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OREGON PIONEER HISTORY.

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

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Some Short Notes Relating to the Men and Scenes of Early History.

From Judge J. W. Grim, who lives near Aurora, where he settled on coming to the country in 1848, I learn some interesting facts. Probably few now living know that the Hudson Bay people seriously contemplated constructing locks at the falls of the Willamette before the discovery of gold. It was early in the afternoon when Grim, the emigrant, reached Oregon City. He drove up under the bluff, opposite where the basin now is, unyoked, turned his cattle up the steep hillside, and made his camp by the foaming falls, or just above the great plunge. While they were getting supper, a venerable old gentleman came to their camp, and the only chair they had, one that had been hauled across the plains for the use of the mother, was offered to him. Grim surmised that his visitor was Dr. McLaughlin. He knew that the old gentleman lived near by, and was convinced of his identity by various tokens. He soon learned that he was correct.

Before leaving the frontier, Mr. Grim had heard that Dr. McLaughlin intended to place locks and make a canal to render the Willamette navigable. After some conversation and establishing their mutual identity, Grim remarked, "Doctor, I am very much disappointed to find that no improvements have been made here at the falls. I heard before I left old Missouri that you were intending to put locks at the falls, but I see nothing of the kind has been done." "Tut! tut! tut!" said the doctor; "too much jealousy of me; too much rivalry; cannot do anything." He learned that the matter had been in contemplation, but so many obstacles had arisen that work was never commenced. In all I have ever heard or read of the history of that period, no record has ever appeared concerning the improvement of the falls of the Willamette. It is evident from Judge Grim's story that at one time the work had been under serious contemplation by Dr. McLaughlin. It was too much for any one man to attempt, and the work was no doubt planned by the H. B. Co.

The doctor asked Grim where he intended to go, and when he replied "to the lower French prairie," he was told he had got as far as he could go, and must turn back and take the road up the hill from the lower town. He had driven up under the bluff, past the mill the doctor was building, and, sure enough, could go no further. By the evening camp-fire Dr. McLaughlin sat and talked awhile about Oregon and Oregonians, and they laid the foundation of a lasting friendship. The next morning Grim retraced his steps, and made for his brother-in-law's place, that was on the first good open prairie-land above Oregon City. While abundance of good land was vacant and near by, he paid \$300 for his claim with scarce any improvements, because it was the nearest open prairie to Oregon City, and was near the Mission flouring mill, and a saw mill. Grim lives to-day on the old donation claim, though he owns several other farms near by.

It is interesting to trace the devious ways by which he reached his future home, that was only thirteen miles from Oregon City by direct line. They crossed the Molalla at Harrison Wright's ten miles above Pendleton, swung round a circle almost, and made three camps, traveling over much rough country and river bottom, making a journey of thirty-five miles to accomplish the thirteen of direct distance.

Joseph Gale, the Pioneer.

One of the early mountaineers and

pioneers who literally helped to make Oregon was Joseph Gale. He was a mechanic as well as a hunter and sailor, and I have hoped to be able to write his life and enterprises up rather freely and to do him the justice he deserves. Gale died lately, a year or so ago, at his latest home, in Grande Ronde, which I happen to be passing through at this moment. He really performed work that was a great benefit to this young community. For a time he was very prosperous, and my informant, Mr. A. T. Smith, of Forest Grove, speaks of him as both enterprising and successful. The building of the schooner Star was due to his taking a leading part. She was exchanged for a great band of cows, that helped to make Oregon settlers independent of the Hudson Bay Co. He also built a flour mill and a sawmill, and had this last in full operation when news came to Oregon of the discovery of gold. He placed his children with A. T. Smith, rented his mill and then went to the mines. He was so successful that one time he had \$30,000 in gold in his possession. Gale made an exchange of property here in Oregon for other property in San Jose, California, but lost everything he exchanged for because the title was defective. By this he lost his two mills and a section of land. When he was bankrupt at San Jose he went to Los Angeles and took contracts that proved a losing thing. His own son-in-law is accused of having swindled him. At any rate he was badly used up, and came back to Oregon, where he lived until 1884. He was married to a Nez Perce woman, and much was said about Indian wives, but Jason Lee remarked of such men that they were often fortunate in marrying women who could make them homes. Mr. Lee thought they were well off, and it is true that many of the Nez Perce women made good wives and mothers. If some one who knows the particulars of Gale's life will furnish me a statement I shall take pleasure in trying to do fuller justice to his memory. Mr. A. T. Smith speaks of him as a man deserving of respect, and gives him credit for enterprise that is well sustained by his recorded acts.

A Frontier Woman's Way.

