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Dunaway, Abigail S. Papers MS Address: Pacific Northwest June 1, 1893

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The Pacific Northwest

Address Delivered before the World's Congress of Women
at the Columbian Exposition, June 1, 1893, by
Abigail Deod Dunaway of Portland Oregon,
Mrs. Souvenir Eagle of Arkansas in the Chair.

Gentlemen and Ladies: If the illustrious navigator
in whose honor we are now holding this wonderful
World's Columbian Exposition had so shaped his
adventurous voyage as to have first sighted land
on the western slope of the two Americas, the history
of this continent's discovery and development
would have been strangely metamorphosed. Then,
the star of Empire, lured by balmy skies, would have
would have made its way eastward, loitering ~~at~~ leisurely
in its course, often halting for generations to enjoy
the equable temperature of the Pacific ~~slope~~ coast
and never pressing onward to encounter the more
rigorous climate of the Atlantic border until
compelled to advance by the civilization ^{pressing} ~~stretches~~ ^{surgings} ~~it~~.
But the destiny which directs ^{the} progress of civilization
in every age, never for a moment forgot the Golden
West; and, with ^a the wise design of which we, today,
are reaping the benefits, the preserves of
the Pacific Northwest were held in reserve
in the nation's youth, that they might become

the heritage of the fortunate descendants of the hard stock of Anglo Saxons who long ago conquered the adverse climatic elements of the Atlantic seaboard, in blissful ignorance through all their years of toil, that the balmy zephyrs of the Pacific were playing at hide-and-seek among Sierran vales or singing Summer laden peans through the mighty trees where rolls the Oregon.

And yet this favored land had not been left for long without a witness. Descending, as if mindful that someday the children of men might wonder at her apparent partiality to later generations, began as early as the year 1513 to make preliminary preparations for carrying out her plans. In that year Vasco ^{Nuniz} ~~King~~ de Balboa, a Spanish adventurer who must have been born for the purposes of discovery, since he proved to be good at nothing else, secreted himself in a trading vessel, and after narrowly escaping death by order of Captain Encisco, who for some unexplained reason failed at the last moment to execute his command, was set ashore upon the edges of the Caribbean Sea.

Of the strange land into which he was thus thrown Balboa knew little except the rumors that had reached him

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in regard to the expeditions of Cortez who had previously penetrated that country, carrying devastation into the lands belonging to the Aztec worshippers of the sun. The excitement into which Balboa was thus thrown proved exactly to his taste & he became at once a daring and unscrupulous leader, whose name is destined to go down through history as the discoverer of the Pacific ocean. The history of this discovery requires no repetition here. Let us only pause for a moment in regretful memory of the Montezumas, the lord of the rulers of the Aztec race whose domain bordered "the sleeping waters beyond America".

Balboa, after many expeditions, in which he was so successful as to excite the jealousy of his rivals, was ignominiously beheaded by order of Pedrarias Davila, for the alleged crime of disloyalty to the Spanish crown. He died protesting his innocence, and his headless body was subjected before burial to the usual brutal indignities of a barbaric populace.

In the ^{year} 1519 the ill-fated commander, Magellan started on his famous voyage which resulted in the discovery of the long sought route to the Indies. It was he who gave the name Pacific to the mighty discovery of Balboa,

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the wonderful ocean of the Occident from
whose rising shores I ^{have} come ~~to~~ ^{to} greet
you. (P. Lower) ~~PT~~

California was discovered in 1534, by ^{Don} Juan
Rodriguez ^{Jimenez}, a mountain, who had previously
incited an outbreak on board the ship of
which he was pilot, which resulted in
the tragic death of Commander Magellan.
But ^{Sir} Francis Drake unquestioningly belongs
the honor of having been the first of the European
race to land upon the coast of the present state
of California, which he did in June of the
year 1579. P. B. 2 I was not ill

~~Then~~ after the lapse of nearly two centuries,
in August of the year 1775; that the great
headlands of the Columbia river were first
discovered, or ^{marked} outlined upon any chart. In this year
commander Mecla discovered a promontory
which he called Cape San Roque; and immediately
south of it, in latitude 46° , ~~is an~~ an opening
in the land between headlands of the
true nature of which he was in doubt. This
opening is represented in old Spanish charts by
the names Entrada de Socorro, and Rio de
San Roque, and is without doubt the mouth of
the Columbia river.

