

THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS

Volume XI.

CANYON CITY, GRANT COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1889.

Number 2.

Grant Co. News.

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING, BY D. I. ASBURY, Editor and Proprietor.

Subscription prices: \$3.00 per annum, \$1.50 for six months, 75 cents for three months.

Transient advertisements: \$2.50 per square for first insertion, 1 cent for each subsequent insertion.

All Reading Notices in Local Column will be charged at the rate of 20 cents per line for first, and 10 cents each subsequent insertion.

Fine Job Printing

Posters, Dodgers, Billheads, Letterheads, Noteheads, Statements, Invitations, Tickets, Cards, Etc., etc.

Laws relating to newspapers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY: Co. Judge, N. R. Maxcy; Clerk, Phil Metchan; Treasurer, N. H. Boley.

Church Directory: Rev. A. Eads holds divine service at the vinegar school house at 11 o'clock on the 1st Sabbath of each month.

BAKER and CANYON CITY FINE REGIES & ROAD CARTS.

STAGE LINE

McCuen & Griffin, Props. Stage leaves Canyon City every morning except Sunday, arriving at Baker the next day.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

S. ORR, M. D. Canyon City, Ogn. Office on Main Street in Rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Howard.

G. I. HAZELTINE. Photographic Canyon City, OREGON.

S. S. DENNING. Attorney-at-Law. LONG CREEK, OREGON.

J. J. McCULLOUGH. Notary Public. CANYON CITY, ORE.

E. A. Knight, DENTIST. From The Dalles, has permanently located at John Day City.

C. A. SWEET, Attorney-at-Law. CANYON CITY, OREGON.

PARRISH & COZAD. ATTORNEYS AT LAW CANYON CITY, OREGON.

THORNTON WILLIAMS. Attorney-at-Law. CANYON CITY, OREGON.

CLAY TODD HUNTER. Constable and Collector. Canyon City, Ore.

J. W. Mack, Attorney-at-Law AND Notary Public. PRAIRIE CITY, OREGON.

J. OLIVER, Proprietor of John Day Milk Ranch.

W. A. Wessner, Notary Public. Prairie City, Ore.

WILSHIRE & HUDSON. Attorneys at Law. LARENSON AND BURNS, OREGON.

F. C. HORSLEY, M. D. GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, April 8, 1848.

LEE MILLER, Prop. Canyon City, Grant Co. Oregon.

LEE MILLER, Prop. Canyon City, Grant Co. Oregon.

LEE MILLER, Prop. Canyon City, Grant Co. Oregon.

LEE MILLER, Prop. Canyon City, Grant Co. Oregon.

LEE MILLER, Prop. Canyon City, Grant Co. Oregon.

LEE MILLER, Prop. Canyon City, Grant Co. Oregon.

LEE MILLER, Prop. Canyon City, Grant Co. Oregon.

LEE MILLER, Prop. Canyon City, Grant Co. Oregon.

LEE MILLER, Prop. Canyon City, Grant Co. Oregon.

LEE MILLER, Prop. Canyon City, Grant Co. Oregon.

LEE MILLER, Prop. Canyon City, Grant Co. Oregon.

"BIT SALOOK"

Hugh Smith, prop'r. A Full Stock of the Purest of Wines and Liquors.

CITY LIVERY STABLE. -AND- HORRAL, and FEED STABLE.

W. R. CUNNINGTON, Proprietor. (Wood & Church's old Stand)

S. A. KELLNER, Forwarding and Commission House.

Cooper's Sheep Dipping Powders For Sale at Wholesale.

THE LIVERY STABLE. Best Mare and Saddle Horses.

W. R. CUNNINGTON, Proprietor.

S. A. KELLNER, Forwarding and Commission House.

Cooper's Sheep Dipping Powders For Sale at Wholesale.

THE LIVERY STABLE. Best Mare and Saddle Horses.

W. R. CUNNINGTON, Proprietor.

S. A. KELLNER, Forwarding and Commission House.

Cooper's Sheep Dipping Powders For Sale at Wholesale.

THE LIVERY STABLE. Best Mare and Saddle Horses.

W. R. CUNNINGTON, Proprietor.

S. A. KELLNER, Forwarding and Commission House.

Cooper's Sheep Dipping Powders For Sale at Wholesale.

THE LIVERY STABLE. Best Mare and Saddle Horses.

W. R. CUNNINGTON, Proprietor.

S. A. KELLNER, Forwarding and Commission House.

Cooper's Sheep Dipping Powders For Sale at Wholesale.

THE LIVERY STABLE. Best Mare and Saddle Horses.

W. R. CUNNINGTON, Proprietor.

S. A. KELLNER, Forwarding and Commission House.

Cooper's Sheep Dipping Powders For Sale at Wholesale.

A TERRIBLE CONFLICT.

Hand-to-Hand Fight Between an Indian Chief and a White Man.

CHEROKEE TACTICS.

