

The Daily Astorian.

Vol. XVIII.

Astoria, Oregon, Friday Morning, February 16, 1883.

No. 118.

JOHN W. GRIM.

Incidents of Pioneer Days.

The stories of the pioneers are all of especial interest and weave into romantic history almost without exception. How strange, says the *Willamette Farmer*, to compare those days—the forties—when all the northwest was a wilderness, with our day. When the forces of human energy are expended in all the might and potency of modern endeavor! We realize the fact that the romance of Oregon history is contained in the early past. When the crack of the ox whip marked the path of progress, not in our day when the hoarse scream of the locomotive tells the story of man's triumph over nature.

Judge Grim was one of the pioneers who crossed the plains in '47. He made his home in the lower part of Marion county, near Batteville, where he purchased a squatter's right for \$300. All Oregon was open for choice, but there was a grist mill near there, at Champoeg, and he thought there was some advantage in being near it. He was one of the few who reached Oregon with money, but little of it was left when he built a rough house and began to open his farm. He plowed sod land in the winter and spring and made rails to fence it in, and the next fall, October, 1848, he put in 65 acres of wheat. He worked hard for a start, but his sinews were toughened at 35 and he labored with a will to make a home for wife and children.

Grim and other Americans, who came to Oregon in '47, found French Prairie almost entirely occupied by Canadian French, and half-breeds, their descendants, who, when fur bearing animals became scarce left the Hudson Bay Co.'s employ to commence farming for themselves. The new comers often worked for these French and earned bread or other produce, and sometimes got Hudson Bay orders for trade, which were legal tender for all debts in those times and on which they could procure such groceries and other supplies as they required. No money was required or expected. Wheat was current at a dollar a bushel and orders for wheat passed from hand to hand. Farmers then stored it on the river where some pioneer warehouseman or else the Oregon City mills had a warehouse. The circulating medium was made up of H. B. Co.'s orders, wheat orders and the like, and by working for the French settlers Grim and others secured bread and feed until they could grow crops themselves.

Grim says the French used hazel withes to bind grain in large bundles and never saw straw bands used until the Americans showed them how. The eleven Americans who located there in '47 made the balance of power that turned French Prairie against British rule and Hudson Bay Co. interests. Before that the French had taken the Hudson Bay side of politics. The French in a short time became satisfied that this was the true policy and rendered hearty allegiance to the American flag. The early settlers remember with pleasure that their French neighbors were always kind and strictly honorable in their dealings. The exchange of work for supplies was of constant occurrence, but settlements of accounts scarce ever caused any hard feeling.

The Whitman massacre occurred soon after Grim's arrival in the Willamette. As the emigrants of Grim's party came down the Columbia towards The Dalles, after crossing the Blue Mountains, they

met and camped near Dr. Whitman, who was returning to his mission station, Wallatpa, with some plows, wagons and other farming implements intended to help civilize the Indians. Grim's party invited the doctor to come over and make a speech concerning Oregon, by their evening camp fire. He did so, interesting them very much with an admirable address, which contained much sound information and good advice. He spoke also of his own position among the Cayuses and Umatillas, who were dissatisfied and discontented, so that he felt it was not safe to remain longer, and he expected to soon leave there. His premonition of danger was well founded and the murder of himself and family in a few weeks fulfilled his apprehensions as then expressed.

Upon receipt of the news of the massacre there was a call for volunteers, and the citizens of French Prairie met at Gregoire's, where forty-seven men enlisted for the war. Tom McKay was a heroic character in those early days. Grim had heard of him and knew that he came with the Astor expedition, thirty-five years before. McKay was a natural leader, though then an old man, and was present at Gregoire's to inspire the settlers with his own resolution. Grim remembers how McKay rode up and down the prairie, orating and gesticulating to the crowd, which responded freely to his appeals and soon had quite a company on the war path. It is probable that Grim, having just arrived and without a home shelter for his young family, did not volunteer.

