

OBSTRUCTIONS AT THE CASCADES.

Since the failure of the Portland, Dalles, and Salt Lake Railroad Bill, our delegation in Congress have been very industriously endeavoring to get an appropriation for the canal and locks at the Cascades. The dilatory action of Gen. Michler has been a serious obstacle to overcome in their work. This gentleman was ordered to make surveys for locks at the above point over one year ago, but at latest accounts from Washington no report had been received from him. In speaking of this important work, our Senator, Jas. K. Kelly, writes to a friend here: "I regard the construction of a canal and locks at the Cascades as one of the most important works of all those which have been suggested for our State, indeed its importance can not be overestimated, and nothing I can do to advance it will be left undone. * * * You may rest assured that failure will not result from want of effort on part of the Oregon delegation in Congress. Should we fail this year, we will try next, and until we do succeed; for I will not permit myself to doubt that during the next Congress something will be done to remove the obstructions to navigation at the Cascades."

A CARD.

SALEM, March 4, 1875.
MR. EDITOR: To day for the first time my attention has been called to two Resolutions, passed by the Salem Grange on the 27th ult., of a most extraordinary character. The first Resolution declining to join the Northwestern Commercial Company, at this time is all very well, but when they caution members of other Granges, against being induced by certain parties to join said company to their own hurt, it is a high handed measure to say the least, and will undoubtedly lead to a full understanding of the rights and privileges of individuals and associations within our order—I am one of those certain parties that Grangers are cautioned against, and ask a fair hearing, before judgment is entered. If I am engaged in an unlawful and dangerous work, I hold myself amenable to the law, and I ask in all sincerity what law I have transgressed.

I came to Salem, last week, and called upon several gentlemen, and showed them, that certain parties had organized a Commercial House under the laws of Oregon. That sufficient capital had been subscribed, an organization effected and the business in operation, and that I was now seeking to fill up stock. With one exception, these gentlemen took no exceptions but would not subscribe just now, until they could consult with certain others, leaving the impression on my mind that while they approved the principle, they were not quite prepared to take stock, but would eventually do so—one of the gentlemen (I saw only four) had the candor to tell me that while he approved the general features, there was one he could not approve—I distinctly stated that our company was not a Grange organization but strictly a business enterprise, possessing peculiar advantages. That it was the wish of its founders that the Grangers should take the stock and control it in their interests, and that it would not be offered to others if they wished to take it. I did not dream that I was doing a wrong, in fact I felt proud that I could speak of something already accomplished, and to show them that we had some good men who meant business, who had talked long enough, and determined to go to work. I also felt proud of the names that I represented—names of men well known both in and out of our order as standing in the front rank; men whose names are a guarantee throughout the land, and who never doubted their right to organize as citizens and Grangers for the transaction of any legitimate business, and to invite the co-operation of (individual) Grangers. I know their motive were good, and that my instructions were to deal honestly and faithfully with all; and now I ask in all candor, where the fault is either on the part of the Northwestern Commercial Company or myself. Is it that we have transgressed any law of our order, or given rise to just fear that we will do so? It cannot be. Because our laws are silent on the subject of business. Perhaps the fear is that it will not be strictly a Grange Company, which it is not claimed to be, and yet as nearly so as can be reached under our State law, and the laws of our order. I presume it will be admitted, that in the absence of all authority to organize our order into a business association of any kind, it is right and lawful for all individually to associate in any manner for the prosecution of business enterprises, subject to interference only when they transgress the rules and regulations established for our Government and welfare. This right we claim and if there is any authority, either express or implied in Constitution and By-Laws to restrain us and control our individual freedom and action I am not aware of it, and will feel obliged on having it pointed out and explained, and if found wrong, I will make any amends in my power.

Fraternally,
J. C. DICKINSON,
Agent Northwestern Commercial Co.

