

THE MAKERS OF OREGON

HISTORY RECITED AND TRIBUTE PAID TO THE PIONEERS.

Notable Address of the Rev. H. K. Hines Before the Pioneer Association of Umatilla County.

The following memorial address was delivered May 21, at the annual meeting of the Umatilla Pioneer Association, at Weston, by the well-known pioneer, the Rev. H. K. Hines, D. D., before a large and appreciative audience.

But yesterday the magnificent citizenship of our whole country, in its proud and patriotic manliness and womanliness, marched to the sound of martial and patriotic music, under the sheen of the Stars and Stripes of our glorious Union, by the graves of our heroic and monumental dead. They came to garland tombs with gifts of perpetual and tender, even of grateful and happy remembrance. It was not the cypress and nightshade of sadness and mourning that they planted there, but the rose and the lily and the morning-glory of lowly purity and hope.

From yesterday and its wide and beautiful memories, together with our garland of appreciative speech to deck and honor the memory of those of our number in this particular association of pioneers that have during the past century been cut out of our rapidly thinning ranks and pitched their tents under the evergreen of immortality beyond the mystic river, never to stir them again. We were but a small band at the beginning. The number of one leaves a chasm in our ranks that never can be filled, and reminds us that the list of the small though noble army of the pioneers will grow smaller and smaller as the golden plains whose scented groves and shining vistas, and mirroring water-flows, and the ageless life, rise into the sublimity of the eternal. It will show that the pioneers who have thus, before ourselves, reached the transcendent honor. It is an occasion of rejoicing to us all that the list is so brief, yet we are so intensely grateful to those names more widely known and more generally and worthily honored could hardly have been chosen from among us had death been seeking for the worthiest and the best. I first met him in 1842.

William Martin, 77 years of age. William Palmer, 74 years of age. Nathan Pierce, 64 years of age. In the most fitting and personal eulogy might be said of these departed brothers of ours. It certainly is not given to many men to spend as many years of active life and spend them to so much worthy and patriotic purpose as he has done. Brother Martin had a rugged, stalwart, somewhat unique personality. He was a Virginian by birth, but was wholly absorbed in the cause that made him more than a Virginian. Cosmopolitan in his tenderness, he grew into a man of sympathies and purposes broadly human, though thoroughly American. Impetuous in his nature, he was early turned his steps into the wide, open world, and in 1841, 57 years ago, crossed the plains to Oregon. Here his field of influence and of usefulness extended all over the territory. He was the he was the honorable and trusted man, than which no higher eulogy can be given any. In public office, in the privacy of his home, in the field defending the scalped families of the plains, he was the cruellest of savage war, in the fraternal and benevolent associations with which he was connected, he was ever recognized as a leader to be followed, and as a friend to be implicitly trusted. For 31 years, he gave his great, though unostentatious life to the great West that he loved. By the people of Umatilla County he was especially honored in the closing years of his eventful life, and he especially honored the people who thus loved him. While County Judge of Umatilla, and Supreme Commander of the "Pioneers of the Pacific" at the age of 71, he was called from our midst, and took his permanent place in the history of the great personal forces that formed and stamped Oregon with her unique and honorable character.

Nathan Pierce was born in Indiana, of which state he remained a citizen until the great civil war broke out, when he enlisted in the 4th Indiana volunteers and went to the field of strife. Disabled by a gunshot wound he was honorably discharged. In 1866 he came to the Pacific Coast, and in 1868 became a resident of Umatilla County. Here, by his sterling character, by his general intelligence, by his broad and generous sympathies, he won a honorable place among your most respected citizenship. Quiet and unpretending, he won, by the solid merit of his life and the general trustworthiness of his mind, a commanding place among those who mold the opinions and fashion the destinies of commonwealths. His home, which he made the abode of a generous and cordial hospitality, grew into a shrine, mourning the absence of noble and trusted friends, and the destinies of commonwealths. His home, which he made the abode of a generous and cordial hospitality, grew into a shrine, mourning the absence of noble and trusted friends, and the destinies of commonwealths.

Now let me remind you, pioneers, that while there is a true sublimity there is also a tender, thrilling pathos in such a record. Comrades in battles of bivouacs, in marches and bivouacs, in simple facts, the long "good-bye" without flowing tears and heaving, throbbing hearts. And when "one is taken and the other left," when remembrance must think how soon he will follow the footsteps that lead him down to the silence of the slumbering grave. Such feelings, such remembrances are good. They chasten and refine us. They subdue yet elevate us.

