

single-cylinder arrived the latter part of 1862. Louis F. Chemin came up to set it up, and he has been with us as foreman of the pressroom ever since. I had been in some doubt as to whether The Daily Oregonian should be a morning or evening paper, and when in San Francisco I had procured a new heading so made as to accommodate either edition. That is to say, the heading of the same design as the present used, by the way—was cast in three parts: "Morning" and then "Oregonian," and also the letters "Eve" on one plate. The idea was, of course, to substitute the "Eve" for the "Morn" in case it should be an afternoon paper. The substitution was never made. The Oregonian was started as a morning paper, and so continued.

Upon the arrival of the cylinder press, it was installed in the new office of the paper, on the second floor, at the corner of Front street, between Alder and Washington, and it was operated by hand-power. Steam was not used until we moved to Front and Washington, in 1864. Then an engine was built for it by Smith Bros.

It was no easy task to establish The Daily Oregonian. It had several very lively competitors, which had, or might have had, the same facilities for getting the news and for printing it, and as much, or more, capital. The Oregonian was aided in its struggle to a very considerable extent by the fact that the war spirit was high, and it strongly supported the Union. Its name was familiar to the public, and it had gained considerable prestige under Mr. Dryer. The Commercial was then under the direction of George L. Curry, ex-Governor, and was for secession. Its policy was not popular, and the paper suffered much damage therefrom. The other papers, for various causes, made no headway, and disappeared. At that time Yreka, Cal., was connected with the transcontinental telegraph, and I arranged for a news service from there by mail. Our facilities were somewhat more complete than those of our competitors, and we got the news. Later the electric telegraph was finished to Portland, and I arranged for a news service over it. The telegraph tolls were quite heavy, and it was no easy thing to meet the weekly bills. Not long since I ran across one of these bills among my memoranda, aggregating \$162.50. But we got the news.

When I took charge of The Oregonian I determined to enforce a policy of cash payments for subscriptions, and of weekly payments to my printers and other creditors. I have some home many a Saturday night without a dollar in my pocket, but with the comforting feeling that the men in my office had been paid. There were outstanding in 1860 something like \$10,000 in credits, turned over to me by Dryer, and of this amount I did not realize 10 per cent. I cut off the non-paying subscribers, and this very materially reduced the circulation, but it paid in the long run. If The Oregonian has succeeded where others have failed, it seems to me that it is largely because it has been conducted as a business enterprise, and not as a sort of public gratuity. It was an exceedingly severe struggle to get it on its feet; it has been aided much by good fortune, but I believe that the present proprietors may fairly say that it has always been and met its opportunities. Its circulation, for example, was assisted a great deal during the Idaho mining excitement. A very large number of people went into that country, and The Daily Oregonian was the only paper that reached them. It was a very profitable business while it lasted.

Although the relations of The Oregonian to its printers and employes have always been exceedingly amicable, in 1878 there was a printers' strike. The printers wanted to work by the piece instead of by the day. Amory Holbrook was then editor, and he had somehow given occasion for offense to the leaders of the Union party. These troubles happening together, suggested an enterprise to start a paper called the Oregonian Union. It was somewhat notable because of the number of well-known men connected with it, among them Governor Gibbs and W. Lahr Hill. Other competitors to The Oregonian had meanwhile disappeared. While this opposition gave promise at one time of being very formidable, it did not last long. Differences arose among the printers and the paper suspended. The strike on the Oregonian had not amounted to much, and was soon settled. The Union, by the way, was printed on the same floor of the same building with The Oregonian.

Mr. Scott became editor of The Oregonian in 1864. I was led to invite him to the editorship largely through the offices of the late Judge E. D. Shattuck. Of his great influence on the destinies of The Oregonian I do not need to speak. It is familiar history.

In 30 years The Oregonian has not missed a single publication, and has never failed to reach its subscribers. This, I think, a very remarkable record. It has been exposed to destruction by flood and fire, but it has escaped all such disasters. After we moved into our own offices at Stark and Front, there was a winter flood in the Willamette that very seriously threatened us. This was late in the '80s. Water came into the pressroom and reached the web of the press. For several days the pressmen walked in water and managed to keep the press going, but when the water came up so high as to engulf this part of the machine, wetting the paper, nothing could be done. So we went upstairs, put the forms on the job, and Lewis & Dryden and printed the paper. There was some delay, but we got it out. Fire has four times come near our establishment, but we have luckily been exempted.

