Memorial services at re-interment of remains of Rev. Jason Lee

F. H. Grubbs

Presented to J. C. Moorhouse
By Frank H. Grubbs

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Memorial Services

at

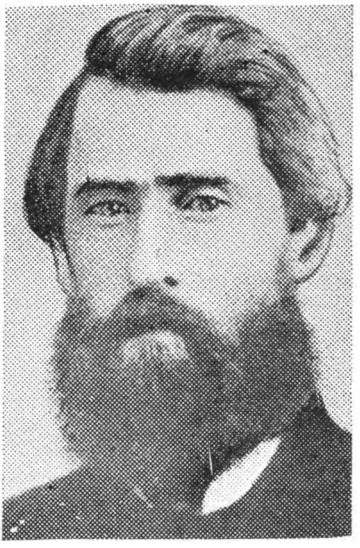
Re-interment of Remains

of

Rev. Jason Lee

Salem, Oregon

Friday, June 15, 1906



Jason Lee

Jason Lee

The original Pioneer of Empire, who scaled the Rocky Mountains and tracked the desert plains that he might save the Red Man of the Pacific Coast!

Blessed Man, more honored in heaven than on the earth!

Bishop Janes.

Boston, 1869

INTRODUCTION.

The design of this volume is to preserve in permanent form the addresses delivered at the re-interment of the remains of Jason Lee in the Lee Mission Cemetery, Salem, Oregon, June 15th, 1906.

The original programme of the services is retained, and a few extracts from letters, with sketches and pictures by writers of history and story, illustrate the life and work of the pioneers of "Old Oregon."

F. H. GRUBBS.

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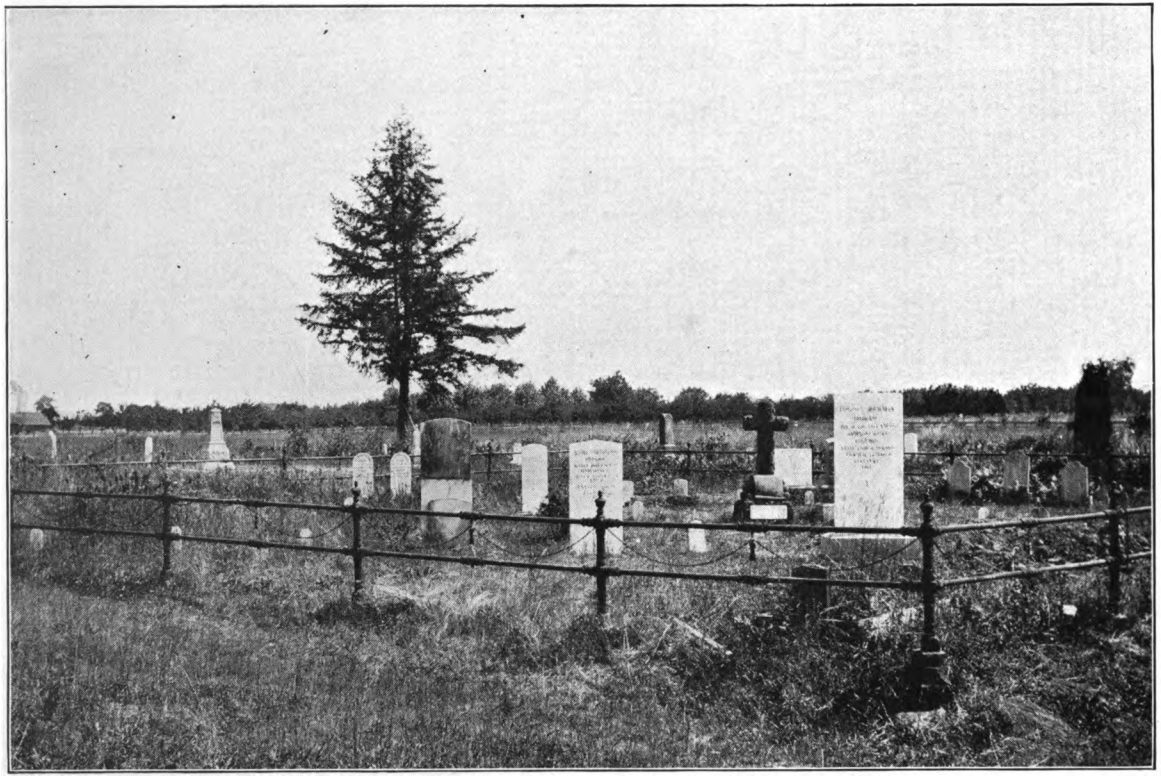


Lee Mission Cemetery

Movement to Re-inter Remains

In the year 1904 Mrs. Smith French of The Dalles, Oregon, held some correspondence with Col. Frederick D. Butterfield, of Derby Line, Vt., suggesting the desirability of removing the remains of Jason Lee from Stanstead, Canada, to the Lee Mission Cemetery, Salem, Oregon. This resulted in a proposal on the part of Col. Butterfield to superintend and bear the entire expense of disinterring the remains and shipping them, with the tombstone to Portland, Oregon, provided suitable arrangements were made to receive and re-inter them.

At the session of the Columbia River Annual Conference of the M. E. church, held at The Dalles in 1904, Mrs. French had a resolution presented to accept the generous offer. Immediately the Conference took up the matter and appointed a committee of arrangements to unite with one on the part of the Oregon Conference, which joint committees were to have charge of the services and provide a program for the re-interment of Jason Lee's remains. These committees were, on the part of the Columbia River Conference, Rev. Robt. A. Booth, Rev. Walton Skipworth and Mrs. Smith French. For the Oregon Conference, Dr. J. H. Coleman, Amadee M. Smith and F. H. Grubbs.

The remains were expressed from Derby Line to Portland, Oregon, in care of F. H. Grubbs, and deposited in the safety vault of the Title Guarantee and Trust Company, Chamber of Commerce Building, Portland, awaiting a suitable occasion for re-interment in Lee Mission Cemetery, Salem, Oregon. The time chosen was June 15th in connection with the sixty-second annual commencement of Willamette University, June 15, 1906.

Memorial Services

Rev. Jason Lee

Born 1803 Died 1845

Missionary
Colonizer
Founder of Willamette University

Friday, June 15, 1906
First Methodist Episcopal Church
Salem, Oregon

Morning Service

Ten o'clock

Rev. D. L. Rader, D. D. Presiding.

Scripture

Prayer

Hymn

Address

Hon. W. D. Fenton

Vocal Solo

Address

Rev. Dr. J. R. Wilson

Of Portland Academy

Hymn

Benediction

Under Auspices of Church

Afternoon Service

One o'clock

HON. J. C. MORELAND, Presiding

Scripture

Prayer

Hymn

Address

HON. HARVEY W. SCOTT

Vocal Solo

Address

HON. REUBEN P. BOISE

Hymn

Benediction

Under Auspices of the Pioneer Association

Evening Service

Eight o'clock

HON. ASAHEL BUSH, Presiding

Scripture

Prayer

Hymn

Address—*"Oregon"*
HON. T. G. HAILEY
Representing his Excellency, Governor G. E. Chamberlain

Music

Address—*"Washington"*
HON. ALLEN WEIR
Representing his Excellency the Governor of Washington

Music

Address—*"Idaho"*
LT. GOV. B. L. STEEVES
Representing his Excellency the Governor of Idaho

Song—*"America"*

Benediction

Under Auspices of the States Formed Out of the Original Oregon Territory

Interment, Lee Mission Cemetery

3.30 P. M.

Honorary Pall Bearers

Rev. I. D. Driver, D. D.
Rev. Robert Booth
Rev. T. F. Royal
Rev. J. H. B. Royal
Rev. Nelson Clark
Rev. John Flinn
Rev. A. J. Joslyn
Rev. John Atwood
Rev. M. S. Anderson
Rev. W. J. White
Rev. W. S. Turner
Rev. W. W. Van Dusen, D. D.
Rev. J. D. Gillilan
Rev. Abraham Eades

Active Pall Bearers

Ex-Gov. Z. F. Moody
Ex-Gov. T. T. Geer
Hon. J. H. Albert
Hon. J. C. Moreland
Hon. Geo. H. Himes
Mr. G. P. Litchfield

Services

Services will be held in connection with the Sixty-second Annual Commencement of Willamette University, and under the direction of Dr. John H. Coleman, President of the University and Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements.

Committee of Arrangements

John H. Coleman, Chairman.

Francis H. Grubbs, Secretary

Robert A. Booth

Mrs. Smith French

Walton Skipworth

Amadee M. Smith

Echoes from the Past

"The period given each year to pioneers, their era and their memory, was brought to a fitting close by the re-interment of the remains of Jason Lee in Lee Mission Cemetery, Salem. The eulogies pronounced upon this occasion tell how strong a hold the early missionary had upon the regard of his contemporaries, while the recital of the chief incidents of his brief career in Oregon told of the important place that he held in the history of those early times.

"The return of the dust of Jason Lee to Oregon for final sepulture sixty-one years after his death, the final interment in the cemetery that bears his name, near the site of the old mission that he established away back in the years of a past century, was a grandly significant tribute to the memory of a man who was a moving force in the early settlement of Oregon. The sod in Lee Mission Cemetery has been broken many times since, according to the record, 'it was broken to receive the body of Maria Pittman and her child, wife and son of Jason Lee'; but during all the intervening years no form has been more tenderly consigned to the bosom of our common mother than Jason Lee's after all these years.

"The eulogies upon this occasion followed history closely, but the glamor of romance is over the simple facts of the life of this early missionary. Far and far away are the echoes from the endeavor of those times. They tell of the human experiences of a devoted band of men and women in a beautiful wilderness; of the vicissitudes of life and death as they come everywhere and to all; of the disappointments that belong to the common lot wherever that lot is cast and of the triumph of faith and hope and love over all obstacles."

IN accordance with the directions of the Oregon Pioneer Society expressed at its meeting a year ago, we have met here in the city that he founded to pay tribute to the memory of Oregon's first and greatest American pioneer, Jason Lee. He came solely as a missionary to the Indians. He soon saw the possibilities and the vast resources and the great value of this country. He was a strong patriot, ardently attached to the flag of the nation which his father had fought so long to free from allegiance to the British crown.

Eulogy of Hon. J.C. MORELAND Presiding at the Services of the Pioneer Association

"He soon saw that when the final settlement of the ownership of this country between this nation and Great Britain then held under treaty of joint occupation should come, that ownership would largely be determined by the citizenship of its settlers.

"The work that he did to colonize the country with American citizens under the trying difficulties of the situation proved of incalculable value. In arousing the authorities at Washington to the value of the Oregon country his work and the information that he gave contributed in a large measure to the final happy result.

"Jason Lee was a remarkable man—of great determination and wonderful foresight, but like others of the great benefactors of his race, he was not understood in his time. Through ignorance of the situation, his church dismissed him from the control of its affairs here, most unjustly and cruelly. But he could safely trust his appeal to that unerring tribunal—truth and time.

"His vindication has come—the church has acknowledged its mistake, and today his bones will be laid in final sepulture in the cemetery he selected 70 years ago, with all the honors that the church can bestow; and all people in this great Oregon country pay homage to his memory.

"In the time that tried men's souls he was true and faithful and the impartial verdict of history will be that of all those who lie buried in this fair land 'none had greater glory though there be many dead and much glory.' "

THE history of Jason Lee and his contemporaries is a narrative of the commencement of the great struggle of American citizens for the possession and retention of the Oregon country. Before that time this section was in practical control and under the Governmental influence of Great Britain, although nominally the two countries shared in the power and responsibility of joint occupation. The primal object in the mind of Jason Lee may not have been an intent to assert and protect the sovereignty of the United States. This was perhaps incidental to his chief purpose—that of missionary effort and desire to establish the Christian religion in these remote parts of the world.

Jason Lee's Prophetic Vision

The Great Missionary Saw in 1834 the Great Commonwealth of 1906

Address by HON. W. D. FENTON
President Oregon Historical Society

Lee was of New England stock, although immediately from Canada at the time of his coming to the Oregon country. The spirit of adventure, discovery and conquest was everywhere dominant. The Northwest coast for nearly 50 years before his coming had been the goal toward which the British Admiralty had directed several voyages of discovery, and in which the navigators of France and Russia had been generous rivals. This spirit of the sea had taken deep root in New England, and had given to the world the discovery of the Columbia by Captain Gray in 1792. Hall J. Kelley, in 1817, and Nathaniel J. Wyeth, in 1831, had preceded Lee and his associates to this far West. The missionary followed closely the path of the trapper and hunter, of the voyager and the navigator.

On October 10, 1833, a missionary meeting was held in New York to arrange to send Jason Lee and Daniel Lee to the Flatheads, and $3,000 in money was appropriated for this purpose. On November 20, 1833, in Forsyth-street church in New York, a farewell meeting was presided over by Bishop Hedding and addressed by Dr. McAuley, of the Presbyterian church. The religious spirit of New England and the Atlantic seaboard was concentrating a determined effort in the direction of the Indian country. By direction of the Board of Missions the Lees visited Nathaniel J. Wyeth, who had just returned to Boston from his first attempt to establish a trading post on the Lower Columbia River. The men chosen to accompany Jason Lee were Cyrus Shep-

ard, of Lynn, Mass., 35 years of age; Philip L. Edwards, a Kentuckian, lately of Richmond, Mo. Courtney M. Walker, of Richmond, was engaged also for a year to assist in the establishment of the mission. Edwards was only 23 years old. They left New York early in March, 1834, proceeding west leisurely and Jason Lee here and there lectured as he traveled. They left from Independence, Mo., April 28, 1834, having in their company in all 70 men, divided into three distinct parties, and took with them 250 horses. Wyeth and Sublette led the party, and with them were Townsend and Nuttall, two scientists. On July 27, 1834, they held Sunday services at Fort Hall, a fort built by Wyeth, and on September 16, 1834, the party arrived at Fort Vancouver, Lee having preceded the party. The brig May Dacre, Wyeth's vessel, was then lying at anchor at Wapato Island, now Sauvie's Island. Dr. John McLoughlin, the father of Old Oregon, and whose name is revered by Protestant and Catholic alike, sent them on horseback to the mission site, and also furnished a boat and crew to transfer their supplies from the brig, in which they were successful about October 6, 1834. Lee preached his first sermon at Vancouver on September 28, 1834, and again on December 14, 1834.

Mr. Bancroft, speaking of Jason Lee, says:

"At the time of his appointment to a position destined to be more conspicuous in Oregon's history than at that time he could have surmised, Jason Lee was about 30 years of age, tall and powerfully built, slightly stooping, and rather slow and awkward in his movements; of light complexion, thin lips, closely shut, prominent nose and rather massive jaws; eyes of superlative, spiritualistic blue; high, retreating forehead, carrying mind within; somewhat long hair, pushed back, and giving to the not too stern but positively marked features a slightly puritanical aspect, and withal a stomach like that of an ostrich, which would digest anything. In attainments there was the broad, open pasture of possibilities rather than a well-cultivated field of orchard, grain and vine land. He believed in the tenets of his church; indeed, whatever may become of him, howsoever he may behave under those varied and untried conditions which Providence or fortune hold in store we may be sure that at this beginning, though not devoid of worldly ambition, he was sincere and sound to the core. Strong in his possession of himself, there was nothing intrusive in his nature. Though talking was a part of his profession, his skill was exhibited as much in what he left unsaid as in his most studied utterances. Frank and affable in his intercourse with men, he inspired confidence in those with whom he had dealings, and was a general favorite. If his intellect was not as broad and bright as Burke's, there was at least no danger

of the heart hardening through the head, as with Robespierre and St. Just."

His subsequent work justifies the estimate of the historian. While his first and dominating purpose was the work of the mission, he saw at once the possibilities of government and its close relation to the cause in which he was ostensibly and directly engaged. He prepared a petition and forwarded the same to Congress, and Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, requested further information from him. Lee had returned to New England, and on January 17, 1839, wrote from Middletown, Conn., that there were in Oregon, belonging to the Methodist mission, 25 persons of all ages and both sexes who would shortly be reinforced by 45 others, making 70. "As a matter of fact," says Bancroft, "the number reached 77. There were 16 persons belonging to the missions of the American Board, and about 20 settlers, missionaries and others, going out from the Western states, in the Spring; in addition to which there were about 45 men settled in the country who had Indian wives and half-breed children."

