

# WILLAMETTE FARMER.

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**NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.**  
The date appearing after the printed name on the paper is the date of the EXPIRATION of subscription.

## From the Modocs.

Yreka, March 11.—Frank Merrit, who arrived last night from Fairchild's camp, says that Captain Jack was to be in last Friday to treat with General Canby, but instead of his coming, Boston and Limpy came with the report that Jack's principal men were out hunting deer. He appointed Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock for meeting, at a point of rocks near Tule Lake where he would have his squaws and children. He wanted only the General, Applegate, and the Commissioners to come without any soldiers, and to bring three wagons. The General will send up three wagons and a few men, as agreed, but he will take good care to have soldiers within hailing distance, as all the white men—even Steele and Riddle—are afraid of treachery, or believe that they will not surrender.

The stock-raisers in the Modoc section complain of losing a large number of cattle and sheep. The Indians are killing all they need, and so are the Oregon teamsters who work by the day and board themselves. Besides these, some of the soldiers also kill cattle and sheep, thinking, no doubt, that they taste better than army rations alone.

Yreka, March 11, 9 p. m.—David Horn has just arrived from Fairchild's, having left there this morning. He brings the following:

Yesterday he went with Steele to the appointed place at the point of rocks on Little Klamath Lake, ten miles from Jack's camp, for the purpose of bringing Jack and party to headquarters. After waiting four hours, they saw no signs of Indians and returned. A force of cavalry would reconnoiter the lava beds to-day and to-morrow to see what had become of the Modocs. Applegate has resigned his position as Peace Commissioner and has gone off disgusted. Roseborough and Steele will be in shortly. The whole thing has probably been turned over to Gen. Canby by this time. Some think that Capt. Jack has been maneuvering to gain time to get away from where he is into a country east of him, where, for a hundred miles, no cavalry force could follow. As soon as he gets to the Pitt river country, he will find plenty of horses and cattle.

Yreka, March 12.—Elijah Steel arrived from the front this evening and Judge Roseborough will be in to-morrow. Mr. Steele thinks that the Modocs wanted to come in as they agreed to but were frightened from doing so by those interested in having them remain in the country. He says there is a strong rivalry between Jack and Seon-chin for the leadership. He thinks there can be no settlement of difficulties without a fight and there is no chance for Jack's having left his stronghold, as there is too much snow on the mountain ranges they would have to cross. The troops are all in fine condition and fully prepared for a forward movement and General Gillem would advance to-day and close in around Jack's cave. The military have maps of the lava-bed showing every hole, cave and crevice in it and they can undoubtedly capture him without much loss of life. Jack's present position is destitute of water, except as they get it from Tule Lake. They have large quantities of ice stored in the caves which will last them for a time. Their living consists at present of beef and roots only. They have not as many arms as have been represented. The weather was very cold and stormy. The following is from the *Journal's* extra of this afternoon:

Fairchild's Ranch, March 11.—The Indians had not come in when the courier left. General Gillem has ordered an attack and the soldiers are now in the lava-bed following Captain Jack. Hooker Jim sent word to Ivan Applegate by Modoc Sally that he wanted him to make a skookumpaper to lay before the Peace Commission to allow him to return to the Yainox Reservation. Applegate says

he will make a strong paper for this murderer of settlers to be allowed the privilege of going to the happy hunting ground reservation, as he don't want any of his kind mixed with decent Indians at Yainox.

Yreka, March 13.—Judge Rosebough arrived this evening, having left the front at ten o'clock yesterday morning. Up to that time no Modocs had made their appearance, nor was there any prospect that they would, but General Canby had some hope they might reconsider again and come in. The troops were moving, but the Judge was not aware that any order had been given for an attack. Colonel Biddle with his troop of cavalry were out on the opposite side of the lava-bed, reconnoitering. Opinion was very much divided as to what the result would be; that most prevalent was that there would be a fight before many days.

New York, March 13.—In an interview with a *Herald* reporter in Washington yesterday, President Grant replied by saying that no changes are to take place in the Cabinet beyond that which Boutwell's resignation will occasion. Nevertheless, the financial policy of the Government will not be changed. He hopes to see the Republic of Spain well established and thinks that by the end of the year the independence of Cuba will be secured. No trouble is expected with the Haytiens, and the President thinks that the Samana bay Scheme will result in the development of the country so that our Government will ultimately annex it for something like ten or fifteen million dollars. The people of Utah he says will obey the laws. He is satisfied with his Louisiana policy. The Indian policy succeeds so well that he has the greatest faith in it. A visit to St. Louis is in prospect.

London, March 11.—The House of Commons, after a protracted debate, rejected Gladstone's Irish University bill. The result was announced as follows: For the bill, 284; against it, 287.

London, March 12.—Gladstone waited on the Queen at noon to tender his resignation.

It is probable that Disraeli will be summoned to form a new Ministry.