There has been a long succession of efforts to start papers in opposition to The Oregonian, none more serious than the undertaking of Ben Holladay with the Portland Bulletin. Holladay had a great deal of money, and he established both a morning and an evening paper. After some time the morning paper was discontinued and the energies of Mr. Holladay and his associates were confined to the evening paper. Later the morning issue was resumed, and a very hard struggle ensued. Holladay enlisted many powerful business and political influences in his behalf, but in the end they availed nothing. I may be permitted, I hope, to indulge in the belief that in The Oregonian the fittest has survived.

The Penny Still in Existence.
Mr. F. W. Pettit, son of the pioneer, is frequently in Portland. He is himself a native son of the Northwest, having been born in Port Townsend, Wash., in 1856. This was four or five years after his father had definitely decided to leave Portland and go to Puget Sound. Mr. Pettigrove has still in his possession the old copper cent that determined the name of Portland. The well-known incident as to the christening of the young town is, he says, entirely authentic. The penny is of the mintage of 1855, and has been carefully preserved by the Pettigrove family.

A letter from Theodore Parker, the famous Unitarian preacher and reformer, to James Freeman Clark's comments by the latter, was sold in Boston the other day for \$10.

A First Advertiser

How Amos N. King, the Portland Pioneer of '49, Acquired His Tannery

THE only living person now in Portland whose name is mentioned in the first number of The Oregonian is Amos N. King, the well-known pioneer. On page 3 appears a modest 1-inch advertisement of King, Fuller & Company's tannery, located in the gulch back of the Exposition building, on the site now occupied by the grandstand for the Multnomah

I made nothing. The second trip I made. Then one boat drew off, and then another, until I had the business pretty much to myself. You see, I never tipped a boat over, or wet anybody's goods. Then I got another boat above the falls, and so I had through service from Vancouver to Yamhill. This was before the days of the Oregon City locks, and we had to pack goods around the falls on our backs. It took about two weeks



H. L. PITTOCK, MANAGER AND TREASURER OF THE OREGONIAN.

Amateur Athletic grounds. The senior partner of the firm was Amos N. King, and with him was associated his brother-in-law, Henry Fuller. The "company" appears to have been added to the firm for purposes of euphony. Mr. Fuller did not sustain his relationship to the tannery for a very long time. He was engaged in various pursuits until four or five years ago, when he went to California and Texas, where he is presumably still living. Mr. King resides on the site of his original Portland home, and has lived there continuously for 51 years and more. He is in fairly good health and is passing his declining years amidst the comforts of a beautiful home, an attentive and dutiful family, and such employments as his still busy mind and active hands are able to find for himself. Mr. King was born in Ohio in 1822 and was the sixth son of Nathan King, being one of a family of 10 sons and daughters. In 1849, the family moved to Missouri, and in 1845 joined an emigrant train of 100 rangers in the long and arduous overland journey to Oregon. They reached The Dalles after the usual hardships, and built there a raft and floated down the Columbia. They spent the winter at Forest Grove and in the spring went to a fertile valley in Benton County, which has ever since been known as King's Valley. Here the senior King lived until his death in 1881. Amos King, like his father, was a tanner. He led the usual life of a youth of that period, boating in the river and assisting his father in a pioneer tannery, until 1848, when he came to the little village of Portland, and bought on a tannery conducted by Ebbson and Balanch. (Mr. King pronounces the name) and the 50 acres adjoining townsite on the west. It had originally been owned, or rather squatted on, by D. H. Lowndale, and his rights in the property and the tannery in the gulch were sold to Ebbson and Balanch, and from them with the 50 acres of wood-covered land transferred to Mr. King, who bought it all with his notes to the sum of about \$200. The business was so profitable that the indebtedness was speedily paid.