The Hillsboro Independent tells this: "Recently in his absence Mr. Harmon's house on the Lonsight I. he caught fire from the chimney in the night and burned up with all the household effects. The boy who was living in the house, when he found it was on fire, went to his uncle's dwelling near by and went to bed with one of his cousins, and said nothing about the fire, because he did not like to disturb the folks when it was so damp and chilly out doors."

ROBERT CROUCH KINNEY.

When a good man dies and is gathered to his fathers in the fullness of years like a sheaf ripe in the harvest, the name he leaves as a legacy to his children, and facts and incidents of his career are of interest and value to the whole community. It is not uncommon that traits of character, as well as those physical, are derived from an honored ancestry, and in the case of our deceased friend we find that among the early pioneers of the now great State of Illinois the name of Kinney frequently occurs, and the grandfather of R. C. Kinney is fully described in a volume published in 1852, at Belleville, Ill., by John Reynolds, entitled "Pioneer History of Illinois," as follows: Joseph Kinney resided in the year 1790 seven miles from Louisville, Ky. He had 7 sons and 4 daughters and raised all to years of maturity. This family was a great acquisition to a new country. In the year named they overcame many obstacles and by the Ohio river and over impassable roads they immigrated to their new home in the wilds of Illinois. It was the son of this Joseph Kinney, named Wm. Kinney, who drove the first wagon over that road, and he lived to be Lieut.-Governor of the great State to which he came with his father as a boy, an early pioneer. This volume says that Joseph Kinney possessed a good, sound mind and great enterprise, and the most numerous family of those who early came to that region. Samuel Kinney, father of R. C. Kinney, about the year 1800 settled in Horse Prairie, west of the Kaskaskia river, and died when Robert was three years old, leaving but little actual wealth for his children. He had considerable land, and his brother William acted as guardian, and when they came of age each one had \$600 to his share, and a parcel of land.

Left with his uncle William at an early age, that afterwards distinguished man was then too poor to afford him educational advantages, except the most common. But the example of his uncle's character was education to some extent, for Reynolds' Pioneer History speaks of him thus:

"Wm. Kinney was a great and talented pioneer of olden times and enjoyed a high and conspicuous standing in Illinois. He was blessed with a vigorous and strong intellect and also with great energy."

It is also said of this uncle that after he was married he was taught to read and write. He early developed talent for business and acquired wealth. In matured life he entered the public arena and was a warm partisan—a Democrat. In 1828 he was elected Lieut.-Governor of the State, and died in 1843, regretted and lamented.

At the age of 20 Robert C. Kinney married Miss Eliza Biglow, who survives him, and moved to Burlington, Iowa, and began boating on the Mississippi river; first with a flat-boat and then became part owner of the steamboat William Wallace, and acted as engineer. While thus boating upon the upper and unhabited portions of this great river he conceived the idea and founded the town of Bloomington, which is now known as Muscatine, the greatest city in the State of Iowa. He built the first house there, known then as the Iowa House, and at the present time called the old Pennsylvania House. He laid off the town and sold the lots very cheap to induce settlement and to procure money to build this hotel. He soon became part owner of a flouring mill and saw mill, and milling is recorded as the business of several others of his family. Difficulty about the management caused the flouring mill to be closed and finally sold, and the partners concluded to each run the saw mill two weeks at a time, and it was when enjoying his every other fortnight's vacation that Mr. Kinney educated himself by pursuing a regular course of reading and study, having only had two weeks schooling before that time. Those who know him well are aware that in after life he was a man of extensive reading and excellent memory. His favorite studies were ancient history, Tacitus, Plutarch's Lives, Xenophon, Homer's Iliad, etc. He always said that reading Homer "elevated a man so." He also read law for two years, for general information. As soon as he began to acquire something for himself he commenced to divide with the poor, and after holding many town positions, one was finally conferred on him at his own request, without compensation, to oversee the poor. All his life he had a tender heart for those who were in want, and frequently bestowed his unpretending but discriminating charity.

