A FEW WELL-KNOWN PIONEERS AT THE THIRTIETH ANNUAL REUNION, AS THEY APPEARED TO AN ARTIST OF THE OREGONIAN.

OLD-TIMERS' DAY

(Continued from First Page.)

are separated from each other in their homes and sweeten their declining years with the pleasures of social intercourse. You are surrounded by many things that ought to give you comfort as you go down the declivity of life. The fruits of your labors are widespread and abundant. They are seen in the comfortable homes, the cultivated fields, the orchards and gardens and in all that conduces to the prosperity and wealth of the state. You have a right to be proud and happy over these things. They will remain as monuments to your praise when you are gone. Our lives are in the "sear and yellow leaf," but the beauties of the glorious Spring are round about us. This is the time of the singing of birds and the blooming of flowers. These are for the old as well as the young, and Nature is no respecter of persons. Our gratitude is due to the Giver of all good for the length of days and the blessings we enjoy. I hope you may have a pleasant meeting upon this occasion, and that you may live to meet and greet each other in many future meetings of the Pioneers of Oregon.

Judge Williams was followed by Hon. T. A. McBride, 1846, who delivered the annual address, which is published in full elsewhere. An occasional poem by Mrs. June McMillen Ordway was read by J. C. Moreland, and the occasional address was delivered by W. T. Wright, 1852. The meeting closed with music by the band, and the pioneers were immediately conducted to the banquet hall adjoining, where they joined in a reunion feast, made joyous by the recounting of happy occasions in the days when Oregon was young. At this distance of time the hardy men and women who ventured into this far-off land, when it was peopled with savages, laughed at the dangers and privations, which seemed most serious at the time they were endured. Stories of early day adventure and incidents showing traits of character of well-known pioneers were related and listened to with the keenest enjoyment.

The banquet reminded the old-timers of the reunions of years ago, from the fact that many had to wait until the "second table." About 650 were seated at once, and probably 400 more sat down when the "first table" had been cleared. There were sandwiches, coffee, meats, salads, cake and ice cream for all, and none went away hungry. About 50 Native Daughters, under supervision of Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, waited upon the tables and cheerfully supplied the wants of the old men and women whose courage and perseverance started the work which has brought Oregon to its present state of development.

The banquet was entirely informal. No speeches were made, but all lingered around the banquet hall to talk with old acquaintances and inquire after friends in various parts of the state.

The day was an ideal one for a pioneer reunion—cool, calm and bright—Nature herself seeming desirous of making the occasion an enjoyable one for the men and women who have already seen enough of the storms of life.

The committees in charge of the banquet were as follows:

Woman's Auxiliary—Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, chairman; Mrs. Thomas Moffett, secretary; Miss Mary A. Burke, assistant secretary.

Refreshment committee—Mrs. John W. Minto, Mrs. Herbert Holman, Mrs. D. M. McLauchlan, Mrs. D. J. Malarkey, Mrs. A. L. Pease, Mrs. L. M. Parrish, Mrs. C. W. Sherman, Mrs. Marie Marsh, Mrs. Seneca Smith, Mrs. A. A. McCully, Mrs. I. G. Davidson, Mrs. M. A. Stratton, Mrs. Watt Morton.

Decorating committee—Miss Lorena Rodgers, Miss Clara Teal, Miss Hazel Weidler, Miss Kate Gibbs, Miss Marguerite Wiley.

General assistants—Miss Marguerite Leasure and Miss Isabella Noltner.

The ladies who waited on the tables were:

