

EARLY OREGON HISTORY.

Addresses Delivered at the Golden Jubilee Celebration Last Week That Are Worth Preserving.

ADDRESS OF J. D. RICE

Most Rev. Arch Bishop, Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen:

On behalf of the members of St. John's parish, I have the pleasure and the honor to welcome you to this celebration—the Golden Jubilee of the founding of the Diocese of Oregon City.

I frankly acknowledge my inability to do justice to the members of St. John's parish in this representative capacity. I can not adequately express their kindly feelings and sentiments toward those who have come to participate in this celebration. I can only say that I know they are glad to welcome you here.

As teachers and disciples of the holy Catholic church, I welcome you, as men and women having at heart the welfare and happiness of humanity I welcome you, as fellow-citizens ever solicitous for the harmonious existence and perpetuity of our common country, I welcome you.

This is a pleasant and eventful occasion in the history of the Catholic church. Pleasant, for it recalls many happy recollections to our pioneer friends. As their minds retrace the corridors of time half a century, and they remember the free, unselfish life of those early days, with sunshine and happiness mingled with clouds and disappointments, they can truthfully say with the poet: "Ah! merrily passed the time despite our wily Indian foe, in the days when we were pioneers, fifty years ago."

It is an eventful occasion in the history of the Catholic church, as it marks the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the first diocese in this great Northwest empire. The diocese of Oregon City lives now only in history, I believe; but its beneficent influence, like the fruit of the tree of knowledge, is imperishable. The thousands of Catholic schools and churches throughout this great Northwest empire are its heirs, and as such will serve to perpetuate its name.

Too much credit cannot be bestowed on the missionary fathers of the Catholic church for their incessant labors in behalf of Christianity and civilization. Men of the highest attainments, men of culture and refinement, men in every way calculated to enjoy the most refined society and the most advanced civilization, they sacrificed all in order that the cloud of ignorance and superstition which shut out the sunshine of God's love from the minds of the aborigines might be dispelled. They were the harbingers of Christianity from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They were the advance guard of the army of God, conquering not by the sword and the bayonet, but by the simplicity of their manners, the eloquence of their speech, the purity of their hearts and the nobleness of their souls. They were the embodiment of kindness. Were every Indian, whose pathway through life was made smoother and brighter by the love and kindness of those missionary fathers, to rise up and place a flower on their graves, they would sleep tonight "neath a wilderness of flowers."

I said that as patriotic citizens I welcome you. When I say patriotic citizens, I mean all that that expression implies, citizens who love their country, not citizens who say they love their country. For what a man professes to be and what he really is, may be as diametrically opposite as are the poles of the earth. Pinning a badge on the lapel of your coat, on which are inscribed the words: "I am a patriot," don't mean anything. As Shakespeare makes Iago say to Rodrigo: "It is ourselves that we are thus or thus."

The noble men who offered up their lives for the establishment of this free and independent nation were patriots, but they didn't label themselves such. The brave men who poured out their blood for the preservation of this Union were patriots, but they didn't proclaim it to the world. They didn't need to. The men that went to Canada did the most talking after the war was over. And they and their offsprings are still talking. I see a number of "The Old Veterans" here tonight, and I especially welcome them; not as Catholics, not as Protestants, but as loyal, broad-minded American citizens. They were on the side of right in '61, they are on the side of right today. There is nothing I honor my father more for than the fact that he voluntarily fought for the preservation of this government and is today a member of your grand organization.

As the immortal Lincoln so appropriately said: "This is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people." As a government it knows no man's creed, calling or nationality. It accords the same rights and privileges to the infidel that it extends to the most orthodox Christian. It metes out the same rewards

and punishments to the rich and the poor. It extends the right hand of protection over the black man, as well as over the white man. It is a government the most equal in its rights, the most just in its decisions, the most inspiring in its principles to elevate the race of man, that the sun in Heaven ever shown upon. The constitution of the United States which among other provisions guarantees to you and to me and to every other American citizen, the right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, is the grandest work of man extant today.

