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Correspondence.

THE RECOLLECTIONS AND IMPRESSIONS OF
A YOUNG OREGON PIONEER.

NO. XI.

Editor Willamette Farmer:

I mentioned in my last the fact (learned more than a year after getting to Oregon) of Chamber's Edinburg Journal for September, 1844, calling the attention of the British public to the imperative necessity of a self-directing, self-reliant class of emigrants from Britain, if Oregon was to be saved to that nation.

But this was too late by more than ten years, as the Oregonian, published at Boston, Mass., in 1833-4, had sounded the same kind of a call on the Eastern seaboard of the United States, and Senator Benton and others had been doing the same thing since 1819. It was in large part owing to these separate influences that in 1843-4 men from Maine, Massachusetts and New York, like Pettygrove, Brooks, Holderness, Holden, Hubbard, Kilbourn, Parrish, Smith, Gale, Woods, Couch, Cushing and Wilson met in the valley of the Oregon the Applegates, Burnetts, Gilliams, Fords, Looneys and Waldos, supported and assisted by men like Clark, Crockett, Reese, NeSmith, Owens and others. The occupation of Oregon, or so much of it as was occupied prior to the settlement of the boundary question, was not a mere accident. The men so gathered here from widely separate portions of a common country, impelled by diverse views perhaps, had mostly some previous knowledge of Oregon and the question of its possible destiny. And the men who won in that grand race for empire did so because they were more free from the forms, special privileges and prerogatives of the older governmental powers used for such purposes by Britain.

Nor was it an accident which brought Commodore Wilkes into the Columbia river at the time of his arrival. That expedition was the result of the long continued and eloquent appeals to the U. S. Congress to do something becoming to its public spirit towards defining and placing upon charts in aid of navigation the numerous islands and shore lines of the Pacific Ocean (then little known).

Nor was it an accident that a few years later another race for empire was won when Commodore Sloat of the American navy, upon information quietly received, sailed out of the harbor of Mazatlan, leaving Commodore Seymour of the British navy at anchor there, and starting out as though bound for the Sandwich Islands. He suddenly tacked when out of sight of the British fleet, and stood for the California coast; arriving there in time to place the American flag over the town of Monterey—thus supporting Capt. Fremont, who, like himself, was successfully extending the dominion of the flag of his country, without the formal orders of his government, but simply in the spirit and under the responsibility of American citizenship. This spirit of citizenship, as I have indicated, was now pushing its way up both sides of the Willamette, had already begun to speculate on the growth of commercial towns on the Willamette and near the mouth of the Columbia—as two or three points both on these rivers and near the ocean had already been looked at for such purposes. The writer feeling himself still under obligations to Captain Morrison did not think his duty done till the latter was settled, and as he now returned from Clatsop Plains below Astoria—having leased the milch cows and farm of Solomon Smith, who had come to Oregon in the employ of Nathaniel Wyeth,—we started immediately from Linton in a large Chinook canoe to take

the Morrison family and their effects the last hundred miles of their journey from their home in Andrew county, Mo., to their new location, washed by the waves of the Pacific as the western boundary of their claim. It will be understood that this was over six years before steamboats were seen on the Columbia river and when the beautiful and graceful canoe used by the Indians of this northwest coast was by far the most commonly used craft. Capt. Morrison, his wife and six children, E. V. Everman and myself (with the bedding, household effects, etc., brought across the plains) made a leisurely passage down. A. M. McCusie was also of the party. Nin, as we called Everman for short, was already well up in the use of the Chinook jargon and had also picked up a great deal of information relative to the Indians. The first landing we made after leaving Linton was on the north side of Sauvie's Island, two or three miles below the upper mouth of the Willamette. The place seemed—and up to a few years previously I subsequently learned had been—a populous village site, there was at that time no dwellings standing. It was in fact the last habitation of the once powerful Multnomahs; and back from the river a short distance was a burial place, larger than any I have ever seen or heard of in connection with Indian life—with the exception of the burial place then known as Mount Coffin, below the mouth of the Cowlitz on the north side of the Columbia. But a few months previous to the time of which I write—during the last days of the very dry season of 1843—a fire had spread from the shore of the river to the canoes in which the Indian dead were placed on the steep conical hill, and to the horriification of the living Indians, hundreds of memaloose canoes (canoes of the dead) were consumed almost in a flash, everything being dry as tinder. For years afterward the Indians would not willingly go on shore there. This city of the dead on Sauvie's Island was a different affair. Canoes were not used, but large slabs of split cedar were set in the ground upright, and into them the ends of similar slabs or planks were secured by a groove cut across the inside of the upright pieces and fastened in their position by ropes, made from the inner bark of the cedar, passed through holes in both the upright and horizontal planks. On the latter the dead were laid enraped in cedar bark with such an amount of care and labor as proved that the burial of the dead received a great deal of attention from the Indians who had lived there. The cemetery was laid off in narrow streets about parallel with the course of the river, east and west. Some of the vertical planks had as many as three tiers of dead, but many of them only one. Some of them were or had been covered with cedar bark. From the many uses the Lower Columbia Indians made of them at this time the cedar tree and its bark must have filled many uses to the Indians before the trade of the white man reached them, for as late as 1844 it was used considerably for clothing and mats as well as ropes and net making. Of the two kinds of material used for woman's wearing, still very common in 1844, one was native or wild flax and the other the inner bark of the cedar. The garment made of them may be called a petticoat. It was simply a broad, strong belt, fastened round the waist, to which was fastened a mass of strings or cords thicker somewhat than netting-twine and of a length to reach to about the knees, and when worn, not unlike the kilts of the Scotch Highland costume. I saw an old woman, the mother of the chief man of the Cathlamets, have on a robe of badger skins once. It was a fine garment and gave her a stately appearance. The flax garment of their make was the best and the least common, the material being an