Mrs. J. H. McMillen, Mrs. T. T. Struble, Miss Helena Humason, Miss Minnie Struble, Mrs. George L. Story, Mrs. F. R. Strong, Mrs. S. B. Linthicum, Miss Helen Eastham, Miss Failing, Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, Miss Lucy Failing, Mrs. W. L. Brewster, Mrs. John McCraken, Mrs. George W. Weidler, Miss Mayannah Woodward, Miss Weidler, Mrs. Harriet K. McArthur, Mrs. George Taylor, Miss Agnes Catlin, Miss Miriam Strong, Mrs. I. W. Pratt, Mrs. M. C. George, Miss Gertrude Pratt, Miss Florence George, Miss Susie Cosgrove, Mrs. J. W. Cook, Miss Clarissa Wiley, Miss Farrell, Miss Nannie E. Taylor, Mrs. Edward McClure, Miss Edna Belcher, Miss Jean McClure, Mrs. J. C. Moreland, Mrs. W. D. Fenton, Miss Agnes Hill, Miss Beatrice Hill, Mrs. W. R. Sewall, Mrs. Charles T. Kamm, Miss Bessie Sewall, Miss Caroline Kamm, Mrs. J. M. Freeman, Mrs. A. B. Croasman, Miss Daisy Freeman, Mrs. W. W. Harder, Mrs. William S. Sibson, Mrs. D. A. Robertson, Miss Alice Sibson, Miss Grace Warren, Mrs. Grace Watt Ross, Mrs. H. H. Northup, Miss Clara Teal, Miss Grace H. Himes, Mrs. Thomas Moffett, Miss Celia Friendly, Miss Myrtle Moffett, Miss Leona Noltner, Mrs. John Gill, Mrs. J. K. Gill, Mrs. T. T. Strain, Miss Frances Gill, Mrs. A. St. Clair Gay, Mrs. H. Ogilbie, Miss Maud Gilliland, Miss Belle Ogilbie, Mrs. J. A. Strowbridge, Mrs. Robert Porter, Mrs. P. W. Gillette, Mrs. William Grooms, Mrs. D. S. Stimson, Mrs. Mary E. Holman.

Election of Officers.

At the evening session only a short business session was held. The officers as named above were elected by acclamation, and the following resolutions, presented by a committee composed of R. P. Boise, A. S. Watt and W. T. Wright, were adopted:

To the Oregon Pioneer Association—Your committee on resolutions would report the following:

First—We extend to the kind and efficient ladies of Portland our most hearty thanks for the splendid banquet which they have so elegantly provided and served to the Pioneers of Oregon. If in the early time we were constrained to live on plain fare with homely surroundings we are now able to appreciate and enjoy the more elaborate and abundant feast and elegant service which the progress of our state now so abundantly affords.

Second—We greatly appreciate the hospitality and kindness of the citizens of Portland in so generously providing for our comfort and entertainment at this meeting of our association.

Third—We appreciate the generous courtesy of the transportation companies for affording us reduced fares in coming to and returning from this meeting.

Fourth—We commend the diligence and efficiency of the officers of this association for so ably conducting the business affairs of this association.

Fifth—We again heartily indorse the proposed Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition and will do what we can to make it a success. This century has been for Oregon one of adventure, discovery and settlement by which this great Northwest has been won from the grasp of the Spaniard, the Russian and the Briton to the United States and to freedom, and we who founded the state and made it independent and prosperous hope for it a still more glorious career in the coming hundred years.

Miss Mabel Hoopengarner, a granddaughter of Isaac Butler, a pioneer of 1845, gave an amusing recitation, which was heartily encored, and she responded by reciting, "When Angelina Johnson Comes Swingin' Down the Line."

Norman Darling, a pioneer of 1853, played a few moments on a pair of bones, much to the delight of the audience. He also furnished considerable amusement by telling how they spelled "bumblebee with his tail cut off," in the old-time school.

A male double quartet, composed of gray-haired men, favored the audience with several selections. The men who sang were: S. Bullock, W. S. Powell, C. W. Tracey, R. V. Pratt, G. A. Buchanan, A. M. Cumming, H. A. Keinath and Dr. H. R. Littlefield.

The remainder of the evening was spent in social conversation.

THE ANNUAL ADDRESS.

Delivered by Judge T. A. McBride, Pioneer of 1846.

Pioneers of Oregon, Ladies and Gentlemen—He who undertakes the task which has been assigned to me on this occasion must necessarily find one of his principal embarrassments in the choice of material. An address that should do full justice to pioneer effort in the great Northwest, that should trace the footsteps of the pioneer from the first discovery of what used to be called the Oregon Country up to the time when the foundations of our state had been fully laid and the true work of the explorer and pioneer completed, would expand itself into such a voluminous history of our country as has not yet been written.

