

Oregon's Historic Cannons Tell Many Thrilling Tales

Lore of Pioneer Days When Grapeshot and Shrapnel Moulded the Course of a Great Country, Lives Today in the Tarnished, Battered Remains of Antequated Artillery in Parks, Museums, Public Places and Garrets



Cannon Which Fought With General Sheridan in Cascade Blockhouse

THRILLING lore of the days when the Northwest was young and wild, when the sword was mightier than the pen, and dominion belonged to the fittest, centers about many battered, rotted, tarnished cannon which are scattered here and there in various parts of Oregon. They stand now as antiquated relics. In their day they stood on the offensive or defensive of many a historic battle line and belched forth their bloody part in the deadly conflicts that slowly shaped the course of a great country.

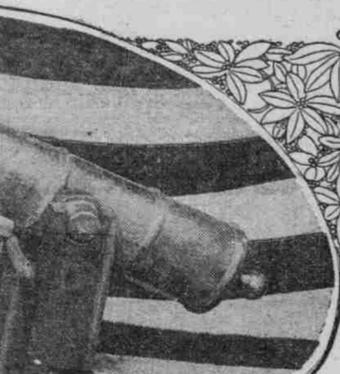
Few states have as many pieces of historic artillery as Oregon, and few cannon there are that have histories as thrilling as those which now stand in parks, museums, public buildings and in musty garrets and cellars in Portland and other parts of Oregon. There are guns passed down from the dark days of Spanish tyranny in the Philippine Islands, the bloody years of the Civil War, the Mexican war, the Spanish American war, frontier struggles in the West and Northwest and last, but not least, the struggles between the whites and the reds for dominion over the beautiful land of the Columbia and Willamette.

Some of the famous old artillery has disappeared. Some has even faded from existence in recent years. Some has been laid away and forgotten in garrets or cellars, while some has found its way to the junk man and is now doing service in some other form. But what has fallen into public possession is valued and cherished. It is expected that much now remaining in private possession will gradually find its way to the museums and the living memories of the stirring bygone days will be increased rather than diminished.

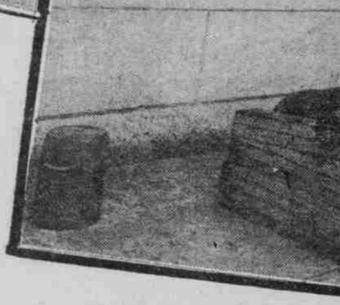
Historic Relic in Sand.
In the sand below Battle Rock, near Port Orford, lies a little old cannon which was engaged in the struggles against the redskins. This piece of artillery may be rescued from its present resting place some day. On June 2, 1851, nine men—John H. Eagan, John T. Slater, George Kidooba, T. D. Palmer, Joseph Hussey, Cyrus W. Hedden, James Carigan, Erastus Summers and Captain J. M. Kirkpatrick—landed on the beach at Port Orford to undertake a settlement. They reached this point in a steam-propelled boat named the Sea Gull. At the time of landing there were many Indians and, while at first they were not considered unfriendly, it soon developed that they were none too well pleased with the coming of the white man.

Accordingly a cannon was taken from the ship and mounted on Battle Rock. No sooner had the Sea Gull departed, leaving the nine men, than the Indians made an attack. The cannon was brought into play and at the first discharge 12 Indians were killed. This broke up the attack and the settlement plan. The nine men deserted the cannon and made their way to Coos Bay.

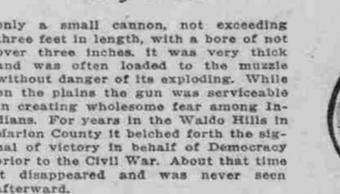
On Cannon Beach there stands mounted on wooden blocks a crude-looking old cannon with a remarkable history. It was from this weapon that the Columbia river, July 1, 1846, and departed in September after visiting all the settlements along the Columbia and Willamette rivers. On September 10, 1846, the ship while crossing the bar was wrecked. A portion of the wreckage drifted upon the beach below Tillamook Head, and upon this the old cannon was found. This is the origin of the name "Cannon Beach."



Civil War "Napoleon" Cannon on Capitol Grounds, Salem.



Pair of Howitzers Which Fell With Fort Sumpter, at City Hall.



