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NO. 1.

THE OREGON SCOUT.

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A. K. JONES, Editor. J. B. CHANCEY, Foreman.

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Lodge Directory.

GRAND RONDE VALLEY LODGE, No. 56, A. F. and A. M.—Meets on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month.

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UNION LODGE, No. 39, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings on Friday evenings of each week at their hall in Union. All brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order of the lodge.

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SONG OF THE PRINCESS MAY.

Vera Perry is Outing for May.

March and April, go your way!
You have had your bitful day;
Wind and shower, and snow and sleet,
Make wet walking far my feet,—

For I come unshaded down
From the hillside bare and brown;
But wherever I do tread
There I leave a little thread

Of bright emerald, softly set
Like a jewel in the wet;
And I make the peach buds turn
Pink and white, until they burn

Rosy red within their cells;
Then I set the blousy bells
Of this flowery alder ringlet,
And the apple blossoms swinging

In a shower of rosy snow,
As I come and as I go
On my gay and social way,
I, the merry Princess May.

THE APPOMATTOX APPLE TREE.

White Flag Sent by the Rebel General from Under an Apple Tree to Pave the Way for the Union Troops—The Real Story of the Circumstances of the Surrender.

From the New York Sun.

At the Chingwa convention in 1880 Seneca Connelley began his speech with which he nominated Gen. Grant for the presidency with a couplet which was then believed to be his own composition:

If you ask us where he hails from, this our sole response shall be,
That he hails from Appomattox and its famous apple tree.

This was pronounced with the dramatic force of which the speaker was a master, and brought about one of the most impressive scenes ever witnessed in a political gathering. The allusion to the apple tree revived the recollection of the climax of Gen. Grant's career.

The homely, and, in fact, wholly hypothetical incident by which Gen. Lee's surrender was typified, the Appomattox apple tree, has gone into history, with those other dramatic symbols with which people epitomize the careers of their heroes.

Wellington's "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" Sheridan's "Winchester Twenty miles away," and Sherman's "Marching through Georgia," the only war songs that survive, tell for the people the story of success in a breath. Aside from his laconic utterances, Gen. Grant had given the people no single dramatic incident that could be seized upon to tell his story in a word, until this apple-tree myth at the end of his military career.

The dispatch that set the country on fire with its simple announcement that Lee had surrendered to Grant was followed by another asserting that the surrender had been made under an apple tree, and the country made for itself a picture of the two commanders beneath the branches of a blossoming apple tree, the one extending and the other receiving a sword, and thus ending the greatest war of history.

When Gen. Grant was asked about it some days later he said: "There was no apple tree." But the soldiers had selected one, had hewn it into bits, body, branches, roots and all, and precious relics they are now, scattered throughout the country.

It was the opportunity of the writer to meet two gentlemen on the Appomattox field some years ago, who, as civilians, witnessed the historic events that took place there on April 9, 1865, just twenty years ago. They were probably the only civilians who were eye witnesses of those scenes.

One was Mr. E. G. Hix, the owner of the Appomattox farm, and the other Mr. G. T. Peers, the clerk of the Appomattox county court.

The Appomattox river threads a valley, very gently sloping. It is a small and easily fordable stream. Half a mile west of it, at the place where a level plain stretches westward, is the hamlet known as Appomattox Court House.

Here are the dingy brick court house, a tavern, a country store, a wheelwright's shop, and a brick house, then owned by Major McLane.

Between his hamlet and the Appomattox river is the house of Mr. Peers. On the easterly slope leading to the river are fields, and one of them a seven-acre lot, had at the time of the surrender a shed on it near the road. In this lot was an apple orchard. The Richmond and Lynchburg turnpike road ran through the village, and a bridge over the Appomattox river was about a stone's throw distant from the entrance to the apple orchard.

On the morning of April 8, 1865, the main body of Lee's army appeared on the Richmond road, about a mile east of the Appomattox bridge. It went into camp there, and the cavalry and skirmishers were thrown rapidly forward through the village toward the depot on the Petersburg and Lynchburg railway, four miles to the west. They were feeling for Sheridan's advance forces, and they found them.