But alas, my friends! how impotent are the wise provisions of this grand instrument, when placed in the hands of ignorant, narrow-minded, malicious men, we see the most sacred rights of American citizens all over this fair land today trampled in the dust. And forsooth by whom? Shall I say Americans? no; Americans believe in the constitution. Shall I say men? I have too much respect for the term. Men have generosity, courage and manhood. What shall I call this class to which I refer then? There's only one word in the English language to apply to such a class, and that word is traitors. Traitors to the fundamental principles upon which this government is founded; traitors to the most sacred rights for which our forefathers fought and bled; traitors to their own conscience—if they are intelligent enough to possess such a boon. If not—and I believe not—God pity them.

My friends, I am sorry that present conditions and circumstances force me to speak thus on such an occasion. I would prefer to speak to you of more pleasant things. But we must meet the most urgent conditions first. If you love innocence and purity, and if you see a snake wound around a bush containing a nest of young birds, your first impulse is to get a club. If you are a thorough American and you see any organization under the guise of patriotism undermining the foundation of this nation, you will not hesitate to do your duty. I appeal to every loyal American who loves liberty, freedom and justice, to do all in your power to right this terrible wrong, which without one iota of cause exists in this land of freedom today. I am not an alarmist nor a pessimist, but when I see honest men boycotted in business, intelligent and capable teachers expelled from our public schools, efficient and faithful employees discharged from public positions because of their religion, and the constitution of the United States trampled under foot, I think it is high time that something was done.

There is much more that I might say to you, if time permitted, but your program is already quite lengthy, so I will detain you no longer. Again I welcome you to this celebration and thank you for your kind attention.

COMMANDER WILLIAMS Made a few remarks in which he eulogized the Catholic soldiers on the battlefield and in the G. A. R. and refuted the accusation that the G. A. R. was a secret political order, and denounced all secret political organizations. He pictured how the Catholic sisters in the army hospitals nursed the injured soldiers without regard to sect or creed. His remarks brought forth much applause. We were unable to get his words in writing.

MAYOR STRAIGHT'S WELCOME. Right Rev. Arch Bishop, Rev. Gentlemen, Ladies and Gentlemen: On behalf of our city and its citizens allow me the distinguished pleasure and the honor of welcoming the Golden Jubilee of St. John's church, a pioneer church of this, then a wild and desolate Northwest—with its Christianizing influence, abounding in results which made it possible for the early pioneer to live and build among a savage foe. From my early boyhood days I can trace year by year the progress of the Catholic church until now it embraces the entire Northwest. Even among the far and distant tribes of Alaska's frigid shores, progress is made to ascend on high.

One among the sacred rights guaranteed us by the constitution of this broad American country, abounding with liberty, is our right to worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience. Were this not true, this would not be a free country, nor would we be a free people.

Another thing looking toward abridgement of this right is unchristian actions in opposition to the fundamental law of our Lord, and should be stamped out as something antagonistic to our government. Friends I can not allow this great occasion to pass by without mentioning the name of that great and noble man, John McLoughlin, one among the founders of St. John's church, abounding in all of the noble qualities of a pure Christian and humane philanthropist, with unbounded virtues, which seemed to be inspired from on high; with outstretched hands to welcome the early pioneers to their home on this, then a distant shore. He was always ready to feed and clothe the destitute and hungry. Therefore, let us build to him a monument in all our hearts worthy of these good and noble deeds, that his virtues may never be forgotten.

Allow me a word from a worldly standpoint. There should be naught but the kindest feelings. Not only by the citizens of Oregon, but also from the Protestant churches toward that of the Catholic church, believing as they all do in the same God and Christ. In unity there is strength, and if the sins of this world are to be overcome it cannot be done by hatred nor jealousy. It must be done by a kindly, Christian feeling, abounding in love for one another.

In closing these few remarks allow me as mayor of your beautiful city, on behalf of its citizens, to extend to you our kindest feelings and well wishes. May the Christianizing influences of St. John's church continue to be spread and be felt abroad in our land, and may jealousy and hatred continue to be met and dispelled by the teaching of pure, Christian religion.

MISS PORTER'S HISTORICAL SKETCH. As half a century has passed since the dedication of the cathedral church of the Archdiocese of Oregon City, it is eminently desirable as well as instructive that we review briefly the history and records of our Holy Catholic church in the northwest from the advent of the R-man Catholic Missionaries in 1838 to the present time.

