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KLOSE NESIKA ILLAHEE

# OREGON NATIVE SON

## and Historical Magazine

Devoted to the History, Industries and Development of the

## ORIGINAL OREGON

COMPRISING THE STATES OF OREGON, WASHINGTON, IDAHO AND PART OF MONTANA.

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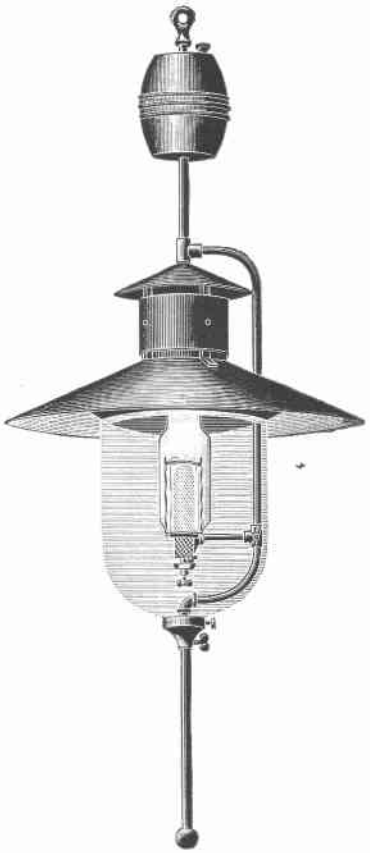

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THE

# OREGON NATIVE SON

DEVOTED TO THE

History, Industries and Development

OF THE

# Original Oregon

COMPRISING THE STATES OF OREGON, WASHINGTON
IDAHO AND PART OF MONTANA.

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Second Year, May 1900 - April 1901

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NATIVE SON PUBLISHING COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

# WILDS OF OREGON.

Ye tinted hills above the wooded plain,
Reflect the sunbeams o'er the breaking main ;
Ye hoary peaks, august, in muteness stand,
As watchful sentries, guard our noble land,
O storm-bound cliffs and precipices bare,
O verdant dales and flowering ridges fair,
Re-tell thy river's ever-joyous theme,
Thy sylvan wild in grandeur is supreme.
When vernal spring thy rolling valley 'twines
With fragrant blossoms and gentle creeping vines.
As flees the greyness from the waking dawn
All nature rises unto joyous song;
The squirrels, chattering, play on branch and tree.
The timid fawn glides its pathway free,
And meadow lark's and robin's morning lay
Unto their mates proclaim a welcome day;
Then gleams the sunlight on the distant hills,
Its glowing ray of bounteous woodland fills,
And sparkling diamonds seem the glistening dew,
And fairyland bursts on the raptured view.
Thy lofty pines, and limpid fountains fair,
Thy sunny slopes and flowers without compare,
Thy waterfalls encrowned with sunlit spray,
And plunging torrents, charm our lingering way;
Across the waving fields of gray and green,
And placid lakes enrobed with shade and sheen,
By vine-robed crag, through canyon, vale and glade,
We stray and rest within thy noonday shade;
Yet, dearer are thy mountains high,
Thy snow-capped peaks which gleam in stainless sky;
No passing shade their glory has defiled,
No shroud but night to mar their grandeur wild;
The rumbling glaciers on their ceaseless way
Defy the banks which bid their passing stay,
And jewelled halls and lofty tinted spires
Blend all the hues of many colored fires,
While far above the sulphurous fumes arise,
And tell of moulten heat which never dies.
Wilds of Oregon, dear, blue-tinted hills,
Blest is he who hears thy babbling rills,
And breathes the fragrance of thy waving pines,
And in his heart remembrance fond enshrines.

VALENTINE BROWN.

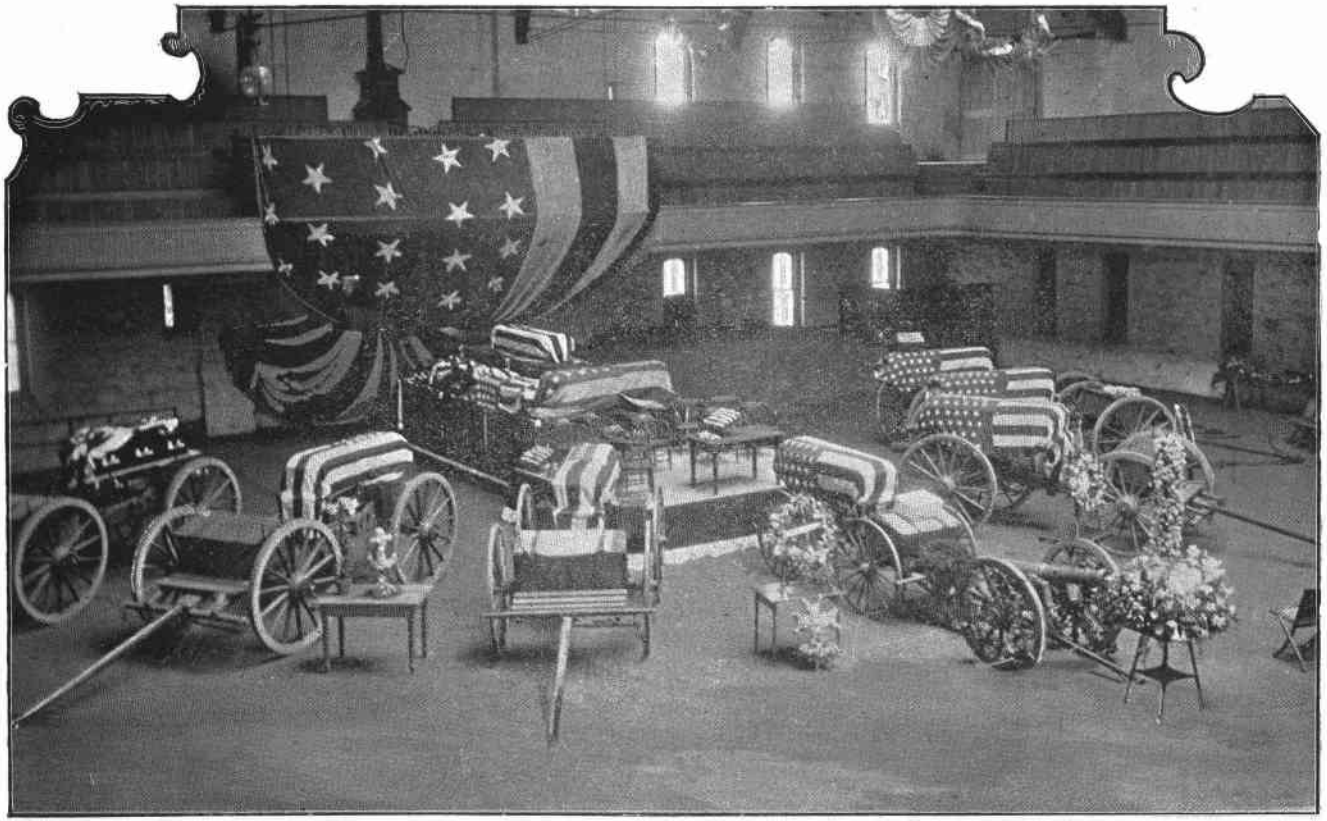


Photo by Brown.

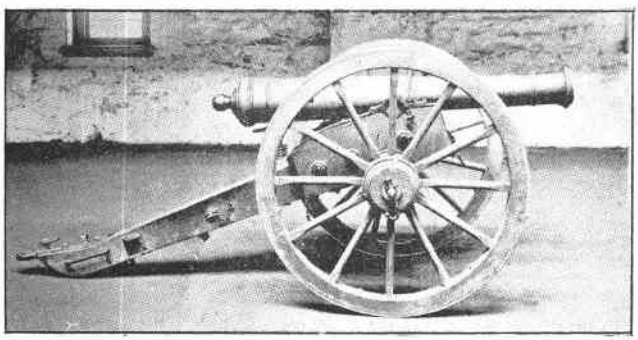
SECOND OREGON DEAD, LYING IN STATE AT THE NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY.

# IN MEMORIAM.

(Soldiers of the Second Oregon who fell in the Philippines.)

Toll,
For the strong of soul;
In crowded ranks who gave
The inspiring shout
Of Liberty, from youth's full throat.
Contented death to dare,
That they might share
The "well done" Santiago heard,
When the world's deep heart stirred.

Toll,
For the pure of soul,
The fair head, and the boyish look,
That War's black wave o'ertook,
'Ere grief had touched the untroubled blue
Of childhood's wondering gaze.



Courtesy "The Oregonian."
CANNON CAPTURED AT MANILA.

Toll,
For the strong of soul,
Toll,
A mother sees beyond the wave,
Isidro's palms above his grave;
She hears "reveille" call,
But not for him, her darling:
Orient day grows cold, though steeped in light,
And all its torrid beauty fades in night.

Toll,
For the proud soul;
The virgin State
That welcomes late,
These sons of iron make;
Here on her lillied breast pressed down,
They sleep, and dream not of renown,
Nor of these garlands, pine and rose—
Emblems of beauty and repose—
We weave to scatter o'er their rest,
Who honored duty's stainless crest.

Routledge, Photo.

ON THE WAY TO RIVERVIEW CEMETERY.

Rejoice,
O! State of ours!
Spring's earliest flowers
Speak from the dust,
"Be pure, be just,"
To larger hopes our hearts are true,
We seek the task that God will do,
In the grim path where honor led
The feet of our beloved dead.

—Nellie Evans.

# A TOUR OF THE WORLD.

## JOHN J. VALENTINE, PRESIDENT OF WELLS-FARGO & CO., WRITES HIS FRIEND, AARON STEIN, OF SAN FRANCISCO, AN ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAVELS.

**(Published by Special Permission of Mr. Valentine.)**

New York, Sept. 29, 1899.

DEAR UNCLE AARON:

Today the naval procession of the Dewey celebration took place. Not feeling willing to exert myself to the extent of decided inconvenience in order to witness it, I had concluded to spend the day at the hotel and at the office and vicinity. However, on alighting from a Broadway car at the Battery, I noticed a great throng to the right near the water's edge, and upon walking over there found them intently watching the naval parade, which had just begun to pass up the river. Stepping upon a box at a cost of 25 cents rental, I too, despite my determination of the morning, became a looker-on, and saw the best of the pageant.

Noting the countless pictorial representations of Dewey that meet the observer everywhere in the city, the droll idea has occurred to me what sort of a resemblance to the original would a composite picture of all these produce—many of which are certainly sheer caricatures.

As pertinent to the unusual and extravagant demonstration in honor of one of our naval heroes, growing, as it does, out of a martial rather than a civic spirit of adulation, I turned my steps toward the older historic grounds near by. I may mention here, incidentally, that the site of the office I occupy—No. 63 Broadway—is historic ground. But a few steps lower down that busy thoroughfare, on the west side, stands the Washington building, occupying the ground of the old Kennedy House, once the headquarters of Washington and Lee, opposite which, in the colonial days, stood the leaden statue of King George III, which was pulled down in the year 1776 and converted into bullets for the use of the American army. A little below this spot, where Broadway originally began—i. e., at the foot of the present street—looking northward over the little park called Bowling Green, stands a group of buildings now condemned to be razed for the purpose of erecting on the site a modern structure intended for U. S. Customs purposes. Among these buildings is one bearing a bronze tablet that marks it as the site of old Fort Amsterdam, built in 1626, within the confines of which fortification was built the first substantial church edifice on the island of Manhattan. The tablet was put into the front wall of the building by the Holland Society of New York, September, 1890. Near by another bronze tablet marks the spot where the first four huts were erected by Dutch voyagers, in 1613.

A few blocks distant—at the S. E. corner of Pearl and Broad streets—stands a most interesting relic of other days, viz: "Fraunces' Tavern"—or, as originally called, "The Queen's Head Tavern." In this well-constructed five-story building, erected in 1753, now nearly a century and a half old, but nevertheless in an excellent state of preservation, Washington bade farewell to his officers, on the 4th of December, 1783. Here, too, in 1768, was instituted the first New York Chamber of Commerce, of which body John Cruger was President, and Anthony Van Dam, Secretary. On the walls of the "Long Room" (a dining room located on the second floor) hangs

a framed copy of two resolutions adopted by that body, bearing dates and reading in part as follows:

May 3d, 1768; Ordered, Resolved; that the members of the Chamber do meet at Bolton & Sigel's (the former proprietors of Fraunces' Tavern) precisely at the usual hour (six o'clock).

Tuesday, 6th December, 1768—Resolved—a proper room for the meeting of the members of the Chamber of Commerce is to be provided and the Treasurer is to have Bread and Cheese, Beer, Pipes and Tobacco, provided at the expense of the members present, so that it doth not exceed one shilling each man.

tavern. The establishment, as already stated, was originally known as the "Queen's Head Tavern." To the announcement aforesaid, "Boniface" Fraunces added the following savory postscript:

"N. B. Dinners and suppers dressed to send out for lodgers and others who live at a convenient distance; also Cakes, Tarts, Jellies, Whip Syllybubs, Blaumange, Sweet Meats &c in any quantity; cold meat in small quantities, Beef Stakes &c at any hour; Pickled Oysters for the West Indies or elsewhere."

THE DEWEY ARCH.

The first meeting of the Chamber was held April 5th, 1768, and its action on this occasion was confirmed and approved at a subsequent meeting, held in May.

In this same room, hanging against the wall is a framed copy of Samuel Fraunces' public announcement that on Sept. 20, 1770, he succeeded Messrs. Bolton and Sigel as proprietor of the

However, one of the quaintest things in this room, replete with odd mementoes, is the copy of Resolution adopted by the Chamber of Commerce relative to what should constitute the repast provided for its members at their evening, as already given above .

To show that this ancient hostelry has been true to the principles of simplicity

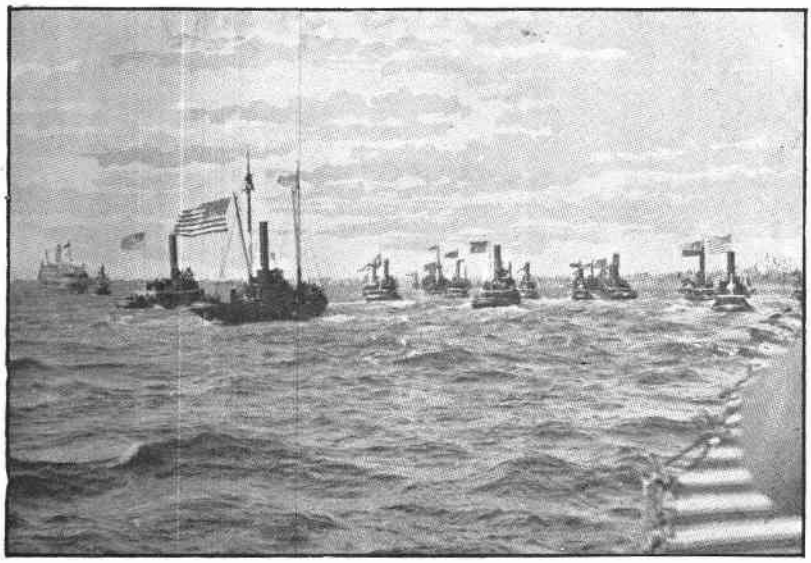
that prevailed when it first served the public, I quote the following from a sign now displayed on the Pearl street exterior of the building, which is still used as an hotel and restaurant:

FRAUNCES' TAVERN.
Newly Furnished
All Light Rooms
By the day or week
For
Gentlemen Only
Restaurant
ON THE FIRST FLOOR
First Class Regular Dinners
Home
Cooking 25c.

Fraunces' Tavern—To this Building
GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON
came, evacuation day, Nov. 25th, 1783
1770 - 1883 and on Thursday, Dec. 4th
Erected by the following, here took leave
Sons of the of the principal officers of
Revolution. the Army yet in service.

In the second-story long room already mentioned is this (suitably framed)—the impressive parting scene having doubtless taken place there:

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS OFFICERS,
Dec. 4th, 1783.
With an heart full of love
and gratitude, I now take leave



DEWEY PARADE—Tug Division.

This is not misleading. The writer lunched there today while making these notes, and for 25c was served with tenderloin-steak, mushroom sauce, stewed carrots and green peas, bread, butter and tea. This very low price—less than one-quarter of what the same things would have cost on Broadway or 5th Avenue, or above 14th Street—is because of the moderate but sufficient portions furnished, the simple but adequate service, and the absence of all ostentatious surroundings.

On the Broad street front of the house, just south of the main entrance, is the following:

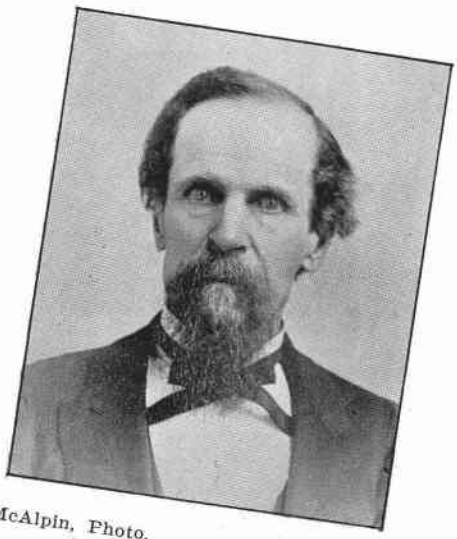
of you; I most devoutly wish
that your latter days may be as
prosperous and happy as your
former ones have been glorious
and honourable.

In the language of the poet, "these were beginnings of the best we are." How wide and far we have strayed from the true principles of Democratic Republican simplicity may be judged from the happenings of the past year and a half. Only nine years ago, the present executive of this nation said:

Human rights and constitutional privileges must not be forgotten in the race for wealth and commercial supremacy. The Government of the people must be by the people and not

Tollman, Photo.
EDWARD J. NORTHRUP.
A Pioneer of 1852.

Tollman, Photo.
MRS. FRANCES C. NORTHRUP.
A Pioneer of 1845.



McAlpin, Photo.
CAPT. JACOB KAMM.
A Pioneer of 1850.

Aune, Photo.
MRS. CAROLINE A. KAMM.
Born at Lapwai, 1840.

by a few of the people; it must rest upon the free consent of the governed and all of the governed. Power, it must be remembered, which is secured by oppression or usurpation or by any form of injustice, is soon dethroned. We have no right in law or morals to usurp that which belongs to another, whether it is property or power.

Now he is employing the power of the United States to subjugate an alien people who never owed allegiance to our country. As to what the Filipinos think of "Benevolent Assimilation," let one of their own countrymen, Mr. Sixto Lopez, answer:

The Filipinos regard liberty and honor as things which cannot be exchanged for any other condition or thing, however good, however benign, however prosperous. Take from us our liberty and your philantbropy will become valueless. Nor will it help matters to contend that we shall have liberty under American rule. Would American citizens care to have liberty under, say, English rule? rule?

Personal liberty we should no doubt have, but it is national liberty that we crave. Personal liberty is by comparison a small thing. All civilized people are prepared to give up personal liberty—even life itself—in defense of national liberty. What would the American people accept in exchange for national liberty? Need the question be answered? Very well, then; it is universally admitted that the duty which man owes to man and nation to nation is expressed in the simple formula: Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you.

