

WILLAMETTE FARMER

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THE CASH SYSTEM.

The farmers of Oregon, of this coast, and elsewhere, are all alive to the advantages and importance of dealing strictly for cash, and we have a few brief remarks to make on that subject.

We have tried this credit system, and are tired of it. A portion of our subscribers pay up punctually, but the most do not. We lose interest money, and meet with some losses, and the subscription list does not average over \$2.50 for each subscriber, per annum, and this leads us to making the following change in terms:

Hereafter all renewals and subscriptions, where the cash shall accompany the order, can be paid at \$2.50 per annum. All subscriptions that are allowed to run thirty days over time will be invariably \$3.00 per annum. This offer is made to induce prepayment of subscriptions, and will be applied only to those who pay strictly in advance.

All those who are receiving this paper are invited to remit the balance that will be due us on the 1st of January, and add \$2.50 to pay for the year 1876. That will commence the year punctually, and place them on the prepaid cash basis.

A look at your tag will show you how much you will be indebted to us January 1st at the rate of 25 cts a month.

Remittances can be made by registered letter, currency can be sent by mail at its current value, or money can be paid to our local agents.

[For the Willamette Farmer.]

FARM ECHOES, NO. 3.

Buying Oats.

Like the lighthearted cricket we all read about in our first readers, there are those who call themselves farmers, who after the rains of Winter begin, wake up some dark wet morning to find the granary empty. Now what do these shiftless fellows do? It is easily told and in very few words, they go to a more thoughtful neighbor whose storehouse are well filled and try to borrow. They even become indignant when asked, "have you the money to pay, or can you give good security?" "Why neither, sir," rolling a big quid of tobacco as a sweet morsel under his tongue, "but I can readily pay after next year's harvest," which the other knows is a promise that will never be fulfilled. I want right here to relate an incident of this kind that came under my own observation a few days since, and which will serve fully to illustrate the unthrif that characterizes a certain class of Oregon farmers. It was a dark November morning, but nothing deterred by the soaking rains, I saw a young man of perhaps five and twenty years, alight from his horse, come in and draw off his overcoat, which he hung on a peg outside to drip, then seat himself near the cheerful fire around which several others were reading and conversing. I had a great desire to laugh, for I felt intuitively that this was one of those chronic buyers or borrowers that never pay and who was only awaiting a favorable opportunity to present his plea. I was not mistaken, for after discussing politics and other subjects of common interest, in all of which he displayed great egotism and profound ignorance, he made known the object of his visit. "Could you, Mr. A. let me have a hundred bushels of oats, and if you would accommodate me with five or ten bushels of barley for fall sowing it would be mighty nice!"—his exact words—he then settled back in his chair with a look of self-complacency, as if entering a great favor. "Well sir," replied Mr. A., I have both the oats and barley, and besides am in pressing need of money, how much will you give, oats are high now?" "Really, Mr. A. I don't know, the truth is, I could not pay you anything just now, but if could wait until after next harvest," but Mr. A. had grown weary from receiving so many fair promises to pay after next harvest and said, "I can't let you have the grain, sir, without the cash down." Now thought I he will say no more about it, but with the pertinacity that rendered me of the little boy who was sent to a neighbor for sour milk and on being told it was sweet, remarked that he would stay till it soured, the young man who should have had a sweet cow mouth or at least better manners, took out his pipe, leisurely filled it, and began smoking. That

there were those in the room who detested the very smell of tobacco and that no others were indulging in the habit of smoking, did not seem to disturb his equanimity in the least. Why don't he save his tobacco money and pay for his oats thought I, as the desire to laugh was changed to a feeling of disgust. He soon plucked up courage to return to the subject of buying oats, and as a last resort offered his note for the amount. "O yes," said Mr. A. if you give good security." He was nonplussed, but finally promised that he would. Mr. A. brought out the inkstand and paper, and desired him to write out a simple note of hand payable in eight months time. Would you believe it, he could not begin to do it. This tall grown man, who boasted of what he had done, what he knew and what he could do, interlarding his conversation with "you know" this and "you know" that, when you did not know anything about it, could not write a simple "promise to pay," of four lines. Mr. A. wrote the note and handing it to him, said, that when he had a certain man's name thereon as a security he could have the grain. He took the slip of paper with a dubious look and as he has never returned it is safe to conclude that he purchased his oats of some one else. It is a bad sign for young men or old ones either to be seen riding about the country a few weeks after the harvest is stored away, trying to buy oats on credit. There is no earthly use for a farmer in the Willamette valley to be borrowing oats in this style. With every facility for sowing and reaping, the strong healthy farmer may and should be the possessor of at least sufficient provender to keep his team through the rainy season without trying to buy on good promises. They should not forget that promises avail nothing without they are made good by fulfillment and it has long been a demonstrated fact, that he who always wants to promise rarely keeps his word. The farmers of Oregon can never boast of their independence in all truthfulness till they cease going from house to house asking for something for which they can give no honorable return.