"Yes, I remember when The Oregonian was first issued," said Mr. King, in response to an inquiry, the other day. "And I remember especially well an incident in connection with its publication. I had planted some potatoes out in the woods, with surprising results. When Mr. Dryer came along and arranged to print his paper, I had something for him. It was a 'spud' weighing 5 1/2 pounds. I took it along down town one day, hunting for the editor, and I ran across a man from California.

"What have you got there?" said he. "Looks like a potato," said I. "I'll give you \$5 for it," said he. "That was nearly a dollar a pound, a very munificent sum for those or any other days; but I declined. It was for the man who had the boldness to come out in the wilderness to print a paper. I gave it to Mr. Dryer, and he caused glass to be put around it, and sent it to the States. It beat all the potatoes anybody had ever seen, until finally it went to England, where it struck a bigger potato, and that's the last I ever heard of it.

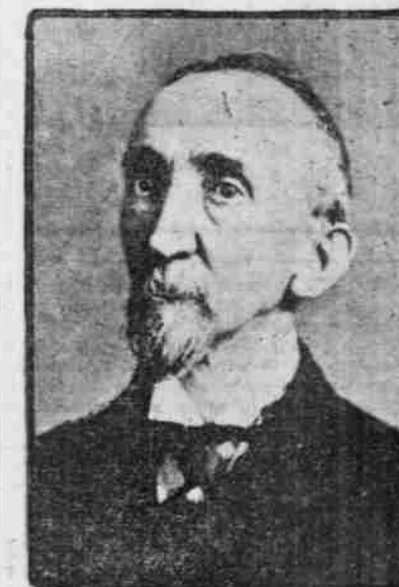
"We didn't stop at Portland when we first came to Oregon. Up in King's Valley, where we lived, I early began to hear stories about the profits and dangers of boating in the rivers from Oregon City to Vancouver. Every once in a while somebody was drowned in Clackamas Rapids, or a boat was capsized, and her cargo lost, or a mishap of some kind occurred. I had had some experience in that sort of work on the Missouri River, and I concluded I would try it. So I came down the river, got a boat and set out to have a look at Clackamas Rapids. I was two or three miles below Oregon City, and I met a boat with a man in it. "Say, said I; how far is it to Clackamas Rapids?"

"Why, you've passed 'em," said he. "So I had, and I didn't know it. I concluded to go into the transportation business. There were three boats then plying from Vancouver to Oregon City. Not steamboats, mind. The first trip

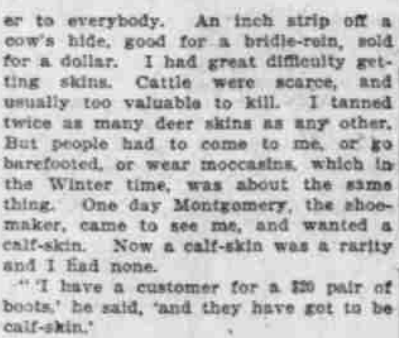
to make the through trip; though, if everything went well, we made it quicker. I was so prosperous that I had a crew of two on my bateau. When we reached the rapids, we poled and pulled. In making the whole trip, sometimes, we rowed, other times look a line, went ashore and pulled; then again it was possible to row on one side and pole on the other. Usually we didn't stop long at Portland. There wasn't much to Portland in those days.

"Well, I stuck to that business for two years, and hard work it was, too. Then I came to Portland. I wanted to buy some blankets at Crosby's store, at Washington and First streets, and I had to hang around three days for a chance to get waited on. How is that for a rush of business? D. H. Lowndale and Colonel King were about the only men living on the original Portland townsite those days. I bought out the tannery from the two partners, who wanted to go to California. That was in 1850, and the gold excitement was at its height. I bought the whole outfit just as it stood—hides, leather in hand, tools, everything, out went Ebbson and Balanch. In a year or two balance came back broke, and went to work for me, until he got enough money to go to Jacksonville to work in the mines.

"I had the only tannery in the Northwest and I prospered. I had lots of trouble keeping men at work, though. I paid as high as \$30 per day, and still they wouldn't stay. I sold hides and leath-



Louis F. Chemin, Foreman of press room 1862-1900.



