

THE LOST CHIEF.

Mr. Editor: In your issue of the 11th inst. I observed an item headed "Tecumseh's Return to Klamath," containing references to the mysterious disappearance of Dave Hill, the Klamath Chief, and concluding with the expression of a hope that the facts in the case be made public.

I seriously regret that up to the latest accounts from New York City no trace has been found of the missing man. It is feared that the keen-scented detectives, who have been engaged in the case ever since the next morning after Dave disappeared, will fail to throw light upon this apparently impenetrable mystery. It is true that they are shadowing certain suspicious individuals in the city, yet kidnapping has been reduced to such a state of perfection that many doubt the finding of either Charlie Ross or David Hill.

Probably when the details of the abduction of Charlie Ross became almost universally known, and so many shrewd detectives were engaged in the hunt, his abductors were compelled to take his life to prevent detection, and it is feared that poor Dave may suffer the same fate.

Of course various speculations have been indulged in relative to the cause of his disappearance, but the favorite theory is that he was kidnapped in the hope of a reward, either from the parties who were under obligations to return him to his Reservation, or from the Indian Department, to which he was known as a prominent chief and a faithful employe.

Or he might have been *slighted*—or, as the term signifies, pressed into the service of some vessel as a hand. Hon. A. C. Squires, of Brooklyn, and others, who have known circumstances of the kind, favor this idea, and say that, at the present time, seamen are particularly scarce, and that extraordinary efforts are being made to recruit decimated crews.

Again: As he was a superior specimen of the aboriginal race—tall, active, athletic, and a splendid archer—he might have been drugged and carried on board of some vessel to be taken to Europe for exhibition. And yet one can hardly see how he could be exhibited to advantage even in Europe without being advertised, and thus the fact come to the knowledge of some vigilant U. S. Minister. As the ill-fated Scyller sailed on the very day, or the day after, Dave's disappearance, it was thought possible he might have been on board; but there was not the slightest evidence of the fact. If the great spirit-writer, Mansfield, was in actual communication with the departed essence of the famous Chief of Lava Beds when he penned the following too vague communication, either Dave was then afloat on the bosom of the mighty deep or the spirit of Jack has little regard for the truth:

"Poor fellow—is that the word—well—he is much sorer now—he was led away by a white 'wicked' man—I think now on water—he no come back now—poor Dave—he is very sorry now."
CAPTAIN JACK.

Again: There is many a dark corner in New York City; many a subterranean den not even known to the police or even penetrated by the keenest detectives, where demons in human form lie in wait for their victims, ready to take the life of a man for a dollar.—Yes; as shrewd a man as Dave was he could not believe that there were such refinements of villainy among a people so far ahead of his own in all the accomplishments of civilization, among whom the "white man's law," of which he had come to learn more for the benefit of his people, was supposed to be vigorously enforced by a multitude of judicial officers and fifteen thousand blue-coated and starred myrmidons of the law.

And again: Distressed by an aggravating headache, lonesome, homesick, fearful that his long continued loyalty was not appreciated by the high magnates of Government, knowing that that Government had almost decided away unwittingly a part of his Reservation to a road company, after having given its pledge that it should become the perpetual heritage of his people, and fearing the sea upon which we were to embark two days after for the Pacific, he might have stole gently down the stairs, and by his way among the surging torrents of humor in life to the North river, waited with an awful purpose in his heart until the darkness gathered round, and then sprang off of some old oaken pier into eternity. But though the river was every day living up its dead, the body of David Hill was never brought to the Morgue.

Again: The Medoes had only been gone a few days when Dave disappeared, and were not that time in Indian Territory, yet I could not but suspect that they had instigated some villain under promise of future reward to get away with Dave. This suspicion I predicated upon my knowledge of the superlatively treacherous character of these people and their malice towards Dave for having taken part against them during the war.