The issue, then, is quite clear. If the American people prize liberty more than the sordid advantages which prosperity may give—if they refuse to have their liberty taken from them in exchange for any condition or thing whatsoever—then how could they look a righteous God in the face if they take from the Filipinos that which they themselves refuse to part with?

♣

New York City, Oct. 7th, 1899.

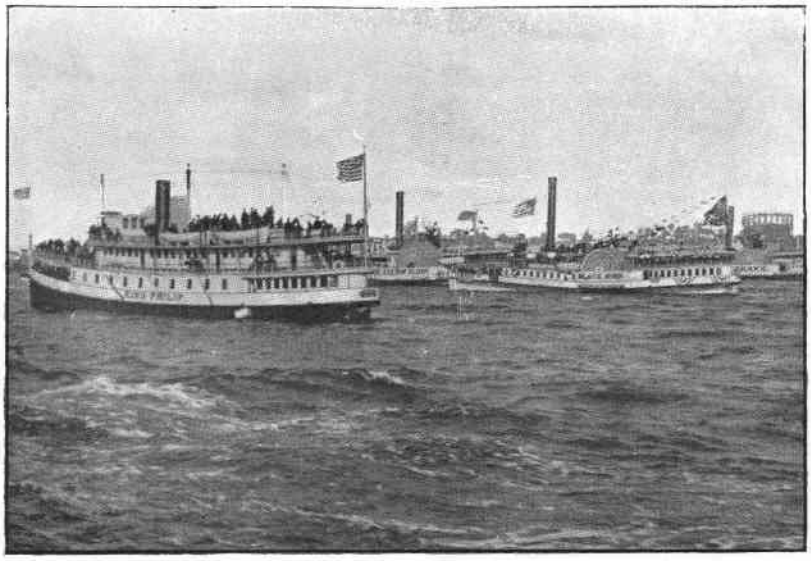
While the "sporting world" is away at the international yacht race today, I will indite you a brief abstract and chronicle of the times:

And first as to in-door amusements—the theatres. We have attended three. The Fifth Avenue—to witness "Becky Sharp," in which all the indictments of Thackeray against it for cynicism find color. 'Tis about as disagreeable a play as I have ever witnessed. Geo. Osborn is a smirking prig; Jo Sedley a boisterous buffoon; Pitt Crawley a grotesque, repulsive reptile; and old Steyne even more revolting in the realism of his profligacy than Thackeray critically depicted him. As for Becky Sharp, she is as bad as the law allows—and you will remember the Kentucky judge's dictum: "A man no better than the law will make him is just as bad as the devil would have him." In short, the play of "Becky Sharp" leaves a bad taste in one's mouth. The second evening we attended the Empire, where John Drew's Company played "The Tyranny of Tears," by Haddon Chambers; and the third time saw us at the Lyceum, where "Miss Hobbs," by Jerome K. Jerome, was presented, with Annie Russell in the title roll. "The Tyranny of Tears," which has a flavor of Anthony Hope's "Dolly Dialogues," though bright and pleasing, is less satisfactory than "Miss Hobbs," in which Miss Russell's acting was most charming. I have never seen her to better advantage.

The character impersonated by Miss Russell is that of the "New Woman," bitterly opposed to the autocracy of man. Miss Hobbs, who lost her parents during infancy, developed her idiosyncrasies under the teachings of an aunt by whom she was reared. This strong-minded relative's ideas were the outcome of unfortunate matrimonial experiences, and she instilled into the mind of the young ward her own peculiar views of the tyrant man. Because of her theories and their dissemination Miss Hobbs had been described to her future conquerer presumably, as a lean, gray-haired old spinster, but on finding her, to his surprise, a young and beautiful woman, the hero falls in love at sight. In undertaking her conquest he relentlessly attacks her pet notions, and it is quite apparent at the very outset that she is going to capitulate to his dominant personality. In his love-making he chiefly tutors her, and points out the unwisdom and injus-

tice of her views. He frankly tells her that the "New Woman" wastes too much time in idleness and bootless thinking—or what she deems thinking—the outcome of which is sophistical deductions and discontent. The play is delightful throughout, and I have never seen Miss Russell look sweeter, or act better and more becomingly in any character. The contretemps, out of which much confusion and fun arises, is natural enough, and the performance keeps the audience in smiles of interest or irrepressible laughter to the very end. Old Mrs. Gilbert, who figures as an ancient maiden aunt and general peacemaker, was manifestly just as dear to the hearts of the audience as she was to the young people on the stage whose difficulties she was setting right.

I do not know that this company will go to San Francisco, but if it should, and Miss Russell play, by all means attend the performance. The stage settings and the costumes are pretty, though not out of the ordinary, and the play is not profound, but the lesson and the presentation are simple, natural and very wholesome.



DEWEY PARADE—Steamer Division.

We pass now from the customary habitat of the "Upper Ten," in their pursuit of enjoyment, and will pay our respects to the "lower millions."

A few blocks west of Broadway, on Bleecker Street, bounded by Sullivan and Thompson Streets, stands a massive modern structure of grey pressed brick, with becoming stone trimmings. A slightly pitched corrugated iron roof with wide eaves supported by handsome brackets gives the top finish a Moresque appearance. This ten-story fire-proof building is known as the Mills Hotel No. 1. This roomy vestibule is finished in white marble and a handsome central stairway of the same material leads to the office floor. Both to left and to right of the office is a spacious well-lighted glass-covered court, upon which open some of the inside of the 1554 bed rooms of the hotel.

Desirous of thoroughly inspecting this hostelry which is famous from a sociological point of view, we paid it a visit, entering first the dining-room, which is located in the basement. This large room is finished in white, with clean, cement floors and tiled wainscotting. On

the walls hang neatly-framed pictures, appropriate to a dining-room ,and the tables are covered with clean table cloths and supplied with tidy napkins. Here a meal may be had, table d'hote, for 15 cents; or, for the more luxurious a special—to order—dish may be added for ten cents more.

We partook of dinner here, and the 15 cent meal entitled the diner to one choice of each course as indicated on the Bill of Fare, the substance of which is here given: (Of vegetables two selections are allowed.)

BILL OF FARE
MILLS HOTEL RESTAURANT
Bleecker, Thompson and Sullivan Streets.
October 5th, 1899.

Regular Dinner.....15 cents.

Soups.
Consomme Jardiniere;
Ox Joint with Barley.
Meats.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce; Roast Fresh Pork, Apple Sauce; Fillet of Beef Saute a' la Bordelaise; Stewed Honey-Comb Tripe a l' Espagnole.
Cold Meat.
Roast Beef.
Vegetables.
Green Corn; Mashed Yellow Squash; Boiled Sweet Potatoes; Mashed Potatoes; Sliced Tomatoes.
Dessert.
Farina Pudding; Baked Apples, Concord Grapes; Indian Pudding.
Tea, Coffee or Milk.

Thus for the modest price of 15 cents a meal consisting of soup, meat, vegetables, and dessert, with either tea, coffee or milk, is to be had. I may add that liberal portions are served, and the food —of good and wholesome quality—is well-cooked. On the floor above is a cafe, where meals can be obtained a la carte. This, however, as an eating place is open only in the night, it being used as a reading and general sitting room during the day. A person can at this hotel get five cents worth of something to eat; and Mr. Mills informed me that the price received for meals averages but 13 cents each; breakfasts and suppers about 8 cents each. The waitresses are paid $4.50 per week, and are given their meals. After our dinner we patronized the dining-room cigar stand, where a diminutive cigar, called "Nieman's Babies," is to be had at a rate of three for two cents. I have had worse smokes at higher prices. There are other brands on sale, the most expensive of which is 5 cents apiece.

A few steps below, and off the dining-room, is the trunk-room, where all kinds of baggage (including bicycles) is stored in quantities. No storage is charged for this accommodation, but there are several tiers of private lockers, measuring about 3x2x2 feet, with good locks, that may be hired for 25 cents per month. In the basement are located a well-equipped steam laundry, and engines for furnishing power to run the three modern, fast elevators; also plants for ventilating the building and lighting it throughout with incandescent lamps.

Before going further I will say that this is a house for men—as the circulars state "A Hotel for Respectable Men." The only women about the premises are the waitresses and chambermaids. The former begin work at 6:00 A. M. and continue until 2:00 P. M., when they leave for three and a half hours, and returning at 5:30 P. M., work until about 7:30 P. M.—i. e., ten hours a day. The chamber maids are all out of the building by 5:00 P. M. Each of these maids attends to ninety rooms, and as the guests are not permitted to remain in their rooms after 9:30 A. M., the chamber work is facilitated by their not being obliged to wait on the convenience of laggards. After 5:00 P. M. the bed rooms are thrown open to incoming guests.

These sleeping apartments are not large, being but $5\frac{1}{2}$x$7\frac{1}{2}$ feet; although there are seventy corner rooms which measure 8x8 feet. For these larger ones 30 cents per night is charged, while for the others but 20 cents each. These rooms are supplied with good enamelled iron beds and wire mattresses and the bed linen is clean and inviting. There is also electric light available all night, although after midnight the current is somewhat reduced. Every room is provided with a little medicine-chest or cup-

board fastened to the wall above the foot of the bed. There is no water in the rooms. All the lavatory facilities, which are ample, being massed in the halls of each story; the shower baths, hot and cold water, also conveniently located on each floor—there are no tub baths. On the office floor are numerous hot and cold shower baths, about seventy-five stationary wash stands; and laundry tubs, for the use of the guests to wash their own small articles of clothing.


FRAUNCE'S TAVERN, OLDEST IN NEW YORK.

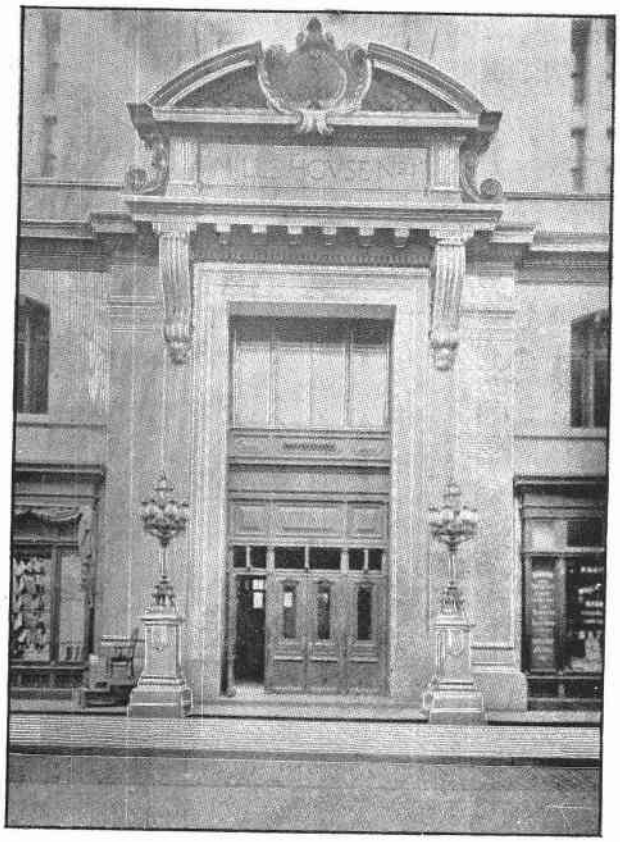
There is also a drying machine near by in same room. All these accommodations are open to access and furnished without charge.

The entire second story, Bleecker street front, is made into a light, comfortable reading room, and here is a free library of one thousand volumes; and writing tables, at which paper and envelopes are furnished free. Games of various kinds are also on hand. In the courts are tables and chairs, and here the men sit and read, or smoke and chat.

On Rivington Street, east side of the Bowery, just off 3rd Avenue, stands the other "Mills Hotel," (No. 2). It is a building in the same general style as No. 1, but smaller—there being in this less than 700 rooms. The two hotels can accommodate an aggregate of 2,200 persons over night, yet they are obliged to turn away from 50 to 250 people every night. Yesterday I went to the Rivington Street Mills Hotel (No. 2) and got a ten-cent breakfast—two boiled eggs, two rolls, with butter, and a cup of coffee—all good in quality and quite sufficient in quantity. The bill of fare was as follows:

BILL OF FARE
MILLS HOTEL RESTAURANT
Rivington Street.
Regular Breakfast—15 cents.
Consisting of one 5 and one 10 cent dish, with Bread, Butter, Coffee, Tea or Milk.
Five Cent Dishes.
French Rolls, Stewed Prunes, Oatmeal and Milk, Boiled Rice and Milk, Shredded Wheat Biscuit, Cracked Wheat and Milk, Buckwheat Cakes, Wheat Cakes.
Ten Cent Dishes.
Fried Ham, Veal Cutlets, Hamburger Steak, Corn Beef Hash, Salt Mackerel, Fried Liver and Bacon, Pork Chops, Codfish Cakes.
Special.
Two eggs boiled, fried or scrambled with two Rolls, and one cup of Coffee, 10 cents.
Oct. 6, 1899.

The general constructive plan of these remarkable and commendable establishments is an effective combination of applied science to attain the ends in view—viz: Utility, comfort and benevolence, on a self-suporting basis. The larger hotel has been open two years, the other being of more recent construction, and thus far the two establishments, while benefitting thousands of men without partaking of the nature of charity, have earned a net interest on the total investment of two per cent per annum.



MILLS HOUSE, NO. 1.

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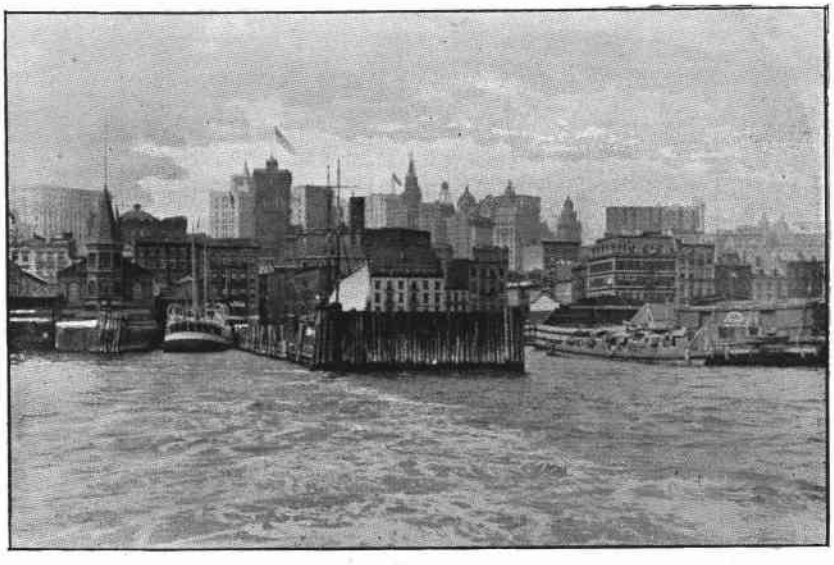
You may ask, if my eyes are weak, why I am writing. I am not writing much, chiefly dictating, and must keep occupied. I would die of ennui if compelled to refrain from doing anything. The following from the "Saturday Review," on "The Fancied Joys of Idleness," is so good that I reproduce it:

> The illusion that in idleness under some form or other happiness is to be found is easier to be understood than most illusions. There is a charming and naive simplicity about it, and hence it is a popular creed. Sweet doing nothing is a delightful vision which makes us all converts to the gospel of idleness. We have constructed a heaven of future bliss on the simple basis of this illusion. An extensive hymnology exists whose inspiration is this captivating idea.
>
> If there were not some danger of wounding sensitive feelings, we might make many quotations from our devotional anthologies to show that the popular conception of eternal happiness has much similitude to the rest-

ful imaginings which float through the brain of pater-familias as he contemplates his annual visit to his favorite seaside summer resort. There he will sit by the margin of the quiet sea on the golden sands, and listen half asleep after his midday dinner to the strains of the band on the parade. It is the self-same illusion which found its path through

ness which is the ideal of pagan golden ages, Christian and Mohammedan paradises, and of the social millennium on earth.

What matters it that memory persists in reminding us that the periods of our lives when we have more nearly realized the ideal conditions were exactly those in which the illusion vanished? We cannot ignore the



SKY SCRAPERS OF NEW YORK.

the sad heart of the poor slaving woman of all work as she composed her epitaph for her own and her friends consolation.

"Don't weep for me now, don't weep for me never;
I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever."

The appeal is irresistible to the ingrained illusion of perfect happiness in perfect idleness.

plain fact, but, as there is nothing more difficult than the reproduction of past moods and feelings, it is as though the story were told of another and not of ourselves. The illusion remains vivid and living, while the real fact of our existence shares the usual fate of all historical happenings in being unrealized in consciousness.

(To be continued.)

Jno. J. Valentine

# LEGEND OF SNAKE RIVER VALLEY.

The Snake river runs over five hundred miles through a continuous lava bed before it is lost by a union with the waters of the Columbia, flowing between rock-ribed gorges, at times, two thousand feet below the level of the country through which it passes. Standing on the bluffs above, one can look for many miles with vision unobstructed except by the ranges, some thirty, some a hundred miles away. Get back a distance from the banks and not a river or creek can be seen, but here and there the eye catches a faintly-outlined streak in the landscape, indicating the position of a stream running far below the surface. The deepest gorge, winding through these volcanic lands, confines the waters of the Snake. Upon the ranges bordering the valley, here and there, a peak thrusts itself above the surrounding hills almost to point above perpetual snow line; standing there as if white-robed sentinels to watch and see that the Indians do not disobey the Great Spirit, who, in unnumbered years agone, enjoined upon them certain things. From the snowy sides of elevation run the streamlets, fountain heads and feeders of the greater waters to the ocean bound.

After traversing about half of its length, the roar of cataract greets the ear. Led by the ever-increasing sound,


"Pointing to the elevated table land he proclaimed it holy ground."

one comes to place where the river can be seen to glide rapidly along, dashing, foaming, in mad play upon and around the boulders obstructing the channel just above the thundrous roar, and, then gathering in mighty force and volume, plunge down two hundred feet, losing itself for the moment in the spray ascending from below and then appearing again in the long, white streaks of foam that are whirling past the towering walls forming its embankment. But few there

McAlpir, Photo.
RALPH W. HOYT.

Aune, Photo.
W. A. WHEELER.

McAlpin, Photo.
RUSSELL E. SEWALL.

are who could gaze upon this masterpiece of nature except in silent awe.

The vast fields of lava forming the valley proper appear as though it had been at one time a moulten mass that had suddenly cooled, for, in many places, the hard, basaltic rocks lie in waves. There being no visible craters, it has been a matter of wonderment from whence the flowing lava came. The Bannock and Soshone Indians attempt an explanation of the mystery in one of their traditions, which, if believed, is interesting.

They will tell one that the earth was peopled with an animal race before the present race found a home therein. That this animal people were demi-gods in nature, but becoming in disfavor with the Great Spirit, were either removed from earth or condemned to roam its expanse in the degraded state in which they now exist. In that age, and for many snows after the creation of the Indian of today, the Snake river valley was covered with forests, in which all kinds of game were plentiful, and through this Elysian ran several streams, singing their happy songs over pebbled way, bringing drink to flower, to grasses green, to quench the thirst of man and beast, and from which could be taken many kinds of fish.