HAPPY HALL.

The Potato—Its Importance.

Potatoes are somewhat scarce this season. The farmers seem to have neglected many things for the sake of growing more wheat. This is another instance of the folly of special farming. Grow wheat and buy potatoes! The farmer ought, to prosper, raise as much as possible, and buy as little as possible.

Potatoes are among the staple productions of the land. Almost, nay, we might say, every family uses potatoes, more or less. They are a product ever in demand; are healthful, and cheap as food, when not too scarce or too high.

The reasons why the potato is so important as an article of everyday use are, indeed, quite obvious. In the potato we find—dry ash—of potash, nearly one sixth, sulphuric acid nearly one tenth, and phosphoric acid one twelfth, leaving comparatively a small margin for silica, lime, magnesia, peroxide of iron, soda, chlorine. Potash, sulphuric acid, and phosphoric acid, are very important ingredients in food. Hence the use and importance of the potato. We see, too, why the potato ruins land when grown on it, year after year. The soil becomes exhausted of potash, sulphuric acid, and phosphoric acid. In order, therefore, to grow healthy tubers, the potato should be grown on new land, every season, or else these elements must be artificially applied to the soil. To apply them artificially is seldom done. Hence, in many instances, the decline of this valuable esculent.

Wherever, and whenever, we see any esculent, it matters not of what kind, diseased, we know there is something wrong somewhere. Either the soil is exhausted, in part, or the means used in growing them, have been wrongly used; or, the climate is too dry, or too wet, &c.

Too much attention can not be given to planting good potatoes, on good soil, and giving them good attention. ALPHA.

OSWEGO IRON WORKS.—Says a contemporary: "Although the Oswego Iron Works turn out about one thousand tons of pig iron a year and export nearly all to San Francisco our furnaces import considerable iron from California. So far this month over forty tons have been received by them from below. We should think the Iron Works can sell as cheap as importers do the English and American pig iron."

The Maggie mine at Wazontown, Idaho, under the superintendence of A. Z. Poole, is being worked day and night, and prospects very rich in silver ore.

A Story of Oregon Apples.

HOOD RIVER, Jan. 8, 1876.

ED. FARMER: The following is a reminiscence in the life of one of our nation's greatest military heroes, Gen. Scott, which I deem too good to be lost, and the only apology I have to offer in this connection is my inability to tell it as it was told to me by one of the parties, Mr. Joseph Hamilton, of Linn county, Oregon. In 1850, Gen. Scott was sent out by our Government to settle the San Juan island difficulty, and Gen. S. leaving Portland on the steamer Brother Jonathan, Mr. Hamilton chanced to sail for New York on the same steamer. While sitting on the upper deck enjoying a quiet sea, the following conversation passed between the parties:

Gen. Scott—Are you an Oregonian, sir?

Mr. Hamilton—I am, General. I came to her shores in 1847.

Gen.—I am aware you have a fine country. I have obtained some of the largest fruit that ever grew in the world, sir.

Mr. H.—General, can I be favored with a sight of some of it?

Gen.—Certainly, sir.

Here Gen. Scott summoned an aid, and had his box of fruit brought on deck, where, on the same being opened, Mr. H. remarked, with as much gravity as he could command, that the fruit was not an extra sample of Oregon fruit.

Gen. Scott—(With a look and air as only he could give.) I am a ware, sir, that I have the largest fruit in the world, sir.

Mr. H.—Pardon me, General, but you have not the largest fruit.

Gen. S.—Do you mean to say, sir, that you have larger?

Mr. H.—Yes, General, I do.

Gen. S.—I glory in a man who, after he has made a statement which he knows is right, sticks to it, sir. Will you convince me by producing the fruit?

Mr. Hamilton getting assistance, had a box brought up from below, which was quickly opened. Gen. Scott, after gazing in wonder for a moment, said, "There, that will do, sir. Set the box away." Then the General quickly wrote on three slips of paper an order summoning three of his military staff to appear, which they soon did, and as each appeared the General ordered them to sit down.

Gen. Scott—Have you all seen the fruit that I obtained while at Portland?

Answer by all—Yes, General, we have.

Gen. S.—Is it large fruit?

Ans.—Yes, General.

Gen. S.—Did you ever expect to see such large fruit?

Ans.—Never, General.

