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OREGON PIONEER HISTORY.

SKETCHES OF EARLY DAYS—MEN AND TIMES IN THE PORTS

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Joseph Watt Goes to Washington and Interviews Senator Benton.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

About the first of May they started with their sheep, and had 150 lambs in the flock. It was a common remark that he was making a very foolish venture, and few would believe they could ever get through safely. The most notable incident of their journey occurred the fourth day after they left St. Joseph Missouri, which was the point where their company gathered, and was their starting point. They had camped for the night, and at a rather late hour for camping Jo Meek rode up with a company of horsemen, who, it seems, were riding express with important news from Oregon for the government. One of the company was "Squire Ebberts, whose story as a mountaineer of early times was told some while back. Meek called loudly for the captain, naming Jo Watt, without getting off his horse. "Hallo! Meek; what's up now?" was asked of him. "Squire Ebberts had got down, and was quietly unpacking his nag, but Meek was trying to create a sensation and alarm the women and children. So he demanded a fresh horse, said he must push on for an emergency, etc. Watt was well enough aware of Meek's sensational and mendacious yarns not to give way to him. Watt told him he couldn't have any horse that night, but if he needed one on the morrow it could be furnished him. So the express escort unsaddled, and the Whitman massacre was finally told, but as Jo Meek would naturally tell it.

In answer to inquiries Meek was finally relieved of a tremendous yarn. The Cayuse Indians had broken out and were murdering far and near. They had murdered many, yes hundreds, and were ravaging the land and destroying everything that came in their way. This story was enough to set the women and children in a terror and Jo Meek was in his glory. The more prudent Jo Watt asked him again: "Who has been killed, Jo?" "Well, they murdered Dr. Whitman and Mrs. Whitman, the Sager children and a great many more." That was bad enough to be sure, but that was not "hundreds," or even "many more." Watt questioned him closely and Jo repeated his yarn. "They killed Dr. Whitman and Mrs. Whitman, the Sager children and many more." And there he broke down. He was compelled to stay, of course, and while he was unsaddling Watt learned the melancholy story of the massacre from the more reliable Ebberts, who told them the plain, unvarnished tale of the murder and the feeling prevalent in the Willamette settlements. Of course this sad news was a damper on the whole company but it was not very difficult to show that the Indians would be suppressed long before the arrival of this company. For a while women were crying and men looked blue and dejected. Ebberts made it plain that the volunteers could easily subdue them, as they actually did, but Meek asserted that every Cayuse was a native born hero. He said the fighting when he left was going on hand to hand. The "boys" charged on the Indians and the Siwash charged back again, and many were killed on the battle field. When asked to name the warriors slain on part of the whites, the garrulous fellow began to recite again. "They killed Dr. Whitman and Mrs. Whitman and the Sager children." Watt saw through such shallow lying and soon proved to the weepers and tremblers that Joe Meek's phenomenal lying would not hold together and remove their fears. Meek remained with the company until after a late breakfast and was not so

eager to push on as he pretended to be the night before.

Watt's sheep swam all the rivers and got to Oregon in good season and fair condition. He found it difficult to drive sheep but possible, and it was his custom to make difficult things possible.

Watt went after his sheep full of the idea that the Pacific region must grow slowly and must produce nearly all their clothing as well as provisions. He went to bring out his father's family, that contained eight sisters, and he brought sheep because he believed they were needed to make cloth both for men's and women's wear. He left Oregon in its premeval condition, of civilization, with its provisional government in operation and the peculiarities of frontier life exaggerated in their development. As he meandered the hills and plains to the westward, however, there was inaugurated here the new era that was to astonish all earth and transform the far Pacific shore by a metamorphosis as strange and wild as the fictions of Arabian story.

