

Grant County News.



J. P. Fisher
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CANYON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1879.

TERMS: \$3. PER YEAR.

The Grant County News.

PUBLISHED
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

—BY—

S. H. SHEPHERD,

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

SUBSCRIPTION:

Per Year, : : : \$3 00

Six Months, : : : \$1 75

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Notices in local column, 20 cents per line, each insertion.

Transient advertisements, per square of 12 lines, \$2 00 for first, and \$1 for each subsequent insertion—in ADVANCE.

Legal advertisements charged as transient, and must be paid for upon expiration. No certificate of publication given until the fee is paid.

Yearly advertisements on very liberal terms. Professional Cards, (one inch or less) \$15 per annum.

Personal and Political Communications, charged as advertisements. The above rates will be strictly adhered to.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

C. W. PARRISH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CANYON CITY, OREGON.

M. L. OLMSTEAD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CANYON CITY, OREGON.

GEO. B. CURNEY,
Attorney at Law,
CANYON CITY, OREGON.

M. DUSTIN,
Attorney at Law,
Canyon City, Oregon.

F. C. HORSLEY, M. D.
GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, April 8, 1878.
Canyon City, Oregon.

Office in his Drug Store, Main Street. Orders for Drugs promptly filled. No professional patronage solicited unless directions are strictly followed.

J. W. HOWARD, M. D.,
CANYON CITY, GRANT CO., OREGON.

O. M. DODSON, M. D.,
Prairie City, - Ogn.

N. H. BOLEY,
DENTIST.
Dental Rooms, Opposite the Methodist Church.
CANYON CITY, OREGON.

G. I. HAZELTINE,
Photographer,
CANYON CITY, OREGON.

GEO. SOLLINGER,
CANYON CITY
MILK-MAN.

The best of Milk furnished to the citizens of Canyon City every morning, by the gallon or quart, at reasonable rates.

JOHN SCHMIDT,
CARPENTER AND WAGON MAKER,
Canyon City, - Oregon.

Dealer in HARDWOOD, SPOKES and FELLOES, FURNITURE, CHAIRS, PAINTS, GLASS, and WINDO-SASH.

Phil Metschan. John McCullough,
F. C. Sels. Denis McAuliff.

Extraordinary Inducements.

OFFERED BY

Phil. Metschan & Co.

SUCCESSORS TO

M. S. HELLMAN.

Having purchased the entire and well assorted Stock of General Merchandise of M. S. Hellman, in September last, and we being then desirous to wind up the business as speedily as possible, we have been selling

AT COST EVER SINCE.

We are now determined more than ever to settle up our business at once, and hereby offer Superior Inducements To our Patrons and the Public Generally, which we greatly to their Interest to Come, Examine and Pricce our Goods before purchasing elsewhere.

PHIL. METSCHAN & CO.
Canyon City, Ogn., April 19, 1879.

J. W. WOOLSEY. G. B. HOUSMAN.

WOOLSEY & HOUSMAN,

CANYON CITY, OREGON.

THE BAR is supplied with pure Wines and Liquors, Beer, Ale, Bitters and Cigars.

FINE BILLIARD TABLES

In the Saloon. Give us a call.

J. W. WOOD. J. W. CHURCH.

WOOD & CHURCH,

LIVERY STABLE

—AND—

CORRAL, and FEED STABLE.

Good buggy teams and nice Saddle horses furnished at all hours of the day or night, at reasonable prices. Particular attention paid to boarding and grooming transient stock.

ENTRANCE

On Main and Washington Sts., CANYON CITY, OREGON.

BAKER CITY ADVERTISEMENTS.

A. B. ELMER

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

BAKER CITY, OREGON.

All work done promptly, and warranted to give satisfaction. Has constantly on hand a full and complete stock of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, for sale Cheap for Cash. All goods warranted as represented. Watches and all other articles sent for repairs may be left with S. H. Shepherd, who will attend to forwarding the same. A. B. ELMER.

WM. GOOS,

BAKER CITY, OREGON,

CIGAR MANUFACTORY,

ALSO

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Tobacco and Smoking Articles.

T. C. HYDE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,

Baker City, Oregon.

Office corney of Court Avenue and Liberty Street.

Haines & Lawrence,

Attorneys at Law,

BAKER CITY, OREGON.

Will practice at law in all courts in Oregon and Idaho.

A Reminiscence of the Indian War, 1853.

BY HON. J. W. NESMITH.

[From the West Shore.]

