

SISKIYOU HERMIT CAUGHT AT LAST.

It is currently reported that our old friend, Andrew J. Walls, the "Hero of the Green Siskiyou," whose "life hopes," we fancied, had long ago almost "faded out," has ceased to brood over an unsatisfactory past, and that he is again in full sympathy with the great throbbing, emotional world around him; that he has at last placed his neck in Hymen's yoke to work side by side with one who can appreciate the kindness of a heart still filled with generous impulses, though lacerated and scarred by the disappointments of by-gone days:

"Let the old log cabin molder,
And the bear-trap fall in dust,
From the long Kentucky rifle
Hang upon its peg and rust.
No more among the whispering fir-trees
Will our Andrew take his place,
Burying memories, sad, distressing,
In the clamors of the chase.

Let the screaming panthers tarry,
"Through the midnight," by the door
Of the rugged Siskiyou hotel
Where A. J. will come no more;
Undisturbed, may squirrels burrow,
And the spiders spread their snares,
And around the hermit's cabin
Let the grey-wolves chase the hares.

No more, at night, we'll hear the echo
Of his ox-whip or his shout—
Stand the ox-yoke in the corner;
Turn the raw-boned oxen out;
Let them have, at last, a respite
From their labor rough and hard,
For a brighter day is dawning
On the clawed and battle-scarred.

—Ashland Tinsins.

Most of our readers will remember the story of Andrew Walls, so ably related by Captain O. C. Applegate, in THE WEST SHORE for May, 1877.

NOTES AND REMINISCENCES.

LAYING OUT AND ESTABLISHING THE OLD IMMIGRANT ROAD INTO AND THROUGH SOUTHERN OREGON IN THE YEAR 1846.

BY LINDSAY APPLEGATE.

(Continued.) From the Little Spring in the Heart to Black Rock.

On the morning of the 10th of July we found an abundance of water in the basin we had scraped out at the little spring early in the night so that we were able to start out on the desert much refreshed. Our horses, however, looked very gaunt as there was a great scarcity of grass about the spring. The landscape before us as we made our start this morning was anything but inviting. It was a vast sand plain. No trees or mountains were in sight. Far in the distance were some dark looking ridges. There was no vegetation excepting dwarf sage and greasewood growing in the sand and gravel. At about 3 o'clock in the afternoon we came to a huge volcanic wall, varying in height from twenty or thirty to several hundred feet, extending north and south as far as the eye could reach and apparently without any gap through it. We divided at the wall so as to explore it both ways. The party going southward, after proceeding a few miles, came to a little stream, forming a beautiful meadow at the base of the wall, and flowing through a narrow gateway into the ridge. They immediately dispatched one of their party in pursuit of us with the good news, and we returned to the meadow early in the afternoon and decided to turn out our horses and give them a chance to feed and rest, while we explored the defile on foot. We found it a very remarkable chasm, extending nearly due east. The gateway was about sixty yards in width and the canyon was, at some places, a little wider than that perhaps, and at others was only wide enough for a wagon road. The little bottom was grassy and almost level, and, indeed, a remarkable track for a road. In many places, the cliffs on either side towered to a height of several hundred feet, and, in some places actually overhung the chasm. These overhanging cliffs afforded excellent sheltering places for the Indians, and the signs betokened that it was a great place of resort for them. Sage hens

and rabbits were plentiful, also, mountain sheep, but the latter were so wild that we did not succeed in killing any of them. After making quite an extended trip into the canyon, we returned to the little meadow and spent the night.

On the morning of July 11, we again entered the gorge and traveled ten or twelve miles to a place where the stream formed quite a pool, and nooned. At this season, the stream ran no farther than the pool. Here another canyon comes in from the north and at the junction there is quite an area of level ground—perhaps two acres—mostly meadow, forming an excellent camping place. After noon we proceeded on our way, following the dry bed of the stream, and, after a march of perhaps ten miles, came out on the east side of the ridge. Here we found a lake basin of several acres in extent, where there was but a little water and a great deal of mud, hence strongly suggesting the name of Mud Lake, which it has since always borne. Earlier in the season, when the little stream that feeds it flows all the way through the canyon, this is doubtless quite a lake. The country eastward had a very forbidding appearance. Rising from a barren plain, perhaps fifteen miles away, was a high, rocky ridge, extending as far as the eye could reach towards the north, but apparently terminating abruptly perhaps fifteen miles south of our course. Along the base of the ridge, towards its extremity, were seen green spots, indicating water. After considering the situation pretty thoroughly, we concluded that it would be the surest plan to depart from our usual course and travel southward to the extremity of the ridge, as, by so doing, we would probably keep clear of the rocks and be more certain to find water. So we followed the dry outlet of the lake, in a southwesterly direction, for a distance of three or four miles and we camped at a little spring.