LINN CO., March 7, 1873.

Editor Willamette Farmer:  
According to call the farmers of the surrounding neighborhood met at the Morgan School House, and organized the Butte Creek Farmers' Club. Officers elected are M. Morgan, President; A. Brandon, Vice President; A. D. McMichael, Secretary; and W. P. Anderson, Assistant Secretary, and Treasurer.

The regular meetings of the Club will be on the second Saturday in each month at 1 p. m. Fifteen persons became members of the club and many more were present.

The club elected as delegates to the county club meeting, M. Morgan, A. Brandon, W. P. Anderson, and D. Bringle.

A. D. McMICHAEL, Sec'y.

CLUB AT HALSEY.—The farmers in the vicinity of Halsey, Linn county, met at Oak Plain school house March 6th, and elected permanent officers as follows: A. R. Price, president; D. P. Porter vice president; T. J. Black, secretary.

The following resolution was adopted: "Resolved, That we organize ourselves into a farmers' club, to protect ourselves against monopolies."

The following named were elected to attend the county convention at Albany March 23d: J. H. Lane, D. P. Porter, and Jones Davis.

Sixteen persons joined the club. The next meeting will be held at Halsey, March 15th.

T. J. BLACK, Sec'y.

Robert Toombs fiercely and fretfully told a recent inquirer that Southern reconstruction "fatigues the indignation."

## LETTER FROM PORTLAND.

PORTLAND, March 5, 1873.

Editor Willamette Farmer:  
The FARMER grows in interest. It is at last the stage on which is being fought out some very important issues, vital to the interests of the bone and sinew of the country. It is a vehicle for free thought, bold and manly expressions, and an organ through which all shades of ideas can find utterance. It faithfully limns the workings of the agricultural mind, weighed down under a consciousness of being terribly squeezed, and earnestly seeking for the real cause, and an escape. It dispassionately records, week after week, the wallings from Polk, the earnest supplications for "warehouses" at Astoria, the candid suggestions from Buena Vista, the sensible utterances of the Highland Club, and the sloshings over of the Albany "poet," whose great intellect, as sensible as that of people generally that something is the matter, allows his gushing nature to find vent in tears and "poetic" boohoos for fear "poor Benny" will "tote" off his railroad. Over all this conflict of ideas, this babel of tongues, this groping after light through a dense fog, this alternate building of bridges over chasms, and erection of shanties to ward off storms, to be kicked down by others, or carried off by the flood, sits the Editor of the FARMER, calmly surveying the situation, now and then putting in a lick in the right direction, and rejoicing, as I do, that good must grow out of the war—that out of this floating mental nebula must come newer and brighter forms of creation. Who can read of a conflict of intellect, in its searches after truth and its struggles to reach a higher plane, during the long ages in which the human race has been educated from its childhood, under *Moses*, to its present status of puberty, under *Free Thought*—that was barren of good results? A community of dormant intellects is a harvest field for the preacher of theological dogmas, instead of a preacher of Christ; a field for medical quacks and "grinding monopolies"; while an intelligent, inquiring community, always seeking after truth, investigating everything, "proving all things," and holding fast only the good, will always be passed by, by him who seeks to thrive by extortion and humbuggery. New discoveries and great improvements, while they quicken the pulsations of trade, are also often fruitful in an improved public intellect. It may be that the public alarm, which has brought so many of our farmers to the "enquirer's seat" to discover just what is the matter, has been caused mostly by our new railroad. But, if so, it doesn't necessarily follow that our farmers should fall on their knees and worship the man who represents the European capital that built it, or fall to singing songs of "praise and welcome" to him, composed at Albany by a "poet" who is shaking in his boots because some railroad conductor has made him believe that "poor Benny" is going to "tote it back to Missouri," unless he falls to singing "praise and welcome," and declares that Albany "paid Ben Holladay fifty thousand dollars to

bring the railroad through Albany, and would give fifty thousand more rather than have it taken away."

Now, if this "poet" is really the mouth-piece of the good citizens of Albany, we should not be at all surprised if the railroad, or the depot at least, should take a notion to leave the town, unless that "fifty thousand" is again raised. Business is business, and railroad men don't often build railroads out of benevolence, or refuse to move depots out of sympathy for even "poets"—especially when told that "fifty thousand dollars more" can be raised any day, whenever there is a threat made to "move" the thing. Now the moral of all this is, and all farmers of average capacity will see it: when you get a great "joint-stock association" formed to build warehouses and negotiate contracts (if you ever should do such a silly thing), don't employ as an agent an unsophisticated, kind-hearted "poet"—especially if he is to arrange any terms with "poor Benny," or any other business man who looks out for dollars and hasn't much "hankering" after "poetry." I mean don't employ him just now. He may be developed some day into a business man. He is improving. His views seem to have met with a change since writing his first article. He has, in fact, been progressing, unconsciously perhaps, since he first flung away "House's Psalms," and began to sing his own. His first article was full of "praise and welcome" to "poor Benny." In his last, he says, in speaking of me, "The Lord be praised for sending us a deliverer." Isn't that an improvement? Again, he says, "We will acknowledge to our dear brother 'Argus' that we have seen darkness ahead of us, and yet there is still darkness before us." Encouraging symptoms truly, for who will search for light before he realizes that he is in darkness? Again—"We need light, and are willing to receive light." Give me your hand, Brother, over that; there is hope even for you.