When we seek for the first name to inscribe on the roll of those adventurous spirits who challenged the obstacles that, like the flaming sword that guarded the gates of Eden, stood between the hardy explorer and the land that we now occupy, we encounter doubts. The first name we meet with that seems to have the support of anything like authentic history is the somewhat jaw-breaking one of Monocacht Ape, and the owner of it was a Yazoo Indian. He materializes in the pages of a history of Louisiana published by Le Page du Praz in 1758. Du Praz, whose history is generally truthful, asserts his full belief in the story of this humble copper-colored explorer and gives a detailed account of his adventures, from which it appears that Monocacht, desirous of seeing all that the world had to offer, ascended the Missouri River to its source, then crossed the Rocky Mountains, which were high and difficult, and stopped with a tribe which he called the Otters, at the head of a great, beautiful river which flowed into the ocean. Indian like, he tarried with the various tribes along the way, learning something of their language and informing himself as to the road ahead of him, and among the Otter tribe he succeeded in inducing a man and woman to guide him on his way down the great river of the West and finally reached the Pacific Ocean. His artless account of his first view of the Pacific Ocean, as given by Du Praz, is as follows: "I could not speak, my eyes were too small for my soul's ease; the wind so disturbed the great water that I thought the blows it gave would beat the land in pieces." The route, taking the course of the rivers, is said to be so nearly correct that it seems almost impossible that the whole story could have been a fabrication, as no other person at that time professed to have crossed the Rocky Mountains, or to have known what was beyond them, and I believe that here is the beginning of Oregon exploration. All honor to Monocacht Ape. The bazoo of the Yazoo no longer sounds in the land; the very name of his tribe would have been long forgotten had it not attached itself to a river which still bears it. But when our great Lewis and Clark Exposition shall take place in 1905, I bespeak for the earliest explorer at least an ideal statue somewhere within its precincts.

There is no mist hanging around the exploits of our next pioneer, Captain Robert Gray, the discoverer of the Columbia River, the first white man to vex its waters with the keel of commerce, the intrepid sailor to whose daring we owe the fact that Oregon today is not a British province. Gray had, in fact, anchored in Oregon waters for four years before he discovered the Columbia. Early in August, 1788, while captain of the sloop Washington, he had entered Tillamook Bay and anchored for the purpose of trade, but the Indians being hostile, he was compelled to put to sea again. Thus Gray was twice the first white man to enter Oregon, and Tillamook, that land abounding in milk and honey and fresh butter, and so many other good gifts, should do him proper reverence. Gray's discovery of the Columbia had in it something of the heroic. For nine days he hung about the mouth of the river, baffled by adverse winds and currents, then he sailed away, passed Vancouver on his exploring expedition, told him of his discovery and expressed his intention of returning and making another attempt. On May 11, 1792, he returned, ran his ship in between the breakers and discovered, named and rudely charted the Columbia River. Take away the lights and buoys at the mouth of the Columbia today and even a steamboat would hesitate to enter as Captain Gray did. And, with all the lights and buoys and jetties there, the master of a sailing vessel would wait outside for a tug for a month rather than venture to sail in. "There were giants in those days."

