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[From the N. Y. Sportsman.]
How He Trained Him—A Narrative.
 BY PRIVATEER.

When the horse Willdille broke down at San Francisco soon after having defeated Grinstead in the fastest four-mile dash ever run on the Pacific Coast, the chances of Mr. Littell and Captain Moore appeared to be nearly desperate. The expense of a journey across the continent for Captain Moore, two boys, and the horse, had been large, to say nothing of that incurred by Mr. Littell himself. Then again, California is not the cheapest place in the world to scourge in, and the fine horse was gone upon whose powers they might have depended for reimbursement and a balance on the right side of the account. The Captain was much disappointed, but losing neither heart nor hope, he proposed a bold experiment. Away to the north, in one of the fertile valleys of Oregon, there was a horse belonging to the most part to himself. It was true that he was much past the usual prime of the race-horse in age, and that though he had won nineteen times before he was taken to the Pacific, he had never been a lucky horse. But he was of famous blood, being a son of Lexington and a grandson of the renowned mare Imported Britannia, who, united many of the choicest and stoutest strains proceeding from King Herod and Eclipse. Moreover, this horse Foster had once possessed the gift of speed in such an eminent degree that Captain Moore considered no horse in America capable of outrunning him when he was three years old, after he had gone half a mile. He never was a quick beginner, but he was a great stalker, and game to the backbone. He had sometimes been lame, but the trouble was in his feet, and neither his sinews nor his ligaments had ever been strained. For this horse Capt. Moore, always "a daring pilot in extremity," proposed to send, and Mr. Littell acceded cheerfully. There was some delay before the horse arrived in San Francisco. One evening when the boat came in, Captain Moore, Brown, and Lakeland were upon the wharf in anxious expectation. They soon learned that Foster was aboard. It was a moment of intense anxiety when he was led ashore, and Brown exclaimed, "Here he comes! a poor man's friend in a strange country!" The Captain smiled at him, and heaving up, as the old horse strode away, like a king come for conquest and command, his heart bounded within him. He thought he had never seen a more bloodlike or truer made racehorse. Sixteen hands high, with great length, good bone and substance without lumber, and, overall, that high quality and finished, sinewy, gamecock look which commonly belongs to the real stalker. The good runners of long heats are seldom vulgar and mean in appearance. The horse had grown in every way during his sojourn in the fat valleys of the Oregon, and his racing point now seemed perfect. The question remained whether he could, at nine years old, be brought into condition for a race of four-mile heats in seven weeks. A man of less courage than Captain Moore would not have attempted to train him. A man of less experience and determination would have failed in the attempt. Captain Moore, for several good and cogent reasons, determined to train Foster at Sacramento and not at San Francisco, where the other racers were; so, he and Brown, and Lakeland, and the horse went to the former city. Foster was quickly got ready to take slow work and then the preparation began. They commenced to gallop, but the horse was always lazy, and without another to excite his emulation, they could make no reduction of his flesh at first. They were feeding him twelve quarts of heavy Oregon oats a day, and seeing that he retained his flesh in spite of his work, the Captain reduced his allowance to nine quarts. As he had always been a very hearty feeder, he was allowed a large quantity of hay throughout his preparation. There was no time to lose. It was do or die, and he had strong work as soon as it was deemed safe to venture on it. When come to two-mile gallops and a repeat he began to fire a little, but he paraded with his flesh very slowly. And now he seemed to understand for the first time that his old trainer had got him and meant real business. His work was increased to three miles, and then two in repeat sharp; still he thrived and never missed a feed nor a gallop. But the over-wise about Sacramento shook their heads and declared that "Lucky Baldwin" was sure to win with Rutherford, because no horse could stand the work Foster was getting. For all that the Captain increased the pressure to three and three, and the last mile in each gallop fast. Then they cried "quarter!" and went about declaring that the work was enough to kill four horses. But the trainer and the boys watched Foster narrowly day and night, and seeing that he improved under the tremendous preparation, their delight was extravagant, and it was secret. He did not shrink, his air was gay and his bearing lofty. His eye was bold and bright, and his coat shone like burnished gold in the sunlight. He developed the long, hard muscle which endures, and got free when required to run. At this time the Captain made sure of the race. About ten days before the race Captain Moore noticed that Foster was beginning to run cunning, as if he knew that he was fit, and was opposing to taking unnecessary trouble for nothing. He had always been pulled up at the stand, and when he came there after going two miles he would slacken. Lakeland was told not to pull up anywhere but at the quarter, and to give him a sharp cut with the whip, if he slackened at the stand. He did so slacken, and the whip was raised, but the horse saw it, and making a huge bound and lunge, he was clear across the track. The Captain hurried to Sacramento, and telegraphed to us to send the blades in which the race was won. Now came a great