Gen. S.—Well, here is a gentleman who pretends to say that he has seen larger fruit. Whereupon the three officers were anxious to bet that there never was larger fruit.—Here the General quickly interrupted them, and reminded them of the fact that his fruit was larger than they had ever expected to see. Might there not be a little larger fruit grown?

All answered, No, there never was larger; and all three produced a 20-dollar piece each.

Gen. S.—But hold; he looks like a man of truth, and I would be rather loth to doubt his veracity.

Officers—But, General, we are all anxious to risk a twenty each on the result.

Gen. S.—Perhaps the gentleman himself can accommodate you.

Mr. H.—No, General, I never bet.

Gen. S.—Well, then, I will take the bets, myself. (Here the General covered the three twenties, and, turning to Mr. H., he said:)

How will you satisfy these gentlemen that your statements are true, sir?

Mr. H.—I know of no better way than to produce the fruit, General.

The fruit was soon produced. It was of the Gloria mundi variety, and of mammoth size. The General was presented with a sample of the largest, and while holding it up in his hand, he began a lecture, which lasted over twenty minutes, that surpassed in eloquence and sound morals anything Mr. H. asserts, that he ever listened to, and closing by warning his friends that it was unwise to bet under any circumstances; that the winner, in the end, must be loser. He then returned each his money. The General said that if he could only arrive home safely with his valued specimens of fruit, that fifty dollars would purchase them.

Mr. H.—General, how long have you been in the service of your country?

Gen. S.—Sir, I have served my country fifty-two years, and I am still willing to serve her while life and strength last.

Mr. H.—General, could not the difficulty have been settled at Washington as well as at San Juan island?

Gen. S.—Trus, my friend; but, you know, the people would not have been satisfied.

We now bid adieu to our honored military chieftain, and will follow our Oregon friend to the N. Y. Tribune office, where he produced his sample box of large Oregon apples, when the principal remarked that, after having been editor for over forty-five years, he had published nothing much draded as the facts in connection with the above, as he would not be believed in so doing; and said that his paper went all over the world.—While at Keokuk, Iowa, Mr. Hamilton was present at a well-known hotel, where a man read from the N. Y. Tribune the story of the big Oregon apples, when quite a number present declared that that was "another big Oregon lie." After listening to a general expression against Oregon products in general and her fruit in particular, Mr. Hamilton, profiting by the lecture of Gen. Scott, be-

gan—Have any of you ever been in Oregon? No. Well, I would be very slow to condemn any statement before I was advised as to the facts. One man asked. Have you ever been Oregon? Mr. H.—Yes; I am the man who gave the Tribune the statements just read.—Do you believe them? Inquired one of the party. Mr. H.—If you will go with me to my room I will show you the veritable apples themselves. Whereupon the crowd followed, and, after seeing the specimens, they all surrendered. Mr. Hamilton then gave them a lecture on Oregon, and her present and future prospects, which was productive of good fruits. W. P. W.

[For the Willamette Farmer.]

Brio-a-Brac Papers.—No. 1.

After all, we can form a pretty fair estimate of a person's life and character by observing their actions a little. I said this to myself last evening, as I watched the progress of that game played with cards and called "Crib." I own to a prejudice against cards. Handling the instruments of sin, even in the most refined company, does not take away from them their wicked uselessness, and in the few times that I have yielded, just to oblige, I have felt a sense of well degradation. Too fastidious, am I? Well, what difference, so long as I interfere with no one else's pleasure? I think the great success of happy social life consists in letting other people have as much freedom of thought as ourselves, and not getting excited if their opinions clash with our own.—When I was younger than I am now I liked very much to argue some absorbing question with an opponent who called out my deepest thoughts, and kept me thinking deeply and intently. I like to argue yet, but do not care to have my interest wrought up to so high a pitch of enthusiasm as I then delighted in. Some good people there are who love to continually be on the spur. I thought of that, last evening, when I watched those crib-players. Mr. Infield was so cool and calculating, evidently taking no interest in the game unless his opponent was nearly or a little ahead of him. And I find that this is his character. He delights in opposition, and calls no man his friend. Has no compassion for other people's little cherished weaknesses, and, as he himself expresses it, if he "does anything to be sorry for, is glad of it." Yet I know he has a warm, kind heart, and is uncompromisingly honest. It is wonderful how rough a shell Nature endows some of her human fruit with. Perhaps it is for the wise purpose of making us prize the fruit more highly when we do get it. And that reminds me of something my friend the Unitarian said the other day. He was speaking of miracles. Said he, "A man may disbelieve all the miracles in the Bible and yet be a Christian. This may startle those who think much of the shell of religion; but it is the kernel in the shell that we must give to the world." This is true, not only in religion, but in life. We don't think of wrapping a shell of ceremony and formality about our love for our dearest friends. And our friends might be more numerous and dearer still if we came out of our shells still more. I have met people who didn't have any shell at all. I cannot say that I sincerely admire such people. They are ever the same: no depth of feeling or character. Agla, who is to graduate this year from "St. Lucretia's Select School for Young Ladies," is one of that sort. She is a tall, dark-eyed maiden, with the freshness of youth on her face; but, after one looks at her a little while, one grows weary, and does not care to look again. I know of a certainty that Agla has only a very superficial knowledge of a few fanciful branches. Doubtless the honor of graduating from St. Lucretia's is sufficient honor for a young lady. Miss Lettice passed through the room just now, with her still, white face, and still black robes. There is a look in her face as if she had missed some of life's happiness. She is not young, but there is a shadowy fascination about her face. I should like to see the shell off, and have the warm blood surge into those pale cheeks. Better as it is, perhaps. Pygmalion worshipped his marble statue as something almost too sacred to look at. He only loved the living Aglaeta. Still, I have considerable curiosity to change my status. I wonder if she ever thinks her life might have been brighter.