Of this discovery Captain Robert Greenham

a painstaking Pacific Coast historian tells us "that this discovery of ~~Ensenada~~ Hecla "was undoubtedly the mouth of the greater river on the Western side of the American continent, the which, in 1792 was first entered by the ship Columbia from Boston, under the command of Robert Gray, and has ever since been called known as the Columbia river.

Captain Vancouver, who was employed by the British government to conduct scientific surveys on the coast shortly after the war of the revolution ~~beheld~~ ~~these~~ these headlands of the Columbia a short time before their discovery by Captain Gray & Co., although the weather was clear, he decided that "no river was there; only a sort of bay."

Captain Robert Gray, who happened to be cruising in contiguous waters, in the employ of a firm of Boston traders, upon finding that Captain Vancouver was now disposed to credit ^{his} ~~the~~ theory of an open river, made extended observations on his own account, and after noting particularly that the color of the water of the bay was different from that of the open sea, this Yankee commander sailed inside on the 11th day of May 1792.

Concerning this important discovery

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Captain Gray said in his log book: "At four o'clock on the morning of the 11th we beheld our desired port, bearing east-northeast, distant six leagues. At 8 A.M., being a little to the windward of the entrance to the harbor, we bore away and ran in east-northeast, between the breakers, having from five to seven fathoms of water. When we came ~~up~~ over the bar we found this to be a large river of fresh water, up which we steered. Many canoes came alongside XX

"The entrance between the bars bore west-south-west, distant ten miles; the north side of the river, distant a half mile from the ship; the south side of the same two and a half miles distant; a village on the north side of the river, west by south, distant three quarters of a mile. Vast numbers of the natives came alongside. People employed pumping the salt water ^{out} and of our casks while the ship floated in. So ends."

In this Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor, Oregon's eminent historian, author of "The Risen Atlantic," adds: "No, not so ends, O, modest Captain Gray, of the ship Columbia. The end is not yet, nor will be until all the vast territory, rich with every possible production, which is drained by the

by the waters of the new found river, shall have yielded up its illimitable wealth to distant generations."

Let us now turn the search-light of history upon the Imperial Empire of the Pacific Northwest and study its discovery from a landsman's standpoint.

The time is the year 1804. Not a person within the range of my voice - not one of the hundreds of thousands gathered today within these gates - was then upon the earth in conscious form.

The seasons came and went as now. Birds sang in the air, fishes swam in the water, beasts prowled in the forests, flowers rejoiced in the sunshine. The wigwam of the Wild Indian occupied the site of the Columbian Exposition and the forest maiden beheld her dusky charms reflected in the placid waters that now reflect the artistic proportions of this Woman's Building.

But Womanhood, as an entity, distinct and immortal, had not then been discovered. It was scarcely even dreamed of as a person - ^{existing} ^{like other animate things} ^{of this Exposition} - alive within and of itself. It remained for the Board of Lady Managers, with Mrs. Potter Palmer at their head,

to conceive and carry out the dreams of
utilizing and beautifying which we perceive ~~at once~~
Just here let ~~us~~ pay a passing tribute to the
illustrious prototype of these women - Queen
Isabella of Spain, who, in spite of the
narrow bigotry of her environment, pierced
the gloom of superstition and ignorance with
the eye of prophecy, and, by laying her
jewels at the feet of Columbus, made
the present discovery of Womanhood
possible.

The search light of history shows us that
in ^{the} year 1804 an expedition led by Captains
Lewis and Clarke, started ^{westward} from ~~a~~ point
east of the Mississippi river into the
unexplored and almost unknown ^{stretching} wilds,
across the North American continent.

