

stroying the property of our people, who were now occupying their old homes. The party was led by Umpqua Jim, a bold, active fellow, who had been with me, and worked in the mines in California, near my camp, and not far from my claim, in the year 1850. He divided his time between mining, hunting and drinking bad whisky. He was a fine shot, and killed many deer, which he readily sold to the miners for quite as much gold as he could have mined in the time that he was occupied in hunting. Then, as now, wherever there was a successful mining camp bad whisky was found in abundance. The consequence was that most of Jim's gold was invested in whisky, and when drinking he was a dangerous, bad Indian. I had frequently told him not to come to my camp when drinking; but a half-drunk Indian is a hard being to govern. So it happened, that one day at noon, when I came to camp for dinner, I was met near our tent by the cook, also an Indian, who said, "stop; Jim is in the tent with his big knife in his hand, and says he will kill you when you come in; and see, here is his bottle of whisky." The bottle was a thick, heavy chunk bottle. I took it from the cook and turned it up to let the whisky run out, but Jim heard the whisky escaping from the bottle, and with knife in hand darted out of the tent and at me like a tiger. I can never forget the vicious, murderous expression of his eyes when he sprang at me with his long knife. All, as I well knew, depended on the next second. Consequently I gripped the neck of the heavy chunk bottle firmly in my hand, watched his eye, and as he made a lunge, by a quick movement I evaded the blow, and with all the force and strength of my good right arm struck him full and fair on the side of his head. The heavy end of the bottle had cut the scalp to the bone, and he fell apparently as dead as if shot through the head. I looked at him, he bled freely, but lay still. I thought he was dead. I washed, eat my dinner, and again looked at him. There he lay, still and dead as a hammer, a I thought. I sent for some of the miners to come and help dig a grave near by to bury him in, and at it we went, but before we had got two feet deep, the cook came running, and said, "Jim no dead." We hurried back and found Jim breathing.

We sat by until life fully returned, and helped him sit up. He was now recovering his senses, and soon after I placed a guard over him and kept him prisoner until noon the next day. Then I found him duly sober and released him, with a full and fair understanding that if after that day I found him in the mines, or anywhere near the mines, I would shoot him, and this he might depend upon. Then I had his head dressed, and told him to go; and I did not see him again until I met him several years after in this Umpqua valley.

Such was the man that was at the head of the party that we were in search of, and whose camp we had surprised and taken the two prisoners before mentioned. Jim was now badly scared, and he, with his followers, set out for their *cache* away deep in the coast range of mountains, almost inaccessible to whites or Indians. Soon after this we were joined by Wm. P. Miller (now First Warden of the State prison) and two or three Indians, sent out from the reservation by Col. John F. Miller, Indian Agent, accompanied by my son, La Fayette, then a lad of fourteen, but hardy and active, who endured fatigue and camp life as though it was a pleasure. Miller was also young, active, hardy and willing. We sent the squaw to Winchester for safe keeping, where she was well cared for by my good wife and her kind neighbors.

Our prisoner took suddenly quite sick, which for a day or two detained us, as now he was our best guide. He knew the country, and had agreed to show us their retreat. We could not afford to lose much time, so we mounted our prisoner on one of our ponies, and set out. This day he suffered very much, but we kept him going until an hour before sunset, though he had not tasted food for several days. While we were making camp, Miller stepped off with his rifle, and within two hundred yards killed a deer and dragged it to camp, where it was hung up and neatly butchered. Of this deer our sick Indian eat that night more than I ever saw any human being eat in one day or night. Then he spread himself face down on the ground and asked one of the party to walk back and forth on his back. This was performed for some time, and cured him. Soon after he fell asleep, and

next morning got up quite well and able to start off on foot at as lively a pace as he did before. A few days' search after Jim and his party satisfied our prisoner and myself and party that Jim had broken up his camp, destroyed his plunder and had set out on his return to the reservation. He struck the settlements near the village where I lived, and left word for me that he and his party had been so closely pursued that they had broke up their camp and set out for the reservation, telling the man for him to say: "Good bye, Joe Lane, and good bye, Umpqua Valley, forever!"

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 OREGON.
 

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Hardly any state in the union has advanced and is advancing so rapidly as Oregon, which has many advantages over other western states in the quality of the soil, the number of its navigable rivers, and the character of its population. This is typified by the extraordinary growth of Portland, the principal city, where it is said that during the past year, not less than 1,000 new dwellings have been put up, and fully 10,000 persons have been added to the population. The immigration thither has been extraordinary in that time. The eastern quarter of the state is settling, and to this fact the Indian war is ascribed. A number of railways, mainly narrow gauge roads to transport grain to tide water, have been built there lately, and a railway is now projected between Astoria and Winnemucca, on the line of the Central Pacific. Everything argues well for Oregon. The upper region of the Columbia river seems destined to be one of the granaries of the west. The crops now raised show a remarkable average per acre of superior quality, and have never been known to fail; but they are probably insignificant in point of productiveness, compared with what they soon will be. There is a vast area of land of unsurpassed fertility between the Blue mountains in the south and the Spokane river on the north, and not one in fifty acres of it has as yet been cultivated. A large portion of the people who have settled in Oregon are from New England, directly or indirectly, and have carried to their new home all the intelligence, energy, thrift, perseverance and industry for which they are noted. The Oregonians are very unlike the Californians in their freedom from a recklessly speculative spirit. They expect to make money only by legitimate enterprise and honest labor, instead of by lucky chance, by turn of fortune, as their southern neighbors so commonly do. The growth and prosperity of Oregon are solid; its present is most encouraging, and its future full of promise. — *N. Y. Times*.