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## OREGON PIONEER HISTORY.

### ARMY OFFICERS IN OREGON.

Something About Those Who Were Here in Early Days—Gen. Phil Kearney and Gen. Wool.

LXXXIX.

(Written for the Sunday Oregonian.)

Not until 1849 was Oregon occupied permanently by the military. On the 2d of March of that year, Joseph Lane, the first governor of the newly organized Territory, arrived at Oregon City, accompanied by Joseph Meek and George W. Hawkins, second lieutenant of the mounted rifles, who commanded the military escort of Gen. Lane in his journey to assume his gubernatorial duties. The lieutenant, like the general, was a North Carolinian by birth. He had entered the regular army from West Point, in 1842, in the infantry. He acquired the rank of first lieutenant in 1853, but was dismissed from service in the same year.

The route followed by Gen. Lane and his escort lay through New Mexico, Arizona, and Southern California, and consumed six months time in the passage. The escort was small, and was made less by desertions and the death of two men, until there enlisted men only were left. At San Francisco the party took passage on the first sailing brig, Jeannette, James W. Nesmith being also a passenger, and arriving at the mouth of the Columbia, transferred to small boats and sailed, or were rowed up to Oregon City, and Gen. Lane assumed the governorship just two days before the expiration of the administration of President Polk, by whom he had been appointed.

#### Phil. Kearney.

Next upon the scene came the chevalier sans peur, Phil Kearney, the dashing soldier, who loved war as men loved fame. He was the Custer of his generation, the Chevalier Bayard of American history. Up from the fields of Mexico he rode, flushed with the triumphs of two wars, and feeling himself, while yet in the vigor of young manhood, a veteran in the stern occupation of slaughter. For Phil. Kearney, raised in affluence, had early devoted himself to the study of the military art, and at the age of twenty-two, had acquired a second lieutenantcy in the regiment commanded by his relative, Gen. Stephen W. Kearney, and so distinguished himself by his proficiency in military exercises that he was selected by the government to proceed to France and examine and report upon the tactics of the French cavalry, the exponents of the best system then in vogue. To France he went, and enrolling himself among the pupils of the Saumur école militaire, spent the time with profit until the breaking out of the war in Algiers, which offered him opportunities for the acquisition of the knowledge he sought in actual fighting. He enlisted as a private in the Chasseurs d'Afrique, a celebrated mounted organization, and taking part in the active campaigns carried on by Marshal Bugeaud, won the admiration of the whole army by his daring exploits. The cross of the Legion of Honor was conferred upon him, and his name was mentioned in many bulletins. Leaving the French service, he returned to America, and re-entering the United States army, became aid-de-camp in succession to Generals Macomb and Scott, and in 1846, was promoted to the captaincy of a company in the regiment of Mounted rifles, which company he provided with horses and equipment from his own purse, and led them to Mexico. For gallantry at Contreras and Cherasco he was breveted major, and in a fierce charge at the San Antonio gate of the City of Mexico, his left arm was shot away by a cannon ball.

After the war his regiment was sent to California and Oregon, and for a time Captain Kearney was stationed at

Fort Vancouver. In 1851, he led a detachment consisting of two companies of troops overland to California, fighting a battle with the Indians on the way, and in October of that year he resigned from the army and went abroad to pursue his military studies. In 1859, being in Paris, he offered his services to the French government which was engaged in the war with Austria, and was made aid to General Maurice, and conducted himself with such bravery as to win for the second time the cross of the Legion of Honor. When the rebels fired on Sumter, in 1861, Phil. Kearney hurried home and offered his services to President Lincoln. They were gratefully accepted, for his reputation as a master of the art of war was not inferior to that of any soldier in the western hemispheres. In May 1861, he received his commission as brigadier-general of volunteers, and entering upon active service with the troops in Virginia, he distinguished himself greatly for his skill, and particularly for his valor. At Yorktown, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, and Malvern Hill, he set the example of a cool and perfectly fearless soldier. In July, 1862, he became major-general, and by many was thought to be in the way to the chief command of the army.

This great soldier, whose patriotism was as pure and whose example was as influential as his bravery was unquestioned, met the fate appropriate to such a being: he was killed in the battle of Chantilly on the first of September, 1862, falling lamented by the whole army, whose admired hero he was.

#### Lieut. Stuart.

The only officer of the United States army who fell in the discharge of his duty while in Oregon was James Stuart, second lieutenant of Phil. Kearney's company of Mounted rifles, who was killed by an Indian arrow, at the fight which took place between Kearney's company and the natives, on the Rogue river.