But the scene so full dressed with plenty and contentment was in time looked upon by the spies of a nomadic people, roaming away from other lands, and it was not long before a mighty host invaded the valley, dispossessing the Indians of their homes. The intruders were not only strong, but skilled in warfare. A mat house was beneath their notice; they built their homes of stone, surrounding them with a wall of like material.

The Indians, being peacefully inclined and unused to force, were often subjected to indignities, and violent deaths among them, at the hands of the usurping populace, frequently occurred. Step by step they were driven back and away, until they realized that they must seek hiding place in the mountains to secure themselves from danger. Here the chiefs held a great council to consider what steps should be taken to regain their lost hunting grounds and rid themselves of their oppressors. As on all other momentous occasions, it began with a dance. This was kept up for three days, the tawatty or chief medicine-man all the while performing incantations to attract the attention of the Great Spirit, in order that he would manifest himself in some manner and direct them in their hour of need. At the close of the third day, just as the sun was slowly sinking below the western horizon, the medicine-man commanded silence, and the dancing ceased. He told the people that, for some unknown cause, his "medicine" did not bring about the desired charm, and that it would not, unless he went to some high mountain where his incantations could be better seen by Him whose good offices they invoked. That they should remain where they were until he returned, which would be four days from that time. He then started for the summit of a distant peak, the top of which is now pointed out as being the elevation just above and near the Shoshone falls. All night long he traveled, up hill and down, through the sighing pines and over verdant way, ever watching, ever traveling towards a bright particular star set low before in heaven. Night's darkness undaunted him. The hooting of owls, the howling of wolves, or the mournful cry of the panther produced no fear in his breast as he onward moved. As the first rays of morning's sun began to dispel the gloom of night, and kiss and aflame with golden hue the eastern skies, he reached his destination. Again he began to make "medicine," and this time with the desired effect. Suddenly he was enveloped in a cloud which carried him higher and higher, until he found himself in the spirit land. With sense enwrapt with the beauties of the place where in futurity the soul finds rest, he was unaware of the approach of a mountain lion, and one immense in size, until the sound of its footfalls were near at hand. About he turned and, on viewing the monster, he

was much alarmed, but the lion spoke to him in his own language, and assured him that he had no cause for fear. The voice, the hands instead of feet and claws on the lion's forward limbs, together with the human light its eyes contained, was evidence to him that he stood in the presence of the ruler of the world, next to the Greater Spirit, whom no one could look upon and live, and he bowed himself in attitude of adoration.

Upon being questioned in relation to his business there by this mighty mediator, once the chief of the ancient animal people, the medicine-man related to him the troubles of his tribesman, and plead that the invading hosts, which had brought their woes, be driven away and his people once more permitted to possess their lands in peace.

The lion told him that his prayer would be granted on condition that he would pledge himself and people that they would never in the future maim or slay a mountain lion, wolf or kindred animal, shoot a blue-jay or to a white dove bring any harm, as they were spirits, like himself, but degraded and doomed to live on earth for sins performed by their ancestors in the long dead past. To kill them or eat of their flesh would be an offense the Great Spirit would not pardon. They should not go to war without first securing the advice and consent of the Great Spirit, which would be imparted to his people for all time through their medicine-men. Obey these injunctions and all would be as desired; but, violate them, and they were without the pale of succor.

The medicine-man could promise for himself, but hesitated to do so for his tribesmen before consulting them, and asked for delay that he might be permitted to do so. The lion answered him by telling him to return and get their promises, meeting him again at sunrise on the following day on the mountain from whence he came to the spirit land, then, wrapping a cloud about the medicine-man, as before, conveyed him back to the encampment of his people more quickly than the racing winds could move the length of an arm.

To his people the medicine man related what he had seen and heard, telling them what must be observed if they would know hoped-for relief. Their answer in acceptance of the conditions was as if but a single voice had spoken, except one woman who, mastering curiosity, stopped her ears so she could not hear, thus enabling her to claim indemnity from punishment because she had not heard.

Like her sex had been before her, and continue now to be, she could not keep a secret. By the time the medicine-man had returned to the designated place of meeting, as directed, she made her action to some other women of the tribe, and the tale flew from mouth to mouth with rapidity until it was known to all, creating consternation. She was immediately made to take the same obligation as had been self-imposed upon the others, but she resolved to do as she pleased as regards keeping it. The blue-jay read hear heart, and sought counsel with the white dove as to what should be done in the matter. While they were consulting about it the false woman happened to come near them and her presence so exasperated the blue-jay that he began to manifest his displeasure with loudest chatter. His voice of condemnation was soon stilled, however, for she quickly shot an arrow through his heart. As his body fell to the earth to be stamped upon by the cruel woman, the imprisoned soul, no longer confined to thing of earth, was borne away by the white dove —bearer to land beyond the skies of all who are good and pure.

Through the woman's crime, the Great Spirit was of mind to abandon the Indians to their fate, and sent the medicine man back to tell them so, but when he heard their lamentations, coupled with renewal of pledges given, he relented of his purpose and concluded to again aid them. They should not, however, dwell in the valley as it then appeared, but it was to receive a decided change, making it less a paradise; the scene to

be ever after a reminder to them of his power and a simile of the punishment he would inflict upon them should they fail to observe their pledges.

To show them that treachery and gossip should not be, it was decreed that the future of the sinning woman should be forever linked with the awful predetermined lot of the usurping horde and the valley. All but the medicine-man and this woman, he caused to be transported far away until it was meet for their return. The medicine-man was borne to the top of a high, rocky mountain and ordered to touch the pinacle with his finger, upon doing so, it instantly ignited. As the fires began to become more fierce it began to melt and run to the surrounding hills and lower level, causing them to take fire and add their smelting sides to the stream of lava spreading over the surface of the valley, staying not destruction of the noble pines, the emerald sweep of plain's expanse, or holding back to allow people to escape their destined doom.

Many snows elapsed before the lava cooled, or the Indians returned to transformed lands. When they came again, the evidences presented to understanding, that a power capable of performing deeds beyond the might of man, were such that punishment most condign would overtake them should any of the animals enumerated in the injunction be slain by them; that the blue-jay was a sacred winged creature, and the white dove should coo and come and go without its being harmed.

Before being dismissed to erect their encampment ,the medicine-man led the Indians to the falls. Pointing to the elevated table land near by, he proclaimed it holy ground; that it was the top of the mountain where he had communed with the Great Spirit, and that none but a medicine-man must ever place his foot upon it. Then he bade them look upon the mighty flood of waters pouring over the precipice, dividing the upper from the lower bed of the river, and in it see the fate of one—the woman who lightly considered a solemn pledge. Since then nothing could tempt them to pass the night near it. fearing that her ghost would come forth in its shroud of spray and draw them beneath the hiss of the rushing waters.

The Shoshone and Bannock Indians tell this tradition as an actual happening of the long ago, and proudly point to the great fields of lava and falls as evidence of its being true ,and the injunctions placed upon them have ever since the awful hour been faithfully regarded by the members of these tribes.

F. H. SAYLOR.

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The first marriage ceremony solemnized in Wasco county, Oregon, of which there is any record, occurred October 3. 1856. The groom was born at Astoria, March 18, 1824.

No complete history of the Pacific Northwest could be compiled without giving, not only himself, but all of his ancestors who were ever residents with-its borders considerable and frequent mention. One of his grandfathers was a partner of John Jacob Astor. He lost his life by being blown up on the ship Tonquin. Another was Concomly, the celebrated chief of the Chinook nation. A grandmother became, after the death of her husband, the honored wife of Dr. John McLoughlin, and shared with him in the kind regard all pioneers were wont to express in his behalf. His father occupied no mean page of history, and it would require considerable word to give full detail of his own creditable career. In a little volume among the county's archives this record is found:

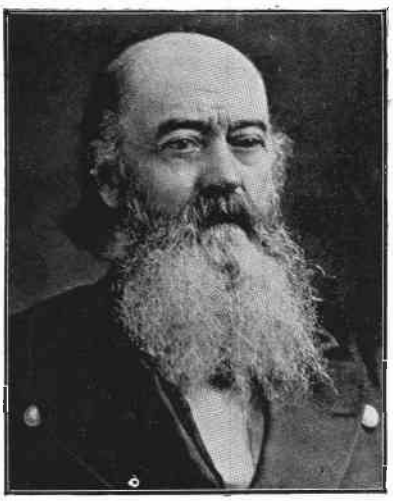
"Territory of Oregon, County of Wasco, ss.

"This to certify that the undersigned, a justice of the peace, did on the 3d day of October, 1856, join in lawful wedlock William C. MaKay and Miss M. Campbell, in the presence of Dr. Atkins, Dr. Bates, R. R. Thompson and many other witnesses. Oh! what a glorious time we had.

"C. W. SHANG,
"Justice of the Peace."

# COLONEL JOSEPH L. MEEK.

The father of Colonel Meek was a Virginian planter. His first wife, the mother of our subject, was an aunt of the wife of President Polk. She died while her son was still a child, and the step-mother who succeeded her either disliked the little fellow or could not influence him in the direction of study. He therefore grew up uneducated. Why his father contributed to this apparent neglect does not appear. The Colonel never had much to say regarding these early years of his life, save to indicate that he was unhappy at home. At seventeen he left the paternal mansion and went to Kentucky, where some of his father's relations lived, hoping there to find what did not exist for him at home—affection. Disappointed, he decided to sever all ties of relationship and start out in the world alone and for himself, and at the age of eighteen he found himself in St. Louis, then a mere trading-post on the Missouri frontier. This was the decisive step which colored all his after life. He was young, strong, of fine physique, and of a merry disposition. The adventures of the mountain men with whom he became acquainted, attracted him, and so much so that he decided to make a trip to the Rockies himself. In the spring of 1829 he entered the employ of Wm. Sublette, and soon pushed forth toward the wilds of the far west.



COL. JOSEPH L. MEEK,
First Marshal of Oregon.

Little did he realize the dangerous occupation he had chosen; that for eleven years he would roam the plains and mountains, carrying his life in his hand at every step; that he should marry one of another race and by her rear a family in the valley of the distant Oregon, of which he had hardly ever heard. When one considers the fact that over one-fifth of the trappers were either killed by Indians or wild animals, or died from exposure, it is a matter of wonder that he survived the hardships he must of necessity undergo.

Yet, with all these chances against him, he lived eleven years in the mountains, fighting Indians and wild beasts, with never in all that time a serious wound from Indian arrow or paw of grizzly bear—a fact that illustrates better than any words, the address, quickness and courage of the man. Though often sportively alluding to his own subterfuges to escape from danger, it still remained evident that an awkward, slow or cowardly man could never have resorted to such means. His sunny temper and ready wit made him a favorite with both comrades and employers, and gave him influence with such Indian tribes as the mountain-men held in friendly relations.

During some of these winter vacations he applied himself to acquiring some knowledge of reading and as the only authors caried about with the company's goods, were of the very best—the Bible, Shakespeare and the standard poets—the effect was to store a mind otherwise empty of learning with some

of the finest literature in the English language.

Like most all of the mountain-men, he married among the Indians, his two first wives being from tribes east of the Rockies. The first one was killed in a battle with the Bannocks, and the second grew homesick and left him to return to her people. The third was a Nez Perce princess. Her father had become Christianized and when Meek besought him for her hand the old warrior demurred, saying that as a Christian he could not give him the girl, when he (Meek) already had one wife living. Meek pleaded, implored, cajoled, and finally quoted Solomon and David as good biblical precedents for the desired sanction, and against such authority the good old Christianized chief succumbed. Meek was given the girl, then a handsome young woman of 15, and he christened her Virginia, in honor of his native state.

About 1839 the beaver had become so scarce from being so long and steadily hunted by the several companies, that it was thought best to disband them Here was a new phase of the life into which Meek had so thoughtlessly been drawn. At twenty-nine, in the very flush of young manhood, to be deserted in the mountains by his employers was something he had not forseen. To return to Virginia with an Indian wife and children, was not to be thought of, even if it were possible, as it was not. To remain in the mountains, except by relinquishing forever all thought of civilized associations, was equally impossible.

At this juncture Meek, with several more mountain-men, determined to cast their lot with that of the almost unknown Oregon, then virtually in possession of the Hudson's Bay Company; and in 1840, did remove with their families to the Willamette valley, where at that time very few Americans were living except those connected with the Methodist Mission—few indeed, in all.

He selected a land claim in the Tualatin Plains, where he began to farm.

From the time he came to Oregon, until Oregon became a state, Meek was always more or less actively concerned in her affairs. Well acquainted with Indian character, he was useful in maintaining peace with the native tribes. A staunch American, he resisted the encroachments of British authority during the period of joint occupancy of the country. When it was at last thought best to move for the organization of a Provisional Government, he was conspicuously active.

At the meeting of the settlers at Champoeg on May 2nd, 1843, a motion was made that a Provisional Government be formed. The Americans were in favor of such, but the French-Canadians, who were controlled by the Hudson's Bay Company's influence, were expected to and did oppose the measure. The meeting was held in a small house, far too small to accommodate the number present, and many of them were compelled to remain on the outside. It was understood that the vote was to be by ballot. The motion was put, but the scattered condition of those entitled to a vote, together with the hesitancy of the French-Canadians to give an expression to their opinions, caused a decided lull in the proceedings at this moment. Realizing that opportunity went hand in hand with endeavor, Meek jumped to his feet and said, "Who's for divide?" and then started for the outside saying, "All for the report and an organization follow me." He stepped to the right followed by forty-nine Americans and two French-Canadians. These latter being Etienne Lucier and F. X. Matthieu. The oposition could not muster but fifty men in line, and the motion was carried.

Of all those participating in this eventful meeting, but one, F. X. Matthieu, survives.

Meek was made sheriff under the new government, performing his duties, not always light ones, with promptitude and spirit. He was twice elected assemblyman from Washington county, fulfilling his duties with propriety and patriotism, dashed sometimes, with the wild humor

MISS LILY E. WHITE.

Moore, Photo.
HENRY J. CORBETT.

Aune, Photo.
PROF. R. F. ROBINSON.

for which, whether as a mountaineer or a legislator, he was celebrated.

When the massacre of the missionaries and emigrants at Waiilatpu, startled all Oregon in 1847, he accepted the toilsome and dangerous duty as messenger to congress; having to perform the journey overland in the depth of winter, with only two companions, one of whom gave out on the way. He arrived after much hardship, on the Missouri frontier early in March, without money or decent habiliments, and by his address won his way wherever he appeared until he presented himself, a forlorn messenger indeed, at the door of the White House. During all his subsequent life, he delighted to recall the sensation he was able to produce on being presented to President Polk. No other man in the United States would have thought of standing so entirely on the merits of his cause; or of making his wretchedness a subject of such self-railery as to divert attention to its pitifulness and make it seem only a good jest. Such was the temperament of the man, that when he chose to be merry—and at his own expense—there was universal enjoyment in beholding it.

Meek remained in Washington, a guest of President Polk, until the passage of the Organic Act, August 14, 1848. Oregon was by this act, constituted a Territory of the United States, and it became necessary to appoint officers as quickly as possible in order that they might reach their field of action before the expiration of Polk's term of office. A commission was given Meek of U. S. marshal, and he was entrusted with the duty of conveying to Gen. Joseph Lane, his commission as governor of Oregon, with authority to take an escort of U. S. dragoons from Fort Leavenworth in the Kansas territory, for their safe conduct across the plains. This was a very different order of travel from that he had pursued six months previous, when he had skulked through a thousand miles of Indian country almost alone, poor, ragged and often in danger of starving, to carry news to the government of the awful strait in which the little American colony in Oregon had found itself.

By taking the southern route, or Santa Fe trail, the Oregon governor and marshal arrived in California in February, 1849, and in Oregon on the 2d of March —just in time for Lane to be proclaimed governor of the new territory before the expiration of Polk's term. They found the Indians in a state of armed tranquility, waiting to see what the whites would do further to avenge the murders at Wailatpu. Lane demanded the principal murderers from their tribe, and had them hanged, Meek officiating as executioner—a duty he performed with less reluctance since one of his own children had been among the victims.

When the territory became a state, offices passed into other hands, and the pioneers rarely conducted its affairs. Meek thenceforth lived quietly upon his farm near Hillsboro, laboring little, and finding occupation in riding about the country or visiting towns that he had seen grow up throughout the valley of the Willamette. Wherever he went, a crowd of curious listeners were wont to gather, eager to hear, over and over, the tales of mountain adventure, or stories of pioneer times, that he so well knew how to make interesting or diverting.

It has been said that he held the title of "colonel" by courtesy only. This may be true so far as it was bestowed up to 1854, but if one will take the trouble to look up the history of Oregon of that year it will be found that he was entitled to be so called thence forward. The territorial legislature of 1853-4 passed an act constituting Oregon a military district, and required the governor to divide it into what were termed council districts. Each council should have one colonel, lieutenant-colonel and a major, who shoud divide their council district into regimental districts. The governor was also required to commission all elective officers.

Washington county was one of these council districts and at the June election of 1854 elected Mr. Meek colonel of the same, and Governor Davis afterwards is-

CAPE HANCOCK, MOUTH OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

sued to him his commission as the law required.

Twice he was the subject of paintings, "The Trapper's Last Shot," of which he is the central figure, being famous as illustrative of frontier life.

The colonel died on his farm June 20, 1875.

Virginia Meek was always a favorite with early pioneer women and children, and she exercised a boundless charity toward the poor and needy. Her native language she always used when she talked to herself in her favorite chair, but when spoken to she would reply in broken English very intelligibly. Her disposition was of the kindliest sort, and while age rendered her decrepit, she sat in her chair, humming a chant peculiar to the Nez Perces. Her son, Stephen A. D. Meek, who cared for her, is a prominent citizen of Hillsboro, and the attention he gives her has won him golden opinions. She died March 5, 1900, at the age of eighty years.

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This great waterway has probably more names than any other river in the world. At least history has preserved a greater number than can be now said as having belonged to others. Early discoverers, as well as recent writers, state that it was known among the Indians by various names, each tribal family designating it by a word or combination of them, suited to their own dialect. Among these names given are Spo-ka-tili-cum, Shock-a-tili-cum, Chuck-a-lil-um, Wik-a-itli Wam-a-kil, Pe-koo-un, Ka-kis-ne-ma, We-ya-ne-na, Nis-kot-sum and Ka-nix. These names were not applied to the river directly, but to the locality. It is the general belief that the Indians did not give the river, as a whole, a name.

Its mouth was first discovered by the whites when the Spanish navigator, Captain Bruno Heceta cruised along the coast in 1775. On August 15, of that year his vessel lay off the bar. Whether he entered the river is doubtful. It is generally believed that he did not, and that observations were taken from the deck of his ship some distance from the shore. He gave it the name, Ensenada de Asuncion, or Assumption Inlet. The north point he called Cape San Roque, and the south, Cape Fronduso. It would, however, seem that the discovery was more than an inlet, for, on a chart published in Mexico not long subsquent to its discovery, the names Ensenada de Heceta, or Heceta Inlet, and Rio de San Roque, or River of San Roque, are given. From this latter name it is quite evident that the presence of a river was at least suspected, or the information was borrowed upon hearing that other navigators had really discovered a river.

