

WHERE PROMINENT OREGON PIONEERS SLEEP THEIR LONG SLEEP

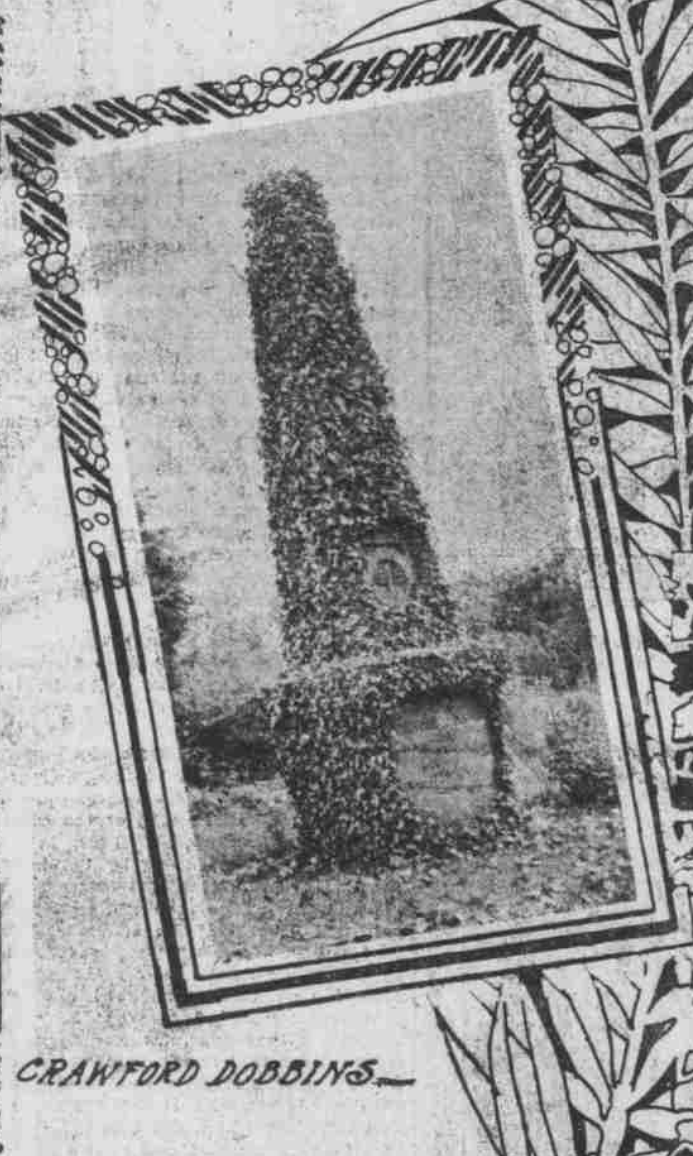


GEN. JOSEPH LANE AND WIFE.

JAMES B. STEPHENS AND WIFE.



JAMES W. NESMITH.



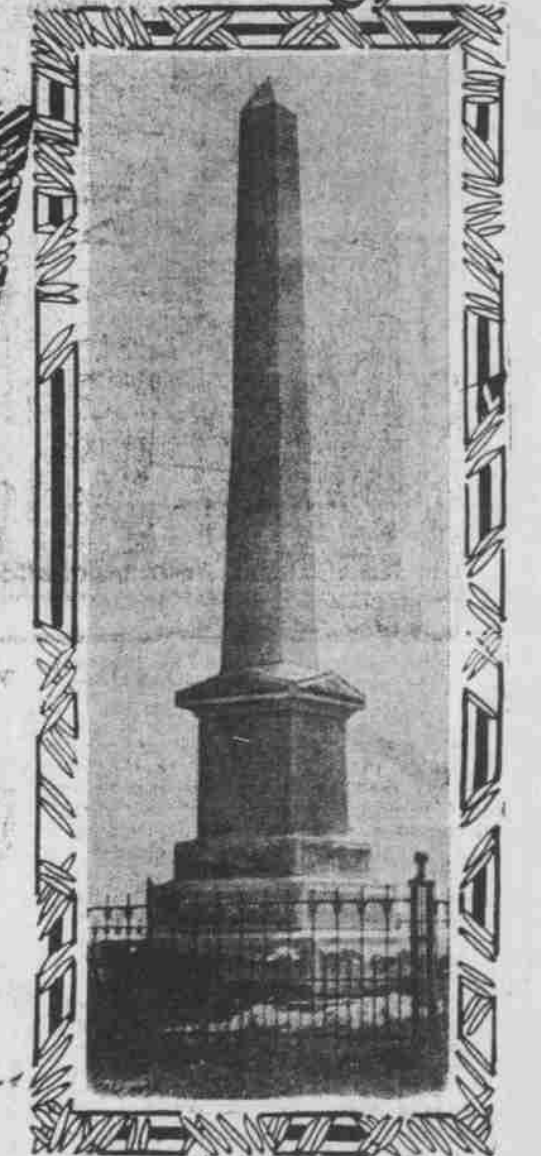
CRAWFORD DOBBINS.