The most intelligible accounts which can be procured, run thus:

Orders were received in June, 1851, by two companies at Fort Vancouver to proceed overland to Benicia, Cal., and Capt. Kearney was put in their charge. The route not being well understood, a guide was procured in the person of W. T. Vault, a well known Oregonian, and the expedition set out. It happened that at this time disturbances were occurring in Southern Oregon between the Indians along the Rogue river and the few whites—all miners—who had arrived in the country. The most serious results of the threatened war were averted by the prompt action of the commander, who attacked and dispersed the Indian hordes without delay. He had approached within a short distance of Rogue river when a messenger met him desiring his aid. He found the natives gathered upon the right bank of the river, about ten miles above Teble Rock, and opposite the mouth of a small stream which enters the river above Butte creek. There were two companies of troops, the one of mounted rifles under Lieut. Stuart, the other of infantry under Capt. Walker. The latter officer crossed the river with a design of cutting off the savages' retreat, while Stuart and his men charged upon a rancho. The conflict was very short, the Indians fleeing almost immediately. A wounded savage lay upon the ground and as Stuart approached him on foot, revolver in hand, the native fixed an arrow to his bow, discharged it at close range and pierced the officer's breast. The pursuit of the Indians was kept up for a short time, and at its end, the wounded man was taken to the halting place of the detachment, which was then named, and for several years afterwards was known as the Camp Stuart.

He was mortally wounded, but lived a day, and said dying: "It is too bad to

have fought through half the battles of the Mexican war to be killed here by an Indian." He died on June 18, and was buried with military honors in a grave now the present site of Phoenix, nearly at the place where the ditch crosses the road and not far from Samuel Culver's old house. In late years his remains were taken up and removed to the east to be interred beside those of his mother. He was a very promising young officer, and Gen. Lane, who also had a part in suppressing the disturbances, said of him: "We have lost Captain Stuart, one of the bravest of the brave. A more gentlemanly man never lived; a more daring soldier never fell in battle." The people of Rogue river named a creek to his honor, the same which flowing through the most fertile part of their country fall into the Rogue not far from the place where he received his death wound. The stream is now called Bear creek—a sad relapse from taste and fitness. Should the original and highly proper name be restored, it should be recollected that the name is spelled Stuart and not Stewart.

#### Gen. John E. Wool.

John E. Wool was already at the age 66 years, when in 1854, he was ordered from the east to succeed brevet Brig. Gen. Ethan A. Hitchcock in the command of the department of the Pacific. He was served with credit in the war of 1812, and had received a brevet for fourteen years' service in one subordinate grade. In the Mexican war he fought in the little army of the Rio Grande, and distinguished himself at Buena Vista almost as much as did the commander-in-chief, Zachary Taylor. In that famous action he had selected the ground to fight on and made all the arrangements for the feast of death to which Santa Anna invited himself. He had brought to the scene of action a volunteer force of 3000 men whom he had organized in the western states, and with whom he marched to Sattilo and effected a junction with Taylor.

Like many another brave officer, Wool became fossilized from long service, and old age deprived him of fine faculties which had distinguished his earlier years. He was a sort of old-maidish old gentleman, whose character was ill-suited to the requirements of the service on the Pacific coast. Wool was not a West Pointer. After long service he was made brigadier-general in 1841, and in 1847 received the brevet of major-general for "gallant and meritorious" service at Buena Vista. He commanded the department of the Pacific from 1854 to 1856, during an interesting period in the history of the coast. In 1862 he became a full major-general, more on account of his loyalty to the Union than for any service he was able to render during the war, and was retired in 1863. He died in 1869, aged 81 years. Gen. Wool was a victim of sentiment. His feelings were early aroused by the tales of white men's oppressing of the Indians which were rife among humanitarian circles in the east, and in the letter in which he notified the secretary of war, old Jeff Davis, of his arrival in San Francisco, he uses in reference to the natives the following expressions: "An increase of force to guard against difficulties with the Indians in California, Utah, Oregon and Washington is indispensable. We have now about 1000 troops, who diminish daily by desertions and discharge. They are distributed over an immense territory in small commands, and the number is wholly inadequate to give protection to either whites or Indians. The difficulties with the latter are frequently produced by the cupidity of the whites. The most of the difficulties with the Indians have been the result of outrages caused by white men who have no regard for law or justice. I will do all I can to prevent the continuance of these outrages."

Gen. Wool's exertions were chiefly

given for the year 1854 to suppress the filibustering enterprises which were rife in San Francisco. Walker, the "Grey-eyed man of destiny" of whom Joaquin Miller sings, was in the early part of the year fighting Mexicans in Lower California: Count Raoussette de Boulbon, another hare brained fanatic, was in California, endeavoring with the collusion of the French and Mexican consuls and a good many Americans in high official station, to raise an "army" to take Sonora and Sinaloa. To checkmate their unlawful designs Gen. Wool exercised the whole power of his department and summarily put an end to such unlawful designs for a time at least. In consequence, Walker's expedition was a failure from lack of reinforcements, and the leader returned to California, to set out rather later, on his last and fatal wild-goose chase to found a government in Central America.

The detestable Jeff Davis was at that time secretary of war, and at enmity with Wool. His spite manifested itself mainly in opposition to the general's orders and opinions, and formed one of the worst annoyances to which the general had to submit.

#### Home—Its Mighty Influence.

CROSTON, Ogn., Aug. 6, 1887.

