife and three children, behind an ox team if possible, and on foot if necessary, to discharge the duties imposed upon him. His name was Peter H. Hatch. He was a native of Boston, born Dec. 26, 1810. For eight years, in his early life, he followed the sea as a blacksmith on whaling vessels. He was converted on shipboard in 1837. He spent three years in Honolulu. He came to Oregon in 1843. He spent 20 years of his useful life in this community. The last 35 years of his life were spent in Salem. He was there a justice of the peace and State Librarian, and active in the work of the Congregational Church for years, but later transferring his membership to the Methodist church. He was a house-mover by trade, and it is said that at times, under great pressure, when the windlass didn't work, when the blocks were not properly placed, and when the old white horse did not pull true, he would give loud and eloquent expression to the sulphurous and forbidden vernacular of the sea. But no one who knew the real "Deacon Hatch" ever felt that if St. Peter knew him as well as they did he would ever allow the celestial bookkeeper to make a record of these harmless explosions. No man ever more truly carried into all the walks of life the spirit of a professing Christian. On Sunday, December 13, 1846, in sending a marriage proposal to the woman, a strong and beautiful character, who less than two months later became his wife, he expressed some misgivings as to whether or not his communication might not be construed as a desecration of the Sabbath. It was a sensible, practical, wholesome letter. He need never have signed it, for Peter Hatch was written in every line. He was of an emotional type. His faith was absolute. He continually radiated the religion he professed. His character was transparent. He did not know how to dissemble. You can pick a thousand men on the streets of any of our great cities at any time, whose combined impress for good upon their fellows, will not equal the single example and influence of our faithful and unassuming old friend, "Deacon" Peter H. Hatch.

And there were others. In 1842, at the urgent request of Dr. Whitman, his boyhood associate in Rushville, N. Y., where both were born, I. N. Gilbert, came to Oregon. He spent three years with Messrs. Whitman and Spaulding at Wailatpu and Fort Lapwai. A few days before the Whitman massacre he started on a visit to the Willamette Valley. On December 8, 1847, at Oregon City he first learned of the massacre. He at once joined the troops called for by the proclamation of Governor Abernethy and, as a first lieutenant, marched back with them 300 miles in the dead of winter through an inhospitable country to succor the survivors. Upon his discharge he again returned to the valley and located in Salem, where he spent the remaining 30 years of his life. On Nov. 1, 1851, he and his wife rode from Salem, 40 miles, on horseback, to unite, here in Oregon City, with the nearest Congregational church, then under the pastorate of Dr. Atkinson. On July 4, 1852, they transferred their membership to the First Congregational Church which on that date was organized in Salem by Rev. J. W. Goodell, they with Mrs. L. L. Williams and Albert Fellows constituting the charter membership.

Perhaps the most versatile of all the pioneer leaders of Oregon Congregationalism was Rev. Plutarch Stewart Knight. He was a native of Boston, born October 21, 1836, and came to Oregon as a boy in 1853. He came to Willamette University in 1858, remaining four years. During his earlier career he was in turn a carpenter, an Indian War veteran, an editor, a lawyer and a minister. In early life he was licensed by the Methodist Church as an exhorter and a minister. One of his first ministerial experiences was in preaching in Chinook to an Indian congregation near his father's farm 10 miles from Vancouver. He united with the Congregational Church in 1863. He was pastor of this church from 1865 to 1867, when he was called to the Salem church where he remained as pastor for 17 years. He was afterwards for 18 years the head of the Oregon school for deaf mutes. He served as the first pastor of the Eugene church which he organized, and at Corvallis, and in the churches at Willard in the Waldo Hills and the Central Church in Salem, both of which he organized. Later, at his own expense, he built a church near the State Fair grounds. He celebrated his golden wedding April 21, 1911, just one month before the death of his wife. He passed away in September, 1914, after an active ministerial career of 50 years. In keeping all his appointments he had traveled a distance of 15,000 miles. He officiated at 1500 funerals. He was known as the "Marrying Parson", as he tied the knot for 1332 couples, which in a number of instances covered three generations. He was fond of relating how he was paid one fee of \$50, after a ride of 530 miles, 120 of it by stage coach, and of another ride of 16 miles that brought him a fee of \$1. As a young man he was much addicted to the writing of poetry and blank verse, much of it of a high order. I shall quote from these effusions at considerable length for the admitted reason that it will relieve me of much effort and responsibility in the task that has been assigned to me. This is what is known in some quasi-religious circles as "passing the buck", but it will furnish you a higher quality of mental pabulum, and give you some suggestion of the quality of the man who was the pastor of this church more than 50 years ago.