It was a reckless and daring expedition,
quite equal in perilous endeavor to ~~any~~
any ever undertaken in earlier times by
Cortez or Balboa, or Magellan or Heredia
or Vancouver or Gray. It numbered 9 young
Huntrelians, 14 soldiers, 2 French watermen
1 hunter, 1 interpreter, 1 negro servant,
^{and} ~~but~~ no woman.

After a summer of wild, enjoyable adventure
in the wilderness the party went into

winter quarters ^{in the fall of} the same year on the banks of the
Upper Missouri river, in what is now the
State of Montana. The following year, after
having grown accustomed to their adventurous
life, they pitched camp for winter quarters
at the mouth of ^{fork} Lou Lou of Bitter Root river, ~~a~~
a branch of the Upper Missouri, ^{what is now} near the
thriving ^{modern} city of Missoula. From this point
they made frequent excursions, and by as-
cending Lou Lou ~~fork~~ ^{fork} ~~discovered~~ discovered
the now famous Lolo trail through the
otherwise formidable Bitterroot mountains.
After having suffered severely from cold and
hunger the party reached a Nez Percé village
in the early spring, situated on an open plain
contiguous to the South fork of the Clear-
water ~~river~~, an important tributary
to the ^{Snake} Snake river.

Captain Clarke was the first white man to
discover the Snake river of our modern
geographies, originally known on the maps
as Lewis & Clarke's river.

In passing down the Clearwater the
party noted three creeks, the most famous
of these being now known as the
Bottatch, which fertilizes the
beautiful and extensive Paradise

Valley of Idaho, ¹⁰ in the midst of which
its Moscow, a border town of sufficient
pretensions to have ^{already} furnished
the State of Idaho with a ^{United States} Senator who is
now the State's governor, and a repre-
sentative who is ~~still~~ a Member of the
United States Congress.

The journey of Lewis & Clarke down the
Snake river to its junction with the Colum-
bia, and thence down the Columbia to
the present site of Astoria, thence to
Clatsop Plains on the Western coast of
Oregon, which ^{place} they reached in November
of the year 1805, was a series of exciting,
laborious and often perilous adventures.
But they reached the coast in safety and
erected a rude fortification for winter
quarters which they named Fort Clatsop.

The natives swarmed around them in great
numbers, from whom they learned that
white men had before visited the locality
for purposes of trade. They belonged to
the Hudson's Bay Company of trappers and
traders, of whom Lewis & Clarke said:
"The Indians inform us that they speak
the same language as we do; and,
indeed, they ~~use~~ few words which the Indians

have learned from the sailors, such as musket, powder, shot, knife, file, hammer-
the-lead, ~~damned~~ rascal and other phrases
of that description, show that the visitors
speak the English language.

Colonel Sibbert, in his "Historic Sketches",
tells that ~~the~~ the long isolation, from civili-
-zation of this little forlorn hope of
American explorers is thrown into strong
relief by ^{a statement} ~~the following~~ that was penned
and fastened to the inside walls of their
fort as they turned from it on their
way back across the ^{the 14th said:} continent. The
object of this last is that through the
medium of some civilized person who may
see the same, it may be made known to the
world that the party consisting of the persons
whose names are hereunto annexed and
who were sent out by the government to
explore the interior of the continent of North
America, did penetrate the same by way
of the ~~Columbia river~~ Missouri and
Columbia rivers to the discharge of the
latter into the Pacific ocean, where they
arrived on the 14th day of November 1805,
and departed on the 23rd day of March
1806, on their return to the United States

by the same route by which they had come out, the inventory of the merchandise upon which they depended for the purchase of provisions on the way home, revealed one blue and six scarlet robes, one United States artillery hat and coat, five robes made from the flag and a few old clothes trimmed with ribbon, all of which could have been tied up in a couple of handkerchiefs.

Nothing daunted by this meager array of merchandise, they started on their return, and after a tedious voyage up the Columbia they reached the Willamette river, called by the natives Multnomah, which was discovered by Captain Clarke on the 2^d day of April, 1806.