They give to noble character a touch and coloring of the Godlike. They make us cling to memories and associations that we would not willingly let go. They are inspirations of our own best making. They make us conscious that we have walked in the great, hard days of the past side by side with those who have gone before us, whom to have known and companionship has been to make us kings or queens in the measure in which we have imitated them. Grateful for what they were to us, and for the noble companionship that has been to make us kings or queens in the measure in which we have imitated them. Grateful for what they were to us, and for the noble companionship that has been to make us kings or queens in the measure in which we have imitated them.

The friends that started with me have entered with me, and I have entered with them. One by one they left me struggling with the foe. Their plumes were shorter, their triumphs were less. How lovingly they'll hail me when all my toil is done! With them, the blessed angels that know no grief or sin. I see them at the portals preparing to let me in. O Lord, I want Thy pleasure; Thy time and Thy will. I am weary, worn and weary—O Father, let me rest.

What pathos lies in the words and in the memories they evoke. But a short while ago, when all marched in triumph from the mountains we were all young and firm of step, but now those that remain walk falteringly, with bowed heads and hearts that echo the long ago, like aged soldiers and great warriors. But it is all well. They nor we could not have been pioneers without all that rendered distinction and interest to the story of our life. The record, which illustrates our National calendar, that this day is so eminently fitting, and that the living as that which we thus consecrate to the memory of the noble dead. Every man and woman and child of America sees deeper into the blue sky above them, and understands more clearly the measure of glory of noble living today than they did yesterday. Thus to all future ages, the 50th day of May will be, in America, the day of most patriotic and loving retrospection, as well as the day of most lofty and ideal inspiration. Enmities and divisions and sectional strifes of the living will be hushed and laid to slumber on the still bosom of the tombs of our fathers, and the glory of noble living today than they did yesterday.

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coast and mountains, these 300 years were round to stallow growths and maturing power. Then the "increasing purpose" of God began to disclose itself to some eyes. As ever, it was those earnest God who saw that "purpose." A few statesmen in Congress halls, a few preachers in lofty pulpits, a few farmers with their axes in the fields, a few trailmen in the mountain paths, a few voyagers over the Pacific deeps focused their vision on the signs of things that were to be. They could see beyond mountains. They could see across continents. They could see over convex oceans. Where they could not see they could believe and enter in. And thus, with the prophetic foresight given the pioneer spirit and developed the pioneer life; and thus the pioneer—such pioneers as those whose story we celebrate today—was made. And thus they came into their God-given heritage of opportunity. This was all they asked for. Their own strong arms and their own true, brave hearts could win them the rest.

Two Generations Ago. This, brother pioneers, was not so long ago. Sixty-six years ago today, a company of four, the first real pioneers of the Pacific Northwest, were entering the passes of the Black Hills on their way to the West. Sixty-six years ago, on the 15th of June they stood on the summit of the Rocky Mountains; the first of the pioneers to reach those granite summits. Sixty-six years ago, on the first day of September they descended from the slopes of the Blue Mountains into the



REV. HARVEY K. HINES.

vale where we are met this day to remember and honor them, and those who came after them. In the capital at Washington there is a fine allegorical fresco, which pictures the American people as a great army of the world's redemption westward on their shining crests until they brought West and East together, to be severed never. Only nine years after that day, the crest of the Rocky Mountains and under it is emblazoned the motto: The spirit grows with its allotted space. The mind is narrowed in a narrow sphere. In this fresco these men would be the most regnant and impressive figures. If only individuals, they would be recognized, as the first to enter the wider sphere of the great West, and occupy it for American civilization and free Christianity. Only nine years after that day, one of those whose names we especially honor in the services of today followed the way that they had blazed with hatchet and with brand from the Missouri to the sea, and entered upon his great and honorable career in the vast field to which they had guided him. Six years later yet Mr. Benton uttered these words, which graphically illustrate the progress that were then becoming apparent as rapidly unfolding from the germs of empire they had planted in the virgin soil of Oregon. In one of the great speeches of his life, in 1849, he said:

We live in extraordinary times, and are called upon to elevate ourselves to the grandeur of the occasion. Three and a half centuries ago the great Nation that were then toward was carried home in chains from the New World, which he discovered, this great Columbus, in the year 1492, departed from Europe to arrive in the East going toward West. It was a sublime conception. He was in the line of success when the intervention of two continents, not dreamed of before, stopped his progress. King and Queen started him upon this grand enterprise. It lies in the hands of a republic to complete it. Let us rouse ourselves. Let us now, in this convention, rise above everything sectional, personal, local. Let us beseech the National Legislature to build a great road, the great National road, which unites Europe and Asia—the line which will find our continent the Bay of San Francisco on one end, St. Louis in the middle and the great National road on the other. And which shall be adorned with its crowning honor, the colossal statue of the great Columbus, whose dream it accomplishes from a granite mass of a peak of the Rocky Mountains, the mountain itself the pedestal, and the statue a part of the mountain. There is no West. All are Western horizons, and saying to the flying passenger, "There is East! There is India!"

