

WILLAMETTE FARMER.

VOL. XVIII.

SALEM, OREGON, FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1886.

NO. 24.

OREGON PIONEER HISTORY.

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

BY S. A. CLARKE.

Copyright applied for. All rights reserved.

NUMBER XXVII.

A Fearful Tragedy.

Soon after this there occurred a terrible tragedy, whereby in an instant of time six lives were whirled to destruction. Dr. White had a call to go to Astoria and went down the river with Mr. Rogers, his interpreter, and Nathaniel Crocker, who had come across the plains with Dr. White. They reached the falls of the Willamette and were trying to find a place to land; Dr. White had stepped on a log, holding a paddle, the other end of which was held by Crocker in the canoe, when the force of the current tore the boat away from the log and in an instant it was hurled over the falls, only three rods from where White stood. Two Indians leaped out and swam against the rapids to shore, two others and Mr. and Mrs. Rogers and her young sister and Mr. Crocker were lost, a piercing shriek coming from the falls as they swept over and were seen no more. Two months afterward none of the bodies had been found. This was a great loss to the infant colony and the news of it went over the sparsely settled country, causing a scene of gloom wherever it was told.

The Upper Country Terrorized.

In the spring of 1843, word was received from missionaries in the interior, of various denominations that Indians were disquieted over rumors that whites were coming in to possess their country. This created excitement among whites as well as Indians and uneasiness prevailed. Quite a number of the outskirts thought seriously of going to the denser settlements for security. It was urged as necessary to erect fortifications, while some wanted to see an armed force go into the disaffected country and quell the pretended disturbance. Dr. White showed his good sense by going there with only four in all, and found the Indians suffering apprehension because they had heard that an army was coming to destroy them. They asked the doctor where his army was, and could not believe for awhile, that he came trusting their good will and without any armed force for protection. The whites were alarmed lest the Indians should annihilate them, and the Indians were in terror for the same cause, having heard that the Indian agent was coming in force to surround and destroy them. They had concluded to stay at home and defend their homes until the last. Dr. White's coming in such apparent confidence removed all fears and satisfied them that there was no danger, but were at peace with all the world.

They visited the Nez Perces and found them all well disposed; fully 500 of them, including all the chiefs and noted braves, returned with them to Wailapa to aid in coming to some peaceable terms with the Cayuse nation. The agent ordered a feast to commence with and all things were peaceably conducted. Dr. White exposed himself to great danger, and maintained friendly relations with the warlike tribes, by exercising prudence and showing confidence and courage. In all his relations with those tribes he seems to have conducted matters with good judgment and sound common sense; his fortunate presence as a government official was productive of much good. Meanwhile, the settlers had organized and framed a code of laws. The laws thus framed were well executed and well respected. There was trouble with the Indians in the lower country because the settlement of the Willamette valley had killed and driven off game and they could no longer subsist from the bow and arrow. They were scorned by the whites

and had become degraded by contamination with bad people of that race. So they had lost all self respect and were becoming reckless as well as degraded. Some had ambition and vigor enough to become thieves. They were all to be pitied. They had no recourse, no capacity to meet altered circumstances or accept civilization. While whites were prospering Indians were retrograding, and it was no cause for surprise that they became demoralized and disaffected and committed acts that were unlawful. They were much worse off than the Nez Perces and Cayuses, who still kept possession of their lands and had the teachings of the best class of missionaries as their only intercourse with the whites. In January, 1844, W. H. Nelson, P. H. Hatch, A. L. Lovejoy and A. F. Waller wrote to call the Indian agent's attention to the fact that intoxicants were distilled in the country. Dr. White responded at once by leaving home next day for the scene of operations; he found a still at Oregon City, and after arresting the distiller, broke his apparatus and threw it into the seething falls. The aggressor was put under bonds not to make more liquor and the evil was stopped.

Career of an Indian Sufian.

An Indian ruffian named Cockstock lived near Oregon City, and had terrorized the vicinity by threats and outrages. For one thing, he attacked Dr. White's premises in his absence, broke doors and windows all in, and made general havoc, though Dr. White did not know who did it for a long time. Horses were stolen. Cockstock and six adherents paraded the town, horribly painted, and crossed the river and tried to get Indians there to help them burn the town that night and murder the citizens. These citizens were so exasperated that when his party crossed again to the Oregon City side, they met them at the river and commenced firing. Two men working near by were wounded by poisoned arrows, Wilson and Rogers, and also Geo. W. LeBreton, who were unarmed but in the melee. Rogers and LeBreton died of the poison. A mulatto named Winslow Anderson despatched Cockstock by breaking his skull with his rifle barrel. The relatives of Cockstock from The Dalles came down in force and demanded money or goods for his death. Dr. White showed them that the boat was on the other leg; that two whites were killed to one Indian, and they were the ones to pay the blood money. This was reasoning so cogent that even a Wasco savage understood it. It is claimed that all this trouble, and the death of several valuable men was caused by some white men cheating Cockstock in a trade; that he was to work for a horse, and when the beast was part earned he the man had sold it. Cockstock went and took the horse and this led to a year's turbulence and three men were finally killed.