In this vicinity quite a tragedy occurred while Capt. Levi Scott, accompanied by a detachment of regular troops, was en route to meet the immigration of 1847. It was his intention to make an effort to hunt out a direct route from Mud Lake to Humboldt, thus saving the distance lost by our change of direction in 1846. It appears that Mr. Scott and a man named Garrison, leaving the train encamped at Mud Lake, started out in a due easterly direction towards the black ridge to ascertain the practicability of finding a way across it. When out about ten miles they came across two Indians. Not being able to talk with them, they undertook, through signs, to learn something about the country. The Indians appeared to be friendly, but, taking advantage of Scott and Garrison while they were off their guard, strung their bows and commenced shooting with great rapidity. Garrison was mortally wounded, and Scott, while in the act of firing, was shot through the arm with an arrow, which passing through, entered his side, pinning his arm to his body. Scott fired, however, killing his Indian and the other took to flight. Scott's were, fortunately, only flesh wounds, but Garrison had been pierced by two arrows and died soon after being conveyed to camp. Thus the effort to make the cut-off failed, and to this day it has never been made.

The little spring, where we encamped, furnished an abundance of water; the grass was good but fuel extremely scarce, there being nothing in this line but dwarf sage-brush.

On starting out on the morning of the 12th of July, we observed vast col-

umns of smoke or steam rising at the extremity of the black ridge. Reaching the ridge a few miles north of its extremity, we traveled along its base, passing a number of springs, some cold and others boiling hot. At the end of the ridge we found an immense boiling spring from whence the steam was rising like smoke from a furnace. A large volume of water issued from the spring which irrigated several hundred acres of meadow. Although the water was strongly impregnated with alkali, it was fit for use when cooled, and the spot was, on the whole, a very good camping place for the desert. The cliffs, at the extremity of the ridge, were formed of immense masses of black volcanic rock and all about were vast piles of cinders, resembling those from a blacksmith's forge. This place has ever since been known as Black Rock, and is one of the most noted landmarks on the Humboldt desert. At this place we rested a day and consulted as to the best course to pursue in order to reach Humboldt, or, as it was then called, Ogden's river. The result of the council was that we agreed to separate, one party to travel eastward and the other to pursue a more southerly direction.

(To be continued.)

EDITOR THE WEST SHORE:—In your issue of THE WEST SHORE for January last is an engraving of the old block house located on the Middle Cascades. The engraving is correct, but the statement that it was commanded by Captain McPheely at the time of the Indian outbreak in the Spring of 1856, is not true. The block house was at that time commanded by Sergeant Kelly, of Co. H., 4th U. S. Infantry and eight men of said company. McPheely was at that time a Lieutenant and with his company, G, of the 4th Infantry, in Rogue River. One of Serg't Kelly's command, private Rooney, was killed in the woods a short distance from the blockhouse where he was engaged in cutting firewood. The wood was piled around him and his body was burnt. Two more of Kelly's command were wounded, one of whom died of his wounds in four or five months after at Vancouver.

When the news of the outbreak reached Vancouver, Second Lt. P. H. Sheridan, our present Lieut. General, was dispatched with thirty men to the Cascades where he fought the Indians an entire day and night. The news again arrived that reinforcements were necessary to support Sheridan, when all the available force, about forty, at Ft. Vancouver, started for the seat of war. On their arrival, it was found that the war was over as three companies of the 9th Infantry and Co. L. of the 3d Artillery had come from the Dalles and had captured, killed or dispersed all the savages. Seven of the principal chiefs were hung near the blockhouse in a day or two after the fight. Serg't Kelly was complimented for his heroic defense of the blockhouse from the repeated attacks of the savages. The blockhouse was armed with a 12-lb. field gun.

I remain, sir, very respectfully,

Yours, &c.,

JAMES COFFEY.

SALEM, OR., Feb. 12, 1878.

A VALUABLE INVENTION.—A Washington county genius by the name of S. M. Harris, and who resides at Hillsboro, has invented and patented what is called "The Victor Sulky, Stubble Cover, Cutter and Cleaning Attachment," which is destined before long to revolutionize the plow business of the country; in fact once seen, no plow will be considered complete without it. It can be bought for \$40, and attached to any plow.

FANCY POULTRY.