DR. JOHN McLOUGHLIN.



EMMOR STEPHENS.



MARCUS WHITMAN.

As Pioneer's Day rolls round it is interesting to recall where the makers of our state "have laid them down to their last sleep."

From Jacksonville to Astoria, in cemeteries and in home acres, tall shafts and plain slabs mark their resting places. In some instances only a little board with a scarcely decipherable inscription marks some faithful pioneer.

But the one whom he should first and foremost recall as our friend of all time is John McLoughlin.

At Oregon City in the enclosure of the Catholic Church lies the body of John McLoughlin; on his tombstone, a plain slab is engraved:

DR. JOHN McLOUGHLIN.
Died Sept. 3, 1857.
Aged 73 years.

The pioneer and friend of Oregon.
Also the founder of this city.

The "Father of Oregon," as he most fittingly has been called, was born in Quebec, Canada, in 1781. Came to Fort Vancouver, 1826, as chief factor over the entire Oregon and New Caledonia. For 30 years he was virtually ruler of this vast domain. Always a friend to the immigrants. A truly just and honorable man.

Marcus Whitman.

At Walla Walla, near Walla Walla, is a tall, graceful shaft of granite, located upon the summit of a small but steep hill and visible from different points many miles away; this shaft marks the last resting place of the martyred Marcus Whitman.

Marcus Whitman was the first Presbyterian missionary to settle west of the Rocky Mountains. In 1836 he established a mission near Fort Walla Walla, and for 11 years worked for the salvation of Indian souls, and ever held out a helping hand to the immigrants passing his station.

In 1847 Marcus Whitman, his wife and 12 others of the mission family, were treacherously massacred by the Indians. James W. Nesmith.

On the right bank of the Rickreall, in Polk County, on his farm, in a grove chosen by himself for his sepulchre, lie the remains of James W. Nesmith. The scorching of giant firs, the murmur of the stream join in an eternal requiem. A shaft 15 feet tall of granite from

Quincy, Mass., with a base four feet square of Southern Oregon granite, marks the grave. The east face bears the following:

JAMES WILLIS NESMITH.

Born July 23, 1829.
Died June 17, 1885.

An upright Judge,
A brave soldier,
A wise legislator,
An honest man.

The west face bears this inscription:

Pioneer of 1843.
Judge under Provisional Government, 1845.

United States Marshal, 1850-1855.
Colonel of Volunteers, 1853.

Superintendent of Indian Affairs, 1857-1859.

United States Senator, 1861-1867.

Representative in Congress, 1870-1875.

Joseph Lane.

The remains of Governor Joseph Lane lie in the Masonic Cemetery at Roseburg. It is fitting that his body should rest in the heart of a region for which he so strenuously sought to conquer from the treacherous tribes of Indians that infested the beautiful Rogue River and Umpqua Valley and on land adjoining his old donation land claim. The tomb, built by Governor Lane before his death, is a semi-oval structure of concrete and brick just large enough for the remains of himself and wife, is overhung by the branches of a large oak and in view of the South Umpqua River.

The inscriptions are:

In Memory of GEN. JOSEPH LANE.

Born Dec. 14, 1801.

Died April 15, 1881.

General Lane was appointed Governor of the Oregon territory by President Polk in 1845.

In Memory of POLLY

Wife of Gen. Joseph Lane.

Born March 10, 1802.

Died August 16, 1870.

Ewing Young.

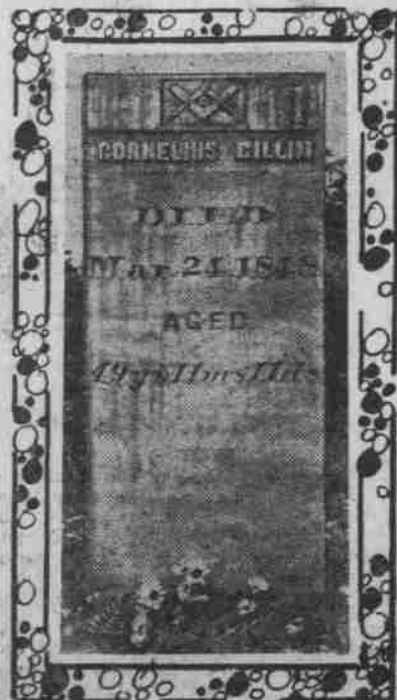
The tombstone of Ewing Young springs from his heart. In old Oregon days a pair of lovers visiting his grave the inspiration came to plant an acorn over his heart. From this has sprung a beautiful symmetrical oak. At one time it was in the midst of a grove; now it stands alone in a field four miles from Newberg.