The next exploration, and the one that attracted the most attention to Oregon, was the expedition of Lewis and Clark. It was the first expedition that had for its object exploration pure and simple, and it originated in the brain of that great statesman, Thomas Jefferson. A great writer of our day has shown the value of a scientific use of the imagination. Jefferson was a dreamer and a bold theorizer, but his exuberant imagination and fertile fancy were reinforced by a practical common sense and sound judgment that corrected his fancies and directed his imagination into channels where sober thought could always follow. With him in theory our country was without constitutional power to acquire a foot of additional territory, but his imagination was fired by pictures of a vast empire lying waste and waiting for occupants. He foresaw, as none about him foresaw, the greatness of our Nation if we could possess ourselves of the Louisiana country on the one side, with the Mississippi River and the Missouri all ours, and an equal holding on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, with the great unexplored river of the West to bear its commerce to the Pacific, and the practical side of the man said: "This great empire that would expand my country from ocean to ocean shall not be allowed to fall into or remain in alien hands for a mere constitutional quibble. Louisiana, the Floridas, and everything drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries, must be acquired, and our title, by discovery, to the Oregon Country must be kept alive." And so this theoretical, strict constructionist proceeded to purchase the Louisiana country, and before the purchase even he had conceived what was afterward known as the Lewis and Clark expedition, whose design and scope, as Jefferson expressed it, was "to explore in detail the country from the mouth of the Missouri to the Pacific Ocean, to follow the Missouri to its source, to cross the Rocky Mountains and explore the country west of them; to observe the course of the streams and the contour of the land and its capabilities, to observe the suitability of the streams to the purposes of commerce; to note suitable streams for the purposes of fortification, and for trading posts," and its leaders were expected, in general, to act as geographers, scientists, agriculturists and diplomats. The estimated expense, made by Captain Lewis himself, of this expedition, that was to explore and mark out a path through a wilderness for nearly 4000 miles, was the munificent sum of $2500, but, in addition to this, the parties were given letters of credit on American Consuls at the Island of Java and the Cape of Goop Hope, which it was thought might prove available in case they should meet traders or explorers on the Pacific. The expedition was one that appealed strongly to the imaginative side of Jefferson's character. The whole country drained by the Missouri was practically unexplored, and prodigious tales were told of the character of the inhabitants. There were stories of gigantic Indians exceeding all ordinary stature; of rich prairies that produced almost spontaneously everything the agriculturist could desire; of millions of buffalo and fur-bearing animals, and valuable minerals, and among the papers laid before Congress, in connection with the Louisiana purchase, was a solemn account—no doubt received and credited by the President—of a mountain range of rock salt, situated near the head of the Missouri. The range was said to be more than 100 miles long and 40 miles broad, and to stand bright and glittering in the sun, without tree or shrub, a mountain of pure salt. It was said that many bushels of this salt were to be seen at St. Louis, and chunks alleged to have been taken from it were sent to the President, and others were to be seen on exhibition in various cities. This fairy land was now to be explored, and the truth in regard to it to be made the property of the world. But the doubters were abroad in the land. The President was condemned by the Federalist papers for risking the lives of valuable citizens and wasting the public money in this hare-brained expedition. The ridiculous story of the mountain of salt, which the President had inadvertently helped to circulate, gave Federalist wits an abundant opportunity to be funny at his expense. One journal suggested that the mountain might be the sad remains of Lot's wife; another suggested perhaps all the good things had not been disclosed by the President, and that trees laden with plum puddings and lakes of good whisky would probably be found by explorers in the same region. But, in spite of ridicule, the expedition set forth on its perilous venture into the unknown. The only map they had of the country placed the imaginary head of the Missouri somewhere about the eastern boundary of California, instead of where Du Praz's Indian account had more correctly placed it. But they had the river itself for a pathway, and when that became impracticable they had indomitable

In the van of the parade.