Although the Indians of the northwest had heard of the "black gowns," (Catholic Missionaries) through the French Canadian trappers long before, it was not until 1835 that they made a written request through some of the latter, who lived at French Prairie, to the bishop of Quebec to have missionaries sent among them to instruct them in the religion of Jesus Christ as taught by the Holy Roman Catholic church.

The result of this letter was that on April 17, 1838, Very Rev. Francis Norbert Blanchet and Rev. Modeste Demers were appointed missionaries for that part of the diocese of Quebec situated between the Pacific Ocean and the Rocky mountains.

Viewed at the present day, this was rather an extension territory for but two laborers in the Lord's vineyard, but nevertheless the two reverend fathers accepted the responsibility and immediately entered on their holy duties with all the zeal and courage for which missionaries of the Holy Roman Catholic church have such a world-wide reputation.

As to the pressure of their success we will endeavor to give an account of that later. We, of the present generation, who now sit surrounded by the comforts and embellishments of civilized life, little comprehend the trials, hardships and dangers of the early pioneers. And no class of that pick-guard of pathfinders risked more or accomplished as much in the way of christianizing the savages, and thereby smoothing the trail for those who were to follow as did the Catholic missionaries.

At the present time we cross the continent in splendid palace cars in three or four days, while it required many weary months, either by boat, on horseback or on foot, for those devoted fathers to cover the same distance. The hardships of such a trip can only be realized by the old pioneers who made the trip sooner after in much the same way.

The Very Rev. F. N. Blanchet, V. G., left Montreal May 3d, 1838, taking passage in a bark canoe carrying the express of the Hudson's Bay Co.

He arrived June 6th at St. Bonafacius, where he was joined by his associate Rev. Modeste Demers. On the 10th of July they commenced their journey for Oregon, reaching Norway House in seven days.

On the 30th the annual brigade started westward. It consisted of ten boats laden with merchandise and a large number of men, women and children. Among the travelers accompanying the expedition were Messrs. Banks and Wallace, English botanists on a tour of scientific exploration.

The journey of the two devoted priests, Blanchet and Demers, to the field of their future missionary labors, was a long and toilsome one, but unaccompanied by special dangers or accident until the arrival of the brigade at the Columbia river. In the transfer of persons and freight from that point to the House of the Sakes, one of the boats was badly wrecked; and of twenty-six on board, twelve were drowned.

The travelers Banks and Wallace, with the wife of the latter were among the lost.

The two missionary priests, en route at the various forts and stopping places of the company, baptized and confirmed some whites and Indians, who had assembled to meet them. Fathers Blanchet and Demers arrived at Fort Vancouver on the 24th of November, 1838. From this time on, the labors of zealous missionaries for the salvation of souls were constant and untiring, as they traveled over all this northwest country, establishing missions and making converts, and not wasting any of their time looking after the goods of this world, so that by 1844 they had baptized and confirmed more than six thousand dusky children of the forest.

Not only these but also some of our country, notable Dr. John McLoughlin, that liberal and open-handed benefactor of the Indians, the pioneer, and of humanity generally; but those missionary labors were not narrow men in their good offices, and in their charitable labors they disregarded nationality and race. That church with the same success, with the same interest in the aborigines, still continues its missionary work in that vast region so ably occupied by Blanchet and Demers, the zealous pioneers of the Oregon Catholic Missions.

The ground on which St. John's church is built at Oregon City was donated for that purpose by Dr. John McLoughlin in 1841. In 1842, Oregon City contained sixty houses, and two Catholic families, and as the prospect for rapid increase of population was favorable the V. G. thought it time to provide it with a missionary, and Rev. Modeste Demers was appointed to fill that position. He was appointed pastor of the parish on March 2d, 1844, and on March 3d he celebrated the first mass ever celebrated in Oregon City, a suitable building having been secured for that purpose. The church as we now see it was built by Walter Pomeroy, a pioneer builder, also a convert, in the year 1845, and was dedicated February 8th, 1846, in the presence of a large gathering of inhabitants, protestants as well as Catholic.

On the 24th of July, 1846, Oregon became an ecclesiastical province with Oregon City, as its metropolis, and Bishop F. N. Blanchet as its archbishop.