A rather rough story is told of a well-known Methodist minister who was here during the forties and had his share of rough experiences. He went in those early times to a place midway of the Willamette valley, on the west side. It was evening, and he wanted his supper and so did his nag want his hay and oats. He knocked and the mistress of the house came to the door. Good-day passed, and she asked who he was and what he wanted. If he had stated that he was hungry and wanted his supper, he would have no doubt had it in due time, but the reverend brother rather likes to put a fine gloss on his religion, so he said: "Madam, I am an itinerant minister in the service of our Lord, and I thought it my present duty to stop and pray with you." The woman looked him over with quiet deliberation, and with the utmost sang froid exclaimed: "The h—l you do?" Our friend, the itinerant, happens to be one of the most self-possessed gentlemen possible. He thought he had taken the measure of his hostess' mind and temper, but he was dumfounded for once. He had not a word to say, and couldn't have said it if he had. The woman was entirely at home, and stood waiting for him to sustain the conversation; but he had lost his appetite. Even his horse appeared to wait for him to "move on." So, more in sorrow than in anger, he picked up his saddle-bags and left. He tells the story himself, far better than I can, and there was no one else to tell it. When he had got well out of sight he laughed. Of course he didn't laugh at the poor woman's profanity; that was deplorable. He laughed at the "itinerant minister" of our Lord who was going his way.

Correspondence.

GLANDERS.

SALEM, April 17.

Editor Willamette Farmer:

CHRONIC GLANDERS—SYMPTOMS.

In some instances the disease presents itself in such a mild form that the general health is scarcely affected. There will be a discharge from one or both nostrils, generally from one nostril, and that the near, or left one. The submaxillary lymphatic glands are swollen and hard, the swelling and hardness are of a remitting nature. Very often varying in size in a short period, as for example, a horse may be left at night swelling, and found in the morning with a hard nut under the jaw, which is both easily seen and felt. The swelling may continue for several days afterwards and afterwards slowly disappear; then reappear as rapidly as before. This condition may exist before any discharge issues from the nose, and a horse so affected is elegantly said to be "jugged." If the nostrils of such a horse be examined it will be found to be paler in color than natural; perhaps tawny, coppery and sometimes of a dull leaden hue. The discharge of glanders presents a starchy or a glue like appearance adheres to the nostrils, where it dries and accumulates, causing the nasal opening of the affected side to appear smaller or more contracted than in health. These appearances, in addition to a weak or debilitated condition of the eye of the effected side, may be all the symptoms present in a case of chronic glanders; indeed, in some instances there may be nothing but the discharge from the nostrils to lead the observer to suspect anything wrong with the animal, and the diagnosis is consequently very difficult, more particularly if the case is a solitary one. But where glanders is found to exist in a band of horses any suspicious symptoms becomes significant. I have said nothing about the glanders ulcer, because in many instances of chronic glanders the ulcer is undiscoverable; indeed in some rare cases ulcers are either before or after death. For this reason Percival limited the term chronic to that form in which no ulcers could be detected. He says however that they are always present in the frontal sinuses. Before describing the more common form of glanders, namely, that in which ulceration is a characteristic sign and called by Percival "sub-acute glanders." I shall call the readers attention to what may be termed a spurious form of glanders; that is to say, a form of glanders where there is neither discharge from the nose, ulceration of the Schneiderian membrane, nor enlargement of the submaxillary glands, but in which all these may become apparent if the animal live long enough. This form may be appropriately termed pulmonary glanders and the symptoms are as follows: The animal is languid unthrifty, loses flesh, sweats on the slightest exertion, the visible mucus membranes are pale, diarrhoea is easily induced, and there are occasional attacks of diabetes. There is a dry, dull, soft cough; the appetite is very capricious, the hair is easily removed from the mane and tail, the legs are sometimes very fine, sometimes more or less edematous. The affected animal may remain in this unsatisfactory condition for several weeks, or even months, and may die from marasmus and debility without any other symptoms becoming apparent, or all other signs of glanders and farcy may very rapidly develop themselves and carry it off in a few days. If a case of this kind occurs in the horse first attacked in a stud, or if in a horse where no others are kept, it is impossible to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to the nature of the disease, and the one examining the case must be contented to pronounce it "chronic pneu-

monia." The abnormal sound of that disease being more or less detectable by auscultation. But when it occurs in a stud where glanders has existed, or where it exists no difficulty need be felt in pronouncing as to the true character of the disease.

The post mortem examinations of a horse which has presented these symptoms prior to death will reveal the lungs studded with nodules, varying in size from a pins head to a pigeon egg, or even larger. Some of these nodules will be found to consist of an organized exudate—lymphoma—of a pearly grey appearance, and rather hard; others will contain puss enclosed in sacs—vomices; whilst others will be found in a degenerated condition, and presenting the appearance of rotten cheese, the degraded material consisting either of inspissated puss or a caecous metamorphosis of the exudate. Some of the deep seated lymphatic glands will be enlarged, as in a suppurating condition, and one remarkable pathological change, which I have seldom failed to observe in this or any, but the most acute form of glanders, the splenic veins are filled with thrombi; the larger generally obliterated by hardened fibrinous coagula. C.W.J., V.S.

To be continued next week.

Another Man that Knows Beans.

AUMSVILLE, Or., April 14, 1888.

