

WEEKLY OREGON STATESMAN.

FRIDAY : : : JUNE 22, 1877.

FRANK NOEL ON OREGON.

We find in the Holt County Express, a paper published in Holt County, Mo., the following letter:

SALEM, OGN., May 6, 1877. DEAR BRO: I to-night will try and write a few lines, as we have not received a scratch of a pen from home yet. I feel somewhat tired, as I have been walking around most all day fishing, but resulted as all fishers generally do. I do wish to goodness you could see this country and not be compelled to remain here. I would not live here, or in Washington, for both of them together. I have not the power of speech to express my feelings for the place. I am going to return to California and go to work. I could have got employment at \$75 per month, but no, I had the Oregon and Washington fever; but thank God it has greatly cooled down, and now to be safe and out of danger, is to get out. And you bet your bottom dollar I will do so soon. I don't presume you will be satisfied with our opinion of the country, but want to see it yourself. Well, how can it be a matter of a country when the only thing the farmers raise to get money out of is wheat, and some little wool, but of a very poor quality—18 and 20 cents per pound, 2 and 3 pounds to the sheep. Can you brush land for 7 to 10 dollars per acre, and cost \$30 to \$40 to get it ready for cultivation. The web-footed people call it "brush land." It is very near as heavy as any land in the bottom or bluffs; taking out the heavy trees it is oak, fir, ewe, dogwood, filbert, hazell and several other kinds grow to the height of 30 and 50 feet.

No, you say this: "Well, they have gone out there and got homestead, and the blame and curse the country," when it is a good country. Well, such is not the case. We are not homestead, nor have we got the blues; if you are not satisfied with our judgment, of course you will come and see for yourself; but if you do, I would advise you to look some where else as you come along, for I know it will not suit you. Some people here are the blamdest liars you ever saw. We got acquainted with one. He was talking about his "property." Come to find out, he took the benefit of the bankrupt law and has not a foot of anything. He is writing for the journals and papers asking people to come to this country. Just for curiosity write him; tell him 15 or 20 of you are coming, or wish to come to purchase land, and ask him what kind of land there is, and how much per acre and what it produces, especially how much corn per acre, and the prospects for the hog market and what wages are.

They raise no corn at all, only what cats they need for their own use. Land improved \$30 to \$50 per acre; farm hands \$26 and their board, and every thing that way. Only ten men to every job waiting for it.

Address, Daniel Newsome, Salem, Oregon. Don't mention our names, but say you see his name in some Oregon paper sent you. Your Brother,

With Oregonians comment on the foregoing letter is unnecessary, but such publications abroad are calculated to do injustice in some measure. A careful analysis of the spirit of the letter, however, will disclose the animus of the writer and show him to be not only what he denies, "homesick and blue," but also reckless in regard to truth.

Mr. Noel seems to regard California as all right when he avers that he "could have got employment at \$75 per month" while he gives wages in Oregon as being \$26 per month; now any man with a thimble full of brains knows there is not that difference in the price of labor between the two localities; in fact there is but very little if any difference.

Mr. Noel says "Some people here are the blamdest liars you ever saw." How is it with him when he says "the only thing the farmers raise to get money out of is wheat, and some little wool, but of a poor quality—18 and 20 cents per pound, 2 and 3 pounds to the sheep?" Contrast this with the price lists as given by the Philadelphia market reports, which grades Oregon only third in the great wool growing districts of the United States and for evenness of fibre first. The average weight of wool fleeces in Oregon averages from five to seven pounds. Mr. Noel's other statements are about as far from the truth as those to which we have alluded. Mr. N. evidently wrote under disappointments; he had been fishing and found the success too wary for him; hence his disgust generally. It is unnecessary to refer to all the misstatements made in Mr. Noel's letter; the resources and productiveness of Oregon are two well known to suffer materially from such a splanetic writer. If Frank Noel is still in this country we think him right in saying "Some people here are the blamdest liars you ever saw."

We heard some inquires made about a certain twelve hundred dollars, which fell to the share of Col. Cann in a little transaction wherein the tax funds from Linn county, were used in the purchase of claims against the State. Our columns are open to the Col. to make any explanations in relation to the transaction, and to tell who his accomplices were. The Col. once made an affidavit upon this subject, which perhaps the public would like to read.