American courage and common sense to rely upon. It is not within the limits of this address to follow the intrepid wanderers in detail. We hear no complaint from them of the insufficiency of their provisions; when bread was exhausted they substituted roots. When elk, deer and buffalo failed, then they cheerfully ate horse meat, and when that failed roast dog was devoured with thankfulness, and when, as at Fort Clatsop, the dog supply failed, they were glad to make a meal on whale blubber obtained from a carcass washed upon the beach near Tillamook Head. Clark, in his journal, thanks Providence for sending the whale, and remarks that heaven was much more kind to them than it had been to Jonah, for, whereas the whale swallowed up Jonah, in this instance he and his companions were graciously permitted to swallow the whale. I would like, if time permitted, to dwell on the heroic work of these two young men and their followers. Whether we regard the difficulties they had to overcome, or the results of their journey, it is, beyond doubt, the greatest exploring expedition that the world has ever known. It took the great stretch of country between St. Louis and the Pacific, from the domain of the fabulous into that of common sense. It demonstrated the fact that a practical way was to be found across the continent to the Pacific, and that a country rich in natural resources lay at the western end of the route; and while it found no mountains of salt, no giant red men, no monstrosities of any kind, it showed that we had a land here worth winning and keeping, and there is no historical authority for saying that at any time thereafter there was manifested the slightest disposition on the part of our Government to give up the Oregon Country or to relinquish our rights here. Pages have been written, asserting that Webster was about to give up Oregon in exchange for some fishing rights on the banks of Newfoundland, and that just before this egregious folly was perpetrated, Dr. Whitman arrived at Washington and prevented the insertion of this provision in the Webster-Ashburton treaty. Whitman left his home for the East, October 3, 1842; the Webster-Ashburton treaty was signed August 9, 1842, two months before Whitman left Oregon. The fame of this good man rests upon too enduring a basis of truth to justify any attempt to add to it by an unfounded claim that he saved Oregon. Oregon never needed saving from the day of Lewis and Clark's return. And from that date until the final treaty of June 15, 1846, the United States never wavered in its claim to Oregon, and never offered to accept less territory than was given by the treaty. Benton, in an argument in favor of the ratification of the treaty, recalled the fact that the 49th parallel was the line offered Great Britain by Jefferson in 1807, by Monroe in 1818, by Adams in 1824, by Taylor in 1842, and by Polk in 1845. Webster's own statement was, "The United States never offered any line south of 49, and it never will." Let it be remembered, then, that the claim to Oregon, Old Oregon, as Mrs. Dye aptly calls it, including everything south of the 49th parallel, was formulated by Jefferson in 1807, after the return of Lewis and Clark. They had demonstrated the value of the country, and Jefferson was determined to have it, and if we search the pages of history for the names of the men who saved Oregon, let us place first upon the roll the names of Thomas Jefferson, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark. And when, in 1905, the country, whose value their heroic endeavor and intelligent zeal made known to the world, shall honor in some fitting way the memory of America's greatest explorers, let every pioneer make it a pious duty to assist in some way in making the occasion worthy of the great men whose achievements it is intended to commemorate.

The early settlement of any country in America has usually followed the same sequence: First comes the explorer; second, the trader and trapper; third, the missionary, and fourth, the settler. After Lewis and Clark came Astor; after Astor the long list of other traders, trappers and mountain men who afterwards became more or less incorporated into our general population. In the case of Oregon, the missionary and the settler came practically together. Lee, Leslie and Whitman and their associates came with a Bible in one hand and a hoe in the other. They dimly realized that civilization must accompany, if not precede, Christianization, and that purification of the moral nature by religious truth must be accompanied by purification of the physical man with soap and water, and while their efforts at converting Indians cannot be called a great success, yet each missionary settlement with its farm and gardens proved to be in time the nucleus of a farming community and a center from which radiated a patriotic American sentiment.

It seems almost astonishing, when we think of it, that the settlement of this state was made, not by gradual accretion of settlements extending from East to West, nor by migration from one overcrowded fertile region to another fertile region, across an intervening waste. Why did not these homeseekers stop at some of the intervening and unsettled valleys and prairies now the habitation of great and prosperous communities? Why pass indifferently over fertile valleys near home, endure the hardships of a 3000-mile journey, when choice land, well watered and productive, lay unmarked except by the track of the emigrant wagon? Why should the missionary pass through a hundred tribes of Indians east of the Rocky Mountains, all quite as much in need of his services as those west of them, to labor in the distant field of Oregon? Is it not a curious moral phenomenon? I believe a general patriotism, a love for our country and a pride in extending its institutions was one of the controlling motives that induced the early emigrants to prolong their journey to the farthest West. Great Britain was claiming this land, and their traders and trappers were making that claim good by actual occupancy. The scars left by the War of 1812 were yet red, and the anti-British feeling still strong. And so the missionary thought, "I will go forth and do good to the Indians, and at the same time assist in planting the seeds of free government." And so, with his Bible, he brought the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. The homeseeker said: "It is a goodly land and homes are to be had free, and, besides that, Great Britain, who has ravaged our coasts, impressed our citizens and burnt our capital, is claiming it. I can find a home out there, and at the same time help hold that region for my country, and, if need be, fight for it." I know that this patriotic sentiment was strong and aggressive; sometimes so aggressive as to do injustice even to so good a man as Dr. McLoughlin, the father, almost, of the early immigrant. When the land laws were passed, his rights were ignored and trampled upon, and the benevolence that cheered and supported so many a suffering American was forgotten by many in the Anglophobic outburst. Good old man, I remember him as I saw him once, when a small boy, with his tall form and white head, towering above his fellows as Mount Hood towers above the mountains. It was pure patriotic sentiment, no doubt, that led Whitman to take his memorable journey across the continent. The immigration of 1842 came filled with the idea, got from partisan newspapers and stump speakers, that Webster was about to sacrifice Oregon, and Whitman, the Christian, the martyr, the patriot, lost no time in starting on his journey, to throw the weight of his influence, experience and knowledge of this country against such an act. That no such an act had ever been contemplated, that the treaty had been signed and ratified before he started, do not detract from the high and patriotic motives that prompted the journey. All honor to his noble life, crowned at its tragic close with a martyr's wreath.