What others may have supposed, was found to be a certainty. And to Captain Robt. Gray, an American, belongs the honor of the discovery. On May 11th, 1792, he safely crossed the bar, anchoring several miles up the river from its mouth. On the 19th he went on shore, formally naming the river after his ship, the Columbia, raised the American flag, and took possession in the name of the United States. He named the conspicuous headland on the north side of the entrance Cape Hancock, now called Cape Disappointment, and the low sand-spit on the south, Point Adams. While he was sure that he had discovered a river, he did not know that it was the second in North America.

Reference has also been made to what was supposed to be such body of water by discoverers writing of the River Aguilar, River Thegays, River of the West, and The Oregon. This latter name comes to us through the writings of Captain Johnathan Carver, but it is not believed that he ever traveled far enough west to find it, and that it would have possibly been forgotten had the poet, Bryant, not immortalized it in Thanatopsis.

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.

# BUCKSKIN'S FIGHT WITH THE WOLVES.



What was known thirty years ago as Central Ferry was some eighteen or twenty miles above Farewell Bend; a camp so well remembered by those who crossed the plains to Oregon as one where they bid farewell to Snake river, down which the had been travelling several hundred miles, seeing no more of it after leaving this place until after its waters were mingled with those of the great Columbia, west of the Blue mountains. At the time of which we write the Snake river valley was entirely unsettled, there being only a few stations scattered along the route to the Boise gold mines. The city of Weiser, ten miles below the ferry, and Payette, three and Ontario six miles above on the river, as seen now, had no existence, not even in imagination—the coyotes and jack rabbits there burrowed on the sites these thriving places now occupy. Central Ferry was owned by two brothers, John and Martin Parton. It was operated by Martin, or, as he was familiarly called, Mart, and Guy, John's eldest son. The great rush to the mines made the ferry a valuable property, but the deep snows which fell on the Blue mountains between the mines and the Columbia river almost closed the road to travel except during the summer and early fall months. Those who kept the stations and ferries alone and thrown entirely upon their own resources for amusement during the winter months. When the travel ceased for the winter of 1863 Mart and Guy remained to take care of the ferry. Mart was a well preserved bachelor of 35 or 40 years of age and Guy was a handsome boy of 16. They had a little shanty made mostly of clap-boards, with the dirt piled up on the outside to keep out the cold winds. They were supplied with plenty of provisions to last them until the travel commenced again and looked forward to having a cosy time, the monotony of which could be broken at any time by shooting at jack rabbits or coyotes, with now and then a shot at an antelope or grey wolf.

As the winter hollidays approached there came a heavy fall of snow, covering the ground to the depth of two feet or more. The weather became intensely cold but our bachelors did not mind that, they had an immense pile of sage brush stacked up in the front yard for fuel and easily kept warm. The only domestic animal near them was an old horse which had been turned out early in the fall by some packers. His back had become injured by his saddle and being old and worn out with labor they had turned him loose to live or die as it might happen. Before the snow fell he had found plenty of good grass and had grown strong and fat. He was on the opposite side of the river from the house and frequently came down to the ferry landing looking for company. At such times he would look across at the house and neigh, as much as to say, come and ferry me over, I am lonesome here all alone and winter coming on. Sometimes Guy, out of sympathy with his loneliness, would take the skiff and cross the river to see old Buckskin, as he was called, in compliment to his rich tan color. The old fellow showed almost a human longing for society and would follow his visitor down to the water's edge and look at his frail skiff as much as to say, why did you not bring the big boat over, then I could have gone home with you. But he was on the side where the best grass was found and so was left alone. After the snow fell nothing was seen of him for many days, and it was feared he had fallen a

prey to the large number of grey wolves which were sometimes seen wading through the snow, having been driven by its greater depth in the hills to seek the river bottoms. Guy and his uncle spent much time looking with a glass for some trace of the missing pony. At last he was seen on the point of a hill about two miles distant. He was standing up to his knees in the snow digging away industriously for his dinner. With one fore-foot he would make about fifteen or twenty strokes, making the snow fly in every direction; then he would rest that foot by using the other one. In this way he reached the grass and satisfied his hunger. Of course, it was a cold diet—bunch grass mixed with snow—morning, noon and night, but he seemed to understand that this was his only chance to escape starvation. He could be seen the first and last light of morning and evening, working away. He would ghnaw the grass from all the ground he had bare of snow, then he would clear more. As time went on, and the deep snow continued, he became quite an object of interest. As the bachelors had nothing else to occupy their minds, they spent most of their time watching Buckskin dig for food. It was interesting to see an animal adapt himself so quickly and intelligently to the conditions surrounding him. He had been reared in the Willamette valley, and knew nothing about such deep snows as now confronted him, yet he soon discovered his broad hoofs could be used for other purposes than merely to walk upon. One day as Guy was standing in the yard with the glass in his hand, he cried:

"O Uncle Mart, come here quickly, there's a lot of wolves fighting old Buckskin! Look, look! a great band of them."

"How can I see him without the glass?" said Mart.

"Here, here! quick! They are trying to pull him down. What can we do?" said the impulsive boy.

"I wish we had another glass. Don't be uneasy," said Mart, as he adjusted the glass to his eye and leveled it on the distant pony. "The wolves are getting the worst of it so far. Old Buck is a warrior. He is knocking and kicking them right and left. I believe he will whip them all. There are but four that I can see. He is holding them at bay. Now he turns this way, and is running. Moses! how he runs! I believe he is coming for help. He can outrun the wolves in the deep snow. It only comes to his knees, while it is side deep to them. O, but don't he run! Hurrah for Buck! He is coming down the hill now. Look, look! how he makes the snow fly."

"How do you expect me to look at him two miles off, while you have the glass?" said Guy.

"That's so, here it is. I do wish we had two glasses. Take it, quick. See how he is doing on the flat!"

"Bounding like an antelope," said Guy. The wolves are away behind. Who would have thought the old fellow had so much mettle in him as that? He is a race-horse, sure."

Buckskin made straight for the ferry, and when he arrived at the landing the wolves were nowhere to be seen, though they came in sight a few minutes later. The beleagured horse neighed loudly to the ferrymen, who now realized they were powerless to help him in this hour of his sorest need. The river was frozen over, except a channel of about one hundred feet in the center; the skiff had accidentally become loosened from the bank and floated off, some time before the freeze came, and the ferry-boat was frozen fast in the ice at the bank. The river being too wide for the range of a rifle. Buckskin must bring his enemies within range by coming out on the ice near the channel. But he was doubtless afraid to do this, probably knowing that, should he fall, he would be at their mercy. Much sympathy was felt for him, but it looked as if he would have to fight the unequal battle alone. Neighing frequently for help, he selected his position near the bank of the river and waited the attack. It was sharp and furious. The wolves were hungry and determined to waste as little time in combat as pos-

sible. Two sprang at his throat and two tried to reach his haunches. Neither were successful. With his ears laid flat on his neck, his eyes flashing, and his teeth bared and gleaming white as snow, he struck down those in front, and before the two behind could fasten on him, they were sent, by two well-directed kicks, rolling in the snow. So completely were they cowed they did not dare to attack again, and, after maneuvering some time for advantage without success, they sneaked away. Guy's hat went high in the air when he saw the result of the battle. The horse remained two days about the river bank, when, being pressed by hunger, he again sought the hills for grass. He remained unmolested for several days, and then he was again seen making for the ferry, with another pack of wolves on his heels. This time there were no less than a dozen, and it looked as if Buckskin's last moment was approaching very fast. Mart ran out on the ice and fired at the wolves, which had surrounded their victm on the bank, but the distance was too great for him to hit them. the report of the gun, however, frightened them so they withdrew from the attack and sneaked around until it was dark, when the noise of snorting and snapping of teeth told Buck's friends that the battle was on again, and they could hear it raging with more or less fury through the night.

It was impossible for our bachelors to go to rest while the old horse was so bravely fighting for his life. A fire was built on the bank and guns fired at short intervals until morning. When it came, Old Buck was still defiant, yet his tireless enemies still beset him.

"What shall we do?" said Guy. "It is awful to stay here and not aid the poor fellow, when he neighs so piteously. He almost talks. I feel just like it is a human being begging us to help him. Can't we cut a channel through the ice for the ferry-boat?"

"That would be impossible. The ice has drifted and lodged about it many feet thick," answered his uncle.

"Then let us make a raft."

"I have been thinking about that," said Mart, "but we have nothing with which to make it. Our whole house, if taken down and made into a raft, would scarcely float us, and we would freeze to death in this weather before we could build it up again."

"I'll tell you what," said Guy, "there are two large barrels in the house, and they would float one of us."

"Yes, but one of them is half full of old rye whickey, which cost four dollars a gallon, and there is nothing in which to empty it."

"Mart, let us pour it out," begged Guy. "We can put some of it in the water bucket and camp kettle, and then pour it back when we are done."

prove of that," answered Mart.

prove o fthat," answered Mart.

"If he was here, he would. I know him too well to think he would ever let a horse die like that. None of us likes whiskey. What does he want with it, anyway?"

"It belongs to the man at Payette station, and is here because he has not yet come for it," answered Mart. "He will be after it when the snow melts a little, and would not like it if we threw it out."

Guy had again taken the glass and was looking intently at the battle, he could plainly see the old horse was being worried and punished to death. Blood showed on several parts of his body, where the wolves had torn him with their sharp teeth.

All at once a large one darted from the pack, and, missing the horse's throat, fastened on his shoulder. Buckskin seized the wolf in his teeth and tearing him loose he pressed him to the ground, and struck him again and again with his fore feet so furiously that the wolf lay apparently lifeless. The rest attempted to close in, but the courageous horse showed such a determined and hostile front, they paused, afraid to invoke the fate of their comrade.

Guy could endure no more. He turned to his uncle with his face streaming with tears, saying, "I can't stand it any longer, uncle. You and father promised me fifty dollars a month to help run the ferry. You owe me one hundred and

fifty dollars. I will pay for that whiskey. You can take it out of my wages, and I want that barrel. I am going over the river to help old Buck."

Mart was a noble-hearted, impulsive man, and his own heart was swelling up with pity for the brave old horse. He threw both arms around the boy, and blurted out:

"That's just like you, Guy. God bless you, I am with you. We will save old Buckskin if it costs all the ferry is worth to do it. Now, run and rip off them two planks fastened to the stanchions of the ferry-boat, while I get the barrels.

In a very few moments the two large barrels were rolled down on the ice, placed about eight feet apart and lashed securely to the broad planks Guy had brought from the boat. Then they had a sled and boat combined. When it was ready Mart said, "Now bring both rifles, our pistols and plenty of amunition. The wolves may attack us. They are very hungry or they would not be so bold."

Mart had managed to save most of the whiskey in emptying the barrel, by filling the cooking utensils, including the frying pans and coffee pot, and lastly, but by no means least, a pair of Mart's huge boots, which did good service in holding a couple of gallons of the fiery liquid.

When all was ready they pushed the raft ahead of them on the ice until they came to the channel. To prevent accidents, the guns were tied to the raft. The novel boat being launched, the barrels. being tightly corked, proved buoyant enough to bear the two men. With clap-boards for paddles they soon crossed the current and landed safely on the ice. The wolves having renewed the fight with greater vigor than ever, were pressing old Buckskin closer and closer. One would dart from the pack snapping at the horse as he passed. They appeared to be trying to get him to run, but were careful about getting in reach either of his heels or his teeth. More than once he was seen to seize a wolf and hurl him several yards. In his defense he had developed a kind of science of fighting, keeping near the bank, and never allowing his foes to get behind him. When he found it necessary to charge upon them, he did it with such vigor as to drive everything before him, then, before they could rally. he returned to his place and again turned a solid front to them.

Never did a horse show more courage or sagacity, and seldom, if ever, was one more deeply sympathized with. The two rescuers crept up the bank to within twenty yards of the combatants.

"Take good aim and say 'ready' before you fire," said Mart, as he leveled his rifle. Both guns rang out with one report, and two of old Buck's foes fell. Then, with pistols, the battle was opened in earnest. Crack—crack—crack, and the wolves scampered off, leaving four of their number dead upon the field, while several that ran away were badly wounded, as was shown by the bloody trail they left behind in the snow.

Buckskin was nearly as much surprised at his deliverance as were the wolves in their defeat. He was cruelly gashed in many places, nearly starved, and worn out with fatigue and the loss of blood; but he made a most gallant fight and was looked upon as quite a hero by his rescuers. They led him out on the ice, but he who had fought so bravely was reluctant to try a bath in the cold waters of the swift river. He was coaxed and pushed into the channel and led, swimming, across behind the raft, safely reaching the opposite shore. The next morning his two friends helped him break a trail through the snow to the hills, where the wind had blown the grass bare. and left him with plenty of food at his feet.

Soon after the snow disappeared and spring invited the wolves back to their native haunts in the mountains. When the flowers came again Buckskin was fat and sleek. coming every few days to the ferry to see his friends and look for company of his own kind. He was quite a handsome pony, but ever afterwards. through his glossy coat, could be seen the scars of his many wounds, mute witnesses of the terrible conflict through which he had passed.

G. A. WAGGONER.

# THE CAYUSE WAR.



Prior to the settlement of the Pacific Northwest by white men, it was the great throbbing life-center of the red man of North America.

In the seventeenth century, from Puget Sound on the North to the Sacramento river on the south, and from the Pacific ocean on the west to the Rocky mountains on the east, the Indian population was here numbered by millions. Two-thirds or three-fourths of the Indians of North America were inhabitants of this territory. Along the coast, reaching interior to the Blue mountains, the Indian population was then three times as dense as in any other part of the territory of what is now the United States. Was this prophetic of the white population of the on-coming ages? Are we to have here on the Pacific coast the densest populated portion of the United States? This was true in the past, and why may it not come true in the future?

In the beginning of the eighteenth century disease entered the Indian wigwam, and at five special periods, viz,. in 1818, 1829, 1836 and 1847, seventy-five per cent of the Indian population was swept away. If this land was ever to be occupied by white men, this fact was certainly most providential.

Up to 1855, Oregon embraced all the territory on the North Pacific coast west of the summit of the Rocky mountains, containing about one thousand square miles. In the bounds of this territory (say in 1847) the Indian population numbered three to four hundred thousand souls. At the same date, the entire white population west of the Missouri river and north of Mexico, including men, women and children, did not number three thousand souls.

The peopling of this territory has no parallel in the annals of history. While debating societies and politicians were saying: "We do not want Oregon; it is utterly worthless; the United States has already more territory than she will ever be able to occupy," immigrants were travelling westward. There was no gold then discovered to allure him to the shores of the Pacific, and there was no safe highway to welcome him; its long distance was one of the allurements; the dangers of the journey were his delight; the hardships were stimulating. The possibilities and probabilities of that "far-off land" were his dreams by night as he slept in the open air or kept his watch lest the Indians should slay his wife and little ones or stampede his stock. He dreamed of conquest, of empire, and of national expansion. And as we look back on this western march of two thousand miles of the immigrant with his ox-team, bearing his all, including his wife and babies, to the uttermost bounds of the continent, into the unknown country, across the desert, through an enemy's land and into an enemy's country, unprotected, we are astonished at his daring, and are led to exclaim, "Were ever men such fools?"

The people of this vast isolated territory were forced, in 1847, to take up arms to save themselves from being wiped off the face of the earth by the Indians. Outside of the Hudson's Bay Company, the Methodist mission, Presbyterian mission and two or three merchants at Oregon City, there was not two hundred dollars in money in the entire Oregon. Wheat, at fifty cents per bushel, was legal tender for all debts. How an army was to be equipped and maintained three hundred miles away from the settlement was the most vexatious problem ever solved in the finances of any colony. The Provisional government was indebted, at this time, in the

sum of $4,097.72, and there was $43.70 in the treasury.

Governor Abernethy called for volunteers on the 8th day of December, 1847. That evening a public meeting was called, and the story of the massacre of Marcus Whitman, his wife and twelve other persons, and the more thrilling fact that the Cayuse Indians held, at that very moment, fifty-seven women and children in captivity, was related. Whether the captives were to be slain, or the women to be debauched and the children placed in slavery, was a stirring problem that made the little colony tremble. H. A. G. Lee, J. W. Nesmith and Samuel K. Barlow were the speakers on this occasion. With such a theme, it did not require the tongue of an orator to make a stirring speech, and one thousand men, three thousand miles away from other human aid, with not a United States soldier in all the land, with a possibility of all the Indians, numbering 100,000 warriors, combining against them, was a dark picture to contemplate. Their families must be protected and provided for at home, and the Indians must be met at The Dalles and kept east of the mountains.

That night one company was enlisted, with H. A. G. Lee as captain. The next day they were on the move to The Dalles to check the Indians from coming to the valley. In a few days other companies were enlisted, until the Provisional Government of Oregon had, all told, 448 volunteers in the field, or about one-half of all the men west of the Missouri river were enlisted in this first volunteer company that ever graced the Pacific coast.

The Hudson's Bay Company had been supplying the Indians with guns and ammunition for years, and hence the Indians were better prepared for a war of extermination against the whites than were the whites prepared to defend themselves against the Indians.

That you may better understand how far these pioneers were at that time out of the world, you have only to note a few facts in addition to those already given. There were no railroads, telegraph or steamship lines running to Portland, Oregon, or elsewhere in the Pacific Northwest.

There were no stores of ammunition to be found. It required twelve months to comunicate with Washington City. There was no money in the country, and the Provisional government had no credit at home or abroad, as it was an organiatzion independent of the United States government, and there was easily one hundred Indians to every white man.

The Hudson's Bay Company could not, or would not, credit the territory for supplies, and they had substantially all there was west of the Missouri river. Hon. A. L. Lovejoy, Gov. Abernethy and Jesse Applegate secured $2,000 or $3,000 worth of supplies by giving their notes for the same to the Hudson's Bay Company. Rev. Wm. Roberts, of the Methodist mission, gave the territory $1,000. The Presbyterian mission advanced $500, and the merchants of Oregon City loaned $1,600. Besides these sums, individuals loaned a few dollars. Wheat was secured by issuing territorial bonds and used as a fund to make purchases of other items.

The proclamation of Gov. Abernethy provided that each volunteer should furnish his own horse, saddle, bridle, blankets, gun and such ammunition as he was able.

Here you have a picture, as best we can give, of the condition of this small colony of loyal Americans as they stood alone, unsupported by the government, and three thousand miles away from civilization, in 1847.

Joe Meek went in the dead of winter overland to Washington for aid. Jesse Applegate and associates started overland to California to see if help could be found, but after nearly perishing in the Siskiyou mountains, they abandoned the trip. Colonel Meek returned March 2, 1849, after the war was over.

