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APRIL, 1900.

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KLOSNEGAKILLAHEE

OREGON NATIVE SON

and Historical Magazine

Devoted to the History, Industries and Development
of the

ORIGINAL OREGON

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

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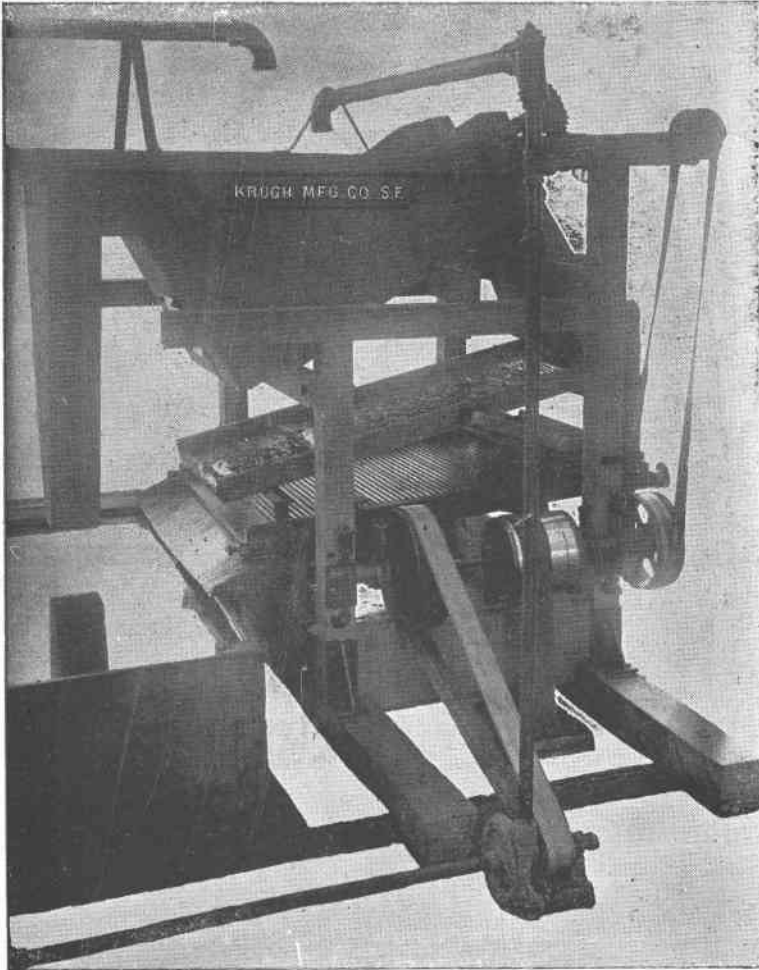
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We hear now and then of an argument that some of our competitors are using against us that we are an old established house, that has grown rich on the profits of past business, and that we ought to give way and give them a chance, etc., etc.

To all this we must reply that it has taken us years of unceasing toil and vigilance to build up the big business we now enjoy. We did not attempt to do it in a few months or a year, as some of the new dealers are apparently trying to do.

No, sir, boys; before you can reach the pinnacle of fame or meet with any degree of success in this business you must get in and work and struggle along for years as we have been doing; and, to tell the truth you must contrive in some manner or other to get control of such pianos as the Knabe, Hardman, Sohmer, Fischer and Ludwig. This is the line of instruments that has led us through the triumphant arch of success and which has earned for us the true cognomen of being "The Oldest and Largest Music-House in the Pacific Northwest."



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PICTURES.

A fleecy cloud, and a lively breeze,
A sky as blue as the ocean's breast,
A burst of song and a drone of bees,
A rustling of boughs and orchard trees
As white as Hood's own crest—

And this is spring—is spring, Oh!

A wayside brook; bright, glowing skies,
A rustic bridge from side to side,
Two red lips mute, two speaking eyes,
A maiden's blush, which rose ne'er vies,
A lover's kiss, a promised bride—

And this is love—is love, Oh!

True loving hearts and a baby head,
A mother's call, a child's wild glee,
A father's care, like a page half read,
Heart thanks returned for daily bread,
Then eyes so dim they cannot see—

And this is life—is life, Oh!

—M. Agnes Kelly.

Probate Court

J L Babcock Judge of Probate hath appointed David
Leslie administrator of the affairs of the late Ewing Young
yeoman, deceased, intestate, late resident in the Williamette
Settlement.

April 15th 1841

George W LeBeau Clerk

A TOUR OF THE WORLD.

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

(Published by Special Permission of Mr. Valentine.)

St. John, N. B., Sept. 11, 1899.
DEAR UNCLE AARON:

Following rather quickly my last letter, dated Halifax, September 7th, I resume my itinerary: Leaving that noted commercial way station on the eastern coast of Nova Scotia—the city of Halifax—we traveled by rail for about four hours to Pictou, in the same province, where we embarked on the steamer “Princess” and crossed the Northumberland Strait, landing in Charlottetown some five hours later. The strait varies in width from five to twenty miles, but our route, as sailed, was quite fifty. As an index to the passage the first hour and a half, pleasant by reason of a mild atmosphere, sunshine, and placid sea, proved most deceptive, for after that a stiff northwester sprang up, and during the next three hours we had high winds and a stormy sea. However, ere landing in Charlottetown, when once within the harbor of that city, these elemental disturbances subsided.

The French claimed Prince Edward Island as having been discovered by Verazzani in 1524. However, that may be, Jacques Cartier sailed along the northern coast and touched at various points on the Island in 1534, and he recorded of it: “All the said land is low and plaine, and the fairest that may possibly be seen; full of goodlie meadows and trees”—and this describes the general appearance of the island today, so far as I had opportunity of observing. In view of the references already made in “A Trip Across Cape Breton Island” to the different races that first sought to colonize these islands, I will not herein dwell upon such features. Further men-

tion of them will be made in my next budget, to be entitled, “A Trip Across New Brunswick.”

In 1758, when, by the second conquest of Louisbourg, Wolfe shook the French power in America, an English expedition was at once dispatched to the Isle of Saint Jean, and Port La Joie was captured without difficulty. Rigorous measures were then adopted to enforce the submission of the Acadian population, many of whom went back to France rather than promise allegiance to their enemies. But a number remained, and even now their descendants are to be found in certain sections of the island, following the same customs, wearing the same distinctive dress, and speaking the same language as their forefathers. The years have passed them by, and they have changed very little in their mode of life. Their settlements at Rustico, Tignish, Abram’s Village, Miscouche, and other parts of the island, are well worth a visit. They earn their living from the land and from the sea, for they are as much fishermen as farmers; and occasionally their women, in picturesque peasant costume, may be seen on market days in Charlottetown, selling the fish the men have toiled for.

In 1663 a certain Sieur Doublet, a naval officer in the French service, was granted the whole island, which had been named Isle St. Jean. He, with some companions, established a few fishing stations, but for nearly fifty years afterwards it cannot be said that there were any regular settlers in the colony.

In 1713, after the expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia and New Foundland, Isle St. Jean received many

of the refugees, and from that date until 1758 the colony was under the active control of the French.

Charlottetown, the capital of Prince Edward Island, has about ten thousand inhabitants. After dinner we strolled about in the burg and made arrangements to continue our sight-seeing the next morning, after an early breakfast. Accordingly we arose at 6:30, and an hour later were being driven about the city and suburbs.

Charlottetown has a square or plaza near the center of the city on which are located the statehouse, postoffice, the Catholic Cathedral and other notable structures; the ecclesiastical edifice for its size being one of the best appearing church buildings that I have yet seen in America, north of Mexico. The interior, however, is not completed at this date.

The province, divided into three counties—King, Queen and Prince—has 2134 square miles, and probably one-third of this area is under water. I may, however, qualify this statement by admitting I am not quite sure that the figure, 2134 square miles, given me by a citizen of Charlottetown, may not be exclusive of the island's inland water surface. The extreme length, east to west, of Prince Edward Island is 130 miles; the width, north to south, varying from five to twenty miles. At the present time the population numbers 120,000—or fifty-six people to the square mile.

Not to mention an unlimited supply of good fish, which all the maritime provinces of Canada enjoy, the products of this island are cattle, sheep, hogs, butter, cheese, poultry, eggs, cauliflower, tomatoes, potatoes, turnips, beets, carrots and other small vegetables. An abundance of fine oats was seen in the fields and of trees there are the birch, fir, spruce, larch, willow, poplar, and the mountain ash, which latter were laden with large clusters of bright red berries. The soil is brownish red, or what we would call red sand. Previous to clearing, the land has a thick growth of small timber and underbrush, as already mentioned, which must be removed before

the soil can be cultivated. Yet this little stretch of country, that in area equals only 1-74 part of California, contains, as I have already said, 120,000 prosperous people. Were California populated in the same ratio, it would number about nine million inhabitants; and yet in this less genial northeastern clime these people dig a living out of the land they must first clear by the most arduous labor, and once free of its natural growth, it must be artificially fertilized to yield satisfactory returns. Despite all these disadvantages, Prince Edward Islanders thrive, are well-appearing, and within their borders churches and school houses abound. Their students, I am told, avail eagerly of all educational opportunities and privileges afforded them, and those sent to the higher universities—notably to Laval, of Quebec, and McGill, of Montreal—rank among the foremost in scholarship. In their own province they have Prince of Wales College, located in Charlottetown. Prof. Jacob G. Schurmann (here pronounced Skew-er-man), of Cornell University, one of President McKinley's commissioners to the Philippines, was, I am informed, "raised" on Prince Edward Island, where, for a time, he taught school, etc.

Early in the day we took train for Summerside, a town of from three to five thousand people, which lies almost due west of Charlottetown. The short railroad ride of fifty miles showed an undulating country, cut up into trim farms with neat farm houses and commodious barns, etc. In the well-watered meadows browsed cattle and sheep; and frequently small stretches of forest relieved and beautified the landscape. The country in general partakes somewhat of the placid aspect of England's rural districts, and altogether we felt well repaid for our very brief visit to Prince Edward Island.

✱

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 5, 1899.

After perusal of the letter from our absent president dated Sept. 14, 1899, it may have occurred to some of the friends of Mr. Valentine that, during a similar tour of his made something less than a year ago, he traversed the same

romantic locality made memorable by tales of human achievement and human suffering, and favored them with a letter on the subject addressed to the undersigned and issued to them in the usual form. It was dated, "Lower Canada, Tuesday, Oct. 25, 1898," evidently having been jotted down enroute. In it he mentions, incidentally, leaving New York at midnight the preceding Friday, and of taking a passing look at Boston. Having permission to do so, I here reproduce so much of the letter as relates to his rambles in the Acadian Land, the impressions of each year, while precisely the same in spirit, being sufficiently diversified in expression to constitute, by comparison, fresh and entertaining reading.

"UNCLE AARON."

A TRIP ACROSS NOVA SCOTIA.

In the Acadian Land.

Lower Canada, Tuesday, Oct. 25, '98.

This morning, 7:15 to 9:45, we are voyaging on the good steamer "Prince Rupert" across the Bay of Fundy, from St. Johns, N. B., to Digby, N. S., (on the south shore of Annapolis Bay), forty-five miles by the ship's course—a little east of south. From Digby we go by rail, via Annapolis, to Halifax, traveling the beautiful valley made memorable by Longfellow's "Evangeline."

* * * * *

Leaving Boston Sunday night, we breakfasted at Vanceboro, a frontier customs station between Maine and New Brunswick—reached St. Johns before noon, and after lunch began sight-seeing under the guidance of a most intelligent and affable host—Mr. Taylor, of the Canadian Express Company. As you may remember, the city of St. Johns is situated on the east bank of the St. Johns river, near its confluence with the Bay of Fundy—population about 40,000, but with its suburbs—Carleton, Portland and Fairville—probably 50,000 all told. The basis of the city's prosperity is the lumbering interest on the St. Johns river, on which stream eighty-five miles distant, is situated Fredericton, the capital of the province.

The afternoon was fine—the sky clear, the atmosphere brilliant, as it were; hence the drive or ride was thoroughly enjoyed. The St. Johns river, with its picturesque banks, its rugged rocks, and turbulent waters, is a sight to be remembered. The tide rises here thirty feet, and, at the very narrowest gorge the stream is spanned by two graceful bridges—the railroad cantilever, steel trusses, about 500 feet span; the thoroughfare bridge, steel suspension, about 650 feet span. From the car windows in the forenoon I looked at the beautiful river rushing in tumultuous force on its way to the sea, in rapids so furious that only a few weeks since a native Indian who essayed to "shoot" them in his canoe, was overturned and drowned. Yet four hours after I had looked at the rapids, the tide coming in had converted the basin or gorge into a sullen maelstrom, with 35 to 50 feet of water on soundings, and over the bosom of this flood were plying tugs, towing schooners, sloops, log rafts, etc.—commerce out of Indian-town Bay (above the rapids) making for the lower bay, the wharves and the sea. For half an hour I watched this animated scene from the center of the suspension bridge, about seventy-five feet above the highest tide. When the tide is at low ebb, there is a fall of about fifteen feet toward the harbor. When the tide returns it moves up the gorge, overcomes the river current, and causes a fall in the opposite direction.

The views from the surrounding hill-tops were inspiring:

"O the great beauty of the earth and heavens,
The tender purple of the distant sea."

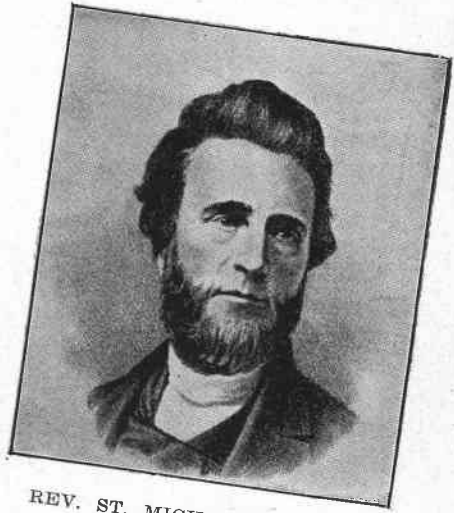
And looking north-westward over the line of the river I thought of the voyageurs of nearly 300 years ago—heroic souls, weren't they?

In Montreal there is a splendid monument, comparatively new, to Maisson-neuve, one of the voyageurs and founder of that city—of the discoverer of the site.

On the day of St. John the Baptist, in the year 1604, the illustrious French explorer, Champlain, cruising along the



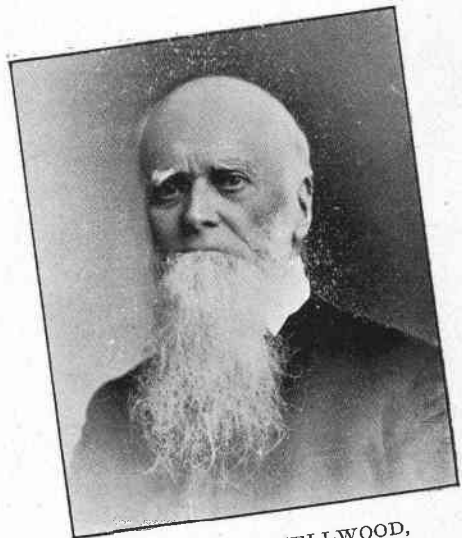
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A Pioneer of 1856.

PIONEER EPISCOPAL MISSIONARIES.

coast of the Bay of Fundy, cast anchor at the mouth of a great river, which, in honor of the day, he named St. John. About the year 1631 Fort la Tour was here established. This fort, a dozen years later, was the theatre of stirring events, in the fierce feud between Charles La Tour, its commander, and his great rival, Charnisay, who was established just across the bay at Fort Royal (now Annapolis). The sieges of Fort La Tour; the part played in the fatal drama by men and ships from Boston, who came to aid La Tour; the final capture of the fort by Charnisay, with its tragic sequence; the heroism of Lady La Tour, who died heart-broken, the victim of the treachery of a pitiless foe, are incidents in a story of thrilling interest.

Our course from St. Johns is not wholly through the bay of Fundy, but into Annapolis Bay, an off-shoot from Fundy—the town of Annapolis being situated on the north end and Digby on the south. From Digby we journeyed by the Dominion Atlantic Railroad to Halifax, being sixty miles shorter than the all-rail route from St. Johns to Halifax. En-route to Halifax one has an opportunity to see the fortifications at Annapolis Royal, the alleged oldest town in North America; and the ancient Acadian village of Grand Pre, the home of Evangeline, and the scene of the great expulsion.

Halifax—same evening:—We enjoyed a brief visit of two hours at Digby, leaving there at 12, noon, and the ride, of six hours to Halifax, was delightful; for the most part through a valley truly Acadian in its beauty and loveliness, past the basin of Minas, the village of Grand Pre, seeing, close at hand, from the train the willow trees and the well, near which stood in 1757, before the great expulsion, the cottage of Benedict Belfontaine (Evangeline's father), and where Gabriel La Jeunesse dreamed of a love that fate willed should have no fruition.

Longfellow says:

"Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed."

Possibly that might have been true of the farms when "Evangeline" was written, but it certainly is not now, for all the valley is a scene of thriving industry—well-kept farms, neat, tidy villages, and an orderly, hospitable people. Nevertheless, the story is forever new and touching, founded, as it is, upon the ever-recurring "man's inhumanity to man" and the broken hopes of youth and love. Upon all this I mused as we glided through a land rich in historic incidents, the sky flecked with fleeting clouds, the forest foliage splendid in its autumnal beauty, the western horizon glorious in the rich gold and crimson of the sunset—and the musing brought to mind the poet's lines:

"Days when the thought to vision turns
From cloud to cloud, from changing tree
to tree,
From field to forest; and the full heart
yearns
For something—God knows what—that
cannot be."

'A TRIP ACROSS NEW BRUNSWICK.'

Bangor, Me., Sept. 14, 1899.

My last budget was dated St. John's, N. B., the 11th inst., whence we journeyed by boat to Fredericton, in the same province.

The trip up the St. John's river to the latter city, some ninety miles, is most charming, from a scenic point of view. This river is as picturesque as any navigable stream in the world. While it has neither the grandeur and sublimity of the Columbia, nor the majestic aspects of the Hudson, yet in pleasing variety of natural beauties it is no whit inferior to either of these two streams, and by nature it has been more profusely endowed than the Rhine.

In the early afternoon we reached Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, a neat little city of seven thousand to eight thousand people. Commercially or historically speaking, it is not of special importance. Its most notable structures are the provincial capitol and university, the English cathedral and the barracks—the latter maintained for the

elementary training of minor militia officers.

From Fredericton, a six hours' ride westerly brought us to Houlton, within the borders of the State of Maine. The day following our arrival there we made a trip (on the Bangor & Aroostock R. R.) through the Aroostock country—the extreme northeastern portion of Maine. Returning to Houlton, in the afternoon, a train carried us to Greenville, on the south end of Moosehead Lake. Early the next morning, taking a northerly course, we had a sail down this lake on the steamer Katahdin.

I am frank to say that no lake I have ever seen outrivals Moosehead in the diversity of lovely vistas—neither the Irish, the Scotch, the English, the Swiss, nor the California lakes are finer. Its extreme length is said to be 38 miles, while its width varies from 18 to less than 2 miles, and the surface is broken by beautiful wooded islands and peninsulas. Of lovely bays and coves there are not a few. Upon all sides rise verdure-clad hills attaining their greatest height in Mt. Katahdin, some five thousand feet above the sea level. This mountain is seen to the eastward of the lake. The view (in all directions) from the Mt. Kineo Hotel, over half way up the lake, is not to be surpassed. Leaving that hostlery shortly after lunch, we retraced our course to Greenville, there taking train, and reaching Bangor about 8 P. M. Lest any of my readers should have forgotten the geographical situation of Bangor, I will mention that it lies on the west bank of the Penobscot River, about fifty miles from its confluence with the sea, near Bucksport.

We now come to a historical consideration of the beautiful stream upon which Bangor is situated—namely the Penobscot—one of the three streams—the Penobscot, the St. Croix and the St. John—that are associated with a most romantic episode of early French colonization in America. The scenes we view here have a double charm, linked as most of them are with some tale of human achievement or of human suffering:

Early in the 17th century the French family of Etienne, otherwise La Tours, discerned the importance of the fur trade of these three water-ways, and Charles La Tour, the younger, established his main post and fort on St. John's harbor, with outposts on the St. Croix and Penobscot.