James L. McCown, Foreman of composing room 1864-1890.

holding forth on his favorite subject of his boots to a crowd of five or six.

"Let me see those boots," said I to him. "I'm a judge of leather. Why," said I, "those are not calf-skin; they are deer-skin."

"I don't care a damn," said he. "They're a fine pair of boots, anyway." "Conditions of life were pretty hard then. I remember the first pair of shoes I ever had, after we got here. My father made them, and he tanned the hides by hand. I had gone barefooted from March till December of that year. Everybody there—in 1846—wore buckskin, buckskin coat, buckskin jacket, buckskin breeches, all homemade. And a homemade straw hat, too. I had just one hat that wasn't straw before '52. Down on the Columbia River, during a blow one day, my hat went off into the river. The boys laughed at me so much that I told them I would get a hat that would fill them with envy. I did. I went to the Hudson's Bay store at Vancouver, and bought a high silk hat, the only one I could get. And I wore that hat on the river for some time.

"We ran our tannery by horsepower and used homemade tools. The first real curry knife I had I paid \$13 for. It was worth \$2.50 in the States. I cut out the tan vats myself with a broadax. We had no sawmill nearer than Oregon City. People came from all over the territory, to buy leather, riding horseback from as far as Jacksonville. They had to have shoes if they had nothing else."

Mr. King built the fine house in which he lives at present in 1856. It has the same roof of shingles it had at first.

Young Moss' Strike.

Walter Moss was a roller boy in the early days of The Weekly Oregonian, and often heard Mr. Pittock, as well as the different compositors connected with the office, call for "color" while pulling the lever of the old-style handpress. He had no smaller errand than Oregon City. People came from all over the territory, to buy leather, riding horseback from as far as Jacksonville. They had to have shoes if they had nothing else."

The incident occurred in the '60s and was occasioned by a union picnic that had been arranged by the late Dr. Atkinson between the Sundays schools of Oregon City and Portland. The picnic occurred at Milwaukie, and the people from Oregon City were taken to Milwaukie on the steamer Jennie Clark, with Captain J. C. Alsworth in command, while those from Portland were landed from the Express, which boat was under the direction of Captain Alexander Murray. Luncheon was served in an old building that stood on the river front, after which addresses were made by different ministers of the gospel. On the outside the rival bands of Oregon City and Portland held forth in one locality and the boys from Oregon City and Portland were pitted against one another in another section, enjoying a free fight. A complete description of the picnic was given in the next issue of The Oregonian, which included the band contest, but no mention was made of the "entertainment" of the rising generation of the two cities.

The rulling price in those days for "rolling" off an edition of The Oregonian was "two bits," but on account of the picnic occurring on publication day, young Moss insisted on receiving "three bits," and advised Mr. Dryer that he must have that amount or he would go to the picnic. As Mr. Dryer did not believe in extortion he refused to comply with the demand and a "strike" on the part of the youngster was the result.

Says Mr. Moss: "When The Daily Oregonian was established the telegraph line extended to Yreka only, and arrangements were made to have letters sent from that point to Portland by mail, and each evening a number of boys would stand around the office waiting



