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## OREGON PIONEER HISTORY.

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

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How Colonel T. R. Cornelius and Party Crossed the Plains.

MARCHING NORTH THEY FIND WATER.

At this juncture the Adams and Cornelius wagons independently struck north, where they saw the Blue mountains in the distance and knew that water from their western slopes fed the Deschutes river. It was not long until night, but they pushed on northward. "All night long till break of day" and all day until two hours before noon they drove on and then they found a small stream where they camped and rested. They had been going southwest before they turned north. Meek was with those who went on for water and tried to make himself useful. There was talk on the desert of taking the back track to Snake river as they waited for their return, but that was abandoned. It is natural to ask why they had not turned back long before. The only answer is: Those men were made to go ahead and not to turn back. They relieved their minds occasionally with a muttered threat that Judge Lynch should hold a court before they reached The Dalles. The stream they struck must have been the head of Crooked river. Two days later nine men started for The Dalles, thinking rightly that they were now on the waters of the Columbia river, as the stream maintained a northerly course. These nine men took only three or four days' supply of provisions, thinking they could not be far from the Columbia. The teams kept on slowly, as it shows now. They followed the upland divide between the John Day and the Deschutes going down morning and night with pack animals to fill their kegs for camp use and driving down the stock to the river to drink. It averaged two miles from the camping places to the watering places.

A LONG ROAD TO THE DALLES.

The nine men who went on to The Dalles had rather a destitute time of it. Their supplies grew short while appetites held out full measure. Nine long days passed before they reached The Dalles, and only that they found an Indian camp in the Tygh valley, where the natives gave them some salmon, they might have had to kill a riding animal. Arrived at The Dalles they found Father Alvin F. Waller in charge, and procured a supply of good food from him. They also met Black Harris, a noted mountain man, at The Dalles, and he returned with them to aid in case the company needed assistance. They were gone in all twenty days, and very fortunately met the train as it wound over the upland plains. They were afraid the teams might take their way on some other route, and they would miss them entirely, and knew that many families were in sore distress. It is hardly possible to understand the horror of the situation, where all the evils were aggravated by painful circumstances. They had wearily driven on, making the best of what force and what food they had. Their supplies ran so short that they killed a cow or steer occasionally, though they were too poor and exhausted to make wholesome food. When weeks wore on and their own travel failed of finding any sign of civilized life, the train people despaired of ever seeing their nine messengers sent on in advance. They feared they were starved by the way, as their stock of food was so light.

Almost famished and perishing as they were, and frenzied with selfish

fears, they yet had an unknown terror stored up, comprising this haunting distress and apprehension concerning their absent friends. Words cannot tell the joy with which the advanced guard—the Cornelius wagons always led—saw.

THE RETURNING MESSENGERS.

That they were come and were safe, and that they were on a road that led somewhere, for a moment overshadowed the stomach hunger that had been so clamorous. Laughter and tears were unbidden companions at that hour, and the banishing of doubt and apprehension made the sage plains a haven of rest beyond the work of words to say. There was excitement without noise. It was too serious a time for boisterous show of joy, and the sick and dying were too near them. They camped where they met, and gradually those strung behind for miles came up and camped with them. Food was sent back to those farthest from the front, and all had their share. Some were so far behind they could not close the gap before the first train started the next morning.

MEEK LEAVES BY NIGHT.

There was a very angry feeling towards Stephen Meek, and a low tone of conversation pervaded the camp that meant harm for him. There is no doubt that a rope had been kept ready for any emergency, that could seal his fate. Meek was not blind to this fact, and, indeed, the ruling sentiment demanded his punishment. That night Stephen Meek and his young wife, and his traveling companion, Nate Olney, quietly slipped out with their pack animals and never were heard of again by that company. It was still over a week's journey to The Dalles, and they pushed on with increase of confidence, because they knew something for certain. The horror of doubt was removed, but there was a great fact undiscovered by them that would have made their side-track far more memorable than it has ever become. If they had only known that it was gold Ben Cornelius hammered on his tire, the world would have rushed to Oregon in 1846, as it did to California in 1849. But Whittier says: "Saddest of all, it might have been."

The after-adventures of that distressed crowd were not memorable. They all got through to the Willamette and many of them settled in Washington county. Colonel Cornelius became of age, so he could take up land under the donation act, and located the claim on Tualatin plains which he retains to-day. The boy grew up to be a man of influence. A hearty old age finds him still living in Washington county. He has often represented that county in the councils of State, and was elected a colonel in the Indian wars that raged thirty years ago, by the votes of his fellow soldiers; so he has no sham military title, but earned it through a campaign in the wilderness. Peace suits his character well, and peaceful walks of commerce involve his later years. The sire lived to a good old age, and the son bids fair to rival Grand sire Adams in keeping the records of a century in his own memory of events.

