

# WILLAMETTE FARMER.

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## OREGON PIONEER HISTORY.

SKETCHES OF EARLY DAYS.—MEN AND TIMES IN THE FORTIES.

BY S. A. CLARKE

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Mr. Ross describes the Grand Coulee of the Columbia in a very graphic way. He says, "The sides or banks of the Grand Coulee are for the most part formed of basalt rocks, in some places as high as 150 feet, with shelving steps formed like stairs, to ascend and descend, and not unfrequently vaults, or excavated tombs, as if cut through the solid rock, like the dark and porous catacombs of Kief. The bottom, or bed, deep and broad, consists of a conglomerate of sand or clay, hard and smooth, where not interrupted by rocks. The whole presents, in every respect, the appearance of the deep bed of a great river or lake, now dry, scooped out of the level and barren plain. The sight in many places is truly magnificent. While in one place the solemn gloom forbids the wanderer to advance, in another the prospect is lively and inviting, the ground being thickly studded with ranges of columns, pillars, battlements, turrets, and steps above steps, in every variety of shades and color. Here and there endless vistas and subterranean labyrinths add to the beauty of the scene, and what is more singular in this arid and sandy region cold springs are frequent. Yet there is never any water in the channel unless after recent rains. Thunder and lightning are known to be more frequent here than in any other parts, and a rumbling of the earth is sometimes heard. According to Indian tradition it is the abode of evil spirits. In the neighborhood there is neither hill nor dale, lake nor mountain, creek nor rivulet to give variety to the surrounding aspect. Altogether it is a charming assemblage of picturesque objects for the lover of nature. It is the wonder of Oregon."

One curious episode in Ross' book is about white wolves. An Okanagan chief came to him with a fearful story that his son, just from below, heard a report that a great band of strange wolves, as big as buffaloes, were coming up the river. They were so strong and hairy that neither arrows nor ball could kill them, and so fierce no man could approach them. "They have already killed thousands of horses and we shall all be ruined. You," said he, "will lose all yours." Ross told him that the whites had balls to kill anything, and if they attack our horses we shall surely kill them. A few days after the horse did come and killed five horses, so Ross set a dozen steel traps around one carcass and removed the others. He caught four wolves, and a large white wolf, very ferocious. Another trap held a foot gnawed off by its owner. The white one in the trap tried to fly at them, and that, too, while the foot in the trap was broken, and held only by sinews. It was killed and weighed 127 pounds. Though not as big as a buffalo, it was a monster. The skin was kept by the chief as very valuable, the white wolf's skin being the Indian emblem of royalty. One trap was carried off, and by following it, they slew another large one. It seems that a whole army of small wolves will follow the lead of two or three great white wolves and do an immense deal of damage. They destroyed three or four ringleaders and had no more trouble. The success made the Indians have faith in the white man's capacity and courage. A description is given of the manner in which a wolf will outwit a horse. It was done by a system of frolicsome gambols performed by two wolves that interest the horse; by this means a

wolf will get near enough to catch the horse by the ham-string. With a hold once gained, and never let go, the rest come to his assistance. The horse is ham-strung in a moment and then they eat him at their leisure. The wit and strategy displayed equals anything told of brute intellect the world over.

Ross says of the natives of the interior: "The natives cover the earth in swarms. War is their chief occupation. The warlike natives of the Columbia move about in such unexpected multitudes as to surprise the wary trader." This he says in showing what dangers and hardships the Indian trader encountered through all that region, when many tribes were at war and much tact was required in passing from one tribe to another in case they were engaged in hostilities.

Ross gives an amusing account of an Indian feast given in winter time at the Cascades. The banquetting hall was large with a fire in the middle, around which are laid the tables with the guests in a close ring around the whole. Picture one of the honored white guests squatted among the notables in the first row, the common people in the next and the canines—most eager of all—on the outside. Our friend has his bark platter between his legs filled, top-heavy, with a melange of bear's grease, dog's flesh, wapatoes, berries, roots and a profusion of choice native viands. Each uses his fingers to help himself and one knife is passed around as needed. It is not easy to keep the howling pack in the rear; the daring ones will rush in and seize the food from the guests' dishes. Conversation is varied by cudgling of the dogs that commit these thefts. The fleas, too, become as excited as the canines, and leap in squadrons around the festive board. Such was the case, no doubt, and the white guest knew no escape from the honor thrust upon him. His ability to mingle as if "to the honor born" among natives, and share their fare and lots generally, was the measure of his success as a trader. These highly educated gentlemen partook of Indian feasts and lived at times among them with all possible grace and apparent satisfaction.

McKenzie once broke a boat loaded with goods of value, and placed the ninety packages in the hands of a Cascade chief who had always been of uncertain friendship. On his return he received all unharmed, and the confidence shown resulted in winning the friendship of the tribe. Such proofs of confidence were appreciated, and no record is made that such a trust ever was abused by the Indians, whatever may have been their previous sentiments.

