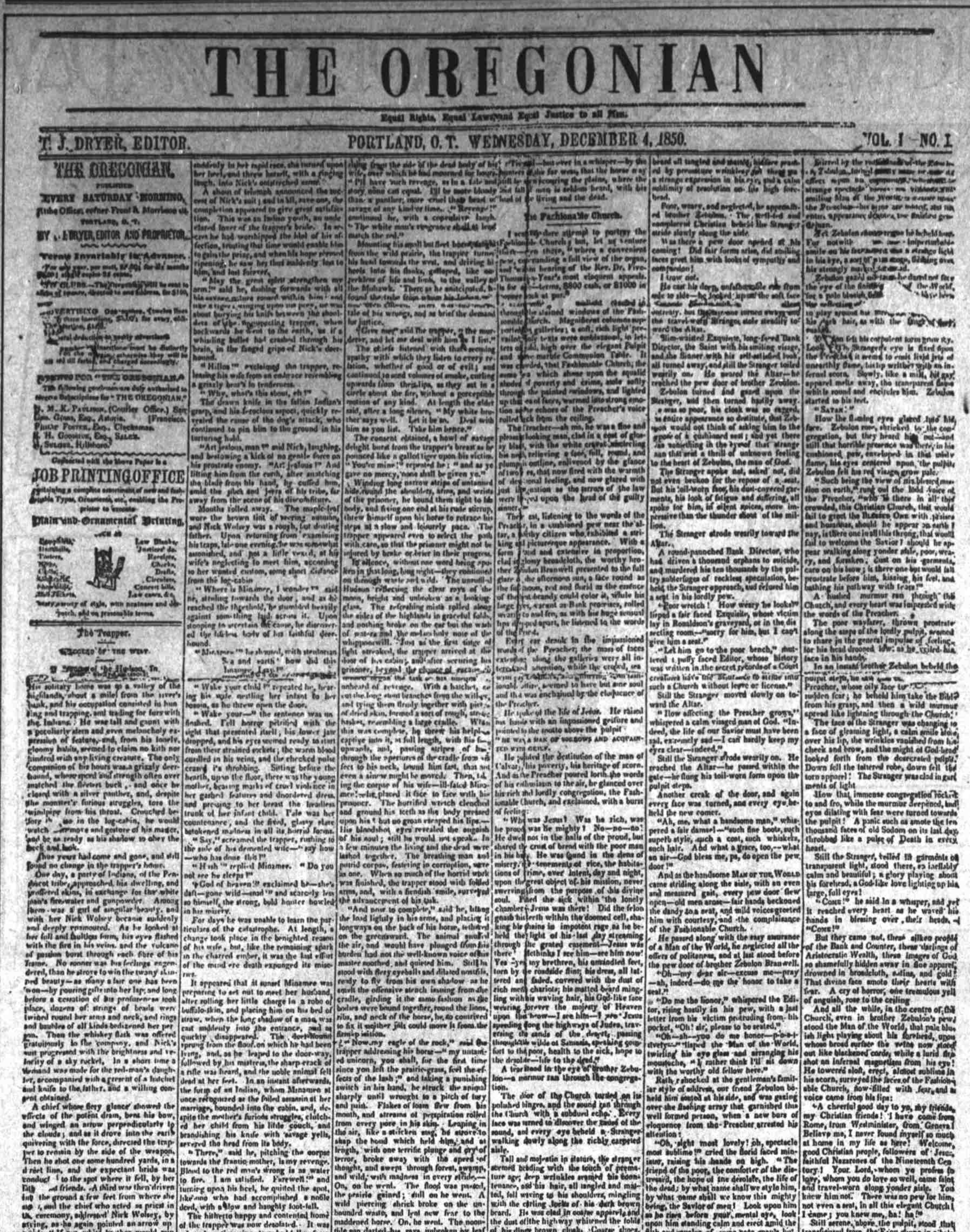

THE OREGONIAN

Equal Rights, Equal Laws, and Equal Justice to all Men.

T. J. DRYER, EDITOR. PORTLAND, O. T. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1850. VOL. 1—NO. 1

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ADVERTISING [illegible]

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Connected with the above Paper is a JOB PRINTING OFFICE containing a complete assortment of new and fashionable Types, Ornaments, etc., enabling the Proprietor to execute Plain and Ornamental Printing, such as [illegible] Law Blanks, Justices' do., Receipts, Checks, Drafts, Circulars, Concert bills, Law cases, &c. every variety of style, with neatness and despatch, and on reasonable terms.

The Trapper.

A LEGEND OF THE WEST.

[illegible] His solitary home was in a valley of the highlands, about a mile from the river's bank, and his occupation consisted in hunting and trapping, and trading for furs with the Indians. He was tall and gaunt with a peculiarly stern and even melancholy expression of feature, and, from his lonely, gloomy habits, seemed to claim no kith nor kindred with any living creature. The only companion of his hours was a grizzly deer-hound, whose speed and strength often over matched the fleetest buck, and once he closed with a silver panther, and, despite the monster's furious struggles, tore the windpipe from his throat. Crouched before [illegible] in the log-cabin, he would watch every move and gesture of his master, and be as ready as his shadow to obey the beck and look.

Five years had come and gone, and still found no change in the trapper's home.