The memorial drawn up before Lee left Oregon was presented to the Senate by Linn of Missouri, on January 28, 1839, and on December 11, 1838, Linn, as you will recall, had introduced a bill in the Senate for the occupation of the Columbia, or Oregon River, and to organize a territory north of 42 degrees and west of the Rocky Mountains to be called Oregon Territory. This measure also provided for the establishment of a fort on the Columbia, the occupation by a military force, the establishment of a port of entry, and the extension of the revenue laws of the United States over the country. Senator Linn followed this formal action on his part by a speech on the 22d of February, 1839, supporting a bill to provide for the protection of citizens of the United States then in the Territory of Oregon or trading on the Columbia River. It is a matter of history that Jason Lee was the unseen hand behind this first active effort at Washington, and he was regarded in a special sense as the non-commissioned representative of the Government of the United States.

At this time an appropriation of considerable money from the secret service fund of the United States was made for the charter of the ship Lausanne. This was known only to Jason Lee, and was not revealed or disclosed until the boundary question was settled between the United States and Great Britain by the Ashburton treaty of June 15, 1846.

It is not necessary at this time to recount prosy details of his life in the erection of the mission. In May, 1841, the first annual meeting of the Methodist Society was held here, and a committee appointed to select for the manual labor school a site not far from the mission mills on Chemeketa Plain. Here a building costing $10,000 was erected, and in this an Indian school was taught for about nine months, beginning in the Autumn of 1842.

On the 17th of January, 1842, at the home of Jason Lee a few men met to establish an educational institution for the benefit of white children, and J. L. Babcock, Gustavus Hines and David Leslie were appointed a committee to undertake the work. A subsequent meeting was held at the old mission-house on French Prairie on February 1, 1842, and it was there decided to name and found an institution of learning upon the Pacific coast. Its first board of trustees consisted of Jason Lee, Gustavus Hines, J. L. Parrish, L. H. Judson, David Leslie, George Abernethy, Alanson Beers, Hamilton Campbell and J. L. Babcock. These men, under the leadership of Jason Lee, were building a commonwealth. They did not despise the day of small beginnings. They did their duty in the light of their opportunities, and although the site of their first American educational institution west of the Rocky Mountains has faded from the memory of all living men, and the timbers that entered into its frail structure have long since passed into dust, the efforts which they made and the example which they have set left an imperishable impress upon the educational, political and social institutions of the great Northwest.

It is also to the credit of Jason Lee that he suggested to Senator Linn the donation land law, and that the measure as suggested by him had no clause therein which prevented foreigners of any nation from becoming citizens of Oregon, but bestowed upon every white male inhabitant 640 acres of land, and the act of Congress of September 27, 1850, commonly called the donation act, carried out this purpose and intention, but provided that the grant should be made to a citizen of the United States or one having made a declaration according to law of his intention to become such a citizen, or who should make such declaration on or before December 1, 1851.

While thus Lee was actively engaged in the farseeing work of his mission and assisting in the direction of ultimate American supremacy, those who remained at home and had influence with the mission board secured his removal from the superintendency of the Oregon Mission.

On reaching Honolulu, and before he stepped ashore, Mr. Babcock informed him that he had been superseded in the superintendency of the Oregon Mission by the Rev. George Gary, of the Black River Conference, New York, who was then on his way to Oregon to investigate Lee's career since 1840, and he was given authority if he thought proper to close the affairs of the mission. Some of Lee's associates, and some of his rivals, whether from mistaken judgment or envy, had cut short his official career. Lee, while downcast and disappointed, was not discouraged. He was willing to face his accusers and render an account of his stewardship. It was Emerson, I believe, who said: "Cardinal Richelieu was not glaringly wrong, therefore, in the opinion that an unfortunate and an imprudent person are synonymous terms. Every man is placed, in some degree, under the influence of events and of other men; but it is for himself to decide whether he will rule or be ruled by them. They may operate powerfully against him at times; but rarely so as to overwhelm him, if he bears up manfully and with a stout, dogged will. In the battle of life we may be drawn as conscripts, but our courage or our cowardice, our gentleness or our cruelty, depends upon ourselves. 'The Admiralty,' wrote Nelson, when expecting to command the finest fleet in the world, 'may order me a cockboat, but I will do my duty.' " Such was the misfortune and such the spirit of Jason Lee.

When he left Oregon it was his intention to wait at the islands for a vessel going to New York or Boston, and with the expectation that Mr. and Mrs. Gustavus Hines and his little daughter would accompany him. For a decade he had been superintendent of the Oregon Mission, and while he was in the dawn of his usefulness as it seemed to him and his friends, he was removed. He did not wait for an American vessel, but leaving his child, hurried on to New York by the Hawaiian schooner Hoa Tita for Mazatlan, thence to Vera Cruz and to his destination.

Jason Lee did not long survive the attempted disgrace, for he died March 2, 1845, at Lake Memphramagog, in the Province of Lower Canada. His last act was to make a small bequest to the institution for which he was laboring and for the advancement of education in the country of his adoption.

I do not share the feeling entertained by some that there was any enmity or rivalry between Dr. John McLoughlin and Jason Lee. While there was controversy between McLoughlin and his friends and some

of the leading spirits of the Methodist mission with respect to the donation land claim at Oregon City in later years, it did not destroy or impair the relations of confidence and respect between Jason Lee and Dr. McLoughlin. On March 1, 1836, Dr. McLoughlin sent a subscription to Jason Lee for the benefit of the mission amounting to $130, collected at Vancouver, and accompanied the subscription by this letter:

Fort Vancouver, 1st March, 1836.—The Rev. Jason Lee: Dear Sir—I do myself the pleasure to hand you the inclosed subscription, which the gentlemen who have signed it request you will do them the favor to accept for the use of the mission, and they pray our Heavenly Father, without whose assistance we can do nothing, that of his infinite mercy he may vouchsafe to bless and prosper your pious endeavors, and believe me to be, with esteem and regard, your sincere well-wisher and humble servant, JOHN McLOUGHLIN.

The activity of Jason Lee and his immediate associates, under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal church, was emulated by Blanchet, who came from Canada in 1838, and DeSmet, who came from St. Louis, and set up the first Catholic missions. In 1835 Parker and Whitman came, later Walker and Eells, and in all this great country the names of these men, Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational and Catholic, are honored with a hallowed memory for what they undertook to do, and for that which in great part they have succeeded. The important work of the Methodist mission at Salem may have been in the annals of history regarded as a failure. Ten years of missionary effort, the primary object of which was to bring Christianity to the Indians, cost the Methodist Episcopal church a quarter of a million dollars, and this money thus expended, while wasted in the strict sense, in so far as its immediate work upon the Indian character and life was concerned, was not wholly lost. The mission brought nearly four score American citizens into the heart of the Oregon country, and here they formed the nucleus of a great commonwealth. Here they founded an institution of learning. Here they introduced the customs and religion of civilized races. Here more than 70 years ago they planted the love of American institutions. If the board of missions in New York dismissed Jason Lee from the superintendency because of his patriotic effort to strengthen American influence here, they were less patriotic than he. If they dismissed him because of any alleged misappropriation of the funds of the society, they did not know the honesty of the man or the difficulties under which he labored. The historian Bancroft, further speaking upon this subject says:

That he had the ability to impress upon the Willamette Valley a character for religious and literary aspiration, which remains to this day; that he suggested the manner in which Congress could promote and reward American emigration, at the same time craftily keeping the Government in some anxiety concerning the intention of the British Government and Hudson's Bay Company, when he could not have been ignorant of the fact that so far as the country south of the Columbia was concerned there was nothing to fear; that he so carefully guarded his motives as to leave even the sagacious McLoughlin in doubt concerning them, up to the time he left Oregon—all of these taken together exhibit a combination of qualities which were hardly to be looked for in the frank, easy-tempered but energetic and devoted missionary, who in the Autumn of 1834 built his rude house beside the Willamette river, and gathered into it a few sickly Indian children whose souls were to be saved, though they had not long to remain in their wretched bodies. How he justified the change in himself no one can tell. He certainly saw how grand a work it was to lay the foundation of a new empire on the shores of the Pacific, and how discouraging the prospect of raising a doomed race to a momentary recognition of its lost condition, which was all that ever could be hoped for the Indians of Western Oregon. There is much credit to be imputed to him as the man who carried to successful completion the dream of Hall J. Kelley and the purpose of Ewing Young. The means by which these ends were attained will appear more fully when I come to deal with Government matters. Taken all in all, I should say, honor to the memory of Jason Lee."

And here I may be permitted to pay a word of tribute to the woman who gave her life as a sacrifice to the work of Jason Lee. By the courtesy of Miss Anna Pittman, a niece of Anna Maria Pittman, the first wife of Jason Lee, I have been permitted to read several autograph letters written by Mrs. Lee before she was married and while she was preparing to come to Oregon. In her last letter of date June 9, 1836, written from New York to her brother, George W. Pittman, who was then at Troy, New York, but who in 1834 was at Fort Gibson, Arkansas River, Arkansas Territory, with the United States Dragoons, she said:

"I have taken my pen in hand to address you for the last time. The time is drawing nigh when I must bid a long farewell to all I love. I quit the scenes of my youth, the land of my birth, and in a far and distant land among strangers I expect to dwell. Soon the rolling billows of the tempestuous ocean, and the towering mountain's rugged steep, will intervene between us, and perhaps we see each other's faces no more. As the hour approaches for my departure, I still remain firm and undaunted; I have nothing to fear, God has promised to be with

me even to the end of the world. Dear brother, farewell, may Heaven bless you, and oh remember your sister who goes not to seek the honours and pleasures of the world, but lays her life a willing sacrifice upon the altar of God."

This letter written in a bold and firm hand and signed Anna Maria Pittman breathes the spirit of the martyr. In a postscript to the letter she says:

"In the ship Hamilton we leave Boston the 1st of July. The mission family will be in this city the 20th of June when a farewell missionary meeting will be held. We will leave sometime that week. The number is nine, five are females, three are married."

She came and paid the sacrifice with her life. She was married to Jason Lee on the 16th day of July, 1837, not far from where Salem now stands. She died on the 26th of June, 1838, and is buried in the old mission cemetery. In that sacred spot where we are about to re-inter all that is mortal of Jason Lee lies buried the wife of his youth and the infant son for whose birth her life was a sacrifice, the first white child born in the state of Oregon, the first white woman married, and as Mr. Gill has so well said, "the first to die in the Oregon Country." Upon her tombsone you will read today at Mission Cemetery, Salem, these words: "Beneath this sod, the first broken in Oregon for the reception of white mother and child, lie the remains of Anna Maria Pittman Lee." This man and this woman together will sleep at last. The work which they did has outlived them. She in her sphere, and he in his performed well their part. Jason Lee was by birth, education and training a devout enthusiast and loyal patriot and the prophet of a new state. His life illustrates again the truth of the statement that to achieve success there must be a single purpose, and energies must not be wasted or dissipated in attempting to do well more than one thing.

"There is always room for a man of force and he makes room for many. Society is a troop of thinkers and the best heads among these take the best places. A feeble man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The strong man sees the possible houses and farms. His eye makes estates as fast as the sun breeds clouds."

Jason Lee with the eye of prophecy saw in 1834 the great Commonwealth of 1906. He saw the march and power of empire, and that the flag of his country would in less than a century wave from Panama to

Behring Straits. The republic was to reach the zenith of its powers on these shores. His work is done. The record of his life has been written. We cannot add to or take from that record, and the simple ceremonies attending this hour but feebly record the final chapter in the life of the great Methodist missionary, educator, pioneer and statesman.

What men most covet, wealth, distinction, power,
Are baubles nothing worth; they only serve
To rouse us up, as children at the school
Are roused up to exertion; our reward
Is in the race we run, not in the prize.
Those few to whom is given what they ne'er earned,
Having by favor or inheritance
The dangerous gifts placed in their hands,
Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride
That glows in him who on himself relies.
Entering the lists of life, he speeds beyond
Them all, and foremost in the race succeeds.
His joy is not that he has got his crown,
But that the power to win the crown is his.

THE history of civilization has been advanced through the operation of various and diverse motions in individual men and groups or communities of men. Almost every motive that has carried civilized men into regions hitherto unknown has resulted in some enlargement of the borders of civilization even though this has not been an avowed end. In almost every movement that has enlarged the horizon of man's knowledge of the earth or widened the domain of civilized society men have acted without either of these ends in view. The occasions when discoverers or explorers or pioneers have made the widening of our knowledge for knowledge's sake or the advancement of the limits of civilized life their conscious or avowed end have been the exception rather than the rule.

Purposes of Jason Lee

Rev. Dr. J. R. WILSON
of Portland Academy
Vice-President Oregon Historical Society

The Phoenicians in the early centuries did much to enlarge civilized man's knowledge of the earth, and to carry westward through the countries bordering on the Mediterranean the knowledge and civilized life of the Orient, but the motive in their westward movement was commerce and trade. The Greeks, and after them the Romans, did much to expand man's knowledge of the outlying regions of Asia and Europe, much, too, for the carrying into these regions their several civilizations, but their motive was that of empire and commerce. So, too, of those wonderful voyages and explorations culminating in and following upon the discovery of America.

Their moving cause was not the desire to enlarge human knowledge, not to carry forward the frontiers of civilized life, but it was primarily to discover and open a new pathway to the riches of the East, a motive made urgent when the inroads of the Turks had closed to Western Europe the trade routes of Asia.

The explorations and settlements of Christian missionaries in the early centuries of our era, penetrating as they did to the remote and rude peoples of Europe; and settlement of the territory on the coast of New England; the missions of Jesuits circling the far horizon of the New World like a line of light from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi, all belong to movements resulting

from higher and exceptional motives. So of the early mission settlements of Oregon.

The coming of white men to Oregon before the coming of Jason Lee and his company was chiefly for the purpose of trade. Whatever settlements such earlier coming contemplated or resulted in had trade for their primary object. The kind of trade, too, was such as contemplated the preserving of the country as far as possible in its native wildness, and of the inhabitants in their uncivilized state. The fur trade, which hitherto had been the chief inducement for white men to come to the Oregon Country, would not have been furthered by any movement that resulted in the colonization and cultivation of the country, or which should induce to settled life and civilized occupations its wild and roving inhabitants.

Nor would the purposes of the early settlers have been subserved by the bringing of this country by any man fully to the knowledge of the civilized world. It was to their interests rather that both the country and its inhabitants remain as long as possible both wild and unknown.

When Jason Lee set foot on Oregon soil it marked the coming into this region of a wholly new purpose. Not all that has resulted from his coming was intended or dreamed of at the first. It was the people he sought, not the country; it was for their enlightenment in the life and hopes of the gospel that he crossed the continent and made his home among them, not for the exploiting of their country and the enrichment of himself through their toil.

It was one of the great sorrows of his life that he was compelled to see those for whose sake he came and to whom for years he delighted to minister waste away with disease and fail from the land, until at last the people that once gathered in his home and to his ministry were no more.

Coincident with the rapid decay of the Indian was the coming in increasing numbers of the white man. Painful as the failing of the native people was to the warm and earnest heart of Jason Lee, and disappointing as it was to his first and highest desires for his mission, he was not long in recognizing the changed conditions of his work in Oregon or in adapting himself to them. Here at the seat of the original mission his mission to the Indian was practically closed at the end of six years. The Indian, parent and child, was gone. With a wasting away unspeakably sad, he saw the tribe once numerous

which had gathered to his ministry fall day by day under the ravages of disease and himself powerless to arrest its decay.

The object of his ministry was now no longer the same, but his unselfish purpose to serve his fellow-men was unchanged. The white man who had come to Oregon needed his service not less than the Indian who had gone had needed it, and he was not less willing to give to the one than he had been to give it to the other. Accordingly, from 1840 on to the close of his life we had him addressing himself with untiring zeal and unflagging energy to the work of providing the opportunities of education for the children of the white settlers of Oregon.

The hope of redeeming a savage people had vanished with the people itself. In its place came the not less inspiring purpose of laying, in the education of the white people who were even then fast taking their places, deep and broad the foundations of the great state which he now foresaw must sooner or later occupy this favored region.

With this change in the condition of the mission and in his purpose in the work came the great tragedy of his life. The necessity of his recognizing and addressing himself to the changed conditions of the mission was clear enough to him, as it must have been to all who, like him, were thoroughly acquainted with the rapid and remarkable change that within half a decade had taken place in this region. But what he and others saw so clearly was not so easy to make clear to the officers of the mission board which commissioned him to work among the Indians. Distance and the representations of those who were less fully acquainted with them or less clear-sighted and far-sighted than himself made his task doubly difficult.

The making of himself right with the church which had commissioned him was his last earthly task. To this he addressed himself with the same courage and singleness of purpose which he carried into every task. Leaving behind his only child, a daughter of tender years, with trusted friends, and turning his back upon this land of his love and great and single purpose, with infinite toil and difficulty he made his way to the other side of the continent, that he might make clear to those to whom under God he was accountable the wisdom and the entire uprightness of his conduct and purpose.

