

HONORING MEMORY OF THE FATHER OF OREGON



DR. JOHN MC LOUGHLIN

By A. L. M. T.
The movement to preserve the house where Dr. John McLoughlin lived in Oregon City must appeal very strongly to every one who knows anything of the history of that remarkable man. He stands supreme among the men and women who laid the foundations of this empire of the Pacific. His grand mountains and rivers and fertile valleys and dancing waterfalls form a fit setting for the heroic man who is justly called "The Father of Oregon."

A visitor to Portland marvels that there is no monument to his memory here. The testimony that the early settlers owed their lives to him has been given again and again. He had absolute control of the Indians, who loved and feared him. He had but to lift his finger to let loose the savage tribes about him, and there can be no question that some members of the Hudson Bay company would have sanctioned a policy of extermination of the Indians.

He was a man of great humanity, and no business interests could make him callous to human sufferings. When the famishing immigrants came over the mountains and down the Columbia, he gave them food and shelter. Few are now living who were thus welcomed by him, but their children have handed down the story. When his stately form appeared on the river bank their troubles were at an end. There was no limit to his kindness. Tired women and children were tenderly cared for, and the way-worn travelers felt that they had found a haven of rest and quietude. "We always called him the good Doctor," said one; "there never was any one like him."

And later in his home in Oregon City his heart responded as quickly to every call of distress. His courtesy to women never failed.

The story of his life cannot be too often repeated in Oregon. From 1824 to 1844 Dr. McLoughlin was chief factor of the Hudson Bay company, and held absolute sway over the Pacific coast from San Francisco (then Yerba Buena) to Alaska. He was of mingled Scotch and French blood, a native of Quebec, a devout Roman Catholic, tall and large, and of noble presence. His hair, prematurely white, framed a countenance of great dignity. The Indians called him the Great White Headed Eagle.

There Were Men in Those Days.

When the Northwestern Fur company was absorbed by the Hudson Bay company in 1824 a steamer was needed to carry on the great business of the Columbia river. Dr. McLoughlin, then in the prime of his young manhood, had demonstrated his great ability in the service of the Northwest company. It is said that one reason for his appointment to the post of the Columbia was the jealousy of some of the Montreal partners who felt that they would have more chance for promotion if he were far away. However, this may be, Dr. McLoughlin recognized the opportunity to establish a great empire, and did not shrink from the arduous task. He justified his appointment by sending yearly to Great Britain bales of the finest furs, and by fostering a trade with China which brought the company from the mouth of the Columbia to Fort Vancouver, where he built a fort and a storehouse within a blockade giving ample room for the house of the chief factor and the station for the dwellings of his subordinates. His salary of \$12,000 was large in those days, and it enabled him to live in a sort of barbaric splendor, which had its designed effect on the motley throng of his employees. On occasions when a feast was spread in the great banquet hall, Dr. McLoughlin in full dress presided over the tables laden with the rich provision afforded by rivers and forest and fertile plain, supplemented by delicacies from the London markets. The china and glass and silver were of the choicest, and every year orders were sent to England for their replacement.

enforcement. Massive silver candelabra lighted the hospitable board and men of force and culture were gathered about it. The service of the Hudson Bay company did not appeal to the weaklings, but it had a great fascination for strong and daring men. Among its officers were university men, familiar, like Dr. McLoughlin, with London and Paris, and as keenly interested in the world of thought as of action. In those days Napoleon had but recently shaken Europe to its foundations, and his career was a frequent subject of discussion. He was Dr. McLoughlin's idol, and in defending him from censure the doctor raised his voice till his hearers said it seemed as if the roof would come off. The situation was a remarkable one. The refinements of a high civilization were seen against the background of

Regarded Marriage as a Sacrament.