Will the Secretary of State explain why he drew a warrant on the Treasurer in favor of the clerk of the Superintendent of the Penitentiary, before the same was due and in violation of law?

An apician in Utah estimates that one acre of mignonette will furnish sufficient pasturage for one hundred stocks of bees. This plant is the main dependence of the bee-keepers of that territory.

THE INDIAN WAR.

The out-break of the non treaty Nez Perce Indians, is far more serious than at first apprehended. These are the same Indians that have been contending for the possession of the Wallowa Valley in Eastern Oregon. Our reports are somewhat vague, but enough is known to give the matter a very serious aspect. Several lives have already been sacrificed and considerable loss of property sustained; to say nothing of the general stagnation of business, and the great anxiety that must prevail, all through that country. There are not Indians enough to magnify the difficulties in the proportions of a Russo-Turkish war, but the great misfortune is that such a condition of things could be made possible in this country under any circumstances. We are not disposed to censure any particular individual or community, but it does seem that there has been some bad management somewhere, when a small squad of Indians, numbering perhaps not more than one hundred warriors, in all, should become so emboldened as to dare to rise in war against the government, especially so when we consider the surroundings of these Indians and their opportunities for knowing the strength of the people with whom they were going to war.

We ought not to expect very much from "untutored savages," in the way of learning to respect treaty obligations, and the laws of civilization, but they can be made to feel the certainty of punishment, in every instance of violated peace stipulations; they can be governed through fear if not through moral principles. We are not prepared to say that these Indians have no just grievances, but they ought to have been taught before this, that no possible good could come of any forcible opposition to the government.

We print this morning among the telegraphic news, a report of a Supreme Court decision, which will be of general interest to the public and especial interest to some of our readers. There is nothing perhaps more calculated to retard the progress of a country, than uncertainty of title to real estate. Fortunately for Oregon, this embarrassment does not exist to any considerable extent; the only instances of the kind thus far appearing have been through supposed imperfect conveyances, either by executors and administrators or sheriffs. In nearly every instance the claims set up have been on some technical grounds rarely founded in justice. In too many cases advantage has been taken of some over-sight in judicial proceedings in matters of record; greater stress is often laid upon some minor details in the proceedings than upon substantial justice, and it would seem sometimes as though our courts of law made it their business to scrutinize conveyances more with a view of unsettling titles than to enforce justice. The Supreme Court holds that the "Policy of law does not require courts to scrutinize proceedings of a judicial sale with a view to defeat them. On the contrary, every reasonable intendment will be made in their favor so as to secure, if it can be done consistently with legal rules, the object they were intended to accomplish." If this wise policy were adopted by our courts universally and the slyster lawyers were made to understand it, the country would be the gainer and the judiciary honored in dealing righteously.

Here is how the New York Sun receives an application from our State Librarian for a gratuitous copy of that paper:

"The following communication reached us yesterday:

STATE OF OREGON, STATE LIBRARIAN, SALEM, May 17, 77. EDITOR NEW YORK SUN.—Dear Sir:—The donation of the weekly issue of your journal, to be placed on file in the library, will be gratefully accepted and acknowledged by

Your Obedient Servant, J. B. LOSTER, State Librarian.

It is wonderful how official begging increases. Only the other day the de facto President of the United States applied to us, through his private secretary, for the gift of a free copy of our valuable paper for his own reading; and here we have the sovereign State of Oregon making a similar request. We decline for Oregon as we declined for Hayes. It can be. The Sun is not made to be given away for nothing, either to de facto Presidents or rising commonwealths.

It would seem that all persons "capable of writing anything for publication" would know enough not to send a communication for publication without sending the real name of the author, not always for publication, but for the security of the editor; but such are not the facts—almost daily some such correspondence goes into our waste basket. No communication, however meritorious, can be noticed unless the author's name is given, confidential if desired.

Gen. Brown was in the city on Thursday, and looking just as cool as if there was no war going on. The General's ready—if called on.

MRS. BEN HOLLADAY'S WILLS.