There were six brothers of them and two sisters, respectively named Joseph, Andy, William, John, Samuel, and Robert, all older than he. The sisters were named Rebecca and Ann. The only survivors are William who lives near Schoolcraft, Mich., and Samuel who has long resided at West Chehalis, Yamhill county, and at last accounts was not expected to live from day to day. Just a few moments after Mr. Kinney breathed his last, two of his nephews arrived from their also dying father who, receiving word that his brother Robert was at the point of death, sent them over to bear his parting message.

R. C. Kinney was for a short while in the Black Hawk war, but his life was more that of peace maker than warrior. Once, in Burlington, he saw one man chasing another with intent to shoot him. Both men were strangers, but he interfered, grasping and holding the assailant, who turned his weapon upon him, and with muzzle in his face was about to shoot, when a boy about 17 years old, a stranger to him, rushed in between them with a broken bladed pruning knife in his hand and his teeth gritting fiercely, shouted: "Make one shot at Bob Kinney and you are a dead man." "Uncle Bob" always believed the boy saved his life

and was much pleased at his courage. This lad was a son of Capt. English, long a resident of this county, and lately when another son of Capt. E. wanted work in the mill, he gave it to him, and on his death he left an injunction to his sons that English was to have work in remembrance of his brother's courageous act performed a third of a century since. This instance is but one of many that illustrate his kind heart and excellent memory. Mr. Kinney was prepossessing in a worldly sense, and commanded great respect while a young man back in Iowa where he was elected and served as member of the Constitutional Convention. He had joined the Baptist Church at an early day and always led the life of an consistent christian.

During his few years' residence in Muscatine his health became very poor and as it became evident he could not live long there he turned his attention to find some more desirable climate. He was constantly receiving letters from Barton Lee, who had become a resident of the wilderness known as Oregon. Lee gave glowing accounts of Willamette Prairies and of the health of this country, which led him to sell his property and "cross the plains to Oregon" in the early spring of 1847, with his family and that of his brother Samuel. He had two ox teams and one horse team, and purchased one full blooded "Durham" cow at a cost of \$500, and two full blooded calves that would have been a great benefit to Oregon if they had reached here, but they became foot sore, and after losing six weeks time waiting for them, and trying to make necessaries for their feet, they were finally left with the Indians on Snake river, and that country to this day shows the marks of this stock of cattle. Robert and Samuel Kinney, and their families, crossed the plains in Capt. Palmer's Company (now Gen. Palmer of Yamhill).

Reaching Oregon City they left their families there while they went on a prospecting tour, expecting to locate near Salem. They passed through the Chehalis valley, Yamhill county, where his horse gave out, and he was struck with the beauty of that charming valley and chose to go no further, but took a place at the west end of it, among such old settlers as Lewis Rodgers, Dan Bailey, Sidney Smith, John Williams, Geo. Nelson, John Noble, Wm. Thompson, John Marble, Jack Plett, Wm. Doty, Andy Struck, Tom Habbard, Ben Stewart, and James Burton. Samuel Kinney, also settled near to him. He bartered a span of American horse for 17 Spanish cows from which he in a few years by the careful course of breeding he pursued raised a large and valuable band, which was sent out to Umpqua afterwards when the range was run out. He purchased from Dr. Tolmie, of Victoria, a start of sheep which, by careful breeding, soon grew to be a large band of improved sheep. His farm was not especially adapted to grain and he forewent the demand that would arise and early planted 1,000 fruit trees that in a few years yielded a rich harvest, as apples bore an enormous price. He realized twenty cents per pound, on the tree, for his first apples, from Wm. C. Hull, of Portland. His orchard was improved by choice grafts, and to-day bears as delicious fruit as is raised in Oregon.

He always appreciated his own lack of educational advantages, but he loved his children too well to send them away from home, so he removed in 1847 from his farm to McMinville to take the advantage of the McMinville college in which he always felt great interest, and towards which he showed great liberality. He sold his sheep and cattle and bought the McMinville flouring mill the next year, increased and improved the machinery and soon the flour of that mill was quoted as high in San Francisco as any flour on the coast.