misfortune. Just when the Captain was in the hey-day of his joy, when Brown was declaring that the race was already won, Foster's shoes were moved, and he was partly crippled. Captain Moore says that it was mainly his fault. He watched the operation on the off fore foot, in which the horse was formerly lame, and paid no attention to what was done with the other. The sole was pared too thin, and when the next gallop was had the horse pulled up very lame in the rear fore foot. The race was close at hand. They were to go down to San Francisco the next day. The shoe was pulled off, the cause of the mischief was found out, and it was re-set. After a night's rest, Foster was given a gallop before leaving Sacramento. He was lame at the beginning, and lame at the end, but the Captain thought that he hardly flinched when extended. Lakeland, however, said, as he dismounted, "He has taken his last gallop," and little Brown looked despair, as with tears in his eyes he led the horse away. But the steadiest Captain replied, "He'll gallop for that money and win it. He's lame, it is true, but every hour will do him good; and he's a gamecock when the pinch comes. The balance are not like him. Another of his fathom to lead this business, for their lives, they have not." But he had a set of bar plates made, a thing we never heard of before, and in these the horse ran the race. He went upon Rutherford for three miles and three-quarters in the first heat, and was then three lengths behind him, while the others were already a distance out, according to the Captain and Matt, Allen, who stood together at the head of the stretch. The Captain then told Lakeland to send him along. At the flourish of the whip, the grand old horse made running, caught Rutherford two hundred yards from home, and beat him by a neck. Captain Moore avers that he ran but two hundred yards in the heat, and that he could have run the second four miles much faster than he did the first. Foster remains at Sacramento in charge of his ardent admirer, Mr. Pritchard, a very wealthy and esteemed gentleman. The old horse really does honor to the American turf and stand, as well as to his trainer and his friends. In spite of the bad luck which has at times befallen him, he has won twenty races out of twenty-six, and got a place in six of the others. Barbee, the rider of Rutherford, tells us that he never saw a horse trained to such perfection for a great race over a long distance of ground as Foster was. He was all muscle, and as hard as brass, yet full of life and spirit. Barbee was in the judges' stand when he first saw him coming up the course with Lakeland in the saddle, and a big darkey at the bridle, who could hardly hold him. The conviction dashed upon him at once, "That's the winner!" Yet he says that he thinks he could have beaten him the first heat if he had been at liberty to do as he pleased. In his opinion they waited much too long with Foster and he only won that heat by running very true and game every inch of the best quarter of a mile. He says, too, that from what he saw in the second heat, he thinks Foster could have run the first in 7:25 if they had let him come along all the way. In the second heat he could run right away from Rutherford anywhere, and could have double-distanced him. Barbee's expression was, "He played with me all the way." He added, "He is a dead game 'un, and I think was made a purpose for Captain Moore's style of training." Foster was exceedingly well when Captain Moore left him, and his legs were all right. He exalts him highly, as the best horse he ever handled, save Idlewild—game as flint, and, in the shock of battle, "sure to come to time as a clock!" Being asked whether Idlewild could distance him four mile heats, both in condition, the Captain replied that no horse ever lived capable of distancing him.

Across the Continent in Eighty-four Hours.