Continuing their journey up the Columbia they found the Dalles and Deschutes Indians very hostile and inhospitable. Doubtless the premonition of their forthcoming fate had dawned upon the tribes, and the instinct of self-preservation powerful even when hopelessly, had been awakened by rumors of a dreaded invasion of which these explorers were deemed pourchasers.

But Yelleff, the head chief of the

Walla Walla, ¹³ inspired no doubt by the same premonitions, although they affected him differently, received the party with savage demonstrations of joy; he begged them to partake of his hospitality, and urged them to invite all nations to treat the Indians kindly. Setting an example himself, he brought them an armful of wood and a platter of roasted mullets with his own hands - a most peculiar service from the hands of an Indian chieftain, since 'it is ~~the~~ ^a well known ~~universal~~ part of the Indian's unwritten code to delegate every kind of domestic duties to women, including every burden ~~connected~~ of the camp and fire incident to their primitive modes of life.

Colonel Silbert, in ~~the~~ "His Toric Sketches" before alluded to, tells us that Gelapt had five sons who were all slain in battle or perished miserably from white men's diseases. A number of years after Denis & Clarke had partaken of his ~~f~~ hospitality this noble chieftain saw the last one of them die. Heart-broken, the old man called his tribe together, and lying down upon the body of his son in the

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graves, he sternly commanded them to cover him up with his dead.

A mail of lamentation went up from his people, but they buried him alive as he had ordered, and the glory and greatness of the Walla Wallas had departed."

The modern psychist tells us, upon evidence that to him is demonstration, that the Indians' Heaven is located within the earth's aura, directly above the earth and beneath the American pale faces' "Devochan"; that in this Heaven all genuine "good" Indians find their happy hunting grounds restored to them in duplicate, with all the modern improvements added. In these Elysian shades the pale-face cannot enter to rob them of their homes, or ^{possess} their squaws or maidens, or spread among them the diseases and disasters of civilization and death.

It was my purpose, when I began this lecture, to have ~~somewhat~~ ^{somewhat} to say in relation to the discovery, early history and settlement of Puget Sound, the mighty inland sea which indents the western edge of Oregon's first great ~~sub~~ subdivision, the progressive State of Washington. I also meant to pay extended attention to the early history of Oregon's two younger daughters, the ambitious States of Montana and Idaho. But time presses and I must ~~now~~ leave this part of my

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Theme and hasten to consider the more vital,
because ever-present, with which
we are all concerned, as much from necessity
as from choice. ~~But~~ But, before ^{we} have 'd
let us pause to pay a passing tribute to the
memory of our risen pioneers.

The swaying pines of the lands they loved,
and left to us as a heritage, chant their eternal
requiem x The mighty mountains wear
white crowns of ^{everlasting} snow in their honor and
the broad prairies adorn their lonely graves
with regularly returning flowers as the seasons
come and go. The iron horse wakes, shalloed
echoes now, where erst the bellowing of the
belabored ox was heard. Steam and light-
ning have out-distanced time and conquered
space in the years that have flown since they
fell asleep. The echoes of the mountains and
the rocks are answering back to new con-
ditions ~~and~~, and the sons and daughters
of the pioneers are confronted by new
problems of which they ^{scarcely} dreamed.

These pioneers, in goodly numbers, found their
way to Oregon early in the "forties" and "fifties",
making their way across the continent in
the dim wake of Lewis & Clarke. ^(four wheeled) The ship
of the desert was their vehicle and the rough-

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ribbed of ^{was} their motive power. I cannot
linger here to tell you of the vicissitudes
of their journeying; how in peril often, in
fatigue always, and sometimes in sickness,
~~and~~ ~~dead~~ through death and deprivation, ~~they~~
they struggled onward toward the setting
sun.

But these early settlers found, at length a country
that well repaid them for their toil; a country
of surpassing beauty and diversity of scenery,
soil and climate; ~~and~~ a country in which the
great minds that planned their exodus
from old ~~lands~~ lands might have ^{the} ample ^{they needed} room
to ^{and grow} expand. Upon reaching the Territory of Oregon
they settled, often, in widely separated fields.
For several years they lived in isolation, ^{but also}
in health, peace and primitive plenty. They
made friends with the Indians and, forming
a provisional government of their own, pro-
-tected themselves and the red man alike
within its statutes.

