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OREGON PIONEER HISTORY.

SKETCHES OF EARLY DAYS.--MEN AND THINGS IN THE FORTIES
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Joseph Watt Goes to Washington and Interviews Senator Benton.

We left Mr. Watt three hundred dollars out of pocket, at Boston, looking at pretty women and gay shop windows and taking pleasure trips in a lonesome way, by himself, around Boston harbor and adjacent country, but he soon tired of this solitude among strange thousands and concluded in his own mind, that far-away Oregon was worth them all to him. He says: "I started back, feeling badly whipped and disappointed. At a junction of the railways of that day it was necessary to wait for the Washington city train to pass, so all at once I came to a resolve to change my route of travel and go to Washington as a self-appointed delegate from Oregon. I jumped on board the belated train, when it came along, and started for the nation's capital and got there the same evening. I had taken the fever and ague and was quite weak from a recent chill and had to be helped about. I rested well and slept late and then sat out to see Washington; went to the Capitol and about the grounds; later I hunted up Wm. Dement's people who looked sideways at me. So I bided them good bye and went to the White house. His excellency was too busy to see me, though I was all the way from Oregon. Then I took in the war department to see Jeff Davis. He was engaged and staid so quite a while. So I left him to his work and off the street, met some boys from California that I had met before. They came as witnesses in the difficulty between Fremont and General Kearny. I told them my experience and failure to get an audience, and they asked if I had been to see Benton? I said no. They said he was the man who would not be too busy to see me and who could inform me of all that the government intended to do for Oregon. I thought of the many times I had shouted for Benton in Missouri, when he made speeches for Oregon, and concluded that he was the man who would tell me all I wanted to know and give me something to tell the people of Oregon about when I got home.

So I went to Benton's little brick house east of the avenue, knocked and was let in by a negro boy who took in my name, and soon after admitted me to the presence of old Benton, himself. I saw a heavy built man, with short neck, weighing about 200 pounds. I thought Burly Benton was a good name. I told him who I was and where I came from and was introduced to his nephew. I told the colonel I had no particular business; I came from Oregon recently and should return in the Spring. Our people wanted much to know what government intended to do for them. They were tired of living half English and half American in politics. Most of us went from Missouri where we had been his warm friends and supporters. We had seen, too, that he continued to take an active part in Oregon affairs.

"Yes, yes, yes! Ah! What state did you say you were from? It is not a state, a territory, the territory of Oregon. Ah! Yes, yes, yes, we know all about Oregon! My son-in-law, Mr. Fremont, has traveled all over that country. The whole country is or ought to be under everlasting obligations for the information he has given, at the greatest sacrifice, too, any any man ever gave. Yet is he is very poorly thanked."

"But Mr. Fremont has never been in the part of Oregon that is settled."

"Yes, yes, we know all about Oregon, the wants of the people and their prospects; and, as I said, we are indebted to my son-in-law, Mr. Fremont, for this information, got at the greatest sacrifice any man ever made, for which he is now

most ungratefully treated. Did you ever see Mr. Fremont? Well, if you should see him you would not think him a man who could subsist on mules and dogs."

Watt could not think, for the life of him, what Fremont had to do with the matter. Benton had so much to say about Fremont that Joe became impatient. He was ill and weak, and spoke up rather hastily:

"Col. Benton, you must excuse my calling on you. We are anxious to know the intentions of the government towards Oregon, and the matter of joint occupancy with Great Britain is a source of annoyance to patriotic Americans, most of whom were only recently your constituents in Missouri, and still look to you as their friend and the champion of their rights. So I called on you, hoping I could learn something to tell my friends, including all Oregonians, that they could rely upon. We only have news once a year, when the emigration comes, and emigrants bring letters to their friends. As to any information you have received from Col. Fremont as to what the people of Oregon are doing and relating to their prospects, it must be principally guess work on his part for I know he was never there."

Watt says he shall never forget the look "old Bullion" gave him.

"Yes, yes, perhaps so; perhaps I don't know!"

"Excuse me, Col. Benton, for being plain Col. Fremont knows but little of Oregon. So far as I have read, his reports are correct. His map of the roads is good, as I know, for I know all the camping and watering spots on the whole route. But as to making roads, I know he never made them. He followed the emigrant road into Oregon, made by men, women and children, that brought him to The Dalles. He went down the middle Columbia in Hudson Bay company bateaux to Fort Vancouver, to get supplies; returned to The Dalles and struck out for California, on the east side of the Cascade mountains."

When I mentioned the emigrant "women and children" as road makers, the old man jumped to his feet and started across the room, rubbing his hands. Such looks as he cast at me made me think "kicking" time had come and that I might become a victim to my plain truth-telling.

"Perhaps I don't know! Perhaps I don't know the movements of my own son-in-law."

Young McDowell sat with his face to the wall, writing. Happening to look round I saw his side face puff like a bellows. Watt paid no attention, but went on saying:

"Col. Fremont, I know, had a very hard trip going to California and deserves more credit than he is likely to receive; for they suffered untold hardships."

