

tory as we have behind us in the nineteenth century, who shall fix a limit to the progress of the Commonwealth in the twentieth century? May those who have entered into this inheritance, and those who shall enter into it, guard well the sacred trust, and make the future history of Iowa one of the noblest chapters in the Book of Time!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

McLOUGHLIN AND OLD OREGON by Eva Emery Dye. Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Co. pp. 381.

This is a graphic chronicle of startling occurrences that give more than romantic interest to the history of Oregon. The hero of the book, though misrepresented and maligned both in the British parliament and in the American congress, in one as treacherous to British interests, in the other as false to American interests, was one of nature's noblemen. Born on the St. Lawrence, head of the Hudson Bay Company west of the Rocky Mountains, governor in baronial style of Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia river, friend of Jason Lee, and Whitman, and the American pioneers, and at last making his home and finding his grave among them on the Willamette, John McLoughlin's memory is vindicated, and he is honored as the "Father of Oregon."

A number who had been pioneers of Iowa were also pioneers of Oregon. Among them were Berryman Jennings, the first school-teacher in Iowa (on the Half-Breed tract, Lee county); Morton McCarver, one of the three brothers-in-law who laid out the city of Burlington, Iowa, in 1834, afterwards founder of Sacramento, Cal., of Tacoma, Washington, and missing Portland, Oregon, by only ten miles; W. W. Chapman, the first delegate to Congress from Iowa Territory, 1839-'41, who said "he came all the way from the States for the purpose of burning Fort Vancouver;" Samuel R. Thurston, a lawyer of Burlington and city solicitor (1846), who became the first delegate from the Territory of Oregon to Congress; Delazon Smith, a member of the Convention which formed the State Constitution of Oregon in 1857, and one of the first U. S. senators from Oregon, 1859; and George H. Williams, judge first Judicial District of Iowa, 1847-'52, chief justice, Oregon Territory, 1853, U. S. Senator from Oregon, 1865-'71, Attorney General of the U. S., 1872-'75. Of Mr. Thurston the author says:

A young fire-eater from the States, of surpassing oratory, espoused the anti-Hudson's Bay cause, and rode on the popular wave to Congress. Congress had looked for some lean and bearded trapper from the far-away West, and was startled by the youth, beauty, boldness, and eloquence of Oregon's first delegate, a boy from Maine, scarce two years out, (graduate of Bowdoin College, 1843). They leaned to catch the fiery invective of this brilliant but misinformed young man, who pictured Dr. McLoughlin, the



Attorney General.

1872.

Bureau, Engraving & Printing.

"old monopolist," holding the savages in leash upon the trembling immigrants of Oregon. Naturally prejudiced, it took but little to carry the tide. Every other settler in Oregon was confirmed in his title to land, but Dr. McLoughlin's was taken away. The old philanthropist, who had filed his papers for American citizenship, was left without a foot of land in all that territory he had opened up to trade.

Much to be regretted, as was Mr. Thurston's course towards Dr. McLoughlin, it may be pardoned as proceeding not from malice, but from jealousy for his country and for American citizenship. Nor should it obscure the honor that is due Mr. Thurston, for the brave stand he took in Congress in the crisis of the Nation fifty years ago upon the question of the admission of California to the Union as a free State. It was a good omen, prophetic of the greatness the last half-century has brought to the States on the Pacific coast, and of the devotion of those States to the Union, that the first representative on the floor of Congress from that coast spoke these fervid words in the hall of the House of Representatives, March 25, 1850:

The people of California take the view, that the introduction of slavery there would be the greatest evil which could be imposed on them. They claim the right to settle their own institutions. Opposition to the admission of California will kindle a fire there which will burn for ages, a fire I hope never to see lighted on that coast. I hope to see the altar of the Union planted there, before which its devotees can come from each State, and kneel amid the sweet perfumes of a common and loving brotherhood. God knows I shall be glad when all causes of contention are settled, all clogs to our national progress removed, the carriage of State righted again, and the Genius of Liberty shall crack his whip over the chargers of civilization, rushing on to new conquests and the goal of the Nation's glory. And withered be my hand, if I ever do aught intentionally to stop its progress. . . . As to the dissolution of the Union, which has been discussed with this question, I will take the liberty of expressing my opinion, and what I believe to be the opinion of my constituents. I believe that such a doctrine should be driven from the pale of civilization as a common enemy of us all. With pain have I been asked, Where Oregon would go in case of a dissolution? Sir, where should she go? She is now a foster child of our common mother, whom she loves and adores; and if any of the family are so inhuman as to stab the mother, shall Oregon aid or abet? Sir, so long as there is a vestige of the old homestead remaining, will Oregon remain to revere the spot where it stands. Oregon says that she is for the integrity of the Union under all circumstances, and cannot entertain any proposition for dissolution. She is willing to contribute to her last cent, to the last drop of her blood, to the last vestige of her honor, to defend it. And while there is a star of the old Constitution twinkling, the needle of Oregon will point to it as the beacon light of her safety.

The author of this volume is of Revolutionary stock, being a great-great-granddaughter of Capt. Titus Salter, of Portsmouth, N. H., who captured ammunition from a British fort at the mouth of the Piscataqua in 1774, which was used the next year by the Americans at Bunker Hill. A mistake is made in placing Caleb Cushing in the U. S. Senate, p. 324; he was in the H. R.

W. S.

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