One day, a party of Indians, of the Penobscot tribe, approached his dwelling, and proffered skins, in exchange for the white man's fire-water and gunpowder. Among them was a girl of singular beauty, and with her Nick Wolsey became suddenly and deeply enamoured. As he looked at her full and faultless form, his eyes flashed with the fire in his veins, and the volcano of passion burst through each fibre of his frame. No sooner was his feelings engendered, than he strove to win the twany skinned beauty—as many a fair one has been won—by pouring gifts into her lap, and long before a cessation of his profuseness took place, dozens of strings of beads were twined round her arms and neck, and rings and baubles of all kinds bedizened her person. Then the whiskey flask was offered gratuitously to the company, and Nick's suit progressed with the brightness and velocity of a sky rocket. In a short time a demand was made for the red-man's daughter, accompanied with a present of a hatchet and knife to the father, and a willing consent obtained.

A chief whose fiery glance showed the effects of the potent dram, bent his bow, and winged an arrow perpendicularly to the clouds; and as it drove into the earth quivering with the force, directed the trapper to remain by the side of the weapon. Then he shot one some hundred yards, in a direct line, and the expectant bride was conducted to the spot where it fell, by her father and friends. A third was then driven into the ground a few feet from where she stood, and the chief who acted as priest in the ceremony, addressed Nick Wolsey, by saying, as he again pointed an arrow upwards, "If my white brother would win the bird, he must catch her ere she gains her nest;" and drawing his bow, the barbed arrow twanged from the string, and away rushed the trapper at the signal. For a brief second, the coquette seemed resolved to reach the goal which would have freed her from the plighted troth; but stopping suddenly in her rapid race, she turned upon her heel, and threw herself, with a ringing laugh, into Nick's outstretched arms.

A shout of triumph announced the success of Nick's suit; and to all, save one, the completion appeared to give great satisfaction. This was an Indian youth, an undeclared lover of the trapper's bride. In secret he had worshipped the idol of his affection, trusting that time would enable him to gain the prize, and when his hope seemed ripening, he saw her thus suddenly lost to him, and lost forever.

"May the great spirit strengthen my arm!" said he, dashing forwards with all his savage nature roused within him; and like a tiger, springing upon his prey, he was about burying his knife between the shoulders of the unsuspecting trapper, when backwards he went to the earth, as if a whistling bullet had crashed through his brain, in the fanged gripe of Nick's deer-hound.

"Hillos!" exclaimed the trapper, releasing his wife from an embrace resembling a grizzly bear's in tenderness. "Why, what's this about, eh?"

The drawn knife in the fallen Indian's grasp, and his ferocious aspect, quickly revealed the cause of the dog's attack, who continued to pin him to the ground in his torturing hold.

"Art jealous, man?" said Nick, laughing, and bestowing a kick of no gentle force on his prostrate enemy. "Art jealous?" And lifting him from the earth, after snatching the blade from his hand, he cuffed him, amid the glee and jeers of his tribe, far away from the scene of his discomfiture.

Months rolled away. The maple-leaf wore the brown tint of waning autumn, and Nick Wolsey was a rough, but doting father. Upon returning from examining his traps, late one evening, he was somewhat astonished, and not a little vexed, at his wife's neglecting to meet him, according to her wonted custom, some short distance from the log-cabin.

"Where is Minamee, I wonder?" said he, striding towards the door, and as he reached the threshold, he stumbled heavily against something laid across it. Upon stooping to ascertain the cause, he discovered the lifeless body of his faithful deer-hound.

"Minamee!" he shouted, with stentorian [illegible] Sea and earth! how did this [illegible]

"Wake your child!" repeated he, hearing his wife nestling her infant to her bosom, as he threw open the door.

"Wake your—" the sentence was unfinished. Fell horror petrified with the sight that presented itself; his lower jaw dropped, and his eyes seemed ready to start from their strained sockets; the warm blood curdled in his veins, and the checked pulse ceased its throbbing. Sitting before the hearth, upon the floor, there was the young mother, bearing marks of cruel violence in her gashed features and disordered dress, and pressing to her breast the headless trunk of her infant child. Pale was her countenance, and the fixed, glassy stare betokened madness in all its horrid forms.

"Say," screamed the trapper, rushing to the side of his demented wife—"say how—who has done this?"

"Hush!" replied Minamee. "Do you not see he sleeps?"

"God of heaven!" exclaimed he—"she's daft—gone wild—mad!" and scarcely less so himself, the strong, bold hunter howled in his misery.

For days he was unable to learn the particulars of the catastrophe. At length, a change took place in the benighted reason of his wife, but, like the remaining spark in the charred ember, it was the last effort of the mind ere death expunged its misery.

It appeared that at sunset Minamee was preparing to set out to meet her husband, after rolling her little charge in a robe of buffalo-skin, and placing him on his bed of straw, when the long shadow of a man was cast suddenly into the entrance, and as quickly disappeared. The deer-hound sprung from the floor on which he had been lying, and, as he leaped to the door-way, followed by his mistress, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and the noble animal fell dead at her feet. In an instant afterwards, the form of an Indian, whom Minamee at once recognized as the foiled assassin at her marriage, bounded into the cabin, and, despite the mother's furious struggles, clutched her child from his little couch, and brandishing his knife with savage yells, severed the head from its body.

"There," said he, pitching the corpse towards the frantic mother, "is my revenge. Blood to the red man's wrong is as water to fire. I am satisfied. Farewell!" and turning upon his heel, he quitted the spot, like one who had accomplished a noble deed, with a slow and haughty foot-fall.

The hitherto happy and contented home of the trapper was now desolated. It was a long, long time since tears had fallen from Nick Wolsey's eyes; but as he watched the sinking moments of his dying wife, they chased each other down his furrowed cheeks in streams, and showed the flood-gates of his heart were open. As the sun rose, the spirit of Minamee fled.

