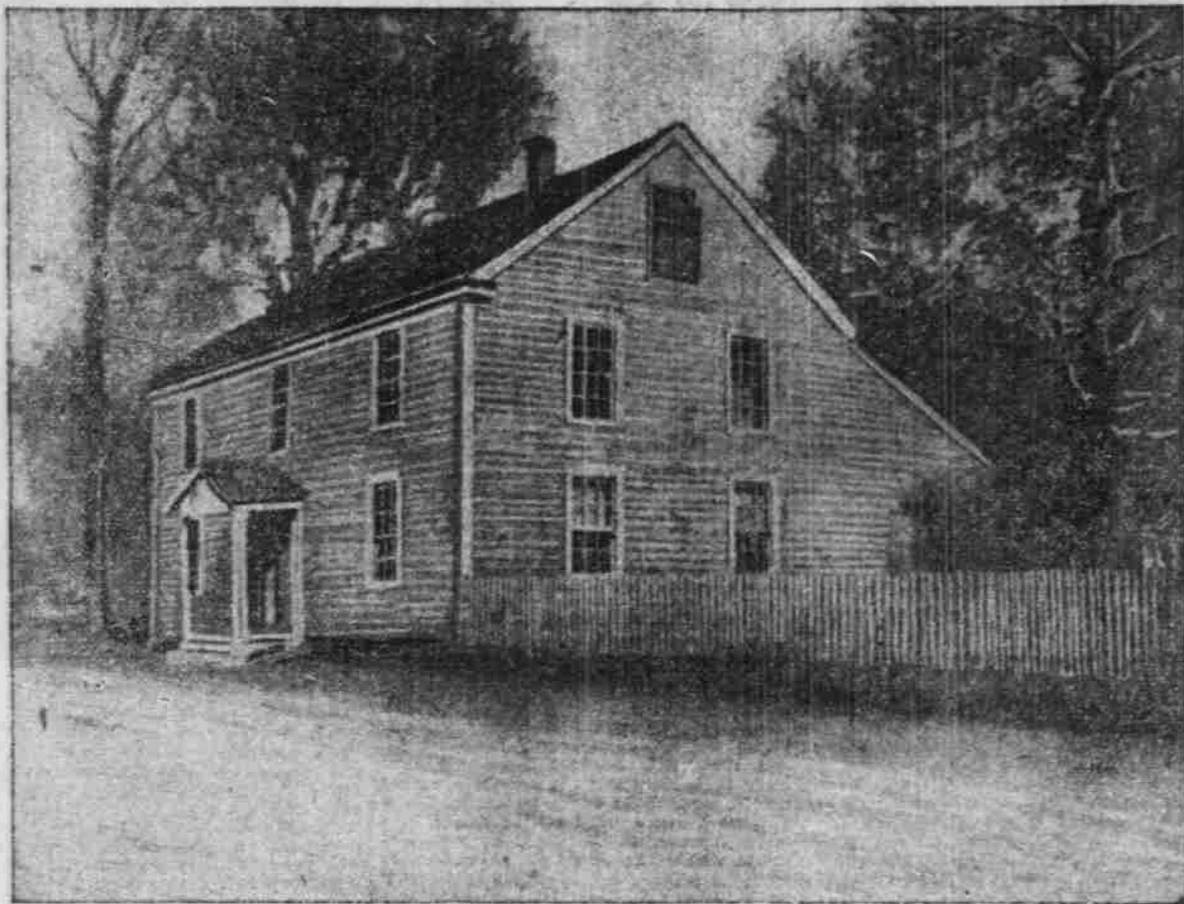




WHERE GOLD WAS FIRST DISCOVERED IN OREGON



FIRST HOUSE BUILT IN KERBY.

EARLY HISTORY OF KERBYVILLE JOSEPHINE COUNTY PIONEER MINING CAMP

How a Wrecked Billiard Table Figured in the Founding of a County Seat.



PIONEER HOTEL, BUILT IN 1858.

NESTLING cozily at the foot of the pine-clad hills, with its one long street, and overlooking the valley and the winding river, is Kerby, the first county seat of Josephine and one of the oldest mining camps of Oregon.

beer signs, punctured with the bullet marks of the old-timers' six-shooters, still cling desperately to the decaying walls. Many of the older buildings have crumbled away and no vestige of them remains.

Billiard Table Found a Town. As to the beginning of Kerby there are conflicting stories. One of the most interesting of these is to the effect that a billiard table was responsible for the establishment of the old camp.

bring the billiard table over the mountainous and narrow trail from Crescent City to Althouse, a distance of 85 miles. But the old mule gave way under her big load before she reached Althouse.

came to Southern Oregon with her father in 1831. At the time of the designation of Josephine there were several thriving mining camps in the Illinois Valley, in which section nearly the whole of the population of Southern Oregon was centered at that time.