In the old chapel declamation days at Willamette University Knight was hailed as the local poet laureate. His poetry became a vogue. We discarded such old favorites as "Sheridan's Ride", "Old John Burns of Gettysburg", "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere" and "Woodman, Spare That Tree" and no longer de-claimed

"At midnight in his guarded tent
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent
Should tremble at his power,"

for nothing in our estimate compared with Knight's parody on "Poe's Raven", or his poem on "The Greasy Mudsills of the North". In those days the American Negro was continually in the spotlight and emancipation was a burning question. His parody of the "Raven" was an alleged poetic effusion picturing a visit to his chamber at the hour of midnight of a phantom negro. It ran as follows:

Once upon a midnight dreary,
 As I pondered, weak and weary,
 O'er many a thrilling nigger story, often told before;
 As I sat and sighed and pondered,
 Sat and grieved, and groaned and wondered—
 Suddenly some loud noise thundered,
 Thundered at my chamber door;
 " 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "knocking at my chamber door;
 Only this and nothing more."

Then again I fell to moping,
 Fell to grovelling and groping,
 O'er that self same senseless nigger story as before;
 When again I heard that thumping,
 As if some huge beast were jumping
 Or some buck-sheep's head were bumping
 Right against my chamber door;
 That it is or something more.

Quickly from my seat uprising,
 Table, chair and stool capsizing,
 All the while apologizing for not getting up before;
 In hurried haste I groped, and groping,
 Found the door, and swiftly oping,
 Cried, "Who comes there? Man or demon?
 On the night's plutonian shore,
 Knocking, thumping, jumping, bumping, right against my chamber door?"
 Darkness answered—"Something more".

Then I looked and saw him standing
 Right beside my doorway landing;
 And as I was just commanding him to travel from my door,
 In he walked, a giant nigger,
 Growing big and growing bigger,
 Till his grim, gaunt, greasy figure
 Touched the ceiling and the floor.
 "Sir," said I, "I think you'd better take your bacon from my door."
 Quoth the darky, "Nevermore".

The remaining verses relate his vain endeavors to rid himself of his visitor. His problem—the negro problem—still confronts us after a lapse of over 60 years. In quoting from this poem it is with some misgivings as to whether it comports with the dignity, or the proprieties, of this occasion. Our defense is that it is a specimen of Congregational literature, and illustrates in a way the spirit of the time in which it was written, and further that it comes straight from the pastoral study of one who gave two-thirds of his long life of 78 years in loyal and active service to the Church. Illustrating in a somewhat similar way the spirit of the time we quote from his poem "The Greasy Mudsills of the North." It was his indignant response to reflections upon the Northern soldiers in the Civil war. It was read at a celebration in Salem, Oregon, on July 4, 1864:

When from her home in Southern climes
 The spirit of disunion came
 To scourge a free and happy land
 With war's wild desolating flame;
 With many a vain and taunting boast
 She sent her murdering minions forth,
 And sneeringly dared to the fight
 The greasy mudsills of the North.
 The greasy mudsills they who toiled
 At plow and bellows, bench and loom;
 Before whose arms proud cities rise,
 Dark forests fail, and deserts bloom;
 Whose honest hearts and brawny arms
 Have been our nation's proudest boast,
 Since first the Pilgrims reared their huts
 On wild New England's rock-bound coast.

The remainder of this somewhat lengthy poem contains many stirring lines, but is too long to recite in full.

Mr. Knight's most pretentious effort was a poem of nearly 300 lines in which he graphically pictures the original upheaval of the Cascade Range of Mountains. Here is the opening verse:

Oft as I walk in pensive mood
 This green and grove girt vale
 With naught to break my solitude
 Save the softly murmuring gale
 I gaze upon yon mountain range
 Whose peaks and cliffs all wild and strange
 Loom up with many a varying change
 Along the distant sky
 And wonder what huge giant hand
 Tore and upheaved the level land
 And piled those peaks on high.