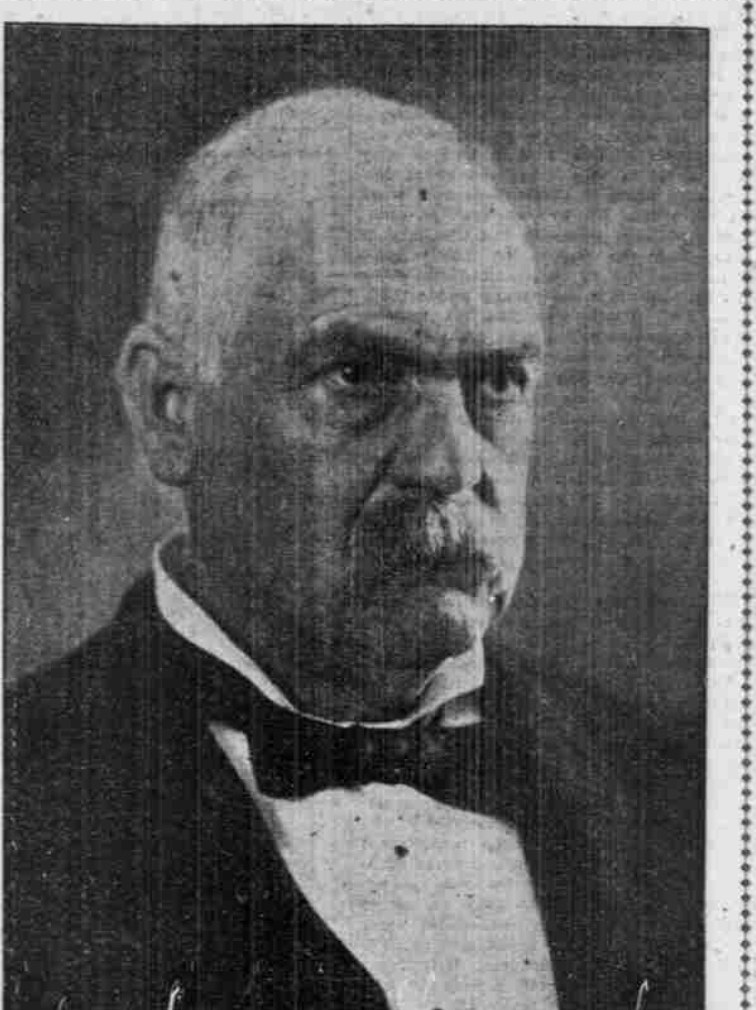
for the extras to come out. Soon you would hear the cry on the streets: 'Here's your bully Oregonian extra,' 'big battle fought,' 'rebels driven back,' 'one hundred thousand killed,' etc. The public would rush for extras from all quarters, and the prices would range from 5 cents to \$1, according to the importance of the event, and the amount was as cheerfully paid at that time for a small slip of paper as it is 5 cents at the present time for the mammoth edition of The Oregonian."

Admission of Oregon:

The Struggle in Congress—Differing Views of Northern and Southern Members

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—(To the Editor.)—I hand you herewith the result of an interview with Judge John V. Wright, of Washington, D. C., who was a member of Congress when Oregon was admitted into the Union of States. Judge Wright has visited the Western Coast twice in recent years and he is much interested in the development of Oregon's great resources, and he feels a just pride

for the admission of Oregon gave me opportunities, which few living men possess, to give accurate information as to the history of Oregon during that interesting period. I do not know of a single Senator now living who was a member of that body, and I can only count the following members of the House who still survive, to wit: Sickles, Bishop, Galusha A. Grow, John H. Savage, J. D. C. Atkins, Curry, Will Cumbach, Augustus



H. W. SCOTT, EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN.

in the recollection that he was one who helped to make it a state.

ORVILLE DODGE, General Land Office.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 13.—Mr. Orville Dodge, City: Dear Sir—Responding to your request, I take pleasure in giving you my recollections and personal experiences and observation in the matter of the admission of Oregon as a state into the Union.

My Congressional career as a member of Congress from the State of Tennessee commenced on December 12, 1855, in the Thirty-fourth Congress, and continued through that Congress, the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses, concluding on the 4th of March, 1861, the day of the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States. I was the youngest member of Congress, which included many of the ablest and best-known men in the Union, such as Hamilton and Fessenden, Hale, of New Hampshire; Foote and Collamer, of Vermont; Sumner and Wilson, of Massachusetts; Foster, of Connecticut; King and Seward, of New York; Bayard, of Delaware; Toombs, of Georgia; Clay, of Alabama; Benjamin and Sill, of Louisiana; Wade and Pugh, of Ohio; Thompson and Crittenden, of Kentucky; Johnson and Bell, of Tennessee; Bright, of Indiana; Douglas, of Illinois; Chandler, of Michigan; Sam Houston, of Texas; Doolittle, of Wisconsin, of the Senate;

and E. Maxwell and myself, eight in number.