"Yes, yes, he is poorly thanked by those who ought to appreciate his vast services. Eh! I think you said you should return to Oregon next spring?" Watt explained his plan to drive sheep and haul woolen machinery and they pleasantly discussed the difficulties that attended and hindered establishing such work in a new country.

Speaking of the joint occupancy, Benton said: "A great many things have to be contended with before the government can assume full possession. England must be treated with, they have some claims; then there are many designing men here who will not scruple to give us trouble. I'm sure I don't know what will happen, but I feel sure something will be done that will satisfy your people there; it ought to be so. I have taken part in some attempts to relieve the people of Oregon, and still hope to succeed."

Benton inquired after many old friends: Col. Ferd, Peter H. Burnett, Gen. Gilliam and others. All his violence melted away, he loaded Watt

with maps, charts and books concerning Fremont's work, to distribute among next springs emigrants. Watt met young McDowell afterwards at St. Louis and elsewhere, and they had several good laughs over the Colonel's insisting on Fremont's knowledge and that Watt stoutly maintained, and proved too, that he (Fremont) never was in Western Oregon, the settled portion of the country.

When returning to Missouri to equip for the return to Oregon, Watt had a terrible November experience. As he ascended the river to St. Louis a collision occurred with a descending steamer, and his boat sank in five minutes. Many were drowned, and some who swam to shore two hours before day, were chilled to death in the darkness. Watt got on the hurricane deck by strong effort and good fortune, wading through the cabin in water waist deep to do so. He was thankful enough when he reached home in safety, and remembered that 120 of his late fellow passengers were either drowned in the great river or perished miserably of cold on its inhospitable shore, in the darkness of night.

During that winter Watt went around among the people near his father's residence, talking of Oregon and the journey thither. Many amusing incidents occurred, and a vast amount of ignorance was displayed. In many instances it was difficult to make the people understand where Oregon lay and how to get there. When this job was finished, they would stare with wonder at the thought that any one should be so foolish as to wish to go there; how any man could willingly undertake so much for so little. When he learned how ox teams made the journey, one wise man declared he would "take the stage" in preference to such tedious travel. It was ludicrous in the extreme to hear the subject argued. A common remark from men and women, when they learned where he lived when at home, was, "Well, your a long ways from home, and it looks as if you might not get back there soon."

Another trouble was that a universal feeling among the immigrants opposed traveling with sheep. It was uncertain for awhile if Watt wouldn't have to go in a crowd by himself, but the flock vindicated itself fully in the few first days of travel. The sheep, and even the lambs, made as good day's marches as the train did, but Watt asserts that it was awful work driving them through the deep sands and dusty roads on the plains. He actually pushed them on, day after day, with his knees pressing them forward, dust so deep that he could not see the tramping flock that he felt of before him. When the company found that the sheep were not in the way and made good drives, no objection was continued. The fact that Watt knew all the camping and watering places made him too valuable as guide and pilot for objections not serious to stand against him. Watt says the immigrants of 1848 were well prepared for their journey, and went on with few obstacles. They succeeded better than many had done who preceded them, and benefitted by their experience.

[Concluded next week.]

Garrison sewing machine supply store, Portland, is literally chock full of Household sewing machines, and they are having a tremendous sale and giving excellent satisfaction. The business is under the control of M. A. Winnea. When in Portland make Garrisons store a rendezvous.

See the announcement in this week's issue that Mrs. H. C. Gay has to make. She has some choice settings of eggs and would like to correspond with those who intend setting eggs.

The Dr. Vaumoniscars dispensary is now under the charge of Dr. Clark, lately from California. He would like to undertake the cure of chronic diseases. See advertisement elsewhere.

Correspondence.

Why Farmers Don't Raise Beans.

ASSOTIN, W. T., March 12, 1887.

Editor Willamette Farmer:

I read an article in the Farmer of Feb. 18, entitled, "Don't Know Beans," and am so much surprised that a person as conversant with the farmers as the author of it must be, should write such and I can't refrain from giving my experience with beans, and think many Willamette valley farmers can say amen. In the spring of 1882 my father came from the east and in looking over the field for diversified farming, thought we could make something raising beans, as they were 6c in the market at retail; so we put in an acre and a half of white soup beans, and in due time threshed and took them to market in good order for sale. Was answered; we have just received our supply from California. So took them home. Next summer sold them for 2½ cents and took as pay, trade and goods that bore a 33 per cent profit. I have received the like encouragement in offering potatoes, cabbage, tomatoes, etc. I remonstrated with one dealer, and asked him if he was not ashamed of such economy; he answered, "We can't depend on you farmers." To forever silence that kind of excuse, then and there, offered to enter into contract to furnish him all the beans his trade demanded, year after year, for just what he could lay them down from California, and if they were not as good quality, he to have the privilege to refuse them, and further, would take my pay in goods. I did not get the contract. Again, in 1885 one of my neighbors put in ten acres and I helped him deliver them in Albany; he got 1 cent per pound. There are two farmers out of this bean business.