"Revenge!" exclaimed the trapper, rising from the side of the dead body of his wife, over which he had mourned for hours. "I'll have such revenge, as in a tale and story none can equal. I'll be more bloody than a panther, more cruel than beast or savage of any kind or time. Revenge!" continued he, with a convulsive laugh. "The white man's vengeance shall at least match the red."

Mounting his swift but fleet horse, straight from the wild prairie, the trapper turned his head towards the west, and driving his heels into his flanks, galloped, like one jerkless of life and limb, to the valley of the Mohawk. There as he anticipated, he found the tribe from whom his Indian [illegible] tale of his wrongs, and as brief the demand for justice.

"Give him!" said the trapper, "the murderer, and let me deal with him as I list."

The chiefs listened with that seeming apathy with which they listen to every relation, whether of good or of evil; and continued to send volumes of smoke, curling upwards from their lips, as they sat in a circle about the fire, without a perceptible motion of any kind. At length the eldest said, after a long silence, "My white brother says well. Let it be so. Deal with him as you list. Take him hence."

The consent obtained, a howl of savage delight burst from the trapper's breast as he pounced like a galled tiger upon his victim. "You're mine!" repeated he; "and as ye gave no mercy, none shall be given ye."

Winding long narrow strips of untanned hide round the shoulders, arms, and wrists of the prisoner, he bound them tight to his body, and fixing one end at his rude stirrup, threw himself upon his horse to retrace his steps at a slow and leisurely pace. The trapper appeared even to select the path with care, so that the prisoner might not be injured by brake or brier in their progress.

In silence, without one word being spoken in that long, long night—they continued on through waste and wild. The unruffled Hudson reflecting the clear rays of the moon, bright and unbroken as a looking-glass. The refreshing mists rolled along the sides of the highlands in graceful folds, and nothing broke on the ear but the wash of waters and the melancholy note of the whippoorwill. Just as the first tinge of light streaked, the trapper arrived at the door of his cabin, and after securing his prisoner, beyond the chance of escape, [illegible] unheard of revenge. With a hatchet, he cut the long stout branches from the willow, and tying them firmly together with pieces of dried skin, formed a sort of rough, strong basket, resembling a large cradle. When this was complete, he threw his helpless captive into it, at full length, with his face upwards, and, passing stripes of hide through the apertures of the cradle from his feet to his neck, bound him fast, that not even a sinew might be moved. Then, taking the corpse of his wife—ill-fated Minamee!—he placed it face to face with his prisoner. The horrified wretch clenched and ground his teeth as the body pressed upon his, but no groan escaped his lips—His bloodshot eyes revealed the anguish of his soul; still he would not speak. In a few minutes the living and the dead were lashed together. The breathing man and putrid corpse, festering in corruption, were as one. When so much of the horrid work was finished, the trapper stood with folded arms, and, with a fiendish smile, surveyed the advancement of his task.

"And now to complete," said he, lifting the load lightly in his arms, and placing it longways on the back of his horse, tethered on the greensward. The animal snuffed the air, and would have plunged from his burden had not the well-known voice of his master soothed, and quieted him. Still he stood with fiery eyeballs and dilated nostrils, ready to fly from his own shadow as he smelt the offensive stench issuing from the cradle, girding it the same fashion as the bodies were bound together, round the loins, ribs, and neck of the horse, he so contrived to fix it neither jolt could move it from the firm position.

"Now, my eagle of the rock," said the trapper addressing his horse—"my untamed unicorn, you shall, for the first time since you left the prairie-grass, feel the effects of the lash;" and taking a punishing switch in his hand, he struck the animal sharply until wrought to a pitch of fury and pain. Flakes of foam flew from his mouth, and streams of perspiration rolled from every pore in his skin. Leaping in the air, like a stricken stag, he strove to snap the bond which held him, and at length, with one terrific plunge and cry of terror, broke away with the speed of thought, and swept through forest, swamp, and wild, with madness in every stride.—On, on he went. The flood was passed, the prairie gained; still on he went. A wild piercing shriek broke on the unbounded waste, and lent new fear to the maddened horse. On, he went. The noontide sun darted his rays, unbroken by leaf or bough, upon the fleeing o'er loaded steed; but still his gallop was unslackened. His skimming shadow became gigantic in the falling light; and still he continued on. The pale moon tipped the thin fleecy clouds with her silver light; and yet, his speed was unabated.

'Tis said—but ever in a whisper—by the hunters of the far west, that the horse may still be seen scouring the plains, where the foot fall of man is seldom heard, with his load of the living and the dead.

The Fashionable Church.

I scarcely dare attempt to portray the Fashionable Church; but, let us venture there—even there, "where a convenient pew, commanding a full view of the organ, and within hearing of the Rev. Dr. Five-Thousand-a-Year's most eloquent appeals, is for sale—terms, $800 cash, or $1000 in [illegible] at par."

[illegible] through the stained windows of the Fashionable Church. Magnificent columns supported galleries; a soft, rich light prevailed; holy texts were emblazoned, in letters of gold, high over the elegant Pulpit and the marble Communion Table. It was crowded, that Fashionable Church; the sunrays which shone upon the squalid abodes of poverty and crime, stole softly through the painted windows, and lighted up the proud faces, warmed into strong emotion as the echoes of the Preacher's voice rolled back from the ceiling.