But, ~~with~~ the discovery of gold, first in Califor-
-nia, and a little later in Oregon, was the
lever that worked a change in the provincial
habits of these Spartan-souled heroes, the
end of which is not yet foreseen; and I
sometimes wonder if we have ^{actually} seen its beginning.

The whole world caught the gold fever. Men left their homes and families and flocked together to the new Eldorado like vultures scenting the means of subsistence from afar. They settled California with a heterogeneous multitude from all the nations of the earth and gradually, as the contagion spread, extended their peregrinations to Oregon, where nature had, in many places, been equally ~~prodigal~~ ^{careful} in storing up and hiding away her precious ~~treasures~~ ^{resources}.

I cannot stop to tell you now about the many multi-millionaires of the Pacific coast who have risen from poverty to their present status during their sojourn beside the purple seas. Nor can I stop to more than drop a word in recognition of the many more who ~~have been~~ ^{became} victims of hopes-deprecated, and who, failing to ~~secure~~ ^{acquire} the Alidas' Touch, grew weary of the struggle and ^{retired to the seclusion of and security of the country} returned to their childhood's haunts, sadder, but not wiser nor richer than ^{wandered} when they ~~went~~ away.

Rather be it my province to ^{at this time} point the way for the many thousands of ambitious ones who were born too late to get on footing of their own upon the virgin

soil of the older states, and are looking
 now for ideal homes in the Pacific
 Northwest where there yet is room.
 Very many of our early settlers are ~~over-~~^{tax-}
 burdened with large tracts of the best
 and most fruitful lands, acquired ~~by them~~
 when the settlements were sparse, which
 they are now ready to subdivide and
 sell ~~and sell~~, in small holdings and on
 easy terms, to actual settlers. These
 lands comprise every imaginable variety
 of soil, scenery and climate. The entire
 region lying west of the Cascade mountains,
 within the "rain belt," rejoices in two
 seasons, the wet and the dry, and yet,
 there is no drought in summer, ^{at any one time} nor is there
 any long-continued spell of rain, ^{at any one time} in winter.
 The climate is mild throughout the year.
 Here is the home alike of the fruit and the
 grain, the forest and the mineral. If
 you fancy that you prefer to settle upon
 government lands there are yet many
 openings for such homes, where, by
 going from 20 to 100 miles away from
 present railroad facilities, thus following
 in a much modified form the heroic
 example of the ^{early} pioneers, you may,

by overcoming ¹⁹comparatively few of the obstacles they encountered, achieve a like or a greater success.

Do you wish a climate with more marked extremes of heat and cold? The extensive table lands of the eastern portion of this great domain invite you to possess them. Here also, in ^{many} places, are the houses of the fruit and the grain. Here are mountain fortresses with intersecting valleys and limpid streams. Here, too, is the home of irrigation, the home of the stock grower and the stronghold of the baser metals, as well as of gold and silver and precious stones.

While I do not believe in a one sexed country, any more than a one sexed home or government, I do believe that women should have equal chance with men to acquire ^{the} homes that both ^{the sexes} equally need, and must jointly occupy. The one great obstacle ^{the} in way of women getting homes in the country is their too frequent desire ~~the~~ ~~same as men~~, to possess lands of ~~too great~~ area so great that to live upon them means isolation. But, if ^{as well as men, when} women ⁱⁿ

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~~the~~ guest of homes, would be content with farms containing 5, 10, or at most 40 acres, bringing with them, to a new country, self-sufficient means to carry them through the first year ^{or so} of settlement - say, anywhere from \$500- up - there are comparatively few of you ^{who} are ^{often} rack-rented in the great cities and overstrained in every way - trying to keep up appearances, who would not find yourselves and those dependent upon you very soon in independent circumstances.