The struggle between La Tour and his rival, Charinsay, who was established on the opposite shore of the Bay of Fundy, on the little bay of Annapolis, was bitter and unrelenting, though La Tour seems never to have courted the warfare. Suffice it to say that they fought each other with alternating fortune, until finally, during the absence of La Tour in Boston, Charinsay induced La Tour's wife, a most gifted and valiant woman, to capitulate, under promise of life, liberty, etc., to all in the fort. This promise was basely violated and Madame La Tour died broken hearted, a few weeks later. Within a very short time thereafter Charinsay was drowned; and his widow and the bereaved La Tour composed the unhappy differences of their rival interests by uniting in marriage. Thus came eventually, peace and tranquility, after much strife and distraction. But hardly had the wedding bells ceased ringing when the English sailed into the bay of St. John, and there—as they have ever since done in other parts of the world—dispossessed of their holdings the original settlers, the now happily wedded adversaries. And thus ended the ill-starred venture of the La Tours—one of the most pathetic incidents in the early history of "Acadia."

The American Acadia which embraced the modern provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, was a land of romance. Here were reproduced, on a smaller scale, the conditions of life that obtained in France during feudal times, and here the Acadian peasant, cut off by the ocean from the land of his fathers and living apart from the corrupting influences of the outer world, developed a type of life unique in its simplicity. As the tourist sails on the St. John River or traverses Annapolis Valley — Evangeline

Land—and views the tides of the basin of Minas, or the marshes of Grand Pre, his mental vision will revert to the time when these conditions of life prevailed, which have so long since passed away. Never was a land so beloved as Acadia was by the Acadian people, and the story of their exile, as told by Longfellow, has drawn tears from many eyes; yet the descendants of the exiles of 1755 now number more than 100,000 persons in the land from which their forefathers were deported.

After several weeks' journeyings in Canadian Provinces—from Manitoba to New Foundland inclusive—it seems not out of place to say a few words concerning the peoples constituting these British colonies. French and Irish, Scotch and English have here so modified their racial peculiarities and prejudices by mutual concessions in law and government, as well as in social intercourse, that the aggregation has become one of the most admirable examples of representative government—enterprise and progress without haste, a community at once intelligent, tolerant, civilized, Christianized, orderly, rational and fraternal. It gives me great pleasure to say that during these weeks of travel through Canada I witnessed no incident of disorder, incivility, or discourtesy—only one case of drunkenness, and but two beggars, amidst a general decorum as commendable as it was simple and unpretentious. Frugality, thrift and kindness were everywhere manifest. In their public utilities the welfare and convenience of the people are as fully and amply considered as in any portion of the world that I have visited, and the frank cordiality everywhere evident is comforting in the highest degree to every well-wisher of his kind.



A GLIMPSE OF NEW ENGLAND.

Concord and Lexington.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 16, 1899.

My last budget was dated Bangor, Me., Sept. 14th. From there we proceeded to Bar Harbor, Mt. Desert Island, for a very brief sojourn. That

island resort, ten miles out from the mainland, is reached by means of a trim, screw ferry-steamer that makes the trip from Sullivan, the railroad terminus, in about 35 minutes. Bar Harbor is practically the entrance to what is known as Frenchman's Bay, which extends north into the mainland to a point two or three miles beyond Sullivan Station. In America I know of nothing quite like this Bay, and can only compare it with the harbor of Hong Kong.

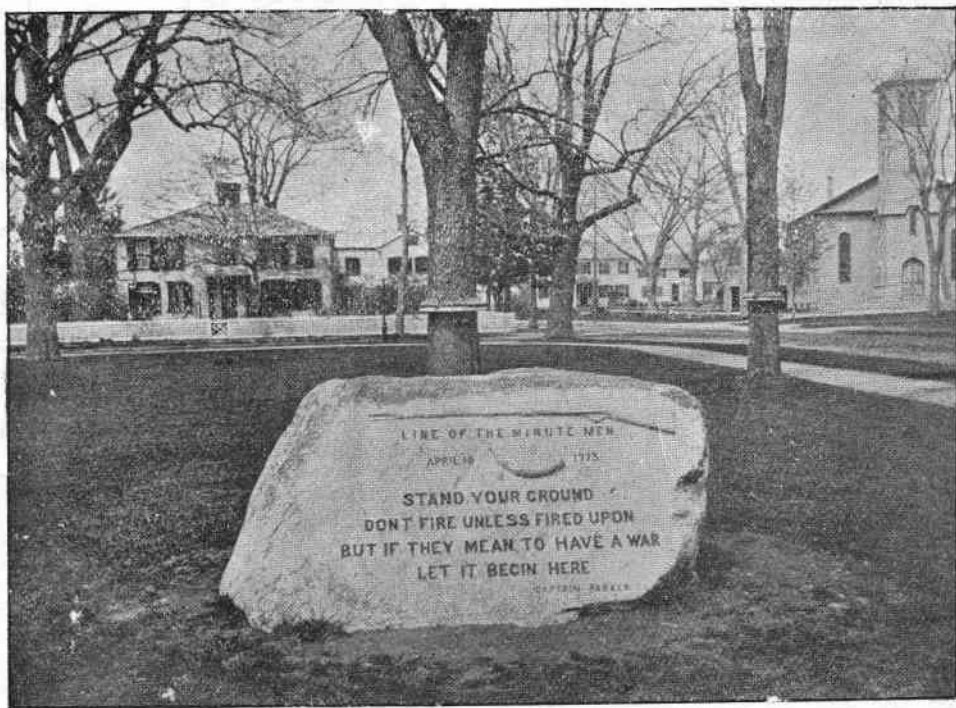
The town of Bar Harbor has a northerly exposure, much as does the city of Victoria on the Island of Hong Kong, at the mouth of the Pearl River. Moreover, the little islands scattered along Mt. Desert Island—east, west and south—which incoming vessels must pass to reach the Harbor, remind one of the somewhat similar islands passed in entering the harbor of Hong Kong from the north, or emerging from it toward the south.

The place has been so much in vogue as a summer resort, that we were both surprised and disappointed at some of its aspects, notably the fact that four out of six large hotels were closed, their patrons having deserted them for more congenial localities. I asked an old acquaintance whom I met there, a gentleman of wealth and refinement, how he explained the decadence and ruin of these four hotels, which have remained closed for several seasons. He replied it is due simply to the disinclination of most people who formerly supported them to be confronted by the ostentation of the rich. Said he: "One of these hotels—the West End—could seat between 500 and 600 guests in its dining room, and formerly had occupants for every chair, but patrons who could only afford to pay moderate prices were manifestly averse to suffering from comparison with the display made by the wealthier people who had gathered there in force of late years." I refrain from comment upon this peculiar condition of affairs in our renowned republic, simply narrating the facts as given me by a gentleman of character who is himself interested in Bar Harbor properties.

After a twelve hour's stay in and around Frenchman's Bay, we boarded a sleeper at Sullivan and reached Boston the following morning. The weather being perfect, we betook ourselves immediately after lunch, by train, to Concord and vicinity. For the benefit of those who may never have been in that section, I will say that Concord is just 20 miles outside of Boston, Lexington about 15, and there are good "turnpike" roads between the towns and all along from Boston. Arriving at Concord we found awaiting us a commodious, com-

a bargain was made with the
Squaw Sachem the Sagamore Tahattawam
and other Indians
who then sold their right in
the six miles square called Concord
to the English planters
and gave them peaceful possession
of the land
A. D. 1636.

(Designedly called Concord, as signifying peace.) On another panel, similarly mounted, near the sidewalk on grounds of the First Parish, is the following:



fortable barouche, to which were harnessed a pair of neat steppers, held in hand by a gentleman who proved to be not only an accomplished "whip" but thoroughly informed regarding the historical traditions of these noted localities. It would be impracticable to enter here into any extended details of all the interesting features of Concord, Lexington, etc. On a bronze panel set in granite, on Lowell Road, is inscribed:

Here in the house of the
Reverend Peter Bulkeley
first minister and one of the
founders of this town

THE FIRST PROVINCIAL CONGRESS of delegates from the towns of

MASSACHUSETTS
was called by conventions of
the people to meet at Concord on the
eleventh day of October, 1774.
The delegates assembled here
in the meeting house on that day,
and organized
with John Hancock as President
and Benjamin Lincoln as Secretary.
Called together to maintain
the rights of the people.

THIS CONGRESS
assumed the government of the province
and by its measures prepared the way
for the war of the Revolution.

Scores of books have been written, and doubtless scores will yet be written upon the themes that these memorial tablets call to mind, and I cannot forbear testifying to the good taste and patriotism which suggested these tokens of popular appreciation commemorating

haven of rest beautiful enough to satisfy the most fastidious.

Hawthorne's plot holds no monument, but it is enclosed by an arbor vitae hedge about four feet high.

Emerson's is marked by a rough, uncut stone of pinkish marble or quartz,



MINUTE MAN.

Concord Battlefield—1775.

persons and incidents of importance connected with the history of our country.

One of the most notable spots near Concord is "Sleepy Hollow," the local cemetery, in which rest so many illustrious dead. It is indeed a hollow, enclosed on all sides as if in the sheltering embrace of mother earth. This is a

bearing the following inscription:

"The passive master lent the hand
To the vast soul who o'er his planned."

Opposite Hawthorne's plot is that of the Alcott family, within which not only Bronson Alcott lies at rest, but also Louisa M. Alcott, dear to so many of the present generation of readers. A simple

low stone, on which are carved the dates of birth, marks the last resting place of this esteemed writer.

Farther along, on the same path leading to the Emerson, Hawthorne and Alcott plots, is the grave of Thoreau. On this stands a granite block, showing that author to have been born in 1787, deceased 1850. All these graves are on a knoll which is shaded by a grove of noble white pines, oaks and elms.

As already stated, it would be impracticable to dwell, however briefly, on the many features of interest encountered in this most interesting three hours' drive, but I will mention a few more. On our way to Lexington we passed a little, brown, frame building, known as the "School of Philosophy," a quaint and by no means imposing structure, also the house where Hawthorne lived, which still retains on its top a little tower, reached by a ladder. Up this the author was wont to climb and draw the ladder in after him to ensure seclusion and quiet from intrusion of thoughtless callers when engaged in literary composition.

An item of present interest connected with the historical worthies of Massachusetts is the agitation about the relative importance of the services rendered by those patriots who took part in the incident known as Paul Revere's Ride. There were three men—Revere, Dawes and Prescott—and it is now claimed that reliable developments show Dawes to have made the most strenuous efforts of any to attain the object of that famous ride. All three participating, and all three having been stopped by British sentries, the spot where their progress was arrested is marked by a bronze tab-

let bearing testimony of the services of each. The inscription is set in a granite block forming part of a stone wall or fence enclosing a field, about midway on the road between Concord and Lexington.

One of the principal monuments seen in this locality is a statue to the Minute Men, designed by a Concord artist, and dedicated on the centennial anniversary of the Concord fight. As the years roll by, the town becomes more and more a place of pilgrimage for those who have the curiosity to witness the spot where the first blood was shed, not only in defense of the thirteen colonies, but in the effort to establish a free and independent Republic on these shores. On the crest of the hill where the monument stands, the original Minute Men and militia formed their line before marching down to the front at the bridge, and their position in the fight is well represented by the statue. Said Rev. Mr. Woodbury in his famous speech, delivered before the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1851:

"God did well to select old Middlesex, and the loved and revered center of old Middlesex, namely Concord, as the spot not where this achievement was to be completed, but where it was to be begun; where the troops of crowned kings were to meet, not the troops of the people, but the people themselves, and be routed and beaten from the field, and what is more, and what is better, stay beaten—we hope, we doubt not, till the end of time."

This sentiment ought to be seriously considered by the inventors, aiders and abetors of "Benevolent Assimilation."

(To be continued.)

Geo. J. Valentine

SOME HISTORICAL INACCURACIES.

Editor Native Son:—Will you permit me to correct a statement made in your excellent magazine in your November-December number, namely, that Christopher C. Simmons, son of M. T. Simmons, was the first white American child born north of the Columbia river. He was born at Washougal in 1845. I have seen this statement made several times before, but it is a mistake. The first of whom I have been able to find any record was the son of Dr. J. B. Richmond, who was appointed missionary to the Indians at Nesqually, by Jason Lee, in 1840. The following is the record made by Dr. Richmond in his family Bible at the time of the child's baptism by Mr. Lee in the summer of 1842:

"Francis Richmond, son of John P. Richmond and his wife, America, was born at Puget Sound, near Nesqually, Oregon Territory, on the 28 of February, Anno Domini 1842, and was baptized by Rev. Jason Lee, Superintendent of the Oregon Missions."

See my "Missionary History of the Pacific Northwest," pages 240-241.

Another erroneous statement, published, so far as I know, first in Bancroft's "History of Oregon," relates to the nativity of Governor George Abernethy. His statement, and others following him, is, that Mr. Abernethy was not an American by birth, but was born in Aberdeen, Scotland. I have laying before me now a letter from Mr. Abernethy, written to myself February 10th, 1877, from which I quote:

"I was born in New York City, on the 8th of October, 1807; joined the M. E. church, January 1825; was appointed class leader in the Duane Street church in 1833; left New York for Oregon 9th October, 1839, with the great reinforcement for the mission, as Missionary Steward or Secular Agent, under the superintendence of Rev. Jason Lee."

In the "History of the Early Indian Wars of Oregon," a book written by Mrs. Francis Fuller Victor, and published by order of the legislature of Oregon, and at the expense of the state, is the following statement, on page 17, at the beginning of Chapter II:

"Besides the Methodist missions, there were, north of the Columbia river, and east of the Cascade mountains, several Presbyterian missions, founded in 1836, 1837 and 1838. They were under the superintendency of Dr. Marcus Whitman."

In this brief paragraph there are at least two errors in matter of fact. In the first place, there were no missions of any denomination "north of the Columbia river, east of the Cascade mountains" at all. All of the missions of the American Board were south and east of that river. The one at Waiilatpu was 25 miles east of the Columbia, that at Lapwai not less than a hundred miles east, and that at Tshimakani about 30 miles east. Reckoning the course of the Columbia geographically as west it would be said, that they were all those distances south of the Columbia.

Again, Dr. Whitman was not "superintendent" of these missions. There was no responsible executive or "superintendent" of these missions. Dr. Cushing Eells, of the Tshimakani mission, thus states the case: "The missions of the American Board were little republics. All of the important arrangements in regard to each station are made in annual meetings of all the members of the mission, and determined by a vote of a majority of those present." Dr. Whitman's vote counted but one, and the vote of each member of the mission counted the same.

Very important conclusions of history hinge on such facts as are here referred to, hence this writing.

H. K. HINES.

THE KLAMATH.

Written for the Oregon Native Son.

From thy crystal springs, Mazama,
Leap the streamlets clear and free,
Roaring down the glacial gorges
Madly rushing to'ward the sea;
Resting never 'mid the highlands,
Frothing, foaming on the way,
Lost anon o'er cliffs volcanic,
Born again from silv'ry spray.



SPRING CREEK,
A Tributary of the Klamath.

Roaring, rushing, sweeping, gushing,
Struggling ever to be free—
Gaining force and gaining volume
For the foray to the sea.

Thus beginning 'mid thy summits,
Torn by igneous fires anon—
Threads of silver, springing ever,
Thus the streams of Klamath run.
Beetling crags and mighty pillars
Rise above where springs awake,
Crags that curb the deep cerulean
Of our mystic Crater lake.

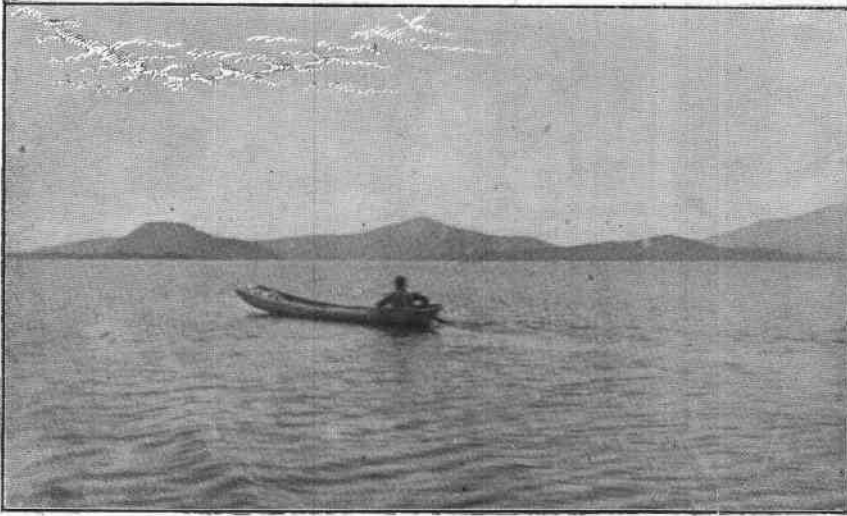
Deep and tranquil, gently flowing,
Shimmering o'er volcanic sands;
Roaring, rushing, sweeping, gushing
Onward through plutonic lands.

Through the valleys, broad and verdant,
At the Cascades' sylvan base,
Canyon born, the icy rivulets
Babble onward in their race,
Purling 'mid the drifting pebbles,
Shimmering o'er volcanic sands.
Crystal currents swift uniting
Dimple o'er the meadow lands—

Streams of crystal, deep and tranquil,
Shimmering o'er the meadow lands,
Canyon born, but now untrameled,
Gently creeping o'er the sands.

Anon in lakes of ¹Ouse and ²Ouxy
 All thy silvery streamlets glide,
 Lakes long known to Indian story,
 Where the Klamath boatmen ride;
 And the tongues of war and clamor,
 Heard at first where forests roar,
 Wake again in songs of gladness
 All along the pebbly shore.

Changed to songs of home and welcome,
 All the warlike tongues of yore,
 As the wavelets beat in gladness
 All along the sounding shore.



Where the Klamath boatmen ride.

Chosen home of Indian legends,
 Tales of love and warriors true;
 Stilled at last the battle's clamor
 Where the winged arrows flew.
 Sounds of peace and songs of gladness
 Fill the welkin round thy strand,
 For the deeds of savage foeman
 Mar no more thy happy land.

Songs of gladness, songs of welcome,
 Where the emerald shorelines sweep,
 Songs of rest from mighty labor
 In the canons vast and deep.
 In the canyons vast and deep.

¹ Ouse, is the name in the Klamath tongue, for upper Klamath lake, and ² Ouxy, for Klamath marsh or lower lake. The latter is the lake mentioned by Fremont in his journal, as Klamath lake.

Ouse of Klamath, lake of beauty,
 How the Redman loves thy shore
 Where his fathers built their wigwams
 In the mystic days of yore.
 O, the haughty Klamath gathers
 All his mighty force from thee
 And sweeps in triumph down the gorges
 Surging onward to the sea—

Free from mountain, free from lakelet,
 Free from dallying on the plain,
 Free to rush with frenzied fervor
 On mad marching to the main.

—O. C. Applegate.



The Oregonian—While the Oregonian dates its birth as a newspaper from 1850, and has, through its business management, as well as its editorial columns, made its way to a place in the estimation of business men and statesmen, occupied by papers in the United States that are counted as a single dozen of the best, it is not the first to have been published by that name in America, though it can maintain the claim as far as the Pacific coast is concerned. There was organized in July, 1838, in Lynn, Mass., a society known as the Oregon Provisional Emigration Society. Its intentions being to send emigrants to Oregon, the first installment to consist of one hundred men with their families, to be followed by others until thousands would arrive. All comers under its auspices had to be of good moral character and be believers in the Christian religion. The expenses were to be paid out of a joint stock fund. Assessments not to be in excess of \$3 per year. This society published a monthly newspaper which was called the "Oregonian." The present Oregonian was founded as a weekly in 1850; as a daily in 1861, and in 1895 several monthly editions were published. These latter editions were, however, issued under the auspices of real estate interests and its columns were devoted to the opportunities and resources of the Pacific Northwest, making no mention of general

events transpiring. There are but few of these monthly editions in existence, and they are, owing to the name used in publication, of a nature that will warrant their being preserved among the archives of the historical societies.

One of the easiest words ever heard, to pronounce, was the name of one of the tribes of Indians who entertained the exploring party of Lewis and Clarke. If you doubt it, try it. It is "Tschlahtsp-tocks." The pioneers got the idea in mind that there was more poetry in the word than they cared to have their tongues dally with, and they modernized the word into "Clatsop."

The first school in the Willamette valley was taught by Solomon H. Smith in 1834, on the claim of Joseph Gervais, at a point where Fairfield now stands. The students were native and half-breed children. He was teaching there on the arrival of the Methodist missionaries, Revs. Jason and Daniel Lee.

The first honey bees brought here were introduced in 1854 by John Davenport. He brought the hive across the plains in that year. The hive was so fixed that the bees could get plenty of light and air, but could not get free from their prison. They subsisted on the honey they had made before starting.

MAJOR MOORHOUSE'S CAYUSE TWINS.

TRADITIONAL CAUSE AND DISCONTINUANCE OF A BARBEROUS CUSTOM.

