



Interesting Odds and Ends Concerning the Early Days in Old Oregon.

In looking through documents of Oregon history in the Bancroft Library I am continually running across little incidents and anecdotes of peculiar interest, apart from their historic value. They have at least so appealed to me, and just as a funny story is doubly funny when you can perpetrate it on a friend, so, to make my own enjoyment of these little historic details complete, I must pass them on. Unlike the "Ancient Mariner" who likewise had a story he must tell, I can't enforce a hearing, or rather a reading, but then I wouldn't be as exacting as the old sea dog in question, anyway. My conscience will be clear when once my "burden" is consigned to paper. Hence the following.

"Snatches" would make a good name for this contribution and would have appeared above at the masthead had it arrived in time. In other words there's no sequence to this story in any way whatsoever. Little sketches and reminiscences will be jotted down independently, in very defiance of each other as they occur to the writer.

Here is a good missionary story to begin with, which was a new one to me. In a recent contribution I spoke of the Rogue River Indians being transferred from Southern Oregon to the Yamhill County reservation at the close of the war of 1853, which they had waged. While there had been missionaries in Oregon some twenty years previous to this, these Southern Oregon Indians were so fierce, that no messengers of the Gospel had ventured among them. After they had been removed to their new home however, a Methodist minister visited them one Sunday and told them as fully as possible the story of Christ—of his life, crucifixion, etc., which was entirely new to the dusky listeners. On closing, the preacher promised to come again next Sunday if they wished. Visibly impressed, the chiefs asked him rather to continue the story the next day, to which he consented. Next morning the leading men of the tribe gathered about him and began to ask some leading questions. "Heap good talk you gave us yesterday," they said. "Were those bad men who killed Jesus, Indians or Boston men?" The preacher had to acknowledge the truth. "And was Jesus an Indian or a Boston man?" On being answered, they withdrew to themselves for a short consultation, presently returning with this ultimatum: "You no come any more. We believe your talk, that Jesus was the best man who ever lived and that heap bad men killed him. But that's a white man's fight—Indians better not interfere. Every time we take sides in white man's troubles we get into trouble. We won't hear any more." And the author of the story says the preacher took them at their word, no more missionaries approaching them until the Catholics undertook their regeneration.

You have probably heard it said at some time that the Indian has no sense of humor. Here is a story which hardly confirms the statement. Captain John, one of the most energetic, aggressive chiefs in Oregon, broke out in warfare in the Southern part of the state in 1855. Supported by a brave band of warriors he long conducted a successful struggle against the troops sent to capture the belligerent natives and convey them southward to the

reservation. The whites tried first to persuade the Indians to accept of the kind hospitality of Uncle Sam, and in the second place threatened them with a rope if they didn't. But the natives, loth to give up the freedom of their hunting grounds, held out against all efforts to corral them. Capt. A. J. Smith with a small force of regulars was sent against Captain John, but the wily chief managed to cut off and entirely surround Smith's force on a little knoll, where the whites in desperation had to burrow down in the ground to escape Indian bullets. Presently, when Smith's case seemed absolutely hopeless, Captain John climbed up in a tree some little distance from the beleaguered whites, who heard him call out, "Capt. Smith! Hello, Capt. Smith! You go on reservation now? Lots to eat, much clothes, better go on reservation; good travelling, many wagons; you take lope (rope) Capt. Smith or go on reservation?" The story ends thus abruptly, leaving one in doubt as to poor Smith's choice. Just the other day, however, I happened to run across another reference to the incident which stated that a reinforcement of troops finally arrived to rescue Smith from his position, as embarrassing as it was dangerous.

Nearly every state has its capital fight at some time in its history. Oregon's came early, in her territorial days, and was a struggle principally between Oregon City and Salem, with Corvallis a bad third though it held the honor for a brief period. But the strife between the first two mentioned places was so keen as to invade and threaten the mental poise of the Supreme Court itself. Oregon City was first selected as the temporary capital and an act was soon passed by the legislature, changing it to Salem. In deciding upon the validity of this act the Supreme Court divided, Judges Strong and Nelson deciding adversely at Oregon City, Judge Pratt upholding the act at Salem, the latter's view finally prevailing. The "animus" behind the decisions is indicated in Judge Strong's rendering of his, in which he closes with apparent gusto with these words—"It (the act) lies dead without mourners and unburied without offence." For many years, however, it has been "all quiet on the Willamette," from this standpoint except for a biennial reference in the Oregonian to the fact that Portland is the logical center of the state every way except geographically, which promptly calls forth such a high pitched and prolonged squeal from the Salem hog that we are again assured that he still lives.

While it is a well established fact, probably comparatively few people know that Abraham Lincoln was once chosen governor of Oregon Territory. He was appointed to succeed Gov. Lane in 1850, and though he was not yet a very prominent man, he declined the honor and John P. Gaines was appointed in his place. While such conjecture is idle, we can hardly help speculating on how differently American history might be written had the Great Emancipator accepted this post in the then isolated Northwest.