While John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,  
Our James goes marching on.

You do not at all discourage me by saying that you are not willing "to be led by the hand of a university, thorough-disciplined man," as all such men are apt to be poor farmers; which you prove by saying that "one of those high-bred men came nearly a mile to ask me to come and show him how to build a calf-pen out of common fir rails." Bro. F., you mistake your man. I, like you, have been a farmer nearly all my life. I have made more rails than you, and have handled ten to your one in Oregon. I know how to build a "calf-pen of fir rails," and I have also built several with an old gray goose-quill. I am now building one, and, when finished, the readers of the FARMER will probably see an Albany "poet" inside, and peering through the cracks. But I see a more encouraging symptom in your case, where, in your last letter, you complain of me for criticizing what you call your "foolish, bungling poetry about Ben Holladay's railroad." Now, Brother James, would you have ever had "the gift to see ourself as others see us," to see that your address before the honest, anxious Linn county farmers was actually "foolish," if I had n't called your attention to it? I firmly believe that you are an honest, unsophisticated enquirer after truth. Your confession that you are now convinced, convinced even by me, whom you take to be a high churchman, a property owner or speculator in Portland, or some subsidized scribe writing for the press, instead of a weak, worn-out farmer, who has no interest whatever in any speculations or any steamboat or railroad lines; but who is actuated, and actuated solely, by a desire to benefit the masses, to encourage them to be free and think for themselves in all things.—I repeat, this confession, that I

have convinced you that your "essay," in part at least, was "foolish," shows me that you are honest. I am also fully convinced that you are unsophisticated, by your stepping forward and telling "poor Benny" that you, and your kind at Albany, are willing to pay him "fifty thousand dollars more," rather than that he should "move the railroad" a little outside of Albany. Oregonians all appreciate our railroads. They are willing to render all "praise" to their builders that belongs to them. Railroad men don't want your "praise"—they want your money. Oregonians, like other men, want a little money themselves.—They have a kind feeling toward railroad men, speculators, and traders, but they cherish more their own callous hands, and entertain more affection for their own calico-clad wives and barefoot children. It is right they should. They are under no moral obligation, or obligation of any kind, to patronize any particular store, any mill, or any carrying company, when they can get better treatment elsewhere. Oregonians are willing to pay a fair price for getting their produce to market, but they don't want to be robbed. They want their expenditures to remain in Oregon, to go again into circulation.—Till that day comes, there will hang a pall of financial darkness over this whole country. The real difficulty isn't with the "speculators," which the rabble is now striking at. A very small part of the evil lies at their door, as all intelligent men know. These "speculators" lose money and break, as often as they grow rich. This every man of sense knows. Did any man ever know a carrying monopoly fail to fill its coffers with untold millions? Did any man ever know a State where a foreign company did all its business and sunk its cash in the vaults of bondholders in Europe, where its money for goods, for enormous freights, and for its machinery, was sent abroad, but that, in that State, there were darkness, depression, and financial ruin, just as long as this state of things existed? The fact is, the people need light; they need to tread over the ground carefully, and critically. Warehouses at Astoria, and joint-stock associations, do not constitute the need of the hour. They will damage, if not ruin, the men who engage in them. In the mean time, let the farmers hold conventions, consult with honest business men, and get all the light they can.

SUN SPOT.—Mr. Riddle writes us yesterday that there is a large spot upon the sun's disk, visible through smoked glass—diameter about one-thirtieth that of the sun. Its place yesterday was in the left center of the sun.

ELECTED.—George S. Boutwell, now Secretary of the Treasury, has been elected U. S. Senator from Massachusetts, to fill the vacancy caused by the election of Henry Wilson to the Vice Presidency. It is thought that Assistant Treasurer Richardson will be promoted to the place in the Cabinet held by Boutwell.

FARMERS' MEETING.—The farmers of North Salem precinct will hold a meeting, Saturday afternoon, at the North Salem school house, for the purpose of organizing a precinct club, and to elect delegates to a county convention to be held at the time recommended by the Farmers' Convention at Salem held last January.

GOV. GEARY'S only brother, a Presbyterian clergyman and President of a college in Oregon, sent the following message:

ALBANY, Oregon, Feb. 10th.  
Mrs. Governor Geary: Life! Death! Immortality! Dear brother, farewell! Trust and be comforted.  
E. R. GEARY.