The Preacher—ah me, he was a fine and pleasant looking man, clad in a coat of glossy black, with the white cravat encircling his neck, relieving a face, full, round, and plump in outline, enlivened by the glance of two eyes, that now fired with the warmth of devotional feeling, and now glared with just indignation as the terrors of the law were hurled upon the head of the guilty sinner.

There sat, listening to the words of the Preacher, in a cushioned pew near the altar, a worthy citizen who exhibited a striking and picturesque appearance. With a form broad and extensive in proportion, clad in glossy broadcloth, the worthy brother Zebulon Branwell presented to the full glare of the afternoon sun, a face round as the full moon, red and florid as the essence of the best brandy could color it, while his large eyes, vacant as Bank promises, rolled wearily to and fro, as with his huge sensual lips dropped apart, he listened to the words of the Priest.

Every ear drank in the impassioned words of the Preacher; the mass of faces extending along the galleries were all intent and attention, while the crowd, [illegible] one soul and that was enchained by the eloquence of the Preacher.

He spoke of the life of Jesus. He raised his hands with an impassioned gesture and pointed to the motto above the pulpit: "HE WAS A MAN OF SORROWS AND ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF."

He painted the destitution of the man of Calvary, his poverty, his heritage of scorn. And as the Preacher poured forth the words of his enthusiasm to the air, he glanced over his rich and lordly congregation, the Fashionable Church, and exclaimed, with a burst of feeling:

"Who was Jesus? Was he rich, was he proud, was he mighty? No—no—no! He dwelt not in the halls of the proud, but shared the crust of bread with the poor man in his hut. He was found in the dens of misery, the tenements of vice, the habitations of crime, ever intent, day and night, upon the great object of his mission, never swerving from the purpose of his divine soul. Paled the sick within the lonely chamber—Jesus was there! Did the felon gnash his teeth within the doomed cell, shaking his chains in impotent rage as he beheld the light of his last day streaming through the grated casement—Jesus was there! Methinks I see him—see him now! Yes—yes, my brethren, his unsandled feet, torn by the roadside flint; his dress, all tattered and faded, covered with the dust of rich men's chariots; his matted beard mingling with his waving hair, his God-like face wearing forever the majesty of Heaven upon the brow—I see him—I see Jesus speeding along the highways of Judea, traversing the sands of the desert, passing through the wilds of Samaria, speaking comfort to the poor, health to the sick, hope to the desolate—life to the dead."

A tear stood in the eye of brother Zebulon—a murmur ran through the congregation.

The door of the Church turned on its polished hinges, and the sound ran through the Church with a subdued echo. Every face was turned to discover the cause of the sound, and every eye beheld a Stranger walking slowly along the richly carpeted aisle.

Tall and majestic in stature, the stranger seemed bending with the touch of premature age; deep wrinkles seamed his countenance, and his hair, all tangled and matted, fell waving to his shoulders, mingling with the curling locks of his dark brown beard. He was clad in coarse apparel, and the dust of the highway whitened the folds of his dingy brown cloak. Coarse shoes, all worn and torn by weary travel, but half defended his feet, and his extended hand, so fair, so woman like in its outline, grasped a pike staff, which guided his steps along the aisle.

Poor was the Stranger, soiled by the dust of travel, clad in coarse attire, his hair and beard all tangled and matted, his face prematurely wrinkled; yet there was a strange expression in his eye, and a calm sublimity of resolution on his high forehead.

Poor, weary, and neglected, he approached brother Zebulon. The well-fed and complacent Christian beheld the Stranger stride slowly along the aisle.

Was there a pew door opened at his coming? Did fair forms arise, did smiling faces greet him with looks of sympathy and compassion?

I trow not.

He cast his deep, unfathomable eye from side to side—he looked upon the soft faces [illegible] entreaty, but every one turned away, and the travel-worn Stranger stole steadily toward the Altar.

Slim-waisted Exquisite, long-faced Bank Director, the Saint with his smiling visage, and the Sinner with his self-satisfied look, all turned away, and still the Stranger toiled wearily on. He neared the Altar—he reached the pew door of brother Zebulon. Zebulon turned and gazed upon the Stranger, and then turned hastily away. He was so poor, his cloak was so ragged, his entire appearance so destitute, that Zebulon would not think of asking him to the repose of a cushioned seat; and yet there was something in the eye of that strange man that sent a thrill of unknown feeling to the heart of Zebulon, the man of God.

The Stranger spoke not, asked not, did not even beckon for the repose of a seat. But his toil-worn face, his dust-covered garments, his look of fatigue and suffering, all spoke for him, in silent voices, more impressive than the thunder shout of the million.

The Stranger strode wearily toward the Altar.

A round-paunched Bank Director, who had driven a thousand orphans to suicide, and murdered his ten thousands by the paltry subterfuges of reckless speculation, beheld the Stranger approach, and refused him a seat in his lordly pew.

"Poor wretch! How weary he looks!" lisped a fair faced Exquisite, whose victim lay in Ronaldson's graveyard, or in the dissecting room—"sorry for him, but I can't give him a seat."

"Let him go to the poor bench," stuttered a puffy faced Editor, whose history was written in the secret records of a Court [illegible] such a Church without leave or license."

Still the Stranger moved slowly on toward the Altar.

"How affecting the Preacher grows," whispered a calm visaged man of God. "Indeed, the life of our Savior must have been sad, extremely sad—I can hardly keep my eyes clear—indeed."

Still the Stranger strode wearily on. He reached the Altar—he passed within the gate—he flung his toil-worn form upon the pulpit steps.

Another creak of the door, and again every face was turned, and every eye beheld the new comer.