The immediate cause of the first Indian war was the massacre of Dr. Marcus Whitman and others on the 29th day of November, 1847. The fifty-seven captives referred to were ransomed by Peter

Skeen Ogden, of the Hudson's Bay Company, by the payment of fifty-three blankets, fifty shirts, ten guns, ten fathoms of tobacco, ten handkerchiefs, one hundred bullets, and a quantity of powder, and were brought down the Columbia river in batteaux, reaching Oregon City January 10th, 1848.

We might narrate here one of the most shocking stories of debauchery and cruelty ever committed by the Indians.

Leaving this, we pass to the army now in the field. Cornelius Gilliam was colonel; James Waters, lieutenant-colonel; H. A. G. Lee, major; A. L. Lovejoy, adjutant-general, and Joel Palmer, commissary general.

Several skirmishes were had with the Indians near The Dalles and on the Des Chutes, in which a number of the white men were killed and a great number of Indians. The most noticeable skirmish in this locality was where Major Lee and twenty-one men had a running fight with a number of Indians on the east side of the Des Chutes river. The Indians who escaped reported the presence of these volunters, and at daylight the following day, Major Lee and his twenty-one scouts were attacked by four hundred Indians. Lee, to save his command, retreated into a canyon, seeking protection under a great bluff, where he could not be reached except from the opposite bank of the Des Chutes* river. Rocks and his horses were used as breastworks. The fight lasted all day. Under cover of night Lee made his escape and reached the main camp at midnight. Lieutenant Stillwell, one of his party, had become separated, and being severely wounded in the left hip, did not reach camp until daylight.

The second day after this engagement, the entire command, which numbered less than 400 men, engaged a large party of Indians, estimated at from 5,000 to 7,000, at Willow Springs. The Indians had built a breastwork of rocks on top of a high ridge. The command succeeded, after a desperate fight, in driving these Indians, away. From this place they moved to "Wells Springs," where they camped for the night. Here they found the Indians greatly increased in numbers.

As the command took up the march early the following day, the scouts reported the Indians had formed a line of battle on a ridge a short distance in advance. This is comparatively a level and open country to the east of Wells Springs, and not a hard country to maneuver in. The ridges are not so steep, nor are the valleys so deep but that horsemen galloped at will. The Indians were massed on horseback a full half a mile deep and a mile and a half in length on the right and front. Each one of the ten thousand or more were yelling as only an Indian can yell.

Newell and Palmer, Indian Agents, tried to talk with the Indians, and, if possible, make with them a treaty of peace, stipulating only that the parties who were guilty of the massacre of Whitman and others should be delivered up. The commissioners, with their white flag, were a short distance in advance of the command, and, while they were going through their farce of trying to pacify the savage horde, Colonel Gilliam rode up and down his line making a speech to his men. He is reported to have said:

"Boys, there is a fearful odds against us—twenty men to our one—but we can whip them. We have got to do it. If we break, every man in the command will be killed. Stand firm. Take deliberate aim. Don't waste your ammunition. Don't pull the trigger until you are certain of your man."

After Newell and Palmer gave up their efforts to treat with the Indians and went to the rear, two Indians came up close to our line on the right and after shooting a dog rode back to the butte. Tom-tice-Tom-let, the Indian chief, then rode to within forty yards, and shouted to Captain Tom McKay, with whom he was well acquainted, "I will kill you." McKay said "All right." The Indian jumped from his horse and kneeling down he fired at McKay, missing him,

*The original name of this river was On-wa-wie

he wounded a Mr. Knox in the foot. McKay fired about the same time and killed the Indian chief. The Indians gave a long-drawn-out yell of rage and astonishment and immediately withdrew, Leaving a guard of two or three hundred. Tom-tice-Tom-let was their great chief and medicine man, and the Indians thought a bullet could not harm him—hence their astonishment at his death.

Lieutenant Stillwell says: "We had orders from the first not to fire, but let the Indians bring on the battle. In a short time we heard a drum to the right, then another and another. In a few minutes our front and right was alive with those howling devils." They were lead this time by a chief known as Five-Crows. He and McKay exchanged shots, and Five-Crows was wounded in the arm, a wound which brought about his death soon afterwards.

From this the fight began along the entire line. The Indians massing their forces on our right, the colonel sent the cannon to our relief. The bullets flew around us like hail, but our boys never flinched but loaded and fired like veterans. When the cannon was fired, which was loaded with a log chain, you ought to have seen the Indians scatter. This was the first time they had ever heard a cannon, and were always ready to vacate their position to give room for the chain to light.

The Indians attempted to flank us on the left. Captain Maxon, to protect his left, withdrew his force from the right, leaving a gap in our lines. This was soon discovered by the Indians. Three thousand of them formed in a "V" shape with a chief in the center, came thundering down on us, aiming to enter this gap and break our ranks. Colonel Gilliam, seeing this movement, drove one of our teams pell-mell to the opening. The Indians, taking this for another cannon, wheeled to the right. When I saw this well-formed company of demons charging down on us, my heart stood still.

Life never seemed so sweet as it did when I saw they were checked.

Soon after this strategic movement of Colonel Gilliam, in saving us with the mad rush of a lumber wagon, the Indians adopted a hide-and-go-seek game—crawling to the top of the ridge in the grass and figring at us, then crawling back out of sight. For a time we had a duel in this way at long range. Many of our boys at this time were wounded, but not seriously.

Shortly we saw a white flag approaching, carried by an Indian who saluted Phil Thompson thus: "Hello, Phil, I knew you as far as I could see you. The Captain said: "Well, I don't know you." "Well," said the Indian, "I would have known you had I met you in hell. Boston man make Indian heap afraid. He take ramrod, stand up straight, look Indian in face. Up, up goes gun, head dog down. Boston man stand look. Spite fire smoke come wait." We had a good laugh while listening to this speech and watching the Indian's movements.

In response to a command to charge, we went with a yell, and drove the Indians out of the first and second hollows. Our lines were two deep; their's much longer and twenty to thirty deep. Seeing that we were not able to come up to them on horseback, we sent our horses to the rear and tried it on foot. In this way we drove them from one hollow to another until they turned to the right and ascended the buttes on Butte creek. Here we halted to await the arrival of our teams, which reached us about sundown. Tired, hungry and thirsty, we camped here for the night, without anything to eat or water to drink; in fact, we had nothing in the world in our wagons to eat except flour, and we had no water to make bread with, or wood to cook it with if we had dared to make a fire. One half of our comrades stood guard while the other half tried to sleep two hours on, two hours off. There were only a few tents, and the majority of those on guard had to walk about to keep from chilling to death.

In the morning we moved on, the commissioners were anxious to have another parley with the Indians, but the

colonel said: "You can stop here and talk as long as you like, but we will take our men to water, if we have to fight all the way."

The Indians did everything they could that day to bring on a battle, except firing. We reached the Umatilla river in the afternoon, having been nearly two days without food to eat or water to drink.

The Indians camped one or two miles further up the stream. We had some poor cattle which we slaughtered. We cooked our meat without salt and made our bread of cold water straight. We discovered next day that the Indians had slipped away from their camp the night previously. Where they had gone we did not know. After a day's rest, we took up our march for Fort Walla Walla, which we reached on the afternoon of the day following. Here we dug up a supply of ammunition the Hudson's Bay Company had hidden. There were no provisions, however, to be had.

On March 1st, 1848, we moved up the river and camped a short distance above Peu-Peu-Mox-Mox's village. On March 3rd, moved to the old mission house where Dr. Whitman was massacred, and after gathering up the bodies of those massacred and burying them, we built a stockade, which required some days.

Capt. Garrison's company who were out on a reconnoisance, were out five days without food of any kind, and then, on the sixth day of fasting, they subsisted for two days on the entrails of the beeves we had killed at Umatilla.

In a few days our command started out in a northwest direction in search of the Indians, who were discovered crossing the Columbia river to the north side, two of whom were killed. We gathered up the loose horses and cattle we found on the range, which had the effect of bringing on an engagement which lasted three days.

It has been estimated that fully twenty thousand Indians were engaged in this fight. The volunteers were out of provisions before the conflict began, and after two days' fighting ran short of ammunition. Every moment of all this time, the warwhoop could be heard of the thousands of wild men as they circled about and charged time after time this little army, day and night. The captured horses were finally abandoned, in hopes of inducing the Indians to withdraw, but it had the opposite effect. The Indians interpreted this action to imply that the whites were defeated. They were greatly encouraged and made more daring dashes. After they had delivered their shots with their bodies swinging to the sides of their horses, they passed out of gunshot to reload. Thus a constant fire was kept up. Only a small portion of the Indian could be seen, as he kept his body sheltered by his horse.

One writer who was present says that when the Indians charged on us the earth would shake as if moved by an earthquake. While we were in "Two Canyon," north of Walla Walla the valley was lit up by the constant firing. After getting out into the plain on our retreat to the Touchet, we had many of our men wounded and many of our horses killed. When we came in sight of the Touchet river, the Indians attempted to cut us off from the ford. To prevent this, fifty of our men ran a horse race with about three hundred Indians, to see who would get to the ford first. The Indians dropped into the stream below the ford. They secured a position sheltered by brush where they were enabled to do a great deal of damage. Had it not been for the bravery of Major Rinearson, Captain Thompson and a number of others, a great many more of our men would have been killed than were. As it was, they were not driven out until a number of our men were killed, and many wounded, and a great many of the Indians were left on the field. So many of them were killed at this place that they were discouraged from pursuing the army at this time any further.

This was a great victory for the white man, and the moral effect on the other tribes was good. The guilty Cayuses who had taken part in slaying Whitman,

and others, left the country for safety. The Walla Walla, Cayuses, Spokanes, Flat Heads, Yakamas and other tribes gained a wholesome respect for the white man that they had never before entertained. The Cayuses as a people were financially ruined. Their prestige as a nation was gone, their leaders went into exile.

I have only sketched for you a dim outline of the beginning of the most remarkable warfare that ever white man was engaged in, a warfare that lasted intermittently, until 1856. I have not told you how we had to subsist on horse meat straight, and that when we had flour, we had nothing else.

These men laid here a foundation of civil government which is now firmly established on the North Pacific coast. These were the brave men who crossed a desert and established an empire. They have proved by the valor that while they had courage to take this vast territory west of the Rocky mountains, they also had the bravery, when the uprising came and their right to the possession of the land was questioned, to hold it against all odds.

In the civil war more men were killed in an hour's time, in several engagements than were lost by this colony in establishing civil and religious liberty on the Pacific, but the eighteen hundred who perished by the Indians was ten per cent of the entire population then living west of the Missouri river, and, while we have had wars where more men were slaughtered, there never was a war fought against such odds—without money, with little ammunition and without national support. They were absolutely ignored by the general government—in fact, they have been since, criminally neglected by the United States government.

It was these men who acquired the title of the Northwest territory from the English, adding four magnificent states to this Union, and after fifty-two years they stand today substantially as the only veterans in the United States without compensation and without pension. These men, from the first until the present day, have been criminally neglected by the United States government.

T. A. WOOD.

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Chehalem was a famous Indian chief among the Wapatoo, and the Chehalem valley out in Yamhill county was his il-la-hee or land. He was a sort of St. Patrick. At one time, so runs the legend, the Chehalem valley was infested with rattlesnakes. They were everywhere and very poisonous. They would frequently bite the Indians, thus killing them. Chehalem told the snake king that he must stop this, but no attention being paid to these demands, Chehalem determined to stand it no longer. His people were dying too rapidly; so he called together his medicine men and his warriors. The warriors drove the snakes into their den—a rocky point said to have been on Sam Kinney's donation claim. The medicine men then made medicine by which magic the old chief sealed up the mouth of the den. For a whole moon he watched that none might escape—he neither ate nor slept during the time. He was strong and vigorous when he began his vigil, but worn and wasted, yet triumphant, when he finished. The rattlers were his prisoners forever, and that valley has never seen one of them since.

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The first printing company organized on the Pacific coast was formed at Oregon City, Oregon, in 1845. It was called the Oregon Printing Association. W. G. T'Vault was president; J. W. Nesmith, vice-president; John P. Brooks, secretary; George Abernethy, treasurer; Capt. John H. Couch, John E. Long and Dr. Robt. T. Newell, directors. The first code of laws enacted by the Provisional government was printed by this company.

# LEGEND OF NEHALEM.

South of the Columbia, after passing Clatsop Plains, the mountains come down abruptly to the ocean shore and the way is so rough that no wheel has ever traversed it. An old Indian trail followed the sandy beach when the tide was out; at the full, the waves wash precipitous bluffs that buttress the shore line; thence, travelers follow where winding trails creep over the beetling heights.

The shore line of the Pacific is all abrupt, with occasional indentations where streams from Coast Ranges pour down from their summit fountains to reach the sea, or, occasionally, beautiful bays are indented, forming sheltered havens where Indian villages nestled of old and white men make their homes today. Homes and civilized industries are now where the scene of this story is laid: the commerce of a great river invades the solitudes and frowning heights, at the river's mouth, bristle with cannon.

The earliest knowledge the Indians had of other races came by prehistoric wrecks that lined the coast. These extended from Vancouver's Island, on the north, to California on the south. There is evidence that Japanese and Chinese voyagers ventured from their home seas to lay the bones of their junks on this forbidding shore; tradition says that some were saved, made homes here and married, leaving almond-eyed descendants to confirm the legend. Other legends tell of armed boats that landed at the base of stern Necarney to convey treasure chests to its upper benches, killing first a victim to bury therewith, to awe the wondering savages so they never would dare unearth the buried treasure.

Certain it is that the frowning front of Necarney yet overlooks the sea and throws back the breakers; that under its mighty base the sea—or some of Old Neptune's journeymen—have hewn out caves, or grottoes,—the same where the natives say, their fathers told of other treasure being hid away. Yes, Necarney is there, and through its ravines the creduluos white man has dug and delved to find the buried treasure the legends of Tillamook have borne witness to.

This is not a tale of treasure lost or trove, but of shipwreck long before white men were known here or the Columbia was discovered. To the south of Necarney there is a strip of sandy beach, between the Nehalem river and the sea; and at the very base of the mountain there is a pleasant bay where the legend landed that crew and left vessels bedded in the sands. The Nehalem courses seaward, from among the Coast Ranges, for an hundred miles, then, striking the base of Necarney, turns south for three miles parallels the ocean, then enters it and is lost amid the fathomless waters.

The bands south of the Columbia were kindred and this river—bowered in by lofty cottonwoods, ash, alder and maples—was the winter home of the Nehalem band. The Clatsops were not far north, and the Tillamooks lived on a beautiful bay of that name a few miles south. Along the sounding shore fantastic rocks stand, waist deep among the breakers, on which wandering gulls still build their nests and the vagrant sea crab climbs. The predatory seal watches there from convenient ledges for some unwary salmon to enter the river of its birth. When its appetite is sated it may be seen on this same ledge, where of old the native would spear the unwary seal from the vantage of his canoe.

Below Clatsop is Tillamook Head: Its outlying spur—Tillamook—rising from the waves seems to laugh at the impotent rage of the worst the sou'-west gale can do. Summit crowns summit as the wild coast line moves southward, until, at last, bold Necarney inspires the scene with wierdest front of all! The

managed to keep between him and wave breaks at its base but the winding path creeps upward, surmounts the cliff, following a terrace eight hundred feet above. From age to age Necarney has been handed down as the scene of many an episode, for tradition has given birth to legendry that lingers yet in annals of Nehalem. The tribe wintered on that sheltered shore. It was about the winter of 1760 that a sou'west storm raged on this wild coast, tearing the waves to tatters to drench the shore with mingled brine and rainfall. One December night the clamor of the storm was varied by sights and sounds that terrified the natives, for no past had ever known the like. Out on the raging waters lights were seen to gleam and wild cries of human voices were heard above the storm, while cannon sounded the alarm.

Among the villagers was a family of three; an Indian of more than average renown, his wife and daughter. Their home was near the ocean, half hid by vines and undergrowth. We call him Nehala. The mother's name was Wena, the daughter was Ona, a girl whose soul was full of all the fancies that mountain, shore and sea could furnish.

An only child she was made much of, more than was usual if families were large. Ona heard the storm, saw the lights and recognized sounds of distress, which so worked on her that she could not sleep. With the first glimpse of dawn she woke her mother to accompany her to the beach. The storm was yet raging; the winds shrieked and almost tore the mantles of skins they wore from their grasp, and driving rain pelted them fiercely as they pressed on. It was not far and they soon saw that the beach was strewn with all sorts of wreckage, which was left where wave and storm had left them.

They were first comers; as they went on the winds drove the angry sea foam in their faces, as if to warn them to keep away. Looking along the beach Wena exclaimed that she saw a human form amongst the wreckage. Hastening on they came to a bearded man, with bronze face, as dark as their own, lying prone where the waves had thrown it, dead, cold and still!

They came to yet another, also dark and bearded, as silent and dead. By this time others had come; one was a disreputable fellow, who was even by his mates considered a savage. Ona saw him where a third body was overlaid with wreckage; a movement indicated life and she saw with wonder, that it was a model of beauty, for the face was white, and the clustering hair and beard were red. As the ruffian stooped, picked up a piece of wreckage to beat out the life remaining in the victim, quick as a flash, she was at his side, wrenched the weapon from his hand and struck him senseless with it. Then she and her mother bore the white-faced stranger to their home where Nehala told them to lay him face down by the fire, giving him treatment for the drowned. He was alive; we can imagine the strangers of the scene as his blue eyes first saw the anxious faces of they who had saved his life.

Such a wreck was a revelation to the simple natives who never saw a white man or a vessel larger than their canoes; had no idea of such wealth as was strewn on that remote shore. Nehala sought the spoil the sea had sent them, but Wena and Ona watched the progress of their guest as he went on recovering from death to life. They wondered if he was of supernal birth.

In a few days this young man with red beard and white face grew to be so much alive as to accompany them to the shore, where he found a chest partly buried in the sand. When excavated it revealed, to his intense delight, an arsenal of guns, axes, spears and weapons; such as natives of Nehalem had never dreamed of.

Though this stranger left no name or sign of nationality, he was supposed to have been Scotch, so we call him Sandy. Strangest of all, he never learned the Indian language, and must have been mute, as his conversation was by signs. He was one of those silent ones, however, who are potent in action.

Previous to this a brother of the Tillamook chief had aspired to possess Ona;

but she was blessed with so winsome a nature that her parents were in no hurry to part with her. Whatever chance young Tillamook might have had the coming of Sandy left him out of the game. When Sandy showed that he appreciated that she had saved his life, it impressed her warm nature and he seemed to be her personal property. It had been a pleasure to see him come to life; see the blue eyes open to look at her; close again as if to dispel some vision; open again to find her still there. He was a manly fellow and soon won regards of both mother and daughter by considerate kindness no Indian woman expects from any man. He won respect of the father by a brave propensity to hold his own—when necessary. It was natural he should remain with them. Of course the rest of them talked about him and them. Gossip is much the same in an Indian village as in civilized communities. Young Tillamook had suppused his hold on Ona permanent, so was naturally inconvenienced to find the canny Scot so entirely at home in the family. That Ona was rather bound up in him was the worst of all. The child had a romantic nature and the man's history went to her heart. She was used to see women treated as beasts of burden, while Sandy lost no opportunity to do kindness and show courteous attention. Nehala respected the man who was willing to tackle the fierce brown bear, was expert in hunting elk and deer, even in wielding paddle to skim the breezy seas and spear the ocean dwellers.