And here are a few of the opening lines of a poem written by him in June, 1861, in the Odd Fellows' Rural Cemetery at Salem, when he was a young man of 25:

Here rest the dead. No more the rising moon
 Awakes them from their long and silent sleep.
 Days come and go; weeks, months and years pass by
 And still they slumber in their dreamless beds,
 Unmoved by evening's shade or morning's light.
 The young and old are here, the fair and brave;
 Here rests the statesman on whose speech once hung
 The ear of listening senates; and here lies
 The soldier, martyred in his country's cause
 On the red battlefield; here monuments
 Raised by affection's hand o'er the cold tombs
 Of buried loved ones, tell how man reveres
 The memory of the dead. He may forget
 The ties that bind him to the living throngs
 That walk the earth, but ever as he turns
 His eyes to memory's page, he needs no charm
 To rouse affection's flame and form anew

The links that bind him to the loved and lost.
 I have no loved ones here; yet as I move
 With cautious tread among the narrow tombs,
 The hollow sound of each faint footfall seems
 A murmur from the dead; each gentle breeze
 That through the grove comes stealing soft and sweet
 Seems like a whisper from the City sent
 To breathe a blessing o'er the silent graves
 Of those who once were numbered with its throng.

All of these were the effusions of his young manhood. We recall but a single poem written by him during the last 40 years of his life. That was one written at the close of the Spanish-American war. It was dedicated to the boy who will never come.

I hear a chorus of ringing bells
 In echoing tower and dome,
 And word is passed by a thousand tongues
 That our boys are marching home.
 But one mother watches the marching line
 That steps to the rolling drum
 And covers her eyes and sheds hot tears
 For a boy who will never come.

A father stands in an open field
 And leans on his resting plow,
 With toil worn hands and wrinkled face,
 And gray hairs on his brow.
 In silence he sees the columns pass,
 His quivering lips are dumb—
 But his heart responds with a broken sigh
 For a boy who will never come.

Two little children, hand in hand,
 Walk down the crowded street,
 And scan each face in the line that steps
 To the snare drum's measured beat;
 But they look in vain for a brother's face,
 Whom they long to welcome home,
 And two children's hearts are filled with grief
 For a boy who will never come.

A maiden sits in a mourner's garb
 in the shade of a darkened room,
 And hears the music of martial bands
 And the welcoming cannon's boom.
 In truth she wishes her country well
 As it welcomes its warriors home;
 But her sad young heart beats a funeral dirge
 For the boy who will never come.

Oh I blame you not, ye who join the throng
 That surges the crowded street,
 With welcoming hand and shout and song
 The returning brave to greet.

But I am thinking of the hearts that bleed
 In many a sorrowing home,
 And so I weave my wreath of simple rhyme
 For the boy who will never come.

It means but little to pass thus lightly in brief retrospect over the records of men who wrought so well in the olden days unless we truly sense and act upon the lesson of their lives. We still but little comprehend how much their work changed the currents of history, how vast and eternal is to be the effect of influences that they unconsciously set in motion, and how important is a loyal and efficient adhesion to the precepts they taught both by word and example. There is no rule by which we can estimate the debt we owe them. They were men and women of splendid breed. While they have gone their way, their best part remains, and in the memories of the record they made, they are today even more potent than in the old days when they walked with us in the flesh. The common law and the statutes constitute the political creed and the code of morals of what we call the State. But that of which we are most in need today is something of the faith and devotion and spirit of sacrifice that characterized the lives of those who laid the foundations of this church. The world has gone mad. America has never faced a graver crisis than that which confronts her today. One form of autocracy has simply risen up over the prostrate form of autocracy of another type. It is still an open question as to whether the world has been made safe for democracy or the devil. There never was a greater need of the quieting and stabilizing influence of the Church. You may not subscribe to her dogmas. You may be heterodox as to the matter of her creed, but you cannot be blind to her constructive aims and to her loyalty to the essentials that make for the public good. The Church is the nucleus of civilization and the harbinger of law and order. To drift along without chart or compass, without a guiding star or a flag is to head straight for social and industrial chaos. We need organized agencies outside of law. Christian morality is the basis of social life and the sure foundation of national existence and prosperity. Existing conditions should operate as a trumpet call to the latent patriotism of every element of American manhood. This community and the State look with implicit confidence to this church to uphold the ancient standards, to loyally adhere to the faith of the fathers and to stand in the front rank in the fight for those orderly processes of Government that constitute the sure and firm and lasting basis of all our hopes for the future.

Misses Bertha^{and} Carrie V. Moores

With the compliments^{and}

Kindest regards of their Brother

Chas D Moores



CHARLES B. MOORES

