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Vol. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

No. 4.

KLOSNEŠIKA ILLAHEE



# OREGON NATIVE SON

and Historical Magazine

Devoted to the History, Industries and Development  
of the

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COMPRISING THE STATES OF OREGON, WASHINGTON,  
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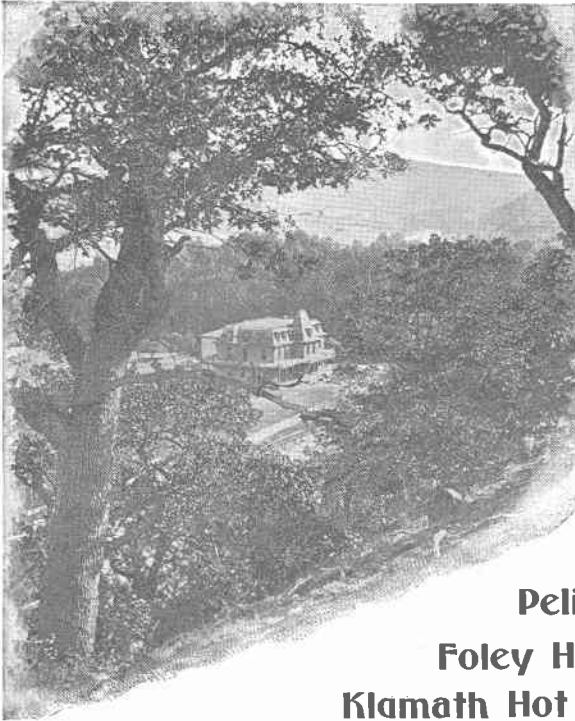
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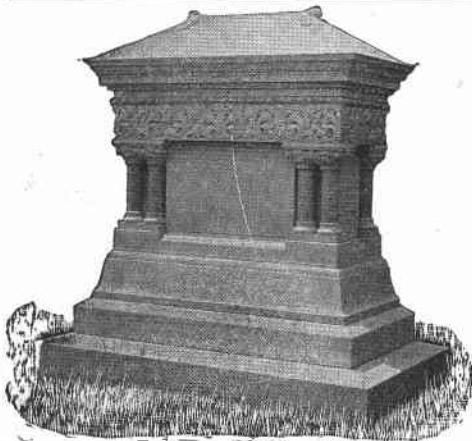
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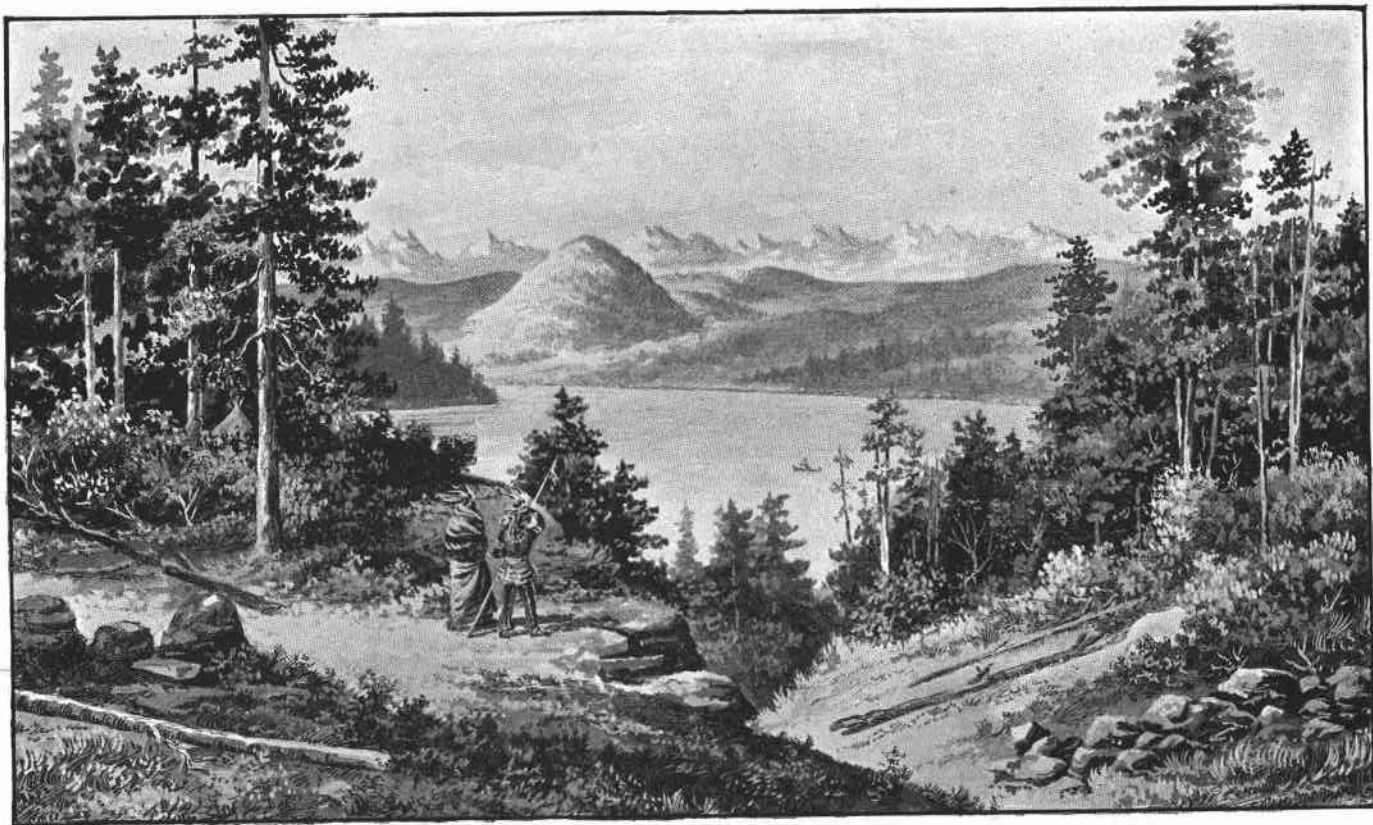
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Who boasts of palm, the tropic's crown,  
Hath never seen the pine step down  
The mountain side in kingly ease,  
Our Coeur-de-Lion, warrior of trees;  
White canyon streams their banners fling,  
From Peak to peak the mountains sing;  
In wid'ning curve the eagle sweeps  
His dusky wing, and sentry keeps  
Upon the heights, where burns a star,  
The pine-king's oriflamme of war.

—Nellie Evans.



“ The Sugar Loaf Peak, which stands in the valley above the lake.”

## KA-NA-WITZE—A TALE OF THE OLYMPICS.

---

Many snows ago the Quinault Indians were a brave and warlike people, the warriors perfect types of manhood, and the women possessing a degree of comeliness not found among the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants of the Pacific Northwest. The Quinaults, with the Quilliutes and the Hoo tribes, composed the great nation of Chehalis, or water Indians. Their hunting grounds were located in a beautiful scope of country extending from Willipa to the ridge that divides the valleys of the Quilliutes and the Queets rivers, and back to the snowy, cragged crests of the Olympic mountains. Winding through this verdant territory is the Quinault river, a stream springing from the Olympics, ever and anon dashing, leaping, laughing and swirling its way in mad whirls and waterfalls past cloud-kissed cliffs, through unfathomed mountain gorges, to reach and comingle with a beautiful lake bearing the same name. Here it rests a spell, and then, as if weary of insipid lake life, bursts forth again and whirls and rushes on through numerous rapids and cascades, a score of miles to a stretch of water placid as the mother's bosom when the babe's asleep thereon.

Here, in the bay at the mouth of the river, it rests again and then goes forth to battle with, and lose its identity in, the mighty surf that beats on old ocean's shore.

The principal village of the Quinaults lay on the low, flat banks of that portion of the river affected by the ebb and flow of the tides; protected from the fierce ocean storms by the high sand dunes on the higher winter beach. Many of the tribe, however, dwelt along the middle

waters of the river, between the lake and the bay at its mouth.

Farther up on the coast lived their inveterate enemies, the Quilliutes, a people for whom the Quinaults had resurrected the tomahawk and broken the calumet, and, at the time our story opens, were were painted and in war regalia on the warpath to invade the country of their northern neighbors.

A short distance above the village the warriors of the Quinaults had halted to propitiate the will of the Great Spirit, through the incantations of their "medicine-man," and just before them ran a high, precipitous ridge whose outer confines overhung and reached far into the waves. To go around it was beyond human power. The only way to pass it by was to await the pleasure of the tide, which at ebb, receding, left behind a tunneled cave, through which one could pass in safety beyond the granite wall.

Concluding his incantations, the "medicine-man" announced that the "Tomaowis," in the shape of a hugh white bird, had appeared to him in his visions and indicated to him that their incursion into the enemy's country would be successful and bring them much renown. As he finished his prophecies the "to-tem" of the tribe, a white-tipped eagle, was seen to come o'er head and circling there for a moment, with majestic spread of wing, flew to resting place, and perched himself on the rocks high above the combing surf, as if waiting to lead the Quinaults to victory, as foretold.

Such is a retrospect of what was transpiring on the south of this obstacle to ready progress. To the northward, fierce violence was contemplated. There

could be seen a pale face of youth's scarce years, flying with fleet foot, but closely pursued

By warriors bold,  
From tribes last told.

At short intervals his hand fell to his side and for the instant touched the trusty sheath-knife that hung there; then he turned and breathed defiance at his following foes—for in his knife he knew was an antidote for all their torments, tortures and ordeals. Over the hilltops and down the steep declivity from the elevated tablelands he passed to the beach below, and soon reached the obstructing wall of stone that seemed to bar his further progress, the tunneled way therein being obscured from view by mighty breakers dashing upon it with tremendous noise. He was about to halt and contend for life against unequal numbers, when the Sacred Seals, so the story runs, through pity for his tender age, fought back the waves and allowed him to pass beyond, closely followed by his would-be captors. Scarce had they cleared the southern portal, however, before a gigantic swell, held back anon by spirit power, rolled against and filled the opening to its roof, making a noise like booming cannon or heaven's thunder, as the waters, entering from either end, met within the confines of the cave, there to remain for several hours, for the tide was still at flood, and thereby cutting off retreat of those who had just passed through.

As the boy emerged from the tunnel he found himself among the Quinalts, who stopped him, and quickly overpowered and bound his stupefied pursuers hand and foot. The boy was nonplused at the turn affairs had taken, and, with folded arms, waited patiently for further developments. The limbs of the Quillutes being securely pinioned, the "medicine-man" of the Quinalts approached the youth whom he believed to be the white bird of his vision, and offered him a plume which he had taken from the circlet of eagle feathers at his brow. Un-

accustomed as the boy was to Indian ways, he recognized the action as a tender of peaceful token and an assurance that he had found friends. Neither did he hesitate to accompany them back to their wigwams at the mouth of the river. On his arrival there he was furnished bearskins and fur robes plenty, and was allotted a floor space in the tepee of the Indian chief. Their treatment soon advised him that he was considered a sacred being, come to them in answer to the prayer of the "medicine-man," to lead the northern warriors into captivity. Being bright of mind, he learned at once to speak in Indian signs, and ere a moon had waned away he spoke their language well. He informed them that he came from the land of the rising sun—a land inhabited by pale-faced people—and, in canoe whose masthead reached the clouds, had crossed the seas. He spoke of the perils of ship-wreck which he had endured; how a dozen men like him had swam ashore, been taken captives by the Quillutes and all but he been murdered. His captors had reserved him for a fate or purpose he could not conjecture, but he had been closely watched by braves both day and night, until the morning—in the darkest hour, before the streaks of daylight appeared—he felt a breath upon his cheek, his thongs were quietly removed and his belt and sheath-knife restored. Then he was conducted by a gentle hand around the sentries and through the sleeping camp, and headed o'er the trail. No word was spoken, yet by intuition there was an assurance that some gentle creature would save his life. When his pathway meandered near the sea, he observed a seal-maid swimming in the smooth waters, the flows that rise and fall between the two first lines of combing surf, and when he loitered it appeared she urged him on. With morning's dawn a hurried glance informed him that he was pursued by swift and stalwart runners, but he hurried on with quickened speed, wondering what opportunity had in store for his escape. And then auspicious fortune launched him in the hands of his deliverers, who, with

him and the captives, returned to the chief's village.

The "medicine-man," entering his abode where no other dared to venture,

of the white bird. This time it descended and perched upon the head of the pale-face youth, the sacred shell drake sought his protection and in his bosom



“ Perched himself on the rocks high above the combing surf.”

in solitude, was overcome by the Great Spirit, slumbered and dreamed—and in his dream there appeared again the vision

nestled, safe from the talons of the pursuing sparrow-hawk. These were ominous signs, and he came forth and spoke

as of the "Tomanowis" in words of wisdom:

"The white boy," he said, "shall be adopted into the tribe. The Great Spirit has spoken. In time he shall become the wedded spouse of the chief's daughter, and, following his death, become the chieftain of the tribe. He shall be educated to hurl the harpoon at the whale, duly instructed in all the warriorlike arts of the red man, and invested with all the rights, customs and privileges due to the exalted station promised him."

The warriors present bowed their heads in acquiescence and it was ordered that three braves, recently captured from the Clatsops, be given him as thralls. The softest buckskins were chosen for his garments and trimmed with choicest ivory elk's teeth; and the circlet round his brow was plumed with the tail-feathers of the mountain eagle, and after that bird, the monarch of the air, by command of the chief, he was named Ka-na-witze. The chief's daughter, Kon-i-tena (Young Fawn), a child of ten, was taught henceforth to consider the comely youth her affianced mate.

Much was the white youth interested in the ceremonies carried on, for circumstances assured him that compliance with the terms of the prophecies was the only alternative to sure death, or the worse fate of excoriation.

Ka-na-witze, active and athletic, soon became expert in shooting arrow and hurling spear; and, by his prowess in the canoe chase of the whale, won his way to leading hunter of the tribe, occupied a seat in council by the chief, and gave advice at will—distinctions only accorded braves and warriors of proved skill and valor. When the appointed bride was growing out of childhood, oft they wandered together through the forest's leafy bowers, where the breath of summer, laden with the perfume of wild roses, invited love. He grew to be an inseparable part of the wild maid's life, and in his absent hours she occupied her time weaving garlands in her hair and beautifying herself, as sweethearts do for those they love, by aid of nature's mir-

rors, the deep pools in shady nooks of crystal streams. She wept in grief when he departed for the whale chase or the war-path—she wept in joyousness when he returned. He grew to love her well, for she was moulded in disposition sweet and winning ways, but he regarded her only as a sister. He loved another with that deep passion, the culmination of all the sacred feelings of the heart, and often his mind soared back across the billowy deep to a little girl he ever cherished in his memory—his captain's daughter—whom he had left behind, and to whom he had promised to return—a girl just budding into maidenhood. Then his heart would beat with mighty force as if to burst, and send the blood in torrents to his temples. At such times he would wander down the beach and up the sinuous streams where the shell-drake and black swan used and bred, and when he heard the cooing of the doves and saw the swans woo in the wild reeds, he would heave a mighty sigh and yearn for word of home. These unexplained absences the wild maid noticed, and grieved her heart away, but hid her grief from all the tribe. At last the appointed time was near at hand when he should fulfil the prophecies of the medicine-man and take the dusky maid to wife, and numerous runners went forth north and south, along the beach and up the valley, to apprise the members of the tribe of the coming feast, and make announcement of many ponies to be given away, and many yards of wampum, and elk's teeth. A whale chase was planned wherein Ka-na-witze should ride in his accustomed place at the bow of the first canoe, and if, on this occasion, again a steady hand he proved, and they brought the whale at last to beach, he should be made guardian of its sacred eye, the fetich of the tribe, and dispense the tid-bits of whale skin to the assembled wedding guests, a distinction not easily won or worn.

One day, with fullness of heart, he sought for solitude, and wandered down to where Coph Palis stands boldly forth within the surf, and swimming out he

climbed up to its top. While pondering o'er the situation of affairs, his brow within his hands, his attention was attracted by a mournful sound. Lifting his eyes, he observed the seal-maid swimming in the surf. In her embrace she bore another form with face white as the field lily, and beautiful hair, in long tresses hanging down and sporting with the waves. With the quickness of thought he sprang into the sea, and rescuing the fair one from the arms of the seal-maid, swam ashore and chaffed her limbs and breathed the breath of life again into her lungs. As she resumed consciousness he looked out on the sea, and then the setting sun, fired in the west, showed forth above the horizon the silhouette of a mighty ship, with broken masts and torn sails. From her bowels, as still he gazed in astonishment, burst flames of fire. While yet his eyes were riveted upon the thrilling scene there came an explosion with thunderous tones, which shook the earth and ocean, and threw the water heavenward like a huge waterspout, and through the falling water of the giant geyser, the ship, whale-like, raised her stern and dived beneath the sea. Then it dawned upon his mind that the seal-maid had rescued the girl from the burning vessel and brought her safely to the rock.

When he scanned the face again, in consternation, he recognized his captain's daughter—the love he had left behind. With renewed efforts he chaffed and rubbed her sea-numbed limbs, and warmed her back to partial health, and when she had gathered strength sufficient, she told her story. How, his ship not returning, and remaining over-due while days grew to months and months to years, the captain's family had purchased a craft and followed his ocean trail in search of him. How, after cruising between countless points for many months, they found a rumor among the natives living many leagues to the south, of the wrecking of the vessel and the captivity of all those who had escaped alive therefrom. How, when nearing the point where they expected to gain reli-

able intelligence of the lost ship, and of the crew, if any chanced to be alive, their vessel had encountered heavy storms, and when dismasted and dismantled—the sport of ocean's wave—had taken fire, and for many days had burned away within the confines of the hold, until the heated decks became unbearable. Then she, being Catholic, kissed the Vatican-blessed charm hanging in her bosom, told her beads and sprang into the sea expecting death, but was saved from a coral bier by the seal-maid, who rescued her when despairing, and bore her toward the shore.

With sinking hopes Ka-na-witze thought of the wedding feast, and his heart stood still, for a while refusing to beat. The nuptial hour was near at hand, but to wed the dusky maid was beyond his strength and purpose. Neither would dissimulation long avail him, for food, raiment and tender nursing his new-found love must have. At last, with a supreme effort of mind, and with many doubts, he half-way led, and half-way conveyed her on his shoulder to Greenville Point, where the Indians awaited his arrival before proceeding to sea in chase of a monster whale now sporting a mile or more off shore, and brought her to the chief, there told his tale of love and sought releasement from inferred vow to marry his daughter.

Kon-i-te-ma heard it all as in a dream, fell sick at heart, and went forth to a projecting rock at the turning of the tide and looked down at the boiling, seething water below, and prayed the Great Spirit to forgive her contemplated deed. But the sacred seal-maid, appearing before her, forbid her further proceed, and clambering up and on the rock, in soothing tone spoke to her: "Fair maid," she said, "disappointment is woman's lot through life, and suffering for others is the greatest jewel of true womanhood. There is no balm to heal your crushed and bleeding heart, but there is contentment in duty. The forecast of the future shows immeasurable griefs and miseries resulting from inter-marriages of different races and colors. The legend runs,

“that a lineage of demi-gods, white in color, shall come amongst your nation, and the great sun of their arrival and inter-marriage shall mark the advent of

are brave and skilfull with the arrow, the harpoon, and the spear, and proudly march to battle in war-paint and bedecked with feathers, will become dwarfed



“ Beautifying herself by the aid of Nature’s mirrors.”

incurable disease and decay among your offspring. The descendants of those who now multiply like leaves of the forest and

and shriveled with disease, will become the taunt of the white men, will grow fewer and fewer until they will be no

more in the accustomed haunts of the Quinaults.' The Great Spirit, in taking your promised husband from you, has saved you from the perpetration of a great wrong against your people. But linger no longer here. Even now Ka-na-witze is pleading his cause before the chief, your father. He will be sentenced to burn at the stake at sunrise, and the young white maid is threatened to become the wanton slave of Wakitup, who now succeeds to the chieftainship. But you must accomplish their escape. Tonight, an hour before moonrise, I will hypnotize the braves guarding them and, though it tears asunder the cords of your heart, upon which true and requited love would play like the winds on an Aolean harp, and the fevered heat of your blood threaten to consummate the destruction of your body, if you would ever look upon the face of the Great Spirit over there in dreamland, go quickly to your father's dwelling and be convinced, and then to the "medicine-man" and invoke for them his aid and protection. Tell him the sacred seal-maid is to lead their flight, and if he disobeys her injunctions his dreams shall come to naught, and the Great Spirit shall raise up another, with more spirit power and wisdom than he, to take his place."