article of trade between the Indians of the coast or lower river and those east of the Cascades. The former, I presume, giving salmon in exchange for it. It was of course also better for seines and I have seen nets of native flax, the lines and floats of which were of cedar bark and wood. On our way down on this trip we passed one night at Hunt's Mill. This was the first lumbering enterprise started on the Columbia. Henry Harrison Hunt, of Indiana, Benj. Wood of New York, and A. E. Wilson of Massachusetts, were the first owners; joined subsequently by James Birnie, a retired H. B. Co. man, who settled at Cathlamet. I worked at the mill at intervals in 1845-6-7. It was a good day's work to cut 3,000 feet of lumber, and the logs were cut and rolled into the mill yard by men only for more than a year. When gold was discovered in California, over 100,000 feet of lumber was on hand which suddenly rose in value from \$12 to \$100 per M. The proceeds of that lumber was invested in the steamer Columbia, and she was the first steamer brought into the Columbia river. We also stopped at the block house of A. E. Wilson, who had taken the claim known as Upper Astoria; J. M. Shively claiming next below him, and Col. John M. Clure next below that. The O'Brien brothers had located claims for a town on the west side of the entrance to Young's Bay, some 1½ miles east of the present site of Fort Stevens. The plains was then washed by the present route across Young's Bay and up the Skipanon to where a half finished block house had commenced the town of Lexington, since become the "Landing." Clatsop Plains was then nearly all taken up, Solomon Smith and Tibbits representing the pioneer settlers. Both had come with Captain Wyeth, and both had married Indian wives. Smith's wife was a widow at the time he married, her first husband being a Canadian. She was "tyee chief" of a branch of the Clatsop tribe, and a slave owner. Amongst her property of that kind was a flat-headed dwarf, who was generally called upon to perform a series of songs and war dances for the entertainment of visitors. Smith himself was an intelligent man, and was the first school teacher at Fort Vancouver, and, consequently, the first on the northwest coast. He was living surrounded by a rough plenty, and I think likely a picture of his establishment would give a fair sample of European life during what is called the Dark Ages, and a little of the life of the "Dark Continent" thrown in. What would the reader think of two families inhabiting (one at either end) a treble log house, built without nails or iron in any form. In one end is a family of the pure white race; in the other is one half and half, and the middle is occupied by Indian slaves and the poor relatives, or tillicum (people), of the slave owner. In a corner of this room is a section of a tree about four feet long and nearly three feet in diameter, with a hole burnt down into the end of it in order to form a large wooden mortar. The pestle to use in this is a section of a smaller tree attached to a spring pole. Now imagine one or two stalwart Indians standing on the edge of that mortar and working that pestle up and down and you have the best substitute for a grist mill there was within 100 miles of Astoria in 1844. I am not going to test the reader's attention by telling how the Indians who furnished the power to work the mill were dressed; he or she may let the imagination have perfect liberty as to that. The amount of clothing, had it fallen into the hopper, would not have stopped the grinding. On the floor might frequently be seen as many as a dozen Indians squatted around large pans of milk.

Returning to Hunt's Mill about the middle of January, 1845, I worked there till about the first of March,

when W. H. Reese, who had been down to Clatsop Plains, brought up with him a small understriking rifle and a five dollar piece in gold, with the word that either he or I was to go up to The Dalles and bring the cattle from there to the mouth of the Washougal. As the reader may be interested in the cost of travel and living in those days, I will give what I remember of this trip. I don't recollect what it cost me to get to Vancouver from Hunt's Mill, some sixty miles. I do remember getting to the Fort in the early morning, a little before the gates were opened. A group of men were engaged in pistol practice, amongst whom, I think, were Mr. Graham, a clerk, and Mr. Roberts, who I think had oversight of the cattle, and David McLoughlin. The latter came to me—the others going inside as the gates were opened—and began a conversation about Alderman, who was making an attempt to jump Dr. McLoughlin's claim at Oregon City at that time. I did not take any stock in Alderman's course and did not know of any American settler who did, and so told David McLoughlin at the time; he soon left me, but not with the opinion that the pistol practice was a preparation for war with Alderman, if to give me that was David's design in speaking of him.

Letter from the Sound.