Illustrations Copyrighted by Lee Moorhouse, Pendleton, Oregon.

The fame of the little Cayuse Indian twins—Tox-e-lox and A-lom-pum—has traveled far and wide, and they are doubtless the best known papposes in America.

They are the products of the skill of Major Lee Moorhouse, the best known amateur photographer on the coast. It would not be saying too much to assert that he is one of the most widely known amateurs in the United States. At his home in Pendleton he has over 1800 negatives, of which 90 per cent are prize plates, and nearly all are of Indian subjects. Scarcely anyone else will claim so complete a collection of Indian pictures.

Even were these pictures of the twins eliminated from the lot, Major Moorhouse would have the very finest collection in the country, for he was formerly United States Indian Agent at the reservation here, and for thirty years has had personal acquaintanceship with the representative members of the several tribes. This has given him their confidence, and when others are driven from their teepees with fierce, superstitious fears of the camera urging the frightened natives to threaten violence, Major Moorhouse is received and permitted to photograph the Indians, frequently in all the gaudy ancestral trappings which they treasure as life itself."

It was a rare stroke of good fortune that he obtained these pictures. He had secured consent from the mother, Hiniye-an-hi-hi- to photograph the children. She had prepared the papposes for the event, and the artist had set his camera.

According to the custom, he had provided an extra plate holder, and, when the twins began to cry vigorously after one exposure had been made, he quickly placed the extra plate in the camera and "snapped" them crying.

Peculiar interest attaches to these twins, from the fact that they are the second pair ever born on the reservation, and the only pair now alive. Their being alive, the Major says, is contrary to the dictates of Indian superstition, for it is commonly believed that Indians never permit twins to live. It is their belief that twins are signs of the displeasure of the Great Spirit, hence they are usually killed as soon as born. Recently, on another reservation, incidents have occurred tending to establish the truth of the assertion that Indians have a superstitious dread of twins. This belief is due to a tradition among them of the long dead past, which the Major says is as follows:

"The old Indians say that a great many years ago, long before the advent of the pale-face, when the mountains were full of game, and the streams were full of fish, and the native bunch-grass grew knee high all over the valleys and hills, affording food for thousands of hardy cayuse ponies, a pair of twin girl papposes were born to the tribe.

These were the daughters of Qui-am-i-som-keen, Cougar Shirt, the chief of the Cayuse tribe. As the years passed these maidens grew more beautiful. Reaching womanhood their wondrous charms smote the young braves of the tribe, and there was keen rivalry among those who would win them for their wives.

So great was their beauty that their fame spread to the countries in which other tribes lived and hunted, so that finally, two dashing young warriors from the Bannocks came to visit the Cayuses here on this reservation. Their visit was in the guise of friendship, but beneath

their pleasant exterior, was a fierce and stern determination to carry these beautiful Indian maidens to the Bannock country and there to keep them. Watching their opportunity when the girls were away from the home teepee for a short distance, each of the young Bannocks siezed one of the twins, placed them in front on their horses, and rode out of the village as fast as their steeds could carry them.

Quickly the abduction was discovered, hastily a council of war was called, and two hundred warriors, headed Cougar Shirt, were in hot pursuit. Near the summit of the Blue mountains, with the Cayuses but a few miles behind, the young Bannocks came across a party of their own braves who were hunting. The twins were transferred to extra horses, and, by a short cut through the mountains, soon left Cougar Shirt and his pursuing party far behind.

The Bannock braves, with the captured maid-

ens in due time reached their home on Snake river. There was a joyous marriage ceremony, by which the Cayuse maidens were joined in matrimony to the young Bannocks who had stolen them from their native village.

In accordance with his Indian nature, and in compliance with the Indian conception of his duty, Chief Cougar Shirt

registered a solemn vow to avenge the insult. Upon his return home he despatched runners to the Umatilla and Walla Walla tribes, bidding them come to a great council of war. Soon thereafter a great pow-wow was held in the tepee of Chief Cougar Shirt, the chiefs and head men of the Walla Walla and Umatilla tribes agreeing to form an alliance against the Bannocks.

The Umatillas and Walla Wallas hastily returned to their homes to prepare for the war. In the meantime the Bannocks, learning that war had been declared, against them by the allied tribes, at once took to the warpath, and in two days one thousand Bannock warriors, headed by the great war chief, Pay-wite (One Horse), were marching towards the Columbia river.

There was not time for the Umatillas and Walla Wallas to reach the ground, the Cayuses being compelled alone to meet the foe.

Their own force consisted of about seven hundred warriors, but they hesitated not to meet the thousand braves who had come from the Bannock country under the leadership of Chief Pay-wite.

The opposing forces met near where the town of Umatilla now stands, immediately rushing to battle. The casual-



Photo (Copyright) by Moorhouse.
ICH-TA O-COKE?

ties were great, the contest being a hand-to-hand one, and either one or the other contestants would have been exterminated had not a fierce wind storm suddenly arose, gathering up the sand in such quantities that the clouds so formed obscured the sun and was so oppressive that the warring factions were obliged to fall back for many miles. Finally the winds subsided and the hosts once more moved forward to battle, but when in sight of each other, nature a second time became a peace maker by deluging the contestants with a great fall of rain and hail stones. This rather cooled their ardor for further fighting, and they hastened to get away from the vicinity of the storm.

The affray having been deferred from the causes mentioned, the superstitious mind of the Indian began to think that the Great Spirit was taking a hand in the contest. The medicine men attending were called upon to "make medicine" and learn the pleasures of the Great Spirit in the premises. Before an answer could be obtained by those of the Cayuses, a horseman was seen approaching from the east. On his arrival near them he dismounted, coming forward with hand uplifted, indicative of peace and conference. When assured by answering signs of like nature, he ad-

vanced, and told the Cayuses that the Great Spirit had told the Bannocks that the fight was "off," but they must compensate the Cayuses for the loss of the twins by a sufficient number of ponies to satisfy the same. The proposition was accepted though more out of fear of the wrath of the Great Spirit in the event of its rejection than their desire for gain.

The price being fixed and paid, the

dead were buried in one common grave, when each tribe went its way. This place of burial can often be seen, as the covering of sand over the bones is shifted back and forth by the winds, leaving them exposed. The Bannocks departed in peace, but the trail of the Cayuses was, however, darkened by angry clouds, fierce lightning shot athwart the heavens and thunders rolled continual until they again reached the encampment of the tribe. Satisfied that all was not right, they called for the making of more medi-

cine. After some considerable time being consumed in the performance of incantations, the medicine men told the people that the possession of the twins would not be productive of beneficial results to the Bannocks, and that the Cayuses must never permit any twins born of them to live beyond their birth, or bad luck would follow them also.



Photo (Copyright) by Moorhouse.

E-LE-HAN! MAM-OOK MEM-A-LOOSE!

While the price of the twins had been paid, the sting of the insult still remained, they wanted full satisfaction in the way of blood and scalps rather than plunder, and, as the twins had been the cause of the trouble and disappointment as well, the law in relation to double births in the future met with no disapproval. An acquiescence to his wishes received, the Great Spirit withdrew any signs of his displeasure, when the en-

(White Fawn). When Him-ye-an-hi-hi presented her lord with these twins, Ha-hots-mox-mox, subtle and cunning, wanted them to grow up to honor them in his old age. When it came to the ears of old Chief No Shirt (Si-ah-sum) that Him-ye-an-hi-hi had given birth to twin girls, an edict went forth that the ancient law of the tribe must be complied with, and that the twins must die. But Ha-hots-mox-mox spread the in-

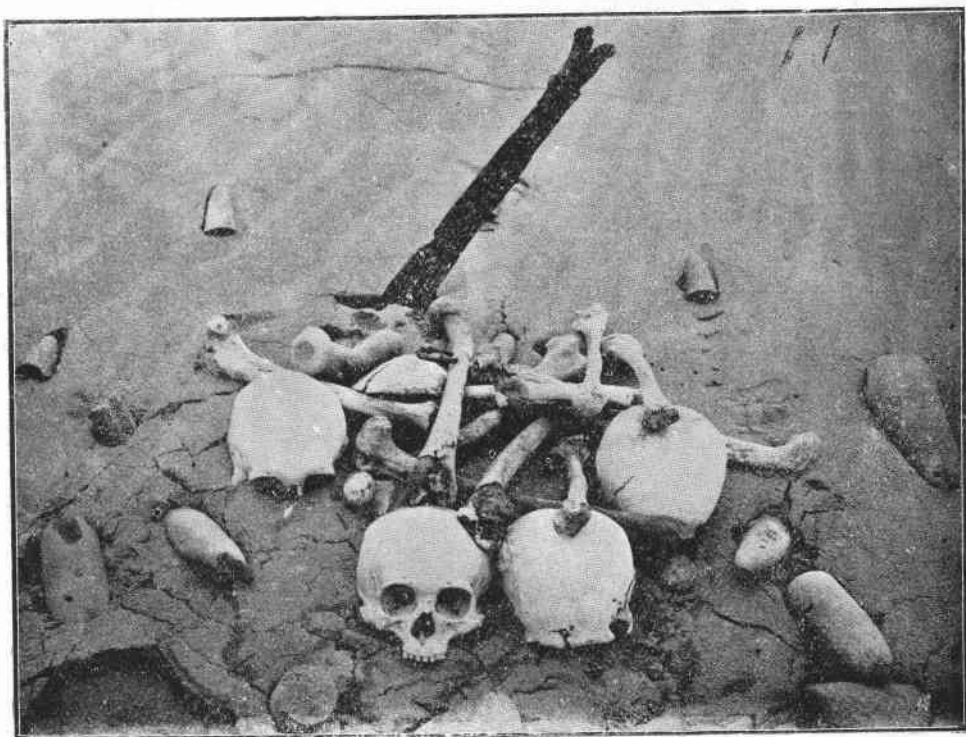


Photo (Copyright) by Moorhouse.

The Place of Burial Can Often Be Seen.

campment was once more brightened with sunlit rays.

Since then no twins have been allowed to live beyond their birth until A-lom-pum and Tox-e-lox were born on How-tim-e-ne (McKay) creek about two and one-half years ago. McKay creek flows through the southern boundary of the Umatilla Indian reservation. The parents' names are Ha-hots-mox-mox (Yellow Grizzly Bear) and Him-ye-an-hi-hi

pression among the tribesmen that the twins came as a good omen to the nation.

He was an orator of no mean parts and induced the chief to assemble the tribe. The Cayuse nation assembled at the principal lodge—that is, the men assembled; for if the women were there it was only by sufferance. They, of course, had no part in the great council.

That two human lives were at stake weighed not an iota with these Indian men. They must be reached through other arguments. The tribe's selfishness, as personified by the men, must be the means of saving the twins.

Ha-hots-mox-mox made a speech. He had told the tribesmen how he had been far away, hunting the deer on the little Minem; how in the night, when his cuitan was grazing near by on the bunch-grass and he himself had laid down to

rest he had had a vision, and in the vision had been promised these twins, who were to be signs of good fortune to the whole tribe. That the Great Spirit had told him that he had recalled his wishes voiced in the years of yore..

All Indian braves are "great on visions," and Ha-hots-mox-mox worked off his particular vision on the tribe with success, and the twins were allowed to live."

J. E. LATHROP.

In 1843 occurred the first marriage among the white population of the Pacific Northwest in the section north of the Columbia river, now the state of Washington. The contracting parties were Dr. Wm. H. Willson and Miss Chloe A. Clark. The doctor was a pioneer of 1838, coming here in a sailing vessel around Cape Horn, being one of the first reinforcement sent to assist the Methodist mission already established. Miss Clark came in 1840 on the ship *Lusanne*. In 1842 the doctor was sent to Nisqually to establish a mission, which he did, remaining in charge thereof. In 1843 assistance was sent there, and among those going was Miss Clark. Soon after her arrival she became the wife of the doctor. In the autumn of 1844 they were again in Oregon and were living on what was then known as Chemekete plain, now the city of Salem, where Mrs. Willson opened a school for white children, the first taught with that class of students on the Pacific coast. Such school afterwards resolved itself into what is now the Willamette University. Mrs. J. K. Gill, of Portland, was their eldest child.

Nearly all of the 4th of July celebrations held in 1854 were under the auspices of the Sons of Temperance.

James Birnie, a native of Aberdeen, Scotland, and a pioneer of 1818 to Oregon, was the first white man to descend the Umpqua river to its mouth.

Many strange things happen out in old Yamhill county. It used to be said that nearly every one who was of any note in the more important fields of life got their start there. The movers in the bimetallic cause, which was agitated to a large extent in 1896, evidently had such in view when they called their convention to meet within its "classic shades," thinking no doubt that the luck of the past would be theirs. The political phase of this gathering is not a subject for discussion in these columns, but some of its membership, we venture to say, revived old memories of bygone political opinions, when the presence of some of their old associate delegates became known. Delegate Brown, of Salem, was a son of John Brown, of Harper's Ferry fame, and Delegate Booth was a son of Sheriff Booth who officiated at the hanging of John Brown thirty-seven years prior thereto. ,

Quite frequently mention has been made that Dr. McLoughlin visited London, England, during the time he was chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Vancouver, but the date of his being there is about as often not given. It was in 1838-9.

The first circus that went the rounds of Oregon was billed as "Cooper & Rivers' Great New York Circus." It was here in 1852, and it is a matter of doubt whether any of the "equestriennes" and "renowned trapeze performers" ever saw the Empire state.

TALES OF THE MINES.

(Copyright 1900, by G. A. Waggoner.)

I have neglected to say Thomas grew weary of our journey, and being a carpenter by trade, concluded to try his fortune at Walla Walla. So we divided our provisions and blankets. I regretted to leave him, for although wholly unlike in disposition, we were much attached to each other and shook hands at parting, with mutual reluctance. It is strange to say how opposites will care for each other. I have known a great, strong, courageous man to have for his warmest friend a little, sickly, puny creature possessed of neither enterprise nor courage, and who could be of no earthly good to him except to meekly allow him to support and defend him. I supposed such friendships might be termed a species of frontier marriage. At any rate, friends and partners are chosen in the mines with all the sublime indifference to results which characterize marriages between the sexes. There are many men in the mines who would become rich if it were not for their partners, and there are many partners in the settlement who would get rich if it were not for their man. What benevolence there is in this law of selection!

If it were not so, we should have two classes—paupers and millionaires.

After looking around Oro Fino a few days, and finding all claims supposed to be valuable occupied, I consented to go with an acquaintance, whom I met, to a new "find" on the headwaters of the South Clearwater. He had just returned after locating a claim and reported very rich diggings. I secured a fresh supply of provisions, and listening to his exciting talk rode along, feeling certain that a single range of mountains was all that separated me from a fortune. I knew so little of mines that when he told me that a man had picked up on the bedrock ten dollars in about twenty minutes, I began to calculate how much I could pick up in a day, working fourteen hours

per day (which I resolved to do), could make four hundred and twenty dollars. This was very good wages. I felt quite happy and wondered what Thomas would say when I returned to Walla Walla with my horse loaded down with gold dust.

I resolved to give him a good share and do many other benevolent things, besides making some very pleasing arrangements for myself.

Alas,

"The best laid plans of mice and men
Gang aft aglee,
And leave us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy."

Four days' travel brought us to the new camp. There were about twenty men, mostly engaged in building cabins and digging ditches. There was no excitement and my ardor began to cool. I did not like the looks of things. The men seemed to be preparing to stay, while I was only anxious to secure some gold and return. I was willing to stay a few weeks, but I did not feel like making any permanent improvements. I therefore pitched my tent and commenced my search for gold. Twenty-four years have passed, and I am still searching. I could find none except what was in someone's possession.

Day after day I prospected and found only mica and isinglass, after washing away the dirt. I began to realize that "all is not gold that glitters." Still I worked on, hoping to find what I sought at the bottom of some hole, many of which I dug with pick and shovel in the bed of streams and gulches. Hope was strong, yet often my heart sunk within me when, after toiling all day, I found nothing on the bedrock but sand and gravel. In the meantime hundreds were pouring into our camp, coming, it seemed, from all quarters of the world. I believe every nation on earth was rep-

resented in that camp within three months of its discovery. A town was located on Elk Creek and launched forth on the commercial sea under the name of Elk City. There were no surveyors or architects employed. No steamboats or locomotives disturbed its inhabitants. Yet it grew so fast as to astonish everyone except the old miners. Men who had tramped from camp to camp since "forty-nine" complained that it grew slow, and told of the wonderful growth of San Francisco, Sacramento, Yreka and other mining towns of California. After laboring diligently for a month with no success, I purchased a claim from a gambler who had taken it up for speculative purposes, giving him in payment a bed rock note for two hundred dollars. It read: "I promise to pay the bearer two hundred dollars in gold dust when it is taken out of claim No. 54, over and above grub." These notes pass current, and anyone who would attempt to attach the usual condition for attorney's fees, would be dealt with in a summary manner, and according to miners' notions of justice.

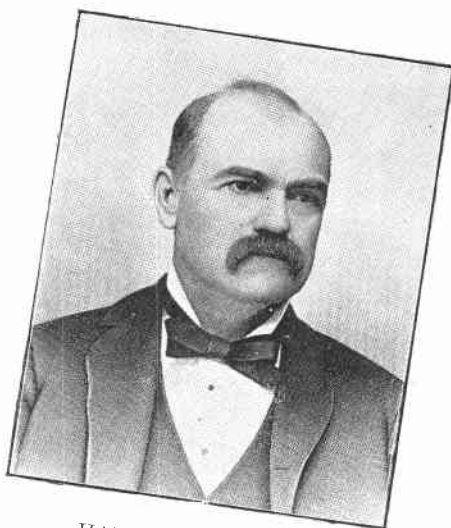
Many claims were now opened, and being worked with sluices, paid from twenty-five to forty dollars per day per man. Excitement ran high. A graveyard was started, and soon became a popular resort. The only man buried there within the first three months who did not have a bullet hole in him, was a poor minister, who, being a non-combatant, was unfit for honorable fight and was knocked in the head with a whiskey bottle, and buried in the potter's field, "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

I have often thought of that poor preacher who lies in the lower corner of that beautiful mountain cemetery, and regretted that the manner of his death prevented his being buried on the more rising ground and among gentlemen. It must not be supposed that all disputes were settled with the pistol or bowie knife. Peaceable-minded men were always ready to leave disputes about mining affairs to a meeting of the miners, who were called together by notices posted at prominent points stating the

objects of the meeting, and signed by the Recorder of the district. Such meetings were always well attended and orderly, and their decisions ranked those of the Supreme Court of the United States, and were as just as a hurried presentation of the facts would allow. Much has been said in praise of the justice of miner's courts. They intend to do right, but their decrees are not always wise or just, and are open to many objections; prominent among which is that they are made in such haste as to prevent a competent presentation of facts, and are influenced more by impulse than by reason and good judgment. A single case will illustrate: Two gamblers by the name of Finigan and Dorsey quarreled one day in a saloon at Elk City. They were both desperate men and, standing a few feet apart, fired three shots apiece. Dorsey missed, but Finigan put his shots well in, and, at the third fire his man was floored, with three dangerous wounds through his body, and was carried away vowing to kill his adversary should he ever again stand on his feet. His wounds were dressed and he was placed in bed in the upper story of the saloon building. About nine o'clock that night the doctor came into the saloon and said his patient was in a sound sleep and he had hopes of his recovery. A few moments later, Finigan borrowed a candle from the bar keeper, went to the wounded man's room and cut his throat at a single blow, with a large knife which he always carried, leaving it there to tell the story of his terrible guilt. Half an hour later he came into the saloon with blood on his clothes and invited all hands up to drink. He was arrested and tried at a miner's court and found guilty of murder in the first degree. He confessed his crime and was sentenced to be hung. Twelve men were appointed to execute the sentence. Elaborate preparations were made for him; his grave was dug and scaffold erected; and at the appointed time he stood with the rope around his neck ready to be launched into eternity. He was allowed to speak to the crowd gathered around at the foot of the gallows.



CAPT. JOHN HARLOW.
A Pioneer of 1851.



HARVEY W. SCOTT,
A Pioneer of 1852.

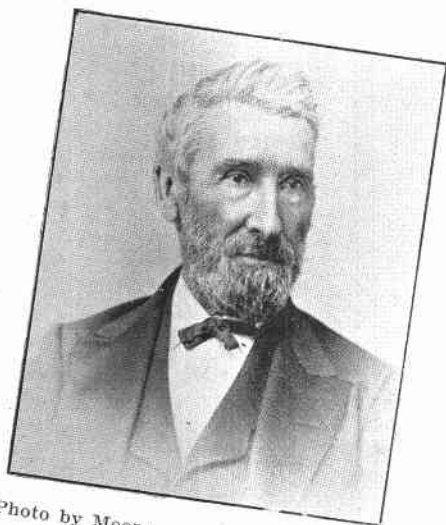


Photo by Moore.
JOHN MELDRUM.
A Pioneer of 1845.