One day in October, 1847, just after Grim had finished sowing his wheat, Jesse Boon, afterwards of Boon's Ferry, came to see him and ask the loan of a horse to ride to the Rickreal. He said, "Grim, if you will lend me a pony I will pay you by telling you a very important piece of news." It required no promise of pay for a neighbor to get the loan of a horse from John Grim. So Boon had no delay in getting to the Rickreal. The news he left was important and soon after set the world wild with astonishment. It was that Sutter's workmen had discovered gold on the Sacramento. Ex-Gov. Boggs, of Missouri, was then in California and he had sent up word to friends in Oregon advising them to come down in haste and reap their share of the harvest of gold.

This news went through Oregon as it went elsewhere, on the wings of the wind, and though it was then October, Grim and others soon outfitted and commenced the long journey of 600 miles through a wilderness where savage tribes were master. A few weeks took them to the then mining region, and their party of Oregonians went prospecting on their own account on the upper waters of the American river. They camped one night without apprehension of danger and waked suddenly in the midst of a yelling horde of savages, who made night hideous—fearfully so. Grim rose in his blankets, took in the situation and made a sudden rush. The black circle of savages parted to let him through, and as he ran the midnight gauntlet they let arrows fly at him as he passed. He got away from camp and hid among rocks and bushes, supposing that his comrades were all murdered in their sleep, and conscious that he was wounded in several places. Arrows had pierced one arm and a leg; a wound in his foot was discovered some days after that proved very troublesome. The worst was

an arrow that entered the side and penetrated some distance and projected from the wound. There in the wild mountains, alone and wounded, probably unto death, was a cheerless situation. Suddenly a gun was fired, and he saw and heard Indians scampering in all directions. He crawled back to camp and found three of his companions unharmed and in possession. When they camped they left their guns under a tree close by, without any suspicion of danger—all but one young fellow who laid his rifle at the side of his blankets. As soon as he realized the situation and saw the danger of becoming a target for arrows, he fired this gun off, and in a twinkling every Indian vanished the ruck. They were unacquainted with fire arms, and a gun was a terror to the untutored "tar heads," for they were the miserable California Diggers, scarce human, who covered their heads with tar from scrub pines to keep the vermin from infesting them. Hoping to get some plunder they surrounded the sleeping camp and fired a perfect swarm of arrows into the blankets. The ground all about the camp was literally covered with arrows. They expected to shoot all the sleepers as they rose. Only two rose, Grim who was pretty full of arrows, and a young Frenchman named Tevis, who was killed. The other three staid under the thick Hudson Bay blankets and escaped "Soot free." The blankets bristled with arrows like the "fretful porcupine." The boys gathered arrows from the ground and plucked them from the blankets and cooked breakfast with them, and there were lots of arrows left over. The tar heads threw away a great quantity of ammunition in the unsuccessful attempt.

The next morning they buried poor Tevis, who was a great favorite with them and whose death they seriously mourned. Grim was in a predicament. They tied up and mended his wounds as well as possible, but the barb of the flint arrow head refused to come out of the wound in his side, where it was bedded deep. They tried to pull it out, but it would not come. Finally Grim sharpened his jackknife and carved it out himself. It was a rough surgical operation, but successful. He was of rough material and had a healthy body that wouldn't die for any slight cause. They had one pack horse with them, so hoisting their wounded companion on his back, they started slowly down the river to find some place where he could be cared for. They passed quite near to a camp of Indians they supposed to be their assailants, but were not molested.

After several day's slow progress they came to a miner's camp on the American river, and there they left Grim and went back to their prospecting. It proved to be the camp of an old gentleman name Cyrus, whose home was near Napa, where he had possessions under a Mexican grant. Cyrus and two sons and two sons-in-law had found good diggings. They took Grim in without a question and cared for him in the most Christian manner, and never asked for compensation. These were the halcyon days of California mining life, before the whole world of greed and selfishness had reached there. As Grim lay helpless in bed he saw the family each day clean up the gold saved, and he says it actually seemed as if they had a quart of rusty gold each time. This was hardly true, but they had rich diggings, and they panned out well. They worked a rooker only, and had no better

process to go by. After some days they heard rumors of Indians attacking different camps, and concluded it was not safe to remain, so they packed up and started for home. It was only a few days slow journey with horses from Napa to the American river. The old gentleman told the boys he "thought they had gold enough to do them, but if they thought they hadn't it was only necessary to saddle the horses and come after more any time. They knew where to find it, and it was not far." In the simplicity of his nature, he thought California was too far away to be annoyed by outsiders, and its placers would be always waiting for them to come back to them. The Cyrus family took quite a fancy to Grim, and urged him to come to Napa and become their neighbor. They offered him as much land as he could hold in Oregon—a section—a free gift, and would sell him more, if he wanted at a reasonable price.