The great distance which intervened between the Eastern States and Oregon at that day prevented free intercourse between her sparse and widely separated settlements and the Eastern States, and consequently but little was known of the struggles of her indomitable people to establish government on a sound basis. She was confronted with wild beasts, a savage Indian, political contentions and all the thousand and one difficulties which had to be met and overcome by American pluck and endurance, and which the Americans, more than any people, know how to meet and overcome. She did not escape, however, far away as she was from the unfortunate and disastrous discussion of the slavery question, which appears to have protruded itself into so many other communities, and which finally resulted in a long and bloody war between men of the same race, apparently agreeing on all other governmental questions except that. In the formation of her state constitution she excluded slavery and went farther and forever excluded all negroes, whether slave or free, and provided for their expulsion from her borders whenever and wherever they should appear on her soil. Subsequent events have rendered this latter provision inoperative, though I believe it still remains as a part of the constitution of Oregon. The vote by the people on the adoption of the constitution resulted singularly. Of the more than 50,000 votes given, 1700 voted against slavery and 8000 against allowing free negroes to come into the state. Oregon had not yet been admitted. A bill for that purpose had passed the House and been amended in the Senate, but not passed. The people did not know how the question stood. Objection was expected on the ground of the want of a sufficient population. Democrats generally were satisfied with the constitution; Republicans, many of them, opposed it, because of the free negro exclusion clause. Party spirit in Oregon ran high. The Historian says: "At last amidst the multitude of opponent issues and factions of the contending claims to life and liberty to man—white, red, copper-colored and black—of the scheming of parties and the fierce quarrels of political clans, Democrats, National and sectional, Whigs, Know-Nothings and Republicans—Oregon is enthroned a sovereign state."

The vote on the question of admission was a close one. Although the constitution of Oregon prohibited slavery, nearly all the members from the Southern States voted for admission; on the contrary, the Republicans from the North generally voted against its admission. The constitutional convention in Oregon was composed of men from nearly every state: Tennessee had five, North Carolina had two, New York seven, Massachusetts four, Missouri four, Ohio two, Virginia five, Indiana two, Maryland two, Georgia one, Pennsylvania five, New Hampshire one, Maine one, Illinois four, Germany one, Ireland one and Vermont one.

The Democrats generally, North and South, voted in favor of the admission, and the Republicans against it. Mr. Schuyler Colfax, then a Republican member from Indiana, and afterward Vice-President of the United States, undertook to apologize to a prominent citizen of Oregon for this, and said the bill would have been lost but for the aid of the 15 Republicans who voted for the admission.

Alexander H. Stevens, of Georgia, was the head of the committee on territories, and to his support of the measure, more than to any one man, is Oregon indebted for her statehood at that time. Many Southern members did not much relish the idea of adding another free state to the number of such, and some of them voted against the admission. Mr. Stevens saw the danger, being familiar with Southern ideas and sentiment, and in the closing hours of debate brought to bear his powerful energy, arguments and surpassing eloquence in favor of the measure. After a day's slaying, in a masterful manner, all the arguments of the opponents of the measure, he made an appeal

to Southern members, which carried the question successfully through. After depicting in glowing terms the progress of our country, he said: "This progress, sir, is not to be arrested. It will go on. There are persons now living who will see over a hundred million human beings within the present boundaries of the United States, to say nothing of future extension, and perhaps double the number of states we now have, should the Union last. For myself, I say to you, my Southern colleagues on this floor, that I do not apprehend danger to our constitutional rights from the mere fact of increasing the number of states with institutions dissimilar to ours. The whole Government fabric of the United States is based and founded upon the idea of dissimilarity in the institutions of the respective members. Principles, not numbers, are our protection. When these fall, we have, like all other people, who, knowing their rights, dare maintain them, nothing to rely upon but the justice of our cause, our own right arms and stout hearts."