In the fall of 1852, he purchased a three-fourths interest in the Brooklyn mill, opposite Portland, and was thus able to supply the increased demand for flour. In the spring of 1853 he went to Ukiah and his son Albert took charge of a store there which for years did a prosperous business. He removed to Salem in 1857, and became an owner in the Woolen Mfg. Co., soon traded for the flouring mill, and made that his special business, in which he has been ably seconded by his sons. His history in Salem is well known and is not only a business success, domestic happiness and good citizenship. The Salem mills have acquired a wide reputation and sold for a very extensive business. In the harvest year of 1874 and 1875 the company handled one-fourth of the Oregon wheat crop, and a great part of it was ground into flour. This year they have already handled one-fourth of the crop, and have thirteen cargoes of flour and wheat afloat for the United Kingdom. This great milling corporation grew up under the prudent direction of R. C. Kinney.

Mr. Kinney was a member of the Territorial Legislature of Oregon and was also member of the Constitutional Convention. Descended from a pioneer family of Illinois he became a pioneer to the Pacific before the exciting era of gold discovery, and belongs to a class that the people of Oregon should be proud to honor. He was a devout christian and lived meekly, did justly and walked humbly before God. He was a friend to the poor, an enemy of monopoly, favored the cause of education and always voted for support of free schools. It were well for the world if there were more men in it like "Uncle Bob Kinney" as so many loved to call him, whose mortal remains are consigned to the grave, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes." While we can trust that the soul of our friend has returned to God who gave it. Never was a death bed more closely and lovingly tended than that of R. C. Kinney. He had been a great sufferer for weeks, and at his desire his children were summoned to be with him as he passed into the dark valley, and they all came and were with him until the end. One of the most interesting water-bats was his son-in-law J. H. Smith, of Harrisburg, who has devoted much of his time for months past waiting by his bedside. Mr. S. R. Scott, a much valued and trusted employee of the mill company, and a man for whom he had the warmest regard, was also present and was thus able to supply the increased demand for flour. In the spring of 1853 he went to Ukiah and his son Albert took charge of a store there which for years did a prosperous business. He removed to Salem in 1857, and became an owner in the Woolen Mfg. Co., soon traded for the flouring mill, and made that his special business, in which he has been ably seconded by his sons. His history in Salem is well known and is not only a business success, domestic happiness and good citizenship. The Salem mills have acquired a wide reputation and sold for a very extensive business. In the harvest year of 1874 and 1875 the company handled one-fourth of the Oregon wheat crop, and a great part of it was ground into flour. This year they have already handled one-fourth of the crop, and have thirteen cargoes of flour and wheat afloat for the United Kingdom. This great milling corporation grew up under the prudent direction of R. C. Kinney.

Mary Jan, the eldest was born at Muscatine, Iowa, Dec. 16, 1830 and was married to J. H. Smith, of Harrisburg, July 12, 1857 and they have five children. Albert William, the oldest son, who was born at Muscatine, Oct. 3, 1833 and married Miss Virginia Newby, of Harrisburg, Ia., W. T. Newby, August 16, 1857. He is now the senior member of the Salem Flouring Mills Company.

Amatius Crouch was born at Muscatine, July 23, 1845 and married Miss Jane Welch, July 12, 1847. He graduated in medicine in New York City and has practiced with success, but now resides in Salem having resigned practice for the present.

Marshall Johnson was born in Muscatine, January 31, 1847, and is a member of the Milling Company and resides at San Francisco, attending with great ability to the business there.

Alfred Coleman was born in Chehalis Valley, Yamhill county, January 30, 1850, graduated at Bellevue College, New York, and has won an enviable fame in the practice of medicine and surgery in the city of Portland.

Josephine Florens was born January 24, 1852, in Chehalis Valley, and was married to James S. Walker Esq., of San Francisco, Oct. 26, 1873, and her residence is in that city. She has one child.

William Sylvester was borne at Chehalis, January 24, 1854, and Eliza Lee at the same place, August 14, 1858, and both reside at home.