After Watt had become somewhat improved in circumstances his company was more acceptable than when his clothing was rags and tatters. He became acquainted with good, old Dr. McLoughlin,—the "White Head" of the native tribes, and many a long confab they two had over Oregon prospects. It was upon Dr. McLoughlin's suggestion, and to some extent upon his advice, that Watt, and two friends of his, were to have started east with \$4000 total capital to invest in fleece-bearing sheep and fleece-carding and spinning machinery. The other two, and two thirds of the capital stock was well, withdrew from the scheme, but Jo Watt was still left and "went it alone" as he often has since that day. It was during the long winter evenings of 1847-48 that Watt engaged those pleasant talks with the good old doctor. The one was a grey-beard and wore snowy locks that told of almost four-score; the other was scarce more than a boy, who had adventured to this farthest west and was learning wisdom from the lips of the patriarch whose rule had been absolute, almost, over a scope of country as large as many modern empires, since the time when his youthful disciple was a nursing. They counted on the present as it was, and coming time was to be its natural outgrowth and offspring; but the shadow of impending fate was even then approaching them. Destiny had in store for us greater fortune and a more magnificent future than ever this world had seen proportioned out to any of its most favored regions. It was like shifting the scenery of some great play; the curtain drops on the plain work of frontier life and backwoods existence, to rise upon a world awakened by the glitter of gold and crazed and drunken with gilded vice and golden luxury.

The pioneer manufacturing enterprise in Oregon was the building of the Salem woolen mills, a work that reflected honor on the young state that accomplished it, and proved quite a success, especially during the civil war, when its stock rose to \$3,000 a share and it did a very large as well as prosperous business. Mr. Watt was the founder and originator of this factory and his account of the hard work by which the pioneer woolen mills of the Pacific was set in motion, will be a worthy and interesting contribution to pioneer literature and Oregon history.

To a man like Watt the miniature excitement of the gold mining era was a wasted existence. With his practical turn of mind there was not much satisfaction in an age that bore few practical results. So he welcomed the advent of more peaceful, or at least less exciting times, when the people began to sober down and attend to their home business again. In time a few prudent men began to think of the permanent prosperity of the country—about 1854-5,

They saw that we were buying too much and producing nothing to sell or to save. In the excitement of gold hunting people had sold their stock without replacing or waiting for it to increase. So there were but few cattle in the country. There was no inducement to grow wheat largely. They saw that it was necessary to do something to prevent the constant outlay for foreign goods—to pay for the merchandise that was so lavishly bought.

At that time wool was almost worthless, or at least, valueless. There was plenty of it in the country to keep a small mill going if we could only get the mill. Says Mr. Watt: "Being so much interested in sheep I was naturally anxious to make that branch of husbandry more profitable. I figured that wool could be manufactured with profit in this country; that cheap wool would overbalance any difference in wages to be paid here, and labor was not much higher than it is now. Watt had never seen a woolen mill and had no practical knowledge of the subject, but he found two men who were mill wrights named Barber and Reynolds, who claimed to know something about woolen manufacture. One thing was evident, they wanted jobs, and of course encouraged any one who had the enterprise to make work for them. Mr. Thorp, of Polk county, had a fine water power on the Luckiamute and, he and others there offered to take hold and use their means for putting up the mills. In 1859 articles of agreement were drawn up to be subscribed. The location was to be determined by the stockholders after organizing. The capital stock was put up, \$25,000 and when \$9,000 was subscribed, the subscribers were to meet. This meeting was called at Dallas. There a committee of five was created—D. Stum,—Reynolds, Geo. B. Williams, Mr. Thorp and Joseph Watt were on it. Judge Williams, representing Salem interests and subscribed for that purpose. Salem people were slow in taking hold of it. Another meeting was held at Salem. Territorial treasurer J. D. Boon was anxious to have the mill located in North Salem, where it was finally built. So Salem people offered a \$7,000 bonus to secure the mill there.

