The East Oregonian.

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J. B. TURNER. G. M. BULL.

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TERMS IN ADVANCE

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Interview with Lieut. Farrow.

Lieut. Farrow returned from Portland a few days ago. We have had an interview with him and he states that he has been entirely misconstrued and misunderstood. He says that he never at anytime intended to intimate that the responsible citizens of this county sympathized with those engaged in shooting at Indians or committing other acts of violence upon them. He is satisfied that it is only that class of irresponsible men who have nothing to lose and all to gain, that do or encourage any such acts. The better class of citizens, he feels assured, all condemn the shooting at Pilot Rock and that they do not desire to create any trouble with the Indians.

That Indians were shot at at Pilot Rock, we have no doubt. Everybody is fully satisfied of that, but the act was at the time and is to-day condemned by every good citizen in the county without exception. There are a class of men in all communities that commit acts of lawlessness, and we do not claim this to be an exception, but we do object to our whole community being blamed for their acts. As well might we call all the citizens of Portland murderers simply because the men Johnson, Brown and Swards murdered the boy Joseph, last winter. The people of this county are a law abiding people and will at all times and under all circumstances maintain law and order in our midst. Of course there is no very kindly feeling existing between the whites and Indians, and such could not be expected after the scenes of last summer. We have no particular love for the Indians and less for Indian lovers, but as long as the former are kept quartered upon us we must accept the situation. Indians may be killed, and no doubt some of them will be, but white men are just as liable to be, and we have no doubt that many will be killed in saintly New England where such a wail goes whenever a poor Indian gets his hair raised.

We are glad to announce to our readers the fact that Lieutenant Farrow disclaims all intention of misrepresenting our people and we feel well satisfied that what he has said in reference to affairs in this county has been well seasoned and very highly colored.

Indians Again

Special dispatches from Washington, Warren's Diggings, state that the Indians are raiding on the South Fork of Salmon river, fourteen miles from Warrens. Two men named Hugh Johnson (Bluecoat) and Peter Dorsey are known to be killed. "Pony" Smead arrived in camp on the 23 inst. with his family, and reported having seen moccasin tracks and smoke on the other side of the river from where he lives. "Pony" is a rancher and not given to being excited about nothing. The party of Indians are, without a doubt, the remnant of band that made their escape from the Weiser, crossed over the divide to the Payette, returned to Indian valley on the Weiser again, stole several fine horses and were followed by Wm. Munday, Three Fingered Smith, Grossclose, and Tom Halley. All were led into ambush and killed except Smith, who escaped after being well headed. The Indians then afterward killed Dan Crooks and Beeny. In the winter, the settlers on the Weiser found a little ranchavie and killed all the Indians, thirteen in number, but three bucks. There were evidently three different bands of them, one crowd entered the mining camp at Loon Creek, and killed the Chinamen who were wintering there, plundered and then burned the town. They are doubtless the same who are now depredating on the Salmon river. Of the others several we know are permanently friendly by being killed on the Payette. The notorious Chuck and Bannack John and his squaw were shot and their bodies sent down the river. There is no doubt but that troops will be sent to Warrens without delay. It will necessarily be a most inglorious campaign. There are a few white men who know the country which is terribly rough and steep, while the Indians have lived there and consequently know every nook. The only chance for success is to have Indians to scout and give them full liberty to do as they please. By this means success will be assured and a campaign where not even glory can be gained, will save the country much expence. Again we say hire Nez Perce scouts, and let them have their own way.—*W. W. Statesman.*

If the Indian is allowed to remain, nothing less than another outbreak and a series of murders accompanied by the same horrible outrages and tortures we witnessed on several occasions last summer, will again be repeated. How long, O Lord, How long!

Vetoed Bill.

The following in the bill lately vetoed by Hayes. Is there any man, be he democrat or republican, who desires such a statute to remain in force in free America? Why should we have armed soldiers at the polls. The object is evidently to carry the elections and keep the radicals in power—

Whereas the presence of troops at the polls is contrary to the spirit of our institutions and the traditions of our people, and tends to destroy the freedom of elections. Therefore, *Be it enacted*, That it shall not be lawful to bring to or employ at any place where a general or special election is being held in a state any part of the army or navy of the United States, unless such force be necessary to repel the armed enemies of the United States, or to enforce section 4, of the Constitution of the United States, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, on application of the Legislature or executive of the state where such force is to be used, and so much of all laws as is inconsistent herewith is hereby repealed.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 1, 1879.

The first annual meeting of the California Press Association will be held in the Parlors of the Palace Hotel San Francisco, on Wednesday, July 9, 1879, at 12 o'clock M.

You are cordially and earnestly invited to be present to co-operate with us for the general good of the craft.