The Calipooias and Molallas and the Klamaths were not friendly. One time a band of strange Indians, in war paint, came to the Willamette to visit Caleb, a Calipooia chief. They were bent on murder, but Dr. White gave Caleb a fat ox to feast them, and made afterward a treaty of peace with them, though they came with evil intent. They engaged to come again with all their people, to a spot named, and went away in great humor. They were of two different bands, Klamaths and Molallas—and Cockstock was with them. They were crossing a big stream, not far away, when Cockstock and his crowd turned on the others and massacred all of them. Such was Cockstock, but his death was coupled with that of two good citizens. Dr. White tells a rather pitiful story of the Tualatin Indians who, in excess of hunger, no game being procurable, killed an old ox and ate it, and then had the mortification, as the old chief expressed it, to know they had stolen and

could not look a white man in the face. He came to the agent to tell his troubles. The whites extorted as pay a rifle and eight horses, worth many times the poor ox.

Bad Conduct of Californians.

About 1843 some Cayuses, Walla Walla and Spokanes went all the way to California, through the Indian country, to trade beaver, deer and elk skins for cattle, a journey of 700 or 800 miles. All went well and they had traded off their skins to great advantage. They went to the mountains to hunt more deer and elk, and there met and conquered a band of freebooting savages, from whom they took twenty-two horses. When they reached the Spanish settlement this stock was claimed as the property of settlers from whom it had been stolen. The Indians quoted their custom a law, but the Mexicans demanded their horses without even payment of salvage. An American claimed a mule as his, and was prevented from taking it by a young chief named Elijah Hedding. A few days after the Indians went down to Captain Sutter's fort to church. Elijah was invited into a room where they were abused and called thieves and dogs. This American threatened to kill him, and Elijah said coolly: "Let me pray first." He knelt down in all solemnity and commenced a prayer, when the white savage shot him dead. This was the unpleasant story the upper country savages brought back from California. They escaped with their lives, pursued and waylaid, but managed to get home leaving all the herds they had so honestly paid for behind. As they escaped they met three Americans, and the revenge they took was to mount them and send them back with word they were Christians, and would not take revenge on innocent men. They for a while thought of raising an army of 2000 men to go and murder, ravage and lay waste California, where they were so ill-used and their friends murdered. Ellis, the head chief of the Nez Perces, came down to see Dr. White, and by kind treatment was persuaded that it was one of the sad things best let alone. He invited the chiefs to come down and see him, and offered to give \$500 toward purchasing cows in California for their tribe, which pacified them. The doctor seems to have labored zealously and successfully for the preservation of peace and the advancement of Indians in all proper ways.

Literally Rescued from the Dead.

A terrible tale is told of a bright slave boy rescued literally from the embrace of death. A Wasco chief had a son the same age, and when the lad died he determined to that the slave boy, who had been his inseparable companion living, should go with him dead. The dead house was on an island in the swift Columbia current, and was piled with corpses on each side. The dead was lashed to the living, the cords cutting in so deep that six months afterwards the cuts showed. It was in the night that Rev. Perkins and wife heard the story, and with the earliest morning they hastened to the island to find the poor little wretch living, though breathing the foulest odors of the dead house. He had struggled off the pile of dead and lay on the ground bound so that death must soon have come. It was a long time before he revived and then it was to rave of the horrors he experienced.

How Spencer's Butte was named.

On the 12th of July, 1844, Dr. White left to find a road over the Cascades, as commencement of a long journey east. The provisional legislature had asked him to return as a messenger, and sent by him a memorial to the president and congress, the first ever sent from Oregon. He failed to find any passable route and turned back after several efforts, concluding to keep south to the head of the valley. There he found several buttes that struck his eye as romantic. One of

these he named Spencer after the Secretary of war, a name that yet attaches to the most notable object near Eugene. From here he turned to find a pass through the Coast range to the ocean, which he accomplished. He must have followed the Sinclair, and, if so, was the first white man who explored that route.

A Full Summing up of Dr. White.

Dr. White was so utterly inconsistent and wanting in reliability that he constantly got into trouble. He was blessed with friends, and we find among the pioneers some who entertain considerable regard for him, though they will confess to his shortcomings as liberally as his worst enemies could desire. No doubt his difficulties and troubles were the natural consequence of his sins of omission and commission. Lying was a fine art with him. So inconsistent and unreliable was he that friends are full of his vauntings and lapses from honorable dealing. When he went across the plains to give an account of his stewardship at Washington he carried back an eastern mail, written by settlers, who waited such opportunities to communicate with friends in the older states. It is told that he deliberately opened and read them and threw into the fire a large number that spoke of Dr. White in an unfriendly manner. This was done in the presence of the entire company.