I had read of Lincoln's appointment, but I did not know that another man, who later became very prominent, from a state adjoining Lincoln's was a very zealous but unsuccessful candidate for the appointment of United States District Judge in Oregon when it was first ad-

mitted as a state. He was Thos. A. Hendricks, later governor of Indiana, U. S. senator and vice president of the United States.

In fact not a few noted men have been identified with Oregon history, whose names I chance upon now and then; as for instance, three men, who later led Union armies in the 60's—Grant, Sheridan and Fighting Jo Hooker—had been stationed in Oregon.

"Send me a blue pig. If you don't—." Thus wrote one fabled king to another and thus the war began which ended in the ruin of both kingdoms. Our mothers and grandmothers have told us the old story and we have all laughed at the idea of going to war over such a silly pretext. But I wonder how many know that an enery little runt of a pig started a difficulty between the United States and Great Britain which for a time threatened war and which was finally settled by the German Emperor. On a little island called San Juan in the Gulf of Georgia north of Puget Sound and just east of Vancouver Island lived an American and an English rancher. Each had hogs, and the Englishman shot a pig which the American claimed belonged to him. A dispute followed which they were unable to settle, and decided to carry the matter to the courts. But which courts—English or American? Here was dispute number two. According to the northwest boundary settlement of 1846, the 49th parallel was to be followed westward to the Straits when the channel was to be followed. The question raised was—on which side of the island did the channel run, both routes being used. The question at once assumed inter-national proportions and soon troops of both nations occupied the island. Hostilities seemed imminent, but cooler counsel prevailed, the controversy being referred to the German Emperor who decided it in favor of the United States. History tells nothing, however, as to the settlement of the primary question at issue—"whose pig was it?"

While the above mentioned boundary dispute was raging in the far Northwest between the Americans and the British, a commission appointed by our national government to audit the expenses of the Indian war of 1855 in Oregon and Washington, made an official visit to Victoria, B. C., to audit the claims of the Hudson Bay Co., which had advanced war supplies to us. The commission was accompanied by several U. S. naval officers and in honor of the visitors Sir James Douglas, governor of British Columbia, gave them a grand dinner, attended also by British fleet officers and colonial dignitaries. During the dinner the unfortunate boundary dispute was broached and discussion naturally waxed warm. An American suggested that a compromise might be effected whereby England would yield us the disputed island. Sir Douglas, proud and dignified, replied in a rather superior and pompous manner—"The British Crown, sir, never alienates the soil," and said it as if the subject were effectually disposed of. But up spoke the irrepressible Yankee in L. F. Grover, a member of the commission: "You will please make an exception, sir, in favor of the United States as we are under obligations to the British Crown for most of the soil we have." "Pass the wine, pass the wine," hastily rejoined Douglas, "let us all take a drink; the point is not a good one, sir."

And the conversation sought "surer channels." W. C. W. Berkeley, Cal., March 5.

Springbrook on the Map.

At a meeting of the Springbrook Development League the school house was well filled with fruitraisers from this and neighboring localities, although the meeting was arranged on short notice.

A few minutes were spent in explaining the objects of the League and the transaction of local business. A short recess was taken for securing membership, when most of those present signed the constitution.

County Inspector Goodrich gave a talk on the vigorous campaign now in progress against the San Jose scale and for good orchard work. The hydrometer, with which to test the spray material and the pressure gauge, to indicate its force, are essentials to good work. Then be careful to thoroughly cover every part of the tree.

Mr. Goodrich spoke with much favor of our having among other officers a local inspector who is appointed to co-operate with the grower as advisor, and with the county inspector as well, thereby greatly aiding the latter in his work without additional expense to the county. He also read the notice as given out by the state board requiring the disinfection of diseased apple orchards.

Mr. M. O. Lowsdale, the Willamette valley apple man, spoke at length on his favorite theme. Altho just recovering from a protracted illness which necessitated his sitting while he talked, he spoke only as those can whose knowledge is gained by long personal experience.

Describing the splendid exhibition made by the valley growers at the Portland Apple Show he advocated the production of the best apples for foreign markets, and assured us that through the association all the good fruit of that type can be sold at very remunerative prices.

The old orchard of indifferent varieties should be cut away to a stump of 30 inches high and then grafted, or allowed to throw up sprouts and then graft them with yellow Newtowns.

Apple anthracnose must be stamped out and this is the only remedy short of rooting out many of the old infested trees.

People in this immediate community not being especially interested in apples are urged to produce the best cherries, the best prunes and the best berries that can be grown, co-operate in selling and get the best returns for our products.

A business meeting of the League will be held next Saturday evening.

J. H. REES,

For Committee on Publicity.
Springbrook, Or., Mch. 10, 1908.

Something Good to Read.

The article on "Drugs" in the Review and Herald (issue of Mch. 5) is exceptionally clear and practical. It is easily understood by everybody, omitting all technical terms; and it ought to be read by every man and woman in the state, yes, in the United States and in the world. It is written by an M. D. of Grand Rapids, Mich. It does not mention osteopathy, yet it does uphold the osteopathic contentions. No osteopath could put it stronger. The paper can be procured by writing the publishers at Tacoma Park Station, Washington, D. C.

DR. H. D. BOWERS.

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