In or about the year 1843, says a writer in the Dalton (Ga.) Citizen, I met Major John Seaborn, whose exploits and adventures among the Cherokee Indians, in the early settlement of the northern portion of Georgia, may be remembered by the surviving pioneers of that period.

"I was," said he, "at the time of the occurrence I am about to relate, in my twenty-fifth year, and in the prime of my manhood. I stood 6 feet 1 1/2 inches in my stockings, weighed 150 pounds, and in the games and athletic sports of the times I had never found my match; nor was I deficient in those traits of courage and daring so common, and, I may say, so necessary in those perilous times. Possessing a wild, roving disposition, I had left my home in North Carolina, having no friends or companions in my rambles save a huge brindie dog, a noble and faithful animal, ever ready to do my bidding. By a peculiar whistle between my fingers, I could call him from a great distance, and had taught him many useful tricks and performances.

"On one occasion, when I was in the employ of a surveying party, we camped at a point on the banks of the Etowah river, in what is now known as the Seventeenth District of Bartow county, and not more than a mile and a half from a large cave.

"Near our camp, at a large spring, there was a missionary station, and with the missionaries was a party of pioneers who were engaged in the manufacture of salt-petre, which they produced from dirt hauled from this cave to the spring, and used in the preparation of gunpowder. This station was between our camp and the cave.

"One beautiful morning I concluded to visit the missionaries, and started out for the purpose on a dim trail through the forest. I had proceeded about the fourth of a mile when the sound of a human voice attracted my attention. With the caution acquired by long residence among a tricky and dangerous people, I quickly stopped behind a large bush and listened intently. The voices approached, and two figures emerged into view not more than thirty yards from me. The one an Indian of gigantic size, the other the most beautiful female my eyes had ever beheld. She was seated on a jet black pony of fine mettle and proportions. Her position in the saddle was most graceful. A blonde of faultless form, features beautiful beyond description, and with long, golden wavy tresses profusely hanging down upon the back of her steed. As the savage held the bridle bit, with tomahawk in hand, a glance sufficed to show me that she was not a voluntary companion in the journey. Indeed, I had scarce had time to form this opinion of the situation before all doubt was removed by a sudden and ineffectual effort on the part of the fair rider to extricate herself from his grasp by a jerk of the bridle, which caused the pony to rear almost erect upon his hind feet, whereupon the savage, still clinging to the bridle, raised his tomahawk and exclaimed:

"Hold, white fawn, or by the Great Spirit my tomahawk shall drink your blood! Me, the son of a great chief, must have my pretty white squaw in his wigmaw!"

"Here the motion of his up-lifted weapon caused a violent surge by the pony, throwing the rider, who was instantly grasped by the fierce savage.

"With an almost overwhelming impulse of rage and fury, my heart throbbing and my very breath suppressed with the excitement of the moment, I sprang forward with the leap of a panther, and with a yell which so startled the savage that he loosened his hold upon the lady and made several bounds from her toward the woods.

"Seeing me, she exclaimed: 'Oh! sir, save me! Save me!'

"The savage now turned and stood at bay, not twenty steps distant. The pony stood still, trembling, near the lady. Faced about for the fight. 'Mount! Mount!' said I, quick, and fly!' at the same time lifting her into the saddle. The Indian, who had turned and stood at bay, and recognized him as the famous and blood-thirsty George Took, known among the Indians as Unakayah-wah (white man killer). He was a man of tremendous size and strength and of the most desperate character. He stood motionless for a moment staring at me with a hideous expression of hatred and revenge. As I looked at his fiendish eye and saw a huge tomahawk in his brawny hand, there flashed through my mind for the first time the immense disadvantage of my position.

"I had, unfortunately, left the camp on this occasion without my pistol, and had no weapon except a small hunting-knife, which hung at my side. Quick in emergencies and accustomed to perilous adventure, my plan was instantly formed. It was to invite pursuit in the direction of the camp where aid could be procured. I began to step backward. He at once defined my object and, with a terrible yell, sprang forward trusting to reach and dispatch me at once. Being of swift foot I turned, bound forward, giving as I started, a loud, keen whistle through my fingers. He followed me with velocity equal to my own, and at a distance of about ten paces behind me. For then, as if despairing of success, or fearing I might draw him into ambush, he hurried his tomahawk at me with such swift and fearful proximity to my head that my cap was carried off, and the instrument passing me, buried itself in a tree some forty feet beyond.

"This was a contingency I had hoped for, and I suddenly turned upon my foe. As we came together I aimed a blow at his head with my fist. He evaded me by a sidle motion, and, stepping two or three paces backward, rushed upon me, attempting to throw his head between my legs. This was a favorite feat among the Indian athletes, by which they often upset an adversary, throwing him over upon his head and crippling, or placing him at a fearful disadvantage. I understood the move and partially avoided it, his head striking my knee, knocking my feet backward and staggering me considerably.