WOODENVILLE, W. T., June 22, 1885.
Editor Willamette Farmer:

I like to read your paper; it is a worthy one. I like to read of the success and management of your orchard. It is nearing pudding time and I would like to ask for information, that if the growth of seedling apples, cherries, pears, peaches and plums are all vigorous and similarly alike if the proper budding season of each are at same time. I bud apples well, and was a good success, but at same time inserted cherry buds in seedling cherries and in like good condition, and all failed; it is something I do not understand.

Please give us a good article on budding of different varieties, and oblige,
C. W. ESTABROOK.
Immigration is settling in fast and of a nice selection of people, and many more of everybody's friends are anticipating coming.
Your advice to me to get east of Seattle, and some streams running into Lake Washington as near as I could, I followed, and shall ever be grateful; it suits better as I get more acquainted. We are near enough civilization to attend Sabbath school each Sabbath and have preaching once a month; it is handy to school, and postoffice one and a half miles away.
C. W. E.

From the Orange Groves of California.

A friend and old Oregonian, who is now settled near Los Angeles, California, writes on June 20th, and though not intended for publication, still there are ideas and conclusions that have interest.

"If people could only live on climate California would be the Utopia of the most extravagant dreamer, but alas, Alack, men and women have to earn their bread and butter here as elsewhere, and I think five dollars can be more easily made raising cattle in Eastern Oregon than one dollar in fruit raising here. It takes a fortune, almost, to make a beginning, and then people must wait so long for returns, especially in the citrus fruits. Deciduous fruits respond somewhat quicker. Many start out with high hopes, go on for a while, get discouraged, sell out and go elsewhere. California people are migratory from one end of the State to the other. Of course there are exceptions which comprise largely of the pioneers and who are identified with its great and grand improvements. You see "For Sale" posted on many pretty homes, both in Northern and Southern California, posted on the front gate or on the trunk of some shade tree.

The monotony of the climate proves irksome to these reared in the East, and are accustomed to the sharp extremes of

New England winters and summers. Time passes so slowly here. Why, had I always lived here I should now be one hundred years old. The past winter was very dry; no rain fell between Christmas and the last of March; the mercury went up some days to 90 degrees. The weather for the last three months has been charming, ripe peaches, blackberries and raspberries are in market. Oranges are very abundant, selling from wagons at 45 to 85 cents per 100, as per quality; lemons one cent each.

Grasshoppers are appearing; they make havoc with everything that grows, they eat the leaves and fruit, then girdle the trunks and limbs, all over the State, and threaten a Kansas plague; Some cover orange trees with musquito bars. Rabbits are troublesome and have to be fenced out. Gophers perforate the ground and often kill trees. We had three large orange trees destroyed by them. Coyotes catch chickens in day time and come into the chicken house at night if not well closed. This is in the outskirts of the settlement.

I never saw trees grow as rapidly as here; our apricots, two years old, have great spreading tops, and prunes also. The eucalyptus along the main avenue of the town of Ontario are twenty feet high and only two years old.

We went to a picnic at Etiwanda canyon, a ravine in the Sierra Nevada mountains, where a stream comes leaping down irrigating this tract of land. Rivers and streams are not allowed to go at random, but the sparkling stuff is flumed and made to fertilize the otherwise waste places and multiply our orange groves. The Ontario Land Company are tunneling under the bed of San Antonio creek, which furnishes our water, and are developing water which seeps through the soil and is lost. When they reach bed rock they expect to secure enough water to irrigate several thousand more acres, and the land is waiting for it. They will cement the tunnel and save it all."

The above communication has value, coming from one who was long identified with Oregon, and who left for the benefit of a milder climate. Our friend has bought several ten acre lots of the Ontario Land Company, planting in oranges, lemons, grapes for raisins, etc.

God's Acre.

We fear we have hesitated too long in expressing an opinion about the improvements now being made at our beautiful cemetery. We had hoped that some other lovers of nature would speak of the rather too full destruction of those picturesque young oaks that were scattered through the ground. It is a comfort to many to go and sit there these summer days, and now there is scarce one shade tree left to make such a stay comfortable. Of course the ax has been laid by order, yet we think it has been used to indiscriminately. There were angles and corners in the plan of laying out the grounds, where trees might have been left. Our oaks grow so slowly that we may venture to leave it to the next two generations to thin out the foliage. Three growths of generations cannot replace those taken away this summer.
A SALEM PIONEER.

The Walla Walla Fair.

The tenth annual exhibition of the Walla Walla agricultural society will be held on the society's ground near Walla Walla, W. T., beginning September 8th and continuing five days. They offer liberal purses for speed and agricultural products. Write to Mr. L. F. A. Shaw, secretary, for a premium list.

Chas. J. Dean, of Walla Walla, W. T., sends us his catalogue of Pecheron horses for 1885. It contains 48 pages, illustrated. It contains a history of the Pecheron race together with extracts by known authors, and a list of horses now owned by him.

Mr. S. A. Randall, of Dallas, Oregon, sends us the prospectus of a monthly journal to be called the Willamette Valley Educator, and, as its name indicates, it is to be devoted to school matters. Terms \$1 a year. Sample copy free to all applying.

We want specimens of grain, hay, etc., and will see that they are properly labeled and sent where they will help advertise Oregon. Bring them along, and that, too, at once.

Port & Son, the druggists.