He succeeded, but at the sacrifice of his life. When his task was done and his honor vindicated, the limit of his vital power was reached. Still hoping that he might return to the work he loved, he got quickly

away to the home of his boyhood, that he might there recruit his failing strength. But his hope proved vain. But a few weeks of failing strength and his work was done.

Jason Lee died in the prime of manhood, just when he seemed to have his hands upon the instrumentalities of a larger work for the land of his love and adoption. But the work he did was great enough to have gratified a larger ambition than was his. It is not to be measured by the completed results as he saw them. It was initiative in its character, and is to be measured by the farther reach of that to which it led.

The ceremony of this day in laying Jason Lee's dust in the soil of this noble state, whose rise here he foresaw and for which he hoped and prayed and toiled, is but a late and worthy answer to that mute and unutterable longing of heart with which in his last conscious moments he turned his eyes to the Western sky and breathed his latest prayer for the land of his love that lay beyond its horizon.

Oregon has received and holds the ashes of many noble men and women who have had an honorable part in the founding and rearing of this commonwealth, but holds the ashes of none more worthy of lasting and grateful remembrance than was he whose ashes we shall commit this day to the sacred soil of those historic precincts.

THAT faith which forsees and believes and is the substance of all things, was the inspiration of the Oregon missions and the creative power of the growth of our great states of the Pacific Northwest.

The history of the origin of each of our states lies in the biography and character of the few who were first actors in the history. It is a record, therefore, of the individual lives of men and women rather than of great events. Such were the opening scenes of the history of Oregon.

Jason Lee's Place in History

HON. H. W. SCOTT
Editor of Oregonian

I refer now, not to the first discoveries and explorations, but to the conditions that started the permanent settlement and began the continuous social and political life of Oregon. But when we are able to take up the history of a commonwealth from its very beginning, and in particular when that beginning was in smallest things, of recent development, almost wholly under our own eyes, there is obvious advantage. We are able to see clearly, assign the founders to their proper places and to accord them severally their meed of fame.

There is something unsatisfactory in beginning a history with the mature state of a country. As in biography, so in history, we desire to go back to the cradle and see the growth of social and political life from the first small beginnings. There is, moreover, not a little difficulty in finding a later moment which will afford a real starting point. In a mature state each condition is the result of what went before, and the human mind feels compelled to seek causes for this as for every other effect.

The absence of written documents in the early ages obliges us to form all our ideas of primitive history from oral traditions, handed down from generation to generation. These become more or less changed by lapse of time and are accompanied with superstition and a belief in the miraculous intervention of the divinity—a doctrine which it enhances while it envelops the pride of a people with a halo of glory.

But we have for the origins of the history of Oregon abundance of written and printed contemporary material and we know, therefore, we are on the sure and solid ground of historical truth. Here, how-

ever, are disadvantages, because there is little room for play of the imagination. The poetry is lost.

One who stands as an actor on the threshold of such a new movement has great advantage in this, that though his labors may be arduous, he has a chance, a certainty almost, of reaching a place in the memory of posterity. And after all, fame is something, and it is something to win even remembrance among men. Though a great poet declares the desire of fame "the last infirmity of the noble mind," yet the desire is one that justifies itself in the lives of men, and even at the bar of human history. For none would live without notice or praise, if he could gain it, nor pass to the infinite unknown leaving no mention or memorials of his name.

I am not now intending to give a sketch of the early history of Oregon, but shall attempt some account of estimate of one of the leading actors in it, incidentally only referring to others. I avoid claims made for one and another, and all controversy as to who "saved Oregon"; for in my conception Oregon was secured to the United States by a train of events in which numerous persons were important actors. Nevertheless, I must give chief credit for our beginning as an American state to the missionary effort, of which Jason Lee was the protagonist.

Attempts were made prior to the coming of Jason Lee, but they were failures. I need not speak of Astor's unsuccessful undertaking; nor of the failure of succeeding adventurers, Wyeth and Bonneville, whose enterprises were those of traders; nor of the attempted colonization by Hall J. Kelley, which ended even more disastrously. It was not until the American missionaries entered and possessed the country neither as traders nor as secular colonizers, though in reality willing to become both, that a foothold was gained for the occupation of Oregon by American settlers. With exception of Felix Hathaway, who had come by ship in 1829, of Solomon Smith, of Clatsop, and perhaps one or two more who had come with Wyeth's first expedition in 1832, there were, so far as I am able to ascertain, no Americans in Oregon when Jason Lee and his four companions came in 1834. Hall J Kelley and Ewing Young, coming from California, arrived the same year, a little later.

A word here about the members of this first missionary party of five persons, beginning with Jason Lee and Daniel Lee. Jason Lee

was a man of earnest and energetic character. He was devoted to ideals, yet one could not say that he was a man of great original genius. Such, indeed, are not numerous in our world. But he was sincere, strong in his convictions and in himself. He was a man of sincere piety, of settled beliefs, and was fit for the work in which he was to engage. It was a hopeless scheme, indeed—that of educating and civilizing the Indians of that time, but he didn't know it, and therefore didn't trouble himself with doubts. He believed fully in the future of this great country, yet was scarcely aware that the Indian could not be a factor in it. On the contrary, he thought the Indian might be. This was a mistake. But what he did was to lead the way to American colonization.

The second man was Daniel Lee, nephew of the former, thoroughly devoted to the idea of the mission, young and ardent, not idealistic, but practical, with a world of good common sense and with a willingness to work. He labored in the missionary cause in Oregon till August, 1843, when he left the country, never to return. The ill-health of his wife required his departure with her. They left by sea. Daniel Lee continued in the ministry in the Eastern States during many years, and died in Oklahoma in 1895.

With the Lees from New York came Cyrus Shepard, from Lynn, Mass. He was thoroughly devoted to the work for which he had engaged, but had not the physical constitution necessary for its hardships. After his arrival in Oregon he married a Miss Downing, who came out by sea in the Hamilton, with the White party, arriving in 1837. Shepard died in January, 1840. His wife and two children survived him.

Jason Lee, Daniel Lee and Cyrus Shepard were the original party. In Missouri they engaged two young men for their adventure—Philip L. Edwards and Courtney M. Walker.

Edwards was a native of Kentucky. In his early boyhood his father removed to Missouri. Here at the age of 22 he joined the Lee expedition to Oregon. He taught a school at Champoeg in 1835, and in 1836 went to California to obtain cattle for the settlers in Oregon. With Ewing Young he returned with a band of nearly 1,200, which laid the foundation for rapid accumulation of the comforts of life and future wealth. In March, 1837, Edwards took the trail for the East, over the plains, with Jason Lee and two Indian boys. Re-

turning to his old home in Missouri, he entered the field of politics and was elected to the Legislature. He was chairman of the delegation from Missouri to the National Convention at Baltimore in 1844, which nominated Henry Clay for the Presidency. At Richmond, Mo., he practiced law successfully until 1850, when he went overland to California and in 1855 was in the Legislature of that state as a Representative from Sacramento. Wherever he lived he was always a man of note. He died at Sacramento in 1869.

The fifth member of this pioneer missionary party was Courtney M. Walker. He was engaged in Missouri, upon a contract for one year, to assist in establishing the mission. He never left Oregon, but took an Indian wife, lived in Yamhill and left a posterity, now, I think, extinct. As I remember him he was a courtly gentleman who, toward the end of his life, managed to dress well, and had the appearance of a man of culture and leisure. A daughter, Helen, married a lawyer in Yamhill, named John Cummins, who in 1862 was a representative of that county in the Legislature. Cummins and wife went to Washington City, where he practiced law. She died there, after a few years, leaving no children. The offspring of white marriages with Indians, though often worthy persons, seldom were long lived.

I give these details, picked up out of many sources of information not readily accessible. But they possess an interest, since they lie at the basis of the creation of the states of the Pacific Northwest; and the smallest details of the beginning of great things have human interest and historic value.

All accounts of the missionary movement to Oregon begin with the story of the four Flathead Indians who, in 1832, made their way over mountains and plains to St. Louis, on a journey whose object the missionary spirit tells us was to obtain religious instruction for themselves and their people. I confess this story has always seemed to me to have a mythical element in it; and Daniel Lee in his book intimates that the later development of the story was subject to doubt. Nevertheless, he tells us that General William Clark, of the Lewis and Clark expedition, told him in 1834 that two years before—that is, in 1832—four Indians, probably Nez Perces, had accompanied a party of white trappers from the mountains to St. Louis and had given him an interesting account of their journey and its objects. From the trappers they had learned of the white man's God and the Book he

had given, and they wanted to know. General Clark was not a doctor of theology, and appears to have answered them in merely conversational terms. The story carried by the newspapers to the East touched the religious imagination, and served the missionary purpose just as well as if the sole object for which the Indians had accompanied the trappers was to make these inquiries. Certain it is that the cause which started the first of our missionaries to Oregon was publication in New York of this simple Indian story. Let no incredulity smile at the simplicity of the recital. This is the true beginning of the history of the making of Oregon.

The missionary expedition did not find its resting place in the country of the Nez Perces or the Flatheads, according to the original intention. It fell in with the Wyeth party and came on down to the Willamette, then the settlement of a few of the men of the Hudson Bay Company—British subjects, most of whom had taken Indian wives. The Wyeth party was to meet at the mouth of the Willamette the little vessel which Wyeth had dispatched from Boston, with goods for the Indian trade. The destination of the Wyeth party determined also that of the Lee party. Both were received with kindness by Dr. McLoughlin, the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. Shepard remained at Vancouver, detained by sickness. Jason Lee and Courtney Walker came on up the Willamette by boat, and Daniel Lee and Edwards took horses, for which they were indebted to the kindness of Dr. McLoughlin, and joined the others at the site chosen for the mission, on the Willamette, a few miles below the present city of Salem It was not until after much deliberation that the mission was established at that place, for we are told that the merits of different portions of the country were considered—the Flatheads, the Nez Perces, the Cayuse and other tribes were carefully reviewed, but to the exclusion of all others the Willamette Valley was selected, chiefly because it was "strongly recommended by Dr. McLoughlin and the rest of the gentlemen at Vancouver." How, in the face of testimony like this, delivered by the American missionaries themselves, it could have been supposed, or told later, that the British people in the country were enemies of our people, passes comprehension.

Yet there was sharp competition between the subjects of Great Britain and the American newcomers in Oregon, for ascendancy in the country. The claims of both countries extended to the entire area,

from the 42d parallel to 54-40. In truth, however, neither party could hope to maintain its claim entire. Such was the situation that compromise was inevitable. Our claim to the country north of the 49th parallel was weak. As weak was the British claim to the Columbia and especially weak to the territory south of the Columbia river. Neither party, therefore, was able to wholly exclude the other, though for a time each bravely made an exclusive claim. The talk on our side of "fifty-four forty or fight" was merely the cry of a party among our own people. Say, rather, it was the insolence of partisanship, for Great Britain's claims, through discovery, exploration and occupation, to a standing below forty-four forty rested on a basis too solid to be disposed of in this way; and besides, our claim to "fifty-four forty" rested merely on a convention between the United States and Russia, through which the latter had named "fifty-four forty" as the southern boundary of her American possessions. But to this convention Great Britain had not been a party, and she justly declared that her rights could not be concluded by any negotiation in which she had not participated, or in whose results she had not promised acquiescence. The question, therefore, was still open between Great Britain and the United States. Both countries had undoubted claims. Great Britain, by retrocession of Astoria to the United States, after the War of 1812, had acknowledged our right in the country, and still was acknowledging it; though she was occupying the country, and we were not—down to the arrival of the American traders and missionaries, in 1832-34. Yet Great Britain, through her channels of diplomatic intercourse—whatever her people here may have said or claimed—never made any serious pretension to the territory south of the Columbia river, but had insisted on that stream as the boundary line. But we had, through Gray's discovery, the exploration of Lewis and Clark and the settlement of Astoria—even though Astoria had capitulated—a chain of title that made it impossible for us to consider this claim. Still, there could be no termination of the dispute till the slow migration of our people to the Oregon Country gradually established American influence here; and finally the large migration of 1843 gave the Americans decided preponderance, especially in the country south of the Columbia. Into this competition our missionary people were plunged. Indeed, they led the way in it, and to their efforts, mainly, was due the agitation that led to increase of American immigration

from our states and gave our people the ascendency. That there were no collisions here, of serious character, between the representatives of the different countries, was due to good, common sense on both sides, to mutual forbearance, and to common language and kinship. The reception accorded to our people by the English was uniformly considerate. We have seen how they interested themselves in the settlement of our first missionaries, and remembrance of the benevolence of Dr. McLoughlin to our people, shown many long years, is a possession that will be cherished in our history forever.

In every sketch of the early history of Oregon it is necessary to make some statement of the controversy between Great Britain and the United States over rights of sovereignty here. I shall not pursue the subject, but must mention it, for it is the key to our pioneer history, and the fact must ever be borne in mind when dealing with any part of the theme.

As missionaries to the Indians, the little band and those who came after them cannot be said to have been successful. After few years not many Indians remained to be educated and civilized. This was not the fault of the missionaries, but the inevitable and universal consequence, repeated here, of contact of the white and Indian races. But, as settlers and colonizers, our missionaries "came out strong."

They, with the reinforcements sent out during the next ten years, became the chief force that Americanized Oregon and held the country till the general immigration began to arrive.

The Presbyterians followed the Methodists in the missionary effort. Samuel Parker was sent out in 1835. Whitman came in 1836. Reinforcement to the Methodist mission arrived by sea in the Spring of 1837. Its leader was Dr. Elijah White. Dr. White and wife sailed from Boston in the ship Hamilton, July 2, 1836. They came by way of the Sandwich Islands. With them came a dozen persons, for work in the mission, including three young women, who became wives of missionaries. Of these details I can give no more in so brief an address as this must be, than are necessary to the main purpose of a short and rapid narrative. Within a year after this reinforcement arrived, Jason Lee, realizing the need of a still stronger force for the work, started East over the plains. This was in 1838, more than five years before "Whitman's ride," undertaken for a similar purpose. Passing through Peoria, Ill., in the Winter of 1838, he delivered a lecture on Oregon. This started a party of young men from Peoria

for Oregon in the Spring of 1839. The party disagreed and divided. A portion of it passed the Winter at Brown's Hole, on Green river, some miles below where the main line of the Union Pacific railroad now crosses that stream. In the Spring of 1840 it came on to Oregon, arriving at Vancouver in May, 1840. In this Peoria party were Joseph Holman, Sidney Smith, Amos Cook and Francis Fletcher, all of whom lived to old age and left descendants, now living in various parts of the state.

Before he had arrived at the end of his journey eastward, Jason Lee heard of the death of his wife in Oregon, shortly after he had left her. Bowing as a man must to so great a grief and loss, yet his purpose was not shaken. He bestirred himself with all energy to obtain further help for the mission in Oregon, and in October, 1839, with a large party that included many names which became widely known in our pioneer life, sailed from New York in the bark Lausanne for the Columbia river. The vessel arrived in the river just as the Peoria party, which had started a year earlier, came down the Columbia to Vancouver, that is, in May, 1840. The party that came by the Lausanne became known in missionary annals as "the great reinforcement."

White left Oregon in July, 1840, by sea, for New York. In 1842 he came out again to Oregon, over the plains. With him came a large party, among whom were persons afterwards well known in the history of Oregon, as J R. Robb, S. W. Moss, Medorem Crawford, the Pomeroys, Andrew and Darling Smith, and many more. White himself went back over the plains in 1845; came again to Oregon via Panama in 1861, with a commission from President Lincoln for an industrial scheme among the Indians, but, finding it impractical—most of the Indians having passed away—remained but a short time and departed for California. He spent the last years of his life in San Francisco, where he died in 1879.

Of course, it is known and acknowledged on all sides that the missionary enterprise led by Jason Lee was not the only one in the early history of Oregon that left its impress on the life of the country, directed its course and determined its destiny. There were other similar undertakings, but this one was the first, and, on the whole, more powerful than any other. After the Whitman massacre, all Protestant missions in the Upper Columbia region were abandoned, and the people came to the Willamette Valley.

But it was not merely to obtain a reinforcement for the mission that Lee prosecuted his work in the Eastern States. His work was the first work done by a resident of Oregon, to induce the Government of the United States to aid in colonization and support of the country, to settle it with American people, and to establish here an American state. Knowing also that commerce must attend the settlement of the country, he made representations to the Cushings of Massachusetts, which interested them in commercial effort in this direction; and this brought John H. Couch to Oregon in 1840, in the bark Maryland, with goods for trade, and again in the Chenamus, in 1844.

