

Their deeds the pride of Oregon;
 "Whose heart has not within him burned,
 As home their footsteps they have turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand?
 If such there be, go, mark him well,
 For him no minstrel raptures swell.
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
 Despite those titles, power and pelf,
 The wretch contented all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And doubly dying shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprang,
 Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

I admire a fighting soldier. I think the girls endorse this sentiment. If every man here was a candidate for matrimony and the marriageable girls only equaled in numbers the returned soldiers, the boys would all be happily wedded and all the rest of us doomed to wear out our days in lonely bachelorhood. If kissing goes by favor, civilian lips will be unsweetened for some time. Sweet smiles, glances of bright eyes, and the pressure of warm, soft hands will become a part of military equipments for some time to come. This is right; as of old "the brave deserve the fair," "the bravest are the tenderest," "the loving are the true."

When I meet a soldier who has fought for the flag, I defer to him as my superior. How men of words dwarf before men of action! The present universal outburst of enthusiasm upon the return of the boys from the Philippine islands proves that this feeling is as universal as mankind. The true hero is kin to all humanity. His glorious deeds are the heritage of his race. They shame the coward; they disarm treachery; they inspire the soul of heroism in all lands and in all ages. Whatever we may think of war, it calls out the best "ye breed," and the highest qualities of manhood. The ideal soldier is the ideal man. War is action—grand, sublime, magnificent action. What a destroyer of sinners! How cowards and weaklings shrink to the rear, and manliness steps to the front! How it stirs the blood and elevates the national life. The grandest thing humanity can do is to offer life for others. This every member of the Second Oregon has done, and some, alas, have completed this great sacrifice. The greatest treasure any nation can have is its heroes. In these the present war has made Oregon more than rich. Summers, Case, Thornton, Harrington, O'Neal, High, Lyons, Marsual, Smith and Chaplain Gilbert, are only a few of the names that Oregon will hold more sacred than its snowcapped mountains, fertile valleys or magnificent rivers.

For Clark, Perry, Miller, Hibbs, Odell, what shall I say? They have performed the noblest and sublimest act it is given to humanity to achieve. They have given their lives for their country. Theirs was



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not a life nearing its close, worn out with dissipation, broken with toil, devoid of hope, its cup of happiness drained to the dregs and nothing left worth living for. It was a life at its beginning, unspent, everything to hope, everything to achieve, everything to live for. Before the prime of manhood had been reached, their life's work has been done, and well done. Their rest will be eternal, their fame secure. For you who have returned full of hope and full of honor, life holds many temptations and many dangers. The rest and happiness you crave may not be yours. Hope may be turned to disappointment. The honors of which your friends are now so proud, may be sullied. The gratitude due from your country may be forgotten or withheld, and life bring only unrequited toil and bitter disappointment. We hope and pray not. But the fame and honor of no man is safe this side of the grave. Their fame is secure. Their honor will be forever unsullied. Their memory will be like sweet perfume. They have earned and are wearing their crown, and no power on earth or in heaven will pluck it from their brows.

"On fame's eternal camping ground
 Their silent tents are spread,
 And glory guards with solemn rout
 The bivouac of the dead."

With Young, Ungerman, Thompson, Snyder, Mellinger, Heath, Crampton, Rommel, McGrath, and others wounded in battle, no cowardly traitor can ever hold fellowship, or claim kinship. They stand apart from their fellows, tried, tested and true, every scar a badge of honor, attesting their courage, their manhood and their patriotism, and more glorious

than the lives of ten thousand cowards. These men have proved to all the world that they possess a courage that "smiles at the drawn dagger and defies its point."

"Courage, the highest gift, that scorns to bend
 To mean devices for a sordid end,
 Courage—an independent spark from Heaven's
 bright throne,
 By which the soul stands raised, triumphant,
 high, alone.

Courage, the mighty attribute of powers above,
 The spring of all brave acts is seated here,
 As falsehoods draw their sordid birth from
 fear."

These men and their thousand comrades in a few months of war have achieved more for their state, more for their country and its advancement and future greatness, have made more and grander history, have written their names higher and more legibly upon the scroll of fame than the 100,000 men who remained at home in a lifetime of peaceful occupation. The gratitude of their country will be theirs for all time. Their memories will be cherished as long as youth loves life. Their examples will be a treasure, and an inheritance of inestimable value to generations yet unborn.