Thus spoke the seal-maid, and vanished beneath the waters. Then Kon-i-te-ma no longer contemplated self-destruction, but picking her footsteps down the cliff she quickly paddled her birch canoe across the stream, and with the swiftness of a deer, ran to the wigwam of her father, where a council of warriors was being held. Through an opening of an elk-skin robe at the door Ka-na-witze was seen bound to a stake and the grief-stricken white maid by his side. As she looked upon him, her father rose and addressed him before the council:

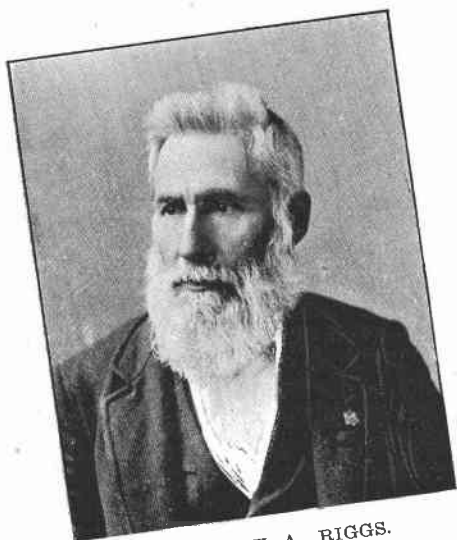
"For many snows you have been amongst us and I have treated you as a son. The seal-maid preserved your life and led your enemies, the Quillutes, into our hands. The "medicine-man" slept and communed with the Great Spirit, and in his vision the tribe's "to-tem," the

white-tipped eagle, spread his protecting wings above your head. By his command you were adopted into our tribe, and the hand of my daughter, Kon-i-te-ma, promised you. She has now reached the years when the young men of the tribe are looking on her with longing eyes. The hereditary chief has demanded your life and her hand, and the council is divided. The "medicine-man" has always defended you, pleading the will of the Tomanowis. Come, speak! Will you take my daughter and become my adopted son and, when the Great Chief over there in the sunshine behind the clouds of life has closed my eyes in the last sleep, follow me as chief of the tribe?

Ka-na-witze made signs that he would not speak unless they released his bonds. Obeying an order of the chief, attending braves sprung up, and his hands were quickly loosened, and thus he spoke:

"My chief, my father: True, for five great suns I have lived with your people. I was thrown amongst you when a lad, but already I had made two voyages across the sea, and on returning was to have command of a ship. From the cradle I was betrothed to the white maid. For many moons I have been the companion of your daughter—I have loved and cherished her as a little sister, I have protected her from harm, and have worked to strew her path through life with roses. Yet I never gave her kiss of love, never taught her to look upon me as other than a brother. But, as it seemed that I was forever parted from my early-affianced wife, I would have married her. But the Great Spirit interfered, and in her rescue prohibited the contemplated wedding. We cannot leave you if we would. Therefore, if you cannot endure me and my promised bride amongst you, lead us forth and let us die in each other's arms."

The "medicine-man" now sought his tepee and invoked the aid of "Tomanowis." When the coals of the prophetic herbs in his medicinal urn grew bright, his eyes were opened and he, too, saw eyes were opened and he, too, saw, down the lapse of time, wreck, decima-



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GEORGE L. WOODS.  
A Pioneer of 1847.

tion and final extermination of his people from the cause assigned. Again he sought the chief's wigwam and unfolded to him the future; but the chief's pride was greatly touched and he would no longer listen, but ordered more braves to the watch, and sentenced the prisoners to be executed when the first rays of morning sun should reach his wigwam. Sorely troubled, the dreamer started once more to his tepee, and in the trail he met Kon-i-te-ma, and they planned together how the white couple should be saved from their threatened doom. As they spoke the seal-maid joined their council and told him to gather certain herbs and smoke them in his pipe before the braves who guarded the prisoners, and all present would be overcome with deep slumber. To Kon-i-te-ma: "When all are under the influence of the powerful narcotic, proceed to the wigwam and apply to the eyes of the prisoners, and the dreamer, the liquid from this elk's horn, and when they had shaken off their drowsiness, release the bonds of the prisoners and conduct them, with the dreamer, to the canoe which you will find moored at the trail crossing of the river; place paddles in their hands and direct their course up the river toward the lake, and when the flooding tide has carried your canoe around the point, obscuring it from view, and the rising moon has cleared the forest tops, and, through the fleecy clouds, silvers the crests of the rippling incoming waters, I will overtake you and be your guide."

The dreamer did as he was commanded, and they all slept—the braves, the prisoners and the dreamer. Then Kon-i-te-ma rubbed the eyes of the dreamer and of the prisoners with the liquid furnished her by the seal-maid, and their eyes were opened and their intellects became bright and active. Then she cut the thongs that bound the prisoners and beckoned them away, and led them by the trail, past the sleeping chief's house, to a little inlet where a canoe was securely tethered, obscured from view amongst the flags and water-lilies. And when the swells of the incoming tide commenced

to break with a rilling laugh on the smooth pebbles of the beach, they left their safe mooring, and with Kanawitze in the bow, and the dreamer in the stern, to paddle and steer, they worked with all their power up the stream. In the body of the canoe, upon rugs made of the softened skins of the otter, both sea and land, sat Kon-i-te-ma, holding the hands of the white maid; and, while her heart was breaking with unrequited love, she prayed their safe deliverance.

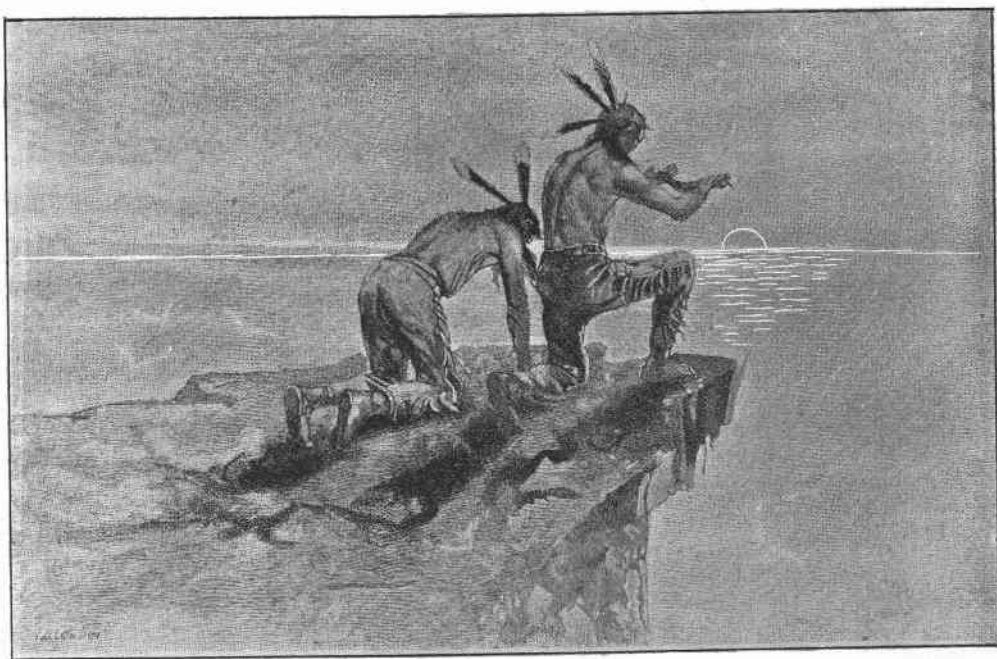
At the point designated they were overtaken by their promised guide, and then a dense cloud settled down and overhung the river. But the seal-maid glided ahead, now and then striking with her tail a little whirlpool of phosphorescent light in the water, which, like a will-o'-the-wisp, flitting to and fro before them, guided them on their way. Just as they reached the point where the swift-running waters of the mountain stream lost themselves with those of the bay at its mouth, the shriek of the white-tipped eagle, left behind at watch, apprised them that the village was awakened and pursuit begun. Then the fog lifted before them, as if to favor their escape, and redoubled in density behind.

As the first grey streaks of morning lit the eastern sky they commenced the ascent of the river, ever following in the wake of the seal-maid, who safely guided them past the destructive rocks that, like "Scilla and Carybdis," beset them on every side.

Once, when hotly pursued, they came to a jam of logs across the stream, which threatened to bar their progress, and the star of hope seemed to have deserted them. Log upon log was piled heavenward for more than forty feet. They turned about, unmindful of their guide, and would have given up in despair, but an angry lashing of the water again called their attention to her, making her way through sheets of water between the logs, like channels in the floes in the polar seas, towards a streak of shining light beneath a giant log which seemed but the thickness of a tree leaf. Then the seal-maid disappeared,

and they were seemingly caught in a snare, and left to sure annihilation. Suddenly, however, there came a tugging at the canoe from underneath, which drew it downward and forced it violently ahead. Now destruction by drowning appeared inevitably staring them in the face. Preservation from present danger made them inflect their heads to the bottom of the canoe, and then in safety, while they held their breath, it was hurried through beneath a tree and into a long extension of

gested, and broke in a thousand cascades between the rocks, and then, in one mad leap, poured in a water-fall, down a paddle's length or more. But here the escaping boatmen took to poles and drove the canoe, hard after the seal-maid into the brakes where seemed no water for the watercresses, but where the channel led them in a gradual ascent past the threatening rocks and waterfall. This channel the pursuers were ignorant of, and were hindered many moments, precious to the occupants in the canoe ahead,



"Goes forth to the overhanging cliff to propitiate the Great Spirit."

smooth waters above. The pursuers, when they found their intended victims not within the promised trap, raised a yell that reverberated up the gulches leading out from the stream for many miles away. Without relaxation, however, they lifted their canoe across the jam and into the stream above it, and with redoubled efforts drove her on in hot pursuit. They now thought to overtake the fleeing canoe a short distance above, where the stream was much con-

in dragging their dug-outs round the obstacles to their passage. Two nights and a day, without relaxation, they pushed ahead. The second morning when the sun, still hidden by the hills, had painted the heaven's above with a million brilliant, shooting rays, and the sun-dogs sported in the eastern sky, the stream widened out into a beautiful lake whose banks were studded with giant trees of spruce and fir, extending for many miles beyond.

All gazed in admiration at the magnificent scenery. The outlines of the mountain shadows cast upon the waters from the burning sun behind, and the reflected images, beneath the water, of the trees along the lake, made it seem that nature had reversed herself, so grandly beautiful was her mirrored work. But when the blazing monitor arose from the snow-peaked horizon, the enchantment seemed to dissolve, and the minds again descended to their present danger. Looking around they discovered the seal-maid had disappeared. Then, steering to a fallen log that measured half its length upon the lake, the dreamer took Kon-i-te-ma by the hand and stepping ashore with her, addressed Ka-na-witze:

"My white son, here will we wait the coming of our people, and attempt to turn them back from their wild design. Here at the beginning of this beautiful body of water, that of itself speaks of enchantment, I draw a dividing line. Go you and people the land above this lake and beyond the snows, but come not again among our tribe." Kon-i-te-ma, with the sweetness of forlorn contentment, spoke to the white maid, saying: "Sister, go: I give my love to you. I would have climbed beyond my sphere in life, but I smother my heart's desire. I cannot marry where I love, therefore no other man shall call me wife. The Great Spirit has promised a reward for my sacrifice. In sweet remembrance I will hold my stricken love in the happy life beyond the Great Sleep. If I save my people from their threatened fate, a tranquil happiness within view of the face of the Great Father shall be my lot. Farewell forever my sweet lady, and—my only love.

The white couple took a course for the sugar loaf peak which stands in the middle of the valley above the lake, and their canoe was but a little speck upon the water, away over in the distance, when the pursuers came to where Kon-i-te-ma and the dreamer waited. The Indians say that the white couple were lost, and their spirits still inhabit the giant sentinels of the Olympic Mountains, Mt.

Olympus and Mt. Constantine; and, when the sun, sinking in the west, shoots his beams upon their crests, the spirits of Ka-na-witze and his spouse, dressed in bridal garments which in glistening whiteness rival the icy snows of winter thereabouts, are plainly visible.

When the pursuers came upon the dreamer, he stood with Kon-i-te-ma by his side as in a trance, and raised his hand heavenwards forbidding them to go farther in pursuit. "The lake," he said, "is fatal to our people. Stay within the confines of the valley bordering on the river below, and you shall multiply and remain a great nation."

But they were obdurate and would not listen, and the chief coming up, ordered the dreamer and Kon-i-te-ma bound and placed in his canoe. "The dreamer is false and shall die," he exclaimed in wrath, "and my undutiful daughter shall marry a eunuch slave from the Clatsops."

They started again in pursuit, but a storm coming up they were driven to the shore, where Mt. Elizabeth stands as a sleepless guard over the lake. For many days they were weather bound and could neither pursue nor return, and then the Great Spirit frowned upon them, and they were all stricken with dread disease and fell in death like autumn leaves. At last in sore distress they released the dreamer, and in their sorrowful extremity sought his advice. He answered: "Return from hence, for hereafter no redmen can live around the waters of this lake. Come here and trap and fish and shoot the deer and elk when you will, but those who attempt to make their homes on the banks of its fatal waters shall die with this terrible scourge. The 'Tomanowis' has spoken."

They returned to the village in the lowlands of the river bank near the beach. Kon-i-te-ma, stricken with the plague, escaping from her keepers, wandered out one night, and sat upon a rock o'erlooking the sea. In her fevered delirium she imagined the sacred seals were calling her and leaped out into the

boiling, breaking waters and was never seen afterwards. Now, when the storm howls along the coast no Indian will approach, this point of rocks, for the moaning and wailing of the winds around the point they believe to be the voice of Kon-i-te-ma, and, while reticent on the subject before strangers, they tell anyone who gains their confidence, that sickness and dread unmasterful disease amongst them dates from the death of the old chief's daughter; and they will continue to degenerate until her spirit comes back to them in the flesh.

the disappearance of the old chief's daughter, and they will continue to degenerate until her spirit comes back to them in the flesh. Then they will receive their former greatness. With the death of Kon-i-te-ma the sacred seals forever left the waters of the Quinault, and the ocean bordering on the land of this once prosperous Indian tribe.

Even now, when the remnants of the tribe assemble at the agency, on the occasion of a "cultus potlach" or a "medicine dance," when the early autumn sea tells but a hushed story to the glistening agate beach, in the quietness of the small hours of after midnight, just as the silver moon, before dipping beneath the ocean horizon, casts her last cold rays, like huge search lights, on the headlands of the coast, the dreamer, accompanied by a brave, goes forth to the overhanging cliff and drops the choicest morsels of whale skin and dried elk into the waters. This is done to propitiate the wrath of the Great Spirit, so he will recall the sacred seals to their former haunts on the rocks that dot the shores. For a legend runs that Kon-i-te-ma was saved from drowning by the seals and borne away to other shores, and with their return will reappear the lost princess of their tribe.

H. D. CHAPMAN.



The first recorded date where a white man placed his foot upon the soil of the Pacific Northwest is given as July 14, 1775. The same date also marks the time when the first white man is known to have met his death at the hands of the Indians.

These incidents come to the pages of history from accounts of the voyages made by Spanish navigators. In the year mentioned the ship *Santiago*, in command of Capt. Bruno Heceta, and *Sonora*, in command of Lieut. Bodega Quadra, were sailing up the coast, and upon arriving at a point now called Point Greenville, concluded to land. Capt. Heceta went on shore with a priest and a few others, for the purpose of setting up a cross. He met but a few Indians and returned safely to his vessel. Lieut. Quadra sent Pedro Santa Ana, his boatswain, and six seamen on shore for a supply of fresh water. They had hardly reached land before they were at-

tacked by the natives and five of the party were killed by them, the remaining two lost their lives by drowning while endeavoring to swim to the vessel.

The first murder perpetrated by the Indians living south of the Columbia's mouth, was committed in what was named Murderer's Harbor, now believed to have been Tillamook bay. The *Lady Washington*, under command of Capt. Robert Gray, who afterwards discovered the Columbia river, ran his vessel into the bay, when some of the crew went on shore. Among those going was the captain's servant, a Spanish lad from the Cape Verde Islands, named Marcos Lopez. The Indians stole his cutlass, and in trying to recover it he was killed by them. This occurred August 16, 1792.



It is said that a consignment of Oregon eggs shipped to California in 1849, on the *General Lane*, sold at the Sacramento markets at \$1 each.

## A TOUR OF THE WORLD.

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

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(Published by Special Permission of Mr. Valentine.)

Warsaw, Nov. 27, 1899.

DEAR UNCLE AARON:

After practically five days' stay in St. Petersburg we continued on to Moscow, twelve hours distant, and, in round figures, 400 miles to the southeast. The railroad connecting these two cities was built between 1848-'51 by Ross Wynans, of Baltimore, and he is reputed to have made a colossal fortune out of the contract. The line, perfectly straight, is through a country that in some respects resembles "the bad lands of Dakota," though more timbered, and in others the turf or peat lands of Southern Denmark and Northern Germany; and yet allowing for these natural disadvantages, I was surprised to find that no appreciable improvements in the conditions of living have made themselves manifest along this line of road in the fifty years since its construction. The peasant villages to be seen enroute are mere aggregations of log hovels, and those removed from it are said to present even a more shabby appearance. When winter comes, the occupants of these huts are not merely the peasant with his wife and children, but sometimes the cow, pig, chickens, etc., are also sheltered inside, and from all one sees and hears there is no doubt in my mind that the condition of these peasants is more squalid today than any that prevailed amongst the African slaves in the United States before they were freed from bondage by President Lincoln. I am informed that these peasants hire out for sixty roubles (\$30) per season; which, applying as it does to the whole year, brings them only \$2.50 earnings per month; yet in the days of slavery a colored wo-

man would earn double that amount in addition to her board and clothing; while a colored man would earn three times as much—board and clothing likewise included. Even in the Gulf States I have never seen a regular "plantation quarters" for slave labor more bare and primitive than the log huts which constitute the Russian peasant villages met with along the route between St. Petersburg, Moscow, and elsewhere.

Moscow, the railroad center of Russia in Europe, claims a population of 1,100,000. By reference to the atlas it will be seen that railroads diverge from this point in every direction. To the northwest runs the line to St. Petersburg and Finland, connecting with steamers for down the Gulf of Finland and up the Gulf of Bothnia, and on the south side of the Gulf of Finland with railroads to Courland and Seeland, and again by steamer thence across the Baltic; to the southwest by rail to Warsaw, Germany, and Austria; and south to the Caucasus and to Odessa, Batum, and other ports on the Black Sea; while almost due eastward extends the great Trans-Siberian road, of which some 3,000 miles are in operation—possibly more—as it is said trains are nine days enroute to the present eastern terminus. It must be borne in mind, however, that trains in Russia are not run as fast as in the United States. The ultimate termini of this Trans-Siberian Railway are to be Vladivostock, on the southeastern extremity of Siberia, and Port Arthur, on the Gulf of Pechili, China, recently acquired by lease—both facing the Pacific ocean, but

separated from it by the Japan Sea, and the Yellow Sea, respectively.

Moscow is situated on the Moskva River, the waters of which empty into the Volga, and it in turn discharges into the Caspian Sea. The city is said to be built on seven hills; and while these are not very conspicuous elevations they serve to relieve it from the dead-level monotony which characterizes St. Petersburg. Little is to be said of the city architecturally. It has a somewhat rambling appearance, and its general situation reminds me more of Chihuahua, Mexico, than of any other locality I can now call to mind, though it has no such background of hills. Many of its houses partake of Southern characteristics, resembling those of Mexican cities—having a driveway entrance from the street to an inner court or patio, in which are located servants' quarters, stables, etc.

The social atmosphere as apprehended by tourists is less marked by officialism than in St. Petersburg, and I infer there is more of neighborly intimacy between the masses of the population than exists in that city.