The Catholic missions in Oregon were started in 1838, four years later than the Methodist, and two years later than the Presbyterian.

Jason Lee, leaving Oregon in 1838, and reaching the Atlantic States early in 1839, at once directed his efforts to the purposes he had in view, and for which he had made the tedious journey over the plains. Before he started from Oregon he and P. L. Edwards, who had come with him, drew up a memorial to Congress, which was signed by Lee and Edwards, by every member of the mission at Willamette station, by seventeen other American citizens, nearly all at that time in the country, and by nine French Canadians, who desired to become citizens of the United States. The object of the memorial was to induce the Congress to extend the protection of the United States over the Oregon Country, and to encourage its settlement by American citizens. It was dated March 16, 1838. Lee carried this memorial to Washington. It was an elaborate statement of the merits and value of the Oregon Country, and the first appeal made to the Government of the United States by any body of the American settlers in Oregon, for assertion by Congress of the rights and sovereignty of the United States. "Our interests," said these petitioners in Oregon, "are identical with those of our own country. We flatter ourselves that we are the germ of a great state, and are anxious to give an early tone to the moral and intellectual character of its citizens. We are fully aware, too, that the destinies of our posterity will be deeply affected by the character of those who emigrate to this country. The territory must populate. The Congress of the United States must say by whom; by the reckless and unprincipled adventurer, the refugee from Botany Bay, the wanderer from South America, the deserting seamen, or by our own hardy and enterprising pioneers." Further, the position of Oregon, on the Pacific Coast, and its necessary relations to future commerce, were explained,

and strong appeal was added, that the United States should at once "take formal possession."

It is not my intention to claim merit for one at the expense of another. All our pioneers did well. All performed their part. But it is due to the truth of history to show that Jason Lee was the leader in colonial as in missionary work in Oregon, and that his journey to the East in the interests of Oregon, and his appeal to Washington, antedated the journey and the appeal of Whitman by five years.

We have said the contest between our own people and the subjects of Great Britain for possession of the Oregon Country was the key to our pioneer history. It stimulated the early migration and hastened the settlement. The missionary stations were outposts on the line of colonization. It was through their appeals, chiefly, that the Oregon Country was brought to the attention of the pioneer spirit, ever moving westward; and it is not too much to say that most of those who came to Oregon during the first twenty years of settlement and growth were moved to come by the agitation begun and carried on by those engaged in the missionary cause.

There is a vague instinct which leads restless spirits to leave their native country in early life, to try fortune elsewhere. Each thinks, no doubt, that beyond his visual horizon there lies new moral space, with large, though unknown, opportunities. Change of place is the natural demand of this restlessness of spirit. The world, through all ages has received the benefit of it; it has been one of the great moving forces in the history of our race. Our Oregon of today is a product of it.

The Indian races of Oregon, and in particular of Western Oregon, rapidly melted away. But among the white settlers, fast increasing in numbers after 1840, there was a growing field for religious, moral and educational work. Jason Lee had remarried; and again his wife was called away by death. Sore as was his bereavement, he pursued his work. New demands were constantly arising, and to meet these he deemed it necessary to make another journey to the Eastern States, for additional assistance. Parting with his co-laborers in the missions, and leaving his infant daughter, he sailed from the Columbia river in November, 1843, just after the arrival of the great immigration of that year. Passing through Mexico, he reached New York in May, 1844. Thence he went again directly to Washington to urge once more upon the Government the necessity of terminating the joint occupation of Oregon and of establishing quickly and definitely the sovereignty of

the United States. But Jason Lee was never to see Oregon again. Conferences with his missionary board, and work of preparation for larger efforts in Oregon occupied him during the remainder of the year 1844. But his arduous labors, the privations and sacrifices of more than ten years had broken his constitution, and in March, 1845, his mortal spirit passed from earth. But his spirit is here, and the work he set in motion is a possession here forever. It is fit that Oregon should recover the dust and that her soil should hold it, as the life of her people holds his spirit. Yet human glory was not his aim. His object was a higher one, and he achieved it. His name lives; yet of such mold was he that the Almighty Judge could not forget, even the oblivion of man could have been no matter to him.

He was still young—not yet 42 years of age; but "virtue, not length of days, the mind matures"; and, "that life is long which answers life's great end."

A great nature is a seed. The spirit of life and of action which springs from it grows and will grow among men for ever. Thus it is that man is the only being that cannot die. The poet tells us in mournful cadence that the path of glory leads but to the grave. But this is true only in a superficial sense. The path of true glory does not end in the grave. It passes through it, to larger opportunities of service—into a spirit that it stimulates and feeds, and into the spirit that survives it, in men's minds, forever.

Not long remembered would Jason Lee have beeen—we may suppose—but for the fortune of opportunity that sent him to Oregon. With all men of action it is so. But for his opportunity, given by the Civil War, General Grant would have no name. How slight the original incidents that have linked the name of Jason Lee inseparably with the history of Oregon! The Protestant missions failed, as missions, but they were the main instruments that peopled Oregon with Americans. That is, they were more successful than their authors ever dreamed they could be. They established the foundations of the sovereignty of the United States in the Pacific Northwest. The mission was the first low wash of the waves where now rolls this great human sea, to increase in power, we may believe throughout all ages.

Jason Lee, though a preacher of power, relied not on the graces of pulpit eloquence. Deep was his earnestness, but he was not a showy man. His journey to the West and his work herein vastly extended his spiritual and intellectual vision. Bancroft, in his study of the character of Lee, says:

"No discipline of lecture-room, general ministration or other experience, could have been so valuable a preparation for his duties as the rude routine of the days of his overland journey. It seemed to him as if his theological sea had suddenly become boundless, and he might sail unquestioned whithersoever the winds should carry him. It was delightful, this cutting loose from conventionalisms, for even Methodist preachers are men. Not that there was present any inclination toward a relaxation of principles, as is the case with so many on leaving home and all its healthful influences; on the contrary, he felt himself more than ever the chosen of God, as he was thus brought nearer him in nature, where he was sustained and guarded by day, and at night enfolded in his starry covering. Fires, both physical and mental, blazed brightly, and he was not a whit behind the most efficient of his company in willingness, ability and courage."

This is the testimony of a writer who, throughout his monumental work on the origins of the Pacific States, has shown little disposition to laud the missionaries, or to accord them more than their due.

It is small business either to disparage or flatter the ministry. But we may, even at the grave, speak of the minister as a man. Theology, like conscience, belongs to the private property of each communion; we shall not invade its precincts nor call its devotees to question. But putting aside the doctrine of the priest and considering only the sacerdotal calling in its relations to the world, we must acknowledge the moral superiority and exalted privileges which this profession offers to the man of genius, spirit and virtue who devotes himself to its exercise. On this basis the missionaries to Oregon, of all denominations, Protestant and Catholic, are to be judged without loss to them of any element of worthy reputation.

Of the two women who shared with Jason Lee the labors of his life in Oregon the annals of the time are full of appreciative notice and description. Each was a type of devoted womanhood. Though they gave all for the opportunity to labor in this then unknown field, and sacrificed their lives in it, they are fortunate in name and fame. The first wife, Anna Maria Pittman, died in May, 1838; the second, Lucy Thompson, in March, 1842. Sorrowful fatality, due to the conditions of remote pioneer life, in which woman had to bear more than her part, and yet in her hour of need could not have the assistance that her sisters in more favored circumstances receive. Such were some of the sacrifices of the pioneer time, through which this country was prepared as a dwelling place for the succeeding generations.

It is difficult for any generation to estimate rightly its contemporary men and women of real worth. There are many mistaken estimates. After the restoration in England, John Milton was overlooked and forgotten. Though the literary defender of the Commonwealth and regicides, he was regarded as too unimportant for notice. His obscurity secured him immunity from prosecution, and he died unnoticed. But so great is he now that Kings and Princes and nobles of his time walk about under his shadow; the very age that neglected him is now known as "Age of Milton," and receives its luster from his name. Mind and spirit are the controlling forces of the world. Men of pre-eminence can be estimated only by their peers. Equality of judgment is too scantily bestowed in any living generation to insure a correct decision, to settle the scale of pretension, to arrange the gradations of favor, or the definite place or title which each is to occupy in the ranks of fame. Contemporary men often pronounce that to be greatest which approaches nearest to themselves, since they are able to look upon it with the distinctness of close proximity. But the judgment is with the future time. We get no proper sense of the majesty of our mountain peaks when near them. We must draw back a little, if we would take in their full grandeur.

On this view the work of our missionaries in Oregon rises to proportions more and more majestic, as we study it from the standpoint of history and of consequences; and though others bore lofty spirits and did great work, no name stands or will stand above that of Jason Lee.

WHEN in 1835 Nathaniel J. Wyeth, who had been defeated in his enterprise to establish trade and a settlement of white men in the Valley of the Columbia River by the monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company, and was obliged to sell all his interests in the country to that all powerful corporation; the historian relates that when Wyeth left and this whole region seemed to fall under British influence and dominion, Jason Lee, the Missionary, remained. From him and his religious associates soon radiated a moral and educational influence that afterward became a light that illuminated the darkness that overshadowed this then almost barbarous region.

Earliest of the Pioneers

Hon. Reuben P. Boise
Ex. Associate Justice Supreme Court of Oregon.

This country was still in the possession of wild Indian tribes, and was then the hunting preserve of the Hudson's Bay Company, which every year sent out its trappers and traders and gathered in a rich harvest of furs, which had built up the enormous wealth of that great monopoly—which then dominated and seemed destined to control the future destiny and sovereignty of the whole region west of the Rocky Mountains and north of California.

When, in 1834, Jason Lee made his difficult and perilous journey from St. Louis to Fort Vancouver, Dr. McLoughlin, who then ruled this country with imperial sway, being familiar with its physical condition, well knowing that the country was rich in agricultural resources and believing its future sovereignty secure to the crown of Great Britain, saw in the person of Mr. Lee a devout Christian, an educated and energetic man—one especially qualified to enlighten, develop and improve the settlement of his Hudson Bay employes, which he had planted on the rich prairie lands in the northern part of this country.

The doctor therefore encouraged and finally persuaded Mr. Lee to establish his mission near this infant settlement. The acceptance of the friendly suggestions and advice of Dr. McLoughlin, and the planting of his mission in the Willamette Valley, was a fortunate move for the future sovereignty and welfare of this country, as the history of its results has most fully demonstrated.

From this nucleus of Christian civilization went forth streams of influence that not only benefited the Indians, but as well educated, enlightened and elevated the settlement founded by Dr. McLoughlin, and also the few white settlers then in the country.

The missionaries who crossed the plains and mountains to reach this country were indeed the earliest of the pioneers. They were messengers of civilization, who spied out the land and highways for future immigrants and gave to the people of the Eastern States accurate information as to the agricultural value of the country; that it was rich in soil, had a mild and healthful climate, and would produce in abundance and perfection all the staple products of the temperate zones; that it was a lovely land to look upon, unsurpassed in scenic beauties, with rivers of pure water flowing through valleys as fair as where Arcadian plains extend or the famed Hydaspes flows.

This information sent back by the missionaries and others to their former homes in the States created great interest in this country, and these tidings from the missionaries in far-off Oregon aroused an interest among the people in the Eastern States that caused many daring and energetic men and women to make the long and dangerous journey across the plains to possess this fair land. They brought with them ideas of liberty and free government by the people, and their coming saved this vast, rich and beautiful country to the sovereignty and dominion of the United States.

Mr. Lee was not only a devout minister of his church, but, like many other of his brethren, he understood the necessities and physical wants of a civilized and thrifty community. He built mills to supply food and lumber. He established schools to teach the Indians, and whites as well; he laid the foundation of what is now the Willamette University, and built houses and barns to shelter men and beasts. He made provisions to bring cattle from California for the use of the mission and settlers.

He was a man of broad and comprehensive ideas and saw and provided by every means in his power for the needs of the coming state, and spent his short, earnest and most useful life in laying the foundations of the moral and intellectual structure of this commonwealth.

The period of his active missionary life was short, for he died at his work in his early manhood, but few men in so short a period have accomplished so much for the upbuilding and advancement of Christian civilization. The monuments of his good works are all around us here today, and testify abundantly of his high character, ability and enterprise. The early foundations of this church were laid by him before its worshipers were sheltered by structures made by the

hands of men. "What to them were gilded dome or towering spire?" "Neath their sturdy oaks and pines arose their anthems, winged with fire." But from their teachings and influence has come the elegant meeting-house, the schoolhouse and the college, and now instead of the rude music of the congregation we hear the sound of the organ and the refined and cultivated music of the choir.

These early missionaries were brave, unselfish men, who devoted their lives to lighten the burdens and promote the welfare of their fellow men. They went where duty called—ministered to the sick and needy, helped by word and deed to found and develop the industries of the country, that their mission might become self-supporting and a moral and thrifty community grow up around them, and it is most fitting that we who enjoy the great blessings that have come to us, as the result of their labors, should pay reverence and honor to the memory of Jason Lee, who was their leader in these great enterprises.

He died at his work for Oregon in another distant State and was buried there, far away from the field of his labors, and now, when the members of this church, which he founded, who with grateful hearts revere his sacred memory, have returned his remains to this scene of his active life, we with reverent hands commit his ashes to final sepulture beneath the green sod of Oregon in the beautiful cemetery which bears his name, to rest beside his family and co-workers in the mission, where the spreading oak casts its grateful shade and the snow-capped mountains look down in wild and solemn grandeur.

Honored the Country by Deeds

Tribute of Supreme Justice T. G. HAILEY

Representing his Excellency the Governor of Oregon

IN the absence of his excellency, Governor Chamberlain, who has been called to Eastern Oregon on official business, the pleasure and honor is mine to represent him and our great mother State of Oregon on this memorable occasion.

Other lips more eloquent than mine and other minds better stored with the historic events of the great Northwest have this day retold to you the splendid story of the life of Jason Lee, the great missionary, founder of schools, of churches and of states. When we lay to rest in the land where he labored the moldering tenement that once possessed his mighty soul, we mark an epoch in the history of the Emerald State of Oregon and her daughters, the splendid and progressive States of Washington and Idaho. Such an event should lift us up to higher planes and inspire to nobler thoughts and better deeds.

The young women and young men here present tonight from Chemawa represent the latest and best results of the early work of Jason Lee among their forefathers, who once held dominion over this Northwest land. Your forefathers, clad in scanty garb of skins of wild beasts, listened to his lessons of love and labor preached under the boughs of the primeval forest; while you, my Indian friends, now clothed in all comforts, hearken to the same lessons of love and labor from his successors, taught to you under the sheltering domes of modern churches and schools. I doubt not that from his everlasting home beyond the skies that great missionary looks down with satisfaction and blessings upon you and all those who have carried forward the noble work for you and your people which he began so many years ago. I here and now invoke in behalf of this remaining fragment of the original owners of the Oregon country the sympathy and aid of all who have the love of humanity in their hearts. When our ancestors and predecessors in this fair land were few and theirs were many, the red man was for many years the white man's friend, and now that they are few and we are many, let us remember only the deeds of kindness of their race and aid them to fulfill the purpose for which they are created.

At this time when we do honor to a great pioneer in particular and by so doing do honor to all pioneers in general, a few lines from the pioneer poet, Joaquin Miller, addressed to the New Oregon, seem to be appropriate:

Young men, strong men, there is work to be done;
Faith to be cherished, battles to fight;
Victories won were never well won
Save fearlessly won by God and the right.

Have faith, such faith as your fathers knew,
All else must follow if you have but faith.
Be true to their faith, and you must be true.

Let me say in closing to all dwelling within the old Oregon country that whene'er you tread within the limits where now rests the body of Jason Lee, remember that by his deeds he honored the Oregon country and by his sacred remains he now hallows it.

MR. President and Ladies and Gentlemen: Some one has said that a man's life history should not be written until fifty years after his death—meaning, I suppose, that if he had any animosities or imperfections during his lifetime they should be permitted to die out and be forgotten. Besides, the progressive and far-seeing statesman, the man who is ahead of his day and generation, is not always appreciated until after events have justified his course. Be that as it may, while there was no lack of appreciation during his lifetime of the man whose memory we honor today, and no reason for postponing this event, still it is certain that as time rolls on he looms as a larger and yet more important figure on the horizon of the history of the Pacific Northwest.

Instrument in God's Hands

HON. ALLEN WEIR

Representing his Excellency the Governor of Washington, and the Pioneer Association of Washington

As we stand reverently near the dust that was once Jason Lee, I wish to say that, speaking in behalf of the State of Washington, her Governor, and the Washington State Pioneer Association, I am honored in having been authorized to bear a message to you this evening.