Arrangements are now in progress by the executive committee of the association to render the occasion a memorable one in the history of the press of the Pacific Coast.

Among other features of the programme will de a special entertainment at one of the leading theatres of the city, a banquet at the Palace Hotel, and an address by a distinguished ex-member of the press.

Fraternally yours, P. H. KEARNY, Secretary.

A. C. Edmunds, late editor of the defunct *Labor World*, is dead. He was known as the Oregon Mechanic; was a pretended friend of the laboring man, but like Kearney, we suppose, never did a days work. The world is none the loser by his exit from terrafirma.

More Wheat or No Railroad.

A Fence Law Needed in This County.

EDITOR "E. O."—From present indications it seems that the Umatilla Reservation will soon be open to settlement. Whether it will be pre-emption or homestead, or sold to the highest bidder, is a question. He that sees it may, it will not be an open commonage for men to run their stock on much longer. Stock men have had the use of this country for many years, from the Columbia river to the Blue Mts. But a change has taken place. The bunch grass is disappearing before the plow of the farmer, and vast wheat fields are springing up instead. I lately visited the Cold Spring, Juniper and Van Syckle country. It would seem almost incredible to note the change that has taken place in that section of country within the last year. Indeed, it would be hard to calculate the amount of wheat that would be raised within the next five years in this county if we had a "no fence" law. We frequently see men who live from twenty five to thirty miles from here, many of them citizens of Washington Territory, herding stock. It seems they get up their cattle and horses once a year to mark and brand, when that is done they turn them loose for another year, thus letting their cattle roam at will to prey upon poor men's wheat fields. I might say gardens as it costs so much time and money to get fencing material from the mountains. Now as the timber land is rapidly settling up it will not be long until we have to pay a high price for timber, besides hauling it twenty miles.

There is a great deal of talk at present about railroad communication. Talk is cheap—railroad building is dear, and it is not likely capitalists will invest their money in building an expensive railroad until we produce wheat enough to pay running expenses, at least. Now to do this let us petition the legislature at its next session and have a "no fence" law passed for Umatilla county. To the fence law was due that Marion and Sacramento Valleys owe their great prosperity. The legislature of California passed the fence law in 1872. I believe for the above mentioned reason the result is too well known to need mention, further than to say the farm will prattle to you a golden wheat field. Let us try it. Then we will have railroad communication in due time, as there would be great inducement on account of our large wheat crop.

EX CALIFORNIAN.

WESTON, May 31, 1879.

Correspondence.

HEPPNER, "E. O."—In the last five weeks I have traveled over a good portion of Umatilla County—from Pendleton to Rock Creek. The country is robed in a mantle of green. Stock looks exceedingly well. The finest prospect for good crops I ever saw. Abundance of fruit of all kinds. Farmers are very busy looking after their stock. The longer I stay in Oregon the better I like it. I must say there are some as opprobious public journal people in Oregon as I ever have seen anywhere.

I have organized a class at Heppner of 14 members. There $130 subscribed for the purpose of building a parsonage at that place and the prospect looks flattering. I consider the spiritual outlook at the church good. My trip in the main has been a pleasant one.

I had the pleasure of being at the wedding of Mr. Brown and Miss Long on Rhea Creek. I enjoyed the dinner very much, especially the cakes, for it has been a long time since I had a square feast. Oregon is remarkably healthy, the climate is unsurpassed. I was requested to call at Mr. Thos. Ayers at 8 o'clock. So I went and found quite a crowd of the relatives and friends gathered there. In the mean time Dr. Saunders was sent for. He was at Lexington and when he knew what was the matter. The reply was that Mr. Kirk was at Mr. Ayers quite sick. Heard shortly Ayers in the Doctor came, Mr. W. A. Kirk and Miss Mary E. Ayers came walking into the room. I rose to my feet, and after repeating a few words, I pronounced them man and wife. The Doctor acknowledged I could write heart disease better than he. We were soon invited into the dining room to all partook heartily of the feast. Everybody seemed to be happy and especially Mr. and Mrs. Kirk. They will start Thursday for Portland to attend the Grand Lodge Masonic. Heppner is a lucky place for candidates for matrimony.

Heppner is a prosperous little town. The Methodist church is being built now. A new school house will be built this summer, besides several dwellings. I am now on my way to Dalles Conference to be held near Dayton, W. T., June 6th. I will stop a few days in Pendleton on my return.

E. P. WARREN.

Ottman and Acton of Portland, two hypocritical whining, canting fanatics, stigmatize the people of the south as traitors, etc. The lowest down white Southern man is a gentleman in comparison with such contemptible jackals as those. Judas is condemned, cursed, abused and stigmatized by all good people for betraying Christ for the insignificant sum of 30 pieces of silver, but had either of these Rev. Sneaks lived in that day, the devil could have employed them to do his dirty work by simply giving them cold potatoes. If there is no hell there should be one especially provided for such men as Ottman and Acton.