The night before, Sheridan, with Custer's cavalry ahead, had reached the depot, and during the night a large body of infantry had come up. Sheridan knew that he had headed off Lee's army, and sent out his cavalry to find it. The skirmishers met on the Lynchburg road, about a mile west of Appomattox Court house, and a very brisk skirmish followed. Lee's forces withdrew, as did Sheridan's, and Lee was informed that the Union troops were ahead of him and commanded the Lynchburg road. The confederate general's last slim hope was gone. He could not reach Lynchburg, and he knew, though his army did not at that time, that in a few hours

all would be over. Gen. Lee had already been in correspondence with Grant relative to surrender, and when he found that Sheridan had cut him off he determined to surrender there at Appomattox. The confederate pickets were thrown out on the west side of Appomattox creek, crossing the road directly opposite Mr. Peers' house.

Through some misunderstanding on the morning of the 9th of April Custer's cavalry and Gen. Chamberlain's brigade advanced toward Appomattox village to make an attack, though it was not the intention of Gen. Grant or of Gen. Lee that there should be any fighting that day. Gen. Grant, having ridden pretty much all night had arrived before morning of the 9th, and had made his headquarters in a grove of pines just off the Lynchburg road about a mile west of Appomattox Court House. The spot is now the site of a negro hut.

Gen. Lee, whose headquarters were about a mile north a half east on the Richmond road Lynchburg road, surprised that fighting was being forced by the Union troops on his left, decided to quit his tent and ride to the front.

He believed that Custer and Chamberlain must have been misinformed about Gen. Grant's purposes, or had failed to receive orders suspending fighting. Gen. Lee was dressed in the uniform of a confederate colonel, and calling his staff he mounted his iron gray horse and rode slowly forward down the slope, toward the Appomattox river.

He turned into the apple orchard, probably thinking that the shed there offered shelter for the horses, and because from that field a good view could be obtained of the entire country.

Dismounting, he with his staff, gathered under an apple tree, while the horses were led to the shed. Gen. Lee swept the country with his field glass for a moment, and then he sat down on an improvised seat made from fence rails by one of his orderlies. Here he saw Gen. Chamberlain's brigade coming through the woods ready to attack his advance.

He at once perceived that there would be more bloodshed unless something was done, and gave a hasty order to one of his aids. That officer, with a piece of linen, either a towel or a handkerchief, fastened to a stick, advanced at once to meet Gen. Chamberlain.

Thus from under that tree went the white token of surrender, and Chamberlain's men supposed that there the surrender was made.

All hostilities at once ceased, and in a few moments the federal pickets were advanced beyond the court house, and the confederate pickets were withdrawn nearer the Appomattox. Thus the house of Mr. Peers stood on neutral ground between the two picket lines.

Soon after a federal officer passed through both lines of pickets. It was Gen. Babcock bearing a message for Gen. Lee from Gen. Grant arranging for a preliminary meeting. It was arranged that the two commanders should meet within the lines within an hour.

At the end of that time a number of Union officers passed through the federal picket line and rode slowly toward the slope that stretches down to the Appomattox river. In the highway, just opposite Mr. Peers' house, the mud was very deep, and the Union officers turned into the vacant field adjoining to avoid it. Mr. Peers saw one man, dressed in a rather shabby blue uniform, and wearing a felt hat, ride a little ahead of the rest and then rein in his horse nearly under a locust tree, which was the only tree in the lot.

This was Grant. Looking down the hill Mr. Peers saw Gen. Lee riding slowly up. He knew the confederate general but did not know Grant. Gen. Lee's face was partially hidden by a gray felt hat. When within halting distance of the Union commander, Gen. Lee's staff felt back, and Lee slowly rode forward to meet his conqueror. Each saluted at the same moment and then began a short conversation. They appeared to Mr. Peers as men who had met by chance and were discussing some trivial matter. In less than ten minutes they saluted, turned, and each went his own way.

It is now known that at that conversation the two generals agreed to meet at an hour or two later and sign the articles of capitulation. Gen. Lee rode to his headquarters and dressed himself in his best uniform, and after a hasty lunch, started with his staff for Appomattox village. On his way there he met near the court house Major McLane, whom he knew personally. Reining in his horse, he asked Major McLane if he could tell him where he could find a room with a table to write on, and Major McLane at once led the general to his own house. Word was sent to Gen. Grant that Major McLane had offered his parlor for their convenience, and in a few moments Gen. Grant arrived. He had no sword and seeing Lee in his finest apparel, sword and all, Gen. Grant at once explained the seeming discourtesy of appearing in rough clothes by saying that he had arrived ahead of his effects, and had no other clothes with him.