But these are mere speculations. All we know positively is that on the 28th of April, 1875, Dave Hill was with his friend Tecumseh, in George Harney's room, in the St. Charles Hotel, 648 Broadway, where we were all stopping at the time; that Dave went out of the room and that he was never seen afterward. Tecumseh—supposing that he had gone to the room they occupied together, after talking with Harney, the Rogue River Chief, a few moments—went out, but Dave was not to be found about the house. This was about noon. Nothing was missed from any of the rooms excepting a tomahawk, which Dave had received as a present. But the tomahawk had not been seen for some days, and might have been stolen by some one about the house. Tecumseh remembered Dave telling him that he was going to have the handle taken out so that he could put the tomahawk in his trunk, and when it could not be found he thought Dave might have taken it to some shop to get the handle taken out. During the afternoon we grew quite uneasy, but still hoped that Dave would be on hand in time for the meeting at Cooper Institute in the evening, at which he had been advertised as one of the speakers; but as he did not appear, the matter was reported to Police Headquarters at 11 o'clock that night.

Dave, Tecumseh and Harney had about fulfilled their mission. Had seen the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and talked over the interests of their people with him; had

pressed the hand of the Great Father, and, before various audiences, had, with their peculiar eloquence, made strong impressions in favor of Indian civilization, and they were ready and anxious to go home. The enterprise had not proved a financial success, and it was arranged that I should leave New York on the 30th of April, by water, for San Francisco, bringing these people with me; but when Dave disappeared the plan was abandoned, and we remained nearly three weeks longer, hoping to hear something from the lost chief.

It is possible that Dave was so much afraid of the Big Water that he preferred to undertake to cross the continent—perhaps not realizing the magnitude of the undertaking—working here and there to get money to pay his fares. He seemed satisfied to go anywhere with Tecumseh and I, and expressed no fear of the sea, but may have suppressed his real feelings lest he might appear childish. In case he had undertaken this difficult enterprise he would think of much use for the tomahawk on the journey.

Now for the biography: David Hill, or Wale Skidat, was about 33 years of age.—His father was the Klamath Chief Skidat who met John C. Fremont on the Klamath marsh in 1843, and piloted him on his journey towards Summer Lake. The old man was a consistent friend to the whites always. Dave first distinguished himself as a young warrior in wars between the Klamaths and the surrounding tribes; and after the advent of the whites always proved himself a faithful friend and courageous ally. He was the chief Klamath scout during the Snake war, and chief of Klamath scouts during the Modoc war operating with the troops, and at the time he left the Reservation was the acknowledged leader in the civilization of his people. His loss will be severely felt, not only by his own people, but by many whites, who have found in Dave Hill a true and faithful friend.
O. C. ALLEGATE.

ASHLAND, Oregon, June 15, 1875.

E. P. HAMMOND IN PORTLAND.

The coming of this noted evangelist to Portland was hailed as a harbinger of good, and the Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregationalist and Baptist Churches united heartily in laboring for the conversion of sinners, and in making all needed preparations for an active campaign. On Thursday evening, one week ago, the Presbyterian Church was densely crowded and many went away unable to sit or stand within. Friday evening the M. E. Church, the largest church in the city was overflowing. Sunday, at 2:30 o'clock the skating rink, 60x100 feet, was opened, having been fitted up with seats and platform. Fully 500 people were waiting at the door, and at 3 o'clock every part was full. Hundreds stood around the entrances, and many went away. I carefully estimated the sittings and found over 2,000 present, afternoon and evening. More seats were brought in at night, and a strong feeling prevailed. Short speeches were made by each of the pastors engaged. Monday and Tuesday afternoons were occupied with children's meetings, at which many have been truly converted. Some reports have made light of these efforts, but the candid, earnest testimonies of the children and youth fully convince many of us of the genuine work.