Thorp made a great effort to secure proxies to use in locating the mill on the Polk county side, but Watt was too energetic for him and commanded the most votes. A very exciting time was had in securing the subscription to the stock and location of the mill, but Marion county people took hold of the enterprise and subscribed stock and offered bonuses. They secured, with the bonus money, \$27,500 capital, actually paid in, and S. D. Boon, Daniel Waldo, W. H. Rector and Joseph Holman were the largest stock owners in Marion county. Rector was appointed agent and ordered to commence work to bring water from the Santiam. He became discouraged, Watt says, but the board would not suspend work. Rector was sent east to buy machinery and employ a superintendent. Watt was put in charge of the work in the ditch, and to build what was necessary in Salem. By the first of November, 1857, all was in readiness, and machinery was arriving in San Francisco. A grand ball was given in the new mill building, that celebrated the progress of the enterprise, and is remembered to this day as one of the great festive occasions in the life of Salem. It was attended by Lieut. Phil. Sheridan, Capt. David Russell, Capt. Rufus Ingalls, as well as other officers of the army and dignitaries of the territory.

By February, 1858, thread was spun for the first time on this coast, by machinery in a mill. The first pair of blankets made were sold at auction to Jo Watt for \$110, and others went at \$75 to \$25. People were enthused at seeing manufacturing actually commenced in Oregon. After awhile the ownership changed and stock was controlled by L. F. Grover, J. F. Miller, J. S. & W. K. Smith and Joseph Watt. Other mills followed and benefited Oregon, but Mr. Watt deserves credit for being the pioneer of such enterprises. The burning of the Salem mill, which occurred when it was owned and controlled by W. C. Griswold, was a calamity to the State and a great blow to the prosperity of Salem. During its first years it was superintended by L. E. Pratt, who came out under engagement with W. Rector.

Correspondence.

GLANDERS.

SALEM, April 10.

Editor Willamette Farmer:

ACUTE GLANDERS—SYMPTOMS.

As I said in my last article that the disease has been laid down as "Tubercular." And so close is the relationship between tubercle and glanders that the editor of the British and Foreign Medical Chirurgical Review says: "It is in glanders that Villemis thinks he has found the closest marks of analogy with tubercle, not only in its anatomy, but also in its symptoms and causation." He seems to have been conducted from the study of glanders direct to the inoculation of tubercle. The characteristic lesions of glanders is a small tubercle, which is strewn either in the mucous membrane of the nasal passages, or in the lungs, or, more rarely, in the liver and spleen. At first a grayish white firm granulations, composed of cells and nuclei, apparently developed by hyperplasia of connective tissue, it soon tends to soften centrally and form ulcers on the mucous membrane, cavities in the lungs. Like miliary tubercle, it occurs isolated or in clusters, together with these little granulations, streaks and bands of fibrous tissue, as well as patches of cheesy infiltration, are unfrequently met with in the lungs of glandered horses. It is interesting, too, that the same doubts have been raised concerning the real nature of these "infiltrations" in glanders as in tubercle. They are regarded by Villemis as one form of glanders; just as in man they are one form of tubercle. As to which is the part primarily affected in glanders—the nasal membrane or the lungs—there is some difference of opinion; Virchow maintaining that the deposits in the lungs are always secondary and by metastasis from the nasal membrane; Phillippe and Bouley being convinced by repeated post mortem examinations that the primary lesions are always in the viscera, more particularly the lungs, and that the formations in the nasal membrane are invariably secondary. It matters but little which part of the body is first affected. In either case the analogy with a tubercular outbreak remains as strong as can be. The intestinal ulcers of tuberculosis—in which we see the counterpart of the nasal ulceration in glanders—is more often secondary to the pulmonary disease, but occasionally shows itself before any evidence of mischief can be detected in the lungs. Again glandular enlargement of a severe and persistent kind constitutes an important part of glanders, as it does of tubercle. The mode of invasion is likewise identical in the two diseases; now acute, foudraynt, destroying life in a few days as by an overwhelming blood poison; now chronic, so as to last for years. Further in the chronic form, the same recurrence of acute attacks complicating and adding to the chronic mischief is observed in glanders as in tuberculosis.