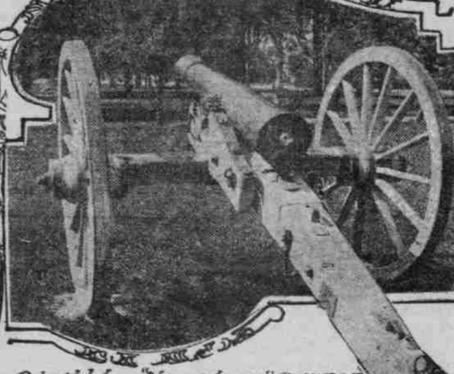
One Interrupted Church.

A cast-iron cannon, 14 inches in diameter at the breech, with three and one-half inch bore, and six feet long, was left on a Portland wharf about 1852. For a few years it was used in firing salutes upon the arrival of steamships from San Francisco, as a rule a very important event, occurring every fortnight. Whenever the steamship arrived on Sunday at an hour when services were being held it resulted in almost the entire congregation leaving the place of worship and rushing pell-mell to the wharf to see the vessel land and perchance to welcome new arrivals. Then most of the people would return to the church and resume their devotions.

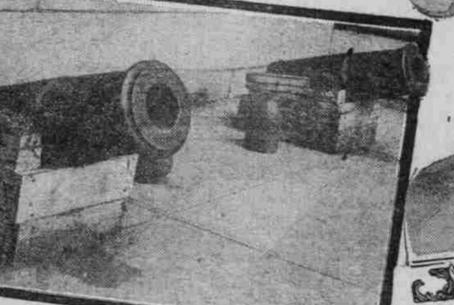
This formidable weapon was an astonishing object to the Indians, particularly old John Casino, who, as a lad of 12 to 15 years, saw Lewis and Clark and their men, the first white men to visit this part of the country in the Fall of 1805. In addition to firing salutes upon the arrival of ocean steamers, this gun was used in firing salutes on the Fourth of July and also upon the occasion of Democratic victories in the Territory. While there was a Whig party in Oregon almost from the beginning, victory never perched upon its banners in a single instance, except that occasionally a county official or an isolated member of the territorial Legislature was elected. The Republican party was organized in 1855, but not until 1861 did it win a victory worth mentioning. Then Abraham Lincoln carried the state by a plurality of 1913.

About 1859 some venturesome fellows loaded the old gun to the muzzle and it exploded. No part of it was ever found save a piece of the breech weighing about 150 pounds. This was taken by Rev. Clinton Kelly, a pioneer of 1848, a strong Republican, out to his place near the Kelly School of the present day, and securely placed with fire clay mortar in the back of the fireplace in his cabin, possibly for the purpose of cleansing it as with fire from its previous Democratic associations. It remained in this fireplace until after Father Kelly's death, and about 14 years ago it was placed in the custody of the Oregon Historical Society.

Old-Fashioned Howitzer Here.
Standing out in front of the City Hall with their open mouths pointed skyward are two old-fashioned howitzers which fell with Fort Sumpter during the Civil War. These two rude-looking weapons belched forth their shrapnel in the bloody struggle at the fort and later continued their fighting from the deck of a barge. Later, upon becoming obsolete, they were cast into the sea, where they were rescued



Gun Captured in Manila, Now at Armory.



Six Pounder From Battleship Oregon in Rotunda of Capitol Building.



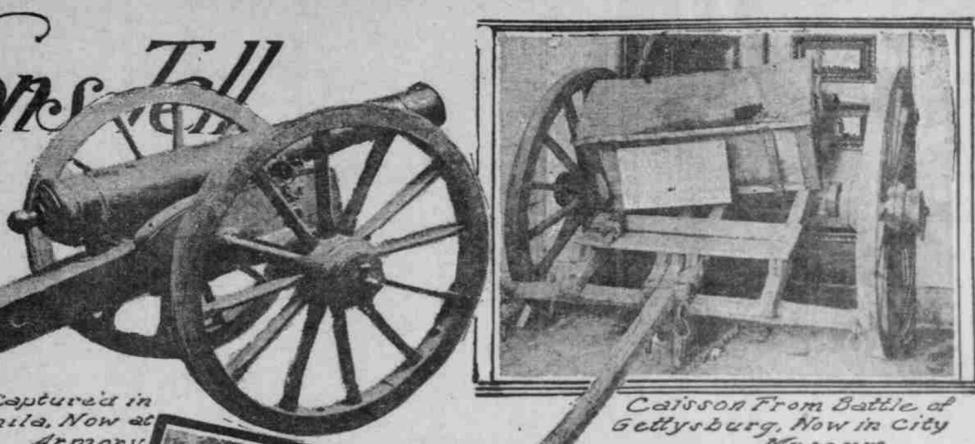
Old Type Cannon at Salem Armory.