Nearly in the centre of Moscow, occupying one of its hills, is located what is known as the Kremlin, and as the chief historic interest of the city—if not of Russia—centres in the Kremlin, I will be a little more specific in describing it. The Kremlin of Moscow was begun originally by the construction of a little building—a monastery, called "St. Savior in the Wood." Around this modest structure grew up in time a regal settlement, justifying the tradition that the Kremlin dates back nearly a thousand years. Certainly it is that it has been a fortress for hundreds of years—that it was captured by the Poles and wrested from them by the Tartars, and from them was retaken by the Russians. It is somewhat triangular in shape, and the total length of its surrounding walls is nearly two miles. It is situated on the highest of the seven little hills within the limits of the city, protected on one side by the Moskva River, and on the other

by a moat which can be flooded from the river. Entrance to the enclosure is had by five different gates. From each of the four corners of the walls rises a massive tower of considerable magnitude, and along the intervening spaces there are sixteen smaller towers, all intended for defense; though, of course, worthless as against modern artillery.

Within the Kremlin enclosure are the Great Palace, the Little Palace, the Arsenal, the Law Courts, three churches in which the emperors are respectively crowned, baptized and married, (and up to Peter I, were buried) one Convent, one Monastery, the Tower of Ivan IV, a Statue of Alexander II, and the "Big Bell of the Kremlin." This bell is about 25 feet in diameter and 30 feet high. It formerly hung in a wooden tower in front of the original little monastery already mentioned. Its weight is said to be 200 tons; and 7 tons is the weight of a comparatively small section of it lying by its side. This fragment was broken out of the bell when it fell, years ago, the tower itself being burnt.

The palaces in the Kremlin enclosure do not require elaborate reference, though each is important as being the place where one of the various ceremonies of an imperial coronation is conducted. What is called "The Treasury" in the royal buildings, contains a great number and variety of valuables and costly gifts of all kinds presented to the royal family—but I shall mention only one, that of the Japanese Government to the present emperor at his coronation, a large ivory eagle, settling or alighting upon a mammoth *Cryptomaria* stump. The distended wings must be eight feet from tip to tip. The carving of the plumage is exquisite, and the entire piece is magnificently executed in every respect. In view of the magnitude of the Emperor's domains, the prowess of the Muscovite people, and the commanding position of the Russian Government in the affairs of the world, the Japanese conception of a fitting memento seems exceptionally felicitous.

The three churches, already referred

to as within the enclosure—viz: the Assumption, the Annunciation, and that of the Archangel St. Michael—are not attractive specimens of architecture viewed from the outside, and inside the walls and ceilings are literally covered with paintings, some of them undoubtedly of artistic merit, but marred and defaced by the application of barbaric ideas relating to Icons—i. e., they are largely covered by gold sheets, gold leaf, or gold foil; and the effect produced is something like the combination of colors and figures in a soiled and faded crazy-quilt. A grotesque and amusing wall decoration of one of these churches portrays the incident of Jonah and the Whale. The mammal is pictured as a sort of flattened-out, tailless salmon, with the head of a goose, its bill widely open to swallow Jonah head first. As he likewise emerges head first from this singular nondescript, my guide very aptly remarked: "He go in head first; he come out head first; so he turn around inside."

Looking from any of the towers within the Kremlin walls the stranger is struck by the number of spires and minarets which are visible in all parts of the city, and I was told there are no less than four hundred and fifty public churches in Moscow, to say nothing of private chapels, shrines, etc.

The church of St. Basil, with its eleven towers and eleven chapels, just outside the Kremlin walls, is deserving of mention. It was built in the time of "Ivan the Terrible," and presents a grotesque appearance. The completed structure so highly pleased that amiable monarch that by way of showing his appreciation of the work he had the architect's eyes put out in order to prevent the possibility of his constructing another which might eclipse this church.

The "House Romanoff," not far distant, an unpretentious building, is interesting as being the birth-place of the first of the present Russian dynasty. In it are still to be seen the cradle, toys, etc., of Czar Michael, who was the first to

proclaim himself "Emperor of all the Russias."

Another feature of Moscow deserving of mention, is the old city wall, outside that enclosing the Kremlin. The foundations of this old wall rest upon that originally constructed and maintained by the Tartars, during their period of supremacy in Russia—i. e., the latter part of the twelfth and up to the latter part of the fourteenth century.

A pleasant relief from the distortions on the walls of the Kremlin churches and the gruesome spectres conjured up by the church of St. Basil are the fine paintings which adorn the modern church of St. Savior, located in another part of the city and built in commemoration of the defeat of the allied French forces, when they marched upon Moscow in 1812. The church is a single cross in form, and while its exterior is not particularly imposing—though of magnitude—the interior is singularly fine, stately and impressive. To the height of probably thirty feet the walls are finished in highly polished stone work—marble, jasper, porphyry, etc.—and above this height, including the ceiling and the interior of the magnificent dome, they have been decorated by three of the best living Russian artists—Verestchagine, Makouffsky and Semaratzky. "The Last Supper," by Semaratzky, immediately in the rear of the chancel, bears no resemblance in design or treatment to that of Leonardo da Vinci, but it is strikingly effective in its own way. In addition to other admirable features of this noble structure the effects of light, as introduced, are unusually good. Some fifty feet above the floor, at each of the four extremities of the cross, are large and beautiful stained glass windows which shed a flood of softened light throughout the whole interior.

The palaces, the churches, the monasteries and the convents of the city all contain paintings of merit and interest, but the most modern and the most pleasing are those to be found in the church of St. Savior, and in a notable private col-

lection donated to the city by the Tritjakoff brothers, merchants of Moscow—now both dead. These gentlemen occupied themselves with business affairs most successfully, but were possessed also of cultured taste, and in the splendid gallery of paintings which they devised to the city while living are to be seen some of the finest specimens of Russian pictorial art. In this collection there are many, many pictures of notable excellence, indeed.

Two places of interest that we visited just outside the city are Sparrow Hill and Petrofsky Palace. The former is to the south and there Napoleon had his headquarters, in a two-story stuccoed brick house which is now used as a "vodke"—shop for peasants. From here he issued his demands for the surrender of Moscow, which were answered by the burning of the city. The condition of the road we traveled from Moscow to Sparrow Hill was such as to suggest that the thousand cannons of Napoleon's now in the Kremlin might recently have been dragged over it. The Petroffsky palace is on the north side of town, and here, after the burning of Moscow, Napoleon declared himself Emperor of Europe. Five days later, however, began that world-memorable retreat, of the awful disasters attending which between nine hundred and a thousand French cannon in the Kremlin but faintly intimate the story.

But of far more interest to me than the relics of by-gone dynasties and evidences of the throat-cutting proclivities of the human race, was the presence in Moscow of a distinguished man whose life has been one long struggle and sacrifice to mitigate the evils, privations, and hardships of his fellow-beings. I refer to Count Leo Tolstoy. Sending him my card, he very promptly and courteously invited me to call in the evening, which I did. During the interview I had the pleasure of meeting him and two of his sons, each of whom—father and sons—speak good English; hence there was no bar or hindrance to our conversation. Count Leo Tolstoy asked various ques-

tions relative to our country in general and California in particular; but his chief interest, from first to last, was centered in the attitude of the United States toward the Philippines. This he profoundly deplored, because, as he said, it is in effect a nullification of the position our country has hitherto occupied amongst the nations of the world.

#### BERLIN

Berlin, December 4, 1899.

Having despatched my letter on Moscow. I will record a few observations on Warsaw, the next city of especial interest along my line of travel. A glance at a map will illustrate this, Warsaw being situated on the main route from Moscow to Berlin, to which city my course was directed. The country traversed before leaving Moscow presented much the same general features as that between it and St. Petersburg. We passed successively the towns of Smolensk, Minsk and Brest. The last named being near the borders of Poland, the country thereabouts already begins to assume a much more inviting appearance. There are better farm improvements, finer timber tracts, more and better farm lands, more comfortable cabins for the peasantry, etc., and there is apparent on all sides a more advanced stage of civilization and progress; though in none of these particulars is it to be compared with the carefully cultivated farms, pleasant homes and villages of Scandinavian countries. About the latter there was an all pervading neatness and tidiness which distinguishes the rural scenery of eastern Canada and those of our own New England states, and to which Russia furnishes no parallel whatever.

The city of Warsaw is located on the river Vistula, (Weichsel) which, rising in Hungary, finds its way through Cracow, Warsaw, etc., to the Baltic at or near Elbing and Danzig, in northeastern Germany. Two fine bridges spanning the river connect the east and west sides of Warsaw—the one upstream being for ordinary passage and that lower down for railroad crossing. The city is built

mainly on elevated ground, the greater and best part of it being from 50 to 75 feet higher than the districts immediately adjoining the river. Its population is said to be over 600,000; of whom 150,000 are Jews, chiefly congregated in one particular quarter, and in that quarter may be seen a community as weird-looking and diversified in costume and calling as can be found on Hester Street and its vicinity in New York City—but not more so. Having visited both localities I make bold to say that Hester Street and the courts and alleys which together constitute the so-called Russian-Jewish quarter of New York, present quite as strange and uncanny aspects as the Jewish quarters of Warsaw; or, for that matter, of any other European city I have yet visited; and I believe the density of population in the New York locality mentioned is greater than that found in the "Ghetto" of Warsaw.

The old royal palace of Poland, in Warsaw, has been divested of its interior trappings and valuable belongings, and hence had no attractions to offer; but even if it had, there is a tiresome monotony about the contents of palaces that eventually palls upon the interest of a traveler. What remains visible and attractive here of the former royalty of Poland is the summer palace of King Poniatowsky, which is kept in perfect repair and maintained as he left it over one hundred years ago (about 1795), and is still utilized during the summer as a visiting place of the Russian Emperor. This cozy little abode of royalty is the most home-like of any of the palaces I have ever visited, and they have been comparatively numerous. There is a unique feature of the grounds surrounding it that deserves mention—viz.: an out-door summer theatre. The stage and settings of this are on a tiny island in a little lake not far from the palace walls, while the auditorium consists of seats arranged along the opposite shores nearby, the whole being located within the confines of a park which must be very beautiful in the summer season. Not far

from this charming retreat is one of the newly extended and most fashionable avenues of the city,—the Champs Elysees. This is a broad, well-paved thoroughfare, line down either side by handsome modern houses. In this connection, it may be stated that there is little or no odor or appearance of antiquity to any of the principal cities of Northern Europe. That has passed away. The growth and improvements during the present generation have been as remarkable in Europe as in America. There are important cities in Northern Europe that in fifty years have increased 400 per cent in population; and while all the material evidences of this growth and prosperity are as modern and fresh as in New York City, Chicago or San Francisco, architecturally they are far more symmetrical, artistic, and pleasing than those of our American cities.

However, the subject matter of this budget is Warsaw, sole and in particular, not Northern Europe, which will be considered later. One of the main streets of Warsaw, and next in importance to the Champs Elysees, is known as Jerusalem avenue, a lively commercial thoroughfare. Here, as well as in other cities visited, all streets are clean and tidy; for there is exercised that constant supervision that obtains under a government paternal in its chief characteristics. This paternalism finds some most admirable manifestations,—as I shall possibly mention in a future letter. While Warsaw has collections of art, those visited are not important enough to require special comment, and the churches, practically as numerous as elsewhere, may be placed in the same category. It may be noted, however, that the Roman Catholic, not the Russian—so-called "Greek" churches—largely predominate. The opera and the circus are deserving of special mention, for the performances attended in both places were very good. In all these cities I have made it a rule to attend the opera, circus, varieties, etc., as well as the churches, for they all afford opportunities of seeing the habits, dress and

demeanor of the people in-doors, which I wish to observe as well as their walk and conversation out of doors. I think it not unfair to say that to a casual observer the Poles give evidences of greater cultivation and refinement than do their northern neighbors. The opera, "Ernani," presented at the Warsaw opera house, being one with which I am familiar, afforded me an opportunity of making comparisons, and the general excellence of the performance was scarcely second to that of the Copenhagen company, which is decidedly the best operatic troupe I have heard in Europe. In its own peculiar way the circus performance was not less good and enjoyable.

There is the usual display of monumental statues scattered about the city, but none meriting special comment, because whatever commemorates the achievements of Poland is minimized by Russian authority, and that which exalts and glorifies Russian domination is not pleasant for an American to contemplate. I will not indulge in sentiment, and therefore refrain from dwelling upon the several partitions of Poland (the process of carving it having thrice been repeated between 1770 and 1795), whereby a gallant people now numbering 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 have been deprived of national existence. In these days regret over such a mournful vicissitude in a nation's history is out of fashion; the trend of our times being in the direction of the poet Pope's dictum: "Whatever is, is right!" Hence nothing disreputable that ever happened was wrong; and "the cry of the little peoples" is not to be heeded for a moment. However, the political advancement of Austria and Germany during the past fifty years has undoubtedly exerted a reflex influence and given to the Poles within their jurisdiction a reasonable measure of representation, as viewed from the standpoint of European imperialism. Whether as much may be said of Russia and its slice I am not so sure; but even there the status of citizenship is better than it was.

Considering the direct relations of

Moscow and Warsaw to the tragical events of 1812 in the career of Napoleon Bonaparte, one of the most intensely interesting sights in the latter city is the panorama or cyclorama of the crossing of the Berezyna river by Napoleon's army during its dreadful retreat from Moscow in midwinter. It presents a ghastly spectacle of human suffering, distress and agony, so realistic in its general and detailed execution that it caused me to shiver with horror at the thought of the awful misery and overwhelming disaster that overtook Napoleon and his grand army in its effort to impress upon all Europe the advantages, benefits and ennobling and elevating influences of "the strenuous life," as it is now called in America. No picture ever drawn by historian, poet or painter can convey an adequate sense of the indescribable horrors of that retreat. Of Napoleon's invading army, 300,000 were sacrificed in that ill-fated campaign,

I had contemplated going from Warsaw to Cracow, the ancient capital of Poland, some distance further south, but dead kings and potentates having been served up to me in every style, every day, for the previous three weeks, I concluded not to have the repose of the kings of Poland intruded upon, and so continued my journey due westward to Berlin, where I am now, and find much to engage my highest interest,

#### BERLIN

Berlin, December 12th, 1899.

My last budget, the topic of which was Warsaw, bore date Berlin, Dec. 4th, and here I still am, having occupied two weeks in looking in a desultory way at the city and its environs.

From Warsaw to Berlin, the country traversed was not dissimilar from that met with in Scandinavia. the stretch of land extending southeast from the shores of the Baltic is principally rolling, similar to that of Northwestern Illinois or Iowa, and practically all of it is under cultivation. The farm houses, farms, etc., are neat and tidy, and the people, so far as seen, are healthy, robust-looking specimens of humanity.

The city of Berlin forms a subject of greater magnitude than any yet treated of in this correspondence, and all its diversified and notable features are too numerous to be mentioned within the narrow limits of a letter. Topographically it occupies a dead level, though the ground has an ascent toward its southern boundary, reaching an elevation in that quarter of about 100 feet above the valley. Including its several suburban annexes of late years, there are now probably 2,500,000 people congregated in and about what is one of the handsomest great cities of continental Europe—a phenomenal growth attained within the last forty years, its greatest impetus having been acquired from the war indemnity exacted from France. The river Spree with its several branches flows through Berlin, and contiguous thereto forms a junction with the Havel, that river in turn emptying into the Elbe, and it into the Baltic sea. It is therefore not lacking that pleasing feature so noticeable in other cities of Northern Europe,—namely, canals; which here, as elsewhere, connect with the rivers traversing the various sections of the city and still continue to serve in a measure the needs of commerce, to which in times past they sustained an all-important relation.

An item of special interest attaching to this water transportation is the apple traffic from Bohemia carried by boats, that country being drained by branches of the Spree. These apple boats are to be seen daily throughout the city discharging their cargoes. They are about the width and twice the length of an ordinary American canal-boat, and are usually propelled with long poles, both men and women performing this fatiguing labor.

A region of country called the Spree Forest lying along the river not far from Berlin is populated by a primitive but very estimable people, in part of Slavonian origin—Wendisch, so-called—who amongst themselves speak a dialect unintelligible to the aristocratic Germans of Prussia. Their settlements or communes have no regularly laid-out streets,

the houses being built along the paths, roadways, or streams winding through the woods. The products of their toil are conveyed to market on canal boats such as described, though often of smaller size, so as to accommodate themselves to the lessening volume of water in some sections whence they come. These boats, whether large or small, are usually sold after their cargoes are disposed of, and the late owners—orchardists, truck farmers and others—when they again have occasion during the following season to market their crops, come with a new boat built during the interval of waiting. Another reason for speaking of the Spree forest and foresters in connection with Berlin is to mention the popular nurse girls who hail from there. Their quaint costume at once arrests the eye of the visiting tourists, and intelligent citizens have told me that this locality furnishes the city relatively a greater number of children's nurses than any other of similar population in Germany. The lives and habits of this peculiar people are simple and wholesome to a notable degree.

Returning to Berlin: The central avenue of its social and business activity—the thoracic artery, as it were, of its circulating humanity is the famous broad boulevard located in the center of the city and known as Unter den Linden (Under the Lindens), with its four rows of lime trees separated from each curb by about 50 feet of roadbed, and altogether quite 300 feet in width and nearly a mile in length. It was laid out originally by the Great Elector Frederick William, over 200 years ago, but did not assume its commanding prominence until Frederick the Great gave it his personal attention. Its entrance is from the wooded park known as the Thiergarten or Animal Enclosure through the Brandenburg Gate, which faces westward. What claim this shady tract of land has to its suggestive title beyond the probability that wild animals once infested it, I have not learned; the name Animal enclosure, (more literally, Animal Garden) suggests the idea of its

having been utilized for a time as a royal zoo. At present it is simply a finely wooded park of several hundred acres within the city limits, its western boundary extending to Charlottenburg, an independent municipality of about 150,000 people.

Reverting briefly to the Brandenburg Gate, the grand entrance to Unter den Linden at its western extremity: This shapely, classical structure is surmounted by the famous and spirited bronze group—a figure of Victory, standing erect on her triumphal car, guiding and urging forward her four impetuous steeds—one of the popular idols which Napoleon Bonaparte carried off after the campaign of 1807, when Germany lay prostrate at his feet, and which seven years later was returned to the city, in what might be called the general restitution of all things looted by that imperial despoiler. Unter den Linden extends eastward from this splendid gateway nearly a mile, and terminates at the base of the finest equestrian monument in Europe that of Frederick the Great, where the fashionable avenue is succeeded by an irregular plaza or open space in the heart of the city, on one side of which flows the Spree, spanned here by several bridges, the finest of which, the Great Elector's bridge (Frederick William of Brandenburg) is ornamented with a number of notable statues.