Editor Willamette Farmer:

Here's another FARMER correspondent who "knows beans." Learned it by practical experience, too. Shake, brother. I learned to know beans in the same way. I also know several other articles in the same, and this same way is the curse of Oregon. No wonder A. H. went to Washington Territory. He doubtless wanted to get to some place where business was done on common sense principles. I have been here 30 years and have webs between my toes like a beaver, and moss on my back like a Cotswold sheeps fleece, but I don't know of a country where less common sense is used in business, especially among the rural population, than in Oregon. This is not flattery I know, but facts are facts. The average Oregon trader will buy nothing made or produced at home, unless on a prospect of a fifty to two hundred per cent. profit; and the average Oregon farmer or other producers, will buy or use nothing that is not made or raised in the East, or at least in California.

There are a few exceptions to this rule. The Oregonians will eat their own flour and potatoes; and they will feed their horses on home raised oats, but they spend millions of dollars for foreign productions, the only merit of which is that they cost more money than the home made. A. H. strikes square when he says the foolishness of consumers and the craze for foreign production, results in disaster to the general welfare. Both the merchant and the farmer are to blame. Neither party will give the least encouragement to home enterprise. The merchant is greedy and foolishly kills the goose that would lay him golden eggs. While the farmer drives the would-be home producers to the wall as fast as possible with his craze for foreign production. If the people of Oregon would stand by their own interests as faithfully as the WILLAMETTE FARMER has done and would heed some of its teachings and arguments, they would have less cause to complain. What is the use to howl for manufacturing industries to be set up among a people who would not patronize them, or for manufacturers who would not work for anything less than 100 per cent. profit. Give us emigration and immigration. F. S. M.

"Dear Mamma," said a smart little cherub of five or six summers, "do get some of Freese's Hamburg Tea—I don't like to take any other medicine—I always feel so well after taking a cup of it. It never makes me sick like those nasty pills."

Horticultural.

Fruit Crop in Southern Oregon Damaged.

An intending settler, says the Albany Herald, and a practical fruit grower from Ohio, who has just returned from Southern Oregon, informs us that in his opinion the fruit prospects of that portion of the state is very poor indeed. He visited the valleys of the Applegate and Illinois rivers and a portion of Sam's valley, as well as points between Jacksonville and Ashland, and found the dire effects of Jack Frost.

He found the same effect among the fruit and berries along the Umpqua river, and the country below Eugene. It is his opinion that there will be but few peaches, fewer cherries, and berries, and that plum and prune trees have suffered greatly. He was very sorry to find this state of things as he had intended to locate in that region and raise fruit as a business. He found many discouraged people among those who had settled there during the past two or three years.

In the Willamette valley fruit trees are loaded with promise. As yet only peaches and cherry trees are in bloom but a few more warm days will hasten other fruit forward. The season of 1887 promises to be remembered for its lateness. The middle of April does not usually find gardens unplanted, much spring wheat unsown and trees just blooming. Beyond a slight damage to peach trees in the vicinity of Albany no damage to crops has been reported by frost in the Willamette valley. Notwithstanding the lateness of the season crops of all kinds are thriving and heavy yields may be expected in this portion of the state, both in the fruit and cereal crops.

Fruit Growing in Eastern Washington.

For many years those portions of Washington Territory bordering the Pacific Ocean and along the Columbia river have been noted for the variety and quality of fruit grown. The region around Walla Walla has also long had a reputation for its fine fruits, particularly apples and peaches. Up and down the Columbia, from the mouth to the Wenatchie, are many fine orchards and vineyards, the Wenatchie producing grapes, peaches and plums of extra quality. The wine grapes of this section are particularly fine.

I will venture to assert that there are few portions of Washington Territory where any fruit that can be successfully grown in New York or Michigan may not be as well grown here with proper care. There are many portions of the region east of the mountains especially adapted to the culture of grapes and peaches, and in some favored and sheltered places many of the more delicate and tender varieties may be grown. The soil is particularly rich, and with irrigation—which is only just beginning to be understood here—produces trees which are very strong, vigorous and free from disease. Alkali an important element of the soil and thus presents a bar to the ingress of the "yellows."

One fruit grower on the bench lands below Yakima City raised a thousand bushels of peaches on 425 trees from three to four years old. One two year old tree netted him about \$20 worth of fruit. The bench land in this part of Yakima is adapted to growing all kinds of fruit, grapes, peaches, plums, cherries, apricots, apples, and all sorts of small fruits. One man is preparing to propagate 15,000 peach trees for future planting on his ranch. Fruit growing is being pushed in this section and in a few years many fine orchards and vineyards will be set out where at present is nothing but sage brush, furnishing a retreat for the jack-rabbit and coyote.

There are many sections of the finest fruit land awaiting settlement around here by persons who have sufficient capital to construct irrigating ditches. This land is bordering and back from the Yakima river. The bench lands in the Atahnam and Natches valleys are also finely adapted for fruits. In all portions of the territory small fruits are vigorous and productive.—Los Angeles Fruit Grower.

Plant a few hills of "egg" gourds, for nest eggs; they are "egg deceivers," and the most inveterate egg-eating hen was never known to devour one.