I went to see poor old crazy Nina to-day. She is the tieldest of women, with soft gray hair, and a face once kind and motherly.—Her eyes were once mild and pleasant, and are yet at intervals, but they are not so when the fire of insanity burns in them. She is very ill, the doctors say dying. She has taken a fancy to me, and delights to have me come and sit by her, bringing a green leaf or tiny flower—they remind her, she says, of her little cabin in the woods, by the "branch." At times she talks incoherently, and her one theme is her baby. She will lie and moan as if her heart would break, and plead with them to bring her baby to her. All unused to tears as my eyes are, they grow moist at the sight of this broken, darkened life stealing with slow uncertain steps down the hill that brings us to the life we call Death. She will find her baby there, and all the beauty of happiness—so why need any tears be shed? BIRQUELLA.

[For the Willamette Farmer.]

Letter from McMinnville.

ED. FARMER: I have not noticed anything in your paper concerning farm affairs in this part of the country, and thinking that you will pay more attention to subject than phraseology I venture to write in my blunt way a short article for your columns.

From one who has spent the greater part of his life following the plow you can't expect long, flowing sentences of delicate construction and rhetorical flourishes, but I will try and present a few simple facts for your disposal.

The vicinity around the pleasant little village of McMinnville is one of the most fertile and healthful in the Willamette valley. It is a valley of itself—the valley of the Yamhill river—almost surrounded by hills and mountains. Our climate is a few degrees warmer in cold weather than it is outside this little valley, the north wind being broken by the Chehalis mountains. We are blessed with a balmy mountain atmosphere and the rich and productive soil is peculiarly adapted to raising wheat, not only the rolling country so well known on the north Yamhill, but the more level land on the south fork of the river. The grain is a little plumper and heavier and good judges say makes better flour than that grown in other parts of the State.

In this neighborhood as well as in other parts of the country, the breadth of fall-sown grain is not great, owing to the unfitness of the season. This is not generally considered any loss here, however, as the ground will produce as much put in properly in the spring as in the fall. Some are prejudiced against spring wheat. It is a good thing that it is not grown so extensively as formerly, for when the land is successively cropped it never receives proper cultivation. It is the custom to summer-fallow land that is to be sown in the fall and if the land could be as highly cultivated for a spring crop the yield would probably be equally large, if not greater than that realized from the fall sowings.

The McMinnville grange is perhaps the most active organization in the State. Our membership is not the largest but some of them have a great deal of "get up" about them. We have a large hall, with a paid up hall and out of debt. Below the hall is the grange store, with the largest stock of goods in the county, kept by Mr. L. Bettman, an experienced merchant. Mr. Bettman is bound by agreement to purchase his goods in the best market and sell them for cash at a profit of ten per cent. above cost and freight. He buys principally in San Francisco. We get our goods cheaper than we could before this arrangement. We benefit the outsiders too, for Mr. Bettman sells to all alike. He has an extensive stock of all kinds.

The grass is good and the winter being open feeding has not been necessary where pasture is not overstocked. I have written long enough for this first. If this receives your attention and you choose to publish it I may be encouraged to write again.

Yours truly, NEWTON HIBBS.

[We shall be glad to hear often from Mr. Hibbs, and wish we could secure as attractive correspondents in other sections.]

The dwelling of Mr. Ladd, situated about three miles from Willa Wetta, was burned with its contents, the loss on the house and furniture amounting to about \$3,000. The house was built recently purchased by Mr. Ladd from Frank Smith.

The B. & N. Co. have a large stock of machinery on hand, and are doing a large business in blowing in the streets and the green grass all around.