[Continued from last week.]

Early on the morning of the 19th of September, 1853, we mounted our horses and rode out in the direction of the Indian encampment. Our party consisted of the following named persons: Gen. Joseph Lane, Joel Palmer, Superintendent of Indian Affairs; Samuel P. Colver, Indian Agent; Capt. A. J. Smith, 1st Dragoons; Capt. L. F. Mosher, Adjutant; Col. John E. Ross, Capt. J. W. Nesmith, Lieut. A. V. Kautz, R. B. Metcalf, J. E. Mason, T. T. Tierney. By reference to the U. S. Statutes at Large, v. 10, p. 1020, the most of the above named will be found appended to the treaty that day executed. After riding a couple of miles across the level valley we came to the foot of the mountain where it was too steep for horses to ascend. We dismounted and hitched our horses and scrambled up for half a mile over huge rocks and through brush, and then found ourselves in the Indians' strong hold, just under the perpendicular cliff of Table Rock, and surrounded by 700 fire and well armed hostile savages, in all their gorgeous war paint and feathers. Capt. Smith had drawn out his company of Dragoons and left them in line on the plain below. It was a bright beautiful morning and the Rogue river valley lay like a panorama at our feet; the exact line of dragoons, sitting steele like upon their horses, with their white belts and brass-helmed scabbards and carbines, looked like they were engraven on a picture, while a few paces in our rear the huge perpendicular wall of Table Rock towered, frowningly, many hundred feet above us. The business of the treaty commenced at once. Long speeches were made by General Lane and Superintendent Palmer; they had to be translated twice. When an Indian spoke in the Rogue river tongue, it was translated by an Indian interpreter into Chinook or jargon to me, when I translated it into English, when Lane or Palmer spoke the process was reversed, I giving the speech to the Indian interpreter in Chinook, and he translating it to the Indians in their own tongue. This double translation of long speeches made the labor tedious, and it was not till late in the afternoon that the treaty was completed and signed. In the mean time an episode occurred which came near terminating the treaty as well as the representation, of one of the "high contracting parties" in a sudden and tragic manner. About the middle of the afternoon a young Indian came running into camp stark naked with the perspiration streaming from every pore. He made a brief harangue and threw himself upon the ground apparently exhausted. His speech had created a great tumult among his tribe. General Lane told me to inquire of the Indian interpreter the cause of the commotion. The Indian replied that a company of white men came down on Applegate creek and under command of Captain Owen, had that morning captured an Indian, known as Jim Taylor, and had him tied up to a tree and shot to death. The hubbub and confusion among the Indians at once became intense and murder glare from each savage visage. The Indian interpreter told me that the Indians were threatening to tie us up to trees and serve us as Owen's men had served Jim Taylor. I saw some Indians gathering up lass-ropes while others drew the skin covers from their muzzles. There appeared a strong probability of our party being subject to a sudden volley. I explained as briefly as I could what the interpreter had communicated to me, and in order to keep our people from huddling together and thus make a better target for the savages, I used a few English words

not likely to be understood by the Indian interpreter, such as "disperse," and "segregate." In fact we kept so close to the savages and separated from one another that any general firing must have been nearly as fatal to the Indians as to the whites. While I admit that I thought my time had come and hurriedly thought of wife and children, I noticed nothing but coolness among my companions. Gen. Lane sat up on a log with his arm bandaged in a sling, the lines about his mouth rigidly compressing his lips, while his eyes flashed fire. He asked brief questions and gave me sententious answers to what little the Indians said to us. Capt. A. J. Smith, who was prematurely grey haired and was afflicted with a nervous snapping of the eyes, leaned upon his cavalry saber and looked anxiously down upon his well formed line of dragoons in the valley below. His eyes snapped more vigorously than usual and muttered words escaped from under the old Dragoon's white mustache that did not sound like prayers. His squadron looked beautiful, but alas! they could render us no service. I sat down on a log close to old chief Joe, an I having a sharp hunting knife under my hunting shirt, kept my hand near its handle, determined that there would be one Indian made "good" about the time the firing commenced. In a few moments Gen. Lane stood up and commenced to speak slowly but very distinctly. He said Owen, who had violated the armistice and killed Jim Taylor, is a bad man. He is not one of my soldiers, when I catch him he shall be punished. I promised in good faith to come into your camp with ten other unarmed men to secure peace. Myself and men are placed in your power; I don't believe that you are such cowardly dogs as to take advantage of our unarmed condition. I know that you have the power to murder us and can do so as quickly as you please, but what good will our blood do you? Our murder will exasperate our friends and your tribe will be hunted from the face of the earth. Let us proceed with the treaty, and instead of war have a lasting peace. Much more was said in this strain by the General, all rather defiant, and nothing of a begging character. The excitement gradually subsided after Lane promised to give a fair compensation for the defunct Jim Taylor in shirts and blankets.

