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OREGON NAMES.

BY A. F. DAVIDSON.

Original Names of Rivers, Valleys and Places in the Willamette Valley—Their Signification—Various Changes—Etc.

(Continued.)

EARLY TRADITIONS.

Luck-i-a-muke, the original Indian name of the Luck-i-mute. It is variously spelled, as Luck-a-muke, Luck-ki-a-muke, Luck-am-ka, etc. The last is a corruption of La Camas, or La Kamass. The Canadian-French called the river La Camas, because, the rich lands along the bottom were covered with a bulbous root, used as food by the Indians. When the canas is in blossom it presents a most beautiful appearance, being of a violet rich color, the stem rising two feet, with many leaves, waving the breeze, glowing in the sun, exhaling an odoriferous perfume that even a Litmus would have delighted in. No wonder the Canadian-French christened it with the appropriate name *La Camas*, the *camas*.

But *La Camas*, Luck-a-mute and *La Kamass* are obsolete, lost, forever forgotten! Luck-i-mute is the autography now generally used, and is a corruption of the original Indian name Luck-i-a-muke.

In January, 1845, I was all over the Luck-i-mute country. It is a superior portion of the Willamette valley. A few Indians were camped on the river, under their favorites, the big firs, which, umbrella-like, keep off the winds, rains and storms. As usual, I had a "wa-wa" with them. I asked them what they were. They answered *Calapooias*, or, as they pronounced it, *Kul-a-poo-yah*. A heavy accent on *poo*, and a broad one on *yah*. Alas! the Indian accentuation has, like themselves "passed away, to be forever forgotten."

"Lo, the poor Indian—" I had, as usual, with Indians, at that day, a "talk." I asked them about their country; "where they originally came from; what people pre-occupied this country; from whom the name of the stream, Luck-i-a-muke, was derived?" etc., etc. But, at present, shall waive further notice of information gained, and shall weave it in a future article.

There are other Indian names which I will advert to, but at present, will notice some French names, as—

La Bioche—she elk. The word is now written *Labish*. Here we see at once the transition words go through; their genealogy is lost by their environment; their correlation is destroyed by those successive differentiations which must necessarily follow when one people succeed another, as the French succeed the Indian, and the American the French. The French modify the Indian and the American the French words.

Business is the order of the day. In the "struggle for life," men of nearly all classes, like force, pursue the line of least resistance. Hence, words are shortened, made easier in spelling and writing, because business demands it. The philologist complains; the orthoepist looks sour; the etymologist compliments the masses as *mud-silla*, etc. But after all mankind are right. They mean business.

Common sense is the main ingredient in man; common sense is at the bottom of all good; common sense lies deep in human nature; common sense digs deep and piles high. No power on earth can convince the masses that their consciousness of what is good is not for their interest. They conscientiously know what is good and pursue it with that unerring instinct which knows no filtering. Good sense formulates this: "All forces follow the lines of least resistance. Hence, we say and write, because easier, *Labish*. *Labish* it is, and *Labish* let it be.

Nes Perces, pierced noses. The name of a tribe of Indians given them by the Jesuit Fathers, because they wore ornaments in their noses, through a slit.

Falouse, a grass plot, a lawn, green foliage. *Dalles*, flat rock, a door sill, a flat door step, flat stones at the door.

Des Chutes, a chute, or, in the plural, *chutes*, a swift channel. The name of a river above the *Dalles*.

Cascades, falls, or a succession of falls. A range of mountains, the *Cascades*. The *Cascades* (falls) on the Columbia are terrific, and worthy the appropriate name, *Cascades*.

Many suppose the above French names are Indian. A little attention to the autography will show that there is very little analogy of the French with the Indian. I, for one, should be just as happy if these French names should remain in tact, their *Gaulic* dress, and that these beautiful representa-

tive names would never be marred in their autography and pronunciation. But can it be! *Nes Perces* is often written *Nesperces*, *Nes Perces*; *Falouse*, *Palouse*; *Des Chutes*, *Deschutes* and *Des Chotes*; and *La Bioche* is universally written by the Willamette press, *Labish*.

The appropriateness of these names is such as to commend our admiration.

The *Dalles*, when traced to its root-meaning is full of beauty. *Dalles*, a flat stone at the door, a stepping stone, the door sill, the flat stone leading to the door.

Now, the vast chasm (*Dalles*) on the Columbia, as the waters turn up on edge and pour through, seems like a door for the waters to escape. The basaltic walls come up to this door, to the very brink, smooth and flat, a flat stone at the door, *The Dalles*.

Hence, the beauty of the expression, *The Dalles*, or the flat stone at the door. We hope this name will ever live, and its meaning, too.