"Ah, me, what a handsome man," whispered a fair damsel—"such fine boots, such superb style, such a coat, such whiskers, such hair. And what a grace, too,—what an air—God bless me, pa, do open the pew door!"

And as the handsome MAN OF THE WORLD came striding along the aisle, with an even and measured gait, every pew door flew open—old men arose—fair hands beckoned the dandy to a seat, and mild voices greeted him with courtesy, and the complaisance of the Fashionable Church.

He passed along with the easy assurance of a Man of the World, he neglected all the offers of politeness, and at last stood before the pew door of brother Zebulon Branwell.

"Oh—my dear sir—excuse me—pray—ah, indeed—do me the honor to take a seat."

"Do me the honor," whispered the Editor, rising hastily in his pew, with a just letter from his victim protruding from his pocket, "Oh! sir, please to be seated."

"Oh—ah—you do me honor—p-o-s-i-tively—" lisped the Man of the World, twirling his eye glass and arranging his moustache, "I rather think I'll sit down with the worthy old fellow here."

Rather shocked at the gentleman's familiar style of address, our friend Zebulon beheld him seated at his side, and was gazing over the flashing array that garnished this well formed person, when a new burst of eloquence from the Preacher arrested his attention:

"Oh, sight most lovely! oh, spectacle most sublime!" cried the florid faced minister, raising his hands on high. "The friend of the poor, the comforter of the distressed, the hope of the desolate, the life of the dead; by what name shall we style him, by what name shall we know this mighty being, the Savior of men! Look upon him as he rises before your mental eye, look upon him standing calm and erect amid the filth and squalor of some poor man's hut, look upon him in his tattered robes, his soiled apparel, yet with the might of God-head on his brow; look upon him and view his outstretched hand scattering blessings on the poor, and then think of his name—Jesus the friend of the people—JESUS THE FRIEND OF THE POOR!"

Stirred by the recollection of the Preacher's words, Zebulon, [illegible] strange spectacle [illegible] smiling [illegible] the Preacher [illegible]

Yet Zebulon shuddered as he beheld him. For notwithstanding [illegible] imperturbable smile on his face, there was a strange light in his eye, a sort of [illegible] flashing even, his strongly marked face [illegible].

Zebulon gazed [illegible]—he dared not face the eye of the finished [illegible] the World, [illegible] a pale bluish flame [illegible] to play around his [illegible] his dark hair, as with the [illegible]

Zebulon felt his corpulent form grow icy. Look! the Stranger's eye is fixed upon the Preacher; it seems to emit livid jets of unearthly flame, his lip writhes with an infernal scorn. Slowly, like a mist, his gay apparel melts away, the transparent flame which is round and encircles him. Zebulon started to his feet.

"SATAN!"

How the flaming eyes glared into his face. Zebulon rose, shrieked to the congregation, but they heard him not—and still that horrible presence was there, in his cushioned pew, enveloped in that wild flame, his eyes centered upon the pulpit. Zebulon felt his red visage grow pale.

"Such being the view of his blessed mission on earth," rung out the bold voice of the Preacher, "who is there in all this crowded, this Christian Church, that would fail to greet the Blessed One with praises and hosannas, should he appear on earth? nay, is there one in all this throng, that would fail to welcome the Savior? should he appear walking along yonder aisle, poor, weary, and forsaken; dust on his garments, care on his brow; is there one but would fall prostrate before him, kissing his feet, and bathing his pathway with tears?"

A hushed murmur ran through the Church, and every heart was impressed with the words of the Preacher.

The poor wayfarer, thrown prostrate along the steps of the lordly pulpit, seemed to share in the general impulse of feeling, for his head drooped low, as he veiled his face in his hands.

In an instant brother Zebulon beheld the pulpit steps, he saw [illegible] Preacher, whose oily face [illegible] sudden fear; he beheld him take the Bible from his grasp, and then a wild murmur spread like lightning through the Church.

The face of the Stranger was changing to a face of gleaming light, a calm smile [illegible] over his lip, the wrinkles vanished from his cheek and brow, and the might of God-head looked forth from the desecrated pulpit. Down fell the tattered robe, down fell the torn apparel! The Stranger was clad in garments of light.

How that immense congregation rocked to and fro, while the murmur deepened, and eyes dilating with fear were turned towards the pulpit! A panic such as smote the ten thousand faces of old Sodom on its last day, throbbed like a pulse of Death in every heart.

Still the Stranger, robed in garments of transparent light, stood there, so ineffably calm and beautiful; a glory playing about his forehead, a God-like love lighting up his large, full eyes!

"COME!" he said in a whisper, and yet it reached every heart as he waved his hands in blessing over their heads,—"COME!"

But they came not, these silken people of the Bank and Counter, these darlings of Aristocratic Wealth, these images of God so shamefully hidden away in fine apparel, drowned in broadcloth, satins, and gold! That divine face smote their hearts with fear. A cry of horror, one tremulous yell of anguish, rose to the ceiling.

And all the while, in the centre of the Church, even in brother Zebulon's pew, stood the Man of the World, that pale bluish light playing about his forehead, upon whose broad surface the veins now stood out like blackened cords, while a lurid fire shot an infernal magnetism from his eye! He towered aloft, erect, almost sublime in his scorn, surveyed the faces of the Fashionable Church, now filled with fear, and a voice came from his lips:

"A cheerful good day to ye, my friends, my Christian friends! I have come from Rome, from Westminister, from Geneva! Believe me, I never found myself so much at home in my life as here! Welcome, good Christian people, followers of Jesus, faithful Nazarenes of the Nineteenth Century! Your Lord,—whom ye profess to love, whom you do love so well, came faint and travel-worn along yonder aisle. You knew him not. There was no pew for him, not even a seat, in all this elegant Church! I came; you knew me, ha! ha!"