Another characteristic of the early pioneers was their distinctly religious tendency. So much of the emigration had been induced by the efforts of the early missionary that this was probably natural; but even among those who came as trappers and hunters there existed a general respect for the forms of religion that was very marked. But in religion the average frontiersman demanded the clean thing; they were quick to discern a hypocrite and prompt in showing their contempt for him. I remember once that my good father, whose business on week days was to practice medicine, and on Sunday as an elder in the Christian church, to preach to his neighbors, was, on one occasion, baptizing, by emersion, a particularly hardened and notorious sinner. An honest backwoodsman, who doubted the genuineness of the convert's repentance, bawled out just as the subject was raised from the water, "Duck him again, Doc; he needs it." I am glad to say that the interrupter's doubts proved groundless, and that he himself is now passing the sunset of his life as a member of the Presbyterian church. But while the prevailing tone of society was religious, we had among us a few decided agnostics. James Thomas, George W. Lawson, William Chance and a few others were ready at all times to take up the gauntlet for liberalism, and while they had to endure a good deal of criticism, their upright lives compelled the respect of their severest critics.

Integrity in public and private affairs distinguished our early pioneers. Law suits were not common, and seldom involved questions of veracity. Public office was deemed a public trust and was not used as a means of inordinate private gain. Asahel Bush was Territorial and State Printer from 1851 to 1864, and though he had Adams, of the Oregon City Argus, and Dryer, of The Oregonian, waging perpetual warfare against him, I do not recall that they ever accused him of any unlawful attempt to get public funds, or ever intimated that he was in any way obtaining more than a fair compensation for honest work. He quit office-holding in moderate circumstances and most of his wealth was acquired subsequently from other business, and it was the same with other officers. In 1849 coin was so scarce that Abernethy, Kilbourne, Rector and others procured dies and began minting what were known as Beaver coins—being gold $5 and $10 pieces. When, in after years, these were recoined at the Government mints, the $10 pieces were found to contain $11 worth of pure gold, and the $5 pieces $5 50 worth. A 50-cent dollar or an irredeemable greenback would not have found favor with the men of '49.