The pioneers were thus completing what Columbus began. India is found. The East is discovered. The great road is in the path of the pioneer. The packhorse breaks the trail. The ox wagon broadens the path. The rail car flies on a Pacific height not many miles from where we are met today, and looked far out on the misty sea of midday grasses, lying asleep over all the vale of the Columbia. No voice in all that wild career of soundless surf and upflying swells that broke in bloom was heard. No trace was seen of hand or man. There was no sign of the great West. All were of the matchless land which they made their country's own will be. "A pioneer."

Pioneers' Farewell. Pioneers, brothers, fellow Americans, friends! As I bid you, the living, my farewell today, and as I pronounce my last benediction upon the memories of our departed brothers, whose value to us we so little knew until they had departed, let me say that they are transfiguring visions of the olden years come over my soul. I stood one September noonday 47 years ago on a Pacific height not many miles from where we are met today, and looked far out on the misty sea of midday grasses, lying asleep over all the vale of the Columbia. No voice in all that wild career of soundless surf and upflying swells that broke in bloom was heard. No trace was seen of hand or man. There was no sign of the great West. All were of the matchless land which they made their country's own will be. "A pioneer."

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Round the horizon from pole to pole the land, unmet, awaited the coming plowman's glad decree to laugh with plenty beneath his feet. I stood in mute amazement across the hazy hills to the proud old monarch of the Westland, Mount Hood, standing in the hoary glory of his eternity; looked, and thought, and remembered; and wondered if the time would come when some later pilgrim, long after I was dead, would stand where I then stood, and see the old prophet's orient vision transmuted into historic fact over the lifeless wastes before and beyond me. Yesterday I stood on the self-same mound of swelling surf. Lo! how the vision was changed! The land was ahum with the voices of men and the song of reapers, whose knives, keen as sickles, with clatter and rush swept into the drowsy-headed wheat; while wide under a sea, green yellow and brown, the grain fields endlessly rolled down to the far horizon. Hundreds of bright cottage roofs, like sails adrift on a boundless sea, blanded the far-away swells of emerald and gold. Distant spires of church and school lent music of bells to charm the old silence into the attuned harmonies of reverence and intelligence. I felt the throbbing and thrill of the Nation's heart as I saw the railway trains shooting north and south and on to the seas, and lightning lines reaching here and there and everywhere in their subtlety, like sentient things, to tell to city and country the marvelous story that the century has brought. To what my heart before and after I have lived my own life and your life has spanned

WHAT HE SAW IN CHICAGO. The American Bull Ring as it Appears to the Unaccustomed Eye of a Spaniard. Chicago Tribune. To Don Rodrigo y Ximenes, grandee of Havana, from his servant and brother, Don Emilio y Ximenes, who kisses his hand. Written in the City of Chicago in the fourth month of the last year of the 19th century. Thou knowest without the telling, O, best of brothers, that I am diligent about thy business. The new boilers, pumps and engines for the plantation at Santa Anna have been purchased within the figures and will be ready for shipment within the month, provided only that the hombres, whose work it is to make them, do not strike. To strike is not only to do no work themselves, but to prevent all others, also, from working. Therefore the chance of delay and the cause of my writing.

Under the shadow of your name, O brother, I am a great man, and therefore some of the chief men of this city, which numbers more than a million of souls, have shown me much honor. I have been to the theaters and to balls, but none of the playhouses compared in my sight with the most popular of our theaters, do not have I seen a woman who does not have eyes as her, might justly sit by the side of a certain senorita, whose name is in my heart and in your memory. But the most popular of our theaters, do not have I seen a woman who does not have eyes as her, might justly sit by the side of a certain senorita, whose name is in my heart and in your memory. But the most popular of our theaters, do not have I seen a woman who does not have eyes as her, might justly sit by the side of a certain senorita, whose name is in my heart and in your memory.