This (Wednesday) morning a most enthusiastic prayer meeting was held in the Baptist Church, although the rain fell steadily during the entire session. Mr. Jackson, a merchant in Portland, said he had thought himself too busy to attend these meetings, and had planned a business visit to the country, but his business had kept him home, and now he was determined to let the business go for a time and tend to this most important business. His brother was converted under Mr. H., at Lockport, N. Y., while Mayor of the city. Rev. J. Y. Hough, pastor elect of the Baptist Church of Oregon City, is working in a lively way, and Rev. J. C. Baker, S. S. Missionary from California, and many ministers of different parts are laboring to help on the good works.

After the morning meeting Bro. Hammond and several other clergymen visited nearly every liquor house in town, inviting all to go to the rink this evening, and were pleasantly received everywhere.

Mr. H. abuses nobody, scares nobody—whatever the papers may say. His pleadings are all based upon the love of God as shown in Christ, and often the staid servants are troubled with the pleasant humor of his stories. It is hoped that next week excursions will be formed from the country for attending his meetings, which will be held every evening at the rink. Entertainment Committees from four churches are in waiting every session, and will provide free entertainment to those coming to attend the meetings, if they present themselves.

JONATHAN.

FILED.—Articles of incorporation of the East Bend Storing and Shipping Company of Marion county, were filed in the office of the Secretary of State yesterday. Incorporators—Fred Steiner, H. E. Ankeny, R. F. Myers. Object—Building of store or warehouses, wharfs and landings; storing, shipping, buying and selling all kinds of grain, merchandise, and doing a general commission business; manufacturing and storing for sale any and all kinds of agricultural implements; building and constructing machinery for cleaning, storing and grinding grain; the storing, cleaning, working or manufacturing of flax, and to buy or sell real estate. Principal place of business—At the warehouse on the Willamette river on the land purchased of J. F. Backensto. Capital stock, \$1,500, in \$25 shares.

FILED.—Articles of incorporation of Harrisburg Grange, No. 11, were filed in the office of the Secretary of State. Incorporators—Wm. McCullish, Enoch Hout, Charles Davis and J. P. Alford. Object.—Acquiring by gift, grant, donation, purchase or otherwise of real estate and personal property and holding, using, selling, disposing of and converting the same, chartering of ships, shipment of wheat and their grain and produce, and goods, wares and merchandise generally, etc. Principal place of business Harrisburg. Capital stock \$400, \$1 shares.

NEW HOUSE.—Charley Swegle intends to soon build a new house on well located town property in this city. Charley is able to own a good house and he intends to have one that will be a credit to Salem.

Breyman Bros. are constantly receiving new goods to replenish their stock.

THAT BUNKER HILL POWDER.

Every good student of history has learned that the battle of Bunker Hill was lost to the Americans chiefly because they had not enough powder.

The King having opposed, by every means in his power, the manufacture of munitions of war in the colonies, the patriots at first found great difficulty in procuring ammunition; and the supplies for the early part of the war were obtained in such adventurous ways that accounts of these exploits are very interesting. Indeed, a portion of even the scanty stock which our people had at Bunker Hill had been brought over the sea to be used against the enemies of Great Britain.

I have only recently found out just how this powder came to do service for the patriots, instead of their British oppressors; and, being quite sure that the story has never been fully told, I have undertaken its recital for the pleasure of the numberless young patriots who read St. Nicholas.

Adjoining the town of Rye, in New Hampshire, and directly north of its noted beach, is the town of Newcastle. On the site of the present Fort Constitution in this town there was, in the days of the Revolution, a quite formidable work called "Fort William and Mary."

No visit from a foreign enemy being anticipated, the fort was manned at this time by a captain and five privates only. A weak garrison, surely; but it was supposed that, in case of danger, the friends of King George in the neighborhood would amply reinforce the guard, even were there not time for the royal Governor, Wentworth, to bring the militia to the rescue. As to any serious attack by disaffected inhabitants, it was too bold an act for belief; and if it were possible, in any case, that the militia should prove insufficient, General Gage, with three thousand regulars, was in Boston, and a British fleet was in its harbor.

