

## McDonald of Oregon, a Tale of Two Shores

ISSN 0003-4827

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### Recommended Citation

"McDonald of Oregon, a Tale of Two Shores." *The Annals of Iowa* 8 (1907), 233-233.

Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0003-4827.3410>

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*McDonald of Oregon, A Tale of Two Shores, by Eva Emery Dye, Author of "The Conquest," "McLoughlin and Old Oregon." A. C. McClurg & Co. 1906. pp. 395.*

The hero of this book was born at Astoria; the son of a Scotch Highlander, his mother a Chinook squaw. She died while he was an infant, and the care of him fell into other hands, so that he was reared not as a "Flathead," but with an oval face, and a fair countenance, and he was trained in the ways of civilization. His life of seventy years, 1824-94, covered those great events which transformed a vast and savage wilderness into the large and prosperous States of Oregon and Washington, with their enormous wealth of forests and mines and the fish industry and wheat-fields and orchards, and such cities as Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, and Spokane. He did a good part in the transformation, and also led the way in carrying the honor and fame of the United States to Japan, so that the book is "a tale of two shores," the western shore of America and the eastern shore of Asia.

The author tells the story of various Indian tribes, their manners, customs, and cruel wars, of the downfall of the Hudson Bay Company, the rush of American immigration, the building of wagon-roads and of the railroad over the mountains, of the establishment of civil government, of McDonald's going with a crew of shipwrecked Japanese to their country, establishing a school there, and preparing the way for the expedition of Commodore Perry, in the graphic and vivid style of her earlier books, noticed in *The Annals* (iv. 624, vi. 74). Accounts are given of the Indian chiefs, Seattle and Spokane, whose names remain in the cities which bear them. Romantic stories of love and adventure, pleasing and tragic, are interwoven in rapid sketches. Mrs. Dye had the opportunity of obtaining from McDonald his personal reminiscences, and has taken pains to verify everything that she has recorded. The history itself is more wonderful than any romance. It should be familiar to every American who feels a just pride in the honor and growth of his country.

W. S.

## AN ANECDOTE OF GOVERNOR STEPHEN HEMPSTEAD.

It is an amiable, pleasant face that looks out from one of the portrait frames in the Iowa Historical Art Gallery which bears the name of Stephen Hempstead, second Governor of the State of Iowa. He held this position four years, following Governor Briggs, first Governor of the State, and preceding James W. Grimes, the third. In the days when Governor Hempstead flourished there were no railroads west of the Mississippi and even stage coaches had reached no very remarkable development. The good Governor resided in Dubuque and whenever he visited Iowa City, the then capital, he was accustomed to make the journey on horseback. On one of these journeys he stopped for the night at the little village of Cascade, some twenty miles from Dubuque. When he arose in the morning the very unwelcome intelligence was communicated to him that his horse had been stolen in the night. This was a great disappointment to Governor Hempstead, for good saddle horses were not very plentiful in that region. The legend does not tell how he

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