All this while that Tillamook lover was raging with jealousy and mad with schemes for vengeance. It was a welcome sight to one day see Sandy shoulder his gun and take the trail for the mountains on a hunt for elk. Wena and Ona knew of Tillamook's ill feeling, of which Sandy had little idea. When they saw him and another conspirator make a detour to cut off Sandy's way at this time, Ona took her bow and quiver to follow his trail. She overtook Sandy as he was stalking an elk and tried to telegraph him that he was in danger, but he did not seem to be afraid. She saw the others creeping through the wilds and them, which angered them so that they turned their wrath on her, sending an arrow that struck a tree by her side. She followed as Sandy led and hearing report of his gun, found that he had killed an elk. When it was dressed and quartered he gave her his gun to carry and himself took the quarter of elk meat. To Wena and Ona this was unheard of consideration, for the women carry all the burdens.

One day when salmon were running Nehala went to the Nehalem to spear fish. He was surprised, when Sandy, seeing a lordly fish swim by in the depths, took the spear and pierced the fish. Said he to Wena, "He has done that before." Which was likely true, as salmon run in Scotland's streams.

The hope of young Tillamook was to get rid of Sandy. One winter day young Tillamook and another were trying to spear seals on the rocks when a sudden storm overtook them, overset the canoe and left them in a hopeless struggle with the waves. No one dared to go to their rescue until Sandy launched a canoe and alone went to save them at risk of his own life. This intensified the other's hate; he simply wiped the brine from his eyes and plotted worse than ever.

The chief sided with his brother and matters went from bad to worse. The tribe of course sided with the most powerful coterie. Then Nehala said, bitterly, that he knew his own people no longer, for all were his enemies. Nehala had a summer house on the coast, fourteen miles north; to this he determined to remove and have no further dealings with his tribe. When he made this known Sandy asserted himself: the only condition under which he could remain was to be one of the family and have Ona for his wife. Thus the love of Ona was rewarded.

They were removing to the summer house, loaded with the family possessions, had surmounted Necarney and come to a great rock close to the sea, known as Haystack Rock until this day,

when they were met by two black bears who over threw Nehala. Sandy dropped his load, seized his gun and shot one of the bears, then picked up Nehala's gun and shot the other. Following the bears came a young Clatsop chief and his band, who has attacked the bears, one of whom carried an arrow shot by the young chief. He had heard of the wreck and of the white stranger and was on the way to learn further. He was so satisfied with this meeting that he gave up the journey and returned with them to the summer house, not then far away.

Sandy made a present of the bears to the Clatsop chief, who cached the meat and followed his new friends. Sandy felt sure that young Tilalmook would follow and try to kill him that night, so they stood guard. Sandy, with Ona, sleeping near a tree close by, were some distance back on the trail, where the trail they came by left the beach to come up on the bank. The young Clatsop and Nehala were at the cabin. Just as day was peeping over the ridge a sound was heard from the parted undergrowth. It was the malignant face of the enemy, so Sandy took aim and fired. His followers ran away, but young Tillamook lay dead on the trail.

This tragedy caused a council of war, when Clatsop invited Nehala to become one of his people and move his family to the beautiful Clatsop Plains. This was agreed to and the Clatsop braves helped carry the possesions of their new allies to tribal headquarters, on the banks of the Nicanicum, near where the Seaside House is today. As they were a kindred race the change was not unpleasant. There is every reason to believe they lived happily and peacefully.

The body of young Tillamook was conveyed back on the trail and placed so his friends could find it. The friendship of Sandy and the young Clatsop chief was long and unbroken.

On Clatsop Plains there is a beautiful spot known as Cullaby's Island—four acres overgrown by great forest trees—located between the waters of Cullaby's lake and a marsh, where Sandy's family and their descendants made their homes until Clatsop was settled by whites. Ona became the mother of four children, three daughters and a son. The exploring expedition of Lewis and Clarke wintered near there in 1806, and met there an Indian who must have been Sandy's grandson, with features showing Caucasian origin, a face that was pale and freckled and reddish hair and beard. Forty years later—in 1846—John Minto, so well known in connection with pioneer days, met at Cullaby's lake an Indian who was descended from a white man saved from some prehistoric wreck. Cullaby had tools and was making a gunstock. He was reticent by nature. When asked as to the red-headed Indian seen by Lewis and Clarke his answer was "Okook nica papa" (that was my father). Then speaking Chinook he called his son who spoke English well. He listened to his father for awhile, then said: "My father says he will tell me all of the story of my family tonight and I will come and tell you tomorrow. Early the next morning Edwin Cullaby came where Minto was and took him to the ocean shore, a few miles away, and spent the day telling him the story of the past. Thereafter Edwin and Minto became fast friends. He died young.

Sandy was fond of this island and seldom left it. He was a famous hunter and was universally respected. All this was before the discovery of the Columbia river. Even at this early time the small-pox was among the Indians. One day word came to Sandy that his friend, the Clatsop chief, was down with this fell disease. Then Ona and her children were sent to the mountains, to be out of the way of the pestilence, and Sandy went to the death-bed of his friend.

He charged Ona not to come to him; if he survived he would come to them—she was to take no risks. We can imagine the tenderness of that parting, as well as the strong motive that made him capable of such self-sacrifice. The chief had befriended him in their young manhood, and had befriended him all the

intervening years. He was equal to the strongest test of friendship.

Our story ends with the death of both the young chief and his friend. They each fell victims to the plague. The story has its lesson of human faith and trust, and that perfect love not often equalled among enlightened peoples.

The tenderness with which this man's descendants have treasured his memory, transmitting it from one generation to another, minute details, to repeat them in those early days of Oregon history, assures us that he was well-eloved.

Among the last words of the Christ—told in the gospel of St. John—we find: "Greater love has no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Even among these savage peoples this man was capable of that great love.

SAMUEL A. CLARK.

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# WRECK OF THE BARK WILLIAM AND ANN.

## HON. SILAS. B. SMITH DENIES, IN HIS ADDRESS BEFORE THE OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY, THAT THE CREW WERE MURDERED.

Much confusion has arisen relative to the loss of the Hudson's Bay Company's bark William and Ann, on the Columbia bar in March, 1829, and the fate of her crew, some writers simply alleging that they were all murdered by the Clatsop Indians. Mr. George H. Roberts, in referring to this event in his notes on early times, furnished to H. H. Bancroft, states: "The crew landed with their arms wet, and hence were defenceless, and all were murdered." Mr. W. H. Gray, on page 191 of his "History of Oregon," in recounting the number of white people in the Willamette valley in 1834, says: "There was also in the country a man by the name of Felix Hathaway, saved from the wreck of the William and Ann." This last is an inadvertence. Had Mr. Gray reflected a moment, he would have seen that had there been a survivor of that wreck, he would, in all probability, have been able to tell just how that crew perished; whether at the hands of the savages, or from the dangers of the sea; and in either instance, how he came to be saved.

The explanation is this: Felix Hathaway was one of the crew of the schooner Convoy, of Boston, Captain Thompson. She was entering the river at the same time with the William and Ann, but some distance behind; she noticed the grounding of the bark, which aided her in keeping the channel, and she entered the river safely. Toward evening the schooner sent a boat in an attempt to rescue the people on the bark, but night coming on, and the weather becoming more boisterous, the boat returned without reaching the ship. That night the bark went to pieces. Mr. Hathaway was next neighbor to my parents while they lived in Chehalem valley, in 1836-40; and they learned the foregoing facts from him while there. From this, Mr. Hathaway's connection with the William and Ann will be plainly seen.

The charge of murder against the natives made by several historians, I believe, will be found to be entirely groundless.

It will be bourne in mind that all the Indians of this tribe, either individually or collectively, at that time, and ever afterwards, have denied that they ever murdered any of the crew of that vessel. And then we have the testimony of Dr. McLoughlin, by his acts and deeds in the matter. He was chief factor at that time of the Hudson's Bay Company's interests on the Pacific coast.

Governor Elwood Evans, in delineating the character of Dr. McLoughlin, and the policy pursued by him in his dealings with the Indians, bears testi-

mony as follows: "With the utmost promptness, he punished with severity every depredation by Indians upon the white race, English or American. The wrongdoer was demanded; if not surrendered the tribe or band were treated as accessories and received merited punishment. Where thefts were committed restitution must follow. Always justly severe when necessary, the Indians knew what to expect." All of which I believe to be true.

Now, when a crew of 15 or 20 men, all British subjects and employes of the Hudson's Bay Company, castaways from a wreck, and whose condition at that time would be loudly calling for assistance, were basely and cruelly murdered by these savages, and British protection for its subjects had been defiantly disregarded and trampled under foot, and that, too, right on the shores of the Columbia river at its mouth, the very gateway into the territory over which Mr. McLoughlin presided.

What is the first thing that this martinet, under these shockingly outrageous and exasperating circumstances, does? Why he sends an ultimatum to these people that they must deliver up, not the murderers, but the goods which they had picked up on the beach. That was all. And upon their refusal to deliver the goods, and their insolent behavior toward himself he sends an armament and bombards their town, and in the fight one Indian is killed, and the rest take to flight. Then the victors quietly loot the town and recover the goods which had been saved from the wreck, and British honor feels itself sufficiently vindicated for the murder of its subjects. The atonement has been sufficient. No demand was ever made for the surrender of any murderers. No murderers of this crew were ever executed, and no pursuit after any was ever made. Thomas McKay, whose rule in Indian warfare was 10 Indians for every white man killed, I presume, was present in this fight, but even he, at this time, failed to observe his rule. Why all this leniencey towards these treacherous murderers of helpless men? Simply this: Dr. McLoughlin, from all the evidence that he could gather, was fully satisfied that these people had not murdered one of the crew of the William and Ann. That they were entirely guiltless of any such charge, and therefore no demand for the surrender of any murderers was ever made. He chastised them because of their insolence and insult to himself when he demanded the return of the goods. I deem it due to impartial history that this correction should be made. The simple fact of the matter was, that the whole of the crew perished among the breakers on the bar. I have nowhere seen that Dr. McLoughlin himself makes the charge of murder against these people. Had McLoughlin believed it, then his subsequent conduct in the matter would stultify himself. I believe that the testimony and circumstances surrounding this matter show that no massacre had been committed. Therefore, in the interest of truth and of justice let this unwarranted charge be expunged from our history.

## IN AID OF THE MONUMENT FUND.

In compliment of Mrs. Dudley Evans (Nellie Evans), the author of the poem "In Memoriam," appearing in this issue, the Native Son will give to the Volunteer Monument Fund as follows: 50 per cent of all subscriptions or sales of single copies o fthe magazine, and 25 per cent of all renewals, which are taken in or sold at our office or handed to us by the members of the Second Oregon from now until July fiirst.

# PURPLE AND GOLD.

The name of Cabin No. 26, Native Sons, has been changed from Messer Smith's to Joab Powell's Cabin. Uncle Joab was one of the best known men of early Oregon, and as long as time lasts his sermons will not be forgotten. No. 26 did well to perpetuate the memory of the good old minister whom all honored.

A cabin of the Native Daughters was organized at Jacksonville on April 26. It is numbered 20, but as yet no name has been chosen for it by its membership. It seems that the name "Jane McCully" is desired, but at present the cabin at Ashland has that name and negotiations are pending to secure a change, and until the matter is settled the Jacksonville cabin will be known only by its number. The following were installed as officers of the cabin: Past president, Miss Issie McCully; president, Miss Effie Prim; first vice-president, Miss J. Orth; second vice-president, Miss Mollie Barneburg; third vice-president, Miss Genevive Reames; recording secretary, Miss Cora Linn; financial secretary, Miss Lulu Jones; marshal, Miss Ella Orth; inner sentinel, Miss Lucinda Reames; outer sentinel, Miss Kate Plymale; trustees, Mrs. L. Sisemore, Mrs. Hattie Neuber and Miss Ella Young. The cabin starts out with a charter list of over forty names.

Jesse Applegate's Cabin No. 27, Native Sons, was instituted at Drain, on April 14, 1900, with the following officers: Past president, Horace Putman; president, C. D. Drain; first vice-president, Louis Barzee; second vice-president, W. W. Wilson; third vice-president, E. R. Applegate; recording secretary, W. W. Kent; treasurer, Ira Wimberley; marshal, James Cowan; inside sentinel, William Roberts; outside sentinel, Edward Wise; trustees, D. V. Kuykendall, William Roberts, Edward Wise.

Hazelton's Cabin No. 28, Native Sons, was organized on April 19, at Cottage Grove. The following were installed as its first officers: Past president, J. B. Lurch; president, Jerome Knox; first vice-president, J. E. Young; second vice-president, W. L. Baker; third vice-president, C. E. Montgomery; recording secretary, H. H. Veatch; financial secretary, Ralph Whipple; treasurer, Darwin Bristow; marshal, Alf Walker.

Thomas Croxton's Cabin No. 29, Native Sons, was instituted in Grants Pass on May 1, 1900. The following officers were installed: President, E. E. Dunbar; past president, R. K. Montgomery; first vice-president, R. G. Smith; second vice-president, J. A. Blew; third vice-president, P. Clarence Purdon; recording secretary, E. W. Kuykendall; financial secretary, E. H. Listre; treasurer, J. A. Jennings; trustees, C. Purdom, A. Umphlett, L. L. Jennings; marshal, C. C. Presley; inside guardian, Walter Harmon; outside sentinel Clyde Hockett.

Elijah Bristow's Cabin No. 30, Native Sons, was instituted at Pleasant Hill, May 8, 1900. The following officers were elected and installed: Past president, L. C. Hawk; president, P. L. Bristow; first vice-president, F. Drury; financial secretary, G. E. Collison; marshal, C. L. Parker;. The remainder of their officers will be installed at their next meeting. One of the members of the cabin is the first white child born in Lane county. The first dwelling built in Lane county was at Pleasant Hill, and is still in good condition. It was built by Elijah Bristow in 1846. The first school house in the county was also located there, and is now used as part of the log barn on the Bristow farm. In it was the first school taught in the county, and the first church services held. The first Christian church in Oregon was organized in this school house.

# NESIKA WA-WA.

## LEST WE FORGET.

The effort to build a monument to brave boys of the Second Oregon who fell in the Philippines is most commendable. The dedication of the famous battle fields of the Rebellion as monuments to the heroes who fell in the Civil war was a deserving act. Republics, or even states, however, are not always grateful, or ,at least, often let the opportunity to show their gratitude to pass by in silence. This is the case now. The Monument to the memory of the pioneers of Oregon, those sturdy people of the East, and the North, and the South, and the west, whose migrations across "the plains," in hardship, almost rivaled the Russian campaign of Napoleon; whose battles with the Indians, in '70, ranked with those of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, has been too long neglected. The bone and sinew of the Oregon of forty and fifty years ago, have dwindled down to a handfull of aged, care-worn and broken-down people. The men who fought the battles of forty and fifty years ago, driving the savages before them, and reclaimed the land for the benefit of this and after generations, are fast passing away. In a few years there will be none left to tell their tales. An attempt should now be made to build a monument to those people—the Pioneers and Indian War Veterans. This magazine purposes to represent the Native Sons and Daughters of Oregon, as well as the sons and daughters of pioneers, and its columns are open to the promulgation of any plan looking to the building of such a remembrance. The Native Son proposes that Park Block No. 7, between East and West Park streets and between Salmon and Main streets, be given to this purpose. This block was dedicated to the public, and we believe all title to the original owners has been extinguished. If not ,there is no doubt but what the heirs of those who made the donation would be glad to give permission that this block be used for the purpose above set forth. It would thus only require an act of the legislature to secure it. Once secured, a large hall, in the form of a log cabin could be built upon it, and it could be used as a meeting place for the pioneers as long as they last, and for a historical museum. It should be under the management of a commission from the members of the societies of the Native Sons and Daughters and the Historical Society, and provisions should be made therein for the archives of these societies. Native Sons and Native Daughters of Oregon, let us arise to the occasion and build a monument, as lasting as the work of our pioneer fathers and mothers will be in the history of the great Pacific Northwest.

The twenty-eighth annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association will take place in this city on Friday, June 15. The board of directors held its annual meeting a short time since and outlined plans for the meeting. The annual address this year will be given by Judge J. C. Moreland, of this city, a pioneer of 1852, and the occasional address by Cyrus H. Walker, the oldest native son of American parents. The date of his birth was December 7, 1838. Rev. Robert Robe, of Brownsville, a pioneer of 1846, was selected to perform the duties of chaplain, and John W. Minto, a native son, was chosen grand marshal. The exposition building was selected as teh place to hold the meeting. The

secretary's headquarter's will be in the Historical Society's rooms until June 10, and after that date at 184 Fourth street, the office of the Oregon Native Son, near Yamhill.

The committees appointed are as follows: Arrangements—Charles E. Ladd, George H. Himes, Mrs. D. P. Thompson. Finance—W. D. Fenton, Tyler Woodward, L. A. Lewis, M. C. George, Sol Blumauer. Invitations—President T. J. Apperson and eGorge H. Himes. Reception—Lee Laughlin, William Galloway and George L. Story.

The Pioneer Woman's Auxiliary will give a banquet as usual, but the details have not been fully warked out yet.

The Native Sons and Native Daughters will serve sandwiches and coffee at the tabernacle at 12 o'clock on Pioneer Day, and act as guard of honor in the procession to the Exposition building.

The Grand Cabins of both the Native Daughters and the Native Sons of Oregon will convene in annual session in Portland on June 13 and 14 next, and from the oautlook there will be a large attendance. There are now twenty cabins of the Native Daughters and thirty cabins of the Native Sons in the state, all of which signify an intention of having a full representation present. As any member of either body may attend the sessions, many wil come as visitors. The usual reduced rates will be given by transportation lines.

On the 14th of June next the Grand Encampment of the Indian War Veterans will convene at Grand Army Hall in Portland for the transaction of business. The auxiliary will give these heroes a dinner on the afternoon of that day, and a reunion will take place in the evening. It is a shame that the services o fthese veterans in the saving of the Pacific Northwest to the United States has not long since been recognized by an ungrateful government. No sturdier set of men ever founded a commonwealth; no braver a company ever protected and fought for home, family and flag; no other participants in the defense of this country ever received less consideration at the hands of congress than they. Whe nhats are taken off, there could not be a more appropriate occasion than when these much-neglected veterans, now worn and bowed by weight of years, carry the flag they upheld with honor to themselves and the Union.

The question has been asked the Native Son as to why mention was not made of the dedication of the log cabin erected by Matthieu's Cabin, Native Sons. The artist who took the photographs of the building and of those attending the ceremonies, has been sick and absent from the city, and we have been unable to secure such photographs for illustration as we desired. When we take up this matter, it will be our endeavor to give it the extended mention and notice in way of illustration that it is entitled to. This we hope to do in the immediate future.