Des Chutes, a swift, narrow channel, a chute, or *shutes*, the river of *shutes*. This river has cut a deep cañon, in many places 2,000 feet deep, through the solid basalt. On looking down, the river looks like a spring branch. No wonder the old French pioneers gave it the appropriate name *Des Chutes*.

Nes Perces. No wonder the Fathers gave these Indians the name of pierced noses, for they wore quills and other ornaments in their noses. Hence, the origin of the name *Nes Perces*. Many of the original French names are expressive and beautiful.

(To be continued.)

STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

Pursuant to a call, the State Board of Education met at the Executive Office this morning. Present: Gov. L. F. Grover, Hon. S. F. Chadwick and Dr. L. L. Rowland, Superintendent of Public Instruction.

It was ordered that the Superintendent of the Oregon Institute for the Blind be authorized to make inquiries as to what mechanical employments and instruction therein can be provided for the pupils in said institution, and to report the same to the Board.

The salary of Rev. P. S. Knight, the Principal and speaking teacher of the Oregon Deaf and Dumb Asylum, was fixed at \$800 per annum.

The salary of Mr. John Gray, Financial Agent of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, was fixed at \$300 per annum.

The salary of Mrs. John Gray, Matron of the Deaf-Mute school, was made \$80 per month, instead of \$75.

It was ruled by the Board that the children of all legal residents of any district, are entitled to the benefit of the School Fund of that District, whether those children's names were included in the previous enumeration of scholars in the district or not.

Board adjourned sine die.

REPRINTED.—Mr. E. M. Waite printed last week for Jones & Patterson 2,000 circulars to distribute in the East. These circulars give a brief and correct statement of the land in this vicinity, a weather record for the past year, and other information relative to the resources of the central portion of the Willamette Valley. A proposition was made to print 10,000 copies for our citizens to send away. Mr. B. Coffey was sent to our business men to ask for means to print and place these circulars where they would do good, but the amount subscribed was so small that this morning Mr. Coffey refunded the small amounts he had received, and the form will be distributed. Knowing as we do, the return that these circulars, properly sent out would bring, we cannot but regret the short sightedness of our business men in taking so little interest in the subject of emigration. A hundred dollars spent in putting these circulars into the Western States would doubtless have brought a good many sturdy emigrants with considerable capital to our fair land.

WANTS TO KNOW.

WAPPELLO, Co., Iowa, Dec. 24th 1874.
Thomas Daniel, to T. H. Cunn, Salem Oregon—Sir: Will you be so humble as to read these few lines and to answer me a few questions by the return mail. First, what is the average price of school land in the State partly timber and clear land, with a running water on it. Second, is there any Government land to be had in the State. Thirdly, is there any local mines in operation around there, and what do they pay for digging in the mines. Fourth, is it possible to trade 100 acres of land in Bailey county, Kansas, for the same in that State. Please send me an answer by return mail. Enclose, please find postage stamps.
T. D.

FROM WASHINGTON COUNTY.

HILLSBORO, Jan. 7, 1875.

MR. EDITOR: Now that the holidays are over, the people of this county have again settled down and are viewing the practical side of life, generally. Who ever saw such a winter as this? Is the question asked by every one you meet. For a week past the weather overhead has been that of mid summer, and the ground, though moist, has possessed sufficient warmth to send forth the tender grass and other forms of vegetation. January 1st the mercury stood at 24° this morning, the coldest of the season. Farmers have been plowing uninterruptedly, and have succeeded in sowing much more than is usual at this season. The land in this county is equal to the best in the State; the average yield for the county through is about 30 bushels of wheat, while many farms will yield 100 bushels of oats to the acre.

HILLSBORO.

This town of 300 inhabitants is 18 miles west of Portland, on the Oregon Central R.R. and is in every way holding its own, in spite of dull times. In point of public edifices this town is in advance of any town in the State. A \$15,000 Court House, a \$3,000 M. E. Church and a \$2,500 school house are luxuries not enjoyed by every village. The Methodists have a rousing Sunday School here and have lately purchased a \$300 organ; a grand concert is to come in a short time.

HILLSBORO.

The people here are never wanting for a place to pass an evening. There are only six lodges in all: Masons, Odd Fellows, Good Templars, Grangers, Golden Rule and Champions.

A NEW ORDER.

The "Independent Order of the Golden Rule" is a new Society just started, the design of which is to elevate the standard of society; to relieve the sick, poor and needy; to war against intemperance; in short, to exemplify by precept and example the true meaning of the *Golden Rule*—"do unto others as you would have others do unto you." The Order here is in a flourishing condition and applications are coming in daily from various portions of the State for the organization of other Lodges. The Grand Officers live here and are zealous laborers in the cause of temperance. In this Order, drinking of beer is not prohibited, and all obligations cease when membership ceases; these two matters will, I think, give the Order great popularity and usefulness.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

A little over a week ago West Union Grange, No. 72, donated \$50 in aid of the Kansas sufferers. This amount was sent immediately to the State Master, Patrons of Husbandry, Kansas, with instructions to apply the same, to a speedy relief of sufferers.