as relics after many years under the sand. They were sent to Portland 12 years ago to be placed beside the soldier's monument.

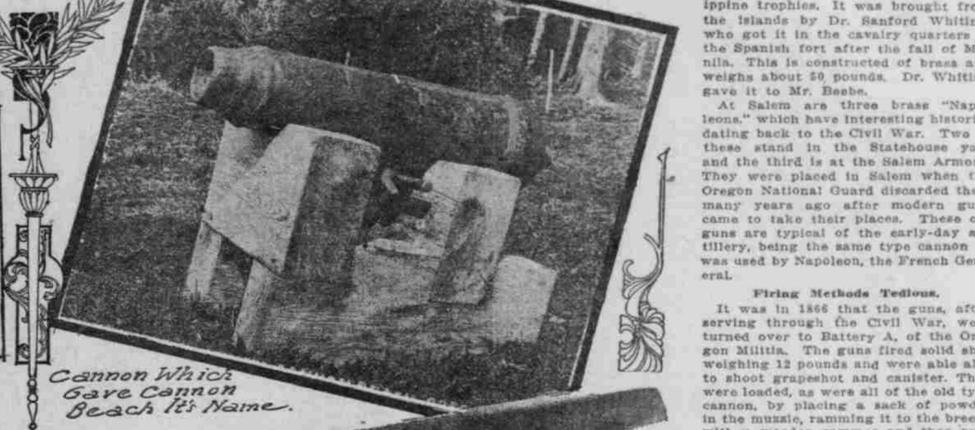
The two howitzers, along with four unexploded shells and shrapnel, were also at the City Hall, were secured for Portland by Colonel Henry E. Dosch, a Civil War veteran. Colonel Dosch was on a trip to Charleston, South Carolina, during the Christmas holidays of 1901. While there, he visited old Fort Sumpter along with a party of Army officers and was shown through the fallen fort by an old sergeant.

After exploring the casemates, bomb-proof powder magazines and underground quarters and tunnels, then he climbed down the outer walls to look for relics. The tide was extremely low, enabling them to go 30 feet from the wall. It was here that the howitzers were found. One of the guns was completely under the sand and another had the muzzle sticking out.

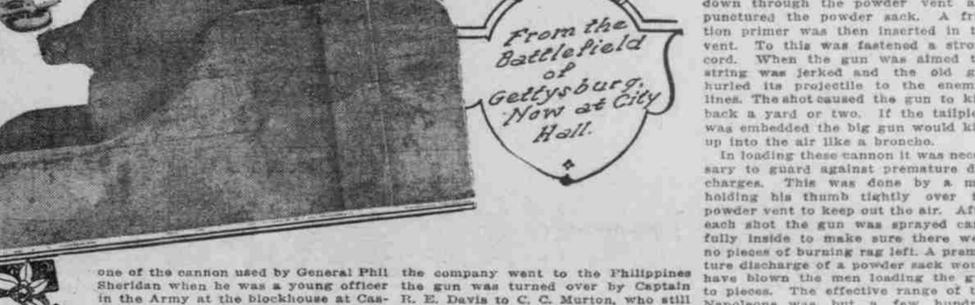
The two were with a battery of eight howitzers on the second story of this fort. They were used in defense of the fort by Major Anderson during its bombardment on April 12 and 13, 1861. After the surrender, the Confederates mounted the guns on barges and used them for defense of the harbor for about two years, when they were recaptured by the Union forces and taken back to the fort. Being obsolete and of little value, they were later thrown over the ramparts, where they remained until rescued. Three of the shells were found also in the fort,



Caisson From Battle of Gettysburg, Now in City Museum.