In 1846 the following became converts: Dr. J. Long, who lies buried in the church yard at Oregon City; Hon. P. H. Burnett (afterwards first governor of California), a man of rare intellectual qualities and a thorough patriot, always in the front rank of those who were for upholding and maintaining the supremacy of Uncle Sam in Oregon.

In the fall of 1847, the ecclesiastical Province of Oregon City contained three Bishops, fourteen jesuit fathers, four oblate fathers, thirteen secular priests, thirteen sisters and two houses of education.

The first Provincial Council of Oregon City was held at the end of February, 1848, Archbishop G. N. Blanchet, presiding, assisted by Revs. A. M. Blanchet and M. Demers.

The first Catholic church having been erected at Portland in 1852, in 1862 the archbishop removed to that city. On July 18th, 1869, he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary his ordination to the Priesthood.

In 1878, Bishop Chas. J. Seghers was appointed coadjutor to Archbishop Blanchet, from this time the venerable man retired from active work. He died June 18th, 1883 beloved by all; he was buried at St. Paul, Oregon, Peace to his ashes.

After the retirement of Archbishop Blanchet the affairs of the archdiocese were administered by Archbishop Seghers.

Charles J. Seghers was born in Belgium December 26th, 1839, and was appointed Bishop of Vancouver Island June 29, 1873. Toward the end of 1878 he was appointed coadjutor archbishop of Oregon City and succeeded to the Archbishopric of Oregon City in 1881.

In 1883 he went to Europe to get permission to resign his office and to be appointed bishop of Vancouver Island, which request was granted.

He was a most adventurous explorer, a divine of great erudition and a very effective pulpit orator. He was cruelly murdered in 1886 in Alaska, while on a mission to the Indians of that region by a miscreant by the name of Guller, who was one of his attendants. He was a saintly man and beloved by all with whom he came in contact.

May his soul rest in peace. In the year 1884 Right Rev. Wm. Hickey Gross, bishop of Savannah, was elevated to the archbishopric of Oregon City, and to his zeal and untiring energy is largely due the gratifying advancement that has been made along Catholic lines from that time to the present. Long may he be with us, in order that he may be able to continue this good work.

Following is a list of names of resident pastors of Oregon City from the establishment of the mission in 1842 to the present day: Rev. Modeste Demers—'42 to '45. Rev. P. DeVos S. J.—'45 to '47. (Who, authorized by ecclesiastical authorities, blessed the present St. John's church, February 8th, 1846.)

Rev. Patrick J. McCormick—'47 to '50. Rev. G. Lee Clare—'50. Rev. C. Mesplie—'50. Rev. James Croke—'50 to '51. Rev. M. Accolti—'52 to '53. Rev. M. O. Reilly—'53 to '55. Rev. P. Mackin—'55 to '59. Rev. A. J. Croquet—'59 to '60. Rev. T. P. Pauline—'66 to '63. Rev. Z. Vermeersch—'63. Rev. L. Dielman—'63. Rev. Piette—'63 to '67. Rev. F. P. Cazeau—'67 to '68. Rev. C. Glorieux—'68 to '69. Rev. C. Delahaute—'69 to '70. Rev. Julius DeCrane—'70 to '72. Rev. L. Goens—'72 to '75. Rev. G. B. Van Lin—'75 to '76. Rev. Patrick Gibney—'76 to '77. Rev. J. S. White—'77 to '79. Rev. P. Mackin—'79 to '80. Rev. G. C. Thibaut—'80 to '81. Rev. L. Gandon—'81 to '83. Rev. James Rauw—'83 to '88. Rev. A. Hillebrand—'88 to '96.

During the life of Archbishop Blanchet he often officiated at Oregon City, while the pastors were sent on missions, also many other priests officiated temporarily.

No. of baptisms of children of Catholic parents in St. John's church from 1846 to 1896, 1110; number of marriages from 1846 to 1895, 150.

Several sisters of the Order Notre Dame arrived at Oregon City in May, 1843, and took their lodging in the presbytery, where they kept school till they removed in the spring of 1849 into their school building built on a block donated by Dr. John McLoughlin, situated at the lower end of town, where they taught school till 1853, when they left for California.