Photo by Tollman.
MRS. SUSAN D. MELDRUM.
A Pioneer of 1845.

Young, handsome and intelligent, he brought tears to our eyes as he told how, step by step, strong drink had brought him down from a respected member of society and the high estate of manhood, until his life was justly forfeit to the laws of his country. He thanked his judges for a just verdict, gave a letter for his mother to a friend, and without a tremor in his voice, bade us all good-bye, and giving a signal, in an instant was hanging at the end of the rope.

His neck was not broken by the fall, and the hangman's knot, being imperfectly tied, slowly unwound and let him fall to the ground. He called for a drink of water and begged for his life. In an instant men were shouting "Let him live! Let him live!" Some jumped upon stumps and made speeches in his defense, while many drew their pistols and declared he had been hung enough, and they would shoot the first man who proposed to hang him again. A new vote was taken, and he was unanimously cleared.

A collection taken up by an old miner with tears streaming down his cheeks, furnished a horse and saddle, and Finigan rode away with hat in hand, turning in his saddle to bow gracefully to an admiring and happy crowd. Ten minutes later some discordant wretch said the hangman had intended to defeat the ends of justice by tying a bogus knot. Instantly a clamor arose demanding that the hangman stand on Finigan's scaffold and try a drop with a securer knot than he had tied. After a great many speeches were made and he was nearly scared to death, he was allowed to sneak away, his friends forming a line to cover his retreat and prevent the crowd from shooting him down as he went.

After thorough prospecting, my own claim proved to be a very poor one, and I hired out to work on Summit flat for \$16 per day. The owner of the claim and myself, working one rocker, took out about two hundred dollars per day, after stripping the ground of four feet of turf. The ground was very flat and would not admit of working with sluices. One day while rocking the cradle we witnessed a

very amusing affair. An old German had built a very small house on the edge of the flat. It was neatly built and complete throughout except the door. He looked it all over and gave the gratifying nod and went up to the store for some nails to make his door with. He was not gone more than half an hour, as he was anxious to move in his new and comfortable quarters that evening. When he reached the door, he commenced to roar like a wounded grizzly, swearing in Dutch, tearing his hair, and dancing around in a most frantic manner. We hastened down to see what could be the matter. We saw a sight that was as ludicrous to us as it was exasperating to the Dutchman. An old horse which had been turned out to die had been knowing the turf upon the flat for several days. He was very large and very poor. He went into the little house, no doubt thinking it was a stable and, in trying to turn around, had fallen and died. The Dutchman jumped upon his poor old carcass with both feet, and yelled like a Comanche, but he was stone dead.

His head, which showed him to be of the finest American stock, lay in one corner, while the toes of his hind feet, stubbed by the rocky hills he had crossed, reached the other. He had been a splendid horse, and even while the old man was tearing around, I ceased laughing to pity his fate and contemplate his splendid proportions—splendid even in poverty and death. The old man continued to tear around for a quarter of an hour, paying no attention to those gathered around, but cursing the old horse over and over again, until he was almost exhausted. Then he cooled down and went to work, with his butcher-knife and hatchet, to cut up the carcass. He would cut off a leg, and taking it upon his shoulder carry it away, stooping beneath his load and muttering curses with every breath. I would give a hundred dollars for a correct picture of that Dutchman as he carried away the last load. It was that monstrous head, grasped by one ear. As he grinned back at the laughing crowd, some one asked

him why he did not tie rope to the horse and get his friends to help drag him away. "My door vas two feet; tee hips mit dot horse vas four feet. Ter tifel pring him to my house whole, I must fetch him away in pieces. He vas too tam big anyways, I make some ponies of him. Dot last het on mine pack was bigger tan some shackasses."

About this time we had an Indian scare. Two prospectors returned and reported that 1500 Indians headed by old Eagle-of-the-Light, were about twelve miles north of us. The report created great excitement, and seemed not improbable, as that warlike chief had threatened the miners with destruction should they persist in invading his domains.

He was a renegade Nez Perce supported by the same band of Snakes which has since given so much trouble in Idaho and Washington territories. We enrolled two companies under Jeff Stanifer and Jack Stanfield, and started out to meet the hostiles. Great caution was necessary to prevent a surprise in that broken country, and we were several days before we discovered the cause of our first alarm. The whole thing originated in a trifling affair. Three men had sunk a prospect hole, and finding nothing were making merry over their disappointment. One beat a tattoo on a pan while the others danced around and yelled, imitating the war dance of the Sioux. Just at this moment the men who spread the alarm hearing the noise, peered over the hill and saw the dance. Two of the dancers had on red shirts and being a mile distant were mistaken for Indians. The echoes multiplied the whoops and warlike notes until 1500 painted warriors, was the least estimate made of the advancing army. Discouraged at finding no one to shoot at but one another, we went back to town, intending to make a miniature lead mine of the men who had deceived us, but they were never found, and are probably today living in peaceful seclusion under laws which would have been no protection to them had they met the two armies which marched back to Florence

from the scene of the mimic war dance.

All this time the weather was getting colder, the snow deeper and provisions becoming more and more scarce. Still nien came and went. Pack animals could no longer reach the camp, and pack trains of men brought flour from Slate Creek. Each packer carried his own train and loaded up and unloaded as he pleased. He could carry from 50 to 100 pounds, making the trip in two days, was paid one dollar per pound freight. Some men established reputations for strength and endurance, rivaling that of a mule, by the enormous loads they packed, while others received less enviable ones by taking their meals from the contents of the sack they carried. Established packers had a reputation to maintain and could not afford to lose it for a few pounds of flour, and a sack which came in on the shoulders of Long Jim or Big Jack was taken at par, while those brought by men of less repute were subject to closer scrutiny and often reweighed.

Many of the miners were from Oregon and had brought from their homes sober habits and quiet dispositions, together with other adjuncts of civilized life. Vocal and instrumental music, with anecdotes and intelligent conversation, whiled away the evening hours within the rugged cabins.

But the town had received many accessions from Washoe and other mining camps, of a different style of men. Fred Patterson, Billy Mayfield, Jakey Williams, Cherokee Bob, and a dozen other desperadoes, were amongst us. Each could boast of several men who had lost their lives while fooling with them. And all were anxious to add to their laurels by securing a few more victims, before some quicker hand than theirs should stop their fated course. Poor old man Lyons! He was not allowed to rest alone on the claim we gave him. Hurrying crowds have tramped above his bed; the hill has opened and men with boots upon their feet, with bloody hands and blackened souls, have laid them down to sleep beside him. To me this seemed a desecration, but I hold less

censure now, and hope the blood of Christ has power enough to wash their stains away, and purge their souls so white that sometime in eternity, good old Father Lyons, in the realms above, shall not shudder, but rejoice to see them come. Reckless men held high carnival in Florence for a year, when those who survived the knife and pistol, finding money was getting scarce, sought other scenes, and Placerville, Bannock, Rocky Bar and Silver City trembled at their deeds. Not one of those I have mentioned are now alive, and many of their class have joined them in their bloody graves. Not one has lived a worthy life or died a noble death. And yet they were not wholly bad. Their generous impulses were known throughout the land, and witnessing their noble bearing and desperate courage, I could but regret they had not been turned in youth to nobler fields of conquest, where generous courage could adorn a well-spent life, and where the world would look the brighter for their lives. I feel like saying more about these men, and think some day I shall. But youth will not be led astray, or decent people shocked, as when the life of Jesse James appeared, for I shall speak the truth; record the deeds they did; point to their bloody graves, which tell the moral out so plain that though their deeds were crimes, the lessons which they truly teach may prove a blessing now.

As I have said, the weather was getting very cold, and but little work could be done. A few men had rich claims but the majority were wandering around with nothing to do. My own hopes of a future had gradually withered, and I believed, as afterwards proved true, the rich spots about Florence were mostly found. Moreover, I had promised some one to come back to the little school house by the bridge, and the second time I turned my back on Florence and waded through the snows to firmer footing. I must reach Elk City before going home, or else I should return poorer than I came.

Again I left the traveled road at White Bird, skirted Camas Prairie, and reach-

ed the crossing of the Clearwater. Some men mining on the bars just above the crossing declared that I could not wade the snow across the mountain. I made a pair of snowshoes and started up the steep incline. At first the snow was light, but steadily increased in depth until I could make but little headway. My snowshoes did not work well, and sometimes where drifts of light snow lay, I was forced to lie full length and walk across them. I was five days going fifty miles, and endured fatigue and exposure enough to kill anything but a mule or a young webfoot. Elk City looked like a camp meeting the day after adjournment. Not one house in ten was occupied. My partners were not expecting me, but welcomed me back, and we all concluded to leave our claims until spring and go to Walla Walla to winter. I did not say to them I was going home, for fear they would all want to go, and we did not have enough money to send more than one off in good style. Webfoot boys become homesick very easily, and once taken, they are like the Swiss people when away from home, genuinely sick.

Carrying our blankets and camping out at night, we made our way across the mountains, and after a weary tramp arrived at Lewiston, the canvas town. It was quite a city now. The white tents standing in the plain looked like the bivouac of an army, and contrasted strangely with the other towns. The tents were in the form of one-story houses, standing in the regular order and supported with a light framework of wood. Some of them contained large stocks of goods, while others were saloons, hotels, etc.

We stopped at the Oro Fino House, and while at supper, noticed some bullet holes in the canvas near where we sat. I remarked to the proprietor that he had probably had difficulty with his waiters. "No," said he, "those shots were fired at the French restaurant man at the other end of the block by his cook. They passed through the entire block, encountering nothing but canvas, but one of them killed a mule in the next



SAMUEL ALLEN.
A Pioneer of 1847.



MRS. SARAH (ALLEN) TRIMBLE,
A Pioneer of 1847.



MRS. MARY A. ALLEN,
A Pioneer of 1849.



THOMAS B. ALLEN,
A Pioneer of 1847.

street. There are some more in the back of the tent. They were fired from across the river by some one who was trying the range of a Sharp's rifle. I would like to put up some boards to protect my patrons while at their meals, but the government officers stationed at Lapwai will not allow it, and I must do the best I can until a treaty can be made with the Indians. I always seat gentlemen on this side of the table, so that if hit by a bullet from the big saloon, it will not be in the back. But with government officers, lawyers, doctors and Indian agents, it don't matter, and those reversed seats are for them."

Sincerely appreciating the courtesy of this man we made a hearty meal, and soon after went to rest, hoping our bodies would not be perforated during the night by shots from the big saloon. Three days' travel brought us to Walla Walla. Here I met the long-lost Thomas, and we agreed to return home together. The town was wonderfully improved, and business activity manifest on every street. The news from Florence had converted it into a mining camp, although two hundred miles from where the gold was found. The same wild excitement which I had witnessed at Oro Fino, Elk City, and Florence, was here. Everything was worth more money than it had ever been before. The most indolent men held up their heads, quickened their pace and boldly went into speculation, buying whatever was offered, and paying but little attention to price. The mania for speculation was universal. The lazy Indian brought his ponies to market, and even the pony himself seemed to look proud when a white man thought him worth a hundred dollars. I felt as much excited as the rest, but "remembering the things that were," I turned my back on all this, purchased a horse and started home. I had ridden about half way through the town when I met the Devil, in the form of an old friend, who said: "George, you are going back to poverty and obscurity. You are young and you should try to get a fortune. If you will stay two years in this country, you can make money enough

to astonish the whole Webfoot nation." Some way this speech stuck to my ear. I always thought I should like to astonish the Webfeet, especially the girls. I said, "If I should stay, what can I do with my dust?" He cast his eye up the street for an investment; glanced at a hotel, a saloon, a blacksmith shop, and finally settled his hellish gaze upon an ox team. "Buy that team," he said, "and go with my train to Lewiston. You can make a thousand dollars in thirty days."

I consented, purchased the team, and thirty minutes later was on the road to Lewiston, loaded with flour and bacon. I had abandoned cherished plans and embarked in a new enterprise. My emotions were high and conflicting, and as I walked along beside the oxen, I tried to compose a few lines of poetry to be sent below as an apology for not returning.

"O do not think that I am false,
That Florence snows have quenched my
flame,
Men have been true a hundred years,
But I'll be ——"

I never could finish that verse. The poet's muse has not been aristocratic: it has cheered the lower walks of life; has sat by the sailor's cot, and lingered about the hut of the shepherd: has visited the blind and deaf, and even gilded the captive's cell. But there is one thing it never did do, it never fooled away any time with a man who was driving an ox team.

This I partly realized as I tried in vain to finish my verse, and cracked my whip upon the flagging team. It seemed that the oxen were moving slower at every step, and seemed to be pulling harder and harder. At last they stalled on a little hill, and I could not make them move. After much yelling and whipping, I looked back at the two wagons I was trying to start. To the hindmost one my horse was tied with a stout rope. He was down on his side, and it was he who had caused the heavy pulling and finally stopped the team. He was choked to death, had been dead for a quarter of an hour. A man who overtook me said he saw him down when I came over the last hill, and he had been halloing

to me ever since, but as the wind was blowing I did not hear. My three lines of verse had cost me one hundred dollars.

My cattle which cost me ten times that amount proved of as little value as they, for the hard winter which was ushered in by the next day's storm, froze them all to death, and I was left with my bitter experience, my three lines of verse and my future expectations. During the whole of that winter, which was the hardest ever known in that country, Walla Walla was gathering from the miners a rich harvest of gold. While the snows were whitening upon the plain, and cattle were starving upon a thousand hills, the townspeople were gaining in wealth as never before. All kinds of trade were good, but gambling seemed to be in the summit of its glory. Ten thousand dollars were frequently bet on the turn of a single card, and the whole town was in a wild, mad state of uproarious hilarity. Some readers will remember Tom Gafner, who was accused of killing a man in Eugene in the winter of 1860. He went to Walla Walla and soon distinguished himself as a quarrelsome and desperate man.

While passing along the street one evening, he saw a Jew sitting inside the window of his store, and taking a box which was filled with clay pipes, and had been placed outside for a tobacco sign,

threw it through the window upon the unoffending Jew. These people are generally peaceable, and slow to wrath, but if there is anything that will overcome their natural reluctance to fight it is to see their property destroyed, and especially in such a wanton manner as this. The clay pipes had not ceased rattling upon the floor, before the Jew, armed with a stout sword, sprang through the door and aimed a blow at the head of his assailant. Gafner skillfully parried it with a light thorn stick which he carried, and dealt a blow in return which brought the swordsman to his knees. The Jew fought with the wild rage of a maddened beast or the desperate courage of Roderick Dhu, whilst his antagonist laughed in his face and foiled his blows with the cool courage of Fitz James. Gafner was an expert swordsman, and upon that slender cane received a dozen blows, and with it gave as many in return, until a down cut reached his right hand and left it useless. The cane fell, and as he stooped to pick it up, the sword was buried in his head. He died the next day, and all agreed he had received his just reward. Yet some where hearts were anguished by his fall. Some one loved him when a crowing or laughing baby. Some one waited for his coming. Somewhere tears were shed for him.

G. A. WAGGONER.

(To be continued.)



Mrs. Tabitha M. Brown, a pioneer of 1846, established the first orphan asylum in the Pacific Northwest at Forest Grove. She was sixty years old when she crossed the plains. Not long after she came, she began to take care of a few orphans. She was one of the first to teach school in that place, a school that afterwards grew into the well known university now located there. She died at Salem, on May 18, 1858.



Rev. Wm. Roberts and J. H. Wilbur, pioneer Methodist ministers of 1847, organized the first Methodist church established in California. On their arrival in

San Francisco they found that their coming on to Oregon would be delayed some time, and they devoted their six weeks' stop there laboring for the Master with the above-mentioned result.



It is not generally known that Dr. John McLoughlin had knighthood conferred upon him, but such was, however, a fact. He was made a knight of the order of St. Gregory Pope Gregory the XVI.



Capt. Robert Gray and — Hoskins were the first Americans to touch foot on the soil of the Pacific Northwest. This was on Tuesday, May 16, 1792.

ASTORIA.

EARLIER HISTORY OF THE VENICE OF OREGON.

The names of Captain Robert Gray, Thomas Jefferson and John Jacob Astor are so woven in the warp and woof of the Pacific Northwest, that the story cannot be told without them.

It was on the 11th day of May, 1792, that Captain Robert Gray, of Boston, first beheld the waters of the "River of the West." Long and hard had he battled with wind and wave to effect an entrance. Vancouver and others had passed it and flouted the idea of the existence of the river. And as his ship plowed the waters that had never before felt the keel of the white man's craft, America reached forth and grasped the Pacific Northwest by right of original discovery. Gray named the river after his good ship Columbia. For ages had these waters rolled down from snow-capped mountain, lake and stream, draining an empire stored with primeval wealth. But now the white man was to inaugurate a new era, and thenceforth write its history in his books.

Jefferson was a far-seeing statesman. Not only did his mind grasp the sublime principles of the Declaration of Independence, but he foresaw the destiny of the American people. His great mind perceived the value of this discovery and while minister to France he gave encouragement to the brilliant adventurer, Robert Ledyard, to explore the newly discovered country and follow the great river to its sources. Elected president of the new republic, he at once put into execution his ideas. Accordingly he sent a confidential message to congress, urging upon it the necessity of exploring and taking possession of Gray's discovery. Congress acquiesced and appropriated money to further the project. On the 14th day of May, 1804, Meriweather Lewis and William Clarke, armed with President Jefferson's authority, with a little band of twenty-seven men, of whom fourteen were United States soldiers, turned their faces resolutely to the west, and wended their way

up the broad waters of the Missouri. It was spring time, and 'mid the twitter of birds, and the merry ripple of the waters, the wild song of the voyageurs arose as they drove their pirogues along their sunny way. On they toiled until spring turned to summer and summer to autumn, and the hoar frosts of autumn to bleak and chilling snow. At length closed in by dreary winter, amid the solitudes, in a village of Mandan Indians, they waited the return of spring. Spring found them with their faces turned toward the setting sun. Up the Missouri still they toiled, the great river now dwindled into a turbulent stream; up the dizzy heights of the "Stony Mountains," till the sources of the Missouri became a mere rivulet. Here the men of the expedition stood a foot on either bank facetiously remarking they were "bestriding the Missouri." From the fountain head of the Missouri a journey of two miles and they stood gazing down upon "the continuous woods where rolls the Oregon." Proceeding through the Bitter Root Mountains to the Clearwater, they constructed canoes and proceeding down this stream, at length swept into the Columbia. As they floated down its placid waters the red man stood and for the first time beheld the pale face. Far better for him that men had never gone down to the sea in ships, or white man's axe had never rang through his forests or plowshare turned his loamy pastures.

It was a cold and dreary November day in 1805 that their canoes skimmed the same waters that Captain Gray had discovered over thirteen years before. And they gazed upon the Pacific, which regarded alike mailed knight and prosaic traveler as it rolls upon its placid sands and surges against its beetling cliffs.

After exploring the bay to Cape Disappointment they retraced their steps a distance of twelve or fifteen miles to a point where the river is narrower and

crossed over. They camped on a point now called Tongue Point and called it William. Here Lewis left them to locate winter quarters, and returning conducted the expedition to a place selected. The point chosen was about three miles south of the peninsula, afterwards made famous by Astor. Elk, deer and all kinds of fowl were plentiful. They erected a fort on the banks of the river now bearing the name of the explorers, Lewis and Clarke, and named the fort, Clatsop, after the Indians they found there. They explored the coast for several miles south. At the beautiful summer resort, Sea Side, they built salt kilns, and from the waters of the Pacific they made sufficient salt for their use. The remains of the kilns are still extant and afford a source of pleasant thought for the idle seaside, as he whiles away the long and dreamy summer days. Proceeding down the coast they beheld the great rocks, hundreds of feet high, standing out in the Pacific like giant sentinels. They beheld also the singing sands of Canon Beach and Elk Creek. These sands are of such composition that, when stirred by the winds they send forth sounds, not unlike an Aeolian harp.

Spring having again opened, the little band beheld for the last time, the sun sink into the bounding billows of the Pacific, and turned their faces to the rising sun. Before departing they signed and nailed to Fort Clatsop the following writing: "The object of this last is, that through the medium of some civilized person who may see the same, it may be known to the world the party consisting of the persons hereto annexed, and who were sent out by the government of the United States to explore the interior of

the continent of North America, did penetrate the same by way of the Missouri and Columbia rivers, to the discharge of the latter into the Pacific Ocean, where they arrived on the 14th day of November, 1805, and departed on the 23rd day of March, 1806, on their return to the United States by the same route by which they came out."