Still serene, above the pulpit, stood that transfigured form, the Face shone in a halo of Light, a love fathomless as eternity, wreathing its lips, and shining from his eyes.

"COME!" said the voice, beckoning like a father to a wayward child, or like a brother to his brethren and sisters, whom

[CONTINUED ON PAGE

FIRST NUMBER, FIRST VOLUME *of* PORTLAND NEWSPAPER

T. J. Dryer Launched "The Oregonian" Dec. 4, 1850

On December 4, 1850, T. J. Dryer presented the people of Portland with the first numbers of the Oregonian, a copy of the first page of which is reproduced above. The office was at the corner of Front and Morrison streets overlooking the river and here Dryer and his small force of compositors framed early newspaper history for the state. "Portland, Oregon Territory," was then a mere speck of a place with a series of wagon roads leading from it to the rich valleys. Communication with the outside world was almost entirely confined to steamers operating between this city and San Francisco.

The steamer Gold Hunter brought the first newspapers and mail to the Oregonian. The San Francisco correspondent of the paper told of having forwarded mail by the Sea Gull and of that vessel's trouble on account of cholera breaking out among the crew. The most important news, he added, was the adjournment of congress and the fight on the floor of the senate between Colonel Fremont and Senator Foote, in which Foote was the victor. Colonel Fremont had arrived at San Francisco with his wife and he met with a cold reception on account of his attitude in the matter of certain mining bills which greatly affected the interests of Oregon and California miners. The correspondent wrote of the Indian troubles in the northern part of California and the growth of San Francisco.

The Portland & Valley railroad was an enterprise fathered by Dryer. He urged his readers to assist the project which designed to operate a railroad from Portland to Lafayette, Yamhill county.

Dryer was a Whig and he led off his editorial page with lines bearing upon his political policy and a call to his frends to support the administration.

A copy of the first Oregonian is in possession of George Lewis of Albina.

The STREETS *and* THE SCHOOLS

A Great English Novelist Suggests Real Remedy to Counteract Street Influences

By Mrs. Humphrey Ward.
(Exclusive Service from Charities and the Commons Press Bureau.)

There are two sides to play—the making, contriving, willing side, and the cooperative side. In the first the child is the king of the world, exercising its tiny will on all that is smaller and feebler than it. In the second it is learning to give and take, to yield that it may get, to obey that it may triumph. The first is the earliest. A child who is dressing, undressing, schooling, petting, bullying its dolls, is all the time sharpening its own personality, strengthening its own sense of power. I saw an amusing instance of this in my own grandchild a few weeks ago. I took her a large doll which was supposed to stand on its feet. But the doll was top-heavy, the weight of her head pulled her down and she constantly fell over. A friend standing by said laughing, "The doll's got too much brains, Mary." Mary immediately straightened herself on her two strong legs and with a glance of contempt at the doll, said with indescribable jubilation, "I've got no brains; I can stand." The inferences were rather topsy-turvey, but the triumph was complete.

So much for the development of personality. Next comes, as we all know, the discipline of personality, and here it is that all combined and cooperative play is so invaluable. But no need to dwell upon this. It has been condensed in that saying, which, at any rate we all like to attribute to the Duke of Wellington, as to the playing fields of Eton. There is nothing that the richer classes value so much as this aspect of play for their children. We all know what it means for character, for physical development, for health of mind and body. The children of the rich are now perhaps overdone with toys—overdone with games. Here we have to guard against excess and exaggeration. But the children of the poor have still to enter on their true heritage of play. And here I think one may say that America has led the way. Your vacation schools, your organized playgrounds have been teaching us all—yourselves first, other nations next. What are the opportunities lying dominant in the play-hour of children. We have borrowed vacation schools from you. I wish with all my heart we in England could borrow your evening play centers. But I think we have something now going on in London—something which you have not got, as part at any rate of your public system, and which it seems to me shows what ought to be the next step both in England and America.

Schools Should Be Used.

For what we want is not merely a holiday provision, not merely an occasional provision; we want a daily and familiar alternative, for the children of the poor, to the life of the street, with its physical and moral danger, and we want to use the public schools for that purpose. At least, that is my own experience. I don't know from experience what your streets may be like as play places for children—but I can tell you something of our own. Of course, the districts of London vary greatly, but take this testimony from a schoolmaster in Hoxton, one of the poor districts of London.

This man of 20 years' experience writes me that for a large number of the children in his school the word "home" has no meaning. "I will write only of what I have seen and come in contact with during my 22 years as a teacher in Hoxton. Many of the families live in one room, and often during the whole of the evening the children are huddled together here, in this one ill-lit and badly ventilated room. Father very soon goes out and probably mother; result, the children wait until they return before going to bed. A hard case is that where the mother goes to work and returns perhaps at 8 p. m. or later. Children cannot be trusted indoors, they therefore play in the streets. If they are allowed indoors they must not have a light—it would be dangerous and also expensive. They naturally, therefore, seek the streets, where they play or huddle together 'until mother comes home.'

