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OREGON PIONEER HISTORY.

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

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Reminiscences of William Martin, Sheriff of Umatilla County.

William Martin, present sheriff of Umatilla county, Oregon, was elected forty years ago under the provisional government of pioneer days sheriff of Champoeg county, whose northern boundary was the Molalla river and southern the Coast Fork, including what is now Marion, Linn and Lane counties. As he expresses it, he was the first and is the last sheriff elected in Oregon. It is not often that a man is elected to the same office at an interval of forty years. Mr. Martin was living in Missouri in 1812 when the Oregon fever seized the Waldo family, and engaged himself to work with Waldo for one year, which time included the journey to Oregon and six months after arrival here. He and his cousin, James P. Martin, came with the Waldo outfit. He also remembers that in the winter preceding his departure from Missouri the news came in St. Louis papers that Mr. Whitman had arrived from Oregon, and gave notice that he would pilot an emigration across the plains, and take them through to the Columbia with wagons. This encouraged many to make the journey who would not otherwise have come. The details of the outfit and journey have been often told and need no recital, save as Mr. Martin remembers incidents that are new. He possesses a keen sense of the humorous and tells many trifles that are amusing, of life on the plains as well as in Oregon.

ON THE PLAINS.

On the Platte, before they were well used to life on the plains, they saw a company of trappers coming, and supposing they might be Indians the alarm was given to corral the train, which was done by drawing wagons in a circle and putting cattle in the center. When the other party drew near and proved to be white men, the boys made lots of fun of the incident. T. D. Keizer was chief actor in the defense, and they named the place Fort Keizer in his honor.

It was reported on the plains that one of the men in the train had struck his wife with his ox whip. This caused general indignation and they concluded to serve him with enough of the same to act as a lesson. The culprit was called up to stand trial and was sharp enough to tell them he was willing to leave it to his wife if he ill-treated her. "If she says so I will take a whipping," said he. She was a Spartan wife and exonerated him from blame and they rather reluctantly acquitted him from judgment. There was no disposition among pioneers to permit women to be abused. They would have made an example of this man, but his wife took his side.

PROVIDENCE AND IMPROVIDENCE.

Some started with insufficient supplies and became short before the journey was half over. That was not so much matter while they were in the buffalo country. One family had started with short supplies and had wasted what they did have. It was a common event for them to cook "slap jacks" in such excess that there were more than the dogs could eat. On the Sweetwater it was found that this family and some others were short, and the Applegates generously proposed to make a division of supplies. Jack Reed, sheriff of the company, got on a wagon wheel and announced this proposal, but it was not kindly received. Some men who said nothing drew out their guns and stood by. "Action spoke louder than words."

There was no division made, which would have only given these wasteful ones supplies to throw away again. It was finally decided that those who had a surplus should give it to them in need as needed. They could have stopped to kill buffalo, but as the majority had enough to get through on, they would not consent to lose the time. They were already late and their teams growing thinner. Carnifex, who came to Oregon in '42, made a remark that was very true, "If there was any dog in a man it would bark on the plains." The dog in some of this train barked occasionally, but most of them had no "dog" in them. The proposition to divide caused a great excitement. Prudent men who had provided well for their families had no intention to rob their children for the benefit of people who would squander what was given them. Yet there was no meanness shown and no one was allowed to suffer.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS.

Some of the ox teams were not very well broken, and the Scouts, who afterwards settled near Mehama, in Marion county, had a team quite fractious. On the Big Bine they ran away and brought up against a sapling that bent under the wheel. Hugh Stout was driving and somehow got straddle the tree and was shoved up into it before the wagon stopped. Eli, his son, ran and shouted: "Run here! run here! dad's a killing!" which was the joke of the season, as the old man wasn't hurt by being run up the tree.

Towards the end of the journey some of the emigrants became a little demoralized and forgot the laws of meum and tuum. The Waldo's stopped to rest their animals at the foot of Pyle's canyon, as they entered the beautiful Grande Ronde valley, and while there someone helped himself to a side of bacon from Waldo's wagon. A certain party was found milking that family's cows about there.

Matters were a trifle unpleasant. There was a road to make over the Blue mountains to the Columbia, and the party suspected of the delinquency went ahead and cut out the road. It was thought then that it was done to get away from the pending difficulty. The others considered it was worth all it cost to have the road made for their use.

They had no trouble with Indians on the plains, but near the DesChutes the Indians there stole some clothing hung out to dry, and ran off some ponies. Some of the families had stopped to wash up and neglected to take in their clothes when night came.

The Indians had a peculiar way of catching jackrabbits above The Dalles. A number of them would commence running round in a circle, half a dozen or so to a rabbit. The animal watched them and became confused, usually being caught by hand or shot down by arrows.