Cassandra Calvert de Bussierre, as executrix of her mother, Notley Ann Conn Holladay, has brought suit against her father, the famous Ben Holladay, of California, and others to set aside the probate of a will by her mother made prior to that under which she claims as executrix. Ben Holladay, Jr., and Jennie L. H. De Pourtales Gorgier, with Mme. De Bussierre, were children of Mr. Holladay. Mrs. De Pourtales Gorgier died in 1873, leaving one child, Marie P. L. De Pourtales Gorgier. Mrs. Holladay made a will dated just before her death, in 1873, in which, after making some small legacies, she gave the income of one-third of her property to each of her three children for life, the share of each then to go to his or her children. At the time this will was presented in Westchester county, in October, 1873, for probate, another brief will, made by Mrs. Holladay in March, 1871, was also offered and was admitted the following December. Mme. De Bussierre says she was at the time a minor, married to a foreigner and living in a foreign country. Under the influence and advice of her brother, Ben Holladay, Jr., and supposing he intended vigorously to contest the will of 1871, by which all property was given by Mrs. Holladay to her husband, Ben Holladay, she took no earnest steps to oppose its probate. She now seeks to re-establish the last will and her rights under it. The property involved is about \$30,000 of personal property, a house in New York and a farm in Westchester county, supposed at one time to be worth \$500,000. It has been mortgaged to the Mutual Life Insurance Company for \$100,000 since Mrs. Holladay's death, and also to S. M. L. Barlow for \$100,000, the last mortgage having been assigned to Belmont & Co.

The answer of the mortgagees and the other defendants is substantially that in January, 1871, Ben Holladay, being then the owner of the Westchester property, and desiring to secure an independent income for his wife during her life, entered into an agreement with her, whereby he conveyed to her this property, at the same time, making a will in his favor, so that at her death it would revert back to him. It is further charged that when she made the later will she was not in fit condition to execute any will, and that the decision of the Surrogate excluding it was made after full examination showing such unfitness. This, however, her children, who were with her during her last illness, deny.

CARE OF CATTLE.

Very few will dispute, says the Country Gentleman, that it pays to keep live stock, the profits will be in proportion to the management of it; therefore any one would suppose, on first thinking of the subject, surely every stock-raiser will have the very best attention paid that can possibly be contrived. Is it so? Alas! no. In every herd, there are animals of the same age which differ in a great degree in their aptitude to carry flesh and in milking properties; also in the flock, the difference in the weight and quality of the fleece, as well as the contrast in mutton qualities, will be very great, and all these characteristics require a watchful and intelligent mind to note the cause of every peculiarity, so that weeding out or judicious counteraction may be resorted to.

A man who excels in the management of cattle has studied the disposition and habits of animals, and understands what kind of food suits them best at every stage of their existence, and how to treat them at all seasons of the year and under every circumstance, so that he has no sickness, excepting of such a kind as no human foresight could have prevented. Attention to cattle will pay, at all events, and if owner and attendant are both skillful in the absence of breeding, so as to produce superiority in shape and constitution in the descendants, by the judicious mating of the parents, as well as in bringing every generation nearer perfection by forcing every good trait, success will follow to a greater extent.

MANNERS.

Manners are the happy way of doing things; each one a stroke of genius or of love now repeated or hardened into usage, they form at last a rich varnish, with its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dew drops which give such a depth to the morning meadows. Manners are very communicable; men catch them from each other. Consuelo, in the romance, boasts of the lessons she had given the nobles in manners, on the stage and in real life. Talma taught Napoleon the art of behavior. Genius invents fine manners, which the baron and baroness copy very fast, and by the advantage of a palace, better the instruction. They stereotype the lesson they have learned into a mode. The power of manner is incessant—an element as unconcealable as fire. The nobility can not in any country be disguised, and no more in a kingdom. Woman can resist their influence. There are certain good manners which are learned in good society, of that force that, if a person have them, he or she must be considered, and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty or wealth, or genius. Give a boy address, and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes, where he goes; he has not the trouble of earning or owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess.—[Emerson.]

CULTIVATING SUMMER CROPS.