"Many a plan is here laid for petty theft. The smaller ones are encouraged to beg from shopkeepers, and often are compelled by the older ones to steal from the shops whilst they, the older ones, wait around the corner. I have seen 20 children of all ages playing outside a public house for hours, amid sights which render them callous. If it rain, they seek a sheltered side street, and play there to the accompaniment of virulent abuse from the occupiers of the houses. My experience of London children is that they do not know how to play. It would be a good work merely to teach them how to play. But again, speaking from 22 years' experience of boys in London, no game is enjoyed by them which does not give opportunity for gambling. They gamble with buttons, screws, cherry-stones and picture cards from packets of cigarettes. I have seen boys playing a real game of 'banker' with these picture cards, sitting silently for two hours at a stretch absorbed in the game."

Lawlessness of Boys.

Only a few weeks ago in the same district, the police magistrate made a despairing speech about the lawlessness of boys in the streets. What, he asked, are the schools and the homes doing? These boys are one and all on the road to criminal and idle life. At Manchester at the present moment a special effort is being made to stop the gambling of boys of school age in the streets; and at Bradford lately the town council and the education committee have been specially concerned with some very serious matters connected with the life of children in the streets, and with the measures necessary to modify or stop it.

Meanwhile, among the more respectable parents, the reaction against this life of the streets, and the fear of bad company for their children, is creating another evil. You will sometimes hear it said—by the well-to-do—that the children are as well off in the streets as anywhere, and that it is coddling and fussing to try to take them out of them. Well, it does not much matter what we think—the question is, what the parents of these children think, and there can be no doubt whatever that the respectable parents—with us in England, at any rate—are more and more determined to keep their children out of the streets, and that means that they spend a very large portion of their play-time cooped up in tenement rooms 11 or 12 feet square, with no room for play and a minimum of fresh air.

Here, then, is our case for reform; bad influences in the streets—and at home lack of fresh air. What can be done? You and we have the remedy at our doors. Use the school buildings. Organize play-time!

BUYS $50,000 NECKLACE FOR $20

Through Mistake of Clerk in Imitation Jewelry Store Woman Gets Real Instead of Bogus Article

(From a Staff Correspondent.)

Paris, March 14—The joy of a woman who, through the blunder of a clerk in a jewelry store, is able to buy a $50,000 pearl necklace for $20 must be intense. But it is only a circumstance to the sorrow of the employer of the clerk whose innocence made the mistake possible. Luckily for the jeweler (and the clerk) the woman who purchased the string of precious stones was honest when put to the severe test and returned them when she discovered that a most amazing mistake had been made.

A story like this deserves to take its place side by side with the one that tells of the buying of Manhattan island for a paltry $14. It is more incredible to present day readers. Yet it is just as true, for this comedy, which came very near being a tragedy, involving as it did the possible ruin of the jeweler, has just been enacted here.

Mme. Rochelle, the wife of a prosperous lawyer, wishing to purchase a high-class imitation pearl necklace for herself, repaired to a well known establishment in the Due du Louvre. Now it so happens that this same store is patronized by the rich and the titled who wish clever imitations for their famous jewels made for public wear. This is a common practice, some owners of magnificent collections going so far as to have every stone in their possession duplicated in paste.

Among the customers in this way, of the store, was a famous Russian princess, whose pearls are the talk of Paris, where she resides, and the envy of her less fortunate friends. Some days previous to the visit of Mme. Rochelle to the store the titled customer had left to be imitated a string of rare pearls, valued at $50,000. In getting it together, dealers in Paris and elsewhere had been running their legs off for many months and when it was finally delivered to its owner it was pronounced worthy to take its place beside other almost priceless necklaces worn on royal throats.

The proprietor of the store, into whose hands the Russian princess had delivered this valuable necklace, placed it in one of the safes, along with several imitation strings, but on a separate shelf. He did not, however, speak to any of the assistants about its presence there. So when Mme. Rochelle entered and asked to see a number of necklaces, among the other strings brought from the safe for her inspection was the one of real pearls belonging to the Russian princess.

Now, this wife of a French lawyer was no judge of pearls. It is safe to say that she would not be able to tell the difference between a real jewel and the imitations sold by this excellent store in the Rue de Louvre. Yet it did not take her very long to decide that she wanted the real pearls in preference to the imitations. Imitations are all very well when compared with the ordinary pearls that reach the open market, but the man who can creditably reproduce the pearls that find their way into a $50,000 necklace has yet to see the light of day.

With her "imitation" pearls under her arm, Mme. Rochelle paid spot cash and departed, leaving behind no clue to her identity.

A few days later, at a dinner party, she wore the necklace for the first time. Several of the guests admired it, but most of them concluded, knowing Mme. Rochelle's circumstances in life, that it was a very clever imitation of the real article. Finally, one who knew more about jewels than the ordinary man in the street, remarked upon its beauty, saying: "It must be worth at least 200,000 francs."

"Oh, no," replied Mme. Rochelle, laughing at the idea. "As a matter of fact, I bought it not many days ago and only paid a hundred francs for it."

"But I assure you," the man persisted, "that it is worth much more than that. I know something about stones myself and am certain I am right. However, I have a friend here who is a connoisseur of pearls and he will know at once."

He accordingly brought his friend who, after examining the necklace, confirmed his friend's opinion that the pearls were real ones, and of great value.

Meanwhile, in the Rue du Louvre, the proprietor and his unfortunate assistant were having 57 varieties of convulsions. They never expected to see Mme. Rochelle again and the proprietor was making preparations for putting up the shutters and closing the business out, for if he was compelled to pay the Russian princess for her lost necklace he would not only be ruined financially for the time being but he would lose all his titled customers thereafter. He determined, however, to keep the matter a secret until the princess demanded her necklace back, and he hardly took his eyes off the door dreading as he did a call from that individual.