"Hand-to-hand struggle. "Discovering, I dealt him a severe kick on the head, and threw myself upon his back, pressing him to the ground, his face downward. He rose upon his hands, I brought him down by jerking his hands from under him. I brought myself to my knees, and made an effort to grasp it without success, as the handle had caught under my waistband; and while in the effort to disengage it, the savage seized one of my thumbs in his vice-like jaws, cutting it to the bone. This enraged me intensely, and I struck him several powerful blows with my fist on his head and neck, which caused him to let go my thumb, and

by an almost superhuman effort sprang from beneath me. He at once turned upon me, and a terrific exercise ensued. In this, being a practical boxer, I was too much for him, as he failed to hit me a single blow, while I planted several stummers upon his short-ribs and face, bringing a free gush of blood from his nose. Seeing this, he jumped back and attempted another run between my legs, which I evaded by a side spring. He then rushed toward the tree where the tomahawk was sticking. I intercepted him, and we clinched within three feet of the coveted weapon. And now commenced a wrestle which for skill, strength and desperate contention, was, perhaps, seldom equaled. His whole effort was to force me against the tree, that he might secure the tomahawk. Failing in this he tried several of his Indian tricks for the purpose of throwing me, while I forced him from the tree, and also attempted to throw him. We thus struggled for some moments, swaying to and fro, and each seeking some advantage.

"In one of these powerful struggles in which I was the receding party, my foot became entangled in a grape-vine, and I fell, the Indian upon me.

"Having the tomahawk still in view, he attempted to spring away from me; but as I held to him, he jerked me to the erect position, still pressing toward the tree. Throwing my foot before him he fell, and I by his side.

"We lay at arm's length upon the ground, grasping each other's throats and each panting with exhaustion and foaming with rage. Feeling that my wind was failing me, and fearing that in this respect the savage might have the advantage of me, I now determined to secure my knife at all hazards.

"Hurling myself upon him by a mighty effort I threw my hand down and grasped the handle of my knife, seeing which he uttered the exclamation wah! and clasped me around the body, pressing me to him with all his power, at the same time trying to bite my face.

"While in this position my hand upon my knife and the Indian holding me around the arms in a vice-like grip, an ally came upon the field.

"The faithful dog. "Bruno, my faithful dog, with a fierce growl, sprang to my side, and at once fastened his teeth in the shoulder of the savage. This caused him to lessen his hold upon me.

"In an instant my knife was raised and I aimed a violent thrust at his neck, but his arm received the blow and the knife snatched upon the bone. "As I raised to repeat the feat the Indian exclaimed: 'Kamaria Kamaria!' which in the Indian tongue is 'Enough enough!' and in broken English added, 'Take off dog, quick! Brave white man; to kill great chief! Me give up!'

and listened to my narrative, they gave vent to expressions in regard to my strength and powers which brought the tinge of pride to my cheek, and the beautiful girl unable to express her gratitude in words, looked down sweetly upon me with love-beaming eyes, while large pearly tears trickled down her soft and blushing cheeks.

"And now friends from my own camp also arrived, and greetings and congratulations were extended and acquaintances formed which time can never erase from memory's page.

"I fell in love with the lady. "That I fell in love with the lady was to be expected, and that she should reciprocate, under the circumstances, was but natural. "She was the daughter of a missionary sent out from the Church of England to introduce the gospel to the natives.

"She had been accustomed to take her morning and evening rides. On this occasion she had ventured farther from the station than was prudent, and the Indian, who had often seen her at the camp and was enamored by her charms, had been lying in wait to kidnap and bear her away as a captive to some distant tribe, in which attempt he must have succeeded had it not been for the providential interposition just related.

"In three months from the time of this singular introduction Major S. and the lady were united in wedlock, and may yet be living in the state of North Carolina.

"George Took, the Indian above referred to, afterward committed murder upon a whole family in one of the counties of the Cherokee Purchase—we believe the county of Paulding. The dwelling was burned with the family in it, and when a little child attempted to escape from the burning building the fiend picked it up and cast it back into the flames. He was pursued by the sheriff and his posse, and captured after a desperate resistance, in which the Indian was shot in the shoulder in consequence of which his arm was afterward amputated.

"The writer, then a boy, has a vivid recollection of his appearance upon the scaffold, when he was hung by the sheriff of Cass county, in 1835. He was conducted during the judgment of John W. Hooper, and the sheriff, who I believe was Colonel Lewis Tammie, now resident of Carterville, Ga.

"Among the parties referred to by Major Seaborn, whose acquaintance he had made in the Nation, were John Ridge, General Andrew Miller and Colonel James Ward, the latter being the chief appointed by the state authorities to remove the Indians from Georgia, which he did in the year 1838."

St. Jacobs Oil FOR NEURALGIA. Hon. I. STACY HILL, Treasurer Cincinnati Incine Plane Railway: "I was hardly able to move with rheumatism, or what physicians called sciatica. The first application of St. Jacobs Oil relieved me, and after the third I went about with perfect ease and comfort. I endorse it as the most remarkable medicine."

CURES Wounds, Cuts, Scalds and Burns. Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere. The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Baltio, Md.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. I, HENRY BISHART, Register