When they reached Sutter's race they found people living there who could make Grim comfortable; so they left him at that place. Here he was again treated with kindness and cared for as well as possible, until he got able to return and aid his own company. But for weeks he staid there and was made freely welcome. No change was made, though at that time the necessities of life were scarce and high priced. Here Grim met John Herren, then almost an old man, who died at his home near Salem many years ago. As Grim was suffering much pain from the wound in his side, his friend Herren studied how it could be alleviated. He at length found a lady who had a small piece of opium, which she freely tendered. By knowing a little of this, Grim was greatly relieved, and thankfully remembered the kindness that procured it for him. When able to travel he rejoined his company, doing such light work as cooking for awhile, until he regained full strength. During the winter the Oregonians, some of them got very tired of the mines. The living was hard and the weather was severe. Heavy rain storms and deep snows alternated in the mountains. It is astonishing how the value of gold depreciates to a man who is homesick and tired of living on beans and jerked beef.

Grim, too, had rather a rough experience, so he and his neighbor, Uncle Bill Whitney made up their minds to go home. They started afoot, made their way down to Sacramento, having a serious encounter with a murderous gang before they got out of the mountains, but escaping by good management and a bold front. While some—in fact, most of the miners—were kind and hospitable, there were some murderous villains too mean to work for gold were it ever so abundant. They went down the Sacramento to a Russian launch and endured a two days' storm in Suisun bay, where the crew gave up for lost, but they weathered the gale and reached San Francisco, where they found no wharf to land at, so had to wade ashore. Taking ship they reached Oregon and home in the early spring. Grim brought back \$1,500 in gold, the result of a few weeks' work. He left home in October, reached the mines in November, got wounded and lost several weeks' time, and quit work in January. The best season for mining was just at hand, but he was homesick and tired of such rough life. The glitter of gold lost its attraction in comparison with the charms of home.

"There's no place like home!" When they reached Oregon he found his wheat field looking luxuriant, and it made a good crop the same summer. He had 1,500 bushels of wheat, and that fall he took his savings from gold mining, and bought wheat from his neighbors at 75 cents a bushel, so they could outfit for the mines. The next year he raised another crop, and along in the summer of 1852, he had 2,500 bushels of wheat on hand that he sold to John McCracken at \$2 50 per bushel. Market reports were not published daily then as they are now, and he thought he was making a big thing of it, and so he was, but wheat was actually worth \$4 50 per bushel so he might have had \$5,000 more.

These incidents serve to show the character of pioneer times, and describe the stirring scenes the early comers went through to win success. They did win it, and the recital of their experience equals in interest the brightest tales of fiction. Judge Grim (he earned the title by official service in the early days) says that when he had finally located he made a trip around the valley for a day or two, and, when he got back to the family, told his wife that he was fully satisfied with the country, for it was really better than he expected. Nature never made any place more beautiful. The Willamette valley appeared at its best in the primeval days, when the hand of man had neither marred it nor embellished it. Far and near, hemmed in by mountain ranges, the variety of landscape including stream and forest, rolling hills and spreading prairies. It is not possible for nature to be more luxurious in variety of foliage, or more attractive in changing vistas than the Willamette valley appeared, previous to 1850.

In a single month in the spring of 1882, immigration equalled in number all the arrivals that occurred, previous to the discovery of gold. The 5,000 who came that April were swallowed up in the mass of population. The 5,000 of that wonderful decade of the '40's had a heroic purpose. They will always be remembered as the pioneers, who made Oregon and saved this beautiful and valuable region to the United States.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

Fine and Coarse Liverpool
SALT.
Tin Plate, Block Tin, Caustic Soda.
For sale ex Warehouse at Portland or Astoria by
BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO.
Portland, Or.



