

OBITUARY.

Welborn Beeson, a brief account of whose untimely death on April 29th, was given in last issue of the NEWS, was born in La Salle county, Illinois, July 22nd, 1836. His parents were natives of England but had resided many years in the United States and were thoroughly imbued with the spirit of American institutions. In 1853, Welborn, with his parents crossed the plains to Oregon, arriving at what was then known as Fort Wagner in August of that year. Soon after, his father purchased Mr. Walton's claim on Wagner creek, including the crops, paying therefore \$1500 and moved onto the same on the 6th of September following. On this farm the subject of this memoir lived the remainder of his life.

In 1866 he married Mary C. Brophy.

Four sons and four daughters survive him, as follows in the order of their ages: Emmette, Welborn Jr., Jessie E., John D., Fannie E., Annie W., Kate and Carl R.; the eldest being 26 and the youngest 4 years of age.

Mr. Beeson was a self-taught surveyor and did considerable local work in that line. He took an active part in politics, more particularly in that of his own county, never adhering very closely to old parties but casting his influence on the side of reform movements, being at the time of his death an enthusiastic Populist.

He was remarkably plain and unassuming in his manners and was wont to use vigorous terms in denunciation of "style" and display as indicative of weak minds and a lack of a decent regard for the feelings of others. It is said of him that when a boy in school he could not be induced to wear better clothing than that worn by his less favored school fellows, nor would he permit dainties to be placed in his dinner pail for he could relish them while so many of his school mates were obliged to partake of plainer fare. He took an active part in the Rogue river Indian troubles, but always counseled moderation and insisted that the conduct of the whites should be tempered with the spirit of humanity in the treatment of the Indians, although such "Quaker sentiments" were dangerously unpopular with the majority of the early pioneers.

During the War of the Rebellion he was appointed 2nd lieutenant in a company of Oregon volunteers but his regiment was never called out of the county.

He was a member of the Southern Oregon Pioneer Society and was closely identified with the early history of Jackson

county, taking much pride in its growth and development. He kept a daily memorandum of important local events from 1851 to the day of his death, and in addition to this, being possessed of a wonderful memory there is little doubt that he could have given more accurate and reliable information concerning the pioneer history of Rogue river valley than could be furnished by any other individual. I am told that his diary has been on several occasions produced in court to supply evidence relating to important dates and incidents. It is very voluminous and, if printed, which its importance would warrant, would make a book of hundreds of pages of reading matter which could not fail to interest every resident of Jackson county. To hear him relate, in his off-hand, animated manner, reminiscences of pioneer times was an enjoyable treat. Names, dates, places and incidents were ever fresh in his memory and he could hold the rapt attention of a group of listeners for hours.

For several years past he suffered much from ill health. His heart was seriously affected, requiring the giving up of all hard work and anxious care.

At times during the past winter he seemed to have premonitions that his life was drawing to a close. A few months ago he intimated such fears to the writer, and, being fully impressed that the latter would survive him, exacted a promise that he would make the address at his grave. In response to such request the writer paid the follow faint tribute to his memory:—

"How true it is that in the midst of life we are in death. And, too, how fortunate for our mental peace that our vision cannot penetrate the veil that hangs between us and the future:

Who could wish it possible to behold the terrible specter, Death, as he comes to claim his victim? The future is unfolded fast enough. Indeed the future merges into the present and glides into the past too rapidly for most of us. A few hours ago, our friend, who now lies before us in the cold embrace of death, was unusually cheerful; bouyant in spirit and was even planning pleasure excursions for the summer months. Having given his working oar into hands more able for the stroke, he was preparing to enjoy as well as his indifferent health would permit, the few remaining years that might be left him.

I had the pleasure of knowing many of the inner thoughts of the deceased—thoughts that were seldom uttered unless they were likely to strike responsive chords. One was that we should always be prepared to live, for if we are prepared to live we shall need no preparation for