For the past week the telegraph has had much to say regarding the crossing of the continent in eighty-four hours, from New York to San Francisco, with a railroad train. The maximum rate per mile on each of the three divisions of the Union Pacific was one minute, and on the divisions between Big Springs and Julesburg, the run was made at the rate of seventy-two miles an hour. Arrived at Ogden at 10:57, eight hours and twenty-seven minutes ahead of time. Average speed forty-four miles per hour. Arrived at Kelton at 11:18; stopped four minutes for water. The speed between Promontory and Kelton, forty-six and a half miles an hour; average rate of speed from Troms to Ogden, forty-four and a half miles per hour; entire time from Ogden to Troms, including stops, 3:33; distance 156 7/10 miles; engine, No. 149, drawing the train, has cylinder sixteen by twenty-four inches; driver five feet; she is a model engine, weighing thirty-three tons. The most remarkable run occurred on the Central Pacific, up hill grade, from Ogden to Promontory, in Utah, fifty-four miles, made in one hour and nine minutes. Reached Winnemucca at 8:10 p. m. and remained eight to ten minutes. The emigrant train, with several hundred passengers, and also a large crowd from town, were at the depot, and greeted the train with cheers upon its arrival. The whole distance of the Humboldt division—237 miles—was accomplished in six hours and three minutes. The breakage of the lubricator at Carlin detained the train thirteen minutes, and a hot box caused a further detention at Battle Mountain, causing a delay altogether of twenty-five minutes on the Humboldt division. Notwithstanding the heavy grades and curves between Toano and Winnemucca, a speed of forty-eight and three tenths miles

per hour was maintained. The train was five hours ahead of time and anticipations of arriving in San Francisco between 8 or 9 a. m. Sunday were confidently expressed by the passengers. The train passed Reno at 2:25 a. m., notwithstanding the early hour the track for a mile and a half was lined with people, firing pistols, bombs, and shouting. Roman candles were fired from the rear end of the train. Arrived at Evanston at 9:15 a. m., leaving at 9:20 a. m., eight hours and fifteen minutes ahead of time, running down Echo canyon at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The Postmaster at San Francisco received a despatch from Evanston as follows: "Have 100,000 letters for your citizens. Will you deliver them Sunday on arrival of the transcontinental express? Signed Jarrett & Palmer." The postmaster was to have the delivery made upon the arrival of the train. A trashy San Francisco paper sent a reporter to Ogden in the hope of getting him on the train, but did not succeed. They then sent another to Truckee in the hope of being able to get on board there and ride to the bay; but he returned in a fearful state of dissatisfaction, as he learned on reaching Summit, through telegraphic advice, that his mission would prove a total failure, and that he would not be allowed to accompany the party at all.

Letter from St. Louis.

A humorous friend of mine says he frequently rouses his traveling enemies, viz: tavern keepers, railway men, or other obnoxious people, to an ecstasy of baffling rage, by talking of "what he will do when he gets back to America." He says the average Southern or Westerner fairly fumes under this kind of attack, yet does not know how to resent it. I find myself in some such small impotency of temper when asked questions concerning our northwest-ern people and climate that would only apply to Greenlanders. To a large, and not unintelligent portion of America, Oregon remains practically a foreign country, whose chief products, skins and furs, and other specialties, Indiana, and our own Portland is coolly located on the Pacific coast. Yet the visitor to "the States" soon finds an excuse for this ignorance, when he sees the enormous, almost nightmarish development of territory and population heretofore. This is a city of half a million, with a bridge worth all Multnomah county; which thinks little of ten millions a year spent in buildings, whose railroad depots in the aggregate receive a train every three minutes of the twenty-four hours; whose new exchange is finer than any similar edifices ever built, ancient or modern, and which is making a park of fifteen hundred acres, just as a by play in traveling from Louisville to St. Louis, last week, I seemed to be passing through one continuous farm of the finest land, under close cultivation, and when you remember this is true in a radius of six hundred miles, that similar centers are North, East and South of us, you cease to wonder that Oregon is forgotten or relegated to romance. But all things have their day and we shall have ours. That which we of new communities and States need especially to look to, is the quality of the flame, not the quantity. Let us be more and more known by characteristic self reliance, solidity and truth; and by producing an unexampled excellence; the pattern is then set, and when the wave of population comes, the channels are fixed,—the precedents of manhood and energy are established beyond any easy removal or change. And all this is apropos of a question asked me in Kentucky, "whether Oregon is a city!"—Rev. T. L. Elliott, in the Oregonian.