When you live in the country, on land of your own, you are free from the burdens of house-rent, water tax, wood bills, ^{milk} milk, butter, eggs, ^{fruit} and vegetable bills. In your city garrets are old clothes enough to keep your families clad ^{if in the country} till an income grows; and through the care-free life lives you ~~lead~~ had under such conditions your health grows firm.

When I look into the pale faces of the many care-weary women who wrestle daily with the ever increasing perplexities of the present complex system of city life - women whose boys and girls are growing toward maturity with no remunerative occupation in sight, my mind leaps and beyond the

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Rocky mountains to the many favored
localities that would gladly afford them
homes, under conditions they could meet
with reasonable effort if enough of
families with ^{only} a few hundred dollars
each, as a basis for getting a foothold, would
do coöperate that they might be of mutual
assistance to each other in the formation
of new settlements ~~on the border~~. Such
a change would necessitate frugality,
industry and ^{some} self-denial. Their homes
at first would be rude and simple, but
cheap and comfortable. Their church,
school-house and public hall would
^{be kind} be under the same roof and their
store, work shops and manufactures
would be primitive, but amply suffi-
-cient to supply all their needs till the
rail-roads ^{reached} reach them.

Bear in mind that it is difficult at this
late day to find room for large settlements,
even in small holdings, directly along
the established rail road lines. If you
would grow up with a country you must
establish yourselves on its frontier.

I have at this moment in mind, ~~and~~
many places where deserted lands ~~are~~

held
at reasonable prices, ~~and~~ on easy terms,
can be bought in the Pacific Northwest
for just such homes. I also know of
whole townships on the still farther
frontier, where irrigation lends the magic
of its power to such marvels of produc-
tion as ^{are} never seen elsewhere. These
lands are from 20 ^{80 and even} to 100 miles away,
at present, from railroads, but, ^{many} thousands
of ~~acres~~ ^{acres} are there awaiting possession,
where many hundreds of ideal homes
could be secured, contiguous to inex-
haustible ^{summer} range for stock; where
alfalfa ~~grows~~ ^{grows} fields producing returns
from ^{for winter's feed for stock} irrigation; where a farm of 40 acres, or
^{less} would make an independent home. In
these places chickens thrive like magic,
on sun flowers bigger than dinner plates,
Hogs grow fat on barley, harvested by themselves
after having thrived to maturity on alfalfa
of their own ^{harvesting} ~~gathering~~. Small fruits, cereals
and vegetables yield enormously. The air
is as pure as ether and the scenery is as
grand as heaven. Here can be grown in inex-
haustible quantities the sugar ^{beets} beet, ~~and~~
the mangel ~~wurzel~~ ^{wurzel}, and all the
other staples on which man ~~and~~

and heard do thrive, except, perhaps, ^{your} ~~some~~ Indian corn, for which the delicious air of night is too cool ^{to permit} for its superabundant growth, adjacent mines abound in all directions, awaiting the toil and money of man for their development. Again I think of evergreen forests, ^{thunder} ~~thunder~~ skies and print bearing vales, hard by the sunset seas. But many of these are also away from present lines of railroad, though not more than 20, 30, or at most 100 miles away. Think of it! Only 100 miles! Why, one of the Pacific board went ~~to~~ 2000 and 3000 miles away from railroads to get our start!

Oh those primitive times! How, amid all these scenes of wonder, do I love to pause and live over again the far off days when everybody in my great ^{circle} ~~circle~~ ^{which} knew everybody else; when there were no extremes of wealth or want, ^{but} ~~and~~ everybody had enough and to spare.

Families living ^{hundreds of miles apart} made annual visits ^{to each other's homes} at convenient seasons, their vehicles the same battered creaking ships of the desert, their teams the same old oxen, grown fat and festive, that

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half starved and footsore, had brought
them across the continent in the bygone
years x

Now, the railroad era dawned
upon the land. The ~~song~~^{shout} of its coming
was heard in the air, and songs like
this floated out upon the breeze:

From the lands of the distant East I come,
A railway abroad, and I love to roam,
In my long thin, winding way
On my ballast of rock and my ribs of pine
And my ^{sinews} of ~~stall~~ steel that glitter and shine
While my workmen rap and saw and ^{mine} mine,
As steadily day by day,

They tunnel the mountains and climb the ridge,
And span the ^{culverts} and rivet the bridges,
And waken the echoes afar and afar
With the shout of triumph and song of cheer!