This document, in the following year, fell into the hands of Captain Hill, of the Bark Lydia. He carried it to China, and thence to America. On the back of it they had sketched the route followed.

Many of the native chiefs of the Cathlamets, Chinooks, Tillamooks and Clatsops, native tribes, visited the fort. The

Chinooks were given to pilfering and were forbidden the fort. When an Indian of one of the other tribes approached he would shout, as a password, "No Chinook." Among these chiefs, and among all the chiefs along the route, they distributed medals on behalf of the great father at Washington. Some of them are still extant. These medals are of silver, and on one side there was a



CAPT. ROBERT GRAY.

head and the words: "Th. Jefferson, President of the United States, 1801," on the other side were interlocked hands, surmounted by pipe and tomahawk, and above, the words, "Peace and Friendship."

September 3rd, 1806, after three years of hardship amid the solitudes of primeval forests, having traveled a distance of 9000 miles, found them again at the mouth of the Missouri river. They hastened to give an anxious people an account of the wonderful country through which they had traveled. In speaking of the expedition, Jefferson said: "Never did similar event excite more joy throughout the United States. The

humblest of her citizens have taken a lively interest in the issue of this journey, and looked with impatience for the information it would furnish. Nothing short of the official journals of this extraordinary and interesting journey will exhibit the importance of the service, the courage, devotion, zeal and perseverance, under circumstances calculated to discourage which animated this little band of heroes, through the long, dangerous and tedious journey."

John Jacob Astor perceived the value of the new territory. He saw it as did Jefferson. For Astor to perceive an advantage was for him to execute. Already wealthy he desired to strike a blow not only for himself, but also for his country. Having sought Jefferson's advice, he received encouragement. Jefferson afterwards, in a letter to Astor, spoke of the country he so much admired.

"I consider it," he wrote, "as a great public acquisition, the commencement of a settlement in that part of the west coast of America, and look forward with gratification to the time when its descendants have spread themselves through the whole length of the coast, covering it with free and independent Americans, unconnected with us, but by the ties of blood and interest, and enjoying like us the rights of self-government."

And again, in writing of the death of Lewis, he said: "It lost to the nation the benefit of receiving from his own hands the narrative of his successes and sufferings, in endeavoring to extend for them the boundaries of science and to present to their knowledge that vast and fertile country which their sons are destined to fill with arts, with science, with freedom, and happiness."

Few men, indeed, at that time, foresaw what Jefferson and Astor foresaw. Thomas H. Benton was one of these men. He saw the coming greatness of the Pacific Coast. He devoted his life to securing the ports of San Francisco and the Columbia river with ownership to the 49th parallel. He was wont to say, pointing across the prairies, "There lies the East—there is the road to India."

Imbued with these ideas, we find Astor, in 1810, forming the Pacific Fur Company. His own patriotism led him to an error in selecting his partners. All but one of them were aliens and subjects of Great Britain.

This, too, at a time when war was imminent between England and the United States. Before Astor's broad mind lay the Pacific Northwest. His plan was to penetrate the country by the same route traveled by Lewis and Clarke; establish a chain of trading posts from St. Louis to the head of the Missouri river and tributaries, cross over the summit of the Rocky



CAPT. GEORGE VANCOUVER.

mountains and continue his trading posts from the sources to the mouth of the Columbia river. At the mouth of this great river, Astor projected the building of a great mart of trade. At this center, by means of small coasting vessels, trading up and down the Pacific coast was to radiate therefrom, thence across the broad Pacific for sale and exchange with China and the East. And besides, he would have a decided advantage over the Hudson's Bay and the Northwest Companies. These English concerns were, by charter of the East India Company, shut out from Asiatic trade.

So, in 1810, the Scotch partners came from Montreal to New York in a large pierogue. Gaily ribboned and decorated, traveling by way of Lake Champlain and the Hudson river, they conveyed their canoes across the land at each end of the lake, striking up their wild boat-song, they made hill and dale resound with merriment as they swept down the Hudson. They were the sensation of the hour. The enterprise of Astor, even in these primitive days of America, was novel and bold.

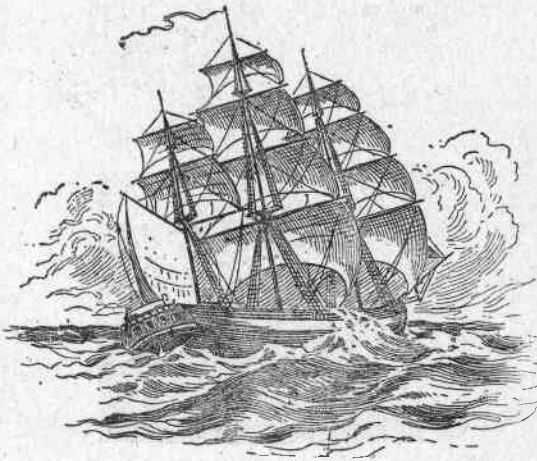
There were to be two expeditions, one to proceed by the way of Cape Horn, the other overland, to the mouth of the Columbia. The ship *Tonquin*, 290 tons burden was fitted out and stored with supplies and merchandise for barter with the natives. Jonathan Thorn was selected as her commander. He was honest and courageous, but possessed an ungovernable temper, and was proud and haughty in demeanor. On August 2, 1810, she set sail. Trouble was brewing between the United States and England, and the rumble of war could be heard. It was reported that an English man-of-war awaited outside New York harbor to apprehend the expedition. The United States government sent, as a convoy, the afterwards famous warship *Constitution*. Out upon the seas rode the two vessels. The one going to a fate romantic, tragic and terrible; the other soon to cover the Stars and Stripes with the glory of American valor. The one to go down ill-fated, the other to stand forth a talisman of good luck and good fortune.

On the 22nd day of March, 1811, the *Tonquin* arrived off the Columbia. Just

as the gloom of the cold bleak night of the 24th hovered over the deep, the good ship gallantly rode the roaring breakers and came to anchor just within the river. The wind blew a gale, but the ship rode out the storm and the next day, proceeding into a sheltered cove, now called Baker's Bay, again came to anchor. Now the threatened guns of Fort Canby tower above the spot and hardy fisherman reaps a piscatorial harvest which recurs in never failing plenty.

A few days of exploring and they determined upon a beautiful spot on the south side of the river. Here they cleared a piece of ground, established an emporium, built a fort and named it, in honor of the founder, ASTORIA.

Ross Cox, an arrival of 1812, thus describes the fort: The building consisted of apartments for the proprietors and clerks, with a capacious dining hall; extensive warehouses for the trading of goods and furs, a provision store, trading shop, smith's forge, carpenter shop, etc.; the whole surrounded by a



SHIP COLUMBIA.

First Vessel to Enter the Columbia River

stockade, forming a square, and reaching about fifteen feet above the ground, a gallery running around the stockade, in which deep holes were pierced sufficiently large for musketry; each bastion had two stories in which a chosen number of men slept every night. A six-pounder was placed in the lower story of each, and they were both provided with small arms. Immediately in front was a gentle declivity sloping down to the river side, which was turned into an excellent kitchen garden; a few hundred yards to the left a tolerable wharf had been run out, by which batteaux and boats, at low water, were able to land

their cargoes without sustaining any damage. An impenetrable forest of gigantic pines rose in the rear; and the ground was covered with thick underwood of briar and whortleberry intermingled with ferns and honeysuckles."

In their garden were planted twelve hills of potatoes. The crop for the first year was one hundred and nineteen potatoes. A few were spared to the inland traders, and fifty-six hills having been planted the second year, a crop of fifty bushels was reaped. And this was the first of agriculture in the Pacific Northwest. For the purpose of trade a small vessel was built and christened "Dolly." And this was the first vessel built in the new country. Directly north of the site of Fort Astor, at the present time, is the large dock of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, and adjoining the same on the East is the depot and terminal grounds of the Astoria and Columbia River railroad. The site of the fort is now occupied by the residence of an old pioneer, and is in the heart of Astoria, now a city of ten thousand.

On the 5th day of June, 1811, the Tonquin, with Alexander McKay on board, sailed north on a trading expedition. Near the west shore of Vancouver island the vessel came to anchor, and was soon surrounded by natives bringing furs and offering them for sale. Had the admonition of Astor been observed, nothing worthy of note would have been recorded of this voyage of the gallant vessel and her crew. "All accidents," he wrote as his parting injunction, "arose from too much confidence in the Indians." But Thorn had thrown caution to the winds. The natives were admitted freely to the deck. They were wary in trade and asked twice the price offered by Thorn. One old chief followed the captain about the deck taunting him with being stingy. Thorn ordered the Indian to leave the ship. They relapsed into silence, but made no move toward going. Thorn, now beside himself with anger, rubbed an otter skin in the chief's face and shoved him towards the ladder. Immediately every savage left the ship as if it were

pestilence. McKay and the Indian interpreter, knowing trouble would follow, urged Thorn to sail away. He was obstinate and refused. "Do you think," he said, "I will run from a lot of redskins as long as I have a knife or handspike?"

At daybreak on the following morning, a canoe came alongside, and the occupants were admitted on board. Other canoes came until the watch, becoming alarmed, called the captain. Thorn now became alarmed and ordered the crew, some to make sail, and some to weigh anchor. The Indians now offering to trade, a hurried barter was commenced. The anchor up, the deck was ordered cleared by Thorn, in a loud, peremptory tone. It was the signal of death. With a yell the savages fell upon their marked victims. In a short time all were dead except the Indian interpreter, who escaped among the Indians, Mr. Lewis, the ship's clerk, mortally wounded, and four seamen who had slipped down the rigging and gained access to the arsenal. Here, having secured weapons, they succeeded in driving the Indians from the ship.

"For the remainder of the day," says Irving, in his work entitled "Astoria," "no one ventured to put off for the ship, deterred by the effect of the firearms. The night passed away without further attempt on the part of the natives. When day dawned the Tonquin still lay at anchor in the bay, her sails all loose and flapping in the wind, no one apparently on board of her. After a time some of the canoes ventured forth to reconnoiter, taking with them the interpreter. They paddled about her, keeping cautiously at a distance, but growing more and more emboldened at seeing her quiet and lifeless. One man at length made his appearance and was recognized by the interpreter as Mr. Lewis. He made friendly signs and invited them on board. It was not long before they ventured to comply. Those who mounted the deck met with no opposition; no one was to be seen aboard. Mr. Lewis, after inviting them, had disappeared. Other crews now pressed forward to board the prize.

The decks were soon crowded and the sides covered with clambering savages, all intent on plunder. In the midst of their eagerness and exultation, the ship blew up with a tremendous explosion. Arms, legs and mutilated bodies were blown into the air, and dreadful havoc made in the surrounding canoes. The interpreter was in the main chains at the time of the explosion, and was thrown unhurt into the water, where he succeeded in getting into one of the canoes. According to his statement the bay presented an awful spectacle after the catastrophe. The ship had disappeared, but the bay was covered with the fragments of the wreck, with shattered canoes, and Indians swimming for their lives, or struggling in the agonies of death; while those who escaped the danger remained aghast and stupefied, or made, with frantic panic, for the shore. Upwards of a hundred savages were destroyed by the explosion, many were shockingly mutilated, and for days afterwards the limbs and bodies of the slain were thrown upon the beach."

And thus ended the Tonquin and her crew, in a tragedy as deep and dark as was ever heralded by tongue or pen.

Of Astor's overland expedition Price Hunt was placed in charge. In the fall of the year 1810 the expedition proceeded up the Missouri river 450 miles, and camped for the winter. Owing to the opposition of rival companies at St. Louis trouble had been experienced in procuring men for the expedition. During the winter Hunt returned to St. Louis and procured a sufficient number of men and joined the expedition in the spring. Of this number was a unique character, Piere Dorien. His father had been interpreter for the Lewis and Clarke expedition. He required of Hunt that he be permitted to take with him his squaw wife and two children, the youngest of which was but two years old.

As they proceeded up the river they met the great hunter and frontiersman, Daniel Boone, now eighty-five years of age. It is said the old hero looked with longing eyes as the expedition swept

from his view on its perilous journey. In April, 1811, all being ready, the expedition set out. Accompanying it for the purpose of scientific research were two English scientists, Bradbury and Nutall. Through a fertile country, up the river they traveled, surrounded by the beauties of spring. They encountered herds of wild buffalo and game of every description, till the fertile lands were passed, and they were among the parched and barren hills. Hearing from some hunters who joined the expedition that the Blackfeet Indians were hostile, they determined to leave the Missouri and follow a more southerly route than that taken by Lewis and Clarke.

At a village of the Ricara Indians they abandoned their boats, and having procured horses, proceeded thence by land. Striking across the dry and barren plains they came at length to the Black Hills. These they skirted for some distance, and having turned northerly, came to the Big Horn mountains. Often they were without game or grass, but the journey was thus far without extraordinary hardship. They were now at the summit of the Rocky mountains. Seeing in the distance the Three Tetons, or as they named them, Pilot Knobbs, they wended their way thither on the banks of a turbulent, rushing stream, which they called Mad river. Arriving at the foot of the mountains, the river became placid and moved along majestically and calm, under the drooping willows of its banks. They were now at the fountain sources of the Columbia.

Here they constructed canoes, but reports came that the river again became unnavigable, accordingly they crossed over the mountain and came to the waters of Henry river. Again they built canoes and proceeded gaily down its rushing waters till they came to Snake river. Down the Snake several miles they were again confronted by rapids. A portage, and they were again, in a short time, confronted by dangerous rapids and falls. Men sent ahead brought word that the river was for miles impassable. Here one of their voyageurs was swept away by the current and drowned. The

place they first named Caldron Linn, but afterwards, Devils Scuttle Hole. The season was now far advanced, and the prospect was dark. Over 1000 miles, over a trackless waste, yet lay between them and Astoria. The mistake of the expedition was this southern route. Far better had they braved the hostile Blackfeet, and followed the route of Lewis and Clarke. The latter had found the Clearwater navigable and had proceeded without hindrance to the Columbia, and thence to the Pacific. Hunt was, on the contrary, confronted by an unnavigable river and that too late in the season.

Finally the party separated into two main divisions. One, under Hunt, took the east side of the river, and one, under Crooks, the west bank. Another small party, numbering eleven, bade farewell to their friends and struck across the hills, hoping to reach the Columbia by a still more westerly route. Gloomy forebodings now filled the minds of all. Now the struggle for life began. On they toiled, occasionally coming upon an Indian village of half-starved natives and procured from them now a dog, now a horse, and occasionally feasted upon wolf, wading through snow, and famishing for water which tantalized them far down the inaccessible canyon. But they were brave. The poor squaw of Dorien, expecting soon to become a mother, toiled along day after day with the stolid fortitude of her race. Much of the time she carried the younger child on her back. After a month of hardship the party of Hunt heard a shout from the opposite bank of the river, and looking over saw the party under Crooks. They were in sore distress and called for food. A canoe was made of the hide of an Indian horse and horse meat taken to them. They danced for joy, for it had been hours since they had tasted food. The country on their side of the river was even more barren than that on the side of Hunt. Snow had been falling for some time. The emaciated appearance of Crooks and his party struck dismay to the hearts of Hunt. For the first time they realized that grim famine

was pursuing them, and that it would require all their fortitude to brave the coming events. Hence they proceeded several days down the river till the mountains became impassable. Hunt here determined to retrace his steps to an Indian village he had previously passed. John Day, the hunter, was brought across the river. His plight was pitiful. Famine had done its work. Irving says of him: "John Day was a hunter from the backwoods of Virginia, who had been several years on the Missouri in the services of Mr. Crooks and other traders. He was about forty years of age, six feet two inches high, straight as an Indian; with an elastic step as if he trod on springs, and a handsome, open countenance. It was his boast, that in his younger days nothing could hurt or daunt him; but he 'had lived too fast' and injured his constitution by excesses. Still he was strong of hand, bold of heart, a prime woodman and an almost unerring shot. He had the frank spirit of the Virginian, and the rough heroism of a pioneer of the West." Soon they were compelled to leave him, and Crooks, refusing to desert his old friend, they, with a Canadian named LaClerc, parted with the expedition. The scene was affecting as they parted from their friends, perhaps for the last time, and bravely set about the fight with death in the wintry solitudes. Hunt and his party having arrived at an Indian village, procured horses for meat, and inquired the way to the Columbia. They were informed that by traveling northwesterly they could reach "the big river." But as it was hard to procure a guide, as the Indians shuddered and said they would die. But tempting bribes at length secured one and they ferried the river where is now the town of Huntington. Hence they traveled over the mountain to the Columbia. A few days after and the wife of Dorien became a mother. Dorien bade the expedition to proceed and he would join them a few days later. They did so, and on the second day along came the Dorien family, the squaw and her family riding on a crow-bait of

horse that Dorien had sullenly refused to sacrifice even when the last beaver skin had been eaten.

After a few days' travel they came to a beautiful valley, well watered with a sparkling river. This was the Grande Ronde valley and river, now one of the most prosperous, fertile, farming, stock-raising and mining localities of Oregon. They passed on their journey the present thriving cities of LaGrande, Union and Baker. From a wandering tribe of Indians they procured horses for food, and were overjoyed to hear that a party of white men had preceded them by about a month. From the description they rightly judged it was their eleven friends from whom they had parted in the gloom at Caldron Linn.

Here they passed the first day of January, 1812, and celebrated the New Year. The poor fellows, though scarce able to stand, with due ceremony observed the day, and enjoyed a feast of dog and horse. Five days' journey and they came to Umatilla valley. The natives were well clad and quite intelligent. Again they heard tidings of their friends. After recuperating a few days they proceeded to the Columbia, now but a short distance. They crossed the river and proceeded down the north bank. Arriving at the Cascades they procured canoes and embarking, floated down. The valleys and much of the country they saw is today covered with billows of golden grain. And on their eternal hills graze thousands of herds. The dreams of Jefferson, Astor and Benton are being realized.

On the 18th day of January, 1812, as they glided along the broad waters of the river, who can describe the sensations of joy they felt, on rounding Tongue Point, at beholding a beautiful fort in full view. They were met by their companions who had given them up for lost. And the scene of meeting was both ludicrous and affecting as the voyageurs kissed and hugged each other. Deer meat now supplied the place of Indian dog and horse, good enough when no better could be secured, but now quite out of place. They warmed the inner man with

spirits from the stores, and all was joy.

The suffering endured by these poor fellows in the deep solitudes can never be adequately told. Months afterwards, as Stewart and several companions were floating down the Columbia, returning from a trading expedition, they were hailed from the bank. Looking around they found two wretched men, entirely naked and unarmed, beckoning them to come ashore. What was their joy at meeting with John Day and Mr. Crooks? Long since had they been given up for dead. But they had wintered among the Indians on the Snake river, and in the spring had made their way to the Columbia, where they were well-treated by the Walla Walla Indians. But proceeding down the river, at the Cascades, they were robbed of everything, stripped naked and turned out to die. The Indians had even refused John Day his flint and steel. John Day never recovered his vigor. Shortly he died, and was buried in Astoria, where his grave is still pointed out. A river in Eastern Oregon, near which he was rescued, and one four miles above Astoria, bear his name.

With this ending of the overland expedition Astor had carried American commerce and the American flag from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the Pacific Northwest, by right of both original discovery and occupation, was now fully in the grasp of the United States.

The traders found a mine of wealth. There were the beaver, the seal and the otter of the far North, and the fur-bearing animals of the Pacific Northwest.

That the plans of Astor were not a success was due to no fault of his. The war of 1812 broke out, and the enterprise that had been planned so well came to grief. The choleric Thorn was totally unfit for the part that fell to his lot. Hunt was true to the last and when the alien partners betrayed Astor he protested in vain. The alien partners were not loyal to the United States government. They found ready excuse for selling, for a trifle, the property of Astor, and for hauling down the Stars and Stripes and the running up of the English Jack. And what was before Fort Astor was now

Fort George, named after the tyrant hated by all liberty-loving people. In a letter to John Quincy Adams, then secretary of state, Astor wrote: "McDougall transferred all my property to the Northwest Company, who were in possession of it by sale, as he called it, for the sum of forty-eight thousand dollars, of which he retained fourteen thousand dollars for wages said to be due some of the men. From the price obtained from the goods, etc., and he having himself become interested in the purchase and made a partner in the Northwest Company, some idea may be formed of the man's correctness of dealing. He sold to the Northwest Company eighteen thousand and one hundred and seventy quarter pounds of beaver at two dollars, which was selling at that time in Canton at five and six dollars per skin. I estimate the whole property to be worth nearer two hundred thousand than forty thousand dollars, about the sum he secured in bills on Montreal."