Probably the most extraordinary instance of coincident sailing by two vessels ever recorded is furnished by a correspondent of a Liverpool Journal. "On the 26th of April there arrived at Liverpool two American ships—the J. B. Brown, under the command of Capt. Kezar, and the Southern Cross, under the command of Capt. Ballard. The two ships sailed out through the heads at San Francisco at six o'clock on the morning of the 31st of December, 1875, side by side, and charged their pilots at the same time, and passed the Farallone Islands together. Met each other the next day, and parted company that night. Met again on the line of the Pacific, and again in the neighborhood of the island of Pitcairn, in the South Pacific, and did not see anything of each other again until in about three or four degrees of south latitude on the Atlantic side. Here they had it up and took for a week or ten days, watching each other as a cat watches a mouse. Finally a circumstance took place which the master of the Southern Cross says he never experienced before during a command in the East India trade for twenty-five consecutive years. Both ships arrived on the equator side by side, bearing by compass due east and west, and on working up their latitude they found no latitude at all, not a fraction either way; in fact, they were exactly on the equator. From this point they parted company. Met again in the northeast trades, sailed in company for a week or so, then parted. Met again off Holyhead, and took cargo from the same company, towed up the Mersey side by side, and had the dock-gates been large enough, they could have entered side by side. As it was, the Cross led the way in, the Brown following within a foot of her the whole way." The J. B. Brown was loaded by Rodgers, Myer & Co., and the Southern Cross by Stevens, Baker & Co., and each made the passage in 117 days.

A German, recently arrived in Clatskanie county from Wisconsin, and owned one \$1,500 in twenty dollar pieces one day, saw week as the purchase money for Mr. Robbins' beautiful farm.

SONG OF THE PIONEERS.

The following song, composed by Mr. S. A. Clarke, for the occasion last year, was sung by Prof. T. H. Crawford, assisted by several ladies and gentlemen, at the Pioneer celebration yesterday:

Oh! so many years have flown,
 Since the news of Oregon
 Reached our homes beyond the mountains
 far away;
 Since we harnessed up our teams,
 When the Spring-time's sunny gleams,
 Showed the path across the plains and
 mountains grey.

CHORUS.
 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the trains came
 marching
 Westward, still westward, see them come!
 Sometimes savage tribes they fought,
 But the starry flag they brought,
 While beneath its folds each freeman found
 a home.

II
 Up the Rocky Mountains' height,
 Now their camp-fires blaze by night,
 Or upon the savage plains they thickly
 gleam;
 Now the weary legions pass,
 Where the frowning canyons mass,
 Or they swim and ford the swiftly running
 stream.

CHORUS.
 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the trains came
 marching;
 Westward, still westward, day by day,
 Standing guard the five long night;
 Ever ready for the fight;
 Here to plant our flag three thousand miles
 away.

III
 Through the land of savage foes,
 See, the long procession goes,
 Till it camps upon Columbia of the West;
 Where the mountains block the stream,
 And the cascades dash and gleam,
 At the sun sinks to its distant ocean rest.

CHORUS.
 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the trains came
 marching;
 At length the deadly plains are passed;
 But there's still the river trail,
 Or the Cascade Range to scale,
 Then the fair Willamette homes are reached
 at last.

IV
 And 'tis well that Pioneers
 Should thus meet with passing years,
 While the locks that once were dark are
 turning snow,
 To recall the olden story
 That shall be their children's glory,
 How we crossed the plains and mountains
 long ago.

CHORUS.
 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the trains came
 marching,
 Singing and marching to the West;
 Till all dangers were behind,
 And the homes we came to find,
 Smiled upon us from Willamette's Vale of
 Rest.

A Centennial Proclamation.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—The following was issued to day by the President of the United States:

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, That it be, and is hereby, recommended by the Senate and House of Representatives to the people of the several States, that they assemble in their several counties or towns on the approaching centennial anniversary of our national independence, and that they cause to have delivered on such day an historical sketch of such county or town from its formation, and that a copy of said sketch be filed in print or manuscript in the Clerk's Office of said county, and an additional copy in print or manuscript be filed in the office of the Librarian of Congress, to the intent that a complete record may be thus obtained of the progress of our institutions during the first centennial of their existence; and

Whereas, it is deemed proper that such recommendation be brought to the notice and knowledge of the people of the United States; now, therefore, I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, do hereby declare and make known the same, in the hope that the object of such resolution may meet the approval of the people of the United States, and that proper steps may be taken to carry the same into effect. Given under my hand, at the City of Washington, the 25th day of May, in the year of our Lord 1876, and of the independence of the United States the one hundredth.