What subject, however rebellious, would dare to touch his Majesty's property, or its custodians, under these circumstances? The act would be treason, and the life and possessions of the offender would be forfeited; and who could save him from the King's hand? Probably not even the most ardent patriot thought of it, until Paul Severer came riding into town from Boston one evening.

The news he brought was startling. An order had come from the King that all military stores in the colonies should be seized at once. Major John Langdon (afterward Governor) the same evening received a call from his friend, Captain Thomas Pickering. After the compliments of the hour had been passed, the Captain surprised his friends by an invitation to accompany him to Fort William and Mary to take a glass of wine with its commander.

"It will not do," replied the Major, cautiously evading the declaration of his own sentiments; "it will not do under the present state of public affairs."

Major Langdon's sympathies were with his oppressed countrymen; and he revolted at the idea of receiving the hospitalities of one whose duty it might be on the morrow to shoot down his guests as foes of the Government.

Captain Pickering next disclosed a design of securing the arms and ammunition of the fort; showing his purpose to be quite other than the invitation indicated.

"If twenty-eight like ourselves could be found," said he, "I would undertake to lead in the capture."

To this purpose Major Langdon heartily assented. Before noon of the next day a drum and fife were sounding about town to bring the people together; and the order of the King for securing the ammunition was made known. The effect of this news was increased by a report that the armed vessels Scarborough and Caucoux were on their way from Boston with British troops to possess the fort and hold the town in awe.

When Governor Wentworth heard of this meeting of the citizens, he warned them against committing any rash act; and as the people soon dispersed, it was supposed that nothing would come of the meeting. But this was a mistake.

A little before twelve that night—it was the fourteenth of December, 1774—the nearly full moon looked down upon some two hundred men setting out in boats from Portsmouth wharves, and heading for Newcastle.

Half an hour later their boats grounded near the island, and the men waded ashore through the shallow water, which froze upon their clothing. Yet the landing had been so quiet that no attention was attracted at the fort. Captain Pickering, being in advance of the others, scaled the grassy rampart unattended, and seizing the sentinel with one hand and his gun with the other, he demanded silence on pain of instant death.

Crowds of men were now clambering up the walls; and, leaving the sentinel in their charge, the leader hastened on to the quarters of the commandant. He entered the room before that officer was fairly awake, announcing to him that the fort was captured and he a prisoner. He had previously been warned that an attack upon the fort was meditated, yet his garrison was not on the alert; and he at once surrendered to the only man that appeared. He gave his sword to Captain Pickering, who politely returned it, saying: "You are a gentleman, and shall retain your side-arm."

Pickering turned to leave him, when the dishonorable officer, having him at disadvantage, aimed a blow at his captor with the sword which had that minute been restored to him. But the muscular patriot parried the blow with his arm, and then, not deigning to draw his own sword, felled the miscreant to

the ground with his clenched hand. His followers were now at the door, and the fallen officer was placed under guard. The remnant of the garrison gave no trouble.

The military stores were now sought out; and in the earliest light of morning, ninety-seven barrels of powder were carried on board the scows and gondolas, and taken up the river.

On the seventeenth of June the battle, which Bunker Hill monument commemorates, was fought upon the heights of Charleston. Two New Hampshire regiments were there, under the command of Colonel Stark and Reed. They were posted on the left wing, behind a fence, from which they cut down whole ranks of the British as they advanced up the shore. As I have before stated, it was a portion of the powder taken from the fort at Newcastle that supplied their fire that day; and, probably, other troops than those of the Granite State were furnished from this providential stock.—[St. Nicholas for April.]

ANCIENT WAGER OF BATTLE.—The Leeds Mercury of April 12th chronicles the death at Edlington a few days before the death of Mrs. Lovett, an aged lady, whose sister, Mary Ashford, was murdered, in 1817, and whose murderer insisted upon his trial that he should be allowed his right as a Briton to the ancient Wager of Battle. The Court was obliged to allow it. His accuser, brother to the murdered girl, declined the contest, and the murderer was set free. England was becoming wiser in those days, and the absurdity of a statute which allowed a murderer to escape was made so apparent, in this instance, that the Wages of Battle was abolished. It was the last time the claim was ever made or allowed in the land.