FOREST GROVE.

This beautiful and unique little city is situated six miles west of here, and in summer time is said to be the loveliest place in Oregon. The many splendid oak trees, now leafless and bare cause the town to look just a little ragged at present, but in spring time when the leaves are out it is lovely beyond description. The villagers are, for the most part, well-to-do farmers who are there to share the benefits of the University at that place.

PACIFIC UNIVERSITY.

This institution of learning is one of the oldest on the coast and is in a very healthy condition. President Marsh, assisted by a full corps of excellent teachers, has given this institution great popularity. Forest Grove is decidedly an educational town. It is void of many evil influences with which most other places are surrounded. No saloons are tolerated and excitement rarely ever assumes the form of disorder. The people live from day to day, with scarcely a single actual ill to complain of. Because of its retirement and quietude it is in my judgment, the most favorable place in the State for the acquisition of knowledge. In connection with the building there is a large and well selected library of over 600 volumes, to which the students have access at certain hours. The various teachers are persons of solid merit, possessing a thorough knowledge of their work and have the confidence and love of all under their care.
J. M. G.

INSTALLATION.—The following officers of Anniversary Lodge, Odd Fellows, were installed last evening for the ensuing year: S. M. Cooke, N. G.; Wm. Morgan, V. G.; T. O. Barker, R. M.; J. A. River, P. S.; B. F. Drake, T.; W. J. Folly, W.; A. S. Ramsay, C.; W. L. Wade, E. S. N. G.; Henry Stapleton, L. S. N. G.; Wm. England, E. S. V. G.; Driscoll, L. S. V. G.; John Knight, I. G.; S. W. Smith, G. U.

MUSIC COMPARED WITH OTHER ARTS.

We often hear music called the universal language. That may be true some day. Civilized music must ultimately triumph over every other kind of music, because it is based upon natural principles, and capable of being universally applied and understood. But at present to speak of music, ancient and modern, savage and scientific, as a universal language, is true only in a limited sense. There is probably no nation upon earth so devoid of tonal sensibility as not to be fascinated by artificial sound, produced with a view to excite or relieve emotion. If we like to term such melody of sounds music, of course we are at liberty to do so. The rudest howl of the savage, as he dances around his bonfire, the wildest monody of an Eastern donkey driver, or the most exasperating screech of a Chinese fiddle, is essentially a kind of music. Sound, as an emotional vehicle, is universal, in the same way that speech is universal. But if we mean by *universal* that every kind of music possesses the property of being everywhere equally intelligent, that is simply not the case. The Indian who sits down to yell for two hours and beat upon his rawhide tom-tom, may possibly soothe the savage mind, but it would drive a German musician crazy. The music of the savage is not our music, neither do we delight in the music of the dark ages. The monuments, the paintings and literature of the past are still eloquent. We are still warmed by the rough gentility of Chaucer, Petrarch and Dante, whose lines are woven like golden threads into the fabric of our conversation and literature; but when we are asked to sit down with these ancient worthies and listen to a little of their music, we cannot pretend to be very anxious to do so. Dr. Hullah, a celebrated English musician, reckons the first period of music from 370 A. D. to 1400. But until about 700 A. D., music was hardly worthy of the name, and not until 1400 was that glorious vista opened up at whose distant extremity sat the crowned Apollo of modern music, presiding over the immortal tone-poetry of the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

It may seem strange to some that written music has been in use for about fifteen hundred years, and still so few have excoiled in the true art. But in taking a retrospective view of the matter we find that music has not been so universally appreciated as some of the fine arts or sciences. It appears that the great physical and mathematical sciences have been studied from time immemorial and names—proud names have been enrolled upon the broad bright scroll of fame while music has been comparatively neglected. None other of the arts is so encumbered with so many prejudices as music. Though accessible to almost every human being its right position in the family of arts is underrated; its true philosophical meaning either overlooked or not understood at all. About none of the other arts has so much nonsense and ridicule been written, as music. Some ignominious snobs scarcely able to distinguish one tone from another or a Virginia reel from a Gregorian chant will not hesitate to judge of and condemn fine musical productions in a most ludicrous manner making music the vehicle of all that is good and bad.