After the articles of capitulation were signed, and Gen. Lee had been visibly touched by Gen. Grant's consideration for the confederate soldiers, especially by Grant's suggestion that the soldiers should keep their horses for they would need them for their spring ploughing, he saluted Gen. Grant, quitted the house, mounted his horse, and rode away. Gen. Grant rode leisurely and without apparent emotion back to his headquarters, gave a few necessary orders, and then started for Washington, leaving the field forever.

Soon there went up tremendous

cheers all along the Union line, and blazing fires were kindled that were kept burning all night, for the men knew that they had fought their last battle and had won. Next morning Gen. Lee had his army drawn up, and standing under an old poplar tree, read his short, sad farewell to his men, and then mounting his horse left them forever.

The federal soldiers got word from Chamberlain's advance that Lee had surrendered under an apple tree, and they were shown the tree under which Lee sat when he sent out his flag of truce. In an hour not a trace of it was left. Even the roots and tendrils were dug up, and a great hole was left there where they had dug, the marks of which are seen to this day.

Robert Bonner and His Success.

N. Y. Letter in Galveston News.

Mr. Robert Bonner is not making as much noise in the world as he was ten or fifteen years ago, when he was pushing his story paper in every possible manner. He has become very rich, and may be pardoned if he slackens somewhat from the very rapid business pace at which he for so many years lived.

There are plenty of printers in New York who set type with Mr. Bonner on the old New York Tribune, and some of them told Mr. Bonner that he was making a grave error when he threw up a good situation to embark upon an uncertain enterprise. Yet these men are setting type yet, and Mr. Bonner is worth well on toward \$5,000,000.

His scheme was a good one, and it paid from almost the very start. It succeeded more through the business tact of its proprietor than in consequence of great excellence in the publication itself, although Mr. Bonner spent money for good matter with great liberality, just as soon as he got the money to spend.

His advertising methods were new at that time, and once under headway the business grew with great rapidity. Mr. Bonner still goes to his desk every day and looks with the same care after a thousand details, but he is also taking a deal of enjoyment out of everyday life. He is a very benevolent man, and he is constantly helping persons whom he knows to be deserving. He delights in nothing as much as his horses, however, and he does not let a pleasant day pass without going out for a whirl through the park and up the road, as the drive about Central Park is called. He is very much of a student, and he enjoys his home and books almost as well as his drives and his horses.

Bonner lent to Charles A. Dana the money that enabled Mr. Dana to purchase his share of the stock in the Sun and the two have been the best of friends ever since. After the Sun had been going under the new management had been paid, Amos Cummings, then the Sun's managing editor, went to Bonner, and said: "See here, Robert, here is the Sun going to be a big paying concern, and I have no stock in it. Why can't you buy me some, and let me pay you for it when I can?" Cummings and Bonner had set type in the same alley in the Tribune office, and Bonner liked him. He told Cummings that he would lend him enough to buy ten shares, but as they were selling at \$600, Cummings did not care to assume so much, and they finally agreed on five shares. When it came to the transfer of the money, Cummings began to talk about borrowing money on the shares and making part payment to Bonner, but the latter simply said: "No, I will lock them up in my safe, and you may pay me for them out of the dividends they earn." In three years they had paid for themselves, and Cummings took them under his wing. In three years more they were worth \$5,000 a share. Bonner has helped a score of newspaper men in a similar manner. He is liked by the printers, and is adored by the members of Dr. John Hall's church, with whom he worships. His paper is yet very prosperous, and in ten years more Mr. Bonner will be worth \$10,000,000.

Germany's Strongest Man.

There was a wrestling match in New York recently between Prof. Wm. Heffer, a well-known scientific wrestler, and Carl Abs, champion wrestler of Germany, who arrived a few days ago. Abs stands six feet, weighs 230 pounds, and is 33 years old. Heffer is an inch and a half shorter, weighs 190 pounds, and is 28 years old. Abs had the reputation of being the strongest man in Germany. He had thrown the best wrestlers, lifted 230 pounds with one hand, and carried 1,500 pounds up stairs to harness. The match was Grace Roman, the best two in three. Inside of two minutes from the first grip Abs lifted Heffer in the air twice in succession as though he was a schoolboy. In another minute Abs dropped his man on the stage and rolled on him and pressed his shoulders and hips to the mattress, and the fall was awarded to Abs. The second bout showed the great superiority of Abs, and in five minutes he had his opponent flat on his back, and was awarded the second fall and match. It is said Abs is the most powerful wrestler ever seen in America. Plenty of sportsmen stood ready to back him for any amount against any corner. A challenge from the stage for a match for \$500 or \$1,000 was accepted by Sorakichi, the Japanese wrestler.

