

# THE WEST SHORE.

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OPHELIA.

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Our engraving represents the gentle Ophelia, (from Hamlet), after her mind became hopelessly imbecile from grief for the madness of her lover and death of her father. She wandered about, at her own lost will, bedecked with fantastic finery, chanting snatches of old ballads, and one day climbing a willow that stood on a margin of a brook, to hang a garland on its far reaching bough, the slender limb broke and she was precipitated into the stream.

"Her clothes spread wide,  
And mermaid like, awhile they bore her up,  
Which time, she charmed snatches of old tunes,  
As one incapable of her own distress,  
Or like a creature native and indu'd  
Unto that element but long it could not be,  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink  
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay,  
To muddy death."

## CINNABAR IN SOUTHERN OREGON.

### THE UNFOUND RICH LEDGE.

For months past, word has been coming from portions of southern Oregon of the occasional finding of ledges or mines of cinabar—the red sulphuret of mercury, or quicksilver. As yet, these discoveries have been made mostly in Douglas county, and in the southern portion of it. Only one or two "finds" have been reported in Jackson county, and neither of them of much account, apparently. But there is in that county somewhere a vein or mine, yet to be struck, from which was taken, years ago, the richest piece of cinabar ever found on this whole Pacific Coast, up to that time, so far as known, not excepting any from the famous mines of New Almaden, or the more recently discovered mine of New Idria. Just where this ledge or mine is, however, is the particular and very important question to be solved. I am sure of this, though—that it is not above twenty-five miles from what used to be known as Jewett's Ferry, on Rogue River, on the stage route from Jacksonville to Roseburg, fifteen years ago. I will return to that question.

### WHAT I KNOW ABOUT IT.

In July, 1860, while on a short visit in San Francisco, from Jacksonville, I received through Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, a package containing a piece of cinabar of about three pounds weight, with the request that I would have it assayed. I took it to Justh, Hunter & Co., the best assaying firm of that day there, and on calling for the assay at the appointed time, Mr. Justh, with whom I was well acquainted, first wished me to tell him where the ore was found, and whatever else I could impart in relation to it. He then handed me the assay certificate. It gave above 75, and I am pretty sure it was a fraction less than 75 per cent. of quicksilver; but as I depend solely on my recollection as to the exact assay, I cannot say absolutely that I have stated the percentage correctly. At any rate, Mr. Justh, who was an Hangarian of much mining experience in his own country, and had been in the assaying business for years in San Francisco, told me that it was the richest cinabar he had ever seen—much richer than any ever brought from New Almaden. But I had no information of consequence at that time to impart, because the ore had come into the possession of the friend who had forwarded it from Jackson county for assay several days after my departure for San Francisco. Justh made liberal offers of money to open and work the mine if it prospected agreeably to his expectations, and also said he would send an expert to look at it. As a matter of course, I could give him no encouragement, but promised to let him know by letter after my return and upon an investigation of the condition of things—the location of the mine, its ownership, etc.

### A QUEST AFTER INFORMATION.

I got back to Jacksonville early in August, and was not long in pushing the important inquiries. It seems my friend had fallen in with one of the Jewett brothers who owned the Rogue River ferry; that each was very sanguine in the belief that untold and incalculable mineral wealth lay hidden in the hills and bars and river beds of the country all about; and that both were ready to join in a scheme to prospect for, discover, develop, and secure some of this vast wealth. It was a year of gold quartz excitement, because of two noted very rich discoveries—the Hicks mine on Jackson Creek, a mile or so from town, and the lab mine on Gold Hill, ten miles north, near Rogue River. But where did that specimen of cinabar come from?—that was the all-absorbing question. My friend did not know; Jewett could not tell. All that he could tell about it was as follows: Two years before, it was given to him by an Indian of the Rogue River tribe, who had fought under their great chief, "Old John," against the U. S. troops under Capt. A. J. Smith, (now a Brigadier General) and Col. John Ross. Oregon volunteers. Jewett had been kind to him, and allowed him to live about his place at