Ewing Young was the first American settler on the west side of the Willamette River; the first American settler who died leaving an estate. He also brought the first cattle to Oregon.

His death occurred in the Winter of 1802.

Cornelius Gilliam.

At Dallas, Polk County, Oregon, lie the remains of the brave and gallant Colonel Cornelius Gilliam, who led the volunteer army in the Cayuse War of 1848. Returning to the Willamette Valley for supplies for his army, he was ac-



CORNELIUS GILLIAM.

identally killed by the discharge of his gun. Thus died an honest and patriotic man.

The name is misspelled on the tombstone, but as the family lived a long way from the cemetery it was many months before they saw it, and as in those days it was almost impossible to get work of that kind done at all, it was left just as it was.

Stephens, Father and Son.

Lone Fir Cemetery, originally named Mount Crawford Cemetery by Colburn Barrell and Crawford Dobbins, its founders, contains the remains of many of the pioneers of Portland. It has been and still is a beautiful spot, with its pathway bordered by stately trees, many of which were planted by Governor Penney. Many long-gotten lots and graves are a picturesque tangle of vines and flowers.

The first interment was in 1846. A tall, white shaft sets forth:

EMMOR STEPHENS

Father of J. E. Stephens.

Born in Maryland in Year 1777.

Died in the Year 1846.

Close beside is the quaint tomb of his son and his wife, whose double

stone-bears their engraved images on one side. On the reverse is the following:

ELIZABETH JAMES E.

Wife of STEPHENS

James B Born

Stephens in

Born Near Virginia

Flemingsburg, Nov. 9,

Ky., Dec. 6, 1806.

1803. Died

Died April 28, Mar. 27,

1887. 1888.

Here we lie by consent, after 57 years, 2 months and 2 days sojourning through life, awaiting Nature's immutable law to return us back to the elements of the universe, of which we were first composed.

An ivy-covered granite shaft with a lone fir carved on its eastern face marks one of the founders of the cemetery, who was killed by the explosion of the steamer Gaselle.

CRAWFORD M. DOBBINS.

Who was Born Jan. 23, 1834.

At Eden, Randolph Co., Ill.

Died April 29, 1854.

In the same lot lies his friend and joint founder of the cemetery, Colburn Barrell, a simple board marks his name.

Many of the weather-beaten readstones bear quaint and interesting inscriptions, one especially:

In Memory of M. MITCHELL.

Who Died January 15, 1802.

Aged 32 Years.

Here lies one who has taken steps that won the applause of man. But when death came and took a step which he could not withstand.

Erected by a Few of His Many Friends.

Mr. Mitchell was a favorite dancer. One night, dancing too gaily with too

convivial a company the next morning he was found dead in his room.

When the old cemetery, one between Eleventh and Twelfth streets, bounded on the south by Washington, and one down on B street, were abandoned, the graves were transferred to Lone Fir. The two tiers of myrtle-covered graves, running from north to south, in the west end, are those of people whose families had gone away.

MOVING.

R. S. Pickering to Harper's. "What makes the door-bell ring so hard?" the husband asked his bride. "The van has come to take our things," the tired wife replied.

"What makes you look so worried, dear?" the husband asked his bride. "I'm thinking of the things they'll break," the tired wife replied.

For they've taken an apartment, and they're moving in today. The chiffonier's been carried down, two beds and the buffet. The bookcase and piano, they are carting them away. And they're moving to the city in the morning.

"What makes the mover puff so hard?" the husband asked his bride. "He has the couch upon his back," the tired wife replied.

"What makes the little man fall down?" the husband asked his bride. "He tried to carry all the chairs at once," the wife replied.

They have taken out the furniture, it's lying all around; in the van, the rest upon a quarter of it. Hear, the table legs a-cracking. It is not a Oh, they're moving to the city in the morning.

"The bed belongs in here—in here," remarked the pretty bride. "The room is several feet too short," the moving man replied.

"What makes the table look so queer?" remarked the pretty bride. "It's lost a leg or two, I guess," the moving man replied.

For they've taken an apartment, and it's really a disgrace. "They're holding the piano through the window," she replied. "What makes the cracking overhead?" the husband asked his bride. "It's scraping up against the bricks," the tired wife replied.

For they've moved in their apartment, and everything looks queer. "The bride sits weeping on a trunk her hat upon her ear. If they are very lucky, they'll be settled in a year. After moving to the city in the morning."