For years the United States' government remained inactive and refused to restore to Astor that which was his, or to assert its unequivocal ownership in the Pacific Northwest. In fact the government appeared to fear Great Britain and so they whiled away the time in "joint occupancy," all in the interest of the English companies.

It was during this time that Senator Benton championed the cause of this territory so nobly. In 1847 he wrote a letter to the people of Oregon and sent it by John M. Shively, who then owned a Donation Land Claim, embracing the site of Fort Astor. The senator reminded the people of Oregon that many of them were his personal friends, and concluded the letter by saying: "In conclusion, I have to assure you that the spirit that made me a friend of Oregon for thirty years—which led me to denounce the joint-occupation treaty the day it was made and to oppose its renewal in 1828, and to labor for its abrogation until it was terminated; the same spirit that led me to reveal the grand destiny of Oregon in articles written in 1818, and to support every measure for her benefit

since—the same spirit still animates me and will continue to do so while I live—which I hope to be long enough to see an emporium of Asiatic commerce pouring into the valley of the Mississippi through the channel of Oregon."

The Tonquin found an unique character in the person of the Chinook chief, Con-com-ly. His tribe dwelt on the north shore of Baker's Bay on the site of the present village of Chinook. He was possessed of but one eye, but it was said the shrewd old chieftain saw more with that one eye than most people could with two. McDougall, Astor's factor, was his favorite. He saved the trader from drowning soon after the arrival of the ship. Afterwards he gave, in marriage, to the fur trader, his favorite daughter, the Princess Con-com-ly. Con-com-ly was exceedingly fond of his distinguished son-in-law. When the English came to take possession of Fort Astor the wily old chief assembled his warriors and, hurrying across the river, offered to assassinate the English. McDougall refused his offer, and Con-com-ly conceived a supreme disgust for him he never forgot. He declared his daughter had "married a squaw," and ever afterwards refused to have anything to do with his disgraced relative.

The story is told that the traders once discovered that the Indians were plotting a massacre. McDougall assembled the chiefs and informed them that he was aware of their intended treachery. "You imagine," he said, "that because we are a few you can easily kill us, but it is not so; or if you do, you only bring greater evils upon yourselves. The medicine of the white man dead is mightier than the red man living. It is said that twenty men aboard our ship were killed; but if this be true did not the ship alone kill two hundred of the murderers, ten for one? But what is the white man's ship, compared with the white man himself? Listen. I am the small-pox chief and in this bottle I have it confined. All I have to do is to pull the cork, and send it forth among you, and you are dead men. But this is for my enemies, and not for my friends."

This was too much for the poor natives. They had seen the small-pox enough to regard it as the embodiment of the evil spirit. They gave over all designs against the white men and begged for their lives. And it is told that McDougall generously spared the natives from the scourge.

At Seaside, on the banks of the Necanicum river, today dwell a few Clatsop Indians—all that are left of the nu-

merous horde that inhabited the plains of the Columbia's south bank, less than a century ago. Among them dwells Marchino Marcell, a half-breed Indian and Canadian French. He came with Hudson's Bay Company when the United States were in their infancy. He is now eighty years old. The last of the voyageurs is he.

GEORGE NOLAND.

Astoria, Or.

First Court in Washington.—The first territorial court held north of the Columbia was called by Judge Wm. P. Bryant, at Steilacoom, on the first Monday of October, 1849, for the purpose of trying some Snoqualmie Indians who had murdered Leander C. Wallace, an American settler, during an attack on Fort Nesqually the previous May. The population of that section being so small at that time, the court was obliged to take along enough citizens from the Willamette valley to act as a jury. A. A. Skinner was prosecuting attorney and David Stone plead the defense. The whole company went by canoes and on horse back to Steilacoom, carrying all provisions and camping utensils. While several Indians had been arrested, but two were convicted and executed.

a convent for the education of girls at St. Paul, French Prairie. This was in 1844.

It is a source of wonder among many as to how an Indian can travel unknown forest paths without getting lost, as the white man often does. The reason is plain, and had the white traveler given as much heed to nature's doings as the red man, there would be less liability of their becoming bewildered. As a rule, as long as one can see the sun they have a guide for their footsteps, but hide that luminary behind darkened clouds, and many of the whites do not know which way to turn. Not so the Indian, he has another compass, as unerring as the orb of day, and finds it in nature's building. Ask him the points of the compass, and, if he can find moss growing upon the rocks or trees, he will at once indicate them. He knows that he is right, for the mosses are always found upon the north side of the rocks or trunks and branches of the timber.

The first mass celebrated by a Catholic priest in the Pacific Northwest, outside of what might have been done by the clergy who probably accompanied the Spanish navigators, was celebrated at Vancouver, November 25, 1838. The first in Willamette valley, January 6, 1839, at French Prairie. The first Catholic church erected was built at St. Paul in 1836, but was not consecrated until 1839. Archbishop (then Father) Blanchet officiating. This church was superseded by a brick one in 1846, the first house of worship to be constructed of that material in original Oregon. The first sisters to come were those of Notre Dame de Namur. Six of that order coming by sailing vessel from Antwerp direct. On their arrival they established

Original Oregon embraced an immense area. All of the present limits, together with those of Washington, Idaho and a portion of Montana, and possibly an additional unknown quantity, comprising its extent. In 1778 it was called "New Albion" by the British. One portion, in 1792, was by them called "New Georgia," and another "New Caldonia." It was designated by the Spanish navigators as "The coast of California in the North Sea." It was also a part of the Louisiana purchase, and bears the nickname "Webfoot."

ANNA'S LOVE.

"Well, this is comfortable!" exclaimed Harry Wyndham, throwing himself into the large easy chair before the glowing grate. "I haven't seen such a fire for three years; it does a man good to go from home once in a while, to know how he is appreciated. You feel quite proud of you handsome brother, eh, Sis?"

"Pshaw, Harry, going abroad has not cured you of your vanity. But, Anna," she added, turning to a young woman who sat sewing in the corner, "bring some more coal; and Anna, do get my work-box as you come down stairs. It is awfully stupid here with nothing to do."

"Thank you, Carrie, for the compliments; but who is Anna? I have surely seen her before."

"Don't you know Anna Weston?"

"What! Cousin Anna! Is it possible! So she is exalted to the rank of an upper servant in her uncle's family—a sort of a maid of all work?"

"Harry! I don't ask Anna to do what I could not do myself."

"Ah, let me see, coal is apt to soil delicate fingers. I suppose Anna does not play on the piano, and is not invited into the parlor. Perhaps my memory is at fault, but I believe her father was a wealthy lawyer, while ours was as poor as a church-mouse, and depended a great deal on our rich uncle and ——"

Carrie's face flushed crimson, and she was about leaving the room in indignant astonishment when Anna returned with the coal and box.

"Excuse me, Anna," said Harry, taking them from her, "Excuse me for not knowing you. But three years make great changes. I am sorry, however, that you still think me such a scapegrace that you have not spoken to me since I came." Here Harry playfully put his arm around her and kissed her cheek.

The tears rose to her eyes, and her voice trembled as she endeavored to answer, but Harry continued:

"I am very sorry to see this, Anna. I heard of your father's misfortunes and death, but I did not imagine that you would be treated thus in this family."

"Don't say anything, please, Harry; you can do nothing to help me."

"Why have you remained here? Anna, you have—you must have—borne a great deal. You used to be a fine musician. It would have been better—"

"Yes, Harry," she answered, interrupting him, "I should have gone long ago but for little Effie. She clung to me and seems to depend on me more than anyone else."

"Bless you, Anna, for your kindness to her," said the really affectionate brother, "the poor child has not had too much sympathy since I left."

Here the ringing of the bell announced the entrance of visitors; and Anna hastily retreated.

When Harry next saw her she was patiently standing by the table ironing a delicate neck-piece of his own. He had often wondered who fluted these so beautifully, but he had yet to learn how necessary Anna was in household affairs.

"You shall not do this for me," said he, attempting to withdraw it from her hand.

"Suppose I say it gives me pleasure to work for you," she answered with a gentle smile.

"In that case, I shall say I do not deserve such kindness. But, Anna, it provokes me to see you take everything so meekly. If you would just speak out boldly, and tell them you would not bear it, they would not dare to treat you so. I am astonished that my father can suffer his sister's child to become a menial in his house."

Anna laid her hand on his arm and replied very gently, "Come with me, Harry; I have something to show you." He followed her up stairs, and she stopped at the door of a small room which she softly opened. On a low bed near

the fire lay a feeble child whose wan face was even more pale and worn than he had ever seen it. One thin hand was under her cheek, while the other was thrown over the pillow. She was asleep.

"Harry, I think Effie is sinking. No one seems to notice it but myself. She has seemed to care for nothing for several days, and has hardly tasted food."

"Dr. Gordan must come and see her. He is to be here tonight, and I will ask him to come up."

Harry watched Anna as she moved noiselessly about the room, putting everything in place, and preparing something to tempt the child's delicate appetite, and thought how little the world knew of the beautiful life of patient goodness in that upper room, of the scenes of gentle kindness and unwearying devotedness daily enacted around the bedside of the little sufferer.

Effie had long been hopelessly deformed, and her lower limbs were shrunk and wasted. Acute pain often kept her moaning hour after hour. Anna was for four days the only one near her. In fact the child would seldom let Anna leave her, and no one seemed to think that anything could be done for her; so, in time, all became accustomed to her illness, and it was deemed hardly worth while to inquire about her. Her mother was dead, and her father believed that in asking Dr. Gordan to come around sometimes and look at her he was performing all a parent's duty, and could do no more.

Carrie complained that a sick room made her head ache, and in consequence seldom honored it by her presence.

Harry was really affectionate and kind to his sister, and had often brought a smile to her pale little face, that nothing else could. But with Anna's arrival there had come peace and happiness to the child's heart that had never before found place there. Anna felt that her mission on earth, though through sorrow and tears, was one of deepest and purest joy.

That evening, the parlors resounded with laughter and song. Harry came up

once or twice to see Effie, and finding her quiet, went back again to the parlor.

In the course of the evening Dr. Gordan asked Carrie for a song, which she told him she had forgotten.

"Why, Anna can sing that," exclaimed Harry.

"Who is Anna, if I may ask?" inquired the doctor.

"Oh! a cousin of ours; who nurses Effie."

"A cousin! I did not know ——"

"Certainly not," interrupted Carrie; "few know Anna, because she will never come into the parlor."

"She is very backward, indeed," said Harry significantly. "I will go and see if I cannot persuade her, for one night, to overcome this reluctance to society."

Carrie bit her lips with mortification and rapidly passed her fingers over the piano keys, to preclude any further conversation.

In a few moments a servant came in with a message from Harry, that the doctor would please walk up stairs.

"Harry was always so ridiculous about some things," said Carrie, turning to a young man who leaned over her chair and leaned over her chair, and looked down languidly into her face.

A shaded lamp was burning in Effie's room and Anna was holding the child in her arms. Harry held one of the little cold hands, so sadly attenuated, and she looked affectionately in her face, while a faint smile lighted up her features.

"Anna," said the child, softly, pressing the hand that was around her, "you have been very good to me, and God will bless you. I am going home, and I will ask Him."

The thin fingers relapsed their hold, they were growing weaker.

The doctor looked on silently, he felt that a greater physician than he was relieving Effie's sufferings.

When the morning light stole into that little chamber, it fell on the face of a still, white figure, with hands crossed upon its breast, and whose better part "had gone to be an angel."

The endeavor to alleviate the sufferings of Effie, during the three months previous to her death, had been more of a trial than Anna should have undertaken without assistance, and when her hours as nurse had ended, she was in such a state of health, through loss of sleep and strain on mind that she was compelled to take to her bed; Harry insisting that Dr. Gordan be called at once, which was done.

Although Anna did not require many professional visits, the doctor came quite frequently to see her. None of the family, however, attributing his visits to any interest in her further than a medical adviser would be expected to manifest in a patient.

A month after this, Dr. Gordan was shown into the sitting-room at Mr. Wyndham's. Carrie was very beautiful in her mourning silk, for it set off her fair complexion to great advantage. Anna was quietly working in her usual dress, for it had been thought too expensive for her to have black.

"She was only Effie's nurse," said Harry, sarcastically.

"You ought to be ashamed, Harry; you care more now for Anna than for your own sister," replied Carrie, with tears of anger and mortification.

"It is well that someone does care for Anna," he answered, taking his seat by the latter as he spoke.

"You know, Harry," she said, looking up quietly, as she always did, "that the dress makes no difference to me. Nothing could make Effie's memory dearer."

A smile of peace rested on her sallow features as she spoke—a gentle, patient

smile that seemed to light up the soul within, and made her almost beautiful. She looked a moment at Harry, and then her eyes went back quietly to her work.

"If Miss Weston will oblige me," said the Doctor, "I called to see if she would go with me to visit a sick woman near by. She is sadly in need of some cheering words, such as only one of her sex can give. She has every necessary comfort for the body, but is extremely depressed and nervous. My horse is waiting for me, and if you will get into the carriage and go with me, I will be greatly obliged."

Anna was quickly ready for the ride. The Doctor handed her in, and stepping in after her, they were soon far from Carrie and all those little petty cares, from which Anna had known no respite for many a weary week.

The fresh air seemed to impart a glow to her cheek, and a light sparkled in her eye that made her seem another creature.

During the return trip the Doctor said to her:

"I wanted to say this to you almost from the first, Anna. My home is sadly in need of its mistress, and I hope you will not make me wait too long."

"Carrie," said Harry, about a year after this, "guess where I dined today. But you never will. With Dr. Gordan and his wife; and Anna is actually beautiful. Happiness and foreign travel have so much improved her, and their home is so charming, that I have made up my mind to go and get married myself."

ELLA HENNEBERRY.



John B. Jackson, a pioneer of 1843, was the first American to take up a claim north of the Columbia river, locating on Cowlitz prairie in the fall of 1845. Almost immediately thereafter he was followed by Col. Michael T. Simmons and others, pioneers of 1844, who had wintered at Washougal during the winter of 1844-45.

Idaho was named by Mrs. Wallace, wife of Governor Wallace, the first territorial governor thereof and the first delegate to congress therefrom. She named it after a niece of hers. The name is Indian and was formerly borne by a chief, after whom her niece had been named. Its meaning is, "Gem of the Mountains."

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

GEO. H. HIMES, Assistant Secretary.

The following letter, written by one of the first Baptist ministers to come to the Pacific Northwest, will be interesting:

Oregon City, 9th March, 1852.

Mr. John McLoughlin, Esq.:

Dear Sir—Having learned that you intend shortly to visit Washington City, and knowing that you have been misrepresented by our delegate from this country, and wishing, as an honest man, and a friend to truth and justice, to contribute something toward the correction of these misrepresentations, I submit to your acceptance and disposal the following:

I arrived in Oregon in the fall of 1844, and have been an observer of your treatment of, and conduct of the American immigrants. I know that you have saved our people from suffering by hunger, and I believe from savage cruelty also. I know you sent your boats to convey them down the Columbia river, free of charge, and that you also sent them provisions, when they were in a state of starvation, and that you directed them to be distributed among the immigrants, to those that were destitute of money, equally with those that had, nor did your kindness stop there, as many of us lost nearly all that we possessed, by the time that we arrived in the valley. You continued your favors, by letting us have both food and raiment for the year. Seed wheat, and charging no more than the same number of bushels the next harvest; plows and cattle to plow with. To conclude I do affirm that your conduct ever since I have known you, has been such as to justify the opinion that you was friendly to the settlement of the country by Americans. I judge the tree by its fruit. You did more for the American settlers than all the men that were in it at that time.

With sincere wishes that you may obtain yours rights, I subscribe myself, yours,

VINCENT SNELLING,

Ord. Minister Gospel, Baptist.

In pioneer days the Sandwich Islands were of much more importance on the map of the world than the original Oregon, and nearly everything not coming across the plains, either came from there or by there. The following communication goes to show that more assistance was likely to come from that quarter than could be secured from the national capital, and could be much easier reached at that time:

Oregon City, Dec. 26, 1847.

To the American Consul at Honolulu:

Dear Sir—The undersigned members of the house of representatives of Oregon, (provisional government), have been appointed by said body to write to you and request that you will cause an American vessel to be sent to the Columbia as soon as possible, if it be in your power to do so. Many of the Indian tribes by which we are surrounded have combined for the purpose of commencing hostilities against the settlements. They have already committed deeds of bloody violence; Dr. Marcus Whitman, his wife and nine others have been most cruelly massacred. This inhuman and bloody deed has kindled a flame in the breasts of our citizens which nothing but the blood of the murderers can extinguish. Though we are determined to resent the horrid injury, we are at the same time sensible of our inability to support a prolonged warfare with the Indians, inasmuch as we lack many of the essentials of war. We believe that the presence of a ship of war in the Columbia would have a tendency to deter the Indians, and would be of invaluable service to us in case of protracted hostilities.

It is therefore the earnest request of this government that you will exert your influence to have the American vessel of war sent to the Columbia as soon as possible.

Very respectfully, yours etc.,

J. W. NESMITH,
W. RECTOR,
L. A. RICE,

Committee.

PURPLE AND GOLD.

D. W. Jenkins' Cabin No. 25, Native Sons, was organized at Canyon City, March 12, 1890. The following were the officers installed: J. W. Powell, past president; A. J. Stephens, president; R. R. McHaley, first vice-president; B. C. Herbert, second vice-president; Wm. Bryam, third vice-president; R. K. Chambers, secretary; C. H. Bell, treasurer; W. E. Overholt, marshal; W. Lynn George, Jack Chambers and John Hyde, trustees; E. O. Martin, inner sentinel; E. Southwirth, outer sentinel. The cabin starts out with a numerous and enthusiastic membership.

Messer Smith's Cabin, No. 26, Native Sons, was organized at Lebanon, March 1900. Officers, as follows, were elected and installed: B. A. Millsap, past president; Rev. J. Sherman Wallace, president; Phillip Ritter, first vice-president; Ernest Elliott, second vice-president; L. A. Armstrong, third vice-president; W. C. Peterson, recording secretary; Charles A. Smith, financial secretary; C. W. Matthews, treasurer; J. C. Peebler, marshal; Dr. L. M. Jones, M. D. Wheeler and S. B. Coyle, trustees; J. B. Hope, inner sentinel, and W. W. Powers, outer sentinel.

Martha Avery's Cabin No. 18, Native Daughters, was organized March 26, 1900, at Corvallis. The following were the officers elected and installed: Mrs. Esther Reed, past president; Miss Helen Crawford, president; Mrs. Wilhelmena Wagoner, vice-president; Miss Hortense Greffoz, second vice-president; Mrs. Mae Irvine, third vice-president; Miss Edna Groves, recording secretary; Miss Mabel Davis, financial secretary; Miss Rosalie Greffoz, marshal; Miss Bessie Irvine, inner sentinel; Miss Hattie Hoover, outer sentinel; and Mrs. Mary Hoover, Mrs. Gertrude Irvine and Miss Hattie Hoover, trustees. It is named in honor of Mrs Martha Avery,

widow of the late J. C. Avery. Mr. Avery was the founder of Corvallis, and one of the earliest arrivals in Benton county, having pitched his tent on the present site of Corvallis in 1845. He was a prominent figure in early Oregon politics, serving as a member of the first and second sessions of the territorial legislature. Mrs. Avery arrived in 1847, and on the identical spot where she then took up her residence, she still resides, surrounded with life's comforts and hale after 76 years of life.

Naomi Janette Walter's Cabin No. 19, Native Daughters, was organized at Brownsville, April 18, 1900, with the following officers: Ella McHargue, past president; Ollie Stanard, president. Sarah Cooley, first vice-president; Mrs. Mary Hale, second vice-president; Gertrude Roby, third vice-president; Minnie Hale, recording secretary; Clara Starr, financial secretary and treasurer; Callie Templeton, marshal; Kate Cavender, Naomi Templeton and Lissie Templeton, trustees; Lissie Hunter, inner sentinel; Clara Stewart, outer sentinel.

Rebekah Maple Parrish's Cabin.—In our January number we gave mention to the fact that a cabin of Native Daughters had been organized in Jefferson, but we were unable at that time to state the name selected by the membership. We learn that it was named in honor of Grandma Parrish, a pioneer of 1844, and one of the earlier settlers of Marion county.

Grand Secretary White has resigned, intending to leave for the Nome gold fields on the 15th of next month. The Board of Grand Officers elected F. H. Saylor as Grand Secretary for the remainder of the term. This election caused a vacancy in the office of Grand Historian, but as yet no one has been elected to that position.

NESIKA WA-WA.