We honor the memory of Jason Lee because of his noble, pure and consecrated life, the best years of which were given to the perilous duties of a missionary to our land before it could boast of many white settlers; because he it was who preached the first sermon from the Word of God ever uttered within the bounds of what is now the State of Washington—when his was literally the voice of "one crying in the wilderness," and especially because to his wise and far-seeing statesmanship, patriotism and energetic, happily directed efforts, more than to those of any other individual, is due the fact that the soil of what is now the big, lusty young state to the north of us, once a part of old Oregon, became American soil and not British. The State of Washington desires to acknowledge her debt of gratitude to him, and to add her tribute to his memory today.

Life, death, eternity! How vast, how deep, how solemn are these three words! Astronomy cannot tell us where the bounds of this visible universe are. Theology cannot determine the locality of that

invisible universe from which no traveler returns. But we are told that somewhere, "in our Father's house," are many mansions. This we do know, that when a human being, endowed with the kingly qualities of a free moral agent, capable of using his powers for the uplifting and bettering of humanity, does so use those powers instead of so wasting his life in selfish gratification or sloth, or in wrongdoing, his memory should be honored by those who follow after. Life is a glorious mystery, with a heaven beyond for attainment by just men made perfect. Jason Lee, from the battlements of heaven today, must look down with the never-ending satisfaction of duty well and faithfully performed on earth.

"The hand of the King that the scepter hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave."

But not so with the splendid character that lives in the minds of fellow mortals after useless clay has served its purpose and been laid away in the grave. Rather should it be said of these in the language of Lord Lytton:

Forever near, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no dead."

"The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust."

As we contemplate the object and purpose of this gathering tonight, what memories crowd upon us! The scenes, incidents and individuals of the past crowd in and haunt the vision and fill the minds of those in this presence who took part in the doings of early pioneer days in "Old Willamette," or those who had contemporaneous existence with those days in the "Oregon Country." I wish I might recall that past yet more vividly to your attention. I would like to hold before your eyes the old Chemeketa founded by the man whose dust rests in yonder Lee Mission Cemetery; the dwelling erected by him here when first he built a habitation in the "Land of the Sundown Seas."

"The shadows lie across the dim old room,
The firelight glows and fades into the gloom,
While mem'ry sails to childhood's distant shore,
And dreams, and dreams of days that are no more."

When Jason Lee came from the Eastern States to the "Oregon Country," in 1834, he came as a vigorous young preacher of the word of God, fired with enthusiasm in his mission and message to the native tribes of the Northwest, his ambition to Christianize and civilize them, and imbued with a lively conception of the magnitude and importance of this country and of his undertaking. Large and wholesome, mentally and physically, of distinguished lineage, and having been well educated and trained to lofty ideals, he was splendidly equipped for the work that made him famous and left the stamp and impress of his personality upon all the Pacific Northwest for the molding of character of the white population coming to these shores, fostering patriotic citizenship, and building up a heritage priceless to humanity. The little band under his leadership were the first to raise the Stars and Stripes in these ends of the earth, the first to put forth a successful effort to establish a local self-government here, and the first to bring to the attention of the Government of the United States the importance and desirability of extending National protection to the people and exercising National authority over this vast domain.

Born in Stanstead, Canada, in 1803, he was nevertheless a thorough American. His ancestor, John Lee, was one of the first fifty-four members of the Massachusetts Bay Colony to settle at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1634. The names of his ancestors appear in every war of the colonies and of the United States prior to his time and in the Pequot war, in the old French and Indian war, at Concord and Lexington, at the siege of Boston, at the battle of Long Island, at the storming of Stony Point, with Washington crossing the Delaware, at Princeton and Trenton, Germantown and Monmouth. Colonel Noah Lee raised and equipped at his own expense a regiment in Vermont and led them to the aid of Ethan Allen in the attack upon Ticonderoga. Captain Nathan Hale, Washington's scout, executed at New York as a spy by order of General Howe, was a descendant from Tabitha, youngest daughter of John Lee, as is also the celebrated divine, Rev. Edward Everett Hale. Among college presidents in this same lineage we find the name of William Allen Lee, of Bowdoin and Dartmouth, and John Parker Lee, of Los Angeles, Cal. Among statesmen is Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania; among jurists, William Strong, a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; among soldiers of the Civil War, Kirby Smith, the last Confederate General to sur-

render. His father was a Minute Man, and hastened to the defense of Concord and Lexington, and was with General Washington at the siege of Boston, and in all the campaigns of New Jersey. At the close of the Revolutionary War the elder Lee settled in the then almost impenetrable wilds of Vermont, in a location that was afterward divided by the boundary line between the United States and Canada. The town, which lies on both sides of the line, is called Rock Island on the Canadian side of the line and Derby Line on the American side. By the location of the boundary the Lees were left a stone's throw from the line on the Canadian side.

Converted in 1826, Jason Lee entered Wilbraham Academy at Wilbraham, Massachusettts, the following year, and spent the remainder of his life in the United States. Upon his arrival in Oregon, accompanied by his nephew, Daniel Lee, and Cyrus Shepherd and P. L. Edwards, he began work by opening a school for Indian children in a log house they erected a few miles below the place where we stand tonight.

Mr. Lee had an adequate conception of the country, its importance, and his great work, even before he left the Atlantic States, because he had visited Washington, D. C., prior to his coming, where he interviewed President Andrew Jackson, to whom he unfolded his plans and from whom he secured executive endorsement and a promise of assistance. On his way west he held religious services at Fort Hall in what is now Southern Idaho, July 27, 1834, preaching from the text:

"Whether, therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." 1 Cor. x:31.

On the following day he conducted the first funeral services west of the Rocky Mountains by a Protestant Christian minister. On September 28, 1834, he preached at Vancouver, now in Washington, then a Hudson's Bay Company trading post, and on October 9 following he preached at Gervais.

Among the missionaries coming within the next few years, Lee was easily the foremost in leadership. He was aggressive and resourceful, planning with wisdom and executing with the firm, manly tread of a conqueror. His consecrated, Christian manhood, strong in body and mind, hopeful and helpful, enabled him to accomplish things. He survived all dangers incident to crossing the plains, the main part of the continent then being uninhabited save by wild beasts and hostile, treach-

erous Indians. He blazed a pathway for oncoming civilization. Weary and footsore, toiling over desert plain, through swamp and forest, never hesitating in his purpose, immediately upon his arrival he began his work with the zeal of one who felt that he must be "about the Master's business."

In 1838, when Mr. Lee returned to "the States" after reinforcements for his missions, and to bring the importance of this country to the attention of the Government, he carried with him a memorial to Congress, which he had prepared, and which was supported by the settlers, that was significant and important, prophetic of our future greatness, and which described the needs and possibilities of the country, its conditions, and the earnest desires of the petitioners. One paragraph alone from his pen will suffice to indicate the strength of his grasp of the situation. He said:

"We need hardly allude to the commercial advantages of the territory. Its happy position for trade with China, India and the Western Coast of America. The growing importance, however, of the islands of the Pacific is not so generally known or appreciated. As these islands progress in civilization their demands for the products of more northern climates will increase; nor can any country supply them with beef, flour, etc., on terms so advantageous as this."

This memorial reads like the arguments of expansionists in Congress within the past decade. It was presented to the United States Senate by Senator Linn of Missouri on January 28, 1839, in connection with a bill to create a territory south of latitude 52 and west of the Rocky Mountains, to be called "Oregon Territory."

Mr. Lee also enlisted the active support of Caleb Cushing in his plan to add more stars to our National emblem from the far Pacific Northwest. On January 17, 1839, he wrote to Mr. Cushing from Middletown, Connecticut, referring to the memorial and to the "Oregon question":

"You are aware, sir, that there is no law in the country to protect or control American citizens, and to whom shall we look, to whom can we look, for the establishment of wholesome laws to regulate our infant and rising settlements but to the Congress of our own beloved country.

"The country will be settled, and that speedily, from some quarter, and it depends very much upon the speedy action of Congress what that population shall be and what shall be the fate of the Indian tribes in

that territory. It may be thought that Oregon is of little importance, but rely upon it there is the germ of a great state."

"We are resolved to do what we can to benefit the country, but we are constrained to throw ourselves upon you for protection."

During the year 1839 Mr. Lee traveled extensively throughout the East, delivering lectures at many points, awakening great interest and enthusiasm in and over the subject of far-away Oregon, its condition and its wonderful natural resources, mild and equable climate and its advantageous geographical location with reference to the growth of civilization and the aggrandizement of the United States among the growth and development of the nations of the world. He attended the Methodist Episcopal Conference at Alton, Ill., and captured the rapt attention of all there in his theme and his personality. From there he went to Peoria, and lectured, and at that point was organized the first company of Americans who were not missionaries to seek permanent homes in Oregon.

While in the East, Mr. Lee met and married Lucy Thompson, of Barre, Vermont, a lady of rare culture and attractiveness, who accompanied him back to his far Western home. Here in Old Chemeketa was their family fireside, here was set up their family altar; here, on February 26, 1842, their daughter, Lucy Anna Maria Lee, was born; here that daughter grew to womanhood and developed into one of the most lovely and lovable of Christian characters ever known on the Coast.

Wherever he was, Jason Lee was abundant in labors. In his chosen field here, from the California line to Puget Sound, his activities were incessant. A great many trips were made by him up and down the Columbia river, with no conveyance except an Indian canoe, and no shelter when overtaken by nightfall but the friendly earth and the forest and sky overhead and round about. On the 9th day of October, 1839, a company of missionaries and their families, some fifty-two persons in all, sailed from New York on the ship Lausanne for the "Oregon Country," to reinforce the work of Mr. Lee. These were recruits enlisted through his efforts. They arrived at the mouth of the Columbia river June 1, 1840, and 12 days later met at Vancouver for consultation. Mr. Lee, as Superintendent of the mission work, assigned them to their different stations. On June 15 he appointed Dr. John P. Richmond, of this party, to establish a mission at Nisqually,

near Puget Sound, now in Pierce County, Washington. Dr. Richmond was the first American man with a family to become a resident north of the Columbia river. Mr. Lee had visited and selected the place for this mission in 1838. The first American child born in the Puget Sound country was a son of Dr. and Mrs. Richmond. The entry in the family Bible reads:

"Francis Richmond, son of John P. Richmond and wife, America, was born at Puget Sound, near Nisqually, Oregon Territory, on the 28th day of February, Anno Domini 1842, and was baptized by Rev. Jason Lee, Superintendent of Oregon Missions."

It seems inexpressibly sad even yet that the beloved wife of Mr. Lee should have so prematurely ended her earthly career in 1842, and that his own life should end, just, apparently, in the beginning of his great usefulness.

Jason Lee would have graced any position of honor and responsibility to which the American people might have called him, and would have risen equal to any emergency. The splendid institution of learning here in Salem, with its long, honorable and highly useful career, is a fitting monument to the man. No mausoleum erected here to mark his resting place could be too elegant or costly to properly express the love and appreciation of the people for him and his memory. But his grandest monument is the splendid character he builded, of which we get an occasional glimpse for our edification and inspiration. He was modest, unassuming, one of the quiet, forceful souls, devoted in every fibre to a great work. The everlasting snows on Mt. Hood are not purer nor fairer than the unsullied personal character he left behind. While his work has been carried on by other devoted and able men, and its sphere of usefulness will go on broadening like the waves rippling from a stone cast into placid waters, yet the impetus given to it all by the man himself who laid broad and deep foundations will continue as an abiding example for all who follow.

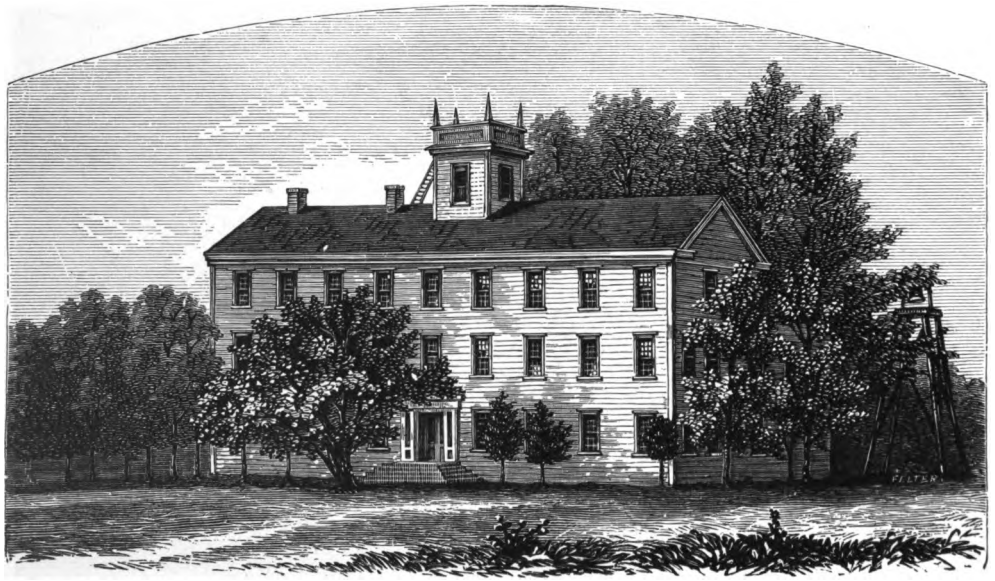
Jason Lee undoubtedly felt the responsibility of being an instrument in God's hands in working out the higher destiny of the race. The oncoming civilization of which he was a forerunner swept across the continent, subduing the savage races and changing conditions and overcoming obstacles, and now at the dawn of the new century it has passed all former boundaries and is crossing the ocean to repeople the Philippines, Hawaii, Porto Rico and other "Islands of the Sea," and the

new order of things has become a part of the world's history. He would doubtless feel that the unfurling of the Stars and Stripes and the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner" and "America" on these new shores, accompanied by the roar and rattle of our artillery, were but incidents in the onward march of our Christian civilization; and that when we say

> "Forever float that standard sheet,
> Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
> With Freedom's soil beneath our feet
> And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us"

We should do so in a spirit of humility born of the responsibility placed upon us by the all wise arbiter of destiny who holds the fate of nations as in the hollow of his hand, and who desires to use us as instruments in working out the uplift of the human race. He was one of our nobility. His life would say to succeeding generations:

> "Look up, my young American! Stand firm on earth;
> Where noble deeds and mental power give places over birth."



Oregon Institute

MR. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—I thank you for this cordial greeting. It warms my heart. Coming from entire strangers, it would be an inspiration and would kindle a less halting and more ready tongue than mine to perhaps eloquent speech, for it would denote a perfect sympathy of the audience for the speaker; but coming from those whom in a certain sense I still regard as my home people, many of you friends of olden time, it brings with it a keen and added pleasure, for I take it as in some sense an expression of personal interest and perhaps regard.

Well Was His Name Jason

Like an Argonaut of Old Braved Many Hardships

Address by HON. B L. STEEVES
Lieut.-Gov., representing his Excellency, Gov. of Idaho

I deem it a rare honor and privilege to stand before this magnificent representation of the citizenship of the Capital City of Oregon, a city which for so many years I knew as home. For strong and tender ties of sentiment unite me to this beautiful place. It was here I acquired my education. The Old Willamette was the alma mater, the tender mother, who gave me my birth into the literary and professional worlds. For three years I sat at the feet of her instructors. It was here my young manhood was spent. It was here I was married. It was here I held in my arms a tiny atom of humanity and felt the first thrill of paternal affection for a first-born child. But there is another tie more tender even than these, one indissoluble and hallowed. This is the place my mother loved best of any place on earth. It was here she loved to live. It was here she wished to die, and on the green hillside south of town both she and an honored father sleep the sleep that knows no waking. So it is with good reason I look upon the people of Salem as my own, my home people, and it is with a feeling of sadness as well as pride that I arise to address you on this occasion.

I well remember the last time I essayed a public address before the people of Salem. It was on the occasion of my graduation. The subject of my oration was the Latin adage, "Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis," The times change and we are changed in them. I stood on the threshold of life, wondering what place I could fill in the world's work, vaguely anxious and afraid to take a step for fear it would be wrong. I peered into the future, wondering what changes

the passing years would bring, and now returning after years of absence to represent a great state upon a great occasion, the words of my old commencement oration recur to my mind, "Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis."