The Cascades in summer was a famous resort of many tribes, and each seemed willing to make willing to make trouble to whoever passed up or down. There and at The Dalles they attempted to exact tribute, and the fur company as earnestly determined not to pay it, or by earnest concession allow the Indians to have a right to supremacy. About 1818 the Dalles Indians made a great effort to establish a permanent tribute. When attempting to go up the river on the way to the various upper Columbia stations, that year they found a thousand warriors gathered there to oppose their passage. There was a united effort among the tribes, both on the Willamette and the Columbia, to exact tribute. They had great respect for McKenzie, who commanded the H. B. Co's forces. His manner pleased them, and he succeeded where others failed. It was the most prudent front and courageous management that they succeeded in making The Dalles portage and launching their boats above it. Thousands of warriors surrounded them. Three leaders were stationed to give the rest the signal for attack at the upper landing. McKenzie sardonically gave these three a stone on which to

whet their arrow points, an act that showed his fearless contempt. He kept two-thirds of his force with guns in hand on guard, and a loaded cannon was pointed at the throng of savages from one of the batteaux.

They succeeded in making the portage and leaving the Dalles, as they thought, by the kind interposition of providence. Our fur hunters were devout and God fearing men, often. As they proceeded up the Columbia they saw throngs of warriors in war paint passing down the river trail, and were thankful that they made their escape before all the malcontents had reached there. They owed much to a friendly Cascade Indian—one of the chief men there—who accompanied them and who went home in a new suit of English clothes as a reward for his courage, fidelity and skill as an interpreter, for he succeeded in explaining whatever was not understood.

Knapp Burrell & Company.

The death of Mr. M. S. Burrell made necessary some changes in the firm and business of the house he had so long been prominently associated with, which is the oldest in this region and perhaps on the Pacific as dealers in farm machinery, implements and hardware. The business was so extensive that his health was impaired trying to conduct it. Mr. Wallace was a trusted friend, as well as assistant, and there was a son who had already taken a part in the business. In his last illness Mr. Burrell planned the succession of his interest. Mr. Knapp was willing and glad to share the immense responsibilities. The result is the formation of an incorporation that continues the old and honored name and is prepared to conduct the business with even a greater range of goods. At their Portland warehouse and their branch establishments organized at Walla Walla, Colfax and Cheney. Besides they will have agencies in other stirring towns East and West of the mountains. The new company issued this month its annual catalogue, which is a handsome pamphlet of 124 pages as well printed as any similar work we have ever seen. It gives the full range of their various lines of goods and price list to suit the times.

Every voter should know the men he is to vote for well enough to be sure they will not betray him and the interests they have professed. Too much speculation has found its way into politics and we elect men to office who sell out to the highest bidder very often. There are plenty of sound and reliable men in Oregon and we do not need to take any chances in filling our offices. If a political cabal exists that puts up its favorites, why, just vote for the other man. Try to kill off rings and bosses. Don't stop to figure too much about party, but figure all the time about men. If each party puts up its best men we shall be safe. Compromising with sin is political principle. The party manager sees how to catch the whisky vote and insists on men to do it with. Vote such a man back to obscurity. From constable to governor vote for good men and only good men.

The Republican State convention concluded its labors at Portland too late for us to have the complete ticket. F. C. Baker was nominated for State Printer and Judge R. P. Boise was re-nominated Circuit Judge for this district.

Blue vitrol at Port's.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the best that can be employed to correct irregularities of the stomach and bowels, Gentle, yet thorough in their action, they cure constipation, stimulate the appetite and digestive organs, and strengthen the system.

A seedling apple tree which has successfully weathered the recent severe winters would be an excellent subject for top-working into some finer variety. It is becoming a question whether we shall not have to go back to this method for obtaining good apples.

## Correspondence.

To Amend the Game Laws.

SALEM, Or., April, 28, 1886.

Editor Willamette Farmer:

The farmers of Prospect Hill, and vicinity held a meeting at the school house last Saturday evening for the purpose of taking some action looking to the amendment or repeal of the present game law in the interest of the farmers of this State.

The meeting was organized by the election of W. W. Culver, Chairman; J. W. Jory, Secretary.

The game law was then read and freely discussed and criticised, when, in order to bring out more fully the sentiments of the meeting, a resolution was introduced, which after a full discussion and several amendments was passed unanimously as follows:

WHEREAS: The Legislature of this State, at its session in 1882, passed an Act for the Protection of Game and Fish, which act became a law by the approval of the Governor October 20, 1882, and

WHEREAS, The said law in many of its provisions is burdensome and unjust to the farmers of this State, entailing on them annually thousands of dollars expense without any compensation, making their fields the common pasture of the game claimed, but unjustly by the State—denying to them the right of protecting their grainfields from the encroachments of the game enumerated in the law—subjecting them to arrest and fine or imprisonment for exercising the inalienable right of self-protection. Forbidding them at times when they have leisure from hunting the game reared on their own premises and turning loose a board of irresponsible persons to roam through the fields with dogs and gun, when the farmer, who has fed and reared the game is too busy with his harvest to obtain any of the benefits of the law or even to protect his premises from pilfering trespassers, and

WHEREAS, The said law prohibits any one from trapping game at any time thereby excluding the little children—those who are too small to use a gun—from participating in the pleasures or profits of taking game, making it a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of from ten to three hundred dollars, or imprisonment or both, for a child to take a single quail egg from the nest, or to catch a trout from the brook on his own father's farm, and

WHEREAS, The law further provides that one-half of all the money collected for fines for violation of the provisions of the act shall be paid to informers and one-half to the district attorney in the county in which the case is prosecuted, so that the State derives no benefit whatever from the law, and

WHEREAS, Certain societies styling themselves "Rod and Gun Clubs," (the members of which are generally irresponsible non-producers) are being formed for the purpose of protecting (?) the aforesaid obnoxious laws. Therefore be it Resolved, That we, the farmers of Prospect Hill and vicinity, earnestly protest against the injustice of said law.