The State of Oregon, or what is left of it
since it married off its three Territorial
daughters, ~~Oregon~~, Washington, ^{Montana} and Idaho,
to State governments, contains in round
numbers, an area 95,275 square miles.
~~Montana comes next with thirty-six~~
~~as compared to~~ Washington, the eldest of
Oregon's "three statey braves", possesses
an about equal area x Montana comes

comes next with skirts nearly as ample,
and Idaho sits proudly at the eastward
gates, holding aloft the rough similitude
of a huge arm chair on her mountain
summits, inviting you to come and
be seated.

There is much mountainous country
throughout the Pacific Northwest, so much
that the pure air of Heaven, playing ~~and~~ ^{at}
random among the heights, frightens
away the cyclones ^{of the flats}, and sends them
howling over the Kansas prairies and
the great plains of Texas, leaving our
rock-ribbed vales in smiling security.
Tornadoes, drought and pestilence, from
the same cause, escape us.

The trend of the main mountain ranges
is North and South, with innumerable
spurs reaching out in all directions,
breaking the country into diversified valleys,
well watered and fertile. Every cereal
known to agriculture, every fruit and
flower of the temperate zones and many
products of semi-torrid climates find
congenial homes in different portions
of this broad domain. Every mineral
known to man abounds within our

border. Our forests are gigantic and inexhaustible, our rivers are big and deep and rapid and our creeks and rills and lakes and rivulets no man can number.

I am not here as a real estate boomer, nor do I come to speculate. But I do come to say to the many earnest inquirers who are seeking homes, and who really desire to do their part toward making them, that in my country Nature has done her part to perfection.

But, don't come to a new country wholly empty handed, expecting the few who are on the ground ahead of you to furnish you with employment. Come prepared to take care of yourselves till you can have time to raise a crop. Come prepared to help each other, just as did the early pioneers—just as all must do who leave the mark of success upon the age in which they struggle.

The world belongs to those who take it;

Not to those who sit and wait.

Once, when I was 20 years younger than now, though not a wild life enthusiast, as I was journeying westward ~~and~~ across the continent by rail, I perpetrated some stanzas with which, to please my friends at home, and also

by special ²⁷ request of ~~several~~ ^{several}
members of the World's Fair Board of
Lady Managers, I will conclude:

Ho for the tracing and breezy Pacific,
As surging and heaving he ^{rolleth} ~~rolls~~ for aye!
Ho for the land where bold rocks bid us ^{welcome}
And grandeur and beauty hold ^{travelling} ~~travelling~~ way!
Yes, ho for the West, for the best land of promise,
Where mountains all white bathe their ^{in the sky} ~~hills~~
While down their steep sides the wild ^{come} ~~torrents~~ ^{clashing}
And eagles scream and from their ^{eyes} ~~eyes~~ on high

I have seen the bright East where the mighty Atlantic
Forever and ever mails and his deep ^a ~~noon~~,
And I've stood in the shadow of the dark Alleghenies,
As listened, all aghast, to Niagara's groan.
Again, I have sailed through grand scenes on the
Steamer down the Fall River, through Long ^{Hudson} Island,
The Ohio I've viewed, and the ^{Wild} ~~United~~ ^{Panama} ~~disgust~~
On skirted the Lake shores when west was ^{bound} ~~bound~~

I've snipped the bland breeze of the broad Mississippi
As dreamed in the midst of his valley so great;
Have crossed and recrossed the bold turbid Missouri,
As he bears toward the gulf stream his steam ^{guided} ~~guided~~ ^{prayer} ~~prayer~~

And I've bathed my hot forehead in soft hushed
 moonbeams,
 That shimmered me o'er with their glow and
 their gold,
 In the haunts where the loved of my youth
 gave glad welcome
 And Memory recalled each dear voice, as of
 old.