Two well known parties got into a quarrel in the Grand Ronde valley, and one began to choke the other, when others came to the rescue. No one was much hurt, and the men sensibly made it up and were friends. But the nickname "Choke" stuck to the man who was on top, so that even his wife used it in emergency. Such was the case in crossing the DesChutes. Vernon was with his team and they commenced drifting down stream, when his better half called from the shore: "Choke, you turn them oxen's heads up stream or you shan't have another bit of my wheat bread." Wheat bread was a rarity, because flour was scarce. The boys enjoyed the scene, especially as "Choke," by desperate effort, turned the cattle up stream, and so saved his bread as well as his bacon.

WHEN THEY FINALLY REACHED THE WALDO HILLS

And were building the first log house, the family occupied a tent, and had a brush camp. The latter took fire, and

in saving the contents one of the daughters, Avaniila, was badly scorched.

Waldo had thirty-three cows, twelve oxen, four mares, also a black stallion named Martin Van Buren, so called because won on an election bet. This was the property of his son David. They had a rather choice bull, and the rapid increase of this stock made Waldo a wealthy man. Good crops helped him also.

PROVISIONAL JUSTICE.

When the provisional government was organized in '44, James P. Martin was appointed sheriff of Champoeg county, and served two years. The first election was held in '46, and Mr. Martin was elected. Martin made his headquarters at Waldo's, and there were several justices who held court in their own houses. "Billy" Hughes was county clerk, and kept the records at John Force's place, two miles north of Salem. Court was held whenever the justices announced. F. X. Mathieu was justice of Lower French Prairie. Dan Waldo was justice of the Salem precinct, or what is since the Salem region.

One famous trial was a case of one Brown, charged with stealing wheat from Reuben Lewis, tried before Waldo. Mr. Brown gave the sheriff (Martin) a heavy blessing when he arrested them. Nesmith prosecuted and Burnett defended. The wheat was ground at English's mill, and they proved the presence of shavings in it and that cats had camped in the wheat bin, but the jury could not agree that the Browns were guilty. They were so elated at having escaped conviction that they wanted Nesmith to go after Rube Lewis for malicious prosecution, but "Nes" told them they were in big luck not to get "cinched" as it was, and he saw nothing in further proceedings. The Browns found it an unhealthy country to live in, and moved to California.

RECTOR'S CASE OF NON-SUIT.

Another case that created amusement was where W. H. Rector sued James Force for \$250, the price of a carriage he drove across the plains in. Force didn't pay, so "Uncle Billy Rector" brought suit before F. X. Mathieu. The case was set for a certain hour in the morning and Force hurried to be on hand. Rector called at Waldo's for the sheriff and Waldo went along for his own pleasure. Rector was a man of considerable ability and force of character, but rather quick tempered and irascible. When they were near Mathieu's place they met Force, who told them they needn't go any further as he had got a non-suit entered against them. It seems that Force, as soon as the hour set for trial arrived, moved for a non-suit, as the plaintiff was not on hand. This roused Rector's ire and he started after Force as fast as his nag could go. He had a heavy rawhide in his hand and used it on his horse, with variations on Force's back as often as he could catch up. The prairie was all open land there and the two spectators got in the center of the circle described by plaintiff and defendant. Rector prosecuted his suit after his own fashion until tired out, when they came riding up to the others, Force laughing good naturedly at the rage of his antagonist. Another suit begun and the hack was finally paid for. Suits were not often of any importance and were sometimes the cause of fun or gossip to the whole community.

A. A. Robinson was captain of the military company organized in 1847, which took part in the war on Battle creek. He afterwards went to California. He was the first white man that ever ran a boat over the Cascades. He did good work here and drilled the settlers to arms, so as to give them confidence in case of war with the Indians.

Wm. Martin took up a land claim at the upper end of Howell prairie, but sold his rights to his cousin for 160 acres in Missouri, intending to go back and sell the land to buy cattle with the proceeds. The discovery of gold changed all plans, and he never went back as intended.

NEWBERG AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

Eight miles below Dayton, where the present terminus of the narrow gauge railroad is situated, is the village of Newberg, around which, years ago, there located a settlement composed in good part of Friends, or Quakers, as commonly called, and to-day exists one of the most united and harmonious communities to be found in Oregon.

Newberg is close under the range of hills that divide the counties of Yamhill and Washington, known as the Chehalis mountains. The country is beautiful in its general features and the soil rich and productive. Within a very few years the foot-hills have become more thickly settled, the brush cleared away, and many fine orchards grace the pleasant knolls and ridges of the Chehalis range that offer a natural home for the growth of fruits.

For some years past we have recorded the holding of annual fairs by this community, and it is not "taffy" to say that we have felt a strong desire to become better acquainted with a people who could, and who actually do, sustain successfully such an organization and make such an exhibit; so it was with great pleasure that we received an invitation from Mr. Samuel Hobson, secretary of the society, to be a guest at the fair held last week. A thirty-mile drive took us, via of Spong's ferry and Dayton, to Newberg, where we found large temporary buildings erected to shelter the exhibit and the crowd, which was estimated at a thousand people, gathered chiefly from that locality, but including visitors from some distance; all the editors of Yamhill were there in person.