THE KING OF THE PLAINS.

A Glimpse of the Texas Cowboy—His Life on the Drive, in the Camp and at the Round-Up.

"Do I know the cowboys? Young man I think I do. When you have worked with them, camped with them, lived with them and been among them forty years on the drive, on the plains, and on and off duty, you might say you know them."

The speaker was a Texas cattleman, and he was asked to describe a cowboy by a Pittsburg Dispatch reporter.

"The Texas cowboy," he continued, "is the most thoroughly misunderstood man outside of the localities where he is known, on the face of the earth. I know him in all his alleged terrors, and as a class there are no nobler-hearted or honorable men in the world. Brave to recklessness and generous to a fault, if you should be thrown among them you would find them ever ready to share their last crust with you, or lie down at night with you on the same blanket.

"Why, young man, see here," and the Texas man twitched his chair around until he could put his feet upon a window-sill. "Say that I have 10,000 cattle which I am about to send overland from Texas into Montana to fatten for the market. Those cattle will be on the drive from the 1st of April until the middle of September. They are divided into three herds, with a dozen or sixteen men with each herd. I trust those cattle in the hands of a gang of cowboys. For six months I know absolutely nothing of my stock. I trust their honesty to the extent of many thousands of dollars without a contract, without a bond, with no earthly hold upon them, legally or morally, beyond the fact that I am paying them \$35 or \$40 a month to protect my interests. And these are the men pictured in the East as outcasts of civilization. I trust absolutely to their judgment in getting those cattle through a wild and unbroken country without loss or injury. I trust as absolutely to their bravery and endurance in the face of danger."

"Danger?"

"Danger? Yes, indeed. A man to be a cowboy must be a brave man. For instance, we are on a drive. These slab-sided, long-horned Texas cattle are as wild as deer naturally, and being in an unknown country are as nervous and timid as sheep. The slightest noise may startle them into a stampede. We have been on the drive all day and night is coming on. It is cold and raining. We have reached the point where we intend to round up for the night. The men commence to ride around the drive, singing, shouting and whistling to encourage the animals by the sounds they are familiar with and to drown any noise of an unusual character which might provoke a stampede. Round and round the cattle they ride until the whole drove is traveling in a circle. Slowly the cowboys close in on them still shouting and singing, until finally the cattle become quiet, and after a time lie down and commence chewing their ends with apparent contentment. Still the vigilance of the men must continue riding about the resting herd all night. A stampede of cattle is a terrible thing to the cowboys, and may be brought on by the most trivial cause. The slightest noise of an unusual nature, the barking of a coyote, the snap of a pistol, the crackling of a twig will bring some wild-eyed steed to his feet in terror. Another instant and the whole drove are panting and bellowing in the wildest fear. They are ready to follow the lead of any animal that makes a break. Then the coolness and self-possession of the cowboy are called in to gallop around the frightened drove, endeavoring to reassure them and get them quiet once more. Maybe they will succeed after an hour or two, and the animals will again be at rest. But the chances are that they cannot be quieted so easily. A break is made in some direction. Here comes the heroism of the cowboy. Those cattle are as blind and unreasoning in their flight as a pair of runaway horses. They know no danger but from behind, and if they did, could not stop for the surging sea of maddened animals in the rear. A rocky gorge or deep cut canyon may cause the loss of half their number. Those in the rear cannot see the danger and the leaders cannot stop for those behind, and are pushed on to their death. A precipice may lie in their way, over which they plunge to destruction. It matters not to the cowboy. If the stampede is made the captain of the drove and his men ride until they head it, and then endeavor to turn the animals in a circle once more.

"A hole in the ground, which catches a horse's foot, a stumble, and the hoofs of 3,000 cattle have trampled the semblance of humanity from him. He knows this. A gulch or gorge lies in their path. There is no escaping it. There is no turning to the right or the left, and in an instant horse and rider are at the bottom, buried under 1,000 cattle. But what of it? It is only a cowboy, and they come cheap. But history records no instance of more unprejudiced performance of duty in the presence of danger than these men undergo on every drive. Should the stampede be stopped, there is no rest for the drivers that night, but the utmost vigilance is required to prevent a recurrence of the break from the frightened cattle. This may happen hundreds of times on a single drive.