For this is a great occasion. We have come here to pay honor to the memory of one who made the great Northwest as we know it possible; to one to whom that highest tribute of praise can well be given, "He has done what he could"; to one who builded better than he knew. Well was his name Jason, for, like argonauts of old, he and his little band braved the terrors of unknown seas and the perils of unknown lands, not, indeed, in search of golden fleece or of any material aggrandizement, but to establish civilization and enlightenment upon the then most remote parts of this Western Continent; to lay the foundations of an empire upon the Pacific slope, and to establish therein an institution of learning whose beneficent and widening influence should extend to the uttermost parts of the earth and whose children should rise up and call her blessed. Such, then, have been the results of the work of Jason Lee, greater by far than any man then living would have dared to anticipate. Of the three states secured to the Union by the early advent of the missionary colonists headed by Jason Lee, I am asked to represent the youngest of the trinity, Idaho. I accept the task with alacrity. It is a pleasant duty to perform, for to me it is a labor of love. I take it that as the earlier exercises of the day have been devoted exclusively to a fitting eulogy of the character of Jason Lee and a fitting tribute to his labor and his life, it is equally appropriate that these last exercises should be devoted at least in part to a description of the wonderful country which his efforts were so largely instrumental in saving to the Union and which now form so important a part of the United States. A land of fertile valleys, of magnificent streams, of broad ranges, of mountains whose everlasting snows have challenged the rising sun since the morning stars first sang together, of lakes whose placid bosoms reflect back the fragrant forests and the Summer skies, of forest and field and waterfall, of blue skies and bountiful sunshine—such is Idaho, Gem of the Mountains, Land of Opportunity.

Nature has been lavish in this land of promise. She has given us soil for the plow and water enough for the harvest. Timber enough for our homes and power for our factories. Iron for industry and copper for the arts. Gold for a nation's commerce and lead for a

nation's defense. Wilderness enough for vigor. Scenery enough for sentiment and sunshine enough for home.

Of the early settlement of Idaho I will say but little. She is a young state, and age has not yet clothed her early history with romance. She was first settled in the early sixties by miners and stockmen. Idaho has been in the past and is now handicapped by the fact that the main line of travel through the state crosses what until lately has been known as the Snake River desert. For 50 years the tide of Western immigration flowed past our doors unmindful of the empire awaiting development in the inter-mountain region. Even yet people passing through the state on the train have no conception, from what they see, of what the state has to offer in soil and mineral wealth and scenery and climate, and for the benefit of such I will make a few statements. Though classed as an arid state, Idaho is by far the best watered of the arid states and one of the best watered in the Union. It is the only state, with the possible exception of Washington, which has a river of the magnitude of the Snake flowing 1,000 miles within its own territories. This river has numerous large and important tributaries all available for irrigation. Idaho has the greatest natural water power of any state in the Union, and this time we will not except Washington nor even New York, which has the American Falls of Niagara. Hundreds of thousands of horse power are being developed on the cataracts of the Snake, and thousands more can be developed on the Salmon. One hundred thousand horse power at one cataract, the Augur Falls, and above and below a dozen other falls of greater or less dimensions. Like the rays of a spider's web, electric wires will radiate from the Snake River Valley, carrying the imprisoned energy of the Snake River over hill and dale, propelling trolley cars, lighting distant cities and homes and turning the wheels of industry in our own and neighboring states.

And now I will make a statement that to the people of Salem may sound like heresy. The Snake River Valley is larger and will support a greater population than the Valley of the Willamette. It is nearly 500 miles long and from two to 40 miles in width. It is being rapidly reduced by irrigation to a high state of cultivation. Over 1,000,000 acres are now in process of reclamation. Think what this means in a country where 40 acres is as much land as one family can properly take care of. If you would have an object-lesson of the boundless possibilities of American enterprise, visit Twin Falls, where a town of 3,000 people, with modern improvements and buildings, and two banks carry-

ing a combined deposit of $450,000, has been built in one year. The tract itself a vast plain, dotted with homes as far as the eye can reach, with great irrigation canals like rivers meandering through the land, carrying a volume of water 70 feet wide and 7 feet deep, and capable of being navigated by river steamboats if it were considered advisable. Visit the Minadoka dam, which is just being completed by the Government, and which is designed to irrigate 100,000 acres, if you would learn that there is no mechanical obstacle, however great, that American ingenuity will not overcome. It is one of the wonders of the world. Southern Idaho will in 20 years be the most highly developed agricultural country on earth. Thirty thousand horsepower will be developed at the Minadoka dam alone, belonging to the farmers themselves, and every farmhouse will be lighted by electricity and every churn and washing machine will be attached to an electric motor.

Idaho is proud of her resources, and she is proud of her citizens. She has a sturdy, independent citizenship, mostly young and mostly American-born. Idaho is proud of her institutions. We are proud that Idaho represents the highest development in civil government. That the great tree of liberty, under whose spreading branches all nations of the earth will in due time find shelter, which first as a tender sapling struck root at Runnymeade, when the rebellious barons forced King John to affix his signature to Magna Charta, and which has grown and developed and flourished through the centuries watered by the blood and tears of earth's bravest and best, has at last reached its highest flower and most perfect fruition in the Rocky Mountain States, the backbone of the American Continent, and that Idaho freely extends the ballot to every American citizen, without relation to color or sex, and does not class our wives, our sisters and our mothers, politically, with criminals, imbeciles and Indians not taxed.

Idaho extends her arms to the world. She invites the world to come and participate in her development. She invites the capitalist and points to the opportunities for manufacture, to her great natural water power, to her mines and forests undeveloped and uncut. She invites the farmer and points to the great tracts of arid land soon to be reclaimed by private enterprise or by the reclamation service of a beneficient Government. She invites the tourist and points to her great natural beauties of river and mountain and forest and lake. She invites the invalid, for whom in a more rigorous climate, a lower altitude or a more humid atmosphere there is no hope of health, and, last, but not

least, she invites the laborer, for labor is the basis of all prosperity. And the people are answering the call. They are coming to Idaho. In the past ten years they have doubled our population and quadrupled the amount of land under irrigation. They are transforming the state. They are converting her arid plains into fertile fields and are making her to be in fact what her name literally implies—Idaho, Gem of the Mountains.

IN 1884 Mrs. Mary R. Hall, daughter of Rev. A. F. Waller, wrote me a letter in answer to some questions I asked her. After answering them she added: "There is a tie which unites those who came here in the early days, unknown to later arrivals. I pray God for you and yours. I know He will and does care for those who put their trust in Him."

Extracts from Early Letters

REV. MYRON BELLS

Representing the Pioneer Association of Washington and the early Mission of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions

Another letter which I received was from Rev. Daniel Lee, the nephew of Rev. Jason Lee, in 1886. He was then in his eightieth year and at Caldwell, Kansas. He closed thus, "Farewell Dear Brother; the Lord grant you a long life and a crown of glory. Your brother in Christian love. Daniel Lee."

My next quotation is from one written by Rev. J. H. Wilbur in 1873, then in his missionary work on the Yakima reservation, to Rev. H. H. Spalding, then back at his work among the Nez Perces. He wrote: "I am in perfect sympathy with you in this great work that is being done among the Indians. We are having good meetings here. God is adding constantly to our numbers of the saved ones. Today we have had a shower of grace on the assembly. Some of your Indians were in the meeting and I learned they were going home in the morning, and I thought I would take a minute in writing you."

I now quote from one written at Olympia in 1867 by Rev. H. K. Hines to Mr. Spalding. "You may remember that once at Eugene City you and your dear daughter dined with us. We remember it gratefully. You and your devoted band of fellow laborers have written your names imperishably on the histories of this land, and especially among the records of all that is grand and heroic in missionary self denial and martyrdom. Good Father, give you a glorious reward."

Another is from Rev. J. L. Parrish to Mr. Spalding and was dated December 25, 1850. Mrs. Spalding was then on her deathbed, and died about two weeks later. He wrote, "We greatly sympathize with you and Sister Spalding in her affliction, and we most sincerely hope and pray for her recovery; and will not the Lord hear. He will hear and resore to health unless Sister Spalding's work is all done. If so he will say to her, come up here; and if we look to Him, He will give us grace

to console us under the most trying sorrow; and brother, let us remember the great blessing we seek is to get well out of this world and by the gracious aid of the Lord get our families with us to heaven. It matters therefore little who leaves this world first. The Lord's will be done. The home of the faithful is in heaven. I have no doubt that Sister Spalding knows that her Redeemer liveth. She therefore will keep near His bleeding side, and by that fountain her robe will be white and fitted for her passage when her work is done."

Going still further back in time I found one written by H. B. Brewer, for a long time one of your missionaries at The Dalles, to Mr. Spalding. Mr. Brewer was then leaving for the East by the way of the Sandwich Islands, in 1848, and was on the brig Evelyn. He wrote: "I shall expect you will write me frequently. Do not think that because we are far away that we shall not desire to hear from you. We shall ever cherish friendly Christian feelings toward you. We feel anxious to hear from Messrs. Walker and Eells and all about the war." (The Cayuse war).

These letters have been from the missionaries of the Methodist mission to those of our mission. I now turn to the other side and quote from two by Mrs. Whitman. Nine or ten written by her to Mrs. Brewer and Mrs. Perkins, of The Dalles were published in the transactions of the Oregon Pioneer Association, for when Dr. Whitman was East on his ever memorable journey in 1842-3, she spent a large share of the time at The Dalles, where these ladies resided.

In 1844 Mrs. Whitman wrote to Mrs. Brewer thus: "I often think and dream of you and the scenes of the past. Neither do I forget you in my weak applications at the throne of grace, and the people for whom you labor; but especially at the seasons for the mother's meetings do I feel a meeting of hearts around the mercy seat clearer and sweeter to me than all this earth can afford."

The last letter from which I quote was written not to any member of the Methodist mission, but to her own mother, and thus shows in another way the true feelings of her heart. It was written in April, 1844, and was evidently the first one she wrote to her mother after Dr. Whitman's return from the East. Mrs. Whitman had spent the most of that year of the doctor's absence at The Dalles, but in the summer of 1843 had made a visit to Clatsop, Salem and Oregon City. She wrote: "The last week in September I left the Falls (Oregon City) for Vancouver and The Dalles in company with Rev. Jason Lee, the super-

intendent of that mission, and turned my back upon many dear friends in Christ, with whom I was permitted to form an acquaintance and a Christian attachment never to be forgotten. * * * Mr. Lee waited at the Dalles until the doctor came. It was pleasing to see the pioneers of the two missions meet and hold counsel together. He has shown me great kindness during my lonely state, and may the Lord reward him for it."

Ceremonies at the Grave.

Heartfelt Tribute Uttered at Grave of Methodist Missionary of 1834 Who Helped Save Oregon—Pioneer Preachers Attend.

"With impressive ceremonies, which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed them, the remains of Jason Lee, the pioneer Methodist missionary, were given reinterment in Lee Mission Cemetery. Representatives of three states, of the Methodist church and of the Oregon Historical Society devoted the entire day to exercises in honor of the man who, it was frequently declared, did more than any other one person to make Oregon a part of the United States.

Many were the tributes of respect and appreciation that were voiced by ministers and laymen, by lawyers, jurists, journalists, historians and others prominent in public life. For the first time Oregon has fully expressed her debt of gratitude to Jason Lee, and so far as possible the church has made amends for any wrongs he suffered through error or misunderstanding.

For more than fifty years his mortal remains had rested in foreign soil, at Stanstead, Canada. Through the efforts of President Coleman, of Willamette University, of which institution Lee was one of the founders, the body was exhumed more than a year ago and brought to Oregon. Today old, white-haired pioneers, middle-aged men of prominence in public affairs, young ministers of the gospel in the land where the teachings of Christ were first proclaimed by Jason Lee, gathered around a simple grave in the old mission burying ground and laid the body at final rest.

Never again, perhaps, in Oregon, will be witnessed such a scene as that which caused strong men to mingle smiles and tears as they stood around the open grave of Jason Lee. The last formal words of the burial ceremony had been spoken and the first sprinkling of earth cast upon the box at the bottom of the grave, when President Coleman called upon Rev. John Flinn for a few remarks.

Slightly bowed by the weight of 90 years, this last survivor of the pioneer missionaries stepped from the closely crowded circle and with an earnestness of manner that deeply impressed his hearers proclaimed as sacred and holy this soil which holds the material remains of Bishop Haven. Rev. William Roberts, Father Wilbur, Father Parrish, Gustavus Hines, Harvey Hines, Father Waller, and others whose lives were devoted to the service of their fellow-men.

As he spoke of his own declining years, declared himself filled with love for all mankind, and then, turning to Dr. Driver, spoke of the time soon to come when they, too, would be placed beneath the sod, tears flowed down the cheeks of men and women who have known these men to love them. A moment later the tears were turned to smiles when Flinn told of the conversion of Dr. Driver, in the Umpqua Valley, over 40 years ago, and Dr. Bishop recounted the incidents of his first meeting with Mr. Flinn. The three white-haired men chuckled with deep enjoyment as they lived over again for a moment events now nearly half a century past. It was a spontaneous, an unplanned part of the proceedings, but one which no one would have consented to omit, though under other circumstances it would have seemed out of harmony with the solemnity of a burial ceremony.

These three venerable men made short impromptu addresses

appropriate to the occasion, and were followed by Rev. W. J. White, of Walla Walla; Rev. A. Atwood, of Spokane; Rev. Myron Eells, ex-Governor T. T. Geer, ex-Governor Z. F. Moody, Rev. G. W. Grannis, George H. Himes, J. D. Lee, Prof. F. H. Grubbs, Allen Weir, Rev. A. J. Joslyn, Rev. T. L. Jones and Mrs. H. K. Hines.

The tombstone erected at the head of Lee's grave is the same that marked his grave in Canada. It is a marble slab about six feet tall and 2 1-2 feet wide."

LEE MISSION CEMETERY.

The cemetery crowns a gentle knoll overlooking a fine landscape on every side. Toward the west, and in the immediate foreground, lies Salem, the capital of Oregon, by the "Beautiful Willamette." Across the river rise the green Polk County hills stretching away to the blue of the Coast Range. To the east, beyond Salem prairie, and over the Waldo hills, sweeps the line of the Cascades, with its sentinel peaks of Hood, Jefferson and the Three Sisters guarding the holy ground and sacred dust.

In the early sixties much of the ground was covered by a growth of sturdy young oaks shielding many graves of Indian children, members of the Mission school. Here also were interred some of the early settlers near Salem, the graves of "a few marked by marble head stones, others in wooden enclosures and others unmarked and almost obliterated under the fall and decay of vegetation."

In later years all the old missionaries, who remained in Oregon, found sepulture here, Gustavus Hines, Waller, Leslie, Parrish, with their wives. Here also, rest the remains of Bishop E. O. Haven, of the M. E. Church.

The Diamond Square is enclosed by an iron railing and within its precincts lie "in each other's arms, and clasped to the bosom of the earth, which they came to rescue from Paganism, two sisters in Christ, the companions of a heroic soldier of the cross, having laid down their lives while darkness was yet on the face of the deep, when no church spire glistened in the mellow sunlight of the Willamette—fallen one after the other, at the dawn of a glorious civilization to sleep under the melancholy dirges of the wilderness." These two graves are marked by but one stone that of Anna Maria Pittman.

The inscription reads:

BENEATH THIS SOD
THE FIRST EVER BROKEN IN OREGON
FOR THE RECEPTION OF A
WHITE MOTHER AND CHILD
LIE THE REMAINS
OF
ANNA MARIA PITTMAN
WIFE OF
REV. JASON LEE
She sailed from New York in July, 1836
Landed in Oregon, June, 1837
Was married July 16, 1837
And Died
June 26, 1838
Aged 36 years.

This tombstone, with that of Lucy Anna Thompson and Cyrus Shepard, was lost in the Willamette river near Clackamas rapids. while being transported in an Indian canoe. Lucy Anna Thompson's was never recovered, and Cyrus Shepard's only after a year's search. Near by is another mound, and the inscription on the broken stone reads:

"The grave of Cyrus Shepard, who, weak in body but strong in faith, accompanied the first missionaries. He crossed the Rocky Mountains"—

The remainder of the record is obliterated by the sand and wash of the river bed.

By the side of her mother lies Lucy Anna Maria Lee Grubbs, only daughter of Jason Lee, who died at The Dalles, Oregon, April 28, 1881. Here, now, also rests JASON LEE.

The only other occupants of the Diamond Square are Rev. Harvey K. Hines, the historian, and his wife Elizabeth Hines.

GENEAOLOGY.

From "John Lee of Farmington and His Descendants," the following data is compiled, together with extracts from Colonial history:

"The family of Lee is one of the most ancient in English history. In the eleventh century the name of Launcelot Lee is associated with William the Conqueror, and is of Norman origin and in the division of estates by that chieftain, a fine estate in Essex county was bestowed upon him."