In a literary way, the pioneers averaged fairly well with the balance of the Nation. In fact, the average was rather above that of the states from which the emigration came. As early as 1842, a plan was put forth for an academy to be known as the Oregon Institute, and in 1843 the building was constructed and the institution entered upon its career of usefulness, and never was there a time after that when it was not possible for the children of the pioneer to acquire at least the rudiments of an education. In newspapers, the Spectator was the beginning; not by any means a "rustler for news," but giving some news and more matter of a purely literary character. The Western Star, published at Milwaukie, was the next venture, its principal aim being to set forth the claims of the place to be the metropolis of the Northwest. Its light was soon obscured, and Milwaukie's claim to fame must rest upon the undoubted fact that it was the birthplace of the famous and luscious big red apples of Oregon, a fame that will fill the public mouth when all our earliest newspapers have been forgotten. The Oregonian was the next venture in the field and was the first genuine, all-around political newspaper in Oregon. The contrast between the office of this paper, as I first remember it, a cheap shack on Front street, and the magnificent building owned and occupied by its publishers now, fitly typifies the growth and development of the state from the small beginning of more than half a century ago. The Statesman followed The Oregonian almost immediately, and as Dryer, of The Oregonian, was a Whig, and Bush, of the Statesman, a Democrat, these gentlemen were soon after each other hammer and tongs. Dryer was earnest and impetuous, without any sense of humor, and would not have recognized a joke if he had met it in the road; Bush was cool, keen and sarcastic, humorous to a degree and rather more than a match for his hot-headed antagonist. He afterwards met a foeman worthy of his steel in Adams, of the Oregon City Argus, a master of invective and satire. The warfare between these latter worthies would make picturesque reading if republished, but I imagine time has softened their animosities, and that if both were present today, they would cheerfully walk arm in arm in the procession of those who labored well and faithfully in laying the foundations of our state. I have heard it said of one of these editors, I don't remember which, that on one occasion an irate subscriber returned his paper to the office with the indorsement, "Send this paper to hell," whereupon the editor published the subscriber's obituary in the usual death column, with the additional statement that he had not received any direct news of Mr. Jones' death, but as the office had been notified to send his paper to hell, he felt safe in assuming that Mr. Jones was no more. Another characteristic of our early pioneers was their respect for law. Decry as we may the jury system—and it has faults—it is a great educator. It teaches respect for law and order and fairness; nearly every American of 60 years ago had at some time or another been called to serve as a juror, and thereby educated into a respect for orderly forms of procedure. The result of this was, that wherever a few Americans were gathered together, no matter how remote from organized government, they instinctively resorted to the forms to which they had been accustomed when disputes had to be settled or crimes punished. I have been told of one instance that occurred in an emigrant train on the way to Oregon. An unprovoked homicide was committed by one of the expedition; the captain halted the train, assumed the functions of judge, impaneled a jury, gave the murderer a trial and, upon a verdict of guilty, caused him to be executed then and there. Though the proceedings were not sanctioned by any statute, the necessities of the case required it, and all the substantial rights of the accused were preserved except that of delaying justice by frivolous technicalities.

Early Oregon never had any "vigilante" times. California, Idaho, Montana and perhaps other early Western communities were forced to resort to violence and wholesale lynching to preserve the community. Our pioneers were able to preserve order, repress and punish crime and still preserve the rights of trial to the accused. And when the regularly organized and authorized courts did come they found a law-abiding people, ready to submit to and uphold constituted authorities and familiar with forms of law.

Another characteristic of the early pioneer was his abounding hospitality. Kindly received by Whitman, McLoughlin and those who preceded them, the early settlers, like the early Christians, "had all things in common." A man could travel from Vancouver to the California line without scrip or purse, could eat of the best that was to be had, have his horse fed and cared for and no compensation would be asked or accepted. In many cases the offer of it would have been considered as a personal slight. No newcomer or his family ever wanted for food or shelter, and many who were comfortably settled in the Valley sent cattle and wagons out beyond the Cascade Mountains to assist the worn-out immigrants of the succeeding year into the settlements. My own parents were thus met and aided, and this assistance came from persons not bound to them by any tie of blood or kindred. Only this week an old Clackamas pioneer was telling me of an instance of this kind of hospitality in his case which is characteristic. He came in the late '40s and settled near Mr. Killin, the father of that honored pioneer, Hon. Benton Killin, of this city. The old gentleman Killin was a fine, hospitable man, but on occasion he could assume a gruff exterior that would deceive one not acquainted with him. One newcomer, being without meat, flour or potatoes, and without any way to procure them except on credit, went to Mr. Killin, who was well provided with everything, and asked him if he could let him have a little flour, meat and potatoes. Killin looked at him sternly, and then asked in a gruff voice, "Have you got any money to pay for these things?" His trembling applicant replied in a still, small voice that he hadn't a red cent. "Then," said Mr. Killin, "if you haven't any money, come in and take all you need. Don't stint yourself; all I can't use I am keeping for poor people who can't pay." That pioneer, his children and grandchildren swear by the Killins to this very day.

I have thus crudely sketched in a desultory way the prominent features of the early exploration of this country and the most prominent characteristics of the people who first settled it. I feel that my attempt has been a feeble one, and my apology for that will be found in the exactions of other and pressing duties. A son of the soil, grown up with Oregon institutions, I am proud of our early pioneers. I do not believe that any state was founded by a grander class of men or women. Here was found the faith and religious fervor of the early Puritan without their intolerance. Here was found the courage and manly pride of the Cavaliers without their arrogance. Plain, honest, tolerant, courageous, intelligent, they laid broad and deep the foundations of a

HEAD OF THE PROCESSION PASSING UP MORRISON STREET.