All along Unter den Linden, from one end to the other, is lined on both sides with remarkably handsome buildings—business houses, princely residences, hotels, etc., most remarkable of all being the public buildings on and near it, many of them possessing great historical interest. About the plaza (Lust-Garten) succeeding the street, the group of government buildings looms up at once bold and majestic. On the north side is, first, the National Gallery, opened 1886; and fronting this, with ample intervening space, is what is termed the Old Museum and Gallery, opened 1855; while a little to the west of it on the same line is the University of Berlin. Not far distant from the Museum on the

same street to the westward, is the palace of Emperor Wm. I, (Kaiser Wilhelm") and the Arsenal—the latter building justly famous for the many interesting objects it contains relating to the martial achievements of Germany, its warlike equipments and trophies of war; and in the same vicinity is the old Prussian castle or citadel, the city residence of the present Emperor Wm. II., which is also filled with objects of highest interest—historical and artistical. On the side of the plaza due west is the palace of unfortunate Emperor Frederick III ("Unser Fritz," of Franco-Russian War fame.) On the east side of the Spree, facing the plaza is the Bourse or Stock Exchange, a very imposing and symmetrical building about 300 feet long by 100 feet wide. Its interior is divided into three rooms separated only by fine granite columns—two tiers of them, one above the other—extending from floor to ceiling, which is probably fifty feet in height at the walls, rising to a greater height toward the center of the roof, which is supported by arched iron-girders. Beyond this, somewhat parallel with Unter den Linden, are other notable structures; while on the west side of the river and more nearly facing the eastern extremity of that street and its remarkably effective equestrian monument of Frederick the Great is the new cathedral. Judiciously interspersed here and there throughout the city, in the numerous "breathing places," or little squares with which it abounds, are fine monumental groups and statues—among the rest that of Martin Luther, which is noted as occupying a spot which was formerly set apart for public executions. Near by is the Marien Kirche (St. Mary's Church) which was founded 1000 years ago, quite the oldest church edifice in Berlin. Next to the Prussian Castle (the Schloss), westward, is the National Memorial Monument to Emperor William I.—unveiled March 27th 1897—a grand equestrian statue of that distinguished Emperor ("Kaiser Wilhelm") in bronze, on a lofty pedestal, with an attendant female figure bearing

a wreath in one hand, and grasping the reins of the horse with the other. There are other female figures—a winged Victory stationed tip-toe on a globe at each of the four corners of the pedestal—and behind all extends an elongated semi-circular colonnade, richly sculptured and decorated overhead, ending on each side in a spacious pavilion, surmounted on the top of the colonnade by colossal quadrigae, after the style of that so conspicuous over the Brandenburg Gate. Not far distant is that other dominant and magnificent equestrian monument of Frederick the Great and his Generals, facing the plaza and terminating the Unter den Linden,

It would be indulging in tiresome detail to attempt to enumerate all the prominent buildings on or adjacent to this central plaza, and in other quarters of the city—the Prussian House of Commons, the Museum of Arts and Industries, the Ethnographical Museum—these three at the intersection of Prince Albrecht and Königgrätzer Streets; but the new cathedral occupies the most commanding position and is in fact most conspicuous structure of the plaza group. It is not yet completed, but expected to be next year. It is Romanesque in its architecture, built of yellowish gray sandstone, and has a central dome and four corner cupolas—two of greater magnitude being placed on the front corners. The entire edifice is an appropriate conception, though rather overloaded with ornament about the roof. What surprises me in Gothic Germany is the prevailing style of architecture in its most notable public buildings, which is Grecian or Romanesque. Whether the predilections of Frederick the Great for French and Italian literature, art and taste as well as some other things, influenced subsequent potentates, I know not, but certainly his architectural taste has found followers; and it may be mentioned here incidentally that in his collection at Sanssouci the paintings of greatest merit are those by French artists—Watteau, Lancret, Pesne, et al. There is a fair distribution of becoming

monumental statuary, bronze and marble, in the neighborhood of the plaza, on the Elector's Bridge and Unter den Linden, but without further ado, I will return to the other extremity of the latter. About two blocks north of the Brandenburg gate stands the new Reichstag building, also Romanesque, and like the Cathedral, built of yellowish gray sandstone. It is impracticable to attempt a minute description of these buildings, any one of which would require more time than is at my command, but in general terms that of the Reichstag may be characterized as comparatively massive and impressive; though it has defects, to which I may yet refer. The Victory column stands but a short distance west of the Reichstag, at the head of Victory Avenue, a new thoroughfare, probably half a mile long, which passes through the Thiergarten not far from the Brandenburg Gate. On both sides of this avenue Emperor William II is erecting marble statues, commemorating his ancestors of the Hohenzollern family—the dynasty to which he belongs, founded by the Great Elector of Brandenburg, Frederick William, over two hundred years ago. Leaving for the moment Victory Avenue with its new statues—and its towering column about 370 feet high (shaft and pedestal) we turn westward through the Thiergarten park on a fifteen minutes' drive to the Memorial Church of Kaiser William I, which has just been completed by the present Emperor and which again is of Romanesque style of architecture. While in general this building is admirably finished inside, its peculiar charm is a delicately and finely wrought marble statue of our Lord in the midst of the chancel, the figure exceptionally pleasing in form and attitude and the face very beautiful indeed. Immediately to the west of this church is a five-story building, also constructed by the present Emperor, to conform with the architecture of the church; a circumstance mentioned here because I will further on refer to this particular feature of architectural oversight exercised not only in Berlin and

northern Germany, but also in Northern Europe, the result attained being an architectural harmony, symmetry, and propriety very apparent in European towns and cities.

Referring to the public buildings of Berlin in general, the National Gallery and the "Old Museum," already referred to are classic in style and are within a square, or enclosed on three sides by a colonnade or peristyle of double columns which is architecturally attractive and becoming. The Bourse, same style of architecture, is a handsome structure both externally and internally; and I may say that all the notable buildings are imposing and effective in design, though I will take the liberty of criticizing some. The dome of the Reichstag is too low; it does not have adequate breadth of base where it rests on the roof of the structure. I think in this respect the architectural aspect of the government building decidedly defective. Next I turn to the Victory column. The approach and foundation of dark-red or reddish-brown granite are appropriate and becoming; also the massive square pedestal or plinth on which as a base it rests; and the bronze bas-relief on each face of the square, illustrating Germany's prowess in arms, are excellent. So is the column itself—a round fluted shaft 200 feet high, encircled three times throughout its length by an ornamental band of captured cannon—Danish, Austrian and French—gilded and ranged side by side, their muzzles pointing upward; but the gilded figure of Victory on top is, in my opinion, disproportionately large, and her extremely unconventional attire and flashy attitude make her seem lacking in dignity. Another exception I note is to the City Hall—in a different quarter—a square red brick building devoid of any architectural significance and quite defaced by a brick tower rising midway over the front of the building. This tower resembles a railroad water tank, and reminds me of that which rises from the center of the ferry building in San Francisco, which looks as if it had been

dropped down from above and gone too far through.

I have spoken elsewhere of the house erected by the present Emperor near the Memorial Church to establish harmonious surroundings for the latter, my purpose being, as stated, to refer later to a custom which prevails in all cities of Northern Europe—namely, that whenever anyone, be he emperor, prince, financial potentate, or ordinary citizen puts up a structure he must respect the regulation which provides against excluding sunlight from the street or dwarfing by undue proportions improved property adjoining a new building. No house is permitted to be built higher than the width of the street upon which it faces; moreover the architect's designs must first be submitted to an official commission, which decides whether the building will be in proper keeping with the character or prominence of the section in which it is to be located. This does not mean that the commission exercises arbitrary power in determining the architectural design or ornamentations of private buildings, but merely that they shall not radically contrast with their surroundings, nor infringe on the rights of some humbler property holder in the same neighborhood. This, so far as I have observed, is a general rule in Northern Europe, and the result is that European cities are much more symmetrical, harmonious, and pleasing to the eye than they are in America. In none of my travels in continental Europe, past and present, have I ever come across one of those sky-scraping architectural freaks or monstrosities which deface our own cities.

The spirit of paternalism in Berlin which is not confined to architectural matters is not without its advantages. For example: a policeman, thrusting down the ferrule of an American's umbrella carried horizontally, was asked, "Why did you do that?" To save you from the possibility of injuring some other person's eyes," was the reply. Walking along the street I noticed a

drunken man, the only case I met with during my two weeks' stay here. He was what Americans call "in a weaving way," but not otherwise demonstrative. A few feet behind him—never nearer than five to ten feet—walked a policeman, who was evidently escorting him to his home to see that no harm should befall him by the way. The same paternal spirit applies also to public vehicles, street cars, cabs, etc., the drainage of houses, and various other things too numerous to think of. In fact the citizen is taken care of, whether he will or no. The average American may on first thought say that this is irksome; yet it is not, and I can very well understand why an intelligent Berliner may prefer the administration of affairs of his own city to that of American municipalities.

As to impressions of the people of

Berlin: this is not my first visit to Germany, but all the former pleasant impressions have been renewed and confirmed by later contact with this common-sense, kindly people, who in their customs, appearance and manners differ little from ourselves. Berlin, of course, is democratic, or more accurately speaking has the spirit of social democracy, as Hamburg, Bremen, Copenhagen, Christiania, Stockholm and Helsingfors likewise have. All these great northern cities are imbued with democratic principles—not radical in the main, but sturdy and insistent; with what seems to me a disposition to assert their rights, but in a spirit tolerant of long-established conservative institutions, and the patience to await a fuller development of liberty.

Yours truly,

*Wm. J. Valentine*



## WASHINGTON'S FIRST MILL STONE.

In the July number of the Washington Historian is found an article with reference to "the first mill stone ever used in Washington," which is as follows:

"H. H. Spalding, of Almota, presented the State Historical Society with the first millstone ever used in Washington. It was ground out of a piece of granite along in the 40's and used by the Indians near Alpowa to grind the grain they were taught how to raise by Mr. Spalding's father and his colleague, Dr. Whitman. These two pioneers crossed the plains together in 1836. Alpowa, where the stone was used, was the

home of such noted chiefs as Red Wolf and Timothy and is located in Whitman county, on Snake river. The millstone was hewn out of a piece of granite. It is three feet in diameter, a foot thick and has a hole in the center seven or eight inches in diameter."

The writer of the article has evidently forgotten that history states that the Hudson's Bay Company had a flouring mill near Vancouver in the early thirties, and that it was maintained for years, supplying the needs of the settlers in all parts of the Pacific Northwest where their stations or posts were located, besides furnishing flour to the Indians.

## WAS IT LUCK OR PROVIDENCE?

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"There is no such thing as luck," said the young school master. "Nothing happens. Everything which occurs is the direct result of causes sufficient to produce that result. No one believes in luck but the most ignorant people; and I cannot understand why anyone should believe such stuff. There is nothing to support the idea whatever."

It was a cold evening in December, of 1862. We were sitting before a fire of blazing pine logs on the south side of the Spokane river, Washington state, near the site now occupied by the city of Spokane. We were enroute from Pen D' Orille lake, traveling with a four-mule team to Walla Walla, Washington. Two brothers, John and Robert Shaw, Arthur Grey and myself, composed our company. The schoolmaster had been teaching at Fort Colville and was returning to his home at The Dalles. The brothers had been for several years trapping for the Hudson's Bay Company and, becoming tired of that pursuit, were seeking other scenes. They were good, manly, honest fellows, but extremely illiterate, which fact annoyed Mr. Grey not a little. John, who was the most talkative of the two, was continually being corrected in his ideas and speech. In fact, Mr. Grey was one of those teachers who never dismiss school, but feel it their duty to correct error wherever they find it. There was constant friction between these two.

The remark with which this sketch opens was called forth by John who persisted in speaking of luck, both good and bad. His eyes opened wide when his pet notions about luck were thus unceremoniously attacked.

"Don't you think anything ever happens that wouldn't happened if everything had gone on smooth and regular?"

he asked, at the conclusion of the schoolmaster's remarks.

"I can't say as to that," answered Mr. Grey, smiling, "but I adhere to my original statement. There is no such thing as luck and I assure you, if you had enjoyed any educational advantages, you would agree with me. I know you are honest in your conviction and I would gladly instruct you about such things, but your mental vision is so extremely limited I find it difficult to make you comprehend what I say."

"Jist so," said John. "I can't argue with you for you've got all the biggest words, and I know it. But I am going to tell you about a streak of luck me and Bob got into, and I'll bet you'll give in when you hear it.

"Well, as I told you, we have been trappin' and freightin' for the Hudson's Bay Company up in British Columbia. Trappin' is done mostly in the winter; so is freightin'. They used dogs for horses and the rivers and lakes for roads. A good pullin' dog is worth ten dollars an' a well-broke greyhound is worth a hundred. They run the greyhounds on the express.

"We was up on the lakes about four hundred miles above Fort Colville. We had bad luck all the time and never made anything. We took a notion to quit and started down a foot, packin' our blankets and camp things on our backs. We made it all right till we got in about thirty miles of ——— .

"One evening we struck a parara and it commenced to snow. We couldn't see wheer we was goin' no more than nothin'. Maybe we went around, and maybe we went straight ahead. Jist about dark we cum to a little grove of pine trees. Right in the edge of it there was an old cabin. We went in and got out of the

storm. There was a fireplace and plenty of wood layin' around. We struck a fire and felt purty good, but the chimney smoked so it drove us out doors. Bob looked up and said, 'thar's some boards layin' across the chimney.' He climbed up to take them down. Jist as he throwed the boards off his holt broke an' he fell. I run out, and thar he was, holdin' his leg with both hands. He fell in a hole where they tuck the mud out to build the chimney and broke his leg. It wud jist swing around sideways. I never was so bad skeered in my life. but I helped Bob in and he laid down on the blankets. I didn't stay skeered long. I knowed I would have to fix that leg somehow. I'd seen sich things done and went at it. I made a lot of splints and got it all straight and tied it up with some strings we found in the cabin. Then we commenced to think about our cussed luck. There was no doctor anywhere in reach. Bob couldn't walk, he was too big for me to pack on my back and we were nearly out of grub, and it was snowing terrible. I wish you had been there to argue the case then. How would your cause come in then? Why Bob didn't fall ten feet. I seed a man once fall fifty feet and it didn't hurt him a bit.

"We jist had one little streak of good luck, we wus in the cabin where I could keep Bob from freezing to death. It kept on snowing an' next mornin' it was knee deep and snowin' still. I told Bob we must hold out till it quit, then I would go for help. So we eat light that day.

"I had my old Yager, but there was no game in that country then. Bob had been at me all the way to throw it away, but I held on to it. I got in a good lot of wood and kept the cabin warm. Long towards mornin' I thought I heard something trampin' around the house like horses or cattle, but I knowed thar wan't any such stock around. Jist as it was gittin' light, I heard a kind of snort and knowed thar was sumthin' out thar. I peeped out of a crack and thar stood a big buffalo not ten feet from the cabin.

"My heart cum right up in my mouth and nearly choked me; but I poked the old Yager out and let him have an ounce bullet right in the ear. He didn't know what hurt him. He went down kerwhollop. Bob yelled out, "what in the nation ar' you shootin' at?"

"I've killed a big buffalo."

"'Not much,' said Bob, 'thar ain't a buffalo in two hundred mile of here. You must a killed sumthin', though, for I hear it kickin'."

"'By the Moses, Bob, I tell you I've got the biggest buffalo you ever saw. He's right here against the house as dead as a door nail. We can live on him till you get well."

"'What's that,' said Bob, lookin' toward the other side of the cabin.

"I crawled over and peeped out that side, thinkin' it might be another one. I cum near a jumpin' out of my boots. I would a done it, only I didn't have them on. The whole grove was full uv 'em. They was a standin' around under the trees to keep out of the snow. I never saw it snow harder. I loaded up the old gun and downed another big bull. The gun didn't make much noise. They don't know you when thear's snow on the trees. It never scared 'em a bit. I kept on loadin' and shootin' and seein' more buffalo all the time. Bob got so excited I could hardly make him lay still an' not hurt his leg. He twisted around so he could see out and I had to give him the gun an' let him shoot one. He done it in good shape. I kept on shootin' all morning. When thar wasn't any more in sight I crept out to see what I had done. They was layin' everywhere. Thar was three standin' out in the edge of the grove. I crawled out and got one of 'em; the other two ran off on the parara. They cum back after a while, and I got 'em both. What made them act that way nobody can tell. When I had counted 'em I had twenty-eight as purty beeves as you ever saw. All seal fat. The fust thing I done was to skin out a piece of the one by the house for breakfast. Bob was nearly tickled to death. He laughed at everything I said. Bob's

got a long head on him. While I was shootin' he was studyin' up what we was goin' to do with all that meat. I was just poppin' away, without thinkin' of anything. I jist killed 'em because I seed them, like a weasel in a hen-coop. But Bob's idea was to sell them to the company. I forgot to tell you that the company was short of Pimecan. That's part of the reason we quit 'em. They said they couldn't let us have it but twice a day.

"Every trapper knows it gets too cold up thar to work on anything else, so a lot of us pulled out for a warmer country. Thar was plenty of it stacked up in the buffalo country, but the lakes and rivers hadn't froze over so they could get it in yet.

"What's that you say? You don't know what Pimecan is? Well, that beats me. I never heard of the like of that. What would you say if I didn't know what bread and meat wus? Don't know what Pimecan is! Well, I'll be dog-goned! Say, did you ever hear of the Hudson's Bay Company afore?"

"O yes," answered the schoolmaster, feeling he was now being placed on solid ground, "The Hudson's Bay Company is the largest fur company in North America. It has several thousand trading posts and employs several thousand men, besides purchasing all the furs taken by the Indians."

"You bet they do. It is the biggest company in the world. It has eat up all the buffalo in the United States. Every bit of it was made up in Pimecan afore they touched it. An' you never heard of it afore! Why man, that is the only thing they can eat down thar and keep warm. Up thar on the lakes it is about the only thing they think about when the thermometer gets down a couple hundred below freezin'. When they get out of Pimecan nobody dasent leave the fire. Why, the dogs know what Pimecan is and won't stretch a trace unless they git plenty of it. If a dog starts out on them lakes in the winter, without his belly full of Pimecan, he is a dead dog, sure. And you never heard of it! Well, I'm clean

done up! With all your education you didn't know what Pimecan was! But I am glad there's something you didn't know. I thought you knowed most ev-rything. It makes me feel like I wouldn't be so uncomfortable any more when you are talking. But maybe I am wearin' you out like you do me sometimes. If that is so, I'll jist quit now. I ain't got nuthin agin' you. I really wish me an' Bob knew as much as you do. But I don't see how you could have got along without findin' out somethin' about Pimecan. Are you tired? If you are, say so."

"No," answered the very much worried but good natured school master, "go on. I assure you I am very much interested in what you are relating. Please go on with your story."

"That's good. Now I'm all right. I'll tell you all about it, and tell it as quick as I can; but it stretches over a good deal of ground. Maybe you would like to know jist how they make it. Well, the first thing is to skin the buffalo; then cut the skin up and make little sacks jist big enough to hold fifty pounds of the meat; sew them up with strings off the hide, and fill 'em with meat. After it is cooked a little, then pour two gallons of hot tallow in each sack, sew it up and your Pimecan is done. The taller makes it all solid and it will keep fresh all winter. There were some old traps in the cabin, and among 'em I found a big camp kettle. That was jist right to cook our meat in. Then I went to work on our buffalo. I worked all day and night to get as many of 'em cut up afore they froze as I could. Bob sewed up sacks and kept the pot bilin'. I tell you we worked. Day and night we never let the fire go out. It kept on snowin' an' got colder and colder. I had to chop the meat with a hatchet. We kept on bilin' and stackin' up the sacks until we had the cabin nearly full. We worked four weeks as hard as you ever see men work, an' then I had ten buffalo we hadn't touched, except I took the insides out the furst day. But they was all right. They wus froze as hard as rocks. Bob's

leg was gittin' along furst rate. We hadn't nothin' to eat but meat. When the snow got a little hard I made a pair of snow shoes and started for the fort. I left Bob plenty of wood and meat to work on. After I struck the lake the travelin' was purty good. Thar was about fifty men at the fort and not a pound of Pimecan in camp. When I told my story, they jist laughed at me. One feller said, 'What's the use of tellin' such stuff? Thar ain't no buffalo in this country. You are jist a blow-hard.'

" 'Now look here,' I said, 'I don't like that and ain't goin' to take any more of it. I ain't no liar, and won't stand any more foolishness. I don't care whether you believe me or not. I've got the stuff—6000 pounds of it—all stacked up in the cabin.'

"After while they thought maybe I was tellin' the truth and wanted to talk about it. One feller, the only one that had any sense, asked me if I found a salt mine in the cabin, too. I told him I put it up without salt in it. Then he wanted to know if I had any of it with me. I told him thar was some in my pack. That told the tale. They knowed if I had bought the Pimecan it would be salted.

"Next mornin' twenty men started back with me. We tuck all the dogs and sledges they had. They was the best tickled set of fellows you ever saw when we got to the cabin an' they found I wasn't lyin' about the Pimecan. I sold it all to them right thar—for thirty cents a pound. As soon as they were gone with their load I commenced on the frozen buffalos. They hauled an' me an' Bob biled and stewed until thar wan't a pound of good meat on the bones.

"When we got done we tucked Bob in one of the sledges, I had saved a good buffalo robe to keep him warm, and went down to the fort. His leg was nearly well.

We bought the team that brought Bob down for sixty dollars and started to Fort Colville. We had four good pullin' dogs and came most of the way on the ice. When we were on the land the

snow was packed hard. We had lots of pervisions and felt purty good.