Two new and valuable works concerning Oregon will soon be ready for placing before readers. One of them, "McLoughlin and Old Oregon," will be published by McClurg & Co., of Chicago, and the other, "Stories of Oregon," by Whitaker & Ray, of San Francisco. The latter volume is dedicated to the Native Daughters. The author of both of these works is Eva Emery Dye, the well known and interesting writer. All readers know that anything coming from her pen is much sought after. In consequence of this, the volumes will meet with a large and ready sale.

The Quarterly (magazine) of the Oregon Historical Society for March, 1900, is now published and for sale. This is the first effort towards a work that

should have been undertaken a long time ago, as much data has undoubtedly been destroyed by reason of no one showing an interest in such matters and the possessors not fully recognizing the importance of placing them in the hands of those competent to weave a history out of the tangled threads that have laid and are now lying, musty and molded, in the old comphor trunks that crossed the plains a half of a century ago. Again, there has been no one with any semblance of authority to receive these papers, and people hesitate to place them in the hands of individuals. All this is different now, the character of the officers and gentlemen whose names appear are a sufficient guarantee that history will be writ as it transpired.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

JOHN AND SUSAN D. MELDRUM.

Both of these well-known pioneers were Kentuckians, and both born in Shelby county, therein. The date of Mr. Meldrum's birth being March 27, 1808, and that of Mrs. Meldrum, formerly Miss Susan Depue Cox, July 25, 1817. The ancestry of Mr. Meldrum was Scotch-Irish, immigrating to America in 1806, and that of Mrs. Meldrum, French-Hugenot. The parents of each of our subjects removed to Illinois when their children were still young. Here Mr. and Mrs. Meldrum met and were married, the date of their nuptials being December 11, 1834. Their golden wedding was celebrated in Oregon City, in 1884.

In 1834 they removed to Iowa and in 1845 crossed the plains, arriving in Oregon in the fall of that year. The family first located at Linn City, a town then on the Willamette river immediately opposite Oregon City, but in 1861 washed away by high water of that year. In the spring of 1846 they removed to a claim situate on the Molalla river, known as the Harrison Wright place. They subsequently resided in several localities in the Willamette valley, their neighbors being few and far between, as the population at that time was very limited outside of the older settled places. Then the Indians outnumbered the whites, and at times, were very insolent and a constant menace to the lives and property of the settlers. Fortunately, however, the family were not molested, ex-

cept by an occasional theft of some article of no consequence.

In 1849 the California gold fever had reached Oregon, Mr. Meldrum being one of those effected. He made his family as comfortable as the times and circumstances then existing would permit of, and set out for the mines, crossing the intervening wilderness on horseback. After a twelve-months season of prosperity in the mines he concluded to return home, and started on the return trip with a party of others, little expecting serious troubles while en route, but on their arrival in the southern portion of the state they were attacked by the Rogue River Indians, barely escaping with their lives, losing their saddle horses, pack animals and packs, together with all their guns but two and their gold dust. Thenceforth the way to the settlements was toilsome and dangerous, and they were obliged to subsist upon what they could kill with their guns.

In 1850 the family removed to Pacific City, located on the north side of the mouth of the Columbia river, a town wiped out by the government in 1852 for reservation purposes. Here they remained for six years, Mr. Meldrum serving the people as county commissioner and county judge, holding the latter office for two terms, during the time. The Indian disturbances of 1855-56 were such as to warrant him in removing to a more thickly settled place, and the family once more returned to Oregon City, where the family home has continued to be ever since.

Mr. Meldrum died August 2, 1889, leaving behind him a widow and five children to mourn his decease. Mr. Meldrum always took a deep interest in everything tending to build up the community and state; he was highly honored for his worth as a true and good man during life, and his death deplored by the very many who had the pleasure of knowing him as a citizen, a friend and neighbor.

Five children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Meldrum prior to their coming to Oregon, all of whom crossed the plains with them, and five more came to bless the family roof tree after their arrival here. Of these, but three daughters and two sons are now living. One of the daughters, Margaret O., is the wife of Judge W. S. Moore, of Klamath county; the second, Mary R., is the wife of Hon. D. P. Thompson, of Portland, and the youngest, Sarah M., became the wife of Captain F. O. McCown, of Clackamas county. John W. resides near Oregon City and has ably filled the offices of county surveyor and county judge of Clackamas county. Henry is a surveyor by profession, is married and lives at Oregon City.

HARVEY W. SCOTT.

The question has often been asked as to the names of the twelve leading newspapers published in the United States, and the answer has always included the Oregonian as one of the twelve. Its prominence in this respect is due solely because of its able editorials. It is needless to say that the gentleman whose name heads this sketch is and has been for many years the editor of that great daily.

Mr. Scott was born February 1, 1838, in Tazewell county, Illinois. In 1852 he accompanied his parents across the plains. The family made their first home in Yamhill county, and from thence, in 1854, removed to the Sound, and again, in 1857, to Forest Grove. While in this latter place our subject attended the Pacific University and has the honor of being the first to graduate therefrom. This education was in the main, brought about by his own individual effort.

In 1865, Mr. Scott assumed editorial charge of the Oregonian, and has ever since held that position, except from October, 1872, to April, 1877. During this interval, he was a portion of the time collector of customs for the district of Oregon, and again, editor of the Daily Bulletin.

The qualities of Mr. Scott's mind are capaciousness, strength and clearness. His capacity to stretch his investigations over the whole range of knowledge is wonderful, writing upon all subjects without fear of consequences. The logical faculty predominates his thinking, hence his conclusions

are clear, connected and concise; welding his arguments into chains, whose every link is steel. Men who think but little, and that on the surface of things, often disagree with him, but profound thinkers, always question their own opinions, if found contrary to his. While he is proud of the Pacific Northwest and especially partial to Oregon, this section of the Union has reason to feel proud that such a man as Mr. Scott is the production of its early educational and literary efforts.

In the fall of 1865 Mr. Scott was united in marriage with Miss Elizabeth Nicklin, a pioneer of 1850. Mrs. Scott lived until January, 1875, when she passed away from earth. The fruits of this union was three sons, only one of whom is at present alive. In the summer of 1876, Mr. Scott was married again, the bride being Miss Margaret McChesney, of Pennsylvania. Two sons and a daughter have blessed this union.

SAMUEL ALLEN.

This noble, whole-souled gentleman, now deceased, was one of Oregon's best and leading pioneers. He was born in East Tennessee, July 21, 1805. In early youth he was left fatherless, and with his widowed mother removed to Missouri. Here, at the age of 21, he was married to Miss Sarah Benson, also a native of Tennessee. From the time of the taking place of this event, he resided in various sections of Missouri until 1847, when he decided to cross the plains to Oregon. Making provision for the welfare of his beloved mother, who preferred to remain nearer civilization, he bade her a last farewell, and with his young wife and little children, accomplished the great journey, arriving in October, 1847. He at once went to the romantic banks of the Abiqua river where he located a land claim, developing it into one of the finest farms in the state.

Mr. Allen was perhaps as extensively known as any man in Oregon. His home was the stopping place for all the travelers from the upper Willamette valley to Portland, and a resting place for the most of the immigrants looking for lands in his neighborhood or in sections further south. Through his hospitable treatment of those with whom he came in contact, he became endeared to a wide circle of acquaintances, all of whom addressed him with the fatherly expression, "Uncle Sam."

He was a most industrious worker, a good business man and a friend of progress; and it was a satisfaction to him when the difficulties of distance and isolation were overcome and modern improvements made as available here as elsewhere. A man of vigorous intellect, he might of stood high in al-

most any branch of professional life could he of had the advantages of an early education.

In 1870 he removed to Salem to spend the evening of his life, and died there May 12, 1876. In a public capacity he was also active and efficient, serving in many positions of trust, among them being a member of the committee to whom was entrusted the building of the state house.

The family consisted of eight children, Elizabeth, (Mrs. Brown), Thomas B., Evaline, (Mrs. Donaldson,) Julia A., Angeline, (Mrs. Sweeney,) Wm. H., Mary L. and Linnie A., (Mrs. Settlemier), Mrs. Brown, Wm. H. and Julia A., are now dead.

Mrs. Sarah Allen was possessed of the same kindly disposition as her husband. All who knew her, and they were legion, loved her. Upon the decease of Mr. Allen she continued to live in Salem. She was united in marriage, secondly, to Mr. S. A. Trimble, who survives her. She died January 9, 1900.

THOMAS B. ALLEN.

The subject of this sketch first saw the light of day in the state of Missouri, January 30, 1830, and followed the migrations of his father during that time the family resided in the state, gaining what education the three months' school taught in the old log school houses would afford in those days. In 1847 his parents concluded to immigrate to Oregon, and with them came their family, arriving here in the fall of that year, and located some three miles from Silverton, on the Abiqua river.

In 1851 Mr. Allen was united in marriage with Miss Hary A. Settlemier, who was born in Illinois, November, 1831, and crossed the plains with her parents in 1849. A land claim was taken up near the home of his father, which he at once began to improve. The first year ten acres were planted in wheat, the yield being forty bushels to the acre. As threshers and mowers were then not in vogue in Oregon, the grain was cut with a cradle and threshed out by putting it in a pile, and driving oxen over it, after which it was hauled to Oregon City, then the only store in the valley, where it was exchanged for groceries, flour and other necessities needed.

During the first winters Mr. Allen employed his hours in splitting rails and fencing his claim, averaging from 150 to 200 rails per day. In 1853 he started an orchard, purchasing the more matured trees at \$1 each. The second year they began to bear, and the apples sold brought him from \$5 to \$8 per box. He made a business of raising hogs, which he turned into bacon at from 30 to 40 cents a pound. This was kept

up for several years, netting great profits. After living on this claim for eight years, it was sold at a good advantage and a removal made to French Prairie where a new farm was purchased. Near this place was located what was known as Bellpassie, quite an important point until the advent of the railroad which built up the town of Woodburn, which effectually killed it.

In 1870 this farm was sold and the family removed to Salem in order that the children could enjoy better facilities for getting an education. In 1878 a remove was made to San Jose, California, where the family roof tree was maintained until 1881, when the family came to Portland. Upon coming to the metropolis of the Northwest, Mr. Allen became identified with the well-known mammoth musical house conducted under the name, The Wiley B. Allen Co., of which his son is the presiding genius.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen have two children, Wiley B., and Lilly Bell Allen.

CAPTAIN JOHN HARLOW.

Captain John Harlow, one of Oregon's most highly esteemed and energetic citizens of the past, was born at Bangor, Maine, in 1820 and received his education and wholesome early training in the city of his birth. Left fatherless at the age of fourteen years, he was thenceforth practically thrown upon his own resources in making his way in the world. He embarked in his brother's, Thomas Harlow's ship, as an ordinary seaman, but soon worked himself, by pluck and perseverance, up to the position of first mate.

In 1849, in the high tide of the California gold excitement, Captain Harlow was placed by his brother in command of a sailing vessel bound from Bangor to San Francisco. Upon his arrival at the Golden Gate he met with the unlooked-for experience of having his entire crew desert him and stampede to the El Dorado gold fields, whereupon he sold the ship and cast his fortune with the far West.

In 1851 Captain Harlow, in company with Captain Zachariah Norton, a well-known pioneer of a generation ago, made their way to Portland. At that time there were not more than a dozen residences in the city, and those of the most primitive type. In this connection it may be appropriate to state that Capt. Harlow made and laid the first carpet put down in the nucleus of the present splendid metropolis of the Pacific Northwest. The residence in which it was placed stood upon the ground now occupied by the Taylor-Street Methodist church. In the building up of Portland, Mr. Harlow was a potent factor. He was always alert to the best interests of the home of his adoption.

and ever loyal to any project intended to enhance the welfare of the community. In early times he was a partner of the late Mayor John Gates in a saw and planing mill, an enterprise that was exceedingly remunerative. Unfortunately, however, the structure, uninsured, was destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of about \$30,000. The loss did not affect his financial standing. In 1872 Captain Harlow laid out and named the town of Troutdale. Here he made his country home, and here his son, Judge Fred E. Harlow, lives on the old homestead. At his death, which occurred November 23, 1883, Mr. Harlow left a valuable estate in Portland and a large tract of 800 acres of land located in and about Troutdale.

Mr. Harlow was thrice married, his first wife being Miss Hannah Felker, to whom he was wedded in 1842. She died in 1856. By this union three children were born, only one of whom, Chester, is now alive. He lives in Portland. His second wife was Miss Margaret Talbott, to whom he was married in 1857. She died in 1861. One child, Felecia, (Mrs. B. S. Worsley), living at Astoria, was the fruit of this union. In 1866 the captain returned to the home of his boyhood and met and married Mrs. Celeste Barker. To them were born one daughter and three sons. The daughter, Maud M., is the wife of Major Dan J. Moore, the popular and efficient clerk of the Circuit Court of Multnomah county; Fred E., the eldest son, resides with his family at Troutdale, where he looks after a large farm and is the justice of the peace. Louis A. and family, and Milton G., reside in Portland. All of whom are an honor to their parents and a credit to the community.

In 1883 the captain contracted a severe illness from which he was unable to recover, dying on November 23, of that year. His decease was a blow to the city and state, for good citizens are a commonwealth's best gift and their loss is deplored.

Mrs. Harlow resides in the well-appointed family home; a loveable woman, a good mother, neighbor and friend.

RIGHT REV. THOS. F. SCOTT, D.D.

Bishop Scott was born in Iredell County, North Carolina, March 12, 1807. He acquired his education at Franklin College, Athens, Georgia (now the University of Georgia), graduating therefrom in 1829. He was ordained a deacon March 3, 1843, and priest February 24, 1844. From the time of his ordination as deacon he was engaged in the work of the ministry in the state of Georgia until he was elected Missionary Bishop of Oregon (including Oregon, Washington and Idaho), having charge of the parish at Macon, Marietta, Columbus and other places.

He received the degree of D.D. in 1853, by the University of Georgia.

In 1853 the General Convention, held in New York, elected him Missionary Bishop of Oregon. He was consecrated January 8, 1854, and started for his new field of labor, accompanied by his wife, coming by way of the Isthmus, arriving in Portland on the 22d of the following April. He found here but two clergymen—Dr. McCarthy and Mr. Fackler—and but three organized congregations. He, however, entered upon his work with great earnestness, and with wise and well-considered plans for the advancing the best interests of the church. He found before him a laborious and difficult undertaking, but he went forward undaunted and builded here and there, until, at the end of fifteen years, schools were established, pulpits erected on every hand and communicants by scores were brought into the fold.

In 1867 he went East, again making the trip between by water. He reached New York in great prostration of strength from an attack of Panama fever, contracted while crossing the Isthmus. He rapidly grew worse, and died on July 9, 1867, and was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery of Trinity Church in that city. His wife, who went East with him survived him.

Calm, wise, prudent, conservative and kind, the first Episcopal Bishop of the Pacific Northwest will be long remembered, and his memory be cherished and revered. Peace be to his ashes.

REV. JOHN McCARTY, D.D.

Rev. Mr. McCarty came to the Pacific Northwest as a Chaplain in the U. S. army, arriving in January, 1853. He not only attended to his duties as chaplain of the troops at Vancouver, where they were stationed, but had charge of Trinity Church in Portland for some time. In October, 1854, he removed to Fort Steilacoom, on the Sound, where he remained about a year, and while there frequently preached in the town of Steilacoom, in Olympia, and other places.

In November, 1855, he went east on a visit, returning the following year, detailed to the chaplaincy at Vancouver. Here he also had charge of St. Luke's Church. In 1856 he resigned his pastorate on account of growing infirmities and old age. Never were a people more devoted to their pastor than were his. He was so kind, bright, cheerful and fatherly, that all looked upon him as a benediction when he came into their homes, met them on the streets or taught them from the sacred desk. It was a sad day to his people when he resigned and a sadder day still when he removed from Vancouver and took up his residence in Washington city.

After his removal to Washington city, he continued to reside there until his death, which occurred May 10, 1881. He was aged eighty-three years when he passed from earth to the reward of the good, the wise, the useful.

Dr. McCarty was closely identified with the early work of the Episcopal church in the Pacific Northwest, and at a meeting of the clergy and laity at Oregon City, before it was known that the church in the East had made any provisions for a bishop for this field, the convention wrote on and suggested that he be elected and appointed for the same. This shows in what high honor and esteem he was held by his associates. He attended all the early convocations of the church, taking an active part in the deliberations of the church. He was greatly missed when he ceased to attend them; and his happy face was seen, and his cheerful voice was heard no more.

REV. ST. MICHAEL FACKLER.

Rev. Mr. Fackler was a native of Staunton, Virginia, first moved to Missouri, and then crossed the plains for his health in 1847. This was greatly improved by the trip; and he soon undertook such work as he could do, teaching and preaching as opportunity offered. For a short time he taught in the Methodist school at Salem, the progenitor of the present Willamette University. Rev. Herbert Beaver was the first Episcopal divine to come to the Pacific Northwest, he being at Vancouver from 1836 to 1838, but his coming cannot be considered more than an incident, and one can well say that the Rev. Mr. Fackler was the first minister of such denomination coming here as a pioneer.

At an early day he located a claim near Butteville, where he resided for many years. While thus occupied in secular affairs he was not idle as a clergyman, preaching in many places in the Willamette valley. In course of time he built a church at Butteville, doing most of the work with his own hands. This was the first Episcopal church erected in the Pacific Northwest.

He was united in marriage in 1849, to Miss Wilbur, a daughter of Rev. J. H. Wilbur, a pioneer Methodist minister. She lived but a short time after the marriage, leaving a daughter, who also died at the age of eleven. In 1860 he was again married, the bride being Miss Rachel Wand, of New Scotland, New York. The fruits of this union was two children, a son and daughter. The son sleeps beside the first wife and child at Butteville, and the daughter resides in the East.

From the date of his arrival he labored in the vineyard of the Master; visiting and living in various localities in the Pacific Northwest. In 1867 he left for the East to meet

his wife and daughter, who were there visiting, going by way of Panama. After leaving Graytown the cholera broke out, and, with no thought of his own safety, he unreservedly gave his assistance, ministering to the sick, praying for the dying and burial of the dead. These unremitting attentions made him an easy prey to the epidemic, and he fell at his heroic task. Thus closing the life of a good man—one highly esteemed by all who knew him. His remains were interred at Key West. Mrs. Fackler survived her husband but a short time.

REV. JAMES R. W. SELLWOOD.

This gentleman was one of the earlier and best known of the Episcopal clergymen to come to the Pacific Northwest. He was born in the parish of St. Keverne, county Cornwall, England, June 21, 1808. His father died a short time prior to his birth, and he and his older and only brother, the Rev. John Sellwood, were brought up an educated by their mother.

In 1853, the mother and two sons, came to America, residing first in Cincinnati, Ohio, and afterward to the then new state of Illinois. In 1854 he went to South Carolina to engage in lay missionary work, remaining there until 1856, when himself and his brother came to Oregon as missionaries. During their stay at Panama, a riot broke out among the natives, resulting in much loss of life and property. The Sellwood family being not only robbed by them but placed in imminent peril, barely escaping with their lives. One of his sons and his brother were badly wounded, the latter never recovering from the ill usage he received.

After his arrival in Oregon he was sent to take charge of the church at Salem, where he remained for over nine years. In 1860 he was ordained a minister of the church, his work before being done as a deacon. In 1865 he removed to Milwaukie, which place he made his home, still, he was engaged in missionary labors up to the date of his death, going from place to place and doing as much work as he was able.

He was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth H. Dawe, in 1837. They were blessed with five children, four sons and one daughter. One of his sons being the Rev. John W. Sellwood, now deceased. Mrs. Sellwood died at their Milwaukie home January 18, 1871, at the ripe age of sixty-seven years and eight months. She was greatly beloved by all who knew her.

In 1875 he removed to Portland, locating on the east side of the river, and there lived and continued his useful career until his death, which occurred March 22, 1893. His brother, the Rev. John Sellwood, died August 27, 1892.

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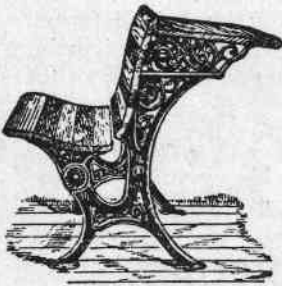
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Time Card of City & Suburban Railway Company, Feb. 1, 1900

Subject to change without notice.

LINE LEAVES	Interval	From	To	Last Car	Last car passes 3d and Morrison
'S' Twenty-fourth and Savier streets..... South Portland	8 min.	5 35 a.m. 6 15	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 Glisan 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.
Irrington—Third and Yamhill streets..... Irrington.....	20 min.	6 40 6 20	12 00 11 40	12 00 11 40	
Mt. Tabor and Sunnyside—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 55 6 25	11 25 12 00	11 25 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, 8 00, 7 10, 8 15, 11 10 a.m., 1 05, 2 25, 3 45, 5 10, 6 10, 7 20, 9 40, 11 00 p.m.
Albina Junction—6 25, 7 35, 8 40, 10 10, 11 35 a.m., 1 30, 2 50, 4 10, 5 35, 6 35, 7 45, 10 05, 11 45 p.m.