He regarded marriage as a sacrament and was beside any man who should hold it lightly. Dr. McLoughlin's own wife was the daughter of an Indian

savage life. Men who had smoked the pipe of peace with Indian warriors discussed the destinies of Europe as they gathered about the festive board. Nothing of the license which disgraced so many trading posts was ever allowed at Fort Vancouver. The young men in the employ of the company married Indian or half-breed wives, for there were no white women in the Oregon territory. Dr. McLoughlin read the marriage service at the union of his employes with their dusky brides, and nothing could exceed its solemnity.

mother, and the blood of her Scotch father could not make her other than a child of the wilderness. She was widow of Alexander McKay, friend and associate of Dr. McLoughlin at Fort William, and she had been a loyal and loving wife to him. Dr. McLoughlin made no mistake in taking her to his breast. No white woman would have been equal to the vicissitudes of life in the heart of the Indian country, but she accompanied him to the distant post on the Columbia with unswerving loyalty. Nor was there ever any failure in his devotion to her. She was always called madame and she exacted for her the utmost respect. One day she was carrying a basket across the open space of the fort. He hastened to relieve her, and turning to a young man who stood idly by, he said: "Sir, are you accustomed to allow a lady to

A Very Womanly Woman.

To read Dorothy Levitt's own words or to look at her records one would at once picture an Amazon. But she is far from that. She is very womanly woman—fairly tall with a willowy figure, large and velvety brown eyes, bronze-colored hair, well-shaped features with a large but laughing mouth. Her muscles are like steel. She is the picture of health and a perfect example of the well-groomed fashionable Englishwoman. Miss Levitt's is a romantic history. In five years she has reached the top of the tree in her unique profession, and makes an income of \$10,000 a year. While this girl of 25 is the most daring and nervous of automobile drivers in the world, outside of her car she would scream at a mouse, and is nervous and afraid when trundling around town in a hansom cab. The Levitts are an old family of London, where Dorothy was born. Her father, who was in the government service, has retired on a pension to his country house. When Dorothy was 20 a marriage was arranged for her with a man nearly three times her age, but unlike the novelist's usual story, he was neither titled nor wealthy. Dorothy quarreled with her parents and ran away. She went to a married relative

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ONE OF THE FIRST MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS BROUGHT TO OREGON COUNTRY.

make much of escorting the fur brigades on the first stage of their journey and giving them a parting blessing as they plunged into the wilderness. And madame loved to go with him on her favorite horse of dappled gray, arrayed in gay attire with tinkling bells and fluttering ribbons and bead work of wonderful beauty. Dr. McLoughlin rode by her side wearing his blue military cloak with bright buttons, his face framed by his long white hair. On they went through forest and glade, two hundred horsemen their escort, cheering the way by snatches of song and laughter. They dismounted for their mid-day meal and then as the shadows lengthened adieu were spoken and Dr. McLoughlin and his wife and their retinue returned to the fort. When these hunters and voyagers came back laden with the spoils of the chase their return was marked with signs of triumph. There were games and dances at the fort and feasting and revelry for high and low.

Great, and Had Strong Enemies.

A man of Dr. McLoughlin's strong personality had enemies, as a matter of course. Men cast in a smaller mold could neither understand nor appreciate him. Such men represented to the London office that Dr. McLoughlin was favoring the Americans to the injury of the interests of the company. He went to London to repel this accusation and showed from the books of the company that he had poured wealth into its coffers. When taxed with disloyalty to his employers by allowing them to purchase food from the stores of the company he replied with a fine burst of indignation: "When men, women and children were starving I did not ask if they were friends or enemies, but as a Christian man I gave them food." Finding, however, that the majority disapproved his humane policy, he resigned his office in 1844. Returning to Oregon he went to live on land at Oregon City which he had taken up in 1829. Here he built a mill and a house for himself. He might justly have looked forward to years of comfort in the midst of a society enriched by the honor he so well deserved. When the provisional government was established he became an American citizen. The better element of the colony recognized his obligation to Oregon, but meaner spirits lost no opportunity to represent to new comers that he was an alien. The sorrows which fell upon his life and broke his heart swiftly followed. In 1851 Samuel R. Thurston, the first representative from the newly constituted territory of Oregon, was sent to congress.