"Lionel Lee raised a company of cavaliers, at the head of which he accompanied Richard Coeur de Leon in the third crusade A. D., 1192. Two of the name have been Knights of the Garter, and their banners, surmounted by the 'Lee Arms" may be seen in St. George's Chapel, Windsor."

"John Lee, the American ancestor of the Farmington family of the same name, was born in Essex county, England, and probably in Colchester in 1620."

After the departure from England of the "Pilgrim Fathers" for the shores of New England, the persecution of Dissenters by Archbishop Laud drove from their homes to the new world another class of pietists, known as "Puritans."

The Pilgrims made their first settlement at Plymouth and are described as "plain men and women, strong in conviction, determined in purpose, steadfast in suffering and triumphant in accomplishments' and contained the best elements of colonial enterprise that had been found in any of the bands of adventurous spirits which had as yet sought to carry English civilization to the New World." "Plymouth was weak in men and money, having only one university man—Elder Brewster."

The Puritans named their colony Massachusetts Bay. They "had a superabundance of highly educated persons." "Their connections in England were powerful. They brought tools, cattle and horses."

Savage, in his genealogical notes, says, "The inhabitants, most of them, are very rich and well stored with cattle of all sorts."

With this latter class, John Lee arrived at Cambridge—then called Newtowne in 1634 and had his residence at the southwest corner of Holyoke and Winthrop streets, near the present site of Harvard university, being then thirteen years of age and ward of William Westwood, a man of substance and influence.

"William Westwood was an attendant on the ministry of the celebrated divine, Thomas Hooker at Braintree, Essex county, England, and followed the fortunes of his pastor, who was chosen minister to the congregation at Newtowne."

In 1635 John Steele and Wm. Westwood led a pioneer company "out west," as it was then considered, and laid the foundations of Hartford, Conn. "The next year, the main band, with their pastor, Thomas Hooker, came, driving their flocks before them, through the wilderness. For two weeks they traveled on foot, traversing mountains, swamps and rivers, with only the compass for a guide and little besides the milk from their own cows for their subsistance, Mrs. Hooker, being ill, was borne on a litter."

"In this company came John Lee, and thus became one of the original settlers of Hartford, Conn."

In 1658, John Lee married Mary Hart, daughter of Deacon Stephen Hart, first deacon and "pillar of the church."

About 1640 Deacon Hart, with some others, "were on a hunting excursion on Talcott Mountain and discovered the Tunxis valley (since known as Farmington) then occcupied by the powerful Tunxis tribe of Indians. It was a beautiful valley and partially cleared and the prolific crops revealed the fertility of the soil. The country was coveted by the hunters, but there is no evidence that they resorted to any unfair means to wrest it from the Indians. As soon as arrangements could be effected, a purchase was made and the settlement commenced. This purchase consisted of 225 square miles, the proprietors being eighty-four in number of whom John Lee was one." There is yet extant a map of ancient Farmington, showing the holdings of each proprietor.

"John Lee died Aug. 8, 1690 (old style) and was buried in the old cemetery at Farmington." The original tombstone "is a coarse unhewn slab, 20x29 inches in dimensions, the lettering being rough and jagged as the slab itself."

A new monument of Scotch granite, seventeen feet high has recently been erected over the grave, a tribute of affection by one of his descendants, Wm. H. Lee, of New York.

"Captains of vessels engaged in transporting passengers were obliged to furnish bonds for faithful performance of duty, and upon the return of the vessel, with proper evidence of such duty performed, were entitled to a return of their bonds."

The following is a copy of a petition found on the records of the British Custom House at Ipswich, England:

"TO THE RIGHT HONNO$^{BL\ E}$ LORDS AND OTHERS OF HIS MA^{TIES} MOST HONNO^{BLE} PRIVIE COUNCIL."

"The humble petition and certificates of John Cutting, M^{r} of the shipp called the Francis and William Andrews Ma^{r} of the Elizabeth both of Ipswich. Right honno^{ble} accordinge to yo^{r} Lo^{pes} order will herewth presente unto yo^{r} Lo^{pps} the names of all the passengers that went for Newe England in the said shippes the tenth daye of April laste paste.

Humblie intriatinge yo^{r} Lo^{pps} (they havinge performed yo^{r} honno^{rs} order) that the bonds in that behalfe given may be delivered back to yo^{r} peticon^{rs} and they as in dutie bound, will dailie praye for yo^{r} honno^{rs} healths and happynes.

Ipswich Customhouse this xi th of November, 1634.

PHILL BROWN, per Custr. EDW. MANN, Compt."

In the list of passengers on the Francis accompanying this petition is the name of John Lee.

SOME CONNECTICUT PATRIOTS.

"Connecticut furnished more men, in proportion to her population, and more aid in proportion to her wealth than any other Colony," in the revolt against British tyranny. Very soon after the first blood was shed, leading men felt that it was highly necessary to obtain control of Lake Champlain, and get possession of the valuable military stores at Ft. Ticonderoga. Plans were laid simultaneously in the colonies of Massachusetts and Connecticut by different parties to effect this.

"The Connecticut patriots were first at work. They went to Bennington, Vt., and offered the command to Ethan Allen, who immediately accepted it." Simultaneously Col. Noah Lee was recruiting and equipping at his own expense, a regiment of Green Mountain boys in the vicinity of Castleton, the headquarters of the expedition, on the western border of Vermont. These men he led to the aid of Ethan Allen in the expedition against Ticonderoga and Crown Point.

MINUTE MEN.

About 15 miles westward from Pomfret, where Israel Putnam was plowing in his field when the note of war reached his ears, lies the town and farming community of Willington. Thither a swift riding messenger hastened, spreading the alarm to right and left as he sped along the roads and across the fields of Connecticut.

Israel Putnam tarried not; alone his good horse carried him to the conflict; but the farmers and artizans of Willington had early recruited a company of minute men under command of Capt. Jonathan Parker who now followed swiftly on the trail of their leader, "Old Put." In this troop rode Daniel Lee, father of Jason Lee, and his brother, Jedediah.

The Connecticut regiment served at the rail fence in the battle of Bunker Hill and Captain Jonathan Parker's company of Willington, was at the front in the battle of White Plains, Long Island and the operations about New York and along the Hudson. Daniel Lee's name appears on the army roster until 1779 and he was granted a pension under the act of 1818. At the close of the war he moved to Pittsford, Vt., where he resided until 1797, when he located 400 acres of land further north in an almost impenetrable wilderness. As the years sped on, there gathered a community of Connecticut and Vermont pioneers, and a town grew up on the old homestead, through which the boundary between the domains of Great Britain and the United States was found to pass, leaving Daniel Lee's holding on the Canadian side of the line. The Canadian part of the town is named Rock Island and the portion across the border in the United States, Derby Line. In one of the dwellings the kitchen is in the United States and the parlor in Canada. Twelve of Daniel Lee's children were born in the United States, and three, of whom Jason was the youngest, were born in Canada.

Sketches and Incidents Penned by Writers of History and Story.

JOHN LEE LANDED ON THE ATLANTIC SHORE OF AMERICA 1634—JASON LEE REACHED THE PACIFIC SHORE 1834.

Jason Lee was the youngest of a family of fifteen children. Bereft of his father at the age of three years, he was taken into the family of his eldest brother, and on the old homestead developed in field and forest that rugged frame which served him so well in pioneer life, and that sturdy character which sustained him amid the vicissitudes of an eventful career.

Jason Lee was converted in his twenty-third year, and soon thereafter gave himself to a preparation for the ministry, and entered the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, Massachusetts, in the Autumn of 1827.

"His most intimate friend in school and ever thereafter, was Osmon C. Baker. Years afterward, when this friend had become one of the most revered Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Jason Lee had gone up to a higher place than that in the Kingdom of God, Mr. Baker drew the following picture of the man and his work while in school:

" 'He was a large, athletic young man, six feet and three inches in height, with a fully developed frame, and a constitution of iron. His piety was deep and uniform, and his life, in a very uncommon degree, pure and exemplary. In those days of extensive and powerful revivals, I used to observe with what confidence and satisfaction seekers of religion would place themselves under his instruction. They regarded him as a righteous man whose prayer availeth much.'

"So highly did Dr. Wilbur Fisk, President of the Academy, estimate the character and talents of Mr. Lee that, on the organization of an important class of promising young gentlemen in the Academy, he put them under his care, knowing that his energy and stability qualified him to govern well, and his solid talents to thoroughly instruct those committed to his care.

"During his residence at Wilbraham himself and Osmon C. Baker had almost formed plans for united labor in foreign lands."

Bishop John C. Keener, at the time of his death, 1906, the senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, wrote from New Orleans to Rev John P. Lee, D. D., of Los Angeles, Cal., a nephew of Jason Lee:

"May 8, 1905.

"Dear Doctor:

"I am greatly obliged to you for the picture of my old and highly esteemed friend, Jason Lee. It was while at Wilbraham I first knew him. He had the care of all the boys in the large sleeping hall of that school. Then afterward at Middletown, at the Wesleyan University, we were both learning how to use the rifle and shotgun. I

was then about fourteen years of age and had a gun of my own, and in the first regular class of that college.

"I have but few left of the associates of those early days of Methodism to recall many delightful memories of the great spirits that built so widely the foundations of our American Zion."

Dr. Wilbur Fisk was then President of Wesleyan University, and had taken with him his protege, John Christian Keener, an irrepressible lad of whom it was declared that "if any mischief went on in college, it was generally understood that Jack Keener had a hand in it."

Their Works Do Follow Them.

WHITE SWAN YAKIMA CHIEF.

White Swan, chief of the Yakimas in an address before the Methodist Congress held in Portland during the Lewis & Clark Exposition, 1905, said:

"If you ask me question, 'Have you seen Jason Lee, the first missionary?' I answer, 'Yes, I saw him.' Some ask, 'How old are you, White Swan?' and I answer, 'I am 86. I was old enough to understand everything, and this missionary he baptize me at that time,' and from that time I join the church camp meeting at Wascopam—The Dalles.

"When he started to work, he sent ten Indians from place to place to ask other Indians to come to camp meeting, and all the different tribes came together. Then he buy dry salmon and other things for the camp meeting and put them in one tent forty feet or more. That was the first time we saw wheel cart; he sent two men to haul wood for the Indians came all around, different tribes and they make seats to have the different tribes together.

"In the middle he make a place for himself to preach and read the Bible on a little table. He spoke through three interpreters for each tribe at that time, while he was preaching. It seems to me the missionary spoke strong words when he opened the Bible to speak to the Indians.

"While Lee was preaching the Indian chiefs sat smoking, not caring to hear the gospel. Three or four days while he was preaching all women and chiefs felt different just like something had melted and hot had come down, and they throw away their tomahawks and caps, —war bonnets—and fall down and ask God to forgive them. People were surprised to see what kind of spirit came down, and then they look at each other and all see the tears run down each others faces, and then all fall down and worship God. They used to feel all right but found now that they were not right inside. They would look at one another, and after a while they would join the church, and then raise up as one nation. At that time Jason Lee learn first the Indian language and after a few months he never used an interpreter, he just preached himself. After the camp meeting closed he showed them how Christ used to do and sent them two by two among the rocks to pray, and the Indians used to pray just like birds singing among the trees."

"That is the way this first missionary worked for the Indians. White Swan is true witness. I saw and heard him myself.

"Truly this missionary brought light to the dark place for the Indian. He stops the fire (fight). After that all the Indian tribes never fall together against the white people, they were friendly after that, but the Indians who had not heard the gospel were unfriendly."

ELIPPAMA.

Rev. E. P. Geary, brother of Gen. Geary, war Governor of Pennsylvania, wrote the following incident:

In the Summer of 1860, I and my party were mercifully preserved from the wreck of a sail boat on the Columbia River, about twenty

miles east of The Dalles. After hours of toil and danger we reached the north bank, wet and worn, and entered the lodge of an Indian. He was in feeble health, and impressively venerable in appearance. Our misfortune seemed to arouse all his energies. It being important that I should reach The Dalles that night, he immediately sent out several young Indians to bring in and prepare horses. Being told that I was Superintendent of Indian Affairs, he said he had heard of me, and that I was God's man; he was glad to see me. He then—we spoke in the jargon—said we both had one God; that he talked with that God every day. I was at once impressed with his fervor and earnestness. Who told you of the great God you worship every day? "The priest," was his reply, and immediately hurrying to the corner of the lodge, he drew out a carefully folded buffalo robe from beneath a number of other packages. Within this was a dressed deer skin, then that of a badger, then a piece of bright blue cloth enwrapping a small book. Holding it up, he exclaimed: "This is God's book! The priest gave it to me." I of course concluded him to be a Catholic, and that the volume was a book of devotion. On opening the book, however, I was surprised to find it one of the early publications of the American Sunday School Union. He evidently thought it the Bible, and I did nothing to destroy the innocent illusion. I now asked him the name of the priest. His prompt reply was "Jason Lee." Light at once broke on the mystery. "Many years before," he told me, "he had heard Jason Lee talk first to the Indians and then to God—that is, I suppose, preach and pray—and he had talked to that God ever since."

The book was restored to its wrappings and place. To the Indian it seemed a "holy of holies."

That night, beneath a bright moon, we started on our Cayuses, convoyed by Elippama (the Indian's name), over the rugged and dangerous trail on the north bank of the Columbia, and arrived at The Dalles safely about 2 o'clock in the morning.

Elippama—a trait seldom paralleled in an Indian—was very reluctant to accept remuneration, saying that he wanted no pay; that his heart was to help us in our trouble.

The horses were, however, loaded back with flour and a sack of that Indian luxury, sugar, for which on a fair representation of the case, the government paid without a question.

The next Spring I had prepared a small present for my benefactor, but learned that he had died of consumption during the winter.

Elippama lives in my memory as a beautiful example of simple faith and Christian kindness that would have adorned the highest civilization.

Is he now one, not the least brilliant, of the stars in the crown of the venerable Lee?

FROM THE DALLES CHRONICLE, 1894.

"Luxillo, an old Indian, made one of his usual pilgrimages yesterday to the spring in the Academy grounds. Many years ago, when the Methodist missionaries occupied buildings near where this city now stands and preached the gospel to the aborigines, Luxillo's grandfather, mother, and he, himself, were converted to Christianity and baptized

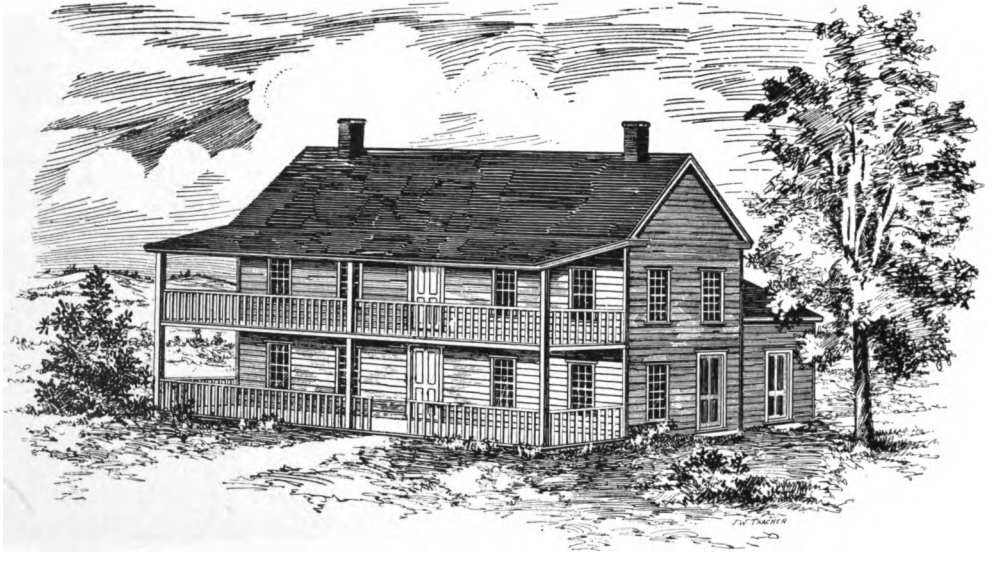
into the new faith in the spring of water which gurgles from the hillsides. Several times every summer Luxillo visits the old scenes, and spends hours in meditation at the spring. As he expresses himself in very meagre English:

"I very lonesome now. My grandfather, father, mother and other good men gone to 'sahale tyee'—God. Me alone here. Me like to visit spling, pour out my heart to God and feel happy."

A NOTABLE INDIAN, GRANDSON OF CHIEF SAN-DE-AM.