"It takes a good driver to run a dog, you bet. Most anybody can drive a mule, but a man has got to know a few things to drive a dog. They are so much smarter than a mule. If they ain't managed right they will take up all kinds uv tricks. Most of their harness is made of raw hide, an' ever now an' then a dog will turn thief and git up in the night, when you are asleep, and eat up his harness. That's worse than a balky mule, I tell you. After you feed your dogs, after you stop at night, they go off and dig down in the snow, four or five feet, so they will be warm. If it snows you can't see whar they are, the holes is all covered up. A good dog will always come when you call him for breakfast, but a rogue will sometimes lay still and let you whistle until he gets too hungry to stay any longer. You've got to be careful not to feed too much so your dogs will be hungry in the mornin'. You've got to know jist how much each dog needs. The first night Bob fed. I was busy gittin' supper and didn't see what he give 'em. Bob never druv much an' fed them all they wanted. That night it snowed. In the mornin' when we called, not a dog showed up. Their bellies was full an' they had a warm nest. They jist laid low. Me and Bob whistled ourselves nearly to death. No use, nary a dog was ready to be hitched up. We had to lay thar until next day. We was mad as blazes. I found what looked like a dog's nest and run a pole down in the snow. He came out a yellin' but I couldn't find any more. Late in the evenin' they all crawled out for some more Pimecan. They didn't git much. Next mornin' when we called 'em they was ready for their breakfast, I tell you. After that I done the feedin' an' we got along all right.

"When we got to Colville they said the sleighin' was so good we drov on to the lake whar we struck you fellers. I held on to my old Yager. I ain't never goin' to let that go. It is my lucky stick an' I think purty near as much of it as I

do of Bob. Now, what do you call that but luck, pure luck? Every word I told you is true. Thar were no buffalos ever seed near thar afore, and I bet thar won't ever be again. It is a long way too far north for 'em. Then who ever heard of 'em actin' that way? Why didn't they run when I shot the fust one? Who ever heard of a band of 'em millin' around a cabin until they wus all killed afore? How do you suppose I'd got along after Bob broke his leg if that meat hadn't come along or bin sent jist as it wus? If that ain't pure luck, I don't know what you'd call it. It wan't no management, shore. Me and Bob didn't think about kalkilatin' on sich a thing. I wasn't even thinkin' about buffalo when I heard 'em trampin' around the cabin. And packin' that old gun three hundred miles—it ain't worth six bits—why I didn't throw it away when Bob wanted me to, if it wasn't to be used to help us out of a scrape? O, pshaw! It ain't no use to talk about thar bein' no luck and about everything comin' round regular like. Its agin reason. If everything is jist pushed along by some other thing, why can't you tell me what's goin' to happen? Thar wouldn't be any bettin' if a feller could tell what's a comin'. Luck? I tell you thar is luck and lots of luck all around every day. Most of it is bad luck, too. That was the furst streak of good luck me an' Bob ever had since we wus born, breakin' that leg. We've got twenty-seven hundred dollars to show for that leg-breakin' scrape, besides the dogs we left at the lake to sell.

"Now, what do you say about thar bein' a cause for everything? What caused every thing to turn our way all at once when every thing had been dead against us all along? Bad luck runs in our family. I've heard Dad say he had bad luck all his life."

The schoolmaster had been deeply interested in John's narrative. When he paused, apparently for a reply, Mr. Grey said:

"It would be difficult, if not impossible, for me, not knowing all the circumstances preceeding and connected with the story you have related, to account for all which occurred affecting you and your brother. But I was thinking the buffalos might have been frightened out of their range by hunters or a storm and, becoming lost, wandered up in that cold country, not knowing where they were going. They might have sought shelter from the storm you speak of, in the grove about the cabin. Possibly you shot the leaders of the band first and the rest, accustomed to their guidance, lingered until they all fell victims to the well-directed shots of your deadly Yager. There are many ways it could be accounted for on a rational ground, without doing violence to our reason by thinking it was caused by luck or mere chance, or that it happened without sufficient cause. While I deny that there is any such thing as luck, as it is understood by uncultured people, I do not wish to be understood to deny the existence of an over-ruling Providence which watches over us at all times, and it may be this Providence aided you and your brother in your distress."

"That's it," said John, "I thought I'd fetch you afore I wus done with you. It don't make any difference to me whether you call it luck or Providence. If it wan't for them big words of yourn it would be the same thing. I will always believe them buffaloes would never a left the range they wus born in, and cum two hundred miles north to git killed, if Bob hadn't broke his leg, and that, too, when Pimecan wus up to the very highest notch. Good night, Grey; I'm goin' to turn in.

G. A. WAGGONER.

## SOUTHERN OREGON INDIAN WAR.

### ENGAGEMENTS, EXPERIENCES AND INCIDENTS GRAPHICALLY TOLD.

By proclamation of Governor Curry, the governor of Oregon in 1855, the Second Regiment Oregon Mounted Volunteers, was enlisted for the protection of the homes of the settlers in Southern Oregon against the depredations, cruelties and massacres committed by the Indians living in that portion of the state at such time. Among the companies comprising the regiment was Company B, composed of residents of Lane county. It numbered one hundred and three officers and men, and was mustered into service on October 23, 1855. The company was commanded as follows: Laban Buoy, captain; A. W. Patterson, first lieutenant; Pleasant C. Noland, second lieutenant; William H. Latshaw, first sergeant; L. Poindexter, second sergeant; John F. Winters third sergeant; Marion C. Martin, fourth sergeant; William Kelsay, first corporal; H. C. Huston, second corporal; F. M. Riffe, third corporal; John Buoy, fourth corporal.

At an early stage of the war Dr. Patterson resigned the lieutenantancy and was appointed one of the surgeons, this position being more preferable to him. Sergeant Poindexter was elected to fill the vacancy.

February 24, 1856, Captain Buoy, who was a veteran of the Blackhawk war, resigned, and Second Lieutenant P. C. Noland was elected captain. "Ples" is still hale and hearty, although he saw service when a mere lad in the Mexican war. Johnathan Moore, one of the best and bravest young men, was made lieutenant, which position he filled with honor. While fording Lost creek some years later, where the village of Trent is now located, he was accidentally drowned. Mrs. John Hampton, whose home is in this city, was a sister of his.

We made our first camp near Dr. Patterson's, on what is now twelfth and Patterson streets. Eugene was but a village then. Two stores was all the town contained. This was before the era of railroads, telegraph lines, street-cars, electric lights, etc. Probably there was not a threshing machine, self-binder or mower, or any of the things just mentioned, from the Mississippi to the Pacific ocean.

The winter, or at least a part of 1855-6, was very cold, a fact we easily found out, for we were encamped at Yocum's in tents, not far from the village of Canyonville. W. H. Byars, since surveyor-general of Oregon, was then a young man, making his way, like many other young men of today, by working during vacation at anything he could find to do, which in this case was carrying the mail on horseback once a week from Roseburg to Jacksonville, and it was our duty to escort him through the big canyon, a distance of 11 miles. Besides doing escort duty when required, squads of troops, from a dozen to perhaps 40, would be detailed at places remote from the principal settlements to guard the settlers, who would frequently "fort up" and all live at the same place for mutual protection.

Camas valley, situated at the source of the Coquille river, 25 miles southwest of Roseburg, was the scene of a lively skirmish one beautiful morning in the early spring of 1816. Ten of our boys were located at H. Martindale's house, which was used as a fort for all of the valley. During the night a large band of Indians surrounded the fort, with a view of murdering all they could, and stealing stock. While a portion of the red devils were dodging behind trees, shooting at us at every chance, the others were

rounding up all the horses and cattle that the valley contained. During the hottest of the fight the officer in charge saw about a dozen Indians at a distance of nearly 400 yards away. Knowing that there was but one gun in the fort that would do execution at that distance, the owner was ordered to a sheltered position outside, where he could have a good opportunity to make a sure shot, which he did. I will desist from giving this soldier's name, for he is a very bashful old fellow, and to see his name in the Native Son would be sure to bring blushes to his weather-beaten face.

When the Indians had secured all the horses and cattle in the valley, except one horse belonging to William P. Day, which during the fight ran to the fort and was taken inside, they left, going along a mountain trail leading to the meadows on Rogue river. We soldier boys were set afoot also. One of our boys were then sent in haste to Looking Glass, where most of Company B was then stationed. Captain Buoy soon arrived with reinforcements, and, following the Indian trail, came to a place where they had cooked and eaten a hasty breakfast. An Indian riding a mule and left as a rear guard, was killed, his mule also. A running fight of several miles ensued, but it was not known that any more Indians were killed. There was no one killed or wounded on our side. But no doubt others, with the writer, recollect very distinctly the zip of the bullets.

While in a reminiscent mood, I will relate an incident that occurred in our company while encamped at the farm of L. D. Kent, on the South Umpqua river, in the vicinity of the town of Dillard, but on the opposite side of the river. Mr. Kent, as was the fashion in those days, and probably is yet, was the father of a number of buxom daughters, who, with many other maiden qualities, delighted in "tripping the light fantastic toe." It is scarcely necessary to say that in Company B were a number of boys who took delight in this favorite pastime. One day Captain Buoy had business at Roseburg which detained him over night. Before starting he called the

men on parade, and in language as near as the writer can recollect, addressed them about as follows: "Boys, business requires my absence from camp tonight, and before leaving I wish to say that it is not necessary to inform you that for a number of evenings some of you have been in the habit of going to Mr. Kent's and have danced so much I am sure the girls are tired. It is my urgent request that this evening, at least, you remain in camp and give the girls a rest.

The sequel will show how the request was heeded. During the day one of the sons of Mr. Kent came into camp and invited certain ones of the boys to come to the house in the evening for the regular dance. One of the boys, Robert Clark, an inveterate dancer, was omitted from the list of the invited ones, at which he was not at all pleased. Clark had a messmate and a valued friend, who, for certain reasons, I will in the present instance, for brevity's sake, name Mas H., although I fail to find such a name on our muster-roll. Mas H. said to Clark: "Leave the matter to me, and about the time they get to dancing in good earnest we will bring the boys out of the house much faster than they went in," to which Clark agreed. About 8 o'clock Mas H. passed out by one of the guards and told him that if he heard any firing going on up the river not to pay any attention to it. In less time than is required to write this, "Bang! Bang!" went a heavily-loaded gun, and also what seemed like Indian yells. Before the racket above the camp had begun, Clark had placed himself near the door of the house, and at the first shot opened the door and yelled "Indians!" If it had been a real, instead of a false attack on the camp, it could not have caused more consternation. Lieutenant Moore was in the crowd, and as the other boys climbed over each other to see which could reach the camp first, he continued to urge them to "Keep cool, boys! Keep cool!" A tiny branch ran between the house and camp, with but a small log for a bridge, and into it "Johnathan" (Lieutenant Moore) with some others, tumbled pell-mell. Then some of the boys

advised the lieutenant to keep cool. When the dancers reached camp they were greeted with a hearty laugh by those who had remained. When the captain returned, the wri—excuse me, Mas H., I mean—proceeded at once to “acknowledge the corn,” and received from the good old warrior the commendation, “You did just right.”

Early in the spring of 1856 a number of companies of troops were sent to the Meadows, down Rogue river, where it was known the Indians had gone out of our reach, as they fondly hoped. We fought them a number of times, but since the river intervened it was difficult to know just how many we may have killed. Our loss was very light. One day a detachment was taken from the different companies to reconnoiter the enemy. To reach them was a very difficult matter, on account of the deep canyons and the rough country to be crossed. The Indians were found, but it not being thought best to bring on an engagement at that time, a few shots were fired and the retreat ordered. When camp was reached and the roll called it was found that one of Company B's men, F. M. Splawn, was missing. Volunteers were at once called for, and many responded at once, but by the time the precautions were made for the return, it was too late in the day. It was the intention to make the search early next morning, but almost before dawn the camp was aroused to a wonderful degree by the guard's calling out, “Splawn's in camp!” and the good news was repeated, “Splawn's in camp!” Sure enough, there was the same brave Frank that we had all mourned as dead. Each one was anxious to learn the particulars of his escape. When the retreat was ordered, Frank, as usual, was in front, and did not learn, till later, that he was left to fight the savages alone. In order to avoid, if possible, the shots of the Indians, who were in plain sight of him, he took refuge in some bushes, which were riddled for awhile with the deadly missiles intended for the brave soldier. Here he remained until night, when he

escaped from his hiding-place without any injury. After traveling all night over the roughest ground imaginable, he reached camp as above related just at daylight, but it was weeks before he overcame his rough adventure.

War incidents would not be complete without an occasional anecdote, and the following was told on Captain Johnathan Keeney to the writer by General McCarver, at that time our quarter-master-general. It seems that the captain wanted to procure some provisions for his men and applied to the commissary in charge in vain for them. This enraged the old man, who at once sought an interview with General McCarver. After making known his wants, the general informed him that if he would make out a requisition it should be filled. “To sheol with your inquisitions,” was his answer. But his wants were supplied.

On April 25, 1856, McDonald Harkness, and another man, whose name is forgotten, left Fort Leland for the Meadows. When but a few miles from our camp they were shot at from ambush and Harkness was killed, the other man escaping. The most horrible sight we witnessed during the entire campaign was when his body, stark naked and mutilated in the most shocking manner, was brought into camp on a packmule in charge of Captain Crouch's company.

In June, 1856, the Indians that had been engaged at intervals in killing the settlers of Southern Oregon surrendered and were placed—a portion of them—on a reservation set apart for them, part at Grand Ronde and the others at Siletz. On July 2, 1856, our company, each and every one, received an honorable discharge and were mustered out at Roseburg.

For the best of reasons, the fashion of sending the troops home in palace cars and feasting them on the fat of the land, so much in vogue now, was not practiced then to any great extent, for the very good reason that we had no railroads. Mounted on the hurricane deck of a cayuse kuitan ((Indian pony), after serving their country to the best of their

ability, the boys—our honorable colonel, Judge Kelsay, called us all boys—were glad, soldier-like, to return to our homes.

Although we furnished our own horses, guns and blankets, and waited for seven long years for the niggardly stipend of \$11 per month, yet we were not pensioners, no matter what disability we acquired in defending Oregon homes. If the reader should ask if we did not get interest or a premium on the gold we received, after waiting so long for our wages, the answer would be: "We received greenbacks, and they were worth 40 cents on the dollar."

For the lack of some other excuse, the pension office has decided that the volunteers in our Indian wars were not mustered in by a United States officer; hence are not entitled to pensions. For several years the surviving Indian fighters have made repeated efforts to secure a pension, but were met with repeated and continued obstacles, but before the present session of congress adjourns it is to

be hoped that the veterans will have the satisfaction of knowing that their efforts to prevent this country from remaining in the hands of the savages has been recognized by the government, and that they will receive the justice due them, after a lapse of so many years.

There are now 1000 veterans living and 300 widows. The pension bill asking for a monthly allowance of but \$8. The original number of enlistments in the Indian wars of this state were 7000, but all have answered "Here" to the last roll-call, with the exception of 1000, and nearly all of those remaining are of an advanced age.

Small though the pension is, it will be greatly appreciated by these defenders of civilization and will assist them in a large measure, for a very few of them are provided with a surplus of this world's goods. A tardy recognition of their services would be considered better than none at all, but congress must soon give this merited recognition, or there will be no veterans to receive it.

SAMUEL HANDSAKER.



It is a rather singular fact that an American was one of the first to carry furs direct from this coast to Canton, China. Lieut. John Gore, a Virginian, who was with Capt. Cook, took charge of the expedition after the death of the captain at the Sandwich Islands, and the death of Capt. Clerke, his successor, who died at the Russian settlement of Peter and Paul, or Peterpaulski. Gore sailed from this port in October, 1779, reaching Canton the following December. While the ship had been on the Northwest coast the officers and men had purchased a quantity of furs from the Indians in exchange for knives, old clothes, buttons, and other trifles, not, however, with any reference to the value of the furs as merchandise, but rather for use on board ship as bedding and for clothing. They found out from the Russians their worth in the Chinese market, and upon taking them there disposed of them for upwards of ten thousand dollars.

These furs, and a few carried by Capt. Benyowsky in 1770, were the only ones that had ever arrived direct from the sealing grounds.

The Lewis and Clarke exploration party left St. Louis on May 12, 1804. Those crossing the plains were: Capt. William Clarke, Capt. Meriwether Lewis, Sergts. John Ordway, Nathaniel Byor and Patrick Gass; Privates Wm. Bratton, John Colter, John Collins, Peter Cruzatte, Robert Frazier, Reuben Fields, Joseph Fields, Geo. Gibson, Silas Goodrich, Hugh Hall, Thos. P. Howard, Jean Baptiste Lapage, Francis Labiche, Hugh McNeal, John Potts, John Shields, Geo. Shannon, John B. Thompson, Wm. Werner, Alexander Willard, Rich. Windsor, Joseph Whitehouse, Peter Wiser and York, the negro servant of Capt. Clarke, the two interpreters, Geo. Drewyer and Toussaint Chaboneau, and the latter's wife, Sacajawea and her baby.

## OUR FIRST PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS.

In writing of the introduction of the art of printing into the Pacific Northwest, historians word their statements in such a manner as to imply that the booklets, etc. printed were the work of some one of the missionaries connected with missions of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. In consequence of this, readers find that the credit has been given to several different ones.

The first press used was known as a "Ramage." It is about the size of one of the larger of the letter-press copying presses of the present. It was taken from Boston to the Sandwich Islands in 1819, and was there used by the missions of the Board for several years in their work. When their needs required a larger press, the first received was set aside. About 1839 it was purchased by the native Christians and donated to the Oregon missions.

On its arrival it is said to have been first taken to the mission at Waiilatpu, in charge of Dr. Whitman, but almost immediately thereafter, was taken to Lapwai mission, in charge of Rev. H. H. Spalding. Here it was set up and the type placed in order, by E. O. Hall, a printer who had brought it from the Islands. He being the first printer to come here, and might be called the father of the many "devils" which have been known to our numerous printing establishments since. All writers agree that the first to learn typesetting under him were Rev. Spalding and Cornelius Rogers. It is probable, however, that the first booklets printed were the work of Mr. Hall, and it is also no doubt a fact that Rev. Elkanah Walker, of the Tshimikan mission, assisted by his co-laborer, Rev. Cushing Eells, was the author, in the main, of the first booklet printed. This was in the Spokane language (Sallish or Flathead tongue). Afterwards other booklets, etc., were printed in the Nez Perce (Sahapтин) tongue.

In writing of this circumstance in our pioneer history, some authors say Mr. A. B. Smith, of the Kamiah mission, assisted by Lawyer, chief of the Nez Perces, was the author of the matters printed, others give Mr. Spalding the credit. While it is true that these missionaries labored in this behalf, those who are conversant with the facts, state that the first to be printed was as above noted.

There is now but one known full copy of the booklet referred to extant, it be in the library of the Pacific University, at Forest Grove. It comprises sixteen five by six inch pages. Its title is:

ETSHIIT  
THLU  
SITSKAI  
THLU  
SIAIS  
THLU  
SITSKAI SITLINISH.  
LAPWAI.  
1842.

The translation literally is:

First  
the  
Writes  
the  
Lesson  
the  
Writes Creator.

Freely translated it is, "The first that was written. Thus writes the Creator."

From this title may be obtained an idea of its contents. On the second page is given the alphabet, the key to their pronunciation, and figures. Then follow three lessons in spelling and the Spokane numerals. Five more lessons follow in simple sentences and short stories. All of this fills nearly all of the first ten pages. The remaining six, at the beginning of which is a picture of the Bible, are filled with four more lessons, which give the main truth of the first part of the Bible. This is headed "Kaikolensutins Sitskai," or "God's Writings." The greater portion of the work is in relation to the doings of Adam and Moses, though there are some lessons devoted to God and Christ.