"The admission of new states is one of the objects expressly provided for: how are they to come in? With such constitutions as the people in each may please to make for themselves, so it is republican in form. This is the ground the South has ever stood upon. Let us not abandon it now. It is for us and those who shall come after us to determine whether this grand experimental problem shall be worked out, not by quarreling among ourselves, not by doing injustice to any, not by keeping out any particular class of states, but by each state remaining a separate and distinct political organism within itself—all bound together for general objects, under a common federal head; as it were, a wheel within a wheel. Then the number may be multiplied without limit; and then, indeed, may nations of the earth look on in wonder at our career, and when they hear the voice of the wheels of our progress in achievement, in development, in expansion, in glory, and in renown, it may well appear to them unlike the noise of great water, the very voice of the Almighty, vox populi, vox Dei."

As one who voted for the admission of Oregon and as the only one, with a few exceptions, now living, it is pleasant to behold this great state, then almost a wilderness, now teeming with happy thousands, her smiling valleys, her thriving cities, her magnificent rivers, rushing from her grand mountains, and mingling their limpid waters with the mighty ocean, on whose bosom majestic ships carry the commerce of the country to distant lands. As one who helped to clothe her in the habiliments of statehood, I look with pride upon her in her majesty as an equal in the sisterhood of mighty states, and mingle my own with the hopes of her own people that her destiny may still be onward and upward.

JOHN V. WRIGHT.

Governor Gaines

His Controversies With the Legislature Over Removal of the Capital to Salem.

IN the contents of the first Oregonian are found the first annual message of Governor John P. Gaines to the territorial Legislature and a letter from the Governor to President Fillmore prior to his departure for Oregon. The incumbency of Gaines in the gubernatorial chair covers a somewhat stormy period in territorial history.

Gaines was a "Virginian," having been born at Augusta in 1785. In early youth he removed to Boone County, Kentucky. He served in the war of 1812, and was in the battle of the Thames and other engagements. Having studied law, he was admitted to the bar, practiced several years, and was a member of the Kentucky Legislature. He was a Major in Marshall's Kentucky Cavalry Volunteers during the Mexican war, and afterward aide-de-camp to General Scott. In 1847 he was elected to the Thirtieth Congress as a Whig. In 1850 he was appointed Governor of Oregon by President Fillmore. He arrived with his family August 15. From May 1 until that date the government had been administered by the territorial Secretary and Attorney, acting with the United States Marshal. The content between Salem and Oregon City over the state capital was then at its height. The Democratic Legislature passed an act to locate the capital at Salem when Governor Gaines interfered by a special message, declaring that the members could not appropriate money for public buildings without his concurrence, and making other objections. The Legislature subsequently refused to vote for printing either the special or annual message of the Governor-General of the United States, who ruled that while the Legislature could not make appropriations without his concurrence, it could locate the seat of government without his consent. The controversies growing out of this matter were lasting and contentious. The act of the Legislature in establishing the capital at Salem was approved by the United States Government, but, in the Summer of 1852, Governor Gaines convened a special session of the Legislature and declared that the location act was still defective; that no sites for buildings had been selected, and that no money could be drawn from the treasury appropriated, until the Commissioners were authorized by law to call for it. The Legislature adjourned without transacting any business.

In 1851 Governor Gaines served as one of the Commissioners to secure extinguishment of Indian titles to lands west of the Cascade Mountains. He was succeeded as Governor by Joseph Lane, former Governor, who had been representing Oregon as Delegate in the House of Representatives. The latter held office for three days only, resigning to become a candidate for re-election to Congress. Governor Gaines was in 1855 the candidate for the American, or Know-Nothing, party for Congress, but was defeated by General Lane. He retired to his farm in Marion County, and died there January 4, 1858. He is buried at Salem.

The Carlist Rising.

The new movement in Spain is really a Carlist movement, according to the Paris correspondent of the London Times, but is not favored by Don Carlos, the proposed beneficiary. The first outbreak was an attack on the civil guard near Barcelona by 40 men armed with Mausers. The cry was "Viva Carlos VIII." Next day there were other attacks by other bands at Igualada, Berga and Gerona, and the Carlist party in the last civil war. Some 300 Carlists assembled in the mountains at Berga, near Barcelona. Their chief leader is Jose Grandin Soler, who was the leader in the last civil war. Jose Casan, a landowner, arms have been found concealed at Madrid in the interest of the revolutionists. Carlos himself, on being interviewed, says he disapproves of the rising.