Opinions differ as to the reasons of his attitude towards Dr. McLoughlin. Some ascribe it to a personal grudge; others say that he was misinformed. However, it may be stated that congress, that Dr. McLoughlin had been the enemy of Americans, and had thrown every obstacle in the way of their settlement. No one in Oregon knew the truth. It took eight months at least to reach Oregon from Washington. So the Oregon land bill passed without opposition. This bill confirmed the titles to their lands of all settlers in Oregon except Dr. McLoughlin. His property reverted to the government. What wonder that the old man's heart was broken, and that he felt himself a man without a country. A party made public his story and closed with these words: "To be brief, I plotted this settlement and prevented war between Great Britain and the United States. For doing this peaceful and patriotic act I was treated in such a manner by the British that from self-respect I resigned my situation in the Hudson's Bay company's service, by which I sacrificed \$1,000 per annum, and the grass Oregon land and settlement I received from the Americans."

Honors Restored After Death.

He died in 1857 at the age of 73. Five years later the action of the Oregon legislature restored to the heirs of Dr. McLoughlin the land of which he had been so unjustly deprived. This tardy act of justice should be followed at the present day by some public and perpetual recognition of his great services to Oregon. His portrait hangs in the state house at Salem, but there is no memorial to him in Portland. There should be a noble statue worthy alike of the great white headed eagle and of the beautiful city which has for more than half a century reaped the benefit of his wise foresight and liberal policy. The men who knew him have nearly all passed away. It belongs to the men of the present day to conserve his memory, and to link his great name with their own. Some interesting relics of Dr. McLoughlin are in possession of a granddaughter who is well known in Portland. The table at which he wrote, some of his china, a few pieces of his silver tea service, a melon which he gave her all are treasured in her home. His massive bedstead is at the Hill military academy. His safe, the first one brought to Oregon, is in one of the rooms of the Oregon Historical society. If the project of the preservation of his home in Oregon City is carried out, one cannot but hope that other relics may be secured and placed therein as an exponent of the stately life which is without a parallel in the history of Oregon.

English Woman Challenges All America to Automobile Races

By Agnes Weston.

If there is a woman in the United States who thinks she can equal or better the record of nearly 100 miles an hour in an automobile she will now have a chance to win the title of world's champion woman automobilist. Miss Dorothy Levitt, of London, claims the title, and has many prizes won in various races both in cars on land and in motor boats on sea. Only the other day she eclipsed all women's records at Blackpool by twice doing the flying kilometre in exactly the same time—24 3/5 seconds, which nearly approaches 100 miles an hour.

"I want to arrange a match for the world's championship with an American woman automobilist," she said to me. "Please issue a challenge to America through your paper. I am willing to race either here or at Ormond Beach, Florida, or elsewhere in the United States. The conditions need be of the simplest. I must look to America for a race. There is no one left in Europe with whom to compete. I have beaten them all handsomely. Madame du Gast, the French motorist, does not drive a high-power machine. There are only two real racing cars over here—the 405 horse-power Darracq, the property of the Duke of Guinness, and my 99 horse-power Napier, which has just been sold to a South American millionaire. It goes to Brazil in a few days. But if my challenge is accepted in America, I will go to work and build a new racer. It will be a 99 horse-power, for I think I can handle that best."

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DOROTHY LEVITT WINNING THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE SEA

In another part of London, where her secret well. It was this friend who introduced her to S. F. Edge, the motor-boat racer and automobilist, who arranged her apprenticeship to a firm of French automobile makers on the outskirts of Paris, and there Dorothy Levitt went for six months.

Learning Automobile Business.