Cannon Which Gave Cannon Beach Its Name.



From the Battlefield of Gettysburg, Now at City Hall.

one of the cannon used by General Phil Sheridan when he was a young officer in the Army at the Blockhouse at Cascade, now Cascade Locks. During the thrilling events of that wild period this cannon was taken from its position in the blockhouse and mounted on the back of a mule for transportation to Fort Walla Walla. On the way along the steep banks of the Columbia the mule slipped and rolled down the hill with the cannon into the Columbia. Here the cannon remained for about two years, when it was rescued. It fell into the possession of Captain Alex Campbell, a member of the old City Rifles, a military organization antedating the Oregon National Guard. Captain Campbell turned the gun over to old Company G, of the Oregon National Guard. When the company went to the Philippines the gun was turned over by Captain R. E. Davis to C. C. Murton, who still has it at his home.

There are a number of relics of Spanish-American War fame, among them two cannon of the old "Napoleon" type, which were captured in the Philippines. These are also relics of the days of Spanish tyranny, dating back to the 18th century. One of these, dated 1776, is at the Armory in Portland, having been captured in the Philippines and turned over to the old Second Oregon. This gun stands in the Armory in almost perfect condition. The barrel, which is made of brass, is about eight feet in length. On it are fancy carvings and the words, "Sevilla, 31 de Octubre de 1776."

C. F. Beebe has another of the Phil-

ippine trophies. It was brought from the islands by Dr. Stanford Whiting, who got it in the cavalry quarters in the Spanish fort guns that took Manila. This is constructed of brass and weighs about 50 pounds. Dr. Whiting gave it to Mr. Beebe.

At Salem are three brass "Napoleons," which have interesting histories dating back to the Civil War. Two of these stand in the Statehouse yard and the third is at the Salem Armory. They were placed in Salem when the Oregon National Guard discarded them many years ago after modern guns came to take their places. These old guns are typical of the early-day artillery, being the same type cannon as was used by Napoleon, the French General.

Firing Methods Tedious.
It was in 1866 that the guns, after serving through the Civil War, were turned over to Battery A, of the Oregon Militia. The guns fired the old gun, weighing 12 pounds and were able also to shoot grapeshot and canister. They were loaded, as were all of the old type cannon, by placing a sack of powder in the muzzle, ramming it to the breech with a wooden rammer and then putting in the projectile and ramming it tight against the powder.

This done, a man ran a long wire down through the powder vent and punctured the powder sack. A friction primer was then inserted in the vent. To this was fastened a strong cord. When the gun was aimed the string was jerked and the old gun hurled its projectile to the enemy's lines. The shot caused the gun to kick back a yard or two. If the tailpiece was embedded the big gun would kick up into the air like a broncho.

In loading these cannon it was necessary to guard against premature charges. This was done by a man holding his thumb tightly over the powder vent to keep out the air. After each shot the gun was sprayed carefully inside to make sure there were no pieces of burning rag left. A premature discharge of powder sack would have blown the men loading the gun to pieces. The effective range of the Napoleons was but a few hundred yards.

The Napoleons were replaced after the close of the Spanish-American War. The historical guns taken to Salem and put in their present positions, the artillery of the National Guard at present is modern. There is no muzzle-loading and no vent holes. The guns shoot cartridges and have a firing pin the same as a rifle.

In the rotunda of the Statehouse at Salem are two six-pounders which threw shells from the battleship Oregon during the attack on the Spanish fleet during the Spanish-American War. These guns were discarded after the war and were turned over to the state as relics.

SIGHT OUT OF BLINDNESS

(Continued From Page 5)

literal promise—a promise which she believes was kept.

"Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it true?" she asked. "I have prayed that so often hoping, believing that the light would lead me and the darkness be dispelled."

"Another hymn 'Trust and Obey,' consoled me even more. I have trusted and obeyed, and now I see. Mother and father and I all know that my sight came in answer to prayer. I have never had any medicine. The Lord healed me."

Hearing these words of simple faith you have no wish to crush them with medical explanations, for in her darkness this girl was vouchsafed the religious vision so often denied to those who walk the world of light.