In the afternoon, as they depended upon us for an address, we gave them a plain talk about the value of fruit-growing and the importance of making that a leading Oregon industry, all present being at liberty to come in with questions and their own opinions. That evening we were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Hoskins, who began life there nine years ago, and from a very small beginning now have one of the most beautiful and thrifty fruit farms to be found in the State. It was pleasant to hear our host and hostess narrate, with hearty glee, their hardships and endeavors, working for wages to get bread and pay interest, and he slashing the brush to make a clearing. He burned this off, fencing with the poles, worked to earn seed which he sowed in the ashes, not even having a team to haul a brush over it, and the neighbors remonstrating with him for wasting good wheat in that reckless way. He cradled over 1,500 bushels of grain and astonished the good German, who expected to have his land back, by paying for it. Then he sold part of the land for more than double its cost, and later sold more for seven times its cost, so that now he occupies a beautiful home, built with his own hands, and looks abroad on knolls covered with orchards that make him more than independent, though not more than six years old.

Mr. Hoskins is a rich man, though comparatively a young man, and any man who will plant such orchards as he has cannot fail to succeed. We may trespass on private grounds in telling this story without his permission, but it illustrates the results of good endeavor and good management, and shows what the soil of Oregon will do for those who really cultivate it; as also indicates the character of the community about Newberg, so we trespass and hope for pardon. The lesson of such success is worth telling to encourage those who are struggling onward.

Inside the pavilion we found a handsome collection of fruits, grains and vegetables. We leave the children's part, the ornamental, and the art departments to the editor of the Home Circle, and will note the range of farm products.

J. Lewis Hoskins showed broom corn,

and thinks some varieties of it can be made a profitable crop; also Marblehead squashes raised in 1885, said to excel the Hubbard. In the vegetable line there were fine melons, squashes, pumpkins and an assortment of garden products that would not lose by comparison with the exhibit at the State Fair. Of grains there was excellent corn in stalk and ear. A thirty-acre field was planted this year not far from Dayton. The genuine Fulty wheat, raised near by, was also there. Our old-time subscriber, Mr. D. J. Wood, showed a sack of beans that were of the nicest quality. He gives his experience to prove that they can be made a profitable crop. There were about one hundred entries of farm products.

The show of fruit was fine and would stand any comparison. Fall and winter apples and pears, peaches and grapes, (the peaches were most seedlings and very fine) made a superb showing. Our host is a bee-man as well as an orchardist; he has over sixty hives and sells much honey. He was in charge of the bee department at the fair, with a hive of bees, an assortment of bee fixtures and some Simplicity hives. This vicinity produces as fine honey as can be found the world over, as we proved at his table.

Speaking of fruits, Mr. Wm. Hobson, the venerable Friend, father of several of that name, gave us his experience of growing peaches and apricots, and says he has grown both in perfection. This is valuable information, for the location of extensive canning works in Oregon depends much on the country being able to produce those fruits, they being in greater demand than almost all others.

There was a show of stock in yards adjoining, including several high grades and one pure Shorthorn, a bull three-fourths Shorthorn and one-fourth Jersey, a cow and calf one-half Shorthorn and one-half Holstein, enough to show that there is an effort for improved stock that is worth following up.

There were several good entries of horses—a Hambletonian-Pilot stallion, a two-year-old Hambletonian-Membrino colt, a choice draft mare. David Ramsey showed a dark bay English draft stallion, 17 hands, weighing 1,700 lbs, that would command attention at any stock show. J. L. Kinney, of Lafayette, had a mare and her three-eighths Clyde colt, four months old, very large, and promises to be a very good horse.

S. M. Woodward, of Newberg, showed a very good lot of Essex swine that came from our friend G. W. Hunt, originally, and have not lost under his care, for finer pigs are not easily found. Mr. Woodward thinks this breed profitable and intends to raise them for sale. He already has a number worth attention.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of kind attention and hospitality from friends at Newberg, and trust the acquaintance thus begun will strengthen into a permanent regard.

Indigestion or Constipation.

A few HAMBURG FIGS are all that is necessary for the cure of the severest cases of indigestion or constipation, and one taken occasionally will prevent the development of these affections. 25 cents. At all druggists. J. J. Mack & Co., proprietors, S. F.

Does your neighbor read the FARMER? If not, tell him we will send it free of charge until January 1, 1887, to all who will send us their address on a postal card.

A Fine Farm for sale.

We have had placed in our hands for sale a choice farm highly improved, about four miles south of Salem. The place contains 120 acres, all of which is cleared. There is a growing crop of 52 acres, consisting of barley and wheat. There are good buildings and an orchard. This place yielded thirty bushels of wheat per acre last year. Apply soon and obtain a bargain. Price \$35 per acre.