While her parents searched everywhere for her, although they knew she was well and happy, Dorothy was learning the automobile business. She began at the bottom as a wiper and cleaner and finished as a machinist and chauffeur. She took an interest in her work, and daily wore her blue overalls and worked alongside the others at the factory. Then she returned to London and immediately began leaving the line and outs of London traffic. Mr. Edge was astonished at her glibly-gathered proficiency and at her nerve. She was soon earning a good salary teaching women how to handle a car. She taught a host of people from the queens and royal princesses down through duchesses and countesses to plain, everyday American visitors. There happened about this time to be a reliability run from Edinburgh to London, in which Miss Levitt was one of the 350 competitors. She reached London thirteenth, and won her first prize and medal thereby. She did all her own repairs on the road. Once in the public eye Miss Levitt

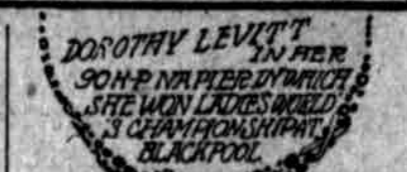
went up with a rush, she was a competitor in the motor-boat race at Cowes, Isle of Wight, the first big contest of the kind held anywhere. Miss Levitt won this big and exciting race, and was taken on board the royal yacht and presented to King Edward, who congratulated her on her pluck and skill. A few days later she raced again at Trouville against all the world's cracks and won the five-mile world's championship of the sea and the \$1,750 cup. She tried racing on land after that, and in cars of increasing power won trophy after trophy. Her biggest race was last July in the Brighton handicap. She drove an 80-horse-power Napier. Madame du Gast's car was 25 horse-power, and the French champion had a very big allowance, but Miss Levitt wore down all her opponents, the cracks of Europe, and won. A baby 8-horsepower car, which she built herself, is one of the darlings in London, with graceful curves and lines, such as are seldom seen on automobiles. The coloring is white picked out with green. Miss Levitt has had plenty of narrow escapes. At Blackpool, for instance, in the speed trials, two dogs, three children and finally three more dogs came out on the track and tried to cross. Miss Levitt spooled her trials, but managed with splendid work to save the children. History does not tell what happened to the dogs. Again at Worcester, hill-climbing, her car was the only one without non-skid wheels. Going around one sharp bend her car began skidding. Miss Levitt,

though the crowd frantically shrieked to her to jump, held tight to her steering wheel and stayed in her seat. Yet her outside wheels went one half an inch from the edge of the road, and after the edge of that road there was nothing but a sheer precipice 100 feet deep. At the last Blackpool speed trials, while going at fully 96 miles an hour, it was a standing start—one of the straps on the bonnet broke and the wind got under the big steel envelope and blew it back. Miss Levitt put the brakes on—slowly at first and then jammed them down hard. The car was stopped just as the last screw gave way and the bonnet flew back. If it had gone back while at the

furious pace of 96 miles an hour the heavy steel covering would have crushed her to death. Miss Levitt makes up for the fearful excitement of automobile racing by quietly going fishing. She is a splendid fisher. As it takes wonderful nerve to play poker, her favorite game, well, Miss Levitt proved a star at the American national card game. She is also an expert at roulette, and has a most wonderful secret system with which she is going this winter to attempt to break the bank at Monte Carlo. She will take with her Dodo, a tiny black Pomeranian dog. Dodo was the property of Miss Marie Cornille and was given to Miss Levitt in Paris three or four years ago. There is a very strict law against admitting dogs into England. So Dodo was smuggled. He was first drugged and then packed in some waste in the repair box of an automobile which came through without much examination. Dodo went to sleep in Paris and came safely out of his trance in London. He goes everywhere with his mistress, and Miss Levitt declares he has traveled

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more miles in an automobile than any other dog in the world. Miss Levitt has traveled much in the last few years—in France, Germany, Spain, Italy and Morocco. Now she wants to visit the United States. Won't somebody accept her challenge for a race?



DOROTHY LEVITT IN HER 99 HORSE-POWER NAPIER CAR AT BLACKPOOL