St. John's parochial school was opened at Oregon City in 1855, Rev. James Rauw, who became pastor of St. John's church in 1883, with the generous support of his parishioners was able to accomplish this, as well as to make extensive repairs to the church and to improve the surrounding grounds.

Rev. Father Hillebrand, our present beloved pastor, was appointed pastor of the parish July 4th, 1888, and took charge July 30th same year. Under his vigilant care the affairs of the parish have been ably administered. The schoolhouse has been rebuilt, and the school is now on a solid foundation. Daily attendance about 80.

Not only Catholics but Protestants have found in Father Hillebrand a ripe scholar, and one who is ever ready and willing to draw from his great store of learning for the benefit of all, also a staunch patriot and a sterling friend of education generally.

Although the Catholics number about one tenth of the population of the Northwest, yet if temples erected for the purpose of practicing our holy religion, or in the cause of Christian education, or caring for the sick or afflicted, are any indication of effective efforts, then have we made a record thereof of which we have no reason to feel ashamed, and that our malicious slanderers would do well to emulate.

Our institutions of learning are found in every city and town of this great land, our hospitals at all populous centers, where the sick or maimed are cared for and where the doors are never closed against the penniless unfortunate.

At Beaverton we have an orphan asylum (St. Mary's Home), a model of its kind, where the fatherless and motherless little ones are cared for in the tenderest manner by the good sisters. While within sight of Oregon City there is being erected an institution of immense proportions. For what? For a shelter and a home for fallen womankind, whose doors will be open to the unfortunate of every creed, color, or nationality, and where they may find a home; and a shelter from the chilly and withering blasts of this cold and uncharitable world. This refuge will be presided over by a band of noble women, Sisters of the Good Shepherd, whose self sacrifice and devotion to the cause of suffering humanity is above all praise.

This short sketch of St. John's church and incidentally of the Catholics of Oregon, would be incomplete were we not to devote a few paragraphs to the manory of one who lies buried within the little enclosure around the church at Oregon City, viz., Dr. John McLoughlin, "The Father of Oregon," as he was styled by the early pioneers, was born in Canada in 1784. When 16 years of age he entered the service of the Old

Northwest Fur Company, in whose service he remained 24 years. In 1824 the company was merged into the Hudson's Bay Company, whose name it assumed and Dr. McLoughlin was entrusted with the great responsibility of going to Astoria and assuming absolute control of the whole Columbia valley and the Northern coast. He had the government of this vast region under his personal control and the success of his mission depended entirely upon his judgment and courage. His administration of the affairs of the company show the wisdom of its choice.

Old pioneers who knew the doctor, never tire of singing his praises, but our limited space forbids any extended quotations here. However, we will give a short one from his old friend, Jesse Agglegate, than whom no one was better qualified to judge. He says: "To each immigrant, British or American, Catholic or Protestant, who required assistance—and few did not—have given a helpi g hand, and in such a way as to be least wounding to the feeling of such he furnished seed, food, clothing and implements in necessary quantities." For these eminent services Dr. McLoughlin deserves a very high place in the history of Oregon.

McLoughlin was a grand old man, with a depth of discernment, a force of will and an abounding humanity, which gave him a touch of greatness. He was a Catholic, having joined the Roman church of Oregon City under the labor of Bishop Blanchet; and his body sleeps in a grave in the churchyard by the riverbank, underneath a plain slab; whose characters declare him to have been the "Friend of Oregon." We will only add to this testimony that it is hardly creditable to the people of Oregon that there has not been a suitable monument placed over the remains of so great and good a man; but perhaps it is because the era of monument building is not yet come, and that there may yet be something done in this matter before the last of the old pioneers, who knew him so well, have passed away.

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Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and before I had finished the first bottle I found the medicine was a God-send. I have now used four bottles in all and am feeling entirely well. I am 73 years of age and have held a grudge against patent medicines all my life, but I will not allow this to prevent giving my testimony to the great cure your valuable remedy has wrought in me. I do this to show my appreciation of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure. SAMUEL O. STONE. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at 40c, 6 bottles for \$2.00, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind. Restores ... Health.

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