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RAMBLING NOTES ON OLDEN TIMES.

BY W. L. ADAMS, M. D., A. M., LL. D. Many of us in yonner days read an account of the expedition of Lewis and Clark across the continent in 1803, with the most intense interest. We can even now, almost at our feet, feel the intensely bitter frosts that sent their spirit thermometers down to thirty degrees below Fahrenheit zero, and follow them winding their way among savages all they drank on the same day waters that ran into both oceans. Our interest in the narrative was increased as they descended hither to unexplored wilds that lined the banks of the Columbia and became doubly so as they moved beyond the end of their journey, and gradually drew back the curtain that had so long concealed from Christendom the crown perhaps of the New World—a land where, for aught we knew, would yet be realized by some of us the fond anticipation of Queen Isabella and her protegee, who saw towards the sun a land of plenty—rivers of crystal purity, mountains white with perennial snows, rich in golden ore, and washed at their base by an ocean of peace.

Their rapid journey down the Columbia, their gloomy winter among the fogs and storms near Astoria, and their hasty trip homeward by the same route in the spring, were unsatisfactory to us who desired a more extended look at the country. Tom Jefferson had sent them so far to reveal; nevertheless, we believe the country was there. We spent hours in gazing at that part of North America as laid down on the map, wondering what kind of a country it was, believed in it, fancied we might some day see it, and felt positive that an empire in population—another New England—would ere long rest on the Columbia and its tributaries. We saw it in the dim distance, far beyond the western shore banks. Just under the brilliant colors that shone up from the setting sun, with no path leading to it, save a narrow trail through almost impenetrable forests bristling with aspidogon leaves, across roaring rivers, and through rocky defiles, that none but savages and daring adventurers would ever venture to pass.

generally raised a little and kept a "few lands" hanging up in the smoke house, which, women like, they were always willing to "divide," as long as it lasted. It was in the spring of '10 that the kind master on whom we most depended told us as she tore open a twist and gave us a liberal half, it was the last "hand" she had on hand. It was green and mouldy but precious. It wasn't over three days afterwards, that we started to hunt a calf thirty five miles distant, surrounded by fir trees on the west bank of the Willamette, which they called a "Portland Store." We found the trail that led through the woods, and footed it through the timber, leaving pieces of an old ragged green blanket over with a huge pocket on either side on the bushes through which we crawled. We found a shanty which though rather uninviting on the outside was magnificent within, for there our slackened eyes saw several boxes of black tea and a coil of "trail rope" tobacco wound into a coil black case, and plined together with wooden pegs, which the merchant sold by the yard. We soon filled our pocket with tea, and exchanged our funds paying for a yard of trail rope, which we deposited in the other pocket, and started for home thinking that Oregon was coming out, and that Portland was its commercial emporium. We now saw plainly why Oregon City was jealous of her rival twelve miles below. Coming events rapidly cast their shadows before them, for it was not long till standing one day on the banks of the Yamhill near where Dayton now is, we saw a man gilding up the river in a skiff with a cork oar, or what had been one, for the burnt, broken, and distorted fragments were patched together so as to enable a close observer to see what the thing had been before it was worn out and thrown away, to be plucked up by some drayman, who having several tons of similar old iron stowed away in his stable in New York, shipped it as ballast, worked his passage round the Horn, and set up in Oregon City as a hardware merchant. The same cost nine dollars and the lucky owner of it immediately took rank among us common folks, who hadn't nine dollars, as an aristocrat, out ranking us in society as much as the hardware merchant and his family in Oregon City outranked mechanics and common merchants who only had a few rusty augers and Sandwich Island salt, dirt and lime mixed, to sell by the bushel measure. That stove put the devil of jealousy into the whole neighborhood. Let some snob who has money build a fifty thousand dollar house, and all flunkymiddie feels an inferiority in his presence. Mrs. Jones, with a five hundred dollar shawl, drives devotion from the hearts of a majority of women in church, and fills them with envy and a burning desire to have a five hundred dollar shawl too. We despise such weakness while we perhaps have symptoms of the same disorder, or had them at least, for we commenced to take a load of wheat to Oregon City, and by some great purchase, became an aristocrat too. The result of our trip was a pair of heavy corduroy pants, which we bought at Dr. McLoughlin's store. The pants were all of one size—a good fit for a six-footer, weighing two hundred and twenty five pounds. As we weighed just a hundred pounds less, we cut a sorry figure in those corduroys as an aristocrat, at a select party, for the women all laughed, and said we had got on Dr. McLoughlin's breeches. We shortly denied the soft impeachment and handsly negated the purchase as a mere deception, fashion, rickety and dishonest, were fast becoming respectable as a part of legitimate "business"—cried out "Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness!" We never expected to live to see a railroad, and didn't care much if we didn't. We hardly dared to hope over to see a steamboat, but rather wished we could, even if it were no faster than the one Fulton first propelled about as fast as a man could walk, to the astonishment of all the engineers of the world. To see our rivers lined with steamboats, to ride on a railroad in Oregon, to pass through the locks at "Tom Chuk" to witness a city spring up on the banks of the Willamette river, daily papers filled with dispatches every morning from New York and London, a first class illustrated monthly, and wholesale stores crammed with a kind of machinery, fancy articles and Yankee notions, with even a decent wagon road leading to it, was more than we expected to see.