## [LEGENDARY LORE OF THE INDIANS.

### A TALE OF THE FLOOD AND OTHER STORIES.

About all the history the small boy of the early sixties, living in Oregon, was able to become conversant with, was learned while he sat at his mother's knee and listened to her read "Peter Parley" or relate biblical tales. The small boy felt that the stories would be interesting to others, and when he could find a listener, repeated them. Old Wapatoo Dave, chief of the Wapatoos, often visited the neighborhood and the small boy became well acquainted with him through donation of victuals and trading off, in exchange for beads, bows and arrows, etc., some of his father's clothing. Occasionally bartering away apparel which had by no means outlived its usefulness, at the expense of a sound threshing.

As a result, Dave and the small boy grew quite confidential, and there was frequent interchange of stories. Among those told by the former was that of the deluge as found in Holy Writ. A like happening had come down to Dave, through his ancestors, which he related. According to his version, the causes which led up to the event were about the same as those told in the Bible, the righteous among them were, however, less in number than those who found shelter in the ark, consisting of but one person, and that a woman. Unlike Noah she received no warning of impending catastrophe, and was unprepared for its coming. When the rains began to fall, she endeavored to seek safety from the flood by retreating to higher ground, but the angry waves were soon beating against mountain's pinnacle, ready to engulf her beneath their flow. At this juncture, a large fish, which she had kindly fed in days gone by, swam to her place of refuge, telling her to get upon its back and he would save her. This she did, the fish all the while swimming

around with its back out of the water until the anger of the Great Spirit had been appeased and land again appeared.

Danger past, the fish came close to shore, when the woman once more walked the earth. She had been in delicate health prior to the flood, and not long subsequent to its subsiding, she became the mother of twins. From these was the earth again re-peopled. At the time the legend was told, the small boy was of that age when he thinks his little brother or sister is a present from the doctor, and through this, discredited Dave's story, thinking it could not be possible for such a present to arrive when the doctor had been drowned.

#### THE RATTLESNAKE.

There are various traditions among the Indians, relative to the first days of man upon the earth, all more or less pointing backward to remote period when some occurrences took place. Lapse of time, different environments surrounding, and the natural changes in the wording of the circumstances causing tale of happening to materially change. All of them have a version of man's creation, a flood, cause for the changes in the earth's surface and concerning phenomena.

Among the numberless legends, there are several wherein a white man or woman, sometimes both, occupied a prominent part in the world's beginning. Rarely is it, however, that statement is made that this continent was peopled in the first instance by a race descended from white ancestors, who came from another land, and that situate across the main.

A tradition current among the Flatheads bears out this idea. They say, that a long time ago their forefathers came from far over the waters, so long ago in

the past that the stars of night had not been formed and the sun nowhere near its present size.

This mystic people were all gigantic in stature and very warlike. There came a time in their existence that they were ruled over by Sko-malkt, a woman. To a portion of her subjects her reign was unsatisfactory and they brought about an insurrection. Gathering her warriors about her, she gave rebellion battle, driving her foes before her towards the sea until they had retreated to the outer confines of a small peninsula putting out from the main land. Here they made a desperate stand, defeating all efforts made to capture them, or force capitulation upon terms the besieging officers offered. At last, Sko-malkt commanded that the narrow strip of land connecting be severed at the next ebbing tide. This order was carried out and away went her discontented subjects drifting toward the east to battle with wind and wave on ocean's breast.

For many days they were tossed here and there. So long that the food supply on hand was exhausted. Starvation coming upon them, all but two, a man and a woman, soon paid nature's debt. Their lives were saved by the coming upon the shore of a disabled and helpless whale. About this time they noticed that their island was slowly sinking, and made preparation to prevent their going down with it by the construction of a canoe. This completed, they placed therein a supply of whale's blubber and pushed off to await the will of time and tide. Many days and nights intervened before they reached the eastern shores of the Pacific. These were then much farther inland than now, the surf beating at that time upon a shore line which is at present western boundary of the Okanogan country.

They had been so long exposed to inclement weather that their original whiteness of complexion had assumed a dusky hue. From this pair descended the Indians of today, the reddish color of their storm-tossed ancestors becoming one of the characteristics of the race.

#### AN ANIMAL AND STAR UNITE.

The Makah Indians of Neah Bay have a legend to the effect that the creation of their ancestors was due to the union of some animal with a star which fell from heaven. That the men among them partook more of the nature of the terrestrial body, while the women inherited the characteristics of the earthly parent. Through this belief arises the idea that the males among them are the superior of the females, and should be waited upon by the latter, which is the usual custom, not only among them, but among all tribes.

#### HALF GODLIKE, HALF ANIMAL.

The Shastas ascribe their origin to the falling of one of the daughters of the Great Spirit from the top of Mt. Shasta to its base, where she fell among a family of grizzly bears. Until she was grown she was brought up in ignorance of her parentage, and on arriving at maturity, married one of the sons of the mother grizzly who had reared her from infancy. After her marriage she gave birth to children who were the progenitors of the Indians. This is why the Indians living around Mt. Shasta will never kill a grizzly bear, and whenever one of their number is killed by such kings of the forest, they are burned where they fall, and all passers by throw upon the place a stone until a great pile is erected to mark the spot.

#### BAD EGGS.

Ages ago an old man by the name of Toe-oo-lux, or South Wind, while traveling to the north, met an old woman called Quooots-hooi, who was an ogress and a giantess. Toe-oo-lux, being hungry, asked for food. She told him that she was herself without anything to eat, and gave him a net, with advice to try his luck at catching fish. He accordingly dragged the net and succeeded in securing in its meshes a "tenas eh-ko-le" or grampus (little whale). This he was about to kill with his stone knife, when the old woman cried out to him to use a

sharp shell instead, and not to cut it crossways, but slit it down the back.

Toe-oo-lux was probably related to the bird now called a jackass, and stubbornly refused to do as directed, cutting the whale across the side, and was about to take off a piece of blubber, when the fish immediately changed into an immense bird, that, when flying, its wings completely obscured the sun, and the noise made by their sweep shook the earth. As soon as the transformation took place, the bird, which the Indians call Hah-ness, or thunder-bird, flew away to the north and lit upon Swal-al-a-host (Saddle mountain), situated not far from the mouth of the Columbia river. Toe-oo-lux and the ogress then journeyed northward to search for Hah-ness, and one day, when Quoote-hooi was engaged in picking berries, she found the nest of the thunder-bird, full of eggs, which she thought of making a meal of.

The first egg she broke did not seem to be a good one, whereupon she threw it down the mountain side, before it reached its base, however, it became an Indian. This was continued until there were no more eggs, but in the valley below was gathered the ancestors of the tribes constituting the Chehalis nation. It is said that the husband of Hah-ness was the god E-cah-ni, who ran a ferry across the river named after him, which empties into the ocean a few miles below the Columbia's mouth.

It is probable that this tradition causes their superstitious belief that the first salmon caught must not be cut across, but split down the back, otherwise the salmon would leave, and no more be taken during that season.

#### THE RAVEN A CREATOR.

Among some of the tribes living along Puget Sound, there are traditions that the creator of the first Indian race was a raven. While to him is conceded the fact that his was a master hand in the work, its accomplishment is related in so many ways, and in so brief a manner,

that it is difficult to frame the legend into anything more than a mere statement.

#### CREATED FROM THE BEAVER GOD.

There lived east of the mountains in the "Wee-te-tash" age, a family of giants, consisting of four brothers and a sister. The latter wanted some beaver-fat, and asked her brothers to procure it for her. Her request was no easy matter to bring about, as there was but one beaver in all the Pacific Northwest at that time, and was of monstrous size, ferocious and dangerous. This did not, however, deter the brothers from their endeavor to seek him out, kill him and bring home to their sister the wanted fat.

After searching for him for some time he was at last found near the mouth of the Palouse river, up which he was turned. A little distance up the stream they came near enough to strike him with their spears, but he succeeded in getting away from them again, making, in the struggle, the first rapids of the river, and then dashed onward. Again the brothers overtook him, pinning him to the river's bed with their weapons, but he escaped a second time, making in this encounter the second falls of the river. Again he was pursued and captured, this time with disastrous results to him, still he was not overcome without a stubborn fight, in which his struggles formed the great falls of the river. The fat secured, the brothers cut up the remainder of the body and threw it in various directions, and as the pieces fell here and there they became Indians, the ancestors of the present Cayuse, Walla Walla, Umatilla, Nez Perce and other tribes. The Cayuses, so daring, energetic and more successful in days past than their neighbors, were said to have been the beaver's heart.

#### CHINOOK ACCOUNT OF TRIBAL ORIGIN.

The Chinooks account for the origin of the various tribes in a somewhat similar manner, and also as to how some of the

great lakes, they say existed east of the mountains, were drained. According to their legend, there lived in the long, long ago, in Lake Cle-el-lum, a monster beaver god, who claimed himself a sort of Neptune of that body of water and its surrounding shores. Although the lake abounded with fish, much more than he could possibly consume, he would not permit anyone to come near it, expecting him to share his food supply. Many champions had sought to kill him, but he had overcome them all. Some he dragged into the waters and drowned them, others had died of fright at his ferocious appearance before they had attacked him. His selfishness coming to the knowledge of Coyote, he determined to visit the scene and bring about a better state of affairs. Arming himself with a spear, which he fastened to his wrist with a strong cord, he approached the lake. Upon his arrival the beaver disputed his right to trespass upon the grounds of the lake, when Coyote threw his spear into him. The beaver plunged down to the bottom of the lake, dragging poor Coyote with him. On and on through its waters they went, each endeavoring to get away from the other. Finally they tore through the mountains into the lake which covered the Kittitas valley, and from there they threshed around, cutting the Natchez gap, and on and on, cutting the Yakima gap. At last they reached the Columbia, where Coyote endeavored to check the speed of the beaver by grasping the trees along the banks of that river. No tree or stone would stay the beaver's progress, as its

forward moving seemed to be aided by some invincible power. The monster's strength held out until it reached the mouth of the river, when, through loss of blood and injury from the spear-thrust, its life went out as it reached the breakers. Coyote found himself so far exhausted that he had to call on the musk-rat for assistance. When he reached the shore he took the beaver, which he brought to land with him, and cut it up, making of it the present race of Indians. Out of the legs he made the Cayuses, saying that they would always be swift runners. Of the head he made the Nez Percés, Walla Wallas and kindred tribes, saying that such people should be intelligent and strong in war. Of the ribs, the Yakimas were made, and out of the belly the coast tribes, fat, short people, with big stomachs. Other tribes were made of the remaining parts, each being endowed with characteristics represented by them. The blood he took up in hand and threw it towards the country of the Snakes and Sioux, indicating in the action that these tribes should be a people of blood and violence. Upon completing his work he again returned to the upper waters of the Columbia. Somehow, in his creation of the coast tribes, he failed to make them perfect, leaving them without a mouth. The god E-cah-ni, however, hapened to pass along and seeing the fault, rectified it by taking his stone knife and cutting a mouth for them, imperfectly, though, as they all were crooked.

F. H. SAYLOR.



The first debating society organized west of the Rocky mountains had its birth at Oregon City. There is a controversy as to its proper name. Among those given are, Falls Debating Society, Falls City Debating Society, Oregon Lyceum, and Falls City Debating Society and Oregon Lyceum. It was organized

in the autumn of 1843, and nearly all of the men then in the Willamette valley, and might be added, Oregon, were members of it. Questions concerning the welfare of the settlers were discussed during its meetings, and it is more than possible that at such times the plans were laid for the establishing of the Provisional government on a permanent basis.

## THE LOST CABIN.

By Sam L. Simpson

I had the "blues." For already I had become satisfied that the young metropolis of the Northwest, which Hope, with the typical vermillion finger, had pointed out to me as the city among ten thousand where crowding cases and flowing fees would overwhelm the ambitious disciple of Blackstone, had really more "law" than it could conveniently carry with any prospect of municipal progress. Had every inhabitant of the place given himself up entirely to the spirit of acrimonious and implacable litigation, the felicitous equipose of demand and supply would not yet have been restored; on the contrary, a gaunt forest of legal "limbs" would have remained idle and unappropriated—waving bleakly in the winter of inevitable decay. A "heart of oak," supposing it to be in the law business, could not, under these circumstances, have been joyously imponderable; and it was no wonder that my own, being of very common timber, weighed heavily on this April night, and dragged me down into fathomless depths of despondency. What was I to do when the few hundred dollars brought with me had wasted utterly away? This interrogatory rose upon me again and again with a sphinx-like emphasis that was appalling. While amusing myself with reveries of this cheerful nature, some one rapped at my office door, and, in response to my "Come in," not uttered in the gentlest tones, a tall young man, of dark complexion and habited in a suit of heavy brown cloth, entered. I recognized him, after the usual salutations had passed, as a person who had, for several weeks, been sojourning at my hotel, the C— House. Taking the chair I proffered he seated himself near the stove, and, bending upon me from under a pair of heavy, black eyebrows, a glance glit-

tering and keen with scrutiny, said, "It's a nasty night for April!"

"It is, indeed," I replied, stooping to replenish the stove; "and you seem to have had the benefit of it."

"Yes, I had some difficulty in finding your office—and that reminds me that I did not come here to discuss the weather, but to talk business."

He bent his head for a moment as if to reflect, and I fixed myself in an attitude of respectful attention, my first fee being the idea which was uppermost in my mind.

"Are you satisfied with this?" and as he spoke, he waved his hand satirically toward the single Falstaffian column of law-books, largely recruited from the Patent-Office Department, on a shelf against the wall opposite.

I smiled, and without waiting for further answer, he proceeded:

"If you succeed at all in the practice of the law in Portland, it will be after years of patience, persistent effort and a life of hideous economy and privation. I believe that you realize this yourself, and for that reason I have come here tonight to share with you a valuable secret and to solicit your assistance in a project which, if successfully prosecuted, will enrich us both."

A suspicion of double-barreled burglary flashed across me, and I suppose he must have seen something of the kind in my face, for he resumed immediately, with an impatient gesture, "Nay, it is honorable; and all I ask of you for the confidence I am about to repose in you, is a pledge of secrecy in the event that you do not join me in the project to which I have alluded."

Having received every evidence of good faith on my part, he drew his chair closer to me, and then looking toward the door, suggested that I had better

lock it. I got up to attend to that, and when I resumed my seat beside him, he had lighted a cigar, and was evidently going to be comfortable. He held his cigar case toward me, and asked:

"Did you ever hear the story of 'The Lost Cabin.'"

I never had.

"No? I will tell it to you now. In the spring of 185—, while the southern border of Oregon was ringing with the battles of that memorable war between the heroic settlers of the territory and the Shasta and Rogue River Indians, two brothers by the name of Wilson—James and Henry—arrived at Jacksonville, and, getting together a small party of hardy and experienced miners, set out, fully armed, to prospect for gold along the rivers and among the broken ranges of mountains southward of that then prosperous mining town. The party had been out for several weeks, meeting with but little success, and had just lost one of their number in a skirmish with the Indians, when a council was called, and all but the Wilson brothers concurred in the opinion that it was best to return to Jacksonville, and wait for the conclusion of the war.

The Wilsons were of a haughty, obstinate spirit, thorough in mountain craft, and brave to recklessness. With them, daring was a habit and danger a luxury, and they held out against the arguments and entreaties of their more prudent comrades, until it was agreed finally, that they should have the greater part of the provisions, ammunition, etc., and continue in their search, while the others would retrace their steps by the shortest and safest route.

"On the morning of parting, James Wilson rose up in his stirrups, and swinging his rifle aloft with an arm splendidly muscular, exclaimed: 'Good-bye, boys! and good luck to you, but we can't go back. There is gold somewhere yonder behind that smoky line of mountains, and we are going to dig it out, though all the redskins of the wilderness stand guard over it! We'll come back rich as kings, boys! or leave our bones

to bleach there; it's a glorious battleground!'

"This high speech fired the heart of of the retreating party for a moment, and some of them turned, as though they, too, would fain peril their lives for that without which life is more bitter than death; but the momentary flash of heroism went down, and, shaking their heads in denial, they rode away, shouting back rude words of cheer.

"They never met again. The main division reached Jacksonville after many days of wearisome and perilous travel, and waited in vain through lengthening months for some tidings of the Wilsons. Their story is sealed to all, save me. I owe my own knowledge of their further progress and final fate to the fact that we were cousins and confidential friends. With this word of explanation, I will give you so much of the history of the brothers as came to me in the letters of James, written at San Francisco, in the year 1859. I have them here"—and, as he talked, he drew forth a packet of perhaps a dozen letters, much worn, creased and soiled, and held them in his hand—"but I have no need to recur to them, as I have read them many times.

"Well, from the point of separation the Wilsons continued in a southeasterly direction. They at first traveled with every precaution against surprise, but finally relaxed their vigilance, as they were seemingly beyond the range of the hostile tribes.

"At last they reached a green and narrow valley, walled in by precipitous mountains, around which meandered, over and among the boulders of richly-colored rock and across beds of smooth and shining pebbles, the limpid waters of a snow-fed stream. Here they determined to rest and recruit themselves and their jaded animals, while they leisurely and thoroughly prospected for gold the region immediately about them.

"Desiring to remain in the valley for some time, they concluded to put up a rude log cabin, which would protect their camp equipage, and, pierced with

loop-holes, fort fashion, would serve as a defense against Indian attack.

"On the morning after their arrival, Henry began to construct timber out of which to construct the temporary home and fortress, while James went forth, gun in hand, to replenish their impoverished larder. About ten o'clock he killed a deer which he shouldered and started for camp. He reached the little stream perspiring and thirsty, for the day was warm, and threw his limp burden down upon a pebbly bar while he stooped to get a drink.

"No sooner had his lips touched the water than his eye was arrested by the sparkle of certain small objects scattered among the gravel of the bottom. A miner is ever on the alert; and so, plunging his hand into the pellucid water, he drew forth a handful of the gravel for examination.

"It was gold!

"Yes, there it was, in coarse yellow grains and lumps—richer than a dream. He dropped suddenly to examine the bar on which it stood; it, too, was gorged with the glittering metal, and he rose with a whoop of joy that made the woods echo, and brought Henry running to the spot—for he had heard it and recognized his brother's voice, on the other side of the little valley. You can imagine their ecstasy. They had known poverty all their lives, and there before them was wealth—sudden, splendid, exhaustless. But I must not linger. Working together they finished their cabin that day, and the next began to gather the gold. The labor was not great, and within two weeks' time they had heaped together a marvelous quantity of it, and began to contemplate a return.

"Life was now precious, and, after thinking it over and weighing the chances for and against the practicability of getting back unmolested, they were convinced that it was best to remain where they were until the volunteer forces under General Lane, which they knew were on the way, had reached the hostile country and relieved the hard paths of mountain travel from the wily foe that

lurked on every step. Having made an excavation in the center of the cabin floor, they lined it carefully with rock and, in the vault thus formed, deposited their treasure, tied up in bags of dried and undressed deerskin. This was done in case an attack from the Indians should compel them to flee, when, of course, it would be impossible to carry the heavy metal.

"But no attack was made, and, after a lapse of several weeks, they arose one morning and agreed that it was time to be upon the homeward trail. The sheeny forest leaves waved in the soft winds of morning, and the fresh air was musical with the songs of bird, as, fully armed, they strode forth spiritedly to bring in their horses, which had grown fat and vigorous upon the bountiful pasture.

The cabin stood near the stream, in the edge of the wood, and when they had approached within forty yards of it, suddenly a score of rifles crashed upon them from the bank, followed by the terrible war-cry of the Shastas.

Henry, who it happened was in front of James leading two of the horses, sank with a deadly groan, his horses rearing and falling at the same time. The Indians burst from their cover and sprang forward with all the echoes of pandemonium. James emptied his rifle with fearful aim among them, and drew his revolver. The Indians knew the kind of music they had to face, and, having neglected to reload, dashed back to the cover of the bank. The resolute miner saw his salvation in this movement, and hastily tossing a noose halter over the head of the only horse that remained uninjured, leaped upon his back and was out of immediate danger in an instant—careering down the valley with the scattering shots of the enemy singing over his head. The war party being afoot he was not followed, and finally reached the frontier settlements, after a journey of incredible hardship.

"As the Indian war continued without abatement, he took passage to San Francisco in order to obtain medical advice

in regard to his health, which exposure and privation had badly broken. Then it was that he began the correspondence with me. I was in Chicago at the time.