"I remember one instance, which,

from the friendship in which I held the victim, has made a lasting impression on me. Two brothers were together on the drive. Both men had been educated in an Eastern college, but for some reason had drifted to the cattle plains of Texas and had become cowboys. The elder was the captain of the drive. Sitting about the camp-fire one night the younger was very down-hearted about something and finally said: 'Charlie, let's throw up this drive. I don't want to go, I feel that one or the other of us will never go back. I am ashamed of this, but I cannot shake it off.' His brother was impressed by his seriousness, but could only say: 'George, here are 3,000 cattle in my charge. I could not leave them if I knew that I would be killed to-morrow.' 'A stamped!' cried one of the men. 'In an instant they were all at their animals, saddles were adjusted and away they went. The captain gained the head of the drive and had succeeded in turning them a little when his horse stumbled. In another instant horse and rider could hardly have been distinguished from one another. So you see there is some responsibility upon the men.

"These wild cattle away from homes are as variable as the wind, and when frightened are as irresistible as an avalanche. The slightest thing stampedes them. For instance: We have rounded up the drive and the cattle are lying down. I am one of the men detailed to ride around them. Finding them all quiet I get off my horse to light my pipe. Relieved of my burden the horse rests himself by a shake. The whole drove are on their feet in an instant, listening to discover from what quarter the noise came. No one can foresee which way they will make the break, and only the utmost of self-possession and good judgment on the part of the men on duty will prevent a general stampede. This is the class of men cowboys are made of, and I never knew of many instances where they failed to do their duty."

The enthusiastic Texan had now warmed up to his subject, and when asked "Where are the cowboys recruited from?" replied:

"From all parts of the world. Some from the plains, where their toys in infancy are the miniature lariat and a shotgun. Some from Mexico with many of their half-Indian characteristics, and many from the East. I know a dozen college graduates who are cowboys, and have become so infatuated with the life that I suppose they will never leave it until the final grand round-up.

"There is another interesting period in the life of the cowboy, and that is the spring round-up. In the fall the cattle stray away, and in working away from the storms they sometimes get away 100 miles or so. Each cattle-owner has his own particular brand on his cattle. Well, the ranchmen in some natural division of the country will organize a grand round-up in the spring. The cowboys will drive the cattle all in together in one big drove. Then the captain of the round-up will direct the owner of ranch A to 'cut' out his cattle. One of A's most experienced men will then ride into the drive until he sights an animal with his brand on. Deftly he will drive the animal to the outer edge of the herd, and then with a quick dash runs the beast out away from the drove, and it is taken in charge by others of A's ranchmen, while the cutter goes back after another. After some fifteen or twenty minutes A's cutter will be taken off and B's man given a chance. This will be continued until each ranch has its cattle cut out. If any cattle are found without a brand they are killed for the use of the men on the round-up. This 'cutting' is a work requiring great skill and experience and frequently requires the use of the lariat. Often cattle with a strange brand are found. If any one recognizes the brand, a ranchman living nearest the owner takes charge of it and notifies the owner. If no one recognizes the brand the captain of the round-up advertises it, and if no owner is found, it is sold at auction for the benefit of the Cattle-men's Association.

"These things will go to show the responsibilities resting upon these men. They have to be men of integrity and reliability, and their labors are such that you can readily see they cannot very well be disappointed. I will tell you how they get the reputation for recklessness. We will suppose these men have been on a drive for six months and have finished and been paid off. Then they are just like any other body of men, they go in for some fun and on their lark ride yelling through the streets of some little town, shoot a few street lamps out or get into a saloon row. It is no more than a band of college boys at Harvard, or Cornell, or Princeton might do and frequently do, but some imaginative correspondents immediately send it to some Eastern paper, where it comes out headed 'another cowboy outrage,' and giving a wholly fictitious account of the battle between the outlaws and the citizens. Now I know of hundreds of cowboys who never carry a revolver, and if you should go among them to-day your life and your pocket-book would be as safe as it is in the city. They have strict ideas of honor and they stand upon their honor. They are off duty a lot of big-hearted, rough boys, but they are not outlaws, rough-casts. They are not the class of men who rob trains or hold up people crossing the plains, and I believe, that taken for in all, the American cowboy will compare favorably in morals and manliness with any similar number of citizens taken as a class."