(For the Willamette Farmer.) ORCHARDS—NO. 4.

Pruning. Not all trees can be pruned alike; each variety according to its nature. Here in Oregon heavy pruning is necessary. In countries where trees do not bear so young nor so full and regularly, severe pruning is not done, but if we were to neglect it for a year or two we would soon have no fruit and no trees. We cannot therefore follow any rules laid down in the books; let nature alone, will not hold good with us. In clumps and forests nature plants the trees, and thus they support one another and seldom or never over bear. As stated above we must prune according to variety of fruit. Some bear out to the tips of branches and such must be cut back one half last year's growth. To this class belong the Winesap, Rambo, Swaar, Orley, Roxbury Russet, Mammoth Pippin, Jenneting, and others of loose and straggling growth. Others need but little cutting back, these the Gala, Northern Spy, Lady Apple, Fall Pippin, Red Astracan, and others. Apple trees must have all limbs cut out that are in any way injured by breaking or by black spots or eru crowded or over long. Pears in general want but little pruning; thinning out of crowded or injured limbs is about all that is necessary. A few varieties need shortening. Cherries had better be left alone entirely, except to cut off broken or damaged limbs. Never cut away a large branch, if avoidable, from a cherry tree. Plums must be well pruned by shortening and thinning. Peaches should be kept with a compact head, and well thinned. Quinces are left almost alone. Grapes on trellises or stakes are sharply cut back, almost all is cut away of last year's growth, but if you can let a vine run over a house, or better, a tree, you will be astonished what an amount of grapes it will bear. Currants and gooseberries should be cleared of much of the old wood. Blackberries and Raspberries have all the old stems cleaned out every spring, and in the summer when the new shoots are five feet high, cut off the tops, and when the branches grow out cut them all back to 12 or 18 inches. It is difficult to give fixed rules for pruning, each must be left to judgment and circumstances; for instance, where high winds prevail a closer top should be preserved on all fruit trees, but one rule for all trees is: Every year cut out all branches that are sickly or broken or crowded, and cut smooth avoiding large wounds, as these never heal over. They may grow over, but are sure to rot down into the tree or limb and finally cause it to break and die. Time for pruning is the whole year. Cherries are much better trimmed in summer after the fruit is gathered. Then they heal easier. Winter is the only time to prune severely apples and plums. If that cut in summer it would check the growth too much. Old neglected orchards can be brought to, by very severe pruning and cultivation, in two or three years. HENRY MILLER. From Wasco County. EDITOR WILLAMETTE FARMER: Here it is scarcely the middle of February, yet the beautiful rolling prairies of this county have put on their green spring robes and the merry birds gently twitter their sweet notes of welcome to the tiny flowers that are beginning to thrust their blushing heads above ground. Immense herds of cattle and horses rush pell mell down the long slopes, throwing their heels in every conceivable direction, showing the utility of green bunch grass as well as its beauty. The sturdy farmer, whistling, lays aside his coat, bares his brawny arm, and prepares for his spring work in earnest, taking it as a matter of course, forgetting that this is a winter month. But when we reflect that spring nearly always opens in this month in this county, we are not surprised at his seeming unappreciativeness. Truly Dame Nature is lenient toward us, and we can well sympathize with our mud-begrimed fellows of the Willamette valley, who will have to wait awhile before the weather will permit the moss on their backs to dry enough to be shaken off. We think, too, of our friends in the East, with their cold weather, deep snow, and cold noses! How we would like to have some of them here a few days in order to thaw them out and note their surprise. But we will not waste our time in vain regrets. They can come if they wish—we are not selfish. Plenty of vacant lands, plenty of grass, plenty of good water, and plenty of fine weather—what more could they ask as an inducement? We cordially welcome any good-meaning person to this county who is willing to work when spring comes in February. EPHRAIM SLICK. Fifteen Mile Creek, Feb. 18, 1876.