The *Standard* of May 30th, pretending to copy a statement from our columns in regard to affairs in this county, made by a number of our citizens, misrepresents us and makes us say what was not said, simply by the omission of a word, which puts an entire different meaning on the statements our citizens made. They state that an Indian was shot at at Pilot Rock, and Tony makes them say an Indian was shot. Try and correct again Mr. *Standard*, and do our people justice, if you please. The *Oregonian* is toadying to the military but we thought better things of the *Standard*. No Indian was shot at Pilot Rock, only shot at, and because he was shot at is no reason why our citizens should all be slandered as they have been.

We advise Tustin to "dip" his man Friday a few times in a little Australian Scab Exterminator before getting him to write anything more on the subject of consistency, and perhaps he may be a little more consistent himself. The inconsistency referred to is this: In our leader we stated that every statement of Gen. Howard was a contemptible lie "and in the letter by the citizens" they state: "we will not characterize the letter as entirely false." One was written by the editor of this paper, the latter by citizens, and very little difference in the two statements at last. Physician heal thyself.

Rev. J. H. Acton of Portland was invited to deliver an address on Decoration day at Portland, and declined because he says the results of the war have been foolaway. The substance of his remarks is that the people in the South vote the democratic ticket and he don't wish any foolishness of that kind. He wants to fight again (of course at long range) 'till the Southern people get to voting with the radicals. Bro. Acton is a good specimen of that class of political preachers that sometimes wear a coat of tar and feathers.

An Open Letter.

INDEPENDENCE, May 27, 1879.

Rev. J. H. Acton, Portland, Oregon. MY DEAR SIR:—I have just read with feelings that I shall not stop to describe, your reply, published in the *Oregonian* of yesterday, to an invitation to "deliver a discourse on the Sabbath preceding Decoration Day, in commemoration of the services of our fallen comrades who gave their lives for the maintenance of this great free government." I have not the honor of a personal acquaintance with you, but it would perhaps help me to understand the strange tenor of your reply to that invitation, to know if you are the same Rev. J. H. Acton who voted illegally for Hayes and Wheeler, having resided only three months in the state before the election, instead of six as the law directs, and the same who, when cited to appear before the U. S. Grand Jury, did plead your ignorance of the law as your only excuse, which excuse was deemed valid by a majority of that grand jury being also members of the same party for whom your illegal vote was cast. I do not mean to reflect upon you, or insinuate that you committed a willful fraud, if you are the same man. But the first thought that would occur to any ordinary man, not lifted by the circumstances of genius above the common affairs of life, coming into a State on the eve of an election and interested in political matters would be to ask whether or not he was entitled to a vote. If you did not so inquire (always supposing you to be the same) it only proves that you are not an ordinary, but being a great genius in the pulpit and on the tripod, you can act in the commonest concerns with an innocence, not to say ignorance, that is childlike. I am interested to know that you are identical with the Rev J. H. Acton who voted illegally and through want of information. In that case I can follow my inclination and judge of your recent production more charitably, than otherwise it might be possible for me to do. I can attribute whatever in it is false in theory and fact, whatever is unjust to the living whom you traduce, and insulting to the dead whom you profess to honor, whatever is despicable in sentiment and ungentle in spirit, whatever is unworthy of a minister of the Most High God, and opposed to the commonest instincts of good citizenship. I can attribute all this to the same cause, to which you attribute that other disgraceful act committed by you in November 1876—to your ignorance. In such case I can conceive, without blaming you, how you, who are so ignorant of politics as to vote illegally without knowing it, should also exhibit your ignorance as a matter over the whole political situation. I do hope you are the same man, for I would not willingly believe that you are so malicious and wicked as you would seem if you were not more intelligent in a common sense way.

But, my dear sir, even looking at the political horizon from your own point of view, through the lens of your own simplicity, seeing the dangers that you see and fearing the considerate Democrats you seem so fear them. I am at a loss still to imagine how all that precludes you from speaking one little hour on the Sabbath in paying a just tribute to the dead Union soldiers. You millionaire of your time is occupied in some way, company humdrum and an "aching pocket" limits patriotism to those "upon times of peace." You seem to be engaged in distributing wishing some sort of a gospel. I will not allow your time even to consider to speak a few words of consolation over the graves of the undying dead. That must be a pressing duty indeed that keeps a man away from the other day of solemn meaning spring flowers where his comrades sleep after their battles. Would nobody take your place for just one hour?