This generation will not see the end of wars. They will diminish, but will not disappear in our day. Whatever advances national arbitration may make, it will not embrace all questions of national disputes. The nation that expects to maintain its honor unsullied, and its territorial and national integrity unimpaired, must in the future, as in the past, be prepared to defend them with its own right arm. Its weapons of warfare are the fists by which a nation defends itself from insult and aggression. Should these be removed or laid aside, and their use forever discarded, it will be the victim of every bullying braggart that crosses its path. The positions of the nations of the earth, now, as heretofore, are determined by the numbers and strength and genius of their armies. The excellence of their military equipments, and the fighting qualities of their citizens. Questions of profit and loss, barter and trade, dollars and cents, will be properly the subject of arbitration, but the issues between contending nations that thoroughly absorb men's passions, possess their souls and control their natures, will be settled in the future as they have been in the past, by the wage of battle. The soldier will still continue to be the soldier and defender of his country. The milestones of the world's progress have been well-fought battles. Every conquest, every concession that liberty has won from tyranny or oppression has been won by the sword. The most efficient agent of civilization has been the victorious army. The banners of progress have been the flags of victorious generals. The greatest contributions that men have given for humanity have been manly courage and manly devotion, and a manly death. The most sacred heritage of any nation is the blood of its heroes. These will not become obsolete. National liberty, national integrity, like a few shekels of silver, will not be determined by skillful phrases and musty precedents. For long years to come, as in the past, national armies will be the ultimate tribunals for the determination of great overshadowing national questions. No quibbling technicalities control their verdicts, and from their rule decisions there are no appeals. The American people will never permit their national honor or national integrity to become the subject of intrigue for old world monarchs through international boards of arbitration. The courage and skill of our armies will continue to form the best guardian of our national life and national honor, and our position among the nations of the earth. So long as the American people maintain the high standard of manly courage and heroic devotion shown by our armies in the past wars, and by the boys of the Second Oregon in this, no international tribunal can cloud the honor of the stars and stripes, or lower them from the proud eminence they now occupy.

And war is not all loss. What would mankind have been without its heroes? What would history have been without its heroism, heroic lives and heroic deaths? Peace has its dangers as great as those of war. It is in times of peace that festering corruption has reached national hearts and sapped national strength. In peace, too often the hero who excites envy and inspires emulation is he who by the suppression of every manly instinct, and the development of cruel, heartless cunning, has become the possessor of ill gotten wealth, wrung from the sweat of others' brows. In times of peace, mammon is king, and his worshippers emulate his example and copy his vices. In times of peace, greed too often reigns supreme, dominates the national will and saps the national strength. In times of peace, to acquire wealth, ease, luxury, exemption from toil, becomes the ruling passion. War destroys these idols, dashes them to the ground and enthrones for our admiration and example the man of courage, of nerve, of action, who defies danger, who shrinks not from suffering or death, whose heart beats for others, who gives to the world more than he receives, and who is ready to yield wealth and life when needed that his country may live—just such men as compose the Second Oregon. In times of war, love of country displaces love of wealth; patriotism dethrones greed, courage counts for more than craft or cunning, manhood reigns supreme, and one hero, be he general or admiral, or a private in the ranks, in the hearts of the people outweighs a thousand owners of ill gotten millions. What is the value of life unless accompanied with the power of achievement? The death of the brave has sometimes achieved more for humanity than the lives of ten thousand cowards. To die well, bravely, gloriously and for the right is infinitely better than life with dishonor. Better war, than that manhood should decay, or craft and cowardice place fetters upon the hands of justice and manly courage. True manhood covets equally a glorious, fruitful life and a glorious and beneficent death. Wars have done much for our own nation. Victorious armies both gave and preserved national life, liberty, independence and national existence, an elevated position among the nations of the earth, and furnished the territory needed for our expansion and growth and development. The war now upon us will not be less fruitful in glorious results. In the extension of our western frontiers, in the acquisition of needed coaling and naval stations, in the opportunities to extend our trade and commerce, our civilization and liberties westward, one hour of war, and Dewey and the Second Oregon, has done more for us than centuries of diplomacy and peace. The threads of our fate and the shaping of our destiny are controlled by him who holds the nation in the hollow of his hand. He has ever converted the very difficulties that beset our pathway into stepping stones for greater progress and greater national development. No war ever begun by any nation in the world's history was inspired by so little of selfish interests, or so much by the noblest impulses as the one against Spain. None has furnished to a contending power such opportunities as this to us to increase its prestige and glory and power and prosperity. In one very material particular this war is unique in our history. In the war of the rebellion there were Tories at home to give aid and comfort to the enemies of their country. In the war of 1812 there were men of intelligence and influence and patriotism, who would have turned American arms against France, to whom we owed so much, rather than against England. In the Mexican war, many patriots, pure and upright, feared that victory would be followed by the extension and perpetuity of slavery. In the civil war, the most terrible and cruel of all, our enemies were wholly of our countrymen. Heretofore we have never