To the People of Oregon.

As I have now nearly completed the work of collecting and shipping the centennial exhibit of Oregon for the World's Fair, I deem it due to you that a short statement be made of what has already been accomplished and what is still necessary to be done to complete the work and make it a success. I have already, with the assistance of contributors from various parts of the State, obtained material sufficient to fill forty-three large boxes containing over 500 separate packages, to be placed in the department for our State exhibit in the centennial buildings in the space already secured for their reception. This material consists of all our choicest varieties of grain in the sheaf and sack, flax and its products in oil, oilmeal and lint, seed and straw; grass and seed cultivated, and all our native variety; all our native wood and lumber; our medical barks and roots; flour from our wheat, meal from our oats; all our fruit, dried and prepared; our wools in fleece and on card; our floss, mosses, ferns, etc.; our fauna; the prepared skins of many of our native birds, mineral paint, porcelan clay, condensed cider and, in fact, specimens of almost all our natural resources except our minerals. My colleague, Mr. Virtue, will doubtless see that our mineral resources are properly represented. I have also made arrangements for woolen manufactures from the Oregon City woolen mills, iron and iron ore from the Oswego iron works, fish from our salmon canneries, also a map of our State, and the educational, civil and social history of its advancement from the earliest period of its settlement. The historical work has been put in the hands of Dr. G. H. Atkinson, and Hon. L. L. Rowland, our efficient State Superintendent of Education, who with their several commissions, are sure to make the department a creditable success. There are also arrangements made by which all our fruits and vegetables will be received in their season. In accomplishing this work I have been materially assisted by some of our prominent farmers, and have also been given free passage and transportation on the O. & C. R. R., and on the several lines of the O. S. N. Co.'s boats within the State. These accommodations have enabled me to perform a large amount of work that it would otherwise have been impossible to accomplish. G. W. Weidner, agent for the O. S. N. Co., has also billed all the material shipped as far as San Francisco, freight free. To procure properly care and prepare for shipment, transverse sections of our heavy timbers, I have paid out \$3,665, for the most of which I have vouchers of payment. Of this amount I have received by private contribution from H. W. Corbett, \$50; Harry Falger, \$50; W. S. Leadi, \$50; R. R. Thompson, \$50; O. & C. R. R., \$50; Corbett & Macleay, \$50; J. C. Hawthorn, \$20; and J. B. Montgomery, \$20—making in all \$310. The work thus far within the State has not been done without a considerable sacrifice of time and a small outlay for my own private expenses, but funds must now be raised to pay the freight and terminal charges in advance from San Francisco to Philadelphia, or the work must stop where it is. These charges from the best information I have been able to obtain, will not be less than \$500. Shall the material go forward? Funds must also be procured for preparing the space with suitable platforms, counters, railings, shelving, showcases, etc., and it can hardly be expected that one man can attend to and perform all the work unless assistance and means be furnished him. Doubtless the people of this State, through their legislature, another fall will make full appropriations for these contingent expenses, but the necessary expenses will have to be incurred previous to that time. Will our capitalists and merchants, our railroad men and bankers, our land holders, farmers, manufacturers and speculators, who are all interested in having our State properly advertised to the world, furnish the means to complete the work? The O. P. R. R. is making extensive arrangements to have the material from their land grant prominently placed on exhibition at the coming show. If our people neglect this opportunity, never let them complain that California stop all the immigration in their State. A. J. DEYER, Commissioner. Portland, Feb. 23, 1876. EASTERN OREGON.—R. C. Oglesby, writing to the *Bedford Democrat* from Weston, says: "I was surprised when I came to Eastern Oregon to find everything so permanent—towns, farms, schools, and churches—for I expected to see nothing but the stock raiser follow his herds, and the miner hunting gold; but, to my surprise, when I arrived at this place (Weston) last fall, I found nice farms, farmers filled with the best wheat, oats, and barley, farmers contented and happy. There is more uniformity in the soil in Eastern Oregon than in any place I have ever been, fully rewarding the farmer for his work. This country must be one day a great one, with its rich mines in the mountains, its broad grass lands and productive soil; its educational interests are ahead of most new countries." The Yamhill County Woman Suffrage Association last week elected officers as follows: President, Mrs. M. A. Hanna, Lafayette; vice-president, Miss Virginia Olds, McMinnville; recording secretary, Miss Laura Leary, Amy; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Ann M. Martin, Lafayette; treasurer, Mrs. H. C. Brown, of North Yamhill.