To read a description of chronic glanders is "mutatis mutandis" to read an account of chronic plithises. It is therefore, not surprising that Dupuy goes so far as to say that glanders is a tubercular disease in the horse.

In speaking of the supposed causes of tubercle, we propose presently to follow out still further this remarkable thread of resemblance; but for the present it will suffice to say that glanders is transmissible by inoculation, and contagious from horse to horse, and that it is also unmistakably communicable from horse to mare. Can we hesitate to believe, says Villemis, that the parallel between tubercle and glanders must find its completion? To conclude, glanders and tubercle are so closely akin that they must be looked upon as nearly related species of the same genus. Whilst admitting the close resem-

blance between glanders and tuberculosis, we must hesitate to admit their identity, for the broad fact that inoculation with glanders produces glanders, whilst inoculation with the caseous matter of saluted tubercle is followed by the development of nodules, which rapidly undergo a caseous change. The form of pneumonia seen in glanders is characteristic, the inflamed part resembling an infiltration with thombi in the blood vessels, gangrenous emphysematous of a greenish black color, and rapidly decomposing after death. The line of termination or demarcation between the healthy and inflamed lung is often abrupt and very distinct. The tracheal and bronchial mucous membrane is more or less highly inflamed; in some instances covered with petichial spots or deeply ulcerated and thickly covered with an unhealthy discharge, which exhales a gangrenous odor. The changes which occur in the lymphatic glands in glanders are characteristic. The glands, irritated by the specific poison, become congested and enlarged; their cellular elements proliferate more or less rapidly, and are mixed with a citron-colored exudate, which invades the surrounding connective tissue. In a few days the glands become dense and hard to the touch, more or less lumpy on their surface, and those in the submaxillary space fixed to the jaw by the inflamed and indurated vessels, which enter their deeper seated parts. Next week I will give the symptoms of chronic glanders.

C. W. J., V. S.

Ohio Correspondence.

LEONARDSBURG, O., April 5, 1887.

Editor Willamette Farmer:

The year 1887 to the average Buckeye, has been fraught with mishaps, disappointments and winds. Tis not the gentle zephyrs that fan us now, but fierce, howling, sweeping winds, yea devastating winds. For instance March 30th was calm and "not a leaf had leave to stir" in the forenoon. But alas! About one o'clock the prince of the power of the air got mad, and across the country sent the evidences of his fury, one of which was the blowing down of sixty-five rods of nine rail fence, which had been blown down four times before, and which now lies prone, awaiting a rebuilding. Wheat looks dead and uprooted. Clover is universally upheaved, and ground fast becoming too hard to plow. February put in five high water marks, and the damage to crops, roads, and along streams cannot well be estimated, whilst we all regretted wading knee deep in mud, and seeing our lands flooded and our crops destroyed. Yet I believe it was more tolerable than the drought, frosts, and spanking and almost incessant winds that have prevailed through March and on. Cereal crops planted on fields which have been tortured for half a century, promise a meager return for labor and outlay. We do not need war for a market this year, and you would think me heartless were I to close as the old letter writers used to by saying, I take my pen in hand to tell you how we are, and hoping to find you in the same condition. Do you remember?

JOHN WATERS.

The Brooklyn Magazine.

Mr. Beecher's last contribution to periodical literature opens the April Brooklyn Magazine, and proves to be a most vigorous article, giving the great preacher's opinions of dancing, social amusements, stimulants and tobacco, in a general consideration of "Youthful Excesses and Old Age." The dead preacher's four last sermons are also printed in the number, and a most delicate tribute is paid to his memory by the editor. The balance of the number breathes of spring-time, flowers, and Easter. Mrs. Beecher has her usual "Monthly Talk," and a score or more of other writers assist in making this a most excellent and the best number yet issued of the Brooklyn. With the next issue the magazine changes its name for that of the American Magazine, when it will be fully illustrated, and its price increased. 130-132 Pearl street, New York.