waged a war with our own people united. In the war with Spain there was not an American citizen in any part of the globe—there was not anywhere a Christian lover of liberty, who did not earnestly labor and pray, and who was not willing to strive and sacrifice, for the success of the American arms and the triumph of the flag. The wounds produced by the civil war were deep and lasting. The time needed to heal them seemed all too long. The bitterness that divided the different classes of our people seemed too great to be removed. The attack of a foreign enemy, the insult to the flag, the destruction of American lives by a treacherous people was miraculous in its effects upon our divided countrymen. It healed every wound of the civil war, it brushed aside every cause of estrangement and welded our divided country into a more perfect and lasting union. Sectional lines were obliterated. The bitterness that had lingered so long was effaced. Old hatreds have been forgotten, and now confederate and federal, the blue and the gray, the men who made and those who repulsed the immortal Pickett's charge, are united as one man, under one flag, in defense of one country. They have no contention except as to who can render most valiant service to a common country and do most honor to the flag we all cherish. In the language of a distinguished southern senator, we have no north, no south, one country and one flag. Ah, if the martyred Lincoln could have lived to see this day! How his great heart would have been filled with happiness to realize that at last, "we are not enemies, but friends." That "Though passion may have strained, it has not broken our bonds of affection." That "The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave, to every loving heart and hearthstone all over this broad land" has at last swelled the chorus of the union, when again touched as they now have been "by the better angels of our nature." This welding together of the American people, this cementing of a more perfect union, will more than repay the cost of blood and treasure entailed by the late war. We shall now continue and complete the work heretofore begun. Our revolutionary sires procured the blessings of liberty for themselves and their descendants. The veterans of the civil war shattered every fetter from the stars and stripes, wove into the fabric of this government the immortal truths of the Declaration of Independence, and firmly established in every part of the republic, the reign of liberty now, and as we hope and trust forever. In the late conflict we taught old world monarchs



RALPH A. ODELL
 Died in Manila June 3, 1899. Aged 21 years.

that throughout all the sphere of our influence, wherever the piercing eye of the American eagle can scan the horizon, might does not make right, tyranny shall not prevail, cruelty shall not slaughter innocence, governments shall not bind, imprison and starve those to whom they owe protection; wars of extermination shall not be waged against women and children; the cry of those imprisoned and slain for freedom's sake shall no longer be heard upon the shores of the new world; that tyranny and usurpation must be banished from the western hemisphere, and peace and liberty and humanity must and shall prevail; that the blessings of liberty which we have secured for ourselves and children shall become the heritage of all upon this western continent. And now that through the victories of our army and navy we have driven tyranny from the western continent and given the blessings of liberty to a downtrodden and oppressed people, we have enhanced its value, and established it more firmly for ourselves. Our own nation has received a new baptism of freedom, we have acquired new heroism and new heroes for future and higher inspirations. We have placed patriotism above business and valued liberty more than wealth. The hearts of poet and orator have been touched with a holier fire. We have learned diviner songs, instinct with national spirit, and that thrill and throb through every heart, east and west, north and south. Now more than ever, we are one people, having one language and one law, and under one flag. And among those who have contributed to this glorious result, in the first rank, second to none, stands the Second Oregon.



CAPT. H. L. HEATH.