The impress of the devout mind and earnest character, the pure domestic life and benevolent hearts of the parents is not thrown away on these descendants, but they partake of all their father's and will never cease to cherish his memory and to pay unceasing attention to the mother whose life has been his and theirs for so many years, and who deserves all their love while God shall spare her to them.

An incident can be told to illustrate the true benevolence of the character of our deceased tycoon. He educated two of his sons, regardless of expense, to the profession of medicine, and his avowed object in so doing, expressed to them, was to place them in a sphere of action and duty where they could be good to the poor, for his soul yearned for the suffering ones of earth, and his charity shrouded the sins of many. After the accident last fall, which resulted in his death, he was at the house of Dr. Alfred Kinney in Portland, in great pain, waiting to be removed to the steamer to come home, when a summons came at midnight for the doctor to visit a patient, distant from town, in the foot-hills of the mountains. "The night was stormy and the son was about to decline because he did not like to leave his father, when the latter urged him to go—said he, "it may be some poor person that may never pay you a dollar, but go! and do not allow him to suffer," and so went.

A bond of friendship existed between the writer of this and "Uncle Bob Kinney" as so many loved to call him, and the pencil passes, reluctant to say that last word which friendship dictates, but which must be said, and with an unfeeling truth in its mortality, we bid Robert C. Kinney.

"HAIL, AND FAREWELL!"

FROM ASTORIA.

ASTORIA, Feb. 25, 1875.
MR. EDITOR: The principal item of public interest here this week has been the fourth annual meeting of the Historical and Pioneer Society of Oregon, which met the 22d inst., and elected the following officers: President, T. P. Powers; Vice President, R. W. Morrison; Corresponding Secretary, W. H. Gray; Recording Secretary, W. P. Gray; Treasurer, A. Van Dusen; Directors, John Hobson, James Welch, and H. S. Aiken.

The address of Dr. Lindsay, of Portland, delivered in the evening, at the Congregational Church, was interesting, covering a great deal of ground, and bringing out many items of history which are of interest to the public, and as such it will soon be given to them. The Society transacted much important business, among which was the taking of steps toward establishing a public reading room. This is an enterprise that deserves well of the people here and the State at large.

If there is any town on this coast any worse off from the dreadful curse of intemperance than is Astoria, I have yet to see it. With all her natural advantages, they are largely counterbalanced by the evident subordination of everything else to intemperance and Sabbath-breaking. But still we are not without hope, and I believe Astoria will yet be redeemed. There is a deep under-current tending towards morality, and I can see some change in the short time I have been here, and so I have large hopes that a reading room will be a great help towards reform, for it will be a place where young men and strangers can spend their leisure moments, especially of evenings, without going to the saloons, "because there is no place else to go." We are looking for Gen. O. O. Howard to be with us Saturday night and Sunday to help us carry on the work which was commenced by Capt. Wilkinson, of his staff, some two months ago, during his week's providential delay amongst us, while waiting for the convalescence of Major Eggleston, prior to their departure for the East. We hear of showers of blessings in other places, and we ask that some droppings may fall upon us.

not had gone forth from the Grangers, not to lead any more vessels here. I do not believe it, for being myself a Granger I should undoubtedly have had at least some knowledge of it were it a matter known to our members generally. I am not writing in the interest of any one. I have the best interests of my native State at heart, and desire to promote them in every possible way. Flaxing has been my principal occupation thus far, and my sympathies are with that class of our people, and ever shall be, and so whatever I say is intended for their benefit, but in nothing that I believe I am also helping every branch of industrial pursuit. All branches must work together, for thus only can we hope to speedily develop the resources of our State and make her what she ought to be, and of which Nature has done her part, viz. the garden of the Pacific Coast. While I have no doubt there is a bright future before us, and its coming is only a question of time, still there is much of active, energetic work to do, and the sooner we go to work with more earnestness than has characterized our efforts in the past, the sooner will the bright day dawn upon us.

C. H. W.

POLK COUNTY.