But though scenes such as these oft allured, pleased
 and charmed me
 Entice came not within her grasp or my eyes;
 Yet when I again reached thy pueras, Khaska,
 In song she began me at once to inspire.
 And, as westward we sped, o'er the broad rolling
 prairies,
 We slowly ascended the mountains all wild
 Or dashed through the gorges and under the
 snowbeds,
 The pine with under numbers my senses
 beguiled.

Colorado's wild steep and the rocks of Wyoming,
 Their lone, stunted pine trees and steep palisades,
 And afar to the west the cold bleak rocky mountains,
 At whose feet the wild buffalo feeds in the glades,
 None such in their train bound sublime on my vision,
 While deserts all desolate gazed at the sky,
 And away to the south rose the snow-capped Wasatch,
 Bald, bleak and majestic, broad rolling and high.

I have stood where dead cities of sandstone columns,
 Loomed up in their grandeur, all solemn and still,

And mused over the elements' wars of the edges
 That shaped them in symmetry inland their will
 I have rolled down the boulders and ^{waked}
 Where serpents appalled, have withered in their rage, ^{the wind}
 And watched the flat antelope bound over the desert
 Through vast beds of cactus and ^{grease} wood and sage.

I have sailed on the breast of the desert ^{et} Dead Sea,
 And bathed in its waters all tranquil and clear,
 Have gazed on the mountains and valleys of Humboldt,
 Strange, primitive, ~~of~~ awful, sad, silent and serene
 I have climbed and re-climbed the steep ^{wind} wind-worn Sierra,
 Peered in their deep gulches all dark and obscure,
 Dreamed under the shadows of giant ^{Reguigas} sequoias
 Or talked with wild Indians, reserved and dumb.

I have trusted my bark on the billows of Ocean,
 And watched them roll up and recede from the shore
 And have anchored within the fine bay San Francisco,
 Where the ^{great} Golden Gate ^{is} beneath the Ocean's deep roar.
 But not till I reached thy broad bosom, Columbia
 Where ever, forever, thou rollest to the sea,
 Did I feel that I'd found the full acme ^{me} of grand
 Where song could run riot, or fancy go free.

Then my Pegasus ^{his} changed his quick pace to a gallop,
 Enterprise's wind bark waked Aeolian strains,

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And the Pine in their capture ring ^{mountains} sides & the
that ^{pre}side over Oregon's forests and plains.
Hoary Head called aloud to the three virgin Sisters,
Who flushed with the ~~new~~ roseate glow of the ^{morning}
Saint Helen and Rarier from over the border
Scowled and clouded their brows in putation
of scorn.

The Dalles of Columbia set up on their edges,
Swirled through the deep gorges as onward they
Or over huge boulders of basal & ^{rolled} ~~went~~ dashing
Dispersed into spray ere their story was told.
To the North and the South and the West rose the
With proportions ~~colossal~~ colossal and graceful ^{and tall}
Dark green in their hue with a tinge of deep
Casting shadows sometimes o'er the earth like
Bold headlands keep guard o'er the Oregon river
Whose dashing are heard far away over the ^{main} ~~main~~
While roaring and foaming and rushing forever
He struggles with Ocean - some 'vantage & gain,
White cities sit smiling beside the Columbia,
Where, though land-walled the breeze of the sea
While the wind-worn Matilla and gold-toned
Keep sentinel watch o'er her broad ^{Matilla} ~~Eastern~~ ^{valley} ~~vales~~

Then No for the racing and breezy Pacific,
Whose waves lave the Occident ever and aye,
I am sought for the grandeur of Asia or Europe

For my far western home greets me gladly
 today.
 Yes, ha for the West! for the best land of promise
 where mountains all green bathe their
 brows in the sky.
 While down the tall snow peaks wild
 torrents ^{are rushing} come crashing
 And eagles scream and from their eyes are
 high!