My reasons for this state of affairs are: 1st., the foolishness of many consumers; anything raised at a distance tastes better. This was demonstrated when the fruit canneries of East Portland gave their fruit flavor, by getting labels printed in California. Second, occasionally someone will compare first and second cost and this can not be as readily gotten at if the goods come from afar.

I think the dairymen, poultry raiser, wagon and carriage makers, and in fact all the would-be home producers have cause to complain of the merchants' preference and the craze for foreign production, and the results as I see them are disastrous, to the general welfare. Many farmers are driven to other pursuits in other fields and some are ruined, while the merchants, as a class are prospering. So much so that after ten or fifteen years business we find them erecting fine residences, laying off beautiful lawns, planting trees, resting on fine upholstery, listening to sweet sounds of piano and organ, their tables groaning with the luxuries of every climate. I know this to be the case with dry goods, hardware, and grocery merchants with whom I have dealt for the last fifteen years while sixty-five per cent of their agricultural customers have gone to the wall, leaving with half grown families for new countries; and want of ability or education can not be justly brought as a counter cause.

A. H.

[NOTE.—The author of this is an old Linn county farmer; he is inclined to take us to task for producing such thoughts. It is sometimes necessary to speak plainly to bring people to their senses. And in the long run is the quickest and most effective mode. We do lean toward our farmer friends in our endeavors to give them all the information possible, but just remember, friends, that it is easy to criticize, but could you do better were you in our place? Also bear in mind that we have 3000 readers to please, and to

think that each one of you will be pleased by every article we write would be placing a poor construction on your ideas, for we believe you are not all a one-idea sex of people. We work for and desire only the patronage of the the producing class and we challenge anyone to produce proof to the contrary. We only wish the farmers of this country would stand by us as faithfully as we have stood by them.—Editor.]

Weather Report for March, 1887.

EOLA, Or., March 31, 1887.

Editor Willamette Farmer:

During March, 1887, there were 14 day during which rain or snow fell, and an aggregate of 6.41 inches of water. There were 4 clear, 7 fair and 6 cloudy days, other than those on which rain or snow fell.

The mean temperature for the month was 46.20 degrees. Highest daily mean temperature for the month, 54 degrees, on the 10. Lowest daily mean temperature 35 degrees on the 3.

Mean temperature for the month at 2 o'clock P. M. 52.58 degrees.

Highest temperature for the month 97 degrees on the 27 and 28, at 2 o'clock P. M. Lowest temperature, 6 degrees A. M. on the 22.

Frosts occurred on the 1, 2, 3, 4, 12, 19, 29 inclusive.

The prevailing winds were from the S W during 22 days, N 9 days, NW 0 day, NE 0 day.

During March, 1887, there were 13 rainy days and 3.67 inches of water; 8 clear, 4 fair, and 6 cloudy days.

Mean temperature for the month 42.79 deg.; highest temperature 53 deg. on the 29; lowest temperature 31 deg. on 27.

T. PEARCE.

Rev. Horace Lyman.

When we landed in Portland, about 37 years ago, Mr. Lyman was building the Congregational church of that city, and for years after he was its pastor. He officiated at our marriage in 1852, and in all the years that are subsequent we have maintained kindly relations, and have learned to appreciate him as a man without guile, sincerely honest and earnest in his work, and showing by his earnest endeavor to benefit all the world around him that he truly loved God and man. The other day, at a ripe old age, he finished his work and went to join, on the further shore, that partner of his youth and life, to whom he was most fondly attached, and whose death preceded his many years. The world has not too many soul-felt and earnest-minded men working for it, who are generous, unselfish, and disinterested, as he was. When one goes, as he went the other day, we can well afford to recall all his virtues and earnest labors, and shrine his memory with the tribute of our sincere respect. His work remains long after Horace Lyman has gone.

Some of the worst features of the new Irish bill are removed to secure the support of the Liberal-Unionists who have left Gladstone.

The Inter-State Commission held an informal meeting Saturday, and heard the statements of members of members of a Southern transportation company, who claimed that to carry out the strict requirements of the law would bankrupt them, so they requested permission to continue their old rates until the Commission can make fuller investigation.

The publication of the Irish coercion bill has intensified opposition, as it is more oppressive than was supposed, and all England is interested in the matter.

The Fruit Growers who intend to plant Fruit Trees, should send to California Nursery Co., Niles, Cal., for their new catalogue. They have the largest stock of Trees on the Coast, and their facilities for Packing and Shipping to distant points are unsurpassed. John Rock, the well known nurseryman, is manager.

Registered Berkshire Hog for Sale.

We have for sale a Berkshire boar. He is by Registered stock, and a choice animal. Will sell for cash or approved security. Address at once: W. J. CLARKE, Salem, Or.