There exists a great difference, says the Sacramento Record-Union, between the opinions and practices of growers of vegetables, and summer crops generally, upon the subject of their cultivation in a dry season like the present. While all agree that the soil should be thoroughly cultivated and pulverized before planting and during the continuance of spring rains, some maintain that frequent stirring of the soil with the cultivator, or horse hoe during the entire growing season is advantageous in securing moisture and plant food to the roots, while others cease the cultivation and let the soil settle down compactly whenever the spring rain ceases and the seed of weeds cease to germinate and grow. Those who maintain the former views and practices seem to act upon the idea that if the soil is kept loose and porous it will attract and condense moisture from the atmosphere, while those who assert the latter views and let the soil become hard, act upon the idea that the moisture is all in the ground, and plants are supplied with that moisture by its rising towards the surface, and consequently if at the surface it meets a hard crust or other obstruction its delay in this manner results in advantage to the plants. We have frequently urged in these columns the importance of keeping the soil well stirred and particularly well pulverized on the surface, and while we believe that soil so cultivated condenses a great deal of moisture from the atmosphere in our dry climate and cool nights, and more than it receives from below the surface by evaporation or capillary attraction, still if we believed in the latter opinion we should advise the same thorough and continued stirring of the surface. According to the condensing idea, or the theory that the soil attracts or condenses moisture from the air, the more porous the surface is kept by cultivation the more the air will penetrate it, and the more moisture it will leave or deposit there for the more cool surface will the air come in contact with. This condensing of moisture from the atmosphere by presenting to it cool surfaces of the soil is aptly illustrated by the pitcher of cold water with which all are familiar. The drops of water that collect on the outside of the pitcher are condensed from the air as it comes in contact with the cool surface. In the same way will the soil, that is cooler than the air, condense water from the air if the latter can come in contact with it. By keeping the surface well pulverized and porous the air penetrates to where the air is cooler than it is, and the moisture is also abstracted or condensed from it. On the other hand, if we go on to the theory that the moisture rises principally from below we would still pulverize and keep the surface stirred frequently. In this case the surface soil will act as a check to catch or impede evaporation, and will thus secure it for the roots of plants. In other words, if the surface be allowed to remain undisturbed, it will, in this climate, crack and open in crevices, and thus established channels for the moisture to escape will be formed and evaporation will carry moisture away rapidly. It is a fact which all must admit, that hard, uncultivated soils, soils that bake on the surface, become much drier than those that are of a more porous nature, whether that porosity be maintained by the nature of the soil or by cultivation. We say, let the cultivator be kept moving.

CORRESPONDENCE.

G. KAISER—DEAR SIR:—Were you "knocked out of time" by my showing that Constantine, the bloody second, was the first to establish Sunday as a holy day, or have you been suffering from that dreadful torture which always attends a weakening of the spinal column? In either case, or no matter what the reason may have been for your sudden silence, you have my pity.

I learn confidentially that some of the clergy are very indignant because there has been any discussion at all upon this Sunday question, for, they say, not one person in ten would, otherwise, have known how Sunday came to be a holy day. You see, they are in as bad a quandary as I was in my last to you, for if they deny that the murderer Constantine (who killed his wife by having her cast into the hot bath), was the author of the Christian Sunday, then no person can believe them on other points, for history establishes this fact beyond all cavil. And if they don't deny it, then how can they persuade people to observe as sacred a day established by such a black-hearted villain? The truth is, my dear sir, that old Theology has nothing to gain and everything to lose by any sort of discussion, simply from the fact that Theology was invented in the dark ages, when science and philosophy were ignored, and therefore will not bear the test of enlightened criticism for a moment. I think, my dear Kaiser, that you must be a novice in Theology, for the sly old foxes of Christianity would never have been caught trying to reason; faith and belief are their strong suits.

Sympathetically thine, W. H. CHANEY.

The Alta California says: "Vierge," the lady correspondent of the Chico Independent, is a little "gone" on Steve Massett. She writes: "I prefer to hear him recite than to see the best actor that ever trod the boards before the footlights, and his inimitable rendition of the words of the poet will thrill the listener's ear with the light and subtlety of a new meaning."

PHILADELPHIA, June 20.—The following letter will be of general interest:

LONDON, June 9.