STUMP SPEAKERS' PRICES. Pay a Dishonor in 1872, Now a Regular Campaign Expense. L. A. Coolidge in Alliance. Campaign orators in the service of the National Committee are well paid for their work. This is not generally understood, and it was not the case until comparatively recent years. In the earlier days they usually rendered volunteer service. So universal was the custom that discredit attached to the public mind of a political speaker who received compensation. In the campaign of 1872, Carl Schurz, then a Senator from Missouri, was charged with having been paid \$300 a speech for his advocacy of the election of Horace Greeley. The charge made something of a scandal at the time, and although Schurz denied the payment of this specific sum, he was never able wholly to clear himself of the taint which was supposed to attach to receiving any pay whatever. He had a bitter controversy with Roscoe Conkling in the Senate about it, during which Conkling, in his supercilious way, expressed his contempt of the practice of which he thought Schurz had been guilty. Nowadays campaign speakers have become a matter of regular employment, although, of course, payment is by no means universal, and the most conspicuous orators—especially those who hold a high place in the party—render volunteer service, and will accept nothing but their traveling and hotel expenses. The men in charge of a Presidential campaign prefer to pay on the spot for what they want, and it is far better than to leave obligations outstanding to be satisfied in the distribution of offices after the election.

WHAT DON EMILIO SAW. "Kid" in this corner, pointing with one hand, and "Shorly" in that corner, with the other, were shouting shrilly and packed thousands puffed more furiously upon their black cigars. The two men sprang from their chairs, throwing off their coats and hats, and rushing to the center of the platform, stripped to the waist. Upon their hands were fastened small, wadded gloves, with which they beat each other about the face and body. One of the two was taller than the other, and must have weighed more by 30 pounds. Also he was stronger. He did thrust with his right fist until the blood came from the nose of his opponent, whose ear was also split. Each time the fist struck upon the nose there was a sound like the hoofbeats of a running horse, and once to the ground, reeling from the blow, "Nall him, 'Kid,'" yelled some one on the high seats. But mostly the crowd

Don Emilio's Letter. He was silent, breathing deeply and unpleasant as to the expression on their faces. The man on the ground rose to one knee. His face also was not good. "Now," growled the packed seats in approval. Then a short man, wearing his waistcoat, came between them and waved one arm like the peddler of a clock. Again the fallen struggled to rise. The stronger drew back to strike, but something happened and he went instead to a seat, leaving him that was beaten waving his arms wildly and cursing. "His second have thrown up the sponge," said my host; "but he is still game."

WHERE EXILES PRAYED. PRESBYTERIANS LOOKING FORWARD TO A GREAT EVENT. Spot Where the First Presbyterian in the United States Was Founded to Be Marked. Presbyterians of New Jersey and sister states are looking forward very earnestly to June 14, the date selected for the unveiling of a memorial monument in the old Scotch Burying Ground, near Wickatunk Station, commemorating the organization of the first Presbyterian in the country, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. The site of the monument was selected for a pilgrimage under the auspices of the New Jersey Synod on June 14, 1835, and on the occasion a prominent Presbyterian clergyman and layman from all sections of the country gathered to view the historic spots so dear to New Jersey Presbyterians, and where some of the pioneers in Presbyterianism in New Jersey were laid to rest.

Books Misleading Titles. Name of a Volume Should Neither Promise Too Much Nor Too Little. Saturday Evening Post. One of the commonest problems connected with the publication of a book is the choice of a fit and attractive title. Upon the fact and judgment shown in this department of the publisher's business, an incident that occurred about half a century ago strikingly illustrates this. In 1820 Dr. O. M. Mitchell, director of the Astronomical Observatory in Cincinnati, gave to the press a volume entitled, "The Planetary and Stellar Worlds." The book fell dead from the press. The publisher complained bitterly of the failure, and the editor of the Post said a single copy. "Well," was the reply, "you have killed the book by its title. Why not call it 'The Orbs of Heaven'?" The hint was accepted and the book, in 500 copies, were sold in a month.

Good Reason Why. "The sun," quoted the Briton, "never gets on the British Empire." "No," replied the intelligent farmer, "I am afraid to see there, even for a minute. It looks too much like gold." Catholic Standard and Times. "The man who loved and lost didn't get his presents back. When a woman has no trouble of her own, the chances are she will go over to a neighbor's and borrow some. 'God bless the man who never made a blunder in a poor one to have in a responsible position. Attend to trifles today. The more important the day of those who are in the line of life the chances are that he has never any good use of it. A philosopher says that every failure is a step toward success. This explains why some men become richer every time they fail.'—Chicago Daily News.