POLK CO., March 1, 1875.
MR. EDITOR: Whenever there is a poor article of produce in the market the farmers are blamed, and although they often deserve it I will tell you of a "sharp trick" played by a merchant of Independence, which will show you that the blame is often laid where it does not belong. A merchant (70 of Independence) went into the pork business and when he rendered the lard he mixed over fifteen hundred pounds of tallow in with it. The tallow cost him 7 cents, his lard brought him 15 cents, so he made a nice thing of it, but took a little further. The lard was sold in Portland, and the greater portion shipped to Washington Territory and Idaho. Now this lard will not keep as well as it had been rendered pure, and of course will spoil on somebody's hands who is sure to curse the Oregon farmers for practicing such a cheat. The whole State suffers from the dishonest trick of this one? What would you call him? The farmers of Oregon, and especially the Grangers, owe it to themselves to look into such transactions and expose the swindler. If any proof is necessary, I can furnish it. BURNS.

COUNTY COURT.

J. C. Peables, Judge—March Term.
Road district No. 2.—Felix Hirsch appointed supervisor.
Road district No. — Wm. Gibson excused and John Porter appointed supervisor.
Road district No. 1, Jesse Parrish appointed supervisor.
Road district No. 10, Wm. Herren excused and John Savage appointed supervisor.
Road district No. 33, Mithra Jones excused and Lewis Dayton appointed supervisor.
In the matter of guardianship of Viola Green, J. W. McAfee, guardian, files his account and asks to be discharged.
Ephraim Olinger, administrator of the estate of Abraham Olinger, asks leave to sell personal property, order was granted.
Coolidge and McClane vs. Lewis Crouse, on trial, jury failed to agree and were discharged, cause set for trial on first day of next week.
B. F. Brown vs. Wells, Fargo & Co.; Knight & Lord appeared for plaintiff and E. A. Cronin for defendant; argued and submitted.
Vallier Wadler vs. Peter Northmore; on trial.
S. Friedman and A. Friedman were admitted to citizenship.

THE WINNEMUCCA ROAD.

The Bulletin has a sort of sudden attack, because the Independents of the late Legislature did not insert a clause in the Winnemucca bill to give the State the right to regulate its fares and freights. That is so, but we share the blame around among the rest of the members and hope they will all do better another time. They might have done better this time if the present editor of the Bulletin had not been here lobbying against the bill with all his might. He finally got the Winnemucca bill and a furniture bill so mixed up that he couldn't tell which from tother and the railroad bill went through in spite of his efforts.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.—The following bit of description is from the Lquisville Courier-Journal of a late date: For beauty, I will name Madame de Housiere, nee Polly Holliday, daughter of Ben Holliday, of California. She looks like a heroine of romance, and there was a suggestion of her dash in her maiden name—Polly Holliday. Somehow one is reminded of the English actresses of the style of Peg Woffington, or some of those brilliant creatures who were possessed of great natural beauty, which they enhanced by dress and coquetry, and were proficient in music and dancing. Three years ago all the Holliday family came to Washington. They took a furnished house, which they occupied just six weeks, but in that time they gave a german and many other elegant entertainments. Mrs. Holliday was a very handsome, dignified lady. The oldest daughter, the Countess de Pontalies, was of a perfect type of beauty, and Miss Polly magnificent. At the german which they gave, Miss Holliday entered the parlor from the ball-room just as the President arrived. She gave him a warm greeting, and then tore a few flowers from her bouquet, twisted them in a profuse bounteous, and made the President almost blush as she fastened it in the button-hole of his coat. She was not in the least embarrassed, but he was very much so.

DIED.—The Oregonian says some weeks ago it published the particulars of the burning of a man named J. J. Spencer, in a cabin a few miles southwest of the city. This unfortunate man became intoxicated, and falling into the fire, had his right arm, leg and side horribly burned. He lingered in great pain, and no hopes were entertained for his recovery. On the 5th of February Spencer was removed to the poor-house. He was attended by a physician, and everything done to prolong his miserable existence, but in vain. He lingered until Tuesday last when death gave him relief from all bodily suffering.