My Dear Mr. Childs:—After an unusually stormy passage for any season of the year, and continuous seasickness generally among the passengers after the second day out, we reached Liverpool, Monday afternoon, the 28th of May. Jessie and I proved to be among the few sailors. Neither of us felt a moment's uneasiness during the voyage. I had proposed to leave Liverpool immediately on arrival, and proceed to London, where I knew our minister had made arrangements for a formal reception and had accepted for me a few invitations of courtesy; but what was my surprise to find nearly all the shipping in the port of Liverpool decorated with the flags of all nations and from the foremast of each a flag of the Union most conspicuous. The docks were lined with as many of the population as could find standing room. The streets to the hotel where it was understood my party would stop were packed. The demonstration was all to appearances as hearty and enthusiastic as in our departure. The Mayor was present with his state carriage to convey us to the hotel and after that to his beautiful country residence some six miles out, where we were entertained at a dinner with a small party of gentlemen, and remained over night. The following day a large party given at the official residence of the Mayor in the city, at which were some 150 of the distinguished citizens and officials of the corporation present. Pressing invitations were sent from most of the cities in the kingdom to have me visit them. I accepted for the day at Winchester, and stopped a few moments at Leicester and at one other place. As you have no doubt seen, the press of the country has been exceedingly kind and courteous. So far I have been permitted to travel in regular train, much less in common cars. The Midland road, which penetrates a great portion of the Island, including Wales and Scotland, have extended to me the courtesy of their road and a Pullman car to take me wherever I wish to go during the whole of my stay in England. We arrived in London, Monday evening, the 30th of May, when I found our minister had accepted engagements for me up to the 27th of June, leaving but a few spare days in the interval. On Saturday last we dined with the Duke of Wellington, and last night a formal reception at Judge Pierpont's was held. It was a great success—the most brilliant in number, rank and attire of audience, and was graced by the presence of every American in the city, who had called on the Minister or left a card for me. I doubt whether London ever saw a private house so elaborately and tastefully decorated as was our American Minister's last night. I am deeply indebted to him for the pains he has taken to make my stay pleasant, and attentions extended to our country. I appreciate the fact and am proud of it, that the attentions I am receiving are intended more for our country than for me personally. I love to see our country to believe that it is by most all nations, and by some even loved. It has always been my desire to see all jealousy between England and the United States abated, and every sore healed. Together they are more powerful for the spread of commerce and civilization than all others combined, and can do more to remove the cause of wars by creating mutual interests that would be so much endangered by war. I have written very hastily and a good deal at length, but I trust this will not bore you. Had I written for publication, I should have taken more pains. (Signed) U. S. GRANT.

To G. W. Childs, Esq.

The Board of Health of the District of Columbia recently condemned five carloads of vinegar sent from Chicago, on the ground that it is not a genuine article and is very injurious to health. An analysis of the so-called vinegar was made. It appears, according to the report of the Board of Health, that the vinegar contains 54 grains per gallon of anhydrous sulphuric acid, combined with lime, to form sulphate of lime equivalent to 117 grains of gypsum per gallon, and, besides that, five grains of free sulphuric acid per gallon. The Board also reports that this sample was taken from an invoice of more than 1,000 barrels brought here to be sold as vinegar, and that it is likely to find a ready sale on account of its low price. The New York Observer gives the report as follows: "When we think that oil of vitrol (sulphuric acid) can be bought at five cents a pound, and that a pound of acid acid would render a barrel of fluid as acid as the strongest vinegar, the wonder will cease that it is sold cheap. This, therefore, is a fraud upon commerce and a dangerous substitute for vinegar."

Mr. Scarlett, afterward first Lord Alington, and Brotham's contemporary, was one of the most dexterous of lawyers. On one occasion he was for the defense in an action of nuisance. A lady appeared as a witness for the plaintiff, and Scarlett began inquiring tenderly about her domestic relations, her children, and their illness. The lady became confidential, and appeared flattered by the kind interest taken in her. The Judge interposed with a remark about the relevancy of all this. Scarlett begged to be allowed to proceed, and on the conclusion of the cross-examination said, "My Lord, that is my case. He had shown that, in spite of the alleged nuisance, the lady had brought up a large and healthy family, and the jury, amused as well as convinced, gave him a verdict."

MISINGS.

I sit in my room in the lamplight, And look at my books lying round; Then my thoughts wander forth with a tramp like Ministry of feeling and sound.

I think of my friends that are scattered, And I wonder if my soul would feel flattered, Could their thoughts of myself reach my ear.

Could their thoughts unvarnished and openly, Without hypocritical guise, Be laid like an open book before me, A chapter that's clear to the eye.

Would their boast of love and esteem, Bear a keen and critical test? Or would there be few whose hearts could redeem Their promise of friendship till death?