PADDY ROLAND'S STILL.

In early days there was an ingenious and eccentric character who somehow drifted into this Columbia region, named Paddy Roland. Paddy somehow managed to make a still, and commenced the manufacture of whisky out of berries. He managed this so quietly that Old Kesno first saw something was wrong with his men. They had crazy streaks and were plainly intoxicated. Now, the old chief did not object to a taste of good liquor himself, but he couldn't stand to see his people going wild without his help over Paddy Roland's liquor, so he hunted the matter down. He soon found out from the Indians what was the trouble, and

who was the manufacturer and went after Paddy with all the authority of a Multnomah chief. Paddy was captured and taken to Vancouver in custody. His still was smashed and his liquor confiscated. Dr. McLoughlin was rather puzzled to know what to do with this ingenious, whisky-making Irishman, as there was no excise law to govern Oregon. He finally told him to go and sit no more, and there is no record that he ever broke the promise given.

British Naval Officers in Oregon.

During the year in the harvest of 1845, the British sloop-of-war Modeste visited Oregon and ascended the Columbia river. One of her officers was Lieutenant Peel, son of the premier of England. Mr. Minto met this young man at Matheny's, Wheatland. The lieutenant was charmed, and said this was the most beautiful country he had ever seen in its wild state. He was only afraid "we" (the British) would not be able to hold it. A ball was given at the finishing of McLoughlin's mill, at Oregon City, when Peel and Captain Bailey of the Modeste were present. Peel made a bet with Dr. Newell (Robert Newell), representative-elect from Cham-pagne county, as to the loyalty of the majority present to great Britain. He lost, and then pointed to Willard H. Rees, who was present and a stranger to him, and said: "I will make the same bet on him;" but Rees answered his question: "I fight under the stars and stripes myself."

Lieutenant Peel talked up British interests as he traveled through the country to see what it was like. Quite a wordy war was waged in the Spectator between Sam Parker and Mr. Douglas, of the Hudson Bay Company, about the breaking of the Oregon liquor law. Douglas said the Hudson Bay Company was not responsible for liquor used by the officers of the Modeste.

The officers of that ship had been at Charley McKay's place, on the Tualatin, and in coming away saw a beautiful little animal they were not acquainted with. It was beautifully striped, especially on the tail. One of the mid-dies went for it and was lucky (?) enough to catch it. He caught a great deal more than he had bargained for when we count in the scent bag of the pole cat. He caught it rather bad, and had to change his clothes, while the suit he wore went through a course of purification. The story was told in the Spectator and amused people here very much.

Rev. J. L. Parrish on Indians.

Mr. Parrish was for some years an Indian sub-agent on the lower coast, and has had many opportunities to learn the belief entertained by different tribes. He says that the coast Indians believe in a supreme being called E-kah-nie, who resides above and made all things, but they have no tradition of any revelations from the supreme being to man. Before the coming of salmon they had a great performance that was intended as a worship of E-kah-nie, begging him to be beneficent and come to them with the usual abundance of fish to give them the year's supply of food. They were so dependent on this food supply that they made it the subject of a religious rite.

Every person had a Ta-man-a-with, or guardian spirit, that attended and befriended him. There was also an evil genius called Ex-el-ton, who always engaged in doing harm and had to be watched. They were always imploring the great spirit, E-kah-nie, to protect them from the devil's influence.

A rich Indian had several wives, and a chief would have two or three. The coast Indians received the first teachings with wonder, and finally embraced the Christian religion. Some Calipooias who were converted became teachers among their own people. The tribes in this valley had vague ideas of the supreme being, not so clear as the Chinooks and Clatsops had.

In 1834 a mission log house was built. Jason Lee hewed the logs and Mr. Parrish has got the broad-ax that he used in that work. The house was only 20x30. They gathered in children to be taught. In '35 that house was added to. In 1840 they had seventy-five to eighty persons in the mission school and they learned as fast as white children do.

In 1840 there were children in attendance from twelve or fifteen French and half-breed families. When their homes were distant the children boarded at the school. These grew up bright, intelligent and useful people. When Bishop Blanchette came he told them they did wrong; that missionaries were all bad; that they must be Catholics to be saved. Those educated there made valuable citizens. He remembers among the French settlers with half-breed families, Joseph Gervais, Lataront, Delors, Lucie, Derion and Billagus. These quit the Hudson Bay Company's service at an early day to make homes in French prairie and raise wheat for the Hudson Bay Company's mill. That extensive plain got its name of French prairie from the fact that so many Canadian French were among its first settlers.