The treaty of the 10th of September, 1853, was completed and signed, and peace restored for the next two years. Our party wended their way among the rocks down to where our horses were tied and mounted. Old A. J. Smith galloped up to his squadron and gave a brief order. The bugle sounded a note or two and the squadron wheeled and trotted off to camp. As General Lane and party rode back across the valley we looked back and saw the rays of the setting sun gilding the summit of Table Rock. I drew a long breath and remarked to the old General that the next time he wanted to go unarmed into a hostile camp he must hunt up some one besides myself to act as interpreter. With a benignant smile he replied, "God bless you, luck is better than science."

I never hear the fate of Gen. Canby, at the Mobeo camp referred to, that I do not think of our narrow escape of a similar fate at Table Rock.

OREGONIANS IN TEXAS.—A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican writes from Bayard county, Texas: Last August a party arrived here from Oregon, and located near the center of the county, and laid out a town and called it Oregon city, in honor of their state. By December they were all in good, large frame and stone house. One of these parties, Hon. S. R. McLain, from Baker City, as soon as he had erected a house for his family, went to work and erected a large stone building for a school house.

Choosing Husbands Who Work.

Alluding to recent exponents, the Cincinnati Commercial says: "It may be that in choosing husbands who work, the young ladies are building more wisely than their fathers know. From the known habits and morals of the average rich man's sons a sensible father might often echo the old maid's cry of 'Anybody, Lord!' rather than these for a mate for his daughter. A good looking and steady young street car driver would be a far better husband. The young lady who wedded the conductor that worked sixteen hours a day, very possibly knew what she was about. She certainly showed better taste than if she had cast her lot with some idle, dissipated youth among the super-phosphates. There can be no such thing as a mesalliance in rank, in a country where every man may make his own social position. Changes are so great among us, that trade may outrank super-phosphates, even in this generation. So let us hear no more of calling these weddings a mesalliance, merely because the bridegroom works with his hands!"

It has been proved that the strength and care expended by the average housewife in coxing a weak chested, hollow backed, consumptive geranium up six inches, would lift a ton weight three quarters of a mile, and raise a thousand dollar mortgage out of sight.

A gentleman who has spent some days in the region of the coal oil wells, in Pennsylvania says that in his opinion the government ought to put a stop to further pumping and boring for oil. He is quite certain the oil is being drawn through these wells from the bearing of the earth's axis, and that the earth will cease to turn when the lubrication ceases.

The latest amusement is termed the "Printer's Delight," and is performed in the following manner: Take a sheet of note paper, fold it up carefully and incluse a bank note sufficiently large to pay up all arrears and a year in advance. And what adds immensely to the feat is to send along the name of a new subscriber with cash to balance. Keep your eye on the printer, and if you detect a smile the trick is a success. Try it.

GONE EAST.—Josquin Miller, the "Oregon poet," who has been visiting the home of his boyhood for a few weeks past, has departed for the Eastern States. He took his daughter Maul with him, who will be placed in one of the leading seminaries in the East. Under her father's care she will make a lady of beauty and culture, but had she continued on in the course allowed by her mother the finale could easily be guessed.—Standard.

AROUND THE WORLD.—Before a recent meeting of the American Geographical society in New York, A. A. Hayes, a traveler of some note, read a paper in which he expressed the opinion that the least time in which any person could probably make the circuit of the globe was 85 days, and this he arranged as follows:

New York to San Francisco, 7; at San Francisco, say 1; between Yokohama and San Francisco, 16; Yokohama and Hongkong, 7; at Hongkong, 4; Hongkong to Marseilles, 36; at Marseilles, and Marseilles to Liverpool, 2; at Liverpool or London, 2; Liverpool to New York, 10. Total 85 days.

Eight vessels loaded with Chinamen are destined for Portland this summer of which seven have now arrived. Portland is disgusted with the influx of emigration, and her horrors are increased by finding out that all the California Chinamen are coming up as soon as the new constitution goes into effect.

All the nominations for promotion in the army, made since March 4th, were confirmed by the Senate on the 2d of June.