"I shall never forget the first Sunday I went to Sunday school after I got my sight," Miss Lincoln said. "All the girls in my class knew that I was praying the Lord to let me see, and my teacher consoled me even more. I have trusted and obeyed, and now I see. Mother and father and I all know that my sight came in answer to prayer. I have never had any medicine. The Lord healed me."

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of her sight to her own and her mother's prayers.

"I want to tell the whole world that I got my sight in answer to prayer," the young girl said earnestly. "So many people have lost faith that I think it might help them to know that the Lord does hear and answer—that he will answer them as he has answered me. I have prayed for years, but this year I prayed especially hard that I might have my sight on the 22d of April, my next birthday, when I will be 21. Sometimes it seemed to me that my sight was too much to ask for. And then I prayed for a piano. I love music so much that mother thought at first that by trading in this organ she might be able to get me a piano. And she went down to the music store to arrange for it."

"When they told her the organ was so old-fashioned that they could not sell it for much money for it. And as we are poor people, mother and I had to give up the idea. I knew that I would never get my wish for the piano, except in the same way I might get my sight—by asking the Lord for it. And so sometimes I prayed for the piano and sometimes for my sight. But now that I can see, I won't grumble if the Lord never answers my second prayer. I will know that he may be listening to some other girl, not happy all day long, as I shall be."

"This Summer I am going to plant a garden. I am going to have all the colors there are in it—roses and pinks, and petunias, peonies and larkspurs. I have never seen any flowers except two daffodils by the window, which were brought to me yesterday by a friend. But I have a Spring catalogue of a seed store and it has pictures of all flowers in it. I have studied them and know all their names and I shall plant as many as I can in the back yard."

"After I have gotten strong and used to seeing the world this Summer," the young girl continued, "I am going to begin my education. I want to earn my own living. I think it is splendid that so many girls can do that. And I want to help my father and mother, who have always done so much for me. Perhaps I can do something with my music. I have a soprano, as well as an alto voice. And one of the Summer visitors to Marblehead, who gave me a few singing lessons, says my voice is really good enough to be cultivated. Perhaps some day I can get to be a choir singer. I should love that, for I should feel that I was making some return to the Lord for his gift. Perhaps you may decide to get married instead," was suggested to her.

"No," said the girl, "I don't think so. I want to earn my living. I admire the women who do that so much. And even when you are blind, you know, you learn what a chance a girl takes when she gets married. Then, too, I have gotten against the custom of such a thing as marriage is for me. A blind girl never expects to marry. She just sits in the shadow of other people's lives. Maybe, though, I will change my mind about marriage when I get more out of the shadow."

"I love babies. The prettiest thing I have seen, I think, unless, perhaps, it is those two daffodils over there, is the little 14-month-old girl baby of a friend of mine. She is so warm and fragrant, so pink and white, that at first I loved her best of everything. And then—well, you know, daffodils don't cry."

"Women have pretty faces, I think, but men—men are awfully funny looking. The funniest thing I have seen as yet is father's mustache. You should have heard me laugh the first time I saw it. Father was so embarrassed. Of course he didn't understand what I was laughing at, but I believe I'll never be able to keep from laughing when I see a mustache. Why do they wear those funny stiff collars around their necks? Why do they walk around in two funny-looking stovepipes instead of skirts? And their faces are so big! I am so thankful I am not a man."

Miss Lincoln was assured that later on, after she has seen more of these strange and highly humorous beings, she may modify her pharisaic rejoicings that she is not even as they are. But she thinks not.

"I won't have time to think about men, anyhow," she said. "I must learn to read and write and study how to make a living. Won't it be wonderful to read?"

"You know those few days after my sight came when I was deaf I thought how much less of an affliction it is to lose hearing than sight, because the deaf can always read, talk to the human beings who wrote the books, anyhow."

"I suppose," she said, with a sudden pensiveness, "that all I have said about my impressions of my new world is very ordinary. Maybe I should have great, wonderful thoughts that no one ever had before, because I see everything for the first time that to other people is as stale as last week's bread. But I just haven't got those thoughts. Perhaps they will come later on. All I know now is that my eyes swim with seeing, and that every object seems beautiful. I don't like the night much. It is too much like the blackness in which I lived more than 20 years. I love the day and the big, beautiful sun,