You have the moral offrings enough made to pave young soldiers who died fighting men, because you that the dead shall be men and by receiving them from your fingers. Perhaps not. Not every one of your fingers have anything to give to the dead. Surely not because the spirit of the dead men made perfect dreams that you can better or hinder the cause they died for by voting illegally, or by working politicians against the men they fought. If your fingers are worthy to strew the flowers for some that the shadowy battalions of the Grand Army of the Republic who have learned the great mysteries on the other side will smile more sweetly on the dreamer than on your toilsome. I firmly believe that they would be glad to see you release yourself from your self imposed "political duty." I judge the dead by living soldiers. Many of the men who, like you, "shivered in the wilderness" and "saw the battle above the clouds" in the political arena are now voting in the same political party with the men the government "paid you and them by the month to shoot at." Ah, my revered sir, all this affords but small excuse for declining that invitation. There are those disposed to judge you less kindly than I who will believe that the note of Mr Pierce only offered you a convenient opportunity to pour out the impriisoned venom of your heart.

You make a two fold charge against the South. It is to a fault for her to send her military men to Congress let her answer it. But it is pretty hard to hold her responsible for the fact that your own party will insist on sending the men who hired substitutes and got rich off the distresses of the nation instead of the men who sought to save it. The South is not to blame because you, for instance, did not go to Congress. Indeed, the South will promise in advance and fulfill the promise, to give a solid vote for Gen. Hancock, a noble Union soldier, for President of the United States! Will you vote for him? The one Union soldier, "who stands alone in the trench" has by his side as one of his counselors, an ex-Confederate officer. Do you object to this? Confess in your inmost soul that you don't care whether Congress is composed of Union or Confederate soldiers or no soldiers at all, just so they are all Black Republicans! You are trying to make yourself believe, are you not, that the 84 unknown and the thousands of precious lives you speak of were lost and expended for the triumph of a political party instead of the perpetuity of the government?

Is not a rebel soldier, otherwise a fair man, nearly as good as a Radical thief? If so, advance your "picket" lines on Robeson. He's in Congress. Perhaps you are a kindlier man than your terrible thunders indicate. Talmage says, when, as editor, he wanted a new book to be well slashed he gave it to a dyspeptic brother to criticise. A great deal of venom flows through the biliary ducts. Perhaps your liver is engorged. Anger is often really as well as figuratively splenetic. Take some pills and work it off through the natural channels instead of allowing it to flow so freely from your pen.

For my part, if you would know me, I am an American. I love my country and my race. I look back to the Anglo-Saxons who achieved our independence, and forward to the Anglo-Americans who shall preserve it. I turn back to the civil war, as you do, and with what love, honor and pride I see, through the smoke, that line of men in blue, sweeping, true as a blade of steel, up the Missionary Ridge, and that other set of ragged fellows that threw down their guns at Appomattox! They are all Americans. Further of me! I was born where the orange blossoms, but my soul claims no narrower birth-place than the United States of America!

Brother Acton, as you were a soldier I honor you; as you are a minister I reverence you; as you are a citizen I respect you, but as a politician I think you are a failure. I hope you will not allow yourself to be hurried into that "revolution," and I confidently expect you to take care of your health and get off that ridiculous picket duty, for "all is quiet on the Potomac to-night." Yours, etc., SAWYER.

RIOT ROSEBURG.—On Saturday last a row occurred between the City Marshal and the Coyle brothers. James, one of the boys, asked the Marshal into Griffith's saloon to take a drink, but he refused, and told the boys he did not want to have anything to do with them. Thereupon Willis, the other brother, made some remark, and the Marshal went up to him and grabbed him by the collar, telling him he would arrest him. Willis told him to take his hands off, and at the same time attempted to draw his pistol, the Marshal struck him over the head with his club, and a free fight ensued. James coming up behind struck at the marshal with a knife, making an ugly though not dangerous flesh wound. The young men then mounted their horses and galloped out of town. Towards evening Sheriff Sperry started in pursuit, and followed the trail till dark. He then started to return to the city. Odlin was in the city holding by Willis, who gave himself up. He was held over to the Grand Jury in the sum of $1,000 bonds, which he furnished and was released. The relief brought much satisfaction and joy, will since been heard from.—*Roseburg Leader.*

From "The Old Philosopher."

An editor is in position to deal hard blows, but is gallant enough to return them, and I suppose your humble servant was editor of a school paper the last time he made the head of a school paper, the Editor of the Indepedent and the editor of the Intermediate, were doing something resembling civilization. I am [illegible] the Young Tuckahoe, the Editor of the Independent and the editor of the Intermediate were doing something resembling civilization. I am [illegible] Mr. Willey [illegible]