It is pleasant to be able to speak some good words of the man and find some good men who remain his friends. He was eccentric and even false, but he was useful in his place. He made things lively for awhile in young and thinly settled Oregon, and was the source of official indulgence so long as he had sway. It is a question if he did most harm or good, but we incline to the opinion that, if weighed in the balance, he was not found altogether wanting. Dr. White is accused of being overkind to and indulgent to the Hudson Bay Co. It might be possible for a narrow-minded and prejudiced man to speak ill of Dr. McLoughlin, but surely no liberal, generous-minded man could look on and see the great benefits he was always conferring on Americans, his true kindness of heart, and his overflowing wealth of nature, and not be willing to accord him praise and honor. The world has seen few more noble-minded men than was John McLoughlin. Had he not been where he was, and had he not done as he did, always generous, indulgent and kindly, what would the earlier Oregon immigrations have done for food and clothes? I hand down his name with reverence, and remember the white head I have often seen sunning in that Oregon City porch with a pleasant remembrance, wishing this world could have more great souls like his.

Abel's Photographs.

Mr. Abel has removed from the old place to the upper rooms in Dekum's block. He has family rooms attached, so that he is always on hand. An elevator is ready to take patrons or friends to his beautiful rooms, where the clear sun-light comes down unmolested to assist art. Our readers when in Portland, will find Mr. Abel always ready to take a picture, and will certainly give satisfaction.

Attention is called to the new advertisement of the Oregon Pacific Railroad Company. Their line runs to Yaquina, that well-known and very popular summer resort of Oregon. The number of visitors to Yaquina this year is greatly increased over any former year, and the accommodations are reported as much improved. Our State executives returned this past week from a sojourn to the Yaquina well pleased with their excursion.

The Supreme Court of California decides that railroads cannot be compelled to take money as freight or permit passengers to carry it as baggage.

Correspondence.

Remarks About Cherries.

CROSTON, Or., July 6, 1886.

Editor Willamette Farmer:

Next to the Strawberry I place the Cherry. All persons are fond of this delicious, rich, and healthful fruit. Children especially are passionately fond of cherries; every one should have a few trees near the house, for, if not watched the birds will eat them all. I have to fight for my share, and then hardly get it. Still, I do not like to kill the birds, for, as a rule, being insect eaters, are our friends. The trees on my place are remarkable for growth, healthfulness and productiveness: soil, stony clay loam. The trees should be headed back, made spreading and low, so as to be easily gathered. There are many varieties of this valuable fruit. In selecting we should get early, medium and late kinds. But it is great folly to have too many varieties. The Black Republican, Black Spanish, Vanskike are fine among the black ones. The Republican is very late, Vanskike medium and Black Spanish nearly as late as any. The Royal Ann is large, late, and should be included in every collection however small. The Governor Wood is one of the best yellow cherries I know of for general use. Some like the Red Carnation, some the Bigarreau, the Belle de Bavay, May Duke and early Richmond. The Black Tartarian and Little Belle de Choisy are not bad to eat.

The market was better this year than last. Why? Because generally there was not more than half a crop. The three weeks cold rain and frosts of April killed, and indeed prevented fertilization, hence fewer cherries this season. Trees with open heads or long branches had few cherries on them. Close heads with foliage are a protection against cold and frost. Live and learn.

Smokes in the orchard prevent frosts, but who could keep up smokes for three weeks? No one. Fruit growing has its drawback as other things. May and June this season, for Oregon, has been unusually dry. Fruits of all kind were as a consequence not so large, but richer and sweeter. A dry, warm sun makes rich, sweet fruit. It has been threatening, cloudy and south wind, for near three weeks. It gave us three little showers. But June, for the first time in thirty years, has passed without rain, save a few very little showers. The dry weather was very favorable in gathering strawberries and cherries, though ruinous to gardens.

If you want a big cherry get the Big Red Prowl. It's huge! The Kentish I have it, but don't like it. Many do for cooking, but I would rather not have it on the place. Even the birds didn't like 'em.

There are hundreds of cherries; and no two men could give you the same "list." Tastes differ. Men differ. I therefore say, choose for yourself.

A. F. DAVIDSON.

PORTLAND, Or., July 6, 1886.

Messrs. Thompson & Riggan, agent for Burnette Paint Co.'s Impervious Lime Paint, No. 40 First St., Portland.

DEAR SIR: We are glad to inform you that the Impervious Lime Paint (of which you are the owners) put on the roof of this warehouse by you effectually closes all leaks, and as we have spent considerable money, soldering and repairing same, the Impervious Lime Paint is the long felt want we have been looking for. Yours truly,

AMERICAN ENHANCEMENT WHARF, Charles Chalmers, agent.

Trespass Notices.

Now that the game law is out it stands all farmers in hand to have "trespass notices" printed. We will print fifteen trespass notices, on cloth, with name of owner of land, for \$1.25. Send in orders at once.

Wm. J. CLARKE, Willamette Farmer Office.

Tooth brushes, all kinds at bottom prices at Port's 100 State street.