REMOVAL.—The office of the Oregon Native Son has been removed to No. 184 Fourth street. The new quarters are one of the oldest landmarks in the city of Portland, being the residence of Capt. Crosby, which was erected by him in the latter part of 1847. It is said by some to be the first frame house built in this city; others say that F. W. Pettygrove built the first one. It originally stood on the southwest corner of First and Washington streets. The doors, windows and weather-boarding was brought around the Horn from the East. Carpenters were paid $15 per day to put it together, and were in no haste, making the building very expensive. Several early mariages were celebrated under its roof, among them being those of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. DeWitt and Gov. and Mrs. Pennoyer. Mrs. DeWitt, formerly Mrs. Polke, was the first occupant, Capt. Crosby's family not coming until sometime subsequent to its building .

# BIOGRAPHICAL.

## EDWARD J. NORTHRUP.

Among many who have died leaving the world better for having lived in it, the name of Edward James Northrup deserves no mean place.

He was born in Albany, N. Y., July 4th, 1834. His father, Nelson Northrup, was a mechanic in moderate circumstances, and was not able at that early day to give his children a liberal education, but Edward obtained the rudimentary essentials of one, and supplemented it in later years by wide and useful reading, of which he was very fond all his life. His mother was a noble Christian woman and greatly influenced him toward the better life.

His father came to the Pacific Coast in 1849. While going around the Horn he was wrecked on the coast of Chili, but finally managed to reach Oregon. For a short time he traded at the Cascades, but in 1851 came to Portland and opened a little store on the northwest corner of Front and Yamhill streets, that was probably the first hardware store established in Portland.

Edward, in the meantime, had gone to Boston and had obtained employment in a book store there. In 1852 he decided to join his father in Oregon, so came around by way of the Isthums of Panama, meeting with some adventures on mule-back and on the Chagres River. Arriving in Portland, he entered the employ of his father, where he clerked for a few years. In 1856 he bought out his father, in company with J. M. Blossom, the new firm being known os Northrup & Blossom. Portland at that time was a very small town, but as the town grew, the business kept pace. Vancouver was then, as now, occupied by United States troops, and Mr. Northrup often spoke in later years of Lieutenant U. S. Grant who used to come to Portland occasionally and buy from him supplies for Uncle Sam.

Mr. Blossom sold out his interest to J. C. Van Rennslaer, and after a number of years R. R. Thompson bought in, the firm name then becoming Northrup & Thompson. In 1878 Mr. Northrup retired on account of poor health, after 26 years of steady application to business. The firm that succeeded him is now known as Honeyman, DeHart & Co.

After a years' rest Mr. Northrup started up in business again in the carriage and wagon material line. His son Herbert was associated with him for a time but died in San Francisco in 1881. Mr. Northrup then took into the firm J. E. Haseltine and J. G. Chown. The new firm were fitting up quarters in the warehouse, 228 Front street, near Salmon, at the time Mr. Northrup met his death, which was such a shock to the entire city. This occurred on April 9, 1883. A hatchway in the floor had thoughtlessly been left open from the upper to the lower dock, and while absorbed in some business calculations, Mr. Northrup accidentally fell through, fracturing his skull. He died within a few hours at his home. Thus in the prime of life was taken suddenly from his family and friends one who did much to build up his adopted city and state not only in a commercial way, but also in a moral one. He was always found on the right side of all movements for the moral uplifting of his fellowmen, and while for many years an active member of the Taylor-street M. E. church, was also connected with the temperance and Y. M. C. A. movements, and the Sunday school work. His integrity and moral worth were fully appreciated by all who knew him, and he was often asked to run for office, but always refused.

In politics he was a Republican. He was a delegate to the Republican convention in 1880 that nominated Garfield, and the same year was a lay delegate from Oregon conference to the general conference of the M. E. church that met in Cincinnati.

Mr. Northrup was married in 1856 to Miss Frances C. McNamee, daughter of Job and Hannah McNamee, pioneers of 1845. Eight children were born to them, two dying in infancy, and six who grew to years of discretion. Herbert, the eldest, died, deeply mourned by many friends, at the age of 24. The other five children now living are: Ada F., wife of C. A. Morden; Clara E. Northrup, Frank O. Northrup ,Edwin P. Northrup, and Ellen A., wife of J. M. Johnson, of Spokane, Wash. The city authorities about 10 years ago gave the name of Northrup to one of the streets in the north end of the city, in honor of this pioneer, which will forever associate his memory with that of Portland, his home for over 30 years.

## CAPTAIN JACOB KAMM.

Capt. Jacob Kamm, characteristically a progressive citizen of Portland and a typical pioneer, was born in Switzerland, December 12, 1823. When eight years of age he came to America with his father, spending his younger days in several of the Western states. He received his education in Illinois and at St. Louis, Missouri. His father, who had resigned

his commission as captain in the Swiss army, came to this country to establish a new home here for his family, all of whom, except the subject of this sketch, were left in Switzerland, but the father died of yellow fever in New Orleans before attaining that object. By his death, Jacob, a mere lad of twelve, was thrown upon his own resources. He obtained work in a newspaper office in New Orleans, but life on the water having a charm for him, he left that situation to accept the position of cabin boy on the Ark, a small Mississippi river steamer.

This calling, however, did not offer to the ambitious boy any inducements for speedy promotion. Being of a mechanical turn of mind, he turned his attention to marine engineering, quickly becoming an expert. Industry and frugality soon enabled him to acquire an interest in the Belle of Hatchie. This he ran almost constantly, so closely applying himself that his physique could no longer endure the strain and he sold his interest in her. For a number of years thereafter he was chief engineer on packet boats plying between St. Louis, Keokuk and New Orleans. His examination for this latter position was most thorough and critical, for Board of Engineers congratulating him for his proficiency.

Health failing him in 1849, his physicians advised him to go to the mountains near by, believing that their purer air would benefit him. He, however, concluded to join an expedition bound for California, several of his friends being among those comprising the party going in that year. After a long and weary trip across the plains, he arrived at Sacramento in the fall of that year. Here he soon secured employment as engineer on the steamers running on the Sacramento and Feather rivers. In 1850, while in San Francisco, he met Lot Whitcomb who induced him to come to Milwaukie, than an important point, situated a few miles above Portland, but now a small hamlet, for the purpose of placing the machinery in the steamer Lot Whitcom, then being built at that place. It would take half of this magazine to detail the difficulties of the task, and such will not be attempted. Suffice it to say that the tools at hand consisted only of a bellows and an anvil. His assistant, a man by the name of Blakesley, was a blacksmith, and through the loan of a hammer they forged another, and, after a time, made other tools. The boilers being "knock down" on their arrival from the East and as there were no boiler makers in the country, Mr. Kamm must necessarily attend to their construction and intallation in the boat himself. Without previous experience the ingenious young man surmounted all difficulties, and the Lot Whitcomb steamed away a staunch, safe and solid boat. He was her chief engineer until she was sold and taken to California. He then built the Jennie Clark, the first stern-wheel steamer in Oregon. Messrs. Abernethy, Clark and Ainsworth being associated with him in her ownership. In 1858 he superintended the building of the Carrie Ladd, owned by himself and others. She forming the nucleus of what afterwards became the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, which was organized in 1860. Of this company he was th second largest stockholder, and also, chief engineer until personal attention to private affairs compelled him to resign. Latter his interests were sold to a syndicate, which in turn transferred its stock to the corporation now known as the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company.

He was one of the organizers and larger stockholders of the Willamette Transportation Company, operating upon the upper and lower Willamette river. This company also came into the possession of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company.

At this time he thought of never having anything to do with steamboating again, but having loaned money to a friend engaged in such, he once more became embroiled in its meshes in order to save himself from losses. Since then he has been largely interested as a stockholder, and also as an organizer, of various leading steamboat transportation companies. He is also identified with railroad lines to some extent. He owned at one time the famous steamer Geo. S. Wright, but after running her a year or so, sold her to Ben Holladay. Under the latter's ownership she was wrecked in Alaskan waters, all on board perishing.

Although he has not had occasion to use either his masters' or engineers' papers for a number of years he, however, keeps them alive in case of an emergency which would require his personal attention to one of his steamers in trouble or in need of a captain or engineer for the time being.

In the sixties Mr. Kamm bought, for a nominal sum, fourteen acres outside of the then city limits. Today the tract is almost in the center of the city and entirely surrounded by streets and handsome residences. On this property stands his beautiful home. He owns stock in several Portland banks, being vice-president of the United States National. He is also president of the First National Bank of Astoria, and is one of the largest taxpayers of both cities, as well as San Francisco, where he is largely interested in real estate. The Kamm block of Portland also belongs to him.

For many years he has been a trustee and member of the First Presbyterian church. He belongs to the Masonic fraternity, having attained to the 32nd degree in the Scottish Rite, is a Knight Templer, and a member of the Mystic Shrine.

He is a man of unquestioned integrity, of a generous and philanthropic nature, dis-

tributing his kindness without the knowledge of the world. Well may it be said that he is among the most worthy of Oregon's honored pioneers and leading men.

Mr. Kamm was married September 13, 1859, to Miss Caroline A. Gray, daughter of the late Wm. H. and Mary A. Dix Gray, who were early and honored pioneers of Oregon. They have had one son born to them, Capt. Charles T. Kamm.

## MRS. CAROLINE AUGUSTA KAMM.

Mrs. Kamm was born at Lapwai, Oregon territory, (now Idaho) October 16, 1840, and is the eldest daughter of the late William H. and Mary A. Dix Gray, the former of whom was a pioneer of 1836 and the latter of 1838.

When about two years of age her parents removed to Salem, which name had just then been given to what had been formerly known as Chemekete Plain. Here her father superintended the erection of the Oregon Institute, now the Willamette University, of which he was one of the trustees. In 1843, her father was the leading spirit in the formation of the Provincial government, directing the movement, framing the resolutions offered, and closing the debates. Had it not been for his endeavor what was accomplished at that time might have been delayed and the course of events greatly changed.

From Salem the family removed to Oregon City and then to Clatsop Plains, thence in 1854, to Astoria.

In 1855 and 1856, Miss Gray attended the Pacific University at Forest Grove, and in January, 1859, came to Portland to attend school, entering the old Portland Academy, Rev. Mr. Kingsley, principal. Here she made the acquaintance of Mr. Jacob Kamm, and they were united in marriage on September 13 of that year. The fruit of the union being one son, Capt. Charles T. Kamm, who is associated with his father in his various business enterprises, and active manager of the Vancouver Transportation Company, and the Lewis River Transportation Company.

Mrs. Kamm is a most tender wife and mother and a woman of generous impulses. Her charities are such that the public seldom hears of them, though many have received both financial aid and sympathy in time of need, and her marked business instincts are often sought for when financial clouds gather or trubles come to them, never allowing her left hand to know what her right hand doeth.

With her husband she has traveled considerably throughout the Union, and being a keen observer, has acquired such a practical knowledge of the land of her nativity as to render her a most charming entertainer and conversationalist. Her parents have both paid nature's debt. Their Christian characters will ever be a model for rising generations; their work in the upbuilding of Oregon never to be forgotten; its history could not be written without giving them very frequent and commendable mention. Mrs. Kamm has four brothers and one sister living, namely, Hon. John H. D. Gray, Mrs. Sarah F. Abernethy, William P. Gray, Albert W. Gray and James T. Gray, all of whom are well known and a credit to the state. A sister, Mrs. Mary S. Tarbell, is deceased.

## FRANCES C. NORTHRUP.

A woman whose influence for good is still widening though her earthly life went out some seven years ago, was Frances C. Northrup. She was born in Ray County, Missouri, November 9, 1837. Her parents, Job and Hannah McNamee, were people of moderate circumstances, but possessed of sturdy, moral character and good common sense, and although many children came to their home, each was given every advantage possible at that early day on the frontier. Mr. McNamee lost a valuable farm and all his property during the "hard times" of 1840-5, so decided to cross the plains with his family and make a new start out in Oregon.

They started from St. Joe in 1845 and were nearly six months making the trip, experiencing the usual hardships of the pioneer, and arrived in the Willamette valley in the Fall of the same year. The winter was spent at Springville, about six miles below Portland, on the St. Helens road. The following spring (1846) the family came to Portland, then but a hamlet fringing the Willamette river. Mr. McNamee built a home, and became a permanent and honored resident of Portland until his death in 1872. His wife, a much beloved pioneer mother, died the same year.

Frances was the eldest child, and as a girl was a general favorite with all who knew her. Those friendships she retained all through her life, and around her coffin gathered friends of the pioneer days as well as hundreds of later years.

Her early education she obtained at the old Portland Academy and Female Seminary and also at the Tualatin Academy at Forest Grove. She used to ride back and forth on horseback, a favorite pastime in those early days.

She met Edward J. Northrup soon after he arrived in Portland, and a few years subsequently they were married. This occurred in 1856. As her family grew up around her, she instilled into their lives the principles of right living and thinking and early directed them in the ways of righteousness. For over 30 years she was an active member of the Taylor-Street M. E. church, visiting the sick and poor, and comforting the distressed and unfortunate. Like her Master, she "went

about doing good." Many is the humble home that has been brightened by her kindly ministrations of love and mercy.

She taught a young mens' Bible class in the Sabbath school for about 25 years. This she especially enjoyed and her old scholars can today be found all over the Northwest, many of them occupying positions of great trust, whose lives were moulded for good by this noble Christian woman.

After her husband's sudden death in 1883, Mrs. Northrup, by whom his loss was very severely felt, lived for her family and her church. Her death occurred October 10, 1893, surviving her husband a little over 10 years. From a little girl of 9 years, in 1846, Mrs. Northrup spent almost 50 years in Portland, and at her death was considered the oldest continuous resident of the city. When she fell asleep her family lost a loving, devoted mother, her church an invaluable agency for good, and the community a ministering angel of mercy.

## RALPH WARREN HOYT.

Ralph W. Hoyt was born in the City of Portland, Oregon, July 9, 1864, his parents being Captain Henry L. and Mary L. Hoyt. His father was a pioneer of 1850, coming here on the bark Tulon, of which he was part owner, the first vessel to discharge cargo at Portland. His mother was a pioneer of 1852, and was formerly a Miss Millard.

The education of Mr. Hoyt was obtained in the public schools of Portland, graduating from the High school in 1882, after which, he was offered a situation with the O. R. & N. Co. Accepting this, he remained in that employ until 1883, whn he became identified with the Merchants National bank as messenger boy. From tnis humble beginning he steadily advanced until he was promoted to the position of cashier. A position he has held for several years with credit to himself and the utmost satisfaction to the great financial concern employing him.

In 1896 the nomination of treasurer of Multnomah county was tendered him. which he accepted, and his popularity in the community was at once shown by the majority which he recived. In 1898 he was re-nominated again for the same trust and again elected. It is not a usual thing for one to hold office without some one finding considerable fault with the person who is responsible for the manner in which it is conducted. In the case of Mr. Hoyt, however, this has been an exception. None can claim that he has not been courteous and obliging: noen can say that he has not administered his office for the best interest of the taxpayers, and all know that he is competent and honest.

For several years he has been a familiar figure in the leading church choirs as organist, and very frequently is seen assiting to make the entertainments given by fraternal societies not only pleasureable but a success. Whenever called upon in the latter case, he has always responded where it was at all possible for him to do so, at times, too, inconvenient for him. These services have been gratuitous.

Mr. Hoyt is an honored member of several fratenal societies, being a 32nd degree Scotish Rite Mason, a member of the Mystic Shrine, the Elks, the Woodmen, the Red Men and by no means least the Native Sons of Oregon. Of the latter, he is a charter member of Abernethy's Cabin, No. 1, of Portland, and was one of the organizers of the Grand Cabin.

On January 24, 1894, he was united in marriage with Miss Edith M. Neilson, also born in Portland. Her parents were Captain W. W. and Jane Neilson, pioneers of the early fifties. Two children have been born to them, only one of which, a daughter, three years of age, is now living.

## W. A. WHEELER.

Among the many native sons born within the present limits of Portland, not many of them saw the light of day prior to the time Mr. Wheeler came upon the stage of action, the date of his birth being March 3, 1852.

His father, Jacob Wheeler, was a pioneer of 1845, and his mother Jemima Jane Wheeler, daughter of the late George and Sarah Wills, of Willsburg, came in 1847. They were married in the spring of 1849, and reared a family of nine children, the subject of this sketch being the second cnild and eldest son.

Mr. Wheeler received his education in the public schools, the first one was a log cabin affair, and at Pacific University, Forest Grove. Since 1872 he has been engaged almost continuously in the publishing business in this and other states. His first venture in such line was the establishment of the "Forest Grove Independent," which he ran for a time and sold it. The new proprietors removed the plant to Hillsboro, changing the name to "Hillsboro Independent." For several years subsequent to this he was in various sections of this and other states, but finally returned to Portland and again settled down on the old homestead where he has since continued to reside. His present occupation is that of editor and publisher of the "Pacific Odd Fellow," a monthly magazine devoted exclusively to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and is the only publication so devoted in the state.

In connection with the publication of his magazine, he conducts a job printing office from which he derives a nandsome revenue. He has always been much interested in fra-

ternal societies, and, though he did all he was able to contribute towards their welfare, he never sought to hold office in them. His activity, however, brought about preferment without solicitation, and at times against his wishes. His associates made no mistake, for, in him they found a competent and faithful officer. He is a Past Grand of the Odd Fellows; a P. C. P. of the Encampment, I. O. O. F., a Past Sachem of the I. O. R. M., and a Past Master of the United Artisans. Besides the societies named, he holds membership in various others, among them the Native Sons of Oregon, being a charter member of Abernethy's Cabin, No. 1, of that order.

The old homestead upon which he was born is now one of the more thickly settled residence portions of the East Side of the river. Mr. Wheeler, however, owns several lots, upon which his home is located, as well as his printing establishment.

His family consists of two sons and one daughter, all of whom are grown, and the eldest son and the daughter are married. Mr. Wheeler is a widower.

## HENRY JAGGER CORBETT.

Henry Jagger Corbett was the eldest son of Henry W. and Caroline E. Corbett, the former of whom was a pioneer of 1851 and the latter of 1853. His father is one of the best of Oregon's citizens. He has represented the state in the senate of the United States, is one of her most influential business men, and interested in many of its prominent financial and other enterprises which has and does now, contribute greatly to the welfare of Oregon.

The subject of our sketch was born in Portland, Oregon, on November 6, 1857, and died at Colorado Springs, Colorado, March 2, 1895.

He received his education in the schools of Portland, at Pacific University, Forest Grove, and at Lawrenceville Academy, Lawrenceville, New Jersey. On his return from the East he became connected with the First National Bank of Portland, as one of its officials, remaining with that great financial institution until a short time prior to his death, when he resigned his position.

For some years he was interested in the Portland Academy, and from 1892 to 1895 was one of its Board of Trustees.

He was united in marriage on September 7, 1880, with Miss Helen, daughter of Wm. S. and Caroline A. Ladd, who survives him. The fruits of the union was three sons. Henry Ladd, Elliott Ruggles and Hamilton Forbush. The father of Mrs. Corbett was the well-known banker and philanthropist. He was a pioneer of 1851. He is now deceased. Her mother came to Oregon in 1854. She is still alive and resides at the family home.