The day following Mme. Rochelle's dinner party, with many sighs and regrets, that estimable woman packed up the beautiful pearls and repaired to the store in the Rue du Louvre. Immediately she stepped inside the door, the proprietor and several of the assistants rushed excitedly toward her. Imagine their surprise and joy when she held out the package towards them and announced that she had brought the pearls back.

SPRING FLOWERS *of* OREGON

By H. T. J.

Among the flowers that come in the early spring perhaps the daffodil, of the narcissus family, is a greater favorite than almost any other, both single and double varieties are easily grown. After planting the bulbs in the fall, they will continue to flower year after year without replanting.

They are natives of southwestern Europe and have been cultivated for at least 300 years.

The standard works on the narcissus in English are Burbridge's, Barr's and Haworth. Closely associated with them are the tulips, which belong to the lily family. The name came from a Persian word meaning turban, which the inverted flower resembles. They are natives of oriental countries, Asia Minor, China and Japan. Much has been written about them. They were introduced into Europe by the Austrian ambassador to Turkey, who saw them in a Constantinople garden in 1554. From Vienna they spread rapidly and the botanist, Gesner, has left the first description of them.

The bulb growers of Holland have been famous ever since the "mania" of 1634, when great sums were paid for a single bulb. Speculation was responsible for the ruin of many, and government intervention was necessary to put a stop to the craze. Since then, however, the industry has always been profitable to the Dutch growers, and is of great commercial importance.

It is not confined to tulips but includes most of the bulbous plants. Among the early flowering shrubs the laurestinus is one of the most beautiful, its dark green leaves, pretty pink buds and little white flowers are almost continuous through the year. The dark blue berries are small, and in some members of the family much loved by the birds. It is one of the glories of the Spanish and Portuguese hillsides so much admired by travelers. It is not a laurel as one might think from its name, but a viburnum, and the different shrubs of the family are to be found in most of the temperate countries of the world.

The familiar snowball is one of them. It also includes some of the finest shrubs of the eastern states, which are not evergreen however.

The pyrus japonica, or flowering quince is another fine shrub that is making gay the gardens of the city just now. Both red and white varieties are beautiful. The red was the "fire bush" of old fashioned gardens. The flowers in shape and construction are much like apple blossoms, but are brilliant red and so close together as almost to hide the thorny stems.

Leaves start after the flowers, so that during flowering time they are not large enough to show much. It is a good sized shrub, five feet or more, a native of Japan and ornamental all the year. The leaves have a curious habit of extending down the leaf-stem, and turn a deep bronze color in the fall. The fruit is sometimes used for preserving.

AT THE "POLCIRKELN."

Only Arctic Railroad Also Passes a Mountain of Iron Ore.

From the New York Sun.

A new itinerary is offered to the local globe-trotter. It is now possible for him to travel in Lapland, the land of the midnight sun, in a sleeping-car. This luxury, however, is supplied only during the three summer months when tourists may be enticed to cross the Polar circle and travel for 270 miles on the only Arctic railroad yet built.

This is the railroad that was first pushed north of the Arctic Circle to carry the iron ore of Gellivara down to the Baltic for shipment to Germany and England. A million tons of ore is hauled down to the port of Lulea in winter awaiting the steamers that come when navigation opens.

Within a few years the polar road has been extended 200 miles west to the Atlantic, where the ice free port of Narvik has been built. Summer and winter ships are always loading there with iron ore, and they carry away about 1,500,000 tons a year. To iron ore, which is the mainstay of traffic, the railroad is now adding an increasing number of tourists.

All passenger trains on one of the lines to the City of Mexico stop at a monument near the track, on which is inscribed in Spanish "The Tropic of Cancer." Everybody goes out to see what the tropic looks like.

So trains on this Arctic railroad halt in the middle of a peat bog, where a board stands erect bearing the word, "Polcirkeln." The surroundings of the polar circle at the point where tourists see them are quite disappointing.

But there is much worth seeing at the thriving town of Gellivara, and on the mountain near the town the midnight sun is visible from June 5 to July 11, or for 37 nights. It is the boast of Gellivara that the midnight sun may be seen from their town for a longer time than at any other reasonably accessible spot on the earth.

This is doubtless true. The polar circle has about the same position relative to Gellivara that it has to the Endicott mountains in Alaska, but the railroad makes it much easier to reach this Lapland town than any other place where the midnight sun may be seen to equal advantage.

The most remarkable object that the traveler sees on the trip to the Atlantic is Mount Kirunavara, 2,550 feet high and nearly two miles long. About 70 per cent by weight of its rock is iron.

In time the whole mountain will be dug away and there will be a very deep hole where it now stands, for it is all the richest kind of iron ore, and there is estimated to be about 233,000,000 tons of it. The big mining town of Kiruna has grown up beside the iron mountain and six long trains daily carry the ore to Narvik.

Across the Lapland moors the scenery is monotonous, but it is of the finest character among the mountains and waterfalls of Norway as the train approaches the Atlantic, and few sights in Europe surpass that which is presented when Narvik, on the great Ofoten fiord, suddenly bursts into view and the swelling sails on the broad channel are seen 1,000 feet below the railroad.

Hard to Do Without Pockets.

From the Kansas City Times.

"The most annoying thing in navy life for a recruit is the absence of side pockets in the uniform trousers," J. R. Rose, a yeoman at the navy recruiting station, said this morning.

"The average man doesn't realize how strong is the custom of thrusting his hands in his trousers pockets until he dons a pair without pockets. I've won the navy uniform four years now, and I frequently find myself trying to put my hands in my pockets."