The question is often asked, "Does it pay to keep poultry?" To this we can give but one answer—that with proper care, such as providing food, shelter, &c., it certainly does pay to keep poultry. Of course, when chickens are compelled to forage for their food and roost out in the wet all night, no great results in the egg line need be expected. We append a record furnished to us by Luther Myers, Esq., of Salem, to show what a few chickens did during the month of January:

	No. Hens.	No. Pullets.	No. Eggs.
Golden Spangled Hamburgs	4	3	29
Golden Spangled Polish	4	3	26
Silver Spangled Polish	4	3	21
Plymouth Rocks	2	2	21
Aylesbury Ducks	4	2	24
Total	15	17	200

Set one hen Jan. 8th on 15 eggs and she came off Jan. 29 with 15 chicks. Set one hen Jan. 12th with 17 pullet eggs; she hatched 9 chickens February 3d.

On page 83 of this issue we give an engraving of three beautiful varieties of fowls, namely: The "Dark Brahmas," "Houdans," and "Spangled Hamburgs." In our advertising columns will be found the cards of the most reliable breeders in this State, and from personal examination, we can say that their fowls will compare favorably with any breeder on the Coast.

"Dark Brahmas" are remarkable for their large size, compact form and beauty of feather, the rich glossy black of the breast, contrasting with the light hackle and back of the cock and the steel-grey penciling of the hens throughout, which makes them so beautiful. Excellent as a table fowl—indeed, the flesh of a well-fed Dark Brahma cockerel will satisfy the most fastidious epicure. They are good layers in both Summer and Winter, equaling any other variety for size and weight of eggs—are the most economical. When placed in comparison with other breeds, they are extremely hardy and are easy to raise, and when allowed to range at large are far better foragers and will hunt their own living better than any of the Asiatic varieties, and if confined, bear it as well as any of their class. Their color is desirable for raising in towns and cities where room is limited, as they do not soil so easily as the white or light colored fowls. By those who love fine poultry, they are much admired, and to a real fancier, what is more pleasant to look upon than a pen of fine bred Dark Brahmas?

"Houdans" are considered the most hardy of any of the three French varieties that have been introduced into this country, and have not gained as much popularity as they are entitled to. Like any of the crested varieties, when exposed to the wet weather, the crest becomes saturated with water and presents a dirty appearance and also makes them more liable to colds than the crested breeds.

They are good layers, both in Summer and Winter, and lay as large an egg, if not the largest, of any variety, forming a combination of the excellent qualities which should make them popular with the farmer and those who keep a few fowls for their own use. They are classed as non-setters. Their eggs hatch with unusual certainty. The chickens are very lively and hardy and mature with wonderful rapidity.

The wing feathers start out at once after they are hatched, and at the end of a week are quite long. At the age of one month they are well feathered, the crests are coming out, and the combs of the cockerels are turning red, but those of the pullets are scarcely visible. When four months old they are fit for brooding, weighing from three to four pounds.

The plumage is black and white, as evenly broken as possible with good crests and heads—the breast deep and the body rather long, carried well up, giving the bird a bulky look. The toes are five in number, the fifth being detached from the others and curving upwards.

As a table fowl, they are not to be excelled, and they shrink less in dressing than any fowl we have.

"Spangled Hamburgs." This sprightly and beautiful variety of fowl are now raised in American yards to great perfection. They are good layers and are easily kept, being small eaters and always in a thrifty condition, with fair usage. They are classed as non-setters. A Spangled Hamburg flock of fowls, in good plumage, can scarcely be excelled for their beautiful appearance and carriage when at liberty upon a bright, clean lawn; and their many fine qualities highly commend them to the fancier who is content with a small but a very prolific fowl. We will add a communication from Thomas J. Wier, Del., as published in the Poultry World:

"My Golden Spangled hen, 'Little Nell,' laid her first egg January 10th, 1876—continued to lay without an intermission of two successive days till January 3d, and laid 263 eggs in 359 days. Others of her age stopped and moulted and commenced laying again before she stopped. She now appears to have left her measure for a new suit, and what is left of the old one looks the worse for wear. She distanced the field last year but will have a wretched send-off this time, and cannot hope for much, unless it is to outlive her competitors and come in ahead at the close. Now, this is an exception, and it would have been better if she had only laid half the amount and been a better fix for another fresh start in January."

In conclusion, we will add—if you desire to raise poultry at a profit, do not overcrowd your yards. Give them plenty of food and water, some gravel, a nice, dry and cleanly kept roost, a dry place to dust in, a small patch of grass, and you will have eggs when your neighbors' chickens who hunt their living and roost in the trees are taking a rest.