Mr. Corbett was in poor health for several years prior to his death, and thinking that the mountain air of Colorado Springs would be beneficial, removed there. He, however, grew worse and the grim reaper cut him down in the prime of life, at the age of 34 years and four months.

## RUSSELL E. SEWALL.

Among the young men of the State of Oregon who have, within the past few years, entered the ranks of the legal profession, none have brighter indications of continued success than the above-named gentleman. While industry, energy and ambition are characteristic of him, they are so linked with pleasant word and courteous demeanor, that all who meet him at once become his friends. These qualities, combined with the advantages derived from an excellent education, unusual natural capacities, and high sense of honor, place him to the fore in the ranks of his profession.

Mr. Sewall was born in Portland, Oregon, September 26, 1870. He is a graduate of the High school of that city and of the Law Department of the State University of Oregon. His father, William R. Sewall, came to California in 1853, and to Oregon in 1862. His mother was a Miss L. L. Elgin, to whom his father was married in 1869 at Salem.

In 1898 the Republican party was looking for a candidate who could fill the office of district attorney of the Fourth Judicial district with satisfaction to the taxpayers and public at large, and, though there were many candidates for that responsible position, the office sought the man, the nomination going to Mr. Sewall. On the succeeding election he received one of the largest majorities cast for any one on the ticket. During the time of his incumbency of the trust which he holds, he has made an unenviable reputation as a capable and conscientious public servant, and at no time has he shown a disposition to neglect or diverge from honesty of purpose in the administration of his office. So well satisfied has the public been that he has been chosen a standard-bearer the second time by his party; the result is a foregone conclusion.

Mr. Sewall is an honored member of several fraternities, among them being the Masonic, the Red Men and others. He was also a charter member of Abernethy's Cabin, No. 1, Native Sons of Oregon.

Mr. Sewall's wife was a Miss Maie E. Williams, of The Dalles, daughter of Griffith and Mary Williams, who were among the earlier pioneers to the state. One child, Russell Williams Sewall, now three and a half years old, has been to them.

## MISS LILY E. WHITE.

The talented artist whose name forms the caption of this brief sketch, is the daughter of Captain Milton and Nancy M. White. Her father was a pioneer of 1845, and her mother came to Oregon in 1852.

Miss White was born at Oregon City and received her education in the public schools of Portland. Her inclinations being towards art, she went first to San Francisco to study the same, and from there to Chicago to finish her education. Her teachers, who were among the best in the United States, all highly commended her work, and the evidences of her art is to be seen in the many tasteful homes of the city and elsewhere, attest the correctness of their statements in relation to her proficiency. In addition to portrait painting, she acquired a thorough knowledge of photography. The Oregon Camera Club of Portland has had many instructors during its existence, but was never satisfied with those employed to teach its members more about their chosen hobby, until they secured the services of Miss White. All of its members have made great progress under her instructions, and its membership is now rapidly increasing in numbers.

Her father, Captain White, died October 17, 1891. Her mother resides in Portland, Miss White making her home with her.

## REUBEN F. ROBINSON.

Pioneer conditions generally deprive youth of the advantages of "much schooling," but thy develope the qualities of sturdiness and stimulate self-activity so well, that the youth, through his own continued exertions may secure by individual effort the training and mental dicipline which is required for success in any chosen vocation.

An education secured in this way fixes upon youth, habits of industry and self-denial, which are in themselves determining factors in the bringing about of efforts fruition, be it what it may. These facts are well illustrated in the life of Reuben F. Robinson.

Professor Robinson was born in Lane County, December 9, 1861, his parents being Geo. D. and Sarah C. Robinson. His father crossed the plains to California in '49, but came on to Oregon in 1851, settling in Lane County. His mother was a Miss Richardson prior to her marriage to his father, and came across the plains with her parents, Wm. and Sarah Richardson, in 1852. They were married in 1855. In 1865 the family removed to Polk County, remaining there until 1880 when the farm was sold and they removed to Spokane County, Washington. Reuben did not, however, go with them, but entered the La Creole Academy in Dallas, earning his way through school by his own efforts. He had been in school but two years when his teaching abilities were recognized, and from teacher of district school and assistant teacher in the academy, he rapidly rose, through merit, to the position of principal of the academy. He so ably conducted this institution that "an office sought the man," that of county superintendent of schools. While he was the nominee of the republican party, one which he has always been identified with, the large majority given him was evidence that all parties interested in education voted for him. Through his election, he was obliged to resign as principal of the academy, much to the regret of its patrons and directors. At the close of his term of office a renomination was tendered him, but this he declined, preferring to accept the principalship of the Central school and East Portland high school.

Consolidation of the cities taking place, the high school on the East Side was merged into the one on the West Side, and the Central school was utalized as a grammar school. Professor Robinson is now closing his 12th year as principal of this school. He also served as a member of the County Board of Examiners of Multnomah county for five years, and is at present a member of the State Board of Examiners. In 1896-97 he attended the Law Department of the State University and received therefrom the degrqe of LL. B. Though admitted to the bar, it has not been his intention to practice, taking the course only to be better able to understand the principals of law so as to enable him to more ably carry out his school-room work.

The professor belongs to several fraternal societies, in which he is recognized as one of their best members, among them is Clinton Kelly's Cabin, No. 23, Native Sons, of which he is president.

He was recently nominated for the office of school superintendent of schools of Multnomah county, by the republican party, the election to take place in June next. His qualifications eminently fit him for the position, and the schools will be the gainer through his being chosen to fill that office.

The wife of the professor was formerly a Miss Ella E. Hallock, daughter of one of Polk county's early and well-known pioneer families.

## Time Card of City & Suburban Railway Company, Feb. 1, 1900

Subject to change without notice.

| LINE LEAVES | Interval | From | To | Last Car | Last car passes 3d and Morrison |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| "S" Twenty-fourth and Savier streets | 8 min. | 5 36 a.m. | 11 28 p.m. | 11 44 p.m. | 12 00 p.m. |
| South Portland | | 6 16 | 12 14 a.m. | 12 30 a.m. | 12 30 a.m. |
| "U" Albina Junction | 10 min. | 5 55 | 11 35 p.m. | 11 35 p.m. | 12 00 p.m. |
| Sixteenth and Montgomery streets | | 6 24 | 12 04 a.m. | 12 04 a.m. | 12 12 a.m. |
| "M" Twenty-fourth and Glisan streets | 10 min. | 6 05 | 11 45 p.m. | 11 45 p.m. | 12 00 p.m. |
| Beech street | | 6 20 | 11 40 | 11 40 | 12 00 p.m. |
| Irvington—Third and Yamhill streets | 20 min. | 6 40 | 12 00 | 12 00 | |
| Irvington | | 6 20 | 11 40 | 11 40 | |
| Mt. Tabor and Sunnyside—Mt. Tabor | 10 min. | 6 10 | 11 30 | 11 30 | |
| Third and Yamhill streets | | 6 30 | 12 00 | 12 00 | |
| Woodstock—Woodstock | 30 min. | 6 00 | 11 00 | 11 00 | |
| Third and Yamhill streets | | 6 10 | 11 45 | 11 45 | |
| Richmond—Richmond | 30 min | 5 56 | 11 26 | 11 26 | |
| Third and Yamhill streets | | 6 25 | 12 00 | 12 00 | |
| North Mt. Tabor—Villa | 30 min. | 5 55 | 11 00 | 11 00 | |
| Third and Yamhill streets | | 6 20 | 12 00 | 12 00 | |
| East Ankeny and East Twenty-eighth—East Twenty-eighth street | 15 min. | 6 00 | 11 30 | 11 30 | |
| Third and Yamhill streets | | 6 20 | 12 00 | 12 00 | |

St. Johns—Third and Morrison streets, 6 00, 7 10, 8 15, 11 10 a.m., 1 05, 2 25, 3 45, 5 10, 6 10, 7 20, 9 40, 11 00 p.m.

Albina Junction—6 25, 7 35, 8 40, 10 10, 11 35 a.m., 1 30, 2 50, 4 10, 5 35, 6 35, 7 45, 10 05, 11 45 p.m.

## IS IT LUCK.

There may be some isolated instances where men become wealthy through a series of circumstances very much resembling "luck," but, as a general rule, those to whom success comes have to work, and sometimes work very hard for it. Place a dozen young men in a store, manufacturing establishment, counting room, printing office or direct their attention to agricultural pursuits, and what will be the result? They all desire to rise in the world, and all have like opportunities. Note the outcome: One of the dozen becomes a partner in the mercantile establishment, a manufacturing prince, a banker, owns a great newspaper or has the best farm in the community and lives like a lord. Which of them is the lucky individual? There is rarely any luck about it. It is all pure application. Examine into the walk of one who distances his competitors and it is found that he studied and mastered the task, preserved his integrity, lived pure and clean, devoted his leisure hours to the acquisition of knowledge, gained friends by deserving them, and saved his money. There are some ways of gaining fortune other than the slow, well-beaten path; but the pillars of a community are those who achieve something worth having. Good fortune, good name and a serene old age travel along side by side in the journey to the tomb.

## A SENSIBLE MOVE.

The State Board of Horticulture, and, also, the Chamber of Commerce, have made a wise move by securing ground-floor quarters at 246 Washington Street, one of the more frequently traveled streets of the city. Heretofore their endeavor, in so far as the exhibit was concerned, was kept like a "light under a bushel." People coming here as tourists do not, as a rule, seek for or think of looking for things enclosed within stone or brick walls, no matter how imposing the building or how high sounding its name. This class of people are the best of advertising mediums. Let them once see an exhibit of our resources, and they will never tire of talking about them on their return to their eastern homes. The home hunters are very often at sea as regards just where they want to locate, and about the first thing they do is to consult a dealer in real estate. Their offerings are, in the main, confined to out-of-the-way properties, and these not being up to expectations, they don't invest, consider the remainder of like quality, go away—and we lose what might be very desirable acquisitions to our population.

The only manner in which exhibits may be successfully brought into notice that pays, is by placing them where they can be seen, and seen without having to hunt for them. If the Horticultural Board and the Chamber of Commerce are alive to the interests of those they represent and of the state, there will be no neglect of proper display of the exhibits in hand in the large window space in front of the building occupied, and the windows will be adorned with, perhaps, not an artistic sign, but with writing thereon in large letters stating that all are invited to enter and view the fruits of the field, farm, mines, etc., in which we take so much pride, without cost

to them. The newspapers can and should lend their aid towards the enterprise, because it is a public one, none reaping a benefit except the public at large. The endeavor will thus be made to grow, and to the mutual advantage of all. The Native Son will do its part in this behalf.

A representative of this magazine called at the residence of a certain well-known family, the door being opened by the maid. The wrinkles in her face showing, if she ever intended to marry, that she had played too long at hide-and-seek with her suitors without making a selection.

"Madam," said the solicitor, "I should like very much to send you a Native Son. It will only cost you a dollar."

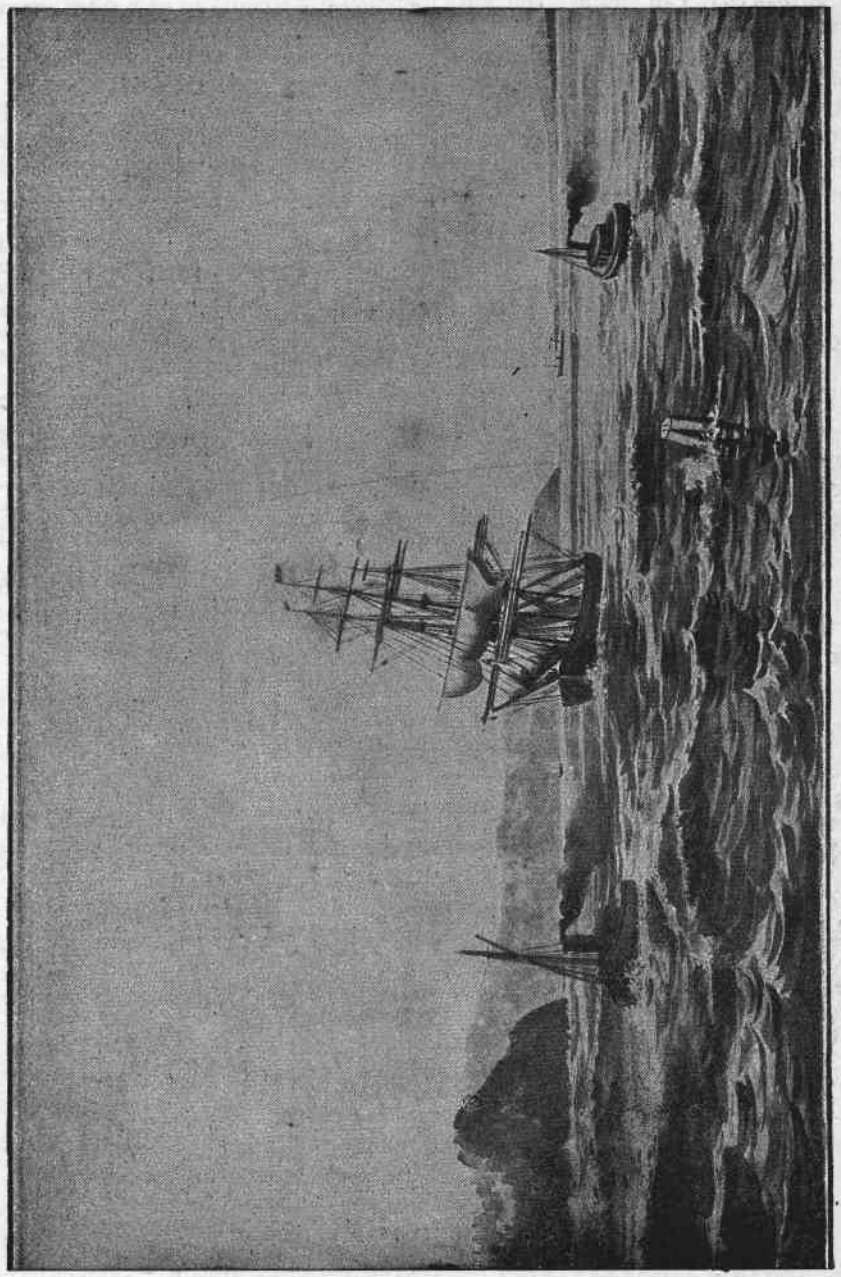
"Well," answered the maid, "you can send me a native son or any other kind of a man, and if we can make a hitch of it, I don't mind paying you that amount or more."

The date of the solicitors funeral has been fixed and the Native Sons will attend in a body.

That the Pacific Northwest will become the commercial Eden of the United States is beyond controversy. This salient claim is based on the most substantial foundation on which prosperity can build—the natural resources of the country—agriculture, lumber, mining, fishing, stock, fruit, cereal and shipping.

Since the impetus of the Alaska excitement, commerce in this part of the country is assuming mighty proportions. Home industries are active, and there is the biggest influx of emigration toward the coast ever before experienced. Among the notable proofs of this steady advance is the increasing percentage of higher wages payed by the different concerns, and the increasing percentage of bank deposits and post-office receipts.

Take any line of trade, agriculture, jobbing, or mining, and the climate, soil, water and mineral resources seem to open for a



CROSSING THE BAR—COLUMBIA RIVER.

vast and prosperous field. The Pacific Northwest will, without doubt, be the garden spot of the United States. It contains whole territories of timber tracts, richest fruit and agricultural lands, immense deposits of coal, copper, iron and gold, all so situated that they are accessible to railways as well as capitalists, and opportunities for manufacturing industries lie on every hand.

The healthful, delightful climate makes it a comfortable place for the laboring classes. The midsummer does not bring the excessive heat, nor the midwinter the excessive cold, of the Middle and Eastern States. The expanding industries are open doors to wage-earners, and the rich soils hold forth alluring prospects to would-be growers of fruit and grain.

In another column will be found the advertisement of Mr. Sam Beck, whose place of business is in the Washington building, one door from the southeast corner of Fourth and Washington streets. Native Sons and Daughters cannot do better than pay him a visit before buying elsewhere.

## RALPH W. HOYT,

Independent Republican Candidate

For

COUNTY TREASURER.

Present Incumbent.

## W. A. WHEELER

Democratic Nominee

For

CLERK OF THE COUNTY COURT

## R. F. ROBINSON

Republican Nominee

For

County School Superintendent

## RUSSELL E. SEWALL

Republican Candidate

For

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

## William Frazier

Regular Republican Nominee For

SHERIFF

Multnomah County

## JOHN MONTAG

Democratic Nominee

For

SHERIFF

## Thomas Scott Brooke,

Republican Candidate For

COUNTY TREASURER

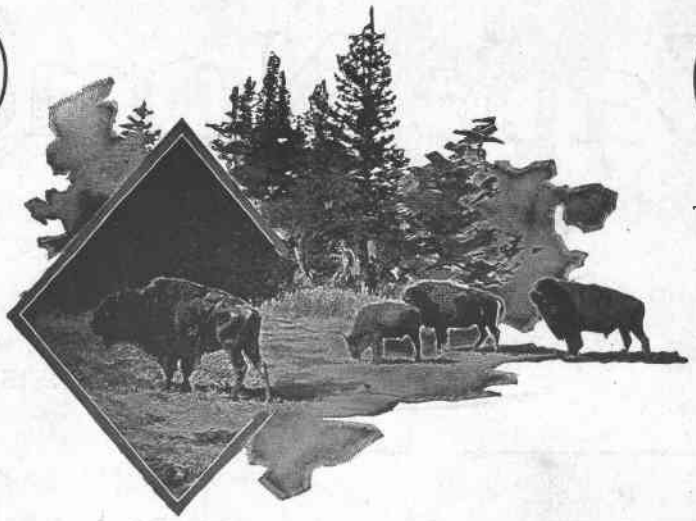
## THOMAS McNAMEE

Republican Nominee for

CONSTABLE

(WEST SIDE)

The Dining Car Route.



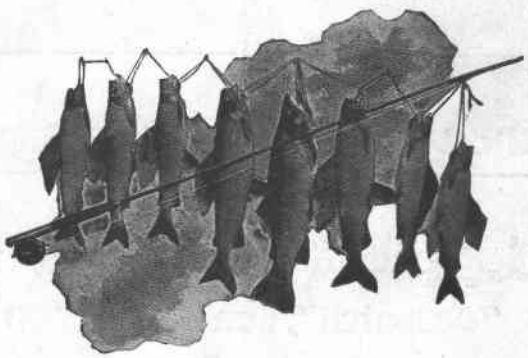
The Yellowstone Park Line.

Buffalo in the Yellowstone Park.

## *THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC*

Founded on the broadest principles of equity and justice, perpetuated by the intelligences of fifteen million freemen, each a King unto himself, occupies among the Nations of Earth, the same position, that, among the great industrial and transportation interest of the World, is held by the NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Each stands first and foremost of its class, head and shoulders above all competitors



A string of 'em

A. D. CHARLTON,
Assistant General Passenger Agent,
225 Morrison Street, Corner Third,
Portland, Oregon.

PRESS OF UNION PRINTING CO.