JACOBS OIL
THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

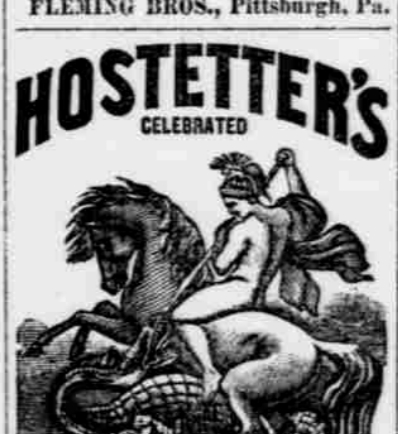
The youngest monarch in Europe is Alfonso, who presides over the destinies of Spain at the age of twenty-five. King William of Germany is sixty-one years his senior.

Henry Edgerton, a Long Island man, recently ate thirty-seven hard-boiled eggs and two mince pies, washed down with two quarts of ale, on a wager of \$10. He is still living—a remarkable instance of the survival of the fittest.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.
The countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes of a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furrowed tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach; at others, entirely gone; floating pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times constive; stools slimy, not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult and accompanied by hicough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable.

DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE
will certainly effect a cure.

In buying Vermifuge be sure you get the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE, manufactured by Fleming Bros., 24 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. The market is full of counterfeits. You will be right if it has the signature of Fleming Bros. and C. McLane.



HOSTETTER'S BITTERS
CELEBRATED

Invalids, broken down in health and spirits by chronic dyspepsia or suffering from the terrible exhaustion that follows the attacks of acute disease, the testimony of thousands who have been raised up by a miracle from a similar state of prostration by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is a sure guarantee that by the same means you, too, may be strengthened and restored.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

Notice.
STATE AND COUNTY TAXES FOR THE year 1882, are now due and can be paid at my office at the Court House.

A. M. TWOMBLY, Sheriff.

BUSINESS CARDS.

E. C. HOLDEN,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
AUCTIONEER, COMMISSION AND
SURETY AGENT.

GEO. F. PARKER,
SURVEYOR OF
Clatsop County, and City of Astoria
Office - Chenamus street, Y. M. C. A. hall
Room No. 8.

W. S. DILLARD,
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT ST. HELENS, OREGON.
Will attend terms of Court at Astoria,
Klamath and Portland.

F. D. WINTON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office in Pythian Building, Rooms 11, 12,
ASTORIA, OREGON.

JAY TUTTLE, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OFFICE—Rooms 1, 2, and 3, Pythian Building.
RESIDENCE—Over Ebberson's Bakery, opposite Barst & Myers' Saloon.

F. F. HICKS,
DENTIST,
ASTORIA, OREGON.
Rooms in Allen's building up stairs, corner
of Cass and Spermoe streets.

J. Q. A. BOWLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Chenamus Street. - ASTORIA, OREGON

Piano Lessons With Use of Piano.
MRS. J. W. RUDDOCK.
Terms moderate. Orders may be left at
Adler's book store.

G. A. STINSON & CO.,
BLACKSMITHING,
At Capt. Rogers old stand, corner of Cass
and Court Streets.

Ship and Cannery work, Horseshoeing,
Wagons made and repaired. Good work
warranted.

M. WERTHEIMER, I. WERTHEIMER
M. WERTHEIMER & BRO.
MANUFACTURERS OF FINE
Havana and Domestic Cigars
No. 518 Front St. San Francisco

I. W. CASE,
IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TAIL DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
Corner Chenamus and Cass streets.
ASTORIA - OREGON

ARNDT & FERCHEN,
ASTORIA - OREGON.

The Pioneer Machine Shop
BLACKSMITH
SHOP
AND
Boiler Shop
All kinds of
ENGINE, CANNERY,
—AND—
STEAMBOAT WORK
Promptly attended to.
A specialty made of repairing
CANNERY DIES,
FOOT OF LAFAYETTE STREET.
ASTORIA IRON WORKS.
BENTON STREET, NEAR PARKER HOUSE,
ASTORIA - OREGON.

GENERAL MACHINISTS AND
BOILER MAKERS.

LAND & MARINE ENGINES
Boiler Work, Steamboat Work,
and Cannery Work a specialty.
CASTINGS.
Of all Descriptions made to Order
at Short Notice.

A. D. WASS, President.
J. G. HURFLEN, Secretary.
L. W. GARR, Treasurer.
JOHN FOX, Superintendent.