"Unexpectedly receiving news of his death, in the fall of 1859, I hastened to San Francisco, and received from the hands of his landlord a little bundle of papers, among which I found this. Read it; no explanation is required."

He handed me a folded sheet of paper, on which a letter had been begun, in a cramped, ungainly, but still legible hand. Here it is:

"San Francisco, Oct. 26, '59.

"Dear Cousin: I had hoped to see you before this, but the end has come sooner than I expected. I dreamed of that cabin in the wilds of Oregon, last night, and saw poor Harry fall again before the cowardly shots of these cowardly Shastas; and I think it is nearly over. I must write what I intended to have spoken, and endeavor to give you such directions as will enable you to find the cabin, for you must find it, Theodore, and enjoy its hidden gold. The first part of your course is plain enough: Start from Jacksonville and keep the California road for——"

Here the hand of death stayed the revealing pen and there remained only a black and shapeless ink-blot, as a fit emblem of the mystery that wrapped the whereabouts of the lost cabin. I turned from the paper and looked at Harper—for such was the name by which he introduced himself to me.

"That is all I know about it," said he, "and here is my proposition: Let us jointly purchase an outfit and spend the summer in the mountains of Southern Oregon. With the clew we have I verily believe we shall find the cabin."

"I am with you," and I gave him a steadfast grip.

Harper flushed with pleasure at the prompt and hearty acquiescence, and we sat talking over the details of our expedition until the gray eye of dawn looked in, and, with a cold, unsympathizing stare admonished us that our sitting had been unnaturally protracted.

It was the middle of May, when, deeming the southern mountains free from snow, and the rivers passable, our final preparations were completed, and we were ready for the road.

My books, consisting of a little law, in calf, and much patent-office, in muslin, were consigned to a common grave in a dry-goods box, and the key of the office gracefully consigned to its owner.

We had a saddle-horse apiece, two pack-animals, and provisions for six months. After several days of uneventful travel, we reached Jacksonville. This point was the beginning and the end of the written instructions of James Wilson; and we looked wonderingly toward the south, where a wilderness of mountains, vales and rivers—much of it yet untrod—den by the foot of civilized man, stretched away under the serene sky.

There was the ink-blot of the unfinished letter!

We were not to be frowned back, however, by the difficulties that stood in our way; and, after a day's rest, we again took the California road, with the intention of following it for one day longer.

This brought us to a point where, in all probability the party of prospectors headed by the Wilsons had borne off from the beaten track into the chartless regions of the southeast.

Even adopting this general direction as the axis of exploration, the field to be surveyed was almost hopelessly wide. The Wilson party undoubtedly made a considerable departure from their intended course, in order to avoid the actual theatre of the Indian war, but, with this solitary concession to prudence, must have sought to reach that portion of the country with which rumor and the geological outlines of the earth's surface indicated as gold-bearing. Careful inquiry had put us in possession of these latter facts, and we, too, turned to the southeast, but at no great angle from the stage route.

Our progress was slow, tortuous and at times unutterably difficult. Hewing a trail through woven thickets, scrambling over miles of fallen timber, lost in

the twilight of labyrinthine canyons, straining toward the summit of some rocky divide—where the summer sunshine burned like a flame—across turbulent rivers and by the still margins of unknown lakes where the great firs shadowed themselves in somber solitude: what a road to fortune!

We were generously armed and had no fear of personal danger, for the fierce tribes that had formerly hung upon the footsteps of the hunter and gold-digger here, and had disputed the encroachments of civilization in the bright valleys far to our right had "ceased from troubling" and were agriculturally "at rest" upon government reserves.

We knew, however, that a few unmanageable bands had refused to accept the arbitrament of Christian rifles and were still abroad somewhere in their native haunts—from Klamath to the sea—committing theft, arson and an occasional murder.

But our hearts were fired with the "accursed lust for gold" and we were not to be deterred by idle fears. We were possessed of a spirit that toil could not exorcise, nor peril quell!

Wearily weeks had elapsed, when, one day we reached the base of a precipitous chain of mountains trending westward and directly in our course. A few miles to our left we found an accessible path; but, surveying the range with our glass for a great distance on either side, could see no other depression in its clear-cut line. This, then, was the only gateway to the southeastern country beyond, and through it the Wilson party must have passed, without a doubt. At the entrance of the pass we found the dim vestiges of a campfire and began to hope that we were right. Further on we found where an axe had been used here and there, and knew that we were on the footsteps of white men. Was it the Wilson trail?

James Wilson, in his letters to Harper, had spoken of a lofty rock, bearing a rude resemblance of an hour-glass, at the base of which is a mineral spring. It was there that the separation had oc-

curred and the main party turned back. The western peaks were crowned with sunset gold, and our day's march was almost done, when unexpectedly, we halted before a lofty boulder shaped like an hour-glass; and at its base, staining the rock, over which it flowed, we found a spring—bitter with mineral constituents.

By that token the battle was half won, and dismounting, we unpacked our tired and unspirited horses and went into camp for two days, in order to gather strength for the final struggle. Then we were again in the saddle with our face still to the southeast, and toiling on. The scenery grew wilder and more rugged. We were in the region of volcanic agonies, of fierce upheavals and lava floods. Interminable difficulties rose before the story of my own rescue from the fore us, but they were met with heroic resolution and finally overcome. Harper became moody and abstracted; and the stress of sustained anxiety had so worn upon my spirit that even in slumber the troubles of the day were repeated. The boundary between my sleeping and waking thoughts ceased to be clearly defined, I think, and this abnormal condition of the mind may account for what is otherwise inexplicable in what I am about to relate.

We had camped for the night and it was near sunset. Harper, overcome by fatigue, lay asleep with his head upon a roll of blankets. For the hundredth time I had drawn the unfinished letter from my pocket, and sat with my back against a tree, perusing it dreamily, with a lead-pencil which had fallen out in getting the letter, also in my hand. I remember wishing that some spirit-hand would seize the pencil and complete the letter, when, to my infinite surprise, a shadow, like that of sudden twilight, fell upon all things around. I was somehow conscious of a preter-natural presence, and, looking up, beheld immediately in front of me, a man, or the shadow of a man, tall and muscular, with a brown face and bushy beard. He wore a miner's grey flannel shirt—without a coat—and had a

revolver belted to his side. I seemed to be utterly without the power of speech or motion, and looked into the sad and sympathetic eyes he turned upon me, with a sense of awful fascination. I could see Harper dimly through the semi-darkness, but the quiet of slumber still lay upon his weary face. Then night seemed to close down, and I awoke with a start to find that the evening had advanced and that my companion was kindling a fire. I turned to look for the letter and found it at the foot of the tree against which I had reclined; but what did I see? In the blank space below the ink-blot to which I have referred was a rude drawing in pencil! It seemed to represent two ranges of mountains intercepting each other at right angles. In the center of the rectangular space on the lower side was a small diagram, resembling the large one in shape. I took it to the firelight for closer inspection: It was the representation of a miner's pick.

Who had done this, and what could it mean? Was it the idle and unmeaning tracery of my own unconscious hand, or was it the effort of some superior power to direct us in our search for the Lost Cabin? At all events, I could make nothing of the mysterious symbolism before me—pregnant though it might be with precious revelations—and thought best not to mention the circumstance to Harper.

In the afternoon of the next day we were at the foot of another mountain wall spiked with the grey shafts of fire-scathed firs, and with here and there a rocky peak towering high in the smoky atmosphere. Through a system of mighty canyons hewn in these mighty rocks, we penetrated the range and halted for the night upon an open spot where the grass was abundant; and after refreshment, forgot, in the narcotic languors of the pipe, all physical weariness and mental strain.

On the morning following we climbed a lofty eminence that shot into the sky like the spire of some Titanic temple, and with our telescope swept the un-

known country before us, serene and beautiful under the flattering tints of a summer sun. To the right, and running nearly north and south, lay another range of mountains, intersecting at right angles that through which we were passing—the drawing below the ink-blot! There, upon the great face of nature was the realization of the pencil-sketch; and its symbolism was as clear as light; away in that central region to the south the mystic emblem of the pick marked the locality of the vault of gold! With the agitation consequent on so sudden a revelation, I turned toward Harper, with this interpretation of the secret I then divulged; and he, too, was stirred to the inmost depths of his imaginative nature.

On—on we went in a dream of wonder and future wealth, and nothing impeded our progress now, until at last we entered a narrow valley walled in by precipitous mountains, and bordered on each side by a beautiful stream. We knew that we were upon sacred ground; and along the shadowy fringe of the forest, where the fretted waters sang a barbaric rune, we rode, silent as spectres. A resistless magnetism drew us on, and not a word was spoken. Our very heart-strings might have snapped with their terrible tension. We turned a projecting angle of the wood, and a square, black object half buried in a tangle of weeds, was before us. We had found the Lost Cabin!—nothing now but an empty pen of scorched and blackened logs.

I disentangled a pick from one of our packs and stepped within the enclosure. It, too, was choked with weeds; and, bending them aside, I beheld, grinning upon us in its hideous solitude, a human skull! Poor Harry! The Indians had intended that he cabin should be his funeral pyre, but only the lighter materials of the roof had ignited and the green logs refused to burn. I struck the pick into the ground near the center of the cabin. Once more I lifted it and drove the long wedge of iron to the handle in the loose soil. The point fastened in some tough substance; and, at the same

instant, Harper, uttering a cry of mortal anguish, fell heavily at my feet, as a rifle-shot roared in my ear and I dropped into oblivion.

Then it was night, a long, starless and dreamless night of clouded intellect and slumbering soul. When the cunning forces of nature had repaired the fragile structure and the dawn of reason came, they were telling the story of a stage-driver on the Oregon and California route, who, many months before, had captured a nude and sun-bronzed wild-man—gibbering like a monkey, but harmless

as a babe—near the boundary line, and had sent him north to Portland. It was southern wilds.

For the rest, Harper must have fallen by the accidental discharge of his own rifle; and my mind, strung by the high excitement of the search, weakened by the despotism of one absorbing idea, and dazed by the apparent interposition of the supernatural, had given way under the shock, and the mere instincts of the animal nature had provided me with sustenance and prolonged my life.



## A COUNTY WITH A HISTORY.

Silver Bow county, Montana, has more of a history connected with it than usually falls to the lot of the average county in the United States. Until the sixties no one seemed to care very much whether it was a part of the territory known as the Louisiana Purchase, and belonging to Spain; to France; again to Spain; then back to France, or belonged to Great Britain or the United States by right of discovery, and for the very good reason that no inducements were offered for its settlement until that time. It was rather of "the dog in the manger" order. Did not want others to have it, and it was tacked on to the nearest neighbor, not because its presence would lend lustre, advantages or benefits, only to know where to find it.

Prior to 1712 the native races held undisputed claim. From that year until 1762, when, it is said, that France reckoned it as a part of her territory. In 1762 her title was transferred to Spain, and in 1801 Spain retroceded it to France, and in 1803 France sold it to the United States.

In 1804 it was divided, the southern portion being called the district of Orleans, and the northern portion the district of Louisiana, the latter being placed under the jurisdiction of Indiana. In 1805 it was called the territory of Louisiana. In 1812, when Missouri was carved

out of it as a state, it was placed under the jurisdiction of Missouri. In 1814 it became Arkansas territory, and in 1834 Indian territory. In 1845 it was supposed to be a portion of the original Oregon. In 1846 the provisional government of Oregon created the county of Vancouver, since known as Clarke county. This county embraced no definite boundaries in so far as its eastern limits were concerned, except that the whole of the Oregon territory, claimed by and acknowledged as belonging to the United States, that lay to the eastward, was a portion of the eastern counties thereof. This was true of the territorial government of Oregon as well. Upon the assumption of statehood by Oregon in 1853, this "unknown quantity" became a part of the territory of Washington.

At this time the boundaries of Clarke county were more particularly defined—extending on the west, from a point on the Columbia river below Vancouver, to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, a distance of some six hundred miles. Clarke county was subsequently divided. Skamania county being created out of its eastern portion, the orphan falling within its limits. Afterwards the county of Skamania was divided, its eastern portion being designated as Walla Walla county. Subsequently Walla Walla county was cut down and the county of

Spokane created out of its eastern portion. The latter being deemed a little larger than it ought to be, it was reduced by the creation of Missoula county from its eastern section. In March, 1863, Washington lost jurisdiction by reason of the creation of the territory of Idaho, within which it was placed.

In 1864 the territory of Montana was created and Missoula county was given over to its jurisdiction. On the meeting of the first legislature, in 1865, the county was divided into two counties, the severed portion taking the name of Deer Lodge county. Upon the assump-

tion of statehood by Montana further changes were made by taking away, in 1881, a portion of Deer Lodge and erecting it into Silver Bow county.

It will be seen from this that Silver Bow county has been, since 1845, under the jurisdiction of a provisional, four territorial and one state government and has been a portion of seven different counties, and, if a portion of the Louisiana Purchase, under the jurisdiction of three monarchies, and was a district and under the jurisdiction of a state and four territorial governments prior to such date.

The first oysters taken from Shoalwater Bay for market, were gathered in 1851 by Capt. Chas. J. W. Russell. This gentleman was then a resident of Pacific City, then located on the shores of Baker's Bay, but now no more. He shipped them from Astoria to San Francisco. The first shipment that was made direct from the Bay, went in a schooner, the shipper being Capt. Feildsted, the owner of the vessel.

The first federal officer to reach Washington (territory) after it was cut off from Oregon, was J. Patton Anderson, the U. S. marshal of the new territory, who arrived at Olympia, July 3, 1853. Gov. Isaac I. Stephens, the first governor of the territory, did not arrive until November of the same year.

The first federal judges were Charles Lander, chief justice, and Victor Munroe and O. B. McFadden, associate judges,

The first territorial court was held at Cowlitz Landing, on the first Monday in January, 1854. Victor Monroe, associate justice, presiding.

The first legislature convened at Olympia on February 27, 1854. Geo. N. McConaha was the first president of the council, and F. A. Chenoweth the first speaker of the house. Both houses were democratic.

Columbia Lancaster was the first delegate to congress. Miles C. Moore was the last governor of the territory, and Elisha P. Ferry the first governor after it became a state. He had also been governor while it was a territory.

Both General Lane and Geo. L. Curry were twice governor of the territory of Oregon. General Lane was the first appointed to the position, and his second term was the shortest of all those holding the office, it being but three days. Gov. Curry first held the office as acting governor. His second term was the longest of all the territorial governors, being four years, seven months and three days.

Of the state governors, S. F. Chadwick was the only one to occupy the executive chair except by direct election. By being secretary of state he succeeded to the office upon the resignation of his predecessor, Gov. Grover. His term of office, so far, has been the shortest.

Governors Grover and Pennoyer were the only ones elected to succeed themselves, and Gov. Pennoyer the only one to serve two full terms. Gov. Moody served the longest single term—four years, three months and twenty-nine days. The present incumbent, T. T. Geer, was the first native-born Oregonian to be nominated and elected to the

## OREGON'S PIONEERS.

(Respectfully Dedicated to Martha Avery's Cabin No. 18, Native Daughters of Oregon.)

How shall the tale of the West be told?  
Who will write it in letters of gold?

Where is the one whose magic pen  
Shall make its heroes live again?

Under the sod they silent sleep,  
Over their graves we silent weep.

Silent for never a tongue can tell  
How well they wrought, how bravely fell,

And are they gone, these heroes bold,  
Can sodden clay such spirits hold?

Shall deeds like theirs forever lie  
Hidden from heart and ear and eye?

Since the westward march began  
Earth's best blood has led the van.

Ever bore the battle brunt,  
Nature's heroes in the front.

Sung far and near in martial lays  
The warrior has his meed of praise

Extolled in life, when life has fled  
He sleeps with laurels 'round his head.

Yet never our nation's lusty cheers  
Have rung for its western pioneers.

Though they have stood a guard to keep  
While all the Nation was asleep;

Though western soil, from flood to flood,  
Is enriched with patriot blood.

And every hill and every vale  
Holds touching tragic thrilling tale.

Though they made a desert sod,  
Touched as if by Aaron's rod,

Blossom o'er its wide domain  
With flowers, fruit and golden grain.

Where their campfire smoke has curled  
There our banner was unfurled;

While their cabins rose in air  
They were building house more fair

From Missouri's tawny flood,  
Where the painted savage stood,

To Pacific's golden gate,  
They were building house of state;

True of hand, and heart and eye,  
They were building to the sky.

Well they bullded 'neath their domes  
States and empires find their homes.

Years have fled on hill and plain,  
Campfires brightly blaze again,

Children of that faithful band  
Meet to join in heart and hand

And to whisper, soft and low,  
Of the days of long ago;

Well they know such tones are best,  
For their heroes are at rest.

Though no clarion bugle tone  
O'er the world their fame has blown,

Yet we stand with upraised eyes  
Joyfully looking to the skies,

And whisper low above their sod,  
"These were heroes known to God,

; Under the sod they silent sleep,  
Over their graves we silent weep;

Silent, for never a tongue can tell  
How well they fought, how bravely fell.

G. A. WAGGONER.

## OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

GEO. H. HIMES, Assistant Secretary.

---

Dr. James McBride, a pioneer to Oregon of 1846, was appointed as United States minister to the Hawaiian Islands by President Lincoln. Soon after going there he had the American coat-of-arms placed over the entrance of the American legation.

In 1864 an English man-of-war stopped in Honolulu, having on board two cadets in the English navy, both sons of peers. One of them, Lord Charles Beresford, is now high in the service. This was during the war of the rebellion, when England was rather unfriendly to the United States, and many Englishmen were inclined to think that the United States government was of no special consequence, and was practically destroyed.

One night Lord Charles Beresford and his friend, in order to show their contempt for the United States government, went to the American legation, tore down McBride's coat-of-arms, and hired a native to row them with it out into the bay where their ship was anchored.

On learning next morning that the coat-of-arms was missing, the American minister instituted a search, and soon found the native who had taken it to the ship. A search warrant was procured and the coat-of-arms brought back by an officer. The commandant of the man-of-war and the English minister at Honolulu immediately called on the American minister and offered an apology in the name of their government for the insult which had been offered. After having made their apology, they stated that they supposed that this was satisfactory, and that they had atoned for the offence. The American minister informed them that this was not satisfactory, and that these two young lords, who were officers of the British government, had not only committed the theft,

but had, by their act, insulted the government represented by him. He further said that, having taken down the coat-of-arms with their own hands, he would not be satisfied until they themselves put it back where they got it. At this the English minister and commandant vehemently protested, saying that such a demand was humiliating and disgraceful, and could not be complied with. The American minister, however, insisted on a compliance with his demand, saying that the disgrace consisted in the act of stealing the coat-of-arms, and that nothing short of this would be considered reparation for the offence. After considerable diplomatic correspondence and some delay, the English minister agreed to comply with the demand of Dr. McBride, and the latter mentioned the next noon as the time when the coat-of-arms should be replaced.

It was soon noised about Honolulu that the two young men were to replace the coat-of-arms the next day at twelve o'clock. When the time came, thousands of people from the city and surrounding country were there to witness the ceremony. A photograph of the scene was taken, and it is said that a relative of minister McBride in Salem, now has a copy of this photograph. The young fellows also apologized to Dr. McBride for the insult.

Minister McBride reported the affair to Secretary Seward, who complimented him and demanded an apology from the English government, which was made, and the two young men called home and dismissed from the navy for five years.

It is said that the first white child born west of the Willamette river was the eldest son of Medorum Crawford, a pioneer of 1842.

## PACIFIC NORTHWEST CHRONOLOGY.

1542—It is said that Juan Rodrigues Cabrillo, a Spaniard, sailed up the coast as far as 44 deg., landed and returned south. This would be somewhere in the neighborhood of Port Orford.

1578—Authorities differ as to the distance which Sir Francis Drake, an Englishman, sailed up the coast. There is no record of his having landed north of San Francisco bay.

1592—Is given as the date upon which Juan de Fuca, a Spaniard, discovered the straits which now bear his name. It is doubted whether he ever saw them as claimed by him.

1603—Sebastian Vizcaino, a Spaniard, named Cape Blanco, also reported a snow-capped peak to the eastward, calling it San Sebastian (Mt. Shasta). He also discovered a river, supposed to be the Umpqua. Capt. Aguilar, one of this expedition, claimed to have discovered the Columbia river.