Mr. Parrish came out here as smith for the mission, and his circuit was very large. He worked for all the settlers on French prairie, as the first mission home was on the south edge of that region. He worked for the mission farm and for the missions at Clatsop and The Dalles and other places. He worked for all who came and his anvil rang a merry tune the week round. Whatever may be said of missionaries in general, it must be conceded that the mission black-smith was a blessing to all that region.

Land Locators Hunting Wives.

It is rather amusing to inquire into the matrimonial market during the "Pioneer Days." Mr. Minto says that in Grande Ronde valley they met several settlers from the Willamette who made no secret of their object in traveling out to meet the emigration. They wanted wives and were equipped in very comfortable shape, so as to make a good impression. Some would go out to meet their families, but younger men were out looking up good looks and agreeable manners in girls who had crossed the plains. For many years it was a custom for marriageable men to go forth and look for the wives who should make their homes brighter for all future years. The preponderance of marriageable men was so great that it stood the bachelors in hand to be alive to the business of hunting good wives. Down in the Willamette there were a score of young men to every marriageable young lady. A man had to be wide awake to secure a wife at all. Love at first sight was no uncommon thing on the highway to Oregon, and as soon as they struck Fort Boise emigrations looked out for wife hunters, who were on hand to pick out the most attractive girls.

The Prohibitory Liquor Law.

Peter H. Burnett was the author of a stringent liquor law that passed the provisional legislature. There were in this country unscrupulous men who would do anything for gain or for lust. These men would sell liquor to the Indians and invent ways to manufacture it. The settlers were alarmed at the danger that would attend them if the Indians should become inflamed with liquor. This was a constant cause for dread and apprehension, so the provisional legislature passed a stringent prohibition act. Near Cathlamet a man named Fellows was engaged barreling salmon. To get fish cheap of the Indians he resorted to any sort of trade, and liquor selling was most profitable of all. The Indians would do more for poor than for good provisions. This fact became known to Captain Morrison and other settlers on Clatsop Plains, who made up a posse that included young men from Hunt's

mill, some of whom were John Minto, E. N. Evenman and James Hunt.

They went up to Cathlamet and arrested this man Fellows and took him to Astoria, where he was kept "in durance vile" until he promised to discontinue his nefarious trade. While there were a few law-breakers, the great majority were law-abiding citizens. The difficulty here was that there was no justice of the peace nearer than at Oregon City, and they could not afford the time and expense to go there for a warrant and then execute it. In those days there were one hundred Indians to every white man, and the danger was terrible to think of. They sturdily took the law in their own hands and compelled obedience to it. There were others besides Fellows in the same business, and they worked together and defended each other wherever possible, so it was rather a courageous matter for law-abiding citizens to assert themselves.

Diverting Oregon Emigrants to California.

There is no doubt from the reports made by several emigrations, that Grant, Hudson Bay Company's agent at Fort Hall, did all that was possible to turn travel to California. Mr. Minto shows that that worthy, aided by the famous—and rather not so—Peg Leg Smith, the mountaineer and trapper, almost persuaded Dan Clark to turn that way by their false statements. He found his companions were not affected by these stories, so plucked up courage to come along. They were artful in running down the country and exaggerating the dangers that beset the way. There was no company going to California, and for that reason Clark had to keep on, but he soon found that Grant and "Peg Leg" had spared no effort to make mis-statements. They no doubt did impress the minds of many and induced some companies to take the road to California, who otherwise would have come to Oregon.

National Thanksgiving Proclamation.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—Following is President Cleveland's proclamation designating Thursday, November 25, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer:

A PROCLAMATION

By the President of the United States: It has long been the custom of the people of the United States, on a day in each year especially set apart for that purpose by the Chief Executive, to acknowledge the goodness and mercy of God, and to invoke his continued care and protection. In observance of such custom, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the 25th day of November, instant; to be observed and kept as a day of thanksgiving and prayer. On that day let all our people forego their accustomed employment and assemble in their usual places of worship, to give thanks to the Ruler of the Universe for our continued enjoyment of the blessing of free government, for a renewal of business prosperity throughout our land, for the return which has rewarded the labor of those who till the soil, and for our progress as a people in all that make a nation great. And while we contemplate the infinite power of God, in earthquake, flood and storm, let the grateful hearts of those who have been shielded from harm through his mercy be turned in sympathy and kindness toward those who have suffered through his visitations.

Let us also, in the midst of our thanksgiving, remember the poor and needy with cheerful gifts and alms, so that our service may, by deeds of charity, be made acceptable in the sight of the Lord.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this first day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six, and of the independence of the United States of America one hundred and eleventh.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

By the President,  
T. F. BAYARD, Secretary of State.