The funeral of Rev. Clinton Kelly yesterday was the largest ever known in Portland or vicinity. The services were conducted in Lee's chapel, near East Portland, conducted by Elder Roberts and others. The procession numbered over one hundred vehicles.

MY SHIP—MY CAPTAIN.

I said, in the gladness of my heart,
Only a little while ago,
"A ship is sailing over the sea,
And her captain is hastening home to me
Fast as the breezes blow!"

So I watched the waves—and I watched the clouds,
Wandering down by the shore each day,
Till I longed for the sea-gull's wings, that I
Over the billows swift might fly
To meet my love half-way.

Last night they whispered the ship had come,
My ship that was sailing over the sea;
And now in the morning's ruddy glow,
They show me a wreck that is lying low.
But what is this to me?

My ship was strong, and her crew were brave,
Her captain—ah! he was my captain, too;
And he promised to meet me safely here,
Some day when the day and sky were clear;
And when was his word untrue?

But this is why this is a battered thing,
And her crew, they all are lost and dead,
My captain had always a kiss for me
When he came before from over the sea;
But there, 'neath yonder shed,
Lies one with a face so still and white,
And lips that never a word will speak;
And they say—ah me! but I know, I know,
My sailor would never be silent so,
With my tears upon his cheek.

Oh, let me think that my ship will come!
So long I've waited, it cannot be
That this is the way—so fast, too fast—
My ship storm-driven and wrecked at last,
Came over the waves to me.

To Belinda Jane.

We walked in pleasant spots, and thou
Wast loving to me of thy wont;
We once thought love would last, but now
We doubt.

Our love was wide as skies above,
For lovers' a'er can love by halves;
Our love was likest to the love
Of calves.

That day was sweet—ah! not like it is—
Yes, sweeter than the fabled honey;
The one sad thought spoilt our bliss
Was money.

We thought thereon, our hearts grew sad,
Our fates we vainly execrated;
O Time, that changest all, I'm glad
I waited!

For now, Belinda Jane, I'm bald,
And thou'rt an aged maiden lady;
Thine age that side of fifty called
The shady.

Yet once again we'll play our parts,
While joy dispels oblivion's mist;
And we will see each other's hearts
At whist.

One of Whittier's most charming poems, "School Days," is devoted to showing the regret of a brown-eyed New England girl at having spelled down

—the little boy
Her childish favor singled.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word,
I hate go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you."

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child face is showing;
Dear girl, the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn in life's hard school
How few who pass above him
Dament the triumph and his loss
Like her—because they love him.

An Answer.

You ask me, wondering, why I sing,
And why my lips in laughter part;
The ripples of my mirth all spring
From the deep sorrow at my heart.

A smile is easier than a tear
That serves to keep sad memories green,
And always, through what is, I hear
The echoes of what might have been.
—Temple Bar.

A Solution of the Indian Question.