1742—Two sons of Chevalier de La Verendrye, of Montreal, led an overland expedition to the Stony mountains (Rockies), coming as far west as the country embracing Missoula, Deer Lodge and Silver Bow counties in Montana. On May 19, 1744, they set up a monument and christened the country "Beauharnois."

1763—Kadiak Island settled by the Russians.

1766—The river "Oregon" was conceived in the mind of Capt. Johnathan Carver, of Connecticut, who made an expedition into the country adjacent to the headwaters of the Mississippi in that year. This river has borne several different names, among them being: Spanish—Esenada de Asuncion (Assumption Inlet, Esenada de Hecta (Heceta Inlet), Rio de San Roque (River of San Roque), Rio de Aguilar (River of Aguilar), and Rio de Thegays (River of Thegays).

American—River of the West, Oregon and Columbia. Indian—Shock-a-tilicum, Chuck-a-lil-um, Wik-a-itli Wam-a-kil, Pe-koo-un, Ka-kis-ne-na, Nis-koot-sum, Ka-nix, Wahna and others. It was not the custom of the native races to name a river, but rather localities upon the same.

1774—Lieut. Juan Perez, a Spaniard, sailed as far north as 54 deg. On his return trip he discovered a mountain now called Mt. Olympus. He gave it the name of Sierra de Santa Rosalia.

1775—Capt. Bruno Heceta, a Spaniard, planted a cross on July 14th, upon a point to which he gave the name of Punta de Martinez (Martyr's Point), a location now known as Point Grenville. On the same day some of the crew of one of his vessels went on shore for a supply of fresh water, and were massacred by the Indians. This was the first recorded instance where the blood of the white race was shed in the Pacific Northwest. On the following 17th he discovered the mouth of the Columbia river, mistaking it for a bay, giving it the name of Ensenada de Asuncion. Point Adams he called Cabo de Frondosa (Leafy Cape), and to Cape Disappointment the name of Cabo de San Roque.

1778—On March 22d, Capt. James Cook named Cape Foulweather and Cape Flattery. The latter had been previously (1774) called Punta Martinez by Perez. Several of those accompanying Captain Cook subsequently achieved celebrity. George Vancouver, a follower in discovery, was his mid-shipman; John Ledyard, of Connecticut, the first American to set foot on the Pacific coast, who was one of the petty officers, became a noted traveler. He went on shore in Alaska on the 8th of October. Another of the crew afterwards became a distinguished geographer. This was Admiral Burney, of the British navy. While on

his way to North Pacific waters, Capt. Cook discovered the Sandwich Islands, January 18, 1778, naming them in honor of Lord Sandwich of England. On his return voyage he put in to the islands, and while there, February 16, 1779, he was murdered by the natives. He was succeeded in command by Capt. Clerke, who soon died, leaving the command to fall to the lot of Lieut. Gore, a Virginian. Capt. Gore sailed to Canton, China, and there disposed of the first furs that had come to that market direct from the sealing grounds of the Pacific Northwest.

1785—Capt. James Hanna, an Englishman, arrived. Not for the purpose of exploration, but to gather furs for the Oriental market. He was quite successful, selling his cargo in the Cantonese market for \$20,000. This was the first expedition coming to the North Pacific waters solely for trading purposes.

1787—Capt. Dixon, an Englishman, was the first to establish the fact that Queen Charlotte Island was an island. He named it in honor of his vessel.

Capt. Berkeley, an Englishman, commanding the *Imperial Eagle*, an American vessel, entered the Straits of Fuca this year, making certain their existence, which had previously been doubted. Later on he sailed down the coast, making a landing at Point Grenville. Some of the crew of the vessel went on shore, and, like the Spaniards of 1775, they met their death at the hands of the natives. As a memorial to their sad fate the captain named the island near the point, Destruction Island. This had been called by Heceta, *Isle de Dolores* (*Isle of Sorrows*), at the date his men were murdered.

1788—The American sloop, *Lady Washington*, of Boston, arrived at Nootka on September 17th. She was commanded by Capt. Robert Gray, who afterwards discovered the Columbia river. She was the first American vessel to carry the Stars and Strips around the world. On the voyage up the coast, the vessel was run into Murderers' harbor, since known as Tillamook bay. While

here one of the crew was murdered by the Indians, supposed to be the first occurring south of the Columbia river, of one not a native.

Capt. John Mears, an Englishman, arrived at Nootka in the spring of this year. He came as the supercargo of the vessel, but was the real commander. The vessel, however, carried a Portuguese captain and papers. Capt. Mears secured from a native Nootka chief a "spot of ground in his territory" in exchange for a brace of pistols. Upon this he built the first vessel constructed in the North Pacific. He named her the *North-west America*, and she took her maiden plunge into the wave on September 20th of this year.

It is not generally known that the Chinese were pioneers to North American waters during this year, but such was the case. In the early struggles among the powers of the old world to secure a footing upon the northern shores of the Pacific—Spain, Russia and England made every haste and resorted to various expedient to acquire title by occupation or discovery. The English conceived the idea of colonizing with people from other countries who would not only be dependent upon them, but also, probably, intermix with the natives, which might exert a controlling influence over the latter class. The plan was to induce some of the Chinese to come on board of their vessel with the idea that they were to be taken to Bengal, and instead bring them across the ocean to the place or places where it was suitable for the founding of a colony. It was also a part of the scheme to touch at the Hawaiian Islands and there pick up enough Kanaka women to supply each of the Celestials with a wife. They succeeded in inducing some seventy Chinese to come on board their ships, when sail was set for the Pacific coast. At Honolulu quite a number of women were obtained and it was not over long before their destined port—Nootka Island—was reached, but the Spanish seamen had raised the red and yellow flag

before their arrival, and when the English mariners attempted to make a landing for their intended purpose, the Spanish captains seized their ships. It is said that they put the Chinese brought over

to work, but what ultimately became of them has not been made a matter of history. The vessels bringing them were the Princess Royal and the Argonaut.

(To be continued.)



## NESIKA WA-WA.

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Several of our subscribers became somewhat alarmed over the non-appearance of the last issue of the Native Son at its usual date of delivery, and wrote asking as to the reason why they did not receive it. Among those enquiring about the delay was one of our agents. Her message was as follows:

Yoncalla, Oregon, August 8th, 1900.

NATIVE SON PUB. CO.,

Klose Tenas Man:—Klone moon o'coke mika papah wake chaco copa conomox o'coke kloochman, Mrs. Susan Smith, pee ole man C. H. Westernheiser, Yoncalla. Nesika hyas mesahche, copa nesika spouse mika wake copa yaka. Klose mika hyas mamook chaco o'coke papah, copa skookum chickamln kuitan, pee klonas mesika kokshut klose tumtum.

Mika Klose Tillcum,

SUE BURT, Agent.

In pioneer days there were but few but what understood this language, and the children frequently could speak it as well as they could English. Now-a-days, those who can understand the simplest words are like the primitive inhabitants—who were at one time numbered by the thousand—very rare.

Among the laws passed by the last session of the Grand Cabin, Native Sons of Oregon, was one which permits cabins of the order to admit to member-

ship all desirable candidates over eighteen years of age. This is certainly a move in the right direction, for the first society a young man becomes identified with, and in which he takes an interest, is the one which he holds dearest. From the fact that other orders require applicants to be twenty-one years of age, this class of membership is ineligible to membership therein, and they are left to remain out of a society or join the Native Sons.

Allied to this order at the earliest limit of admission, they will retain a kindly feeling for it in all ways that tend to its upbuilding, and when once its principles are fully understood, are never forgotten and will, as a rule, most certainly imbue them with better citizenship, and in all ways promote actions serving to uphold our flag, foster home endeavor, and bring honor to the brave and noble pioneers whose efforts laid the foundations of the great Pacific Northwest.



Contributions are solicited on any subject interesting and connected with the history of the original Oregon. Reminiscences of pioneers are especially wanted. The native born should endeavor to secure data of all kinds from their pioneer parents and send the same to us for publication.

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

### TIMOTHY A. RIGGS.

Timothy Ambrose Riggs was born October 28, 1825, in Ray county, Missouri. At that time this was the extreme frontier, consequently, with no public schools, his education was extremely limited.

In early life he learned of Oregon through the perusal of a short history written by a Mr. Edwards. In the spring of 1846 he, with his parents and other members of his family, started for the far-away land, halting a few days at Iowa Point, on the Missouri river, long enough to collect the emigrant company.

On the 5th day of May they began crossing the river and, as the only means of transportation was the ordinary flatboat, propelled by hand, three days were consumed in crossing between twenty and thirty wagons and stock.

His father, Thomas Riggs, who was taken sick a few days before crossing, died on the evening of the 7th, and was buried the day following, on the bluff overlooking the river. On the same day the company started on the long journey, saddened by this severe and unexpected loss.

On the last day of September the subject of this sketch, with one other man, arrived at Phillip Foster's on the Clackamas. The Fosters were the first family of white people they had met after crossing the plains. On the next day the family arrived and a few days after went on to Oregon City, the objective point of immigrants in those days.

During the following year he farmed in partnership with Dr. P. Welch. In the fall of 1847 he settled in Linn county, where Crawfordville now stands. In the meantime he purchased a few books and studied at home until he acquired sufficient education for ordinary business transactions.

In 1850 he was elected County Treasurer of Linn county, that being the first year that there was any revenue collected in the county and it amounted to \$1162.50. He was allowed two per cent for receiving and disbursing the same, \$23.25 in all.

In 1851 he was elected County Assessor, being the second person to fill that office. He performed that duty in fourteen days and made his report to the County Clerk on the 15th, for which he was allowed \$5 per day, or \$75.

In 1856 he enlisted for three months in the Rogue River war, under Captain James Blakely, and was elected second lieutenant by the company.

In 1861 he was engaged in the lumber

business, and at the time of the flood, his property was all swept away by the high water, and afterwards his house was burned, with all its contents. In 1862 he was elected Sheriff of Linn county for two years, and at the present time is serving as County Surveyor, having first been appointed to fill a vacancy caused by the death of E. T. T. Fisher, and in June of this year was elected to that office.

On the 10th day of June, 1849, he was married to Miss Celia Russell. Nine children were born to them, seven of whom, four sons and three daughters, are still living.

Mr. Riggs has lived a quiet life, and has enjoyed the confidence and respect of his fellow citizens, as is evidenced by the many calls to fill positions of trust which he has always discharged with credit to himself and his constituents. He and his wife are members of the Christian church at Albany, Oregon, where he resides, and takes a lively interest in all benevolent undertakings. Though almost 75 years of age, he has not thought it time to cease leading an active life, and the people of his county seem to agree with him in that decision, having recently chosen him to fill an office whose duties demand the most robust among a younger generation.

### GEORGE LEMUEL WOODS.

Gov. George L. Woods, was born in Boone county, Missouri, July 30, 1832. At the age of fifteen he crossed the plains with his parents, Caleb and Margaret McBride Woods, pioneers of 1847, who settled upon a claim in Yamhill county soon after arriving. He attended the first school taught in the "classic shades of Yamhill," the building being a log cabin. Among the scholars attending were Hon. John R. McBride, Dr. James C. Shelton and Dr. L. L. Rowland. All these students wore buck-skin suits and moccasins for footwear. The teacher was Dr. W. L. Adams. He subsequently attended school at McMinnville College. In 1853 he was married to his cousin, Miss Louisa A. McBride, daughter of Dr. James McBride. Mr. Woods worked at carpentering and farming until he could secure an education, occupying his spare moments in study. He read law, and was admitted to the bar in 1858. He came prominently before the public in 1857, by organizing republican clubs throughout the Willamette valley, before whom he spoke on the political issues of the day. In 1863 he was

appointed county judge of Wasco county, and in 1864 was elected presidential elector. In 1866 he was elected governor of Oregon, serving four years. In 1871 he was appointed governor of the territory of Utah by President Grant, which office he held four years. He then removed to California and resumed the practice of law, principally in San Francisco. While a resident of California, he ran for the office of congressman, but was defeated.

He returned to Oregon in 1885, locating in Portland, where he practiced law until his death.

Governor Woods, as an attorney of the higher rank, and as a speaker, was one of the most eloquent known to the Union, and his services as a campaign orator were eagerly sought for, far and wide. He died in Portland, January 14, 1890, lamented by a host of friends and sorrowing relatives.

#### RUFUS MALLORY.

Hon. Rufus Mallory was born June 10, 1831, in the town of Coventry, New York. At the age of twenty he taught school and read law at Andover, New York, and later in Iowa. He came from the latter state to Oregon in 1858, locating in Roseburg. Here he continued his legal study and was admitted to the bar in 1860. During that year he was elected district attorney for the first judicial district. In 1862 he was elected a member of the legislature from Douglas county. Soon afterwards he removed to Salem, and in 1864 was elected district attorney for the third judicial district. In 1866 he was elected congressman. In 1872 he was elected to the legislative assembly from Marion county, and when the legislature convened, was chosen speaker of the house. In 1874 he was appointed U. S. district attorney, and in 1878 was reappointed to the same office. In 1882 he visited India as special agent of the government.

Mr. Mallory was originally a whig in politics, but upon the overthrow of that party identified himself with the republicans, a party in which he has been an influential factor in Oregon, advocating its principles on the stump, representing it in various conventions, both state and national.

As a lawyer Mr. Mallory takes rank among the best in the state. His legal abilities have been tested in many important cases which have attracted wide attention because of the new and novel questions involved, and on no occasion has he failed to acquit himself admirably. One of the remarkable cases in which he was identified as prosecutor was

the conviction of the murderers of Beal and Baker, whose guilt was fastened upon them upon the slender beginning of a hat-band lost by one of them at the scene of their crime. He is now practicing law in Portland.

Mr. Mallory was married June 24, 1860, to Miss Lucy A. Rose, daughter of Aaron Rose, the founder of Roseburg. The fruits of the union has been one child, a son.

#### JAMES K. KELLY.

Hon. James K. Kelly was born in Center county, Pennsylvania, February 16, 1819. He graduated at Princeton College in 1839, and soon after began the study of law. After admission to the bar he practiced his profession at Lewiston, Pa., where he remained until 1849, when he crossed the plains to California. The gold excitement being at its height he tried his luck at mining during that winter. His venture netted him handsomely, when he went to San Francisco, opening a law office there. In 1851 he removed to Oregon. He first located at Pacific City. But soon removed to Oregon City. While here he was appointed one of the code commissioners, which prepared the first code of laws for the territory. He served for four years as a member of the territorial council from Clackamas county—during the time he was president of that body for two years.

In 1855 he served as lieutenant colonel in the volunteer service. His command was engaged in battle with the Indians east of the Cascades on several occasions, one encounter lasting four days. The hostiles were routed with great slaughter and their losses disheartened them so that they would not thereafter come out in open fight.

On his return from military service he resumed the practice of law. In 1857 he was a member of the state constitutional convention, and three years later was elected state senator to represent Clackamas and Wasco counties. He met with great financial loss in consequence of the flood in 1861, and he removed from Oregon City to The Dalles, where he remained until 1869. In 1864 he was defeated for the office of governor, the state being overwhelmingly republican.

In 1870 the legislature was democratic, so it elected Mr. Kelly United States Senator. At the expiration of his term he resumed the practice of his profession, locating in Portland. Subsequently he removed to Washington, D. C., where he now resides.

His wife was Miss Mary Millar, to whom he was married in 1863. They have two children, a son and a daughter.

TO THE READERS \* \* \*

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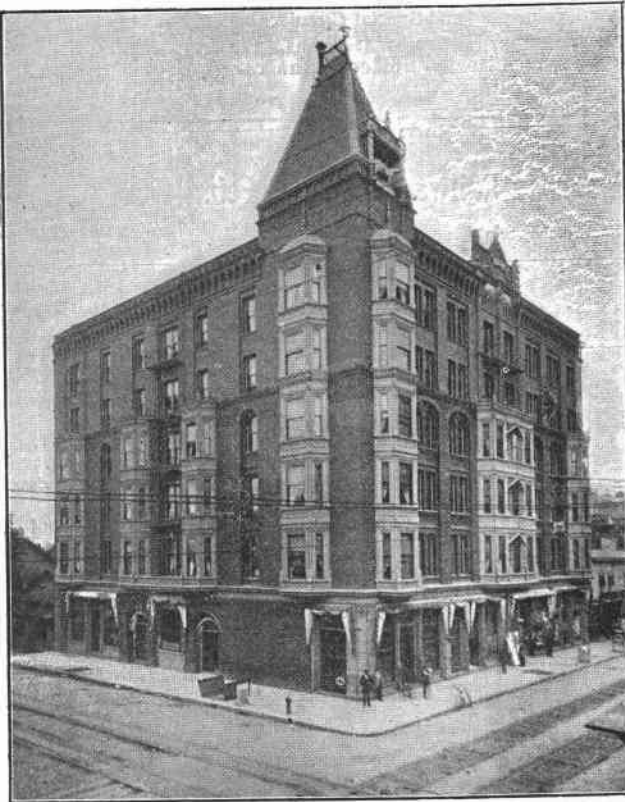
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LINE LEAVES	Interval	From	To	Last Car	Last car passes 3d and Morrison
"S" Twenty-fourth and Savier streets..... South Portland .....	8 min.	5 36 a.m. 6 16	11 28 p.m. 12 14 a.m.	11 44 p.m. 12 30 a.m.	12 00 p.m. 12 30 a.m.
"U" Albina Junction .....	10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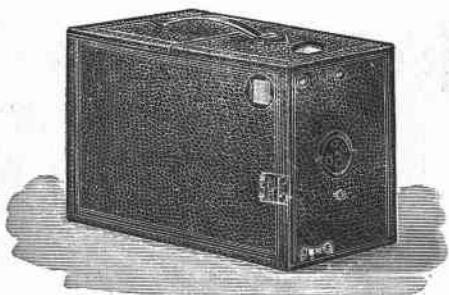
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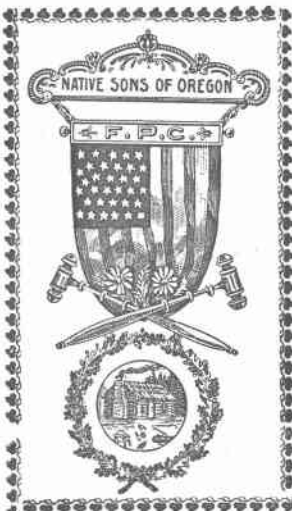
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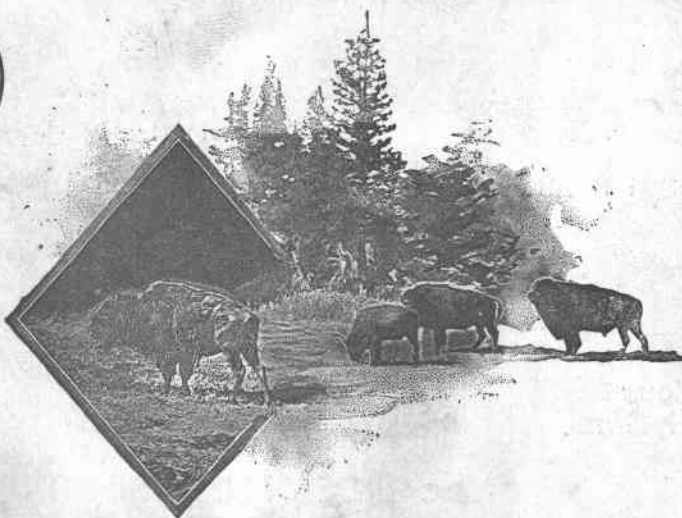
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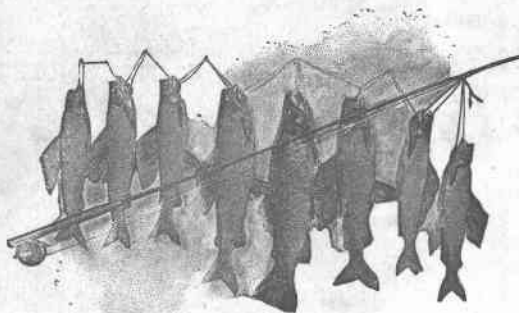


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