By the President, U. S. GRANT.
 HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State.

COQUILLE CITY, Or., June 5th 1876.
 Ed. FARMER: The "Coquillers" B. B. Club is reorganized here, and are practicing preparatory to playing a match game with the "South Forkers" at this place on the 4th of July.

Mrs. Wm. P. Wright, of this place, is the happy possessor of an enormous Bramah egg, which, besides the usual contents of such "fruit," contains another perfectly sound egg inside. This peculiar Bramah "berry" will probably be on exhibition at the next Oregon State Fair.

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

PHILADELPHIA, May 28, 1876.

ED. WILLAMETTE FARMER: Having just finished perusing a copy of your valuable paper, permit me to say that to one placed as I am, in the midst of the bustle, hurry, scurry, fuss and feathers of a Centennial Exhibition, and world's advertising display, the WILLAMETTE FARMER is like water to a thirsty traveler, or the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Well, the ball is fairly set in motion; a display that requires fourteen miles of travel to examine is spread out to the public gaze; Gilmore's band discourses as fine music in the main building; cannon belch forth fire and smoke from George's Hill, and the bells on Machinery Hall chime Hail Columbia. By the way, if the late Christopher Columbus Esq., could have seen as an indirect result of his little summer excursion of 1492, the infliction of so much "bubble, bubble, toil and trouble," on the world of mankind at large, and the people of Philadelphia in particular, in the year of our Lord 1876, Mr. Columbus would doubtless have staid at home. But, as we sincerely believe that Christopher was entirely innocent of any intention on his part of bringing about such an event, we beg you to think kindly of the dead; let no blame attach to him.

We had intended in this letter to give your readers a short inside view of some of the wonders of this exhibition. But as it is right on the heels of an important political election in Oregon, perhaps it might be more interesting to some of them to learn that a satisfactory solution of the great National Finance question has been reached by both political parties, and that after the Cincinnati and St. Louis conventions are over, the delegates will return to the Centennial grounds with their Grand Political Panoramas, and explain to the people of the whole world, "and the rest of mankind," the workings of some of our noted Brokers' and Bankers' Associations, and the beauties of the American credit system. This beautiful tableau will be rendered in four scenes, and has been written up and will be brought out by the great dramatist Barry O'Rogers.

Scene 1st.—A working man enters into a banking-house with his month's earnings nicely tied up in the corner of his handkerchief. A blandly smiling clerk, with newly pared nails, and laundered linen, receives it and notes the amount in the depositor's account book;—the depositor retires.

Scene 2d.—The proprietor enters, gives a part of the money to the clerk and puts the remainder away in his own pocket.

Scene 3d.—The projectors of a railway offer a graceful financier one half of their beautifully printed stock if he will float the other half. A widow, with the money she has just received as insurance upon her husband's life, comes upon this scene. She makes known to the banker her desire to invest this money securely for the benefit of her helpless family.

He magnanimously spares her a portion of the railroad stock and charges her but a small commission for his services.

With the balance of his stock as collateral, he borrows money from a national bank, and makes a corner in flour.

In this scene is also a beautifully arranged vista, showing the banker building a magnificent villa and settling it on his wife.

The fourth scene completes the closing tableau. A meeting of assignees declare a dividend of nothing, payable in six, twelve, twenty-four and thirty-six months, and the banker stepping on to No. 1 steamer, spends the remainder of his life in luxury and ease among the wonders and beauty of the old world.

Mr. O'Rogers informs us that several other plays will be brought out during the season, by the political dramatic troupe at Cincinnati, St. Louis, Washington, and Philadelphia, and fondly anticipates crowded houses until after the first Monday in next November.

HARRY.

Ed. FARMER: At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Turner Storage and Trading Co., held on the 7th inst., Henry Smith, John Downing, O. P. Darby, G. Gibson, and W. M. Hillery were elected Directors of the Company for the ensuing year.

The Directors met on the 8th inst., and elected Henry Smith, president; John Downing, vice president; Lewis Bleakney secretary; and O. P. Darby, treasurer. Mr. Bleakney takes care of the company's warehouse, and will act as the agent of the company.

W. M. HILLERY.
 TURNER, June 9, 1876.