Editor Willamette Farmer: A few evenings ago I was conversing with some ladies of and about home.

"Home, sweet home. There is no place like home." Now, I ask, what is home? Is home a mere place "to stay"—a mere shelter from the storms, pelting rains and blast-winds? Home we think something more. Yes, home, a real home, is one of the noblest places on earth.

Let us take a retrospective view of home away back "in the states." There is the prairie smooth, rolling, enamelled with green; there is the hill south of the house, just above comes gurgling, cool, sparkling, the rill from the spring, the water runs through pipes in the house and into the kitchen, thence to the barn, at the barn four fields comes together and four big troughs of water, one each for the fields; the house faces a much traveled road; a fine gate opens at the road and lets you into a well gravelled carriage way curving a half moon, presenting new aspects to the portico in front of our "little cottage," thence another half moon brings around to the gate you entered. The poplars, locusts, and various fruit trees adorn the front yard of blue grass, the veranda, never-to-be forgotten—the arbor clothed with vines and loaded with grapes; the peach orchard, oh! that old peach orchard where we ate peaches and romped round with the girls and boys! those glorious days! and are they gone? Gone forever, save in memory.

We enter the veranda, a sweet perfume of flowers and rare plants greet our eyes and delighted our alfactories. We pass on to the piazza, see the marbled columns and drapery! Look in here. This is mamma's room, sacred to all us children. How exquisitely clean and beautiful; the awnings and draped windows, the curtained bedstead, the little sewing stand and mamma's cushioned chair. And here is the sitting-room, ah! that ever-loved old room! Lots look at it. There is the fine fireplace, the mantle and the clock; there is papa's great arm chair, there's mamma's rocking-chair, there's the candle stand, the library, the lounge, the little stools, the sofa, the great looking glass. Oh, how neat, comfortable and sweet—love and affection reigns here. This is home. And then we glide into the parlor, the most splendid Persian carpet on the floor, the organ, guitar, and books. Maria is playing, Sarah and Jim are singing with her, mamma is coming papa is here, they join the throng and then "the music arose with its soft voluptuous swell, making us love home and all its splendid associations. The gar-

den, the plants, the roses, the fruits and flowers. This is home.

Who that has long been from home, and on returning listens to the

Honest watch, bark, bay deep-mouthed welcome as we approach near home; and "know there is an eye will mark our coming and look lighter when we come." "The voice of girls, the lisp of children and their earliest words."

"Ah! there is no place like home."

Home is the school of civilization, home is the place where vice is abhorred and virtue adored, home is where we learned our first and best lessons, home trains us for the long scenes of life; home is the foundation of order, law and progress. The millions of homes in America are far more potent for good than either church or state. Indeed there could be no church nor state without home. The discipline of home disciplines for all future disciplines. A mind disciplined is prepared for all the walks of life.

Menes, first King of Egypt, more than 4000 years ago, found he could not discipline his people without marriage, home and agriculture. And even to-day there could be no common law, no civil code, without marriage home and agriculture. These lie at the bottom of civilization, in all ages, in all countries; among friends and among strangers, on the land and on the sea; in health and in sickness, in every condition, wherever we may be, is felt the immortal influence of home; its influence is mighty.

To adorn our homes and make them comfortable, lovely and beautiful is the only sure and deep down basis of society. Homes is a means, home is a teacher, home is a regulator, home builds, home elevates. While a splendid home does all these splendid things, a bad home is hell turned looser in shame and misery.

Hence then and necessarily the importance of a beautiful home, a beautiful garden, and a beautiful farm.

To the father and mother are entrusted the immense responsibilities. As the father and the mother so the home, the garden, the farm and the family.

Show me a well regulated home and all its surroundings, and I can predict there, a well regulated family. Well regulated families from well regulated communities, and well regulated communities from well regulated nations.

Religion, marriage, home, the garden, the farm, and common sense are at the bottom of all good; all others, even church and state, flow from these.

A. F. DAVIDSON.

#### Medical Value of Lemons.

"While you are giving people simple rules for preserving their health, why don't you tell them about the use of lemons?" an intelligent professional man asked me the other day. He went on to say that he had long been troubled with an inactive liver, which gave him a world of pain and trouble, until recently he was advised by a friend to take a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon squeezed into it, but no sugar, night and morning and see what the effect would be. He tried it, and found himself better almost immediately. His daily headaches, which medicine had failed to cure, left him; his appetite improved and he gained several pounds in weight within a few weeks. After awhile he omitted the drink, either at night or in the morning, and now at times does without either of them. "I am satisfied from experiment," said he, "that there is no better medicine for persons who are troubled with bilious and liver complaints than the simple remedy I have given, which is far more efficacious than quinine or any other drug, while it is devoid of their injurious consequences. It excites the liver, stimulates the digestive organs, and tones up the system generally. It is not unpleasant to take, either, indeed, one soon gets to liking it."—Chicago Journal.

The Blue Mountain University will remain closed this year.