"Joe Hutchins was an Indian of the Santiam band of Calipooias, who had lived for years past at the Grand Ronde Reservation in Yamhill County. As a lineal head chief he signed the treaty ceding the east side of the Willamette from the Molalla to near Eugene City. He talked poor English, but lived like a white man. Joe Hutchins was a civilized Indian, and was universally respected. He was industrious and honest, but could not see why the white man got rich while the Indian remained poor. He was a source of much valuable information concerning the past, and would often interest his old friends with stories of by-gone times when Chemeketa was what the word signifies—the old home of the Calipooias. He told friends of the way they made their winter home by the river side where Salem stands now, and of that last year when they were attacked by the measles and many died, actually floating down the river toward the sea. They were only a handful left, and, broken-hearted, they never came there again.

He told them of their great Fall hunt, when they encircled what is now Marion County with blazing prairie fire and drove all the game into a narrow circle, and then carefully killed their winter meat, not making away with the does and their young."



Mission House

First Dwelling Built in Salem, Capitol of Oregon, 1842

Heroines.

FIRST ANGLO-SAXON MARRIAGE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

From "McLoughlin and Old Oregon."

Again a salute resounded at the gates of Fort Vancouver. The porter crawled out of his lodge in his night cap. To the impatient knockers outside a heavy step sounded and a gruff voice demanded "Who's there?" "Strangers from the States on the brig Diana." The great key turned, the gate swung creaking on its hinges. This time several men entered with their wives, followed by three damsels half revealed by the light of the moon.

The porter led the shadowy figures up to Dr. McLoughlin's door.

"Who is it?" inquired the doctor, in dressing gown and slippers, holding a candle above his head.

"A reinforcement to Jason Lee's missionaries."

"More missionaries!" laughed the doctor. "Well, well!"

Before daylight Dr. McLoughlin called, "Money Coon!" An Indian rolled out of his blankets in the barracks. "Get the dispatch boat. Take these papers to Jason Lee quick as you can."

Forty-eight hours later McLoughlin, glass in hand, descried two canoes laboring up the billowy Columbia in a tempest of wind. "See, he even comes in a storm."

All turned to banter the maiden, who now was to behold her future husband.

The little company sat with Dr. McLaughlin in a room facing the gate, when it swung back and a tall, broad-shouldered man past thirty approached at the rate of seventy-five strides a minute.

Anna Maria raised her eyes, and at a glance took in the Yankee make-up, the Puritan face, with its long, light hair, spiritual eyes and prominent nose. Anywhere it was a face to be remembered, but to her poetic mind a certain halo glowed about that high, retreating forehead.

A pale pink suffused Miss Pittman's neck and brow under Jason Lee's scrutinizing gaze.

"It was a lovely May morning when the governor's guests started up the Willamette. Bloom and verdure and songs of birds, blue rippling waters and distant peaks of snow smiled on the scene. Governor McLoughlin and the whole household of the fort accompanied them down to the water's edge. With gay farewells and good wishes the canoes shot off, bearing, in addition to other baggage, a great Indian basket of provisions from the bountiful larder of Fort Vancouver.

By the conniving of their companions, Jason Lee and Miss Pittman were seated last, in a boat alone, with a crew of Indians, not one of whom could speak a word of English.

With a bold sweep Jason Lee sent his canoe far ahead. Anna Maria's hair rippled from her comb, her cheeks glowed, her eye sparkled. Little, dappled gray seals, with large, round, gentle eyes, swam on either side, following the boat like mastiffs, now leaping in the water, and now catching some unlucky salmon as it bumped its nose in its headlong course up stream.

At sunset the party camped in an oak orchard grove, where now

the City of Portland stretches its stately avenues and rears its palatial homes. The next day they encountered shoals of salmon, literally millions, leaping and curvetting and climbing the foamy falls of the Willamette. On the third day Jason Lee and his assistants landed where the moss grown cottages of Champoeg dotted French Prairie. Exchanging the canoe for the saddle, the mission party galloped across French Prairie knee deep in flowers. The larks flew up and sung.

It was not a princely mansion, that humble log mission, 20 by 30, with chimney of stick and clay. Jason Lee had swung the broadaxe that hewed the logs; Daniel Lee had calked the crevices with moss; there were Indian mats on the hewn-fir floors, home-made stools and tables. The hearth was of baked clay and ashes, the batten doors hung on leather hinges and clicked with wooden latches. Four small windows let in the light through squares of dried deerskin set in sashes carved by the jack-knife of Jason Lee. Just now every door and window framed a group of copper faces, every eye intent on the flowing garb and satin cheeks of the strange, fair white woman.

Jason Lee never talked unless he had something to say. He simply waved his hand and bade them welcome to the humble edifice that marked the beginning of the Capital of Oregon and Willamette University.

The rough table, with its battered tin plates and knives and forks, had venison from the hills, bread from their own wheat crushed in the cast-iron corn cracker. The cattle driven over the plains furnished butter and cheese and cream; glossy cups of leaves held the strawberries that reddened on every knoll.

The front of the mission, historic now, became the Sabbath temple. Thither repaired the missionaries with their pupils, neatly dressed in English costume. Thither came the Canadians, with their native wives and half-cast children, all in holiday garb, and gathered in the background came the dark Willamettes, picturesque, statuesque, almost classic with their slender bows and belts of haiqua. The hymn of worship rang through the forest aisles. Under the umbrageous firs all knelt in prayer.

The July zephyr fanned the drooping cheek and downcast lid. Every Indian knelt in imitation of the white men. When Jason Lee arose every eye was fixed on his flushed face and speaking glance. He spoke briefly, then, to the astonishment of all, walked hurriedly to his congregation, took Miss Pittman by the hand, and led her to the front. Daniel Lee came forward, and there, under the fragrant firs, pronounced the solemn service of the first Anglo-Saxon marriage on the Pacific Coast. There was a wedding trip up the valley and across the Coast Range to the sea; there were strolls on the level beach, clambakes and surf baths, a fashion that Oregon lovers have followed ever since.

LETTER OF ANNA MARIA PITTMAN TO HER BROTHER.

Mission House, Wallamette, October 26, 1837.

Dear Brother George:

Another opportunity presents itself for sending letters home, which I hasten to improve. * * *

Well, you are married, and I am glad of it. I hope you will settle down now and commence the world anew. * * *

Now is the time to perform your vows to God. How often you have promised that when you married you would become pious. * *

In my last communication, which I sent by way of England, I have given you a history of my marriage.

George, I hope you are as happy with your wife as I am with my husband. * * *

I have a large family to attend to, the care of which comes upon me. I find myself much engaged with domestic concerns. I have just been baking an oven full of pumpkin pies and ginger bread. I wish you had a piece, they are good.

We have a good vegetable garden. We cooked a beet that weighed eleven pounds. What do you think of that?

We have but a few young apple trees. We occasionally get some fruit from the fort. We are not deprived of comforts here in this respect, but by being industrious we may eat of the good of the land. Beef is scarce, and all the cattle that the settlers here have used belong to the fort. They would not sell, but lend as many as any person wishes to use. A cattle company was established by the people in the vicinity in which Mr. Lee became a stockholder for the mission. They were sent to California and returned by land with 700 head of cattle. They purchased them very low, but they have had losses and dangers to encounter. Mr. Lee is a man of business, I assure you; he is pressed down with cares. We will have eighty head of cattle—we will have plenty of milk and butter in the future. I have made twelve pounds of butter a week since I have been here, but our cows seem to fail now. We cannot make soap on account of not having fat and have been obliged to pay fifteen cents a pound at tne fort; vinegar 12 shillings a gallon; the best loaf sugar for 15 cents a pound. Some things may be obtained at a moderate price. Money here is of no use—beaver skins are the money here. They are taken to Vancouver and sold for two dollars and twenty cents, and perhaps at home would bring ten dollars—that is the way the traders get rich. * * *

I send this by a gentleman who crossed the mountains with Mr. Lee, and has resided there ever since. * * *

Well, what more shall I say, than to tell you to be good, do good and get good. * * * May the Lord bless and prosper you and give you that better part which shall never be taken from you.

So prays your sister in the bonds of nature and love.

ANNA MARIA LEE.

G. W. Pittman.

MEETING WITH LUCY THOMPSON.

Having traversed the length and breadth of the Northern States of the Union, and visited their principal cities in the interest of the mission, the ship Lausanne being chartered and the "Great Reinforcement" ready to embark at the City of New York, Jason Lee sought a brief space for rest amid the scenes of his early life. Osmon C. Baker, his college mate and warmest friend was now principal of Newbury Seminary, Vermont. What was more natural than that he should turn aside for a few days of communion and fellowship? What more providential than that there he should then be attracted by the record, and inspired by the lofty sentiments breathed in a valedictory address delivered the previous year by a young lady graduate?

What more pleasing to his bosom friend and early companion than to declare the excellency and witness to the loveliness of the author?

Charmed by the recital, Jason Lee exclaimed, "I must know that lady!" So he hied him away to Barre, her home; met, loved, wooed and won Lucy Thompson.

LETTER OF LUCY THOMPSON LEE TO HER BROTHER AT BARRE, VERMONT.

New York, Oct. 7, 1839.

My Dear Brother and Sister:

Never did I feel as I do now in attempting to address you, for never before was I placed in similar circumstances.

When I took leave of you, I expected before this to have left forever the land of civilization, but we have been detained by circumstances which we could not prevent. The probability is now that we shall set sail on Wednesday next.

You would like to know, perhaps, what are my peculiar feelings at this time in prospect of what lies before me. I can only say that my trust is in the living God. I am calm and resigned. I look forward upon my future life expecting it will be one of unremitting toil and anxiety. I expect to be subjected to many privations and hardships, but none of these things move me. Neither count I my life dear unto myself, if I but win Christ.

You have doubtless often thought since my departure from my native home of the motives which actuated me; but rest assured that no considerations of an earthly nature could thus have induced me to leave the land of my birth, and forego the pleasure of civilized life, bid adieu to affectionate brothers and sisters, and all the endearments of friendship; but I have acted from a firm conviction of duty. I believe that our Savior meant what he said when he told his disciples "Go teach all nations," and that that command is still binding. I have no doubt that in obedience to this command I leave my beloved friends, the home of my childhood and all I have hitherto known and loved. But think not that my heart is unfeeling because I thus voluntarily exile myself from all those scenes of endearment that twine around my memory, and bind me closer and closer as I think of leaving them forever. I rejoice, my brother, that man is not to be my judge. I feel that my record is on high; my only ambition is to glorify God, and my only aim to benefit my fellow beings who are perishing for lack of knowledge.

And now, my dear brother, let me entreat you to think candidly

and prayerfully on the things which relate to your eternal welfare. This may be the last time I shall ever address you. I may be called soon to follow our departed sister to the world of spirits. You may go before me; our state of probation may soon be closed. We are separated forever as far as this life is concerned, and without timely preparation our separation will be eternal.

I leave it, as my dying testimony, with you, with a sister's sincere desire and ardent affection.

I have written to Benjamin the particulars respecting our accommodations on board the vessel. I refer you to him. I expect we shall have but little spare room on board, for there is a large family of us. All my accommodations are better than I expected.

Tuesday Evening, Oct. 8.

The long-looked-for day has arrived; our vessel is in the stream; we go on board at half past nine tomorrow morning. We sail in the ship Lausanne, Capt. Spaulding.

Let no feelings of anxiety disturb you on my account, for I have enough for my comfort on the passage.

My further acquaintance with Mr. Lee proves him to be worthy of the confidence which I reposed in him. He is one of the kindest, best of men, and every way deserving my affection. In a word, he is all to me that an earthly friend could be.

But I must close.

Farewell, farewell.

LUCY T. LEE.

Extracts From the Valedictory Delivered at the Close of the Female Exhibition at Newbury Seminary Nov. 22, 1838, by Miss Lucy Thompson, Then a Resident of Barre, and Published Shortly After in Zion's Herald.

After paying her respects to the Board of Trustees and teachers, the address continues:

"Beloved Fellow Students: The hour is near when duty will bid us part, to participate no more in each other's enjoyments. I trust we shall be excused if we express those feelings of regret which a scene like this is calculated to excite. For a few short days we have associated together; our object has been one, our pursuit the same, and our feelings in unison; the acquaintance we have formed has ripened into friendship; we have borne each other's cares, and shared each other's joys; we have been partakers of the success which ever attends the diligent student .

"You have been induced to commence and continue a course of education for an object at once the most magnanimous and exalted. I trust you have been impelled, neither by the expectation of popular applause, a desire for wealth, or a thirst for fame; but the command which was given by the Son of God, as he was about to ascend up on high has reached your ears, the deplorable state of an apostate world has affected your hearts, and the 'love of Christ constraineth you' to deny yourselves of every selfish gratification, and thereby to qualify yourselves for more extended usefulness; and while you have been thus engaged, you have become more acquainted with the world at large. Not only the cry from the destitute of our own land reached you, but it has come rushing across the mighty deep, it is borne on every breeze from the snow-clad hills of the frigid zone to the verdant plains that lie beneath a vertical sun; it is heard from

beyond the Rocky Mountains and from the islands of the ocean. Do you not now, in imagination, see the huge car of the heathen deity, and hear the groans of the expiring victims of pagan superstition? Does not the light of the funeral pile disclose to you scenes of horror, which cause every fibre of the heart to vibrate with intense agony, and arouse every latent energy of the soul?

"Is there one who has taken the vows of the Lord upon him who shrinks from any duty, however arduous it may be, for fear of the sufferings it may bring upon him? Forgive the unjust suspicion! Already I hear you answer, 'I fear no danger, I dread no suffering; it is enough that the servant be as his master.' Although those locks be bleached with snows other than those of age, and that fair cheek be furrowed with wrinkles before the time, and those agile limbs be consigned to a premature grave, yet is it not better to wear out in useful activity than to live a few years longer in criminal indolence? Though no friend be near to close your dying eye, or drop the tear of affection over your sleeping dust, or raise a memorial to tell where your ashes lie, yet angels will hold the place in reverence, and you will live in the memory of those who have been rescued by your instrumentality from a living death—and a monument of gratitude will be erected in every feeling heart, which will remain when all human structures have crumbled to their native dust. Look up and behold the crown of glory which is laid up for you, and remember that your fidelity will deck it with stars.

"Ladies of Newbury Seminary, sisters in affection, and companions in literary pursuits, the labors and anxieties of this term are about to close; very soon the moment will arrive when we shall exchange the last look of kindness, and separate, to mingle in scenes of earth no more. But think not that these scenes can be as though they never had been.

"May we so live that when the turmoil of this inconstant life shall have ended and its turbid scenes shall close, we may be transplanted to a more genial clime, where we shall be united by stronger, holier ties, which will never be severed."

THE HOUSE ON THE WILLAMETTE.

John Parsons, D. D.

"It was a quaint cottage, built of logs and one story high. Take a look at the house. Its size was twenty by thirty feet. Four small windows admitted the light, and the doors were hung on wooden hinges. Behind and on one side other buildings were added of like size and pattern. Within the main building were two rooms and a fireplace. Here dwelt the two Lees, Jason and Daniel, and the good Cyrus Shepard, foremost names on the roll of Oregon pioneers, with their little household of crude, uncouth and half-clad boys and girls. Seated around a long table they invoke the divine blessing and enjoy their humble meal. When the children came to the home they were cleansed from filth and vermin, and provided with clothes, which the missionaries made with their own hands.

"On the teacher's desk, in the schoolroom, was a copy of the Bible, and on the wall over the fireplace a copy of the Declaration of Independence—silent reminders of religion and patriotism—and daily the work of teaching went on.

"Each Sunday thirty or forty persons came together to study the Bible, and the Gospel was faithfully preached. But the most striking thing, perhaps, in this celebrated house was the Declaration of Independence. It represented a new set of political ideas which were sown broadcast through the land.

"There was no unpleasantness between Jason Lee and Dr. McLoughlin; they were friends; but it was plain enough that the fort on the Columbia River, headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the house on the Willamette were contending for entirely different ends. This house was the center of a business and social organization independent of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1836 a petition was signed and sent to Congress asking that the laws of the United States be extended over the Oregon Territory. In 1839, Jason Lee received financial aid from the Government to bring his large mission party to Oregon. When Joseph Meek forced the issue at Champoeg the fort was against the organization of a government, and the mission house in favor. In 1847, after the Whitman massacre, Dr. William Roberts, Superintendent of the Mission, drew on the Missionary Society for fifteen hundred dollars to aid the Provisional Government. George Abernethy, the first Governor of Oregon, was business manager of the Mission. The new Oregon was born and cradled in this justly celebrated house."