Resolved, That we form ourselves into a society for self protection,

Resolved, That we will not permit any member of any "rod and gun club" to hunt or otherwise trespass on the premises of any member of this society at any time, until the unjust law is repealed.

Resolved, That we invite the co-operation of the farmers of this State to the end that our legislators may understand the wishes of the producing class at whose expense the game is kept.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the Salem papers for publication, also that a copy be spread on the minutes of this meeting.

A committee of three consisting of J. P. Robertson, Wm. Murphy, and J. W. Jory was appointed to draft Constitution and By-laws for permanent organization and report at the next meeting which will be held at 8 o'clock Saturday evening, May 8th.

J. W. Jory, Secretary.

Weather Report for April, 1886.

EOLA, May 1, 1886.

Editor Willamette Farmer:

During April, 1886, there were 11 days during which rain fell, an aggregate of 2.47 in. of water, there were

5 clear, 8 fair and 6 cloudy days, other than those on which rain fell.

The mean temperature for the month was 48.93 deg.

Highest daily mean temperature for the month, 58 deg. on the 25th.

Lowest daily mean temperature for the month, 42 deg. on the 12th.

Mean temperature for the month at 2 o'clock p. m., 56.87 deg.

Highest temperature for the month, 69 at 2 p. m. on the 26th.

Lowest temperature for the month, 35 deg. at 7 a. m. on the 19th.

Frosts occurred on the 19th, 22d 27th.

The prevailing winds for the month were from the southwest during 13 days, south 6 days, north 11 days.

During April, 1885, there were 5 rainy days, and 1.39 in. of water, 17 clear, 3 fair and 5 cloudy days.

Mean temperature for the month, 52.30 deg.

Highest daily mean temperature for the month, 64 deg. on the 27th.

Lowest daily mean temperature for the month 38 deg. on 18th.

T. PEARCE.

From the Red Hills.

FAIR VIEW, April 25, 1886.

Editor Willamette Farmer:

After the nice little April showers we are having bright sunny days again in all their loveliness. We can almost see the grasses growing. The fruit trees are in bloom and all nature seems to be rejoicing. Our school presided over by Miss Minnie Frickey is ably conducted and the health of our hills is very good. The game law must have lost its force as the sound of shot gun and rifle can be heard almost any one of the seven days.

SOME MORE.

Geo. Starrett's Walla Walla garden, flower, grass, tree, and hedge seeds are pre-eminently the best for this section. A point not often thought of, but which is important to the planter, is that seeds grown in a northern climate have more vigor, and more certain to produce a crop, and mature earlier than those raised further south; this, only an opinion at first by some leading agriculturist, has of recent years been thoroughly established as a fact, and acknowledged now as the rule in all classes of seeds. Mr. Starrett guarantees that all vegetable seeds sold by him are fresh and true to name, and grown from the choicest selection of vegetables.

In Salem these seeds are sold by Squire Farar & Co., Keller & Sons, Jno. Hughes, Weller Bros., Roth & Rupp, W. L. Wade, Al. Buckingham, Gilbert & Patterson, and J. M. Martin & Co.

John G. Wright is the general agent for western Oregon and Washington territory; and full dealers should address him for supplies. He retails them at his pioneer grocery store, in Salem.

Sick Headache.

We have tested its virtues, personally, and know that for Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Throbbing Headache, it is the best medicine the world ever saw. We tried forty other remedies before Simmons Liver Regulator, but none of them gave us more than temporary relief; the Regulator not only relieved, but cured us.—Ed. Telegraph and Messenger, Macon, Ga.

Elsewhere appears the advertisement of Mrs. C. S. Rockenfield, Salem's popular florist, who offers collections of potted plants that are both rare and beautiful. The prices asked are very reasonable and our lady friends can rest assured that they will receive good treatment at her hands.—Let those who desire such plants apply at once, or what is better, call in person and see them.

That carbolic dog soap at Port's is splendid for skin diseases in all animals.

Heppner Gazette is Not a Clam!

Neither is it a mountain oyster; but it is a wordy paper scribbled up in plain U. S. language and printed on a sweat-power press in a part of Eastern Oregon where cords and cords of vacant government and railroad land still lies out doors. It never stole hogs, but it is sometimes borrowed by the neighbors. Sample copy with description of the Heppner hills country, 10 cents in stamps. No discount to bummers. It never sucks eggs. Address, J. W. Redington, Heppner, Oregon.