Oats Free from Smut.

EDITOR WILLAMETTE FARMER: In your last issue is a letter from George Bolshaw, of Lane county, headed "How to raise Oats free from Smut." Now, in regard to his remedy for smut, I have nothing to say, except that I would put double the quantity of vitriol to the same amount of seed that he recommends. In his communication, he says: "Sift oats smut less in Oregon than any other known variety, and in all respects are the best to raise." Now, I beg leave to differ materially from Mr. Bolshaw. My experience is that the side oats smut more than any other variety I have attempted to raise, except the Surprise oats, which are about equal to the other in that respect. Now, as to the best variety to raise, I do not think we have any one variety adapted to all the different soils of which this State can boast. If I had a rich, dry soil, and could get my oats in any time from September to February, I would sow the Egyptian oats, and, from my own experience and that of my neighbors, I would expect a larger yield than from any other variety, and expect grain that would weigh, as well as fill the measure. If my land was inclined to be wet, I would sow the Black Winter oats, provided I could get them in any time before the last of February, as they stand both water and frost first rate. If I could not get my oats in until late, say March or April, I would sow the side oats, or a variety we call the Large English oats, which resemble the Schoon oats sent out by the Department of Agriculture. I have tried quite a number of different varieties sent out by the Department, but, from my experience so far, I should confine myself to the varieties above named, and in making my choice of those I should take into consideration the season of the year and the kind of soil. Any of the three varieties named above will far outweigh the side oats of the same bulk. The Egyptian oats stand frost better, but will not stand the water so well as the Black Winter oats, but stand either better than the side oats. T. S. SMITH. Rossburg, Feb. 23, 1876. Another Remedy. EDITOR FARMER: Allow me to give you another method for raising oats free from smut, where the sprinkling process given in the last week's FARMER may not work well. It is to steep the oats in a solution of blue vitriol, about one pound of vitriol to eight bushels of oats, and let it stand over night, until the grain is thoroughly saturated.—On our flat lands sprinkling does not always accomplish the desired result, and we find it necessary to give the vitriol time to penetrate through the tough coat or hull of the oat. In this way we keep comparatively free from smut. JOHN J. COOK. St. Paul, Marion Co., Feb. 19, 1876. Explosion. UMATILLA, March 1—2 P. M.—The scow of GEORGE & SONS was blown up at Umatilla Rapids at 10 o'clock this morning. The following persons, who were connected with the work, are all right: COY, HANSEN, MERR, FINNERNEN, RUSSEL, TABER, STONE, SPOOKS, MCGILLIS, GRAY. Following are the names of those who are missing: CONNELLY, HANSON, MANNON, SULLIVAN, FERG, RUSSE, HATHAWAY, BUJIOR, McNALLY, WAGY, TERBROOK, N. WILL, MCGATE. Every precaution had been taken that was possible. Cartridges had been loaded and placed in the water. Powder, fuse and caps had been completely put away and the ordnance had been given to turn away on capstan, when the explosion took place apparently inside of the cabin on the boat. The explosion was so terrific that it shook the buildings in Umatilla six miles distant. The boat was blown into pieces, a complete wreck. Gray was badly hurt and taken out of the water by the small boat. As yet only McCab's body has been recovered. LOCAL NOTES. Julius A. Stratton has been elected Clerk of the Board of Capital Commissioners, in the place of P. L. Willis, resigned. The *Mercury* says: Mr. Robert Thompson, Assaist. Warden of the Penitentiary, has had a force of 8 to 10 convicts under his charge during the Winter as *Essex* saw mill, and has furnished the lumber, lumber and shingles for the new tannery constructed on the prison grounds. He has his gang employed at present on lumber for the vats. The tannery will soon be finished and will be of great service in utilizing the convict labor of the State. The *Mercury* says that two men, who recently arrived from King's Prairie, Marion county, to the Quarantine mill on the Sanitar, did not proceed far on their way when they encountered deep snow. They became bewildered, and wandered about for three days in the mountains, and one of them became snow blind, and it was with difficulty that his comrades could get him along. They finally came to the creek, and I followed it down to the east, thence on to Quaraville, one of them with his feet badly frozen.