Now, it is prescribed for medical purposes; then it has to serve as a means for educating the ill-tempered youth, etc. But here comes an esteemed author who does not find anything of the sort in music who declares that it expresses nothing at all; it is merely a combination of agreeable sounds that tickle our nerves more or less, "it does not redine," he says, "does not elevate; does not strengthen "it leaves the moral nature untouched—nay, it has no intellectual influence. Music is not an isolated art. It forms a most necessary link in the great family of arts. Its origin is to be looked for at the same source as that of the other arts. Its ideal functions are also the same. Art in general conveys to the senses that great mystery, the beautiful. The eye sees it; the ear hears it; the mind conceives it; but to penetrate that charm, which the beautiful exercises over us is to penetrate the inconceivable ways of God. The sense of the beautiful, is that God-like spark which the Creator has placed in the soul of man. To say then that it requires more genius to create master-works in one art more than in another is a wrong assertion. Shakespeare, Beethoven, Angelo, and Pindar. Who can prove which one of these minds was the greatest?

The aim of all art is the same, though every one of them arrives at its own ends by different roads. But notwithstanding all are

to have a similar influence within the sphere of civilization, there is a fixed gulf of difference between music and all other arts; take for instance the art of painting. The painter's art lies upon the surface of the world, for him the flowers bloom, the sun rises and sets so softly and slowly that he has time to chronicle every tint before it has passed. But what has nature done for the musician? She has given him sound, but no music. No where in nature do we hear such an arrangement of consecutive sounds as can be called a musical theme or melody. The much-exalted note of the lark is only a pleasant whistle because associated with "the little warbler;" the sightless song in the depth of the pure sky, etc., but when his trill is exactly imitated by blowing a whistle in a tumbler full of water, no one of his own species cares to listen to it for its own sweet sake. The cuckoo is said to sing a true third, but he gets but little credit for his vocal powers; and we need not go as far as Darwin's Gibbon Ape to find an animal that sings several notes and occasionally hits an octave, for a domestic cat can do the same. Poets have thrown dust in the eyes of mankind whenever they have touched upon this subject, and it is high time that the truth should be told. There is no music in nature, neither melody or harmony. Music is the creation of man, he seizes the rough element of sound and compels it to work his will, and is rewarded by discovering in it the most perfect medium for the expression of his emotions.

If we have convinced the thinking reader that there is reality in music we will proceed to give some of the reasons why it is not more generally understood. First, the musical profession has not that protection by law that others have. A person in order to teach even the simplest rudiments of a common education must obtain a certificate, he must be examined by a competent critic who marks him down according to his grade. The teacher of common schools then goes abroad like the mechanic who has obtained a patent and is ready for business. But what protection has the musician when an inferior upstart, who can scarcely give a correct rendering of Greenville is allowed to hang out his sign. The laws of our country protect him, and in fact it is not infrequently the case that a novice will succeed in humbugging the people where a man of true merit would starve. Perhaps some of our musical readers will consider us an incompetent critic, and would say "Physician heal thyself." Very good; we would, giving room to some competent person, and would rather quit the field in the great art world than to enjoy a puny mediocrity. My second reason for music not being more universally appreciated and understood, is through neglect of parents. If children were taught music while they are young, instead of cramming them with nonsensical fairy stories, the world would be better off, even in the coming generation, to say nothing of pre-natal influences. And if teachers of common day schools were qualified to teach the simple rudiment of music, it would cultivate a taste for music and develop what talent they possess be it much or little, and in a few years a child of ten year would read an oratorio from Handel with as much ease as they read a lesson from their their text books.
G. J. McCRAW,
Professor of Vocal Music.

SUPREME COURT.

James Tiernan vs. A. H. Brown; case called and set for Monday, January 12th, at 1:30 P. M.
Canyonville and Galesville Road Co. vs. Wm. Douglas county; argument concluded and submitted.
Elliott, et al. vs. Hench; hearing begun.
State vs. B. F. Dowell, motion for affirmance of judgment of court below, with ten per cent. damages, continued by agreement of the parties to the next term.
Stetler vs. Hench, this cause occupied the attention of the court during entire session.
O. C. R. Co., appellant, vs. W. A. Potter respondent; judgment of the Court below affirmed. Opinion by Shattuck, J.
W. W. Chapman, appellant, vs. James H. Wilber, respondent; argued.
Joseph Simon vs. A. H. Brown; case taken up.
Susan Whitley, executrix appellant vs. D. H. Murphy, L. S. Scott, B. F. Burch, N. H. Humphreys and State of Oregon respondents. Hearing begun.
APPOINTED.—Governor Grover appointed Carl Spahn, Esq., Honorary Commissioner of Emigration to reside at Ramagon on the Rhine for Rhinish Prussia.
DIED.—JAMES W. LYNCH, Musician, Lynch son of Eliza and John Lynch, aged 6 years.
The execution of Thomas G. ... has been stayed until the 24th inst.