Our treatment of the whole Indian question, from the infancy of the Government down to date, has been largely shaped by a sentimental decision to the effect that the Indians own land within the boundaries of the United States, and must be lodged, fed, and clothed for life in return for ceding portions of their territory, from time to time, to the people of the United States—who owned it to start with. This delusion gave birth to the pernicious practice of making treaties with tribes of savage sealaws, and so practically recognizing the existence of independent nations within our territorial limits—a self-evident anomaly and absurdity. We owe the individual Indian legal protection, but we owe the tribes, as such, nothing. It is no part of the functions of the General Government to administer poor-relief on a gigantic scale or on any scale, but it has been foolishly supporting a lot of pauper for many years. And these paupers are worse than worthless, for they are professional murderers for about four months out of the twelve. If we now abandon the delusion that lies at the base of this nonsense, and recognize the fact that there is no such thing as an "Indian title" to land within our limits, we shall have taken a great step towards a common-sense treatment of a matter now pregnant with evil. Any Indian who is willing to abandon savagery can pre-empt enough land to support himself and his family. The most exact justice cannot ask for more this, as far as land is concerned. No white man has greater privileges. The United States, except where it is fettered by treaty stipulations, should assume control of the territory it has foolishly suffered the Indians to imagine they own. The jurisdiction of the United States Courts should be extended to the Indians. When a white man commits a crime, he is tried for it and punished. Is a copper-colored skin so much superior to a white that its owner rises above the laws of his country? Hitherto, the Indians have been treated as if they were better than the whites. This sort of folly has gone too far. If we treat them as equals, we are magnanimous. If Red Cloud, and Squaw-Scalper, and Baby-Brainer, and the rest, wish to live, let them work.—Chicago Tribune.

A Pioneer Trip to Portland.

Our old friend Wm. Porter, of Aumerville, with whose pleasant communications to the FARMER our readers are acquainted, came to Oregon in 1848. In those days Oregon City was the nearest post office, or the one to which mail came, and he used to take up the line of march and foot it down there when he heard that a mail had arrived to see what was in store for him, and made nothing of doing so. But in twenty-seven years' residence in Oregon and in Marion county, on the same place he now occupies, he has never made a journey to Portland, and perhaps never would only the U. S. District Court has sent him a summons to appear there as a juror the 22d instant. As he has not seen so large a city since he left St. Louis, about thirty-four years ago, we request the good people down there to take good care of the old gentleman, and be careful not to let him play any of his quaint jokes off at their expense.

Capital Lumbering Mill.

This mill is lying idle to-day while some changes are making in the steam connections. Another planer is now set up, and hereafter there will be two ready for use. The demand for lumber is good and the mill active.

Last night, the long boom, which has been constructed at so much expense to turn logs coming down the river into the eddy, parted from the heavy timbers to which it was fastened, and went down stream. A part of it is in sight, and hands have gone in a small boat to discover the balance and have it towed up again by the first steambow. The loss of the boom makes it necessary to prevent logs coming down. It was put in place to be in readiness to catch the drive coming down the Santiam and to prevent loss. Mr. Prescott has gone up to have a boom put across the mouth of the Santiam, and hold the logs there until the boom here shall be in place again, and more securely fastened, so that it can be depended on to do its work.



THE DRAFT STALLION Young England's Glory, BEN ROY,

WILL STAND THE SEASON OF 1875, FROM April 1st to July 1st, at the Livery Stable of DURBIN & SMITH in SALEM.

Terms—Single Service, \$15; Season, \$20.

BEN ROY was sired by Young England's Glory, imported by Hood & Beelen, of California; dam, Bonn Nell, by St. Lawrence. Full pedigree published in bills, and given to parties inquiring. He is a dark dapple brown, 16 hands 1 inch high, and weighs from 1400 to 1600 pounds, according to condition. Having made the season of 1874 in Salem, his colts will best prove his breeding qualities. For further particulars apply to
D. GIERSON,
mastrif Livery Stable of Durbin & Smith.

Pure-Fred Fowls for Sale.

LIGHT AND DARK BRAHMAS, BUFF COCHINS, HOODS, SILVER AND GOLD SPANGLED POLANDS, SILVER SPANGLED HAMBURS, BLACK-BREASTED RED GAMES, ENGLISH DORKINGS, WHITE CHINA GEES, LARGE BRONZE TURKEYS. Hen Eggs, \$3 per dozen.—White China Geese Eggs, \$5 per dozen.

Pure-Bred Sheep and Goats.
Salem Merinos, New Oxfordshire and Cotswold Crosses, and Merino Grades, Thoroughbred and Graded Angora Goats.
J. L. FARRISH,
Salem, Feb. 18, 1875.