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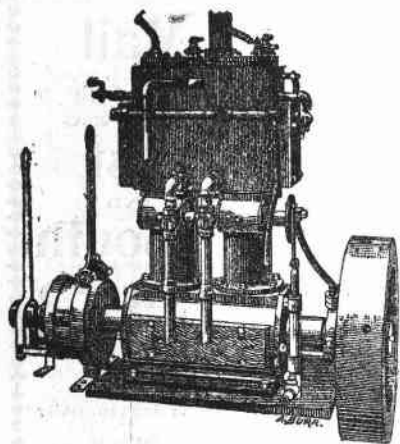
same helped to pay school, road and other taxes. It took money to cultivate and harvest his crop. The mill grinding the meal represented more financial outlay. The millers drew wages, the people who made the sacks and their employers were kept busy to furnish them. The printers, in whose office the sacks were marked estimated their plant as valuable and their wage table long. When sacked the flour had to come here on the railroad, an enterprise requiring vast capital to operate.

The coffee came from South America, but as it could not be raised here he did not consider it a factor in the problem. The sugar was not made from beets grown here, but came from the Islands, and hundreds of hands handled it before it was ready for shipment to Philadelphia, a 4000 mile trip, for refinement, a labor consuming vast capital in the payment of employees connected therewith, to say nothing of the immense sums ex-

pendent in buildings necessary to conduct the enterprise, let alone the handsome returns the trust must receive. The ham once roamed over Kansas, lands which could not be bought for a song, and the fattening, slaughtering and curing represented hundreds of thousands. The hens of Indiana laid the eggs, shipped here to supply a deficit made in the demands made upon home production; from these chicken ranches are sold hundreds of dozens of chickens, and from them go carloads of eggs and bring back from their starting points an immense revenue.

The timber from which the packers were made, the pasteboard and nails used, sustain entire communities. The butter was churned in Wisconsin, and dairymen, grocers, merchants and others grow rich through handling the money it is sold for. The table upon which this apparently insignificant meal rested, together with the chair occupied was one

CAPE NOME MACHINERY



***Engines, Dynamos, Motors
and Batteries on Hand and
to order. * * * * ****



***Machinery of all kinds made and re-
paired. Gasoline Engines for Min-
ing Purposes. * * * * ****

Portland Electrical and Machine Works

Foot of Morrison Street

F. J. Crouch, Mgr.

PORTLAND, OR.

Ore. Phone Red 2895. Col. Phone 150.

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OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

PERFECT AND COMPLETE

Hotel Portland Turkish Baths

ANDREW P. HANSON, Proprietor

Ladies' Hours: 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. except Sundays.

Only First-Class
Turkish Baths in the City

CORNER SIXTH AND YAMHILL STREETS,
PORTLAND, OREGON

J. P. FINLEY & SON

Both Phones **NO. 9.** Embalmers and
Funeral Directors

Lady Attendant. 275 Third St., Cor. Jefferson.

TAILOR CIVIL and MILITARY

CHARLES COOPEY

Cor. Stark St.

88½ Third Street

THE JOHN BARRETT CO...

91 First St., Portland, Oregon

TELEPHONE, OREGON MAIN 122

Tile Flooring, Electroliers, Chan-
deliers, Artistic Fire-Place Furni-
ture, Incandescent Lamps, Electrical
Supplies, Incandescent Gas Lamps.

ORN & CO.
CHICAGO PORTLAND
SPECIAL
COLUMBIA RIVER ROUTE

Fast Mail

Trains Daily to
All Points

East AND South

3 A CHOICE OF THREE DIRECT **3**
ROUTES.

Leaves Union Depot For the East

Via Spokane, daily
at 3 45 p. m.

Via Huntington, daily
at 8 00 p. m.

Quick connection with river steamers and

steamers for
SAN FRANCISCO, ALASKA and THE ORIENT

For full information and descriptive matter call on or write to

Portland City Ticket Office

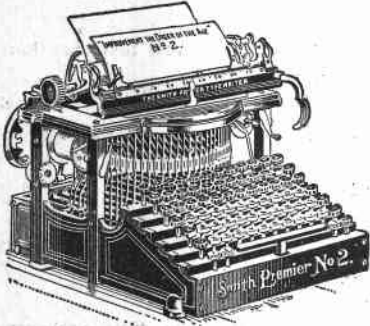
Third and Washington Streets,
Telephone Main, 712.

W. H. HURLBURT,

General Passenger Agent,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

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We Rent New Typewriters



MANY NEW IMPROVEMENTS
ADDED ♣ ♣ SEE OUR LATEST

No. 2 Smith Premier Typewriter ♣ ♣ ♣

NEW ART CATALOGUE FREE

L. M. Alexander & Co.

Exclusive Pacific Coast Dealers

Tel. Main 574

245 Stark St. Portland, Ore.

of the resources of a state that made millionaire U. S. Senators, built cities, factories, schools, and supplied an army of people with food, amusements and comfort.

The flax from which the table linen was made found life and growth in the sods of the Emerald Isle, and its growing, even at eviction wages, cost millions before its handling by the husbandman, weaver and other laborer was paid his due and dividends pocketed by the men who owned the mammoth factories through which it had to pass—factories which it would wreck every bank in the Pacific Northwest to buy or build.

The problem was finally given up, so far as compilation of figures in detail were concerned, but the work incident thereto had opened the eyes of the expert to the fact that the corn-meal, butter, ham and eggs could be grown in the Pacific Northwest, and that his little 25 cent luncheon represented, directly or indirectly, the employment of at least

five millions of dollars of capital and that number of men, an expenditure of means and help hired that common sense would say should be kept at home.

While the idea of home manufacture was a subject of thought his wearing apparel went through the same course of speculation as the meal had. His suit was of woolen made of wool sent from here to the East to equip the mammoth mills of Massachusetts, pay the weavers and fatten the bank accounts of the mill-owners.

His necktie was of silk which began to take form in France and by the time he became its possessor, millions of dollars had changed hands through investment, labor and profits. His shoes were made from the calf-skins which were shipped from here to the East to help purchase building sites, made brick, iron work, find sale for the lumber that did not come from our forests, give employment to the multitudes who might live and prosper here, and fill purses that do not

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distribute any of their contents among us. His white shirt could have been made 'neath the shadow of his own home, industry that now gives work to many and could, if home manufacture was considered in the right light by our people, give employment to thousands in addition.

While he thought of the advantages, opportunities and enterprise that might flourish, if launched and supported, in the Pacific Northwest, some friend near by asked him if he was a native son. The expert nearly had a fit when he tried to reply that he was born in Yamhill.

The Co-Operative Investment Company has been formed and incorporated, with its principal place of business in this city, for the purpose of enabling persons of small means to co-operate together and take advantage of the present opportunities for judicious investments. The principle upon which this and companies of a like nature, are formed, is sound, and their work, if rightly conducted, will prove mutually beneficial to those who make investments through them and the communities in which they operate.

LOANS

made on improved business and residence Portland property at lowest rates.

REAL ESTATE

for sale in all parts of the city at lowest prices. Having ample funds at our disposal, we can arrange terms to suit purchaser.

RENTS COLLECTED

for clients, taxes paid, repairs made and property in all respects carefully looked after.

TITLE INSURANCE

This company insures titles, thus protecting owners of property or holders of mortgages from loss.

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

We own the Vaults in the Chamber of Commerce, and rent boxes from six dollars a year upwards. Safety and secrecy combined.

TITLE GUARANTEE & TRUST CO.

Wm. M. LADD, President.

J. THORBURN ROSS, Manager. 7 Chamber of Commerce

T. T. BURKHART, Asst. Secy.

MITCHELL, GOLDEN EAGLE, AND PHOENIX BICYCLES

Call and see them
or write us for
Catalogue.

Our Mitchell and Golden Eagle Bicycles are made from Brass Lined Safety Tubing, have oil tempered cranks and are guaranteed for the year 1900.

MITCHELL, LEWIS & STAYER CO.

FIRST AND TAYLOR STREETS

PORTLAND, OREGON.

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**RASTER'S
RESTAURANT**169 FOURTH STREET,
PORTLAND, OREGON

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING

Oregon 'Phone Brown 462.

**SPRING OPENING
THE PARIS MILLINERY**MRS. MARSHALL
LATEST STYLES

330 Washington St.

Portland, Oregon.

STANDARD BOX FACTORY.

(INCORPORATED)

CRATES, FRUIT PACKAGES,
BERRY BOXES, PACKING CASES.
OF ALL KINDS.

PORTLAND, ORE.

TELEPHONE EAST 4.
OR. WATER AND E. WASHINGTON STS.

SUTCLIFFE & BLIED.

Wall Paper and Decorations

— Paper Hanging, Painting and Kalsomining. —

307 ALDER STREET.

PHONE BLACK, 1963.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

**Golden West
Baking Powder****An Honest Powder at an Honest Price
Not Made by a Trust.**

POUND TINS. 30C. - - - - HALF-POUND TINS, 15C.

CLOSSET & DEVERS, Mfrs.**White Collar Line**

Columbia River and Puget Sound Navigation Co.

Portland and AstoriaDaily trips of Steamer Bailey Gatzert—Leaves every morning
in the week at 7 o'clock, except Sunday. Returning, leaves
Astoria every night in the week at 7 o'clock, except Sunday.
Connect at Astoria with Steamer Nahcotta every night except
Sunday from Ilwaco to Portland.
White Collar Line tickets and O. R. & N. Co. tickets are inter-
changeable on Steamers Bailey Gatzert, Hassalo and T. J. Pot-
ter. Office, Alder Street Dock.

Oregon Phone Main 351.

Columbia Phone 351.

U. B. SCOTT, President.

**Oregon
Short
Line**

∞

SHORTEST LINE**QUICKEST TIME**

1½ Days to Salt Lake. 2½ Days to Denver. 3½ Days to Chicago. 4½ Days to New York.

**City Ticket Office, 124 Third Street,
PORTLAND, OREGON.**

J. R. NAGEL, CITY TICKET AGENT.

W. E. COMAN, GENERAL AGENT.

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AN ALADIN LAMP.

While it must be admitted that there are home manufacturing industries located in the Pacific Northwest, it is equally true that the endeavor so far put forth has in no wise interfered with the magnitude of possibilities which further promoters may bring about. It is to be regretted that the patronage accorded the progressive spirits who have entered the field has not been what they should have received. But with all the coldness shown them, and the difficulties experienced in various ways, which they have had to contend against, their fight for recognition has been a n. val-
lant one, each enterprise forcing itself be-
fore the people for consideration.

An article made in the Pacific Northwest is not in as much demand as a like one bearing the stamp of an eastern manufacturer, and this is due to our own want of education with respect to our own interests. Manufacturers found this sentiment to be so deeply rooted in the minds of buyers that they were obliged to sell their wares to us through an eastern agent. The bait caught us, and immediately we saw great merit in the production, not forgetting to purchase—purchase something made at home. We paid in addition to the manufacturer's price the eastern agent's commission—truly we got a bargain.

If you would foster our home enterprises success would come to the promoters of needed industrial pursuit in every instance. By so doing a better development of our great natural resources would be brought about. It therefore behooves every person interested in prosperity within the boundaries of this section of the United States to consider well before they make their investments in commodities that are made here and brought here. All else be-



Tested
and
True

The People's
Favorite Remedy



Sole Agents for
**KNOX and WARBURTON
HATS**

**BUFFUM &
PENDLETON,**

Hatters and Furnishers

94 Third St. - - - Portland, Oregon

Frank E. Ferris, D. D. S.

Raleigh Block,

N. W. Corner Sixth and Washington Sts.

Portland, Oregon.

DAVIDSON, WARD & CO.,

**REAL ESTATE LOANS
and MINING.**

We make a Specialty of carefully exam-
ining all investments in Real Estate
and Mines which we offer our patrons

Correspondence Solicited.

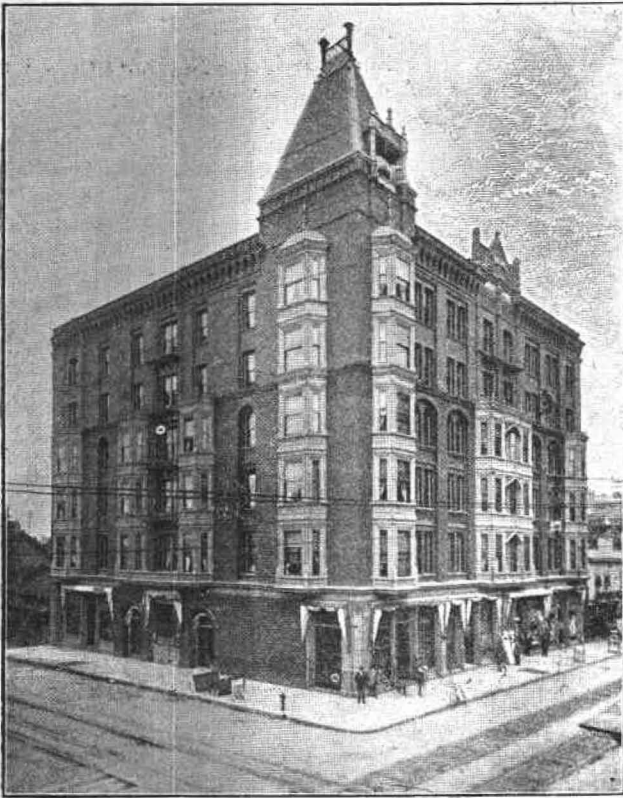
406-408 Chamber of Commerce.

ing equal, home manufacturer should be given the preference.

This will create a demand for articles bearing the stamp of home production, increase the manufactories, bring about the employment of more labor, distribute more money, keeping such power circulating among us instead of seeing it go abroad to our disadvantage.

Upon home manufacture, its support and encouragement, rests the foundation of the future greatness of this section of the Union. The golden fields of Alaska have just been invaded and the exodus in that direction no doubt will keep on until thousands upon thousands are numbered among its population. The question arises, from

whence will come the immense amount of articles they will require? The Pacific Northwest can raise the finest of pork, and it cannot be said that it must be sent away to be properly cured. Furniture will be needed, who is to manufacture it? Clothing, principally of woollen wool, will be in demand; will it be made here where the sheep are on our many hills, or shall the eastern jobber secure the profits to be made in this direction? Eggs will not probably be shipped to the miners with a certainty that they are home production, as the best country in the world for poultry raising don't furnish enough eggs for local demand. There is room for a change of front in this direction, and to our advantage.



Headquarters for Native Sons.

HOTEL PERKINS



**Fifth and Washington
Sts., Portland, Oregon**

**Renovated and Remodeled
European Plan**

Free 'bus to and from all
trains and boats

Rooms—Single, 75c to \$1.50 per day
“ Double, \$1.00 to \$2.00 per day
“ Family, \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day

First-Class Check Restaurant Connected
With Hotel and conducted under
both the “Regular Meal” and
“Short Order” Systems.

UNION PRINTING COMPANY	
<p>We make a specialty of first class Magazine and Book Work.</p> <p>✻</p> <p>We have the machinery and workmen to turn out the best ✻</p>	<p>✻✻✻ PRINTERS ✻✻✻</p> 
170 1-2 SECOND ST.. ✻ PORTLAND, ORE.	

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF PORTLAND, OREGON.

H. W. CORBETT, PRESIDENT.
G. E. WITHINGTON, CASHIER.
J. W. NEWKIRK, ASST. CASHIER.
W. C. ALVORD, SECOND ASST. CASHIER.

Designated Depositary and Financial
Agent of the United States.

Letters of credit issued, available in Europe and the Eastern States. Sight Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers sold on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, San Francisco and the principle points in the Northwest. Sight and Time Bills drawn in sums to suit on London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Hong Kong, Yokohama, Copenhagen, Christiania, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Zurich, Honolulu. Collections made on favorable terms.

Model Laundry Co.

Both Phones 734.

308 Madison St. Bet. Fifth and Sixth. Portland, Ore.

Fire-Proof Brick

Newly Furnished.

Tremont House

J. E. CLARK, Manager.

Corner of Seventh and Everett Streets
Opposite new Custom House.

Half Tones in this Magazine were made by....

Designers
Zinc Etchers
and
Half Tone Photo
Engravers

W. J. Thomson & Co.

105 1-2 FIRST STREET.

BETWEEN STARK AND
WASHINGTON STREETS.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

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age. Alaska, owing to the disadvantages of tariff laws, to foreign enterprise, is almost exclusively an American market, why not, in the main, controled by home endeavor, productions and enterprise?

The markets of the Orient are nearer to our fields, flocks, falls, foundrys, mills and various other sources that make a country great and wealthy, than it is to Europe and the East. We could be the greater factor as sellers of products of almost every nature if we would take an interest in home manufacture. Do this, and those now engaged in the good work will find a host of competitors in all lines, a competition that will not interfere with anyone save the push and enterprise of Europe and our brothers of the eastern states. The revenues to us would far exceed the wealth extracted not only from Alaska, but from the mines within our borders.

Columbia Telephone
5052

Oregon Telephone
East 52.



F. S. Dunning

Undertaker and Embalmer

...Lady Assistant...



Martin & Forbes,
FLORISTS

TELEPHONE 269

Choice cut flowers
A specialty.....

290 Washington St.

Oregon Phone Black 922.

Commercial Printing Co.

H. K. Finch, Mgr.

122½ FRONT STREET

Good Work—Low Prices

DUNNING BLOCK

414 East Alder St.
Cor. East 6th.

Portland, Or.

ESTABLISHED 1882.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

E. HOUSE'S CAFE

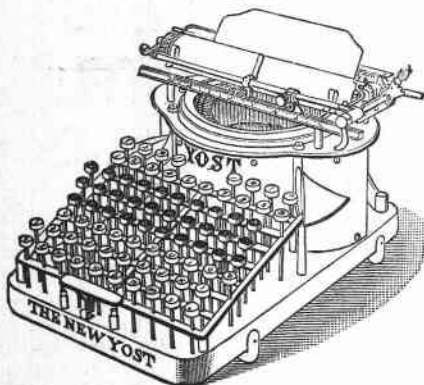
128 THIRD STREET,
Portland, Oregon.



Clams and Oysters * * * Homemade Pies and Cakes

Cream and Milk from our own Ranch.

The best cup of Coffee or Cocoa in the city.



Yost, Densmore, New Century Caligraph

These standard machines
meet the demands of expert
stenographic work.

Invincible Paper and *
General Office Supplies.

United Typewriter and Supplies Co.

Phones: Columbia 514
Oregon Black 2871

230 Stark Street,
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Regular Republican Nominee For

CITY ENGINEER

S. C. BEACH,

For

Recorder of Conveyances.

J. T. MILNER

Nominee for Joint Representative

Multnomah and Clackamas Counties.

LUDWIG WILHELM

Democratic Nominee for

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

William Frazier

Regular Republican Nominee For

SHERIFF

Multnomah County

H. B. COMPSON

Democratic Nominee For

ASSESSOR

Multnomah County

ALEX. SWEET

Regular Democratic Nominee

JOINT STATE SENATOR

Multnomah, Washington and Columbia
Counties

ROBERT S. GREENLEAF

Independent Candidate For

COUNTY ASSESSOR

(Present Incumbent)

Cape Nome Gold Fields

THE QUICKEST AND
BEST ROUTE IS



VIA
PORTLAND,
OREGON

Three Ocean Steamships

"Geo. W. Elder" "Nome City" "Despatch"

SAILING DATES:

MAY 15, 20 AND 25, 1900

Regular Ten Days' Service Thereafter

RESERVATIONS NOW BEING MADE AT OFFICE OF

CALIFORNIA & OREGON COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

253 WASHINGTON STREET, PORTLAND, OR.

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The
Dining
Car
Route.



The
Yellow-
stone
Park
Line.

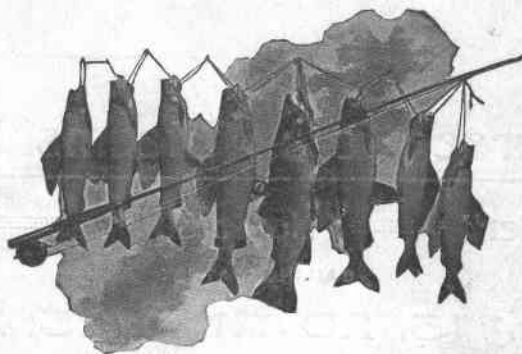


Buffalo in the Yellowstone Park.

THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC

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

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



A string of 'em.

A. D. CHARLTON,

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