Rogue River tribe, and were noted for their acts of thievery and begging. It was unfortunate, however, that the miners attacked them at the time they did, as the party was largely composed of squaws, children and old men.

ded in June of 1856. The miners returned to their sluices, the farmers to their ranches and the merchants to their stores. Kerbyville became its old self again. The town grew and prospered with each passing season.

miners begun to leave in swarms for other newly-discovered bonanzas in British Columbia and in Idaho. Kerby it is today, and Kerby it will remain for many years to come; a pretty old town, simply shaded with majestic maples and great spreading oaks and situated at the foot of the hills that slope gently down to the Illinois, to spreading valley and the mountains beyond.

Kerbyville was in reality during those days but a California mining camp moved over the Siskiyou, as it was composed of the same stampede that swept across the plains during the excitement of '49. But a few miles below Kerbyville, on the Illinois, Josephine Creek emptied its waters into the larger stream and it was here that gold was first discovered in the Oregon Territory.

Today in passing along the one street of the old town the traveler will find but a few scattered remains of the gay Kerbyville of 50 years ago. The old courthouse is gone, but the town hall remains. On up the street is the old jail. It still stands just as it stood 40 years ago—a two-story, dark, gloomy structure, beneath the spreading branches of the entwining maple, whose limbs served as an ever-ready gallows for the popular "hangin's" of the rough and roody days.

Along the street, and some of them moved back to give way for modern improvements, are found the crumbling remains of the old dancehalls and stores. The wind and the weather, the worms and the decay of a half century have done their work, and long since put many of these out of business. The walls all lean toward the center, the windows and doors are boarded up and a few scattered

may be, the story is an interesting one. The story goes that an old Spanish packer named Martinez was under contract to deliver a billiard table to the owner and proprietor of a saloon at Althouse's camp in the Illinois Valley, that had already been established. Martinez owned a pack-mule known over all the Coast for her remarkable perseverance and strength. Anita was her name and Anita was the pride of Martinez. It was on the back of Anita that the old packer was to

llard table north of San Francisco as a drawing card, Martinez had the whole regiment headed his way, and a thrifty mining camp sprang up as a consequence. That mining camp was Kerbyville.

Chosen the County Seat. In 1852 Kerbyville was made the county seat of Josephine. It was during this year that the Legislature of the Oregon Territory created an act designating the County of Josephine. The county was named in honor of Josephine Rawlins who

'50s, however, that Kerbyville was at its height. This was the period that the brush was on for the surrounding placer beds of the Illinois Valley streams. During those years several million dollars in gold was gathered up from the gravel bars of the Southern Oregon rivers and streams, and the greater part of it was exchanged in Kerbyville. She was the acknowledged center of the whole mining district for miles about, and she gloried in the fact.

Of course, the matter of being the county seat added much to the popularity of Kerbyville. This was embodied in being the possessor of the Courthouse and the jail, for the trials and the "hangin's" never failed to draw big crowds. In 1853 six men were hanged at one time, all for committing what was considered in those days to be the most abominable of crimes—stealing gold from the sluice-boxes of the placers.

Indian Wars. In 1855 the Rogue River Indian War broke out and continued till June of the following year. The Rogue River Indians were a hostile band of savages whose haunts were in the several districts of Southern Oregon along the Rogue. There were several tribes of them, though all went by the general name, "Rogue River." The various tribes were led by Chiefs John, Joe, Sam, Queen Mary and Topsy Tyee. John was the acknowledged chief of all. While his own band of braves never numbered more than 40, it was he who planned and led the numerous outbreaks that occurred over all parts of Southern Oregon. During this war the inhabitants of Kerbyville, the women and children, at least, were "forted up," as it was called, while the men organized themselves into volunteer companies and went forth to battle.

It was in the Fall of 1855 that the Rogue River Indians became alarmed at the increasing number of whites and secretly planned an outbreak. During August and September of this memorable year reports were being continually brought in to the several mining camps of the murders of lone miners or packers who had wandered too far away from the settlements and suffered the treachery of the murderous red men.

Maddened by these acts of barbarity, a party of 40 miners, led by Major James A. Lupton, was organized, and on the 7th of October proceeded to attack a band of Indians encountered at the mouth of Little Butte Creek, near Table Rock. This particular band of Indians belonged to the

along the streams were treacherously slain, and the cabins and homes of many along Sucker Creek and the Illinois, in the vicinity of Kerbyville, burned by the savages. The women and children of Kerbyville were huddled for safety within a small log fort erected at Briggs, on Lower Sucker Creek. The remains of the old fort stand today a crumbling mass of logs, a fitting reminder of the pioneer days.

Years of Prosperity. As before stated, the Indians were sub-

Holton is one of the five living pioneers who remain to tell the story of the early days of the noted mining camp. Through his efforts at that session of the Legislature the name of Kerbyville was changed to Napoleon. The name "didn't take," however, and it scarcely gained recognition outside of the legislative halls in which it was proposed. The old name still clung to it, the only change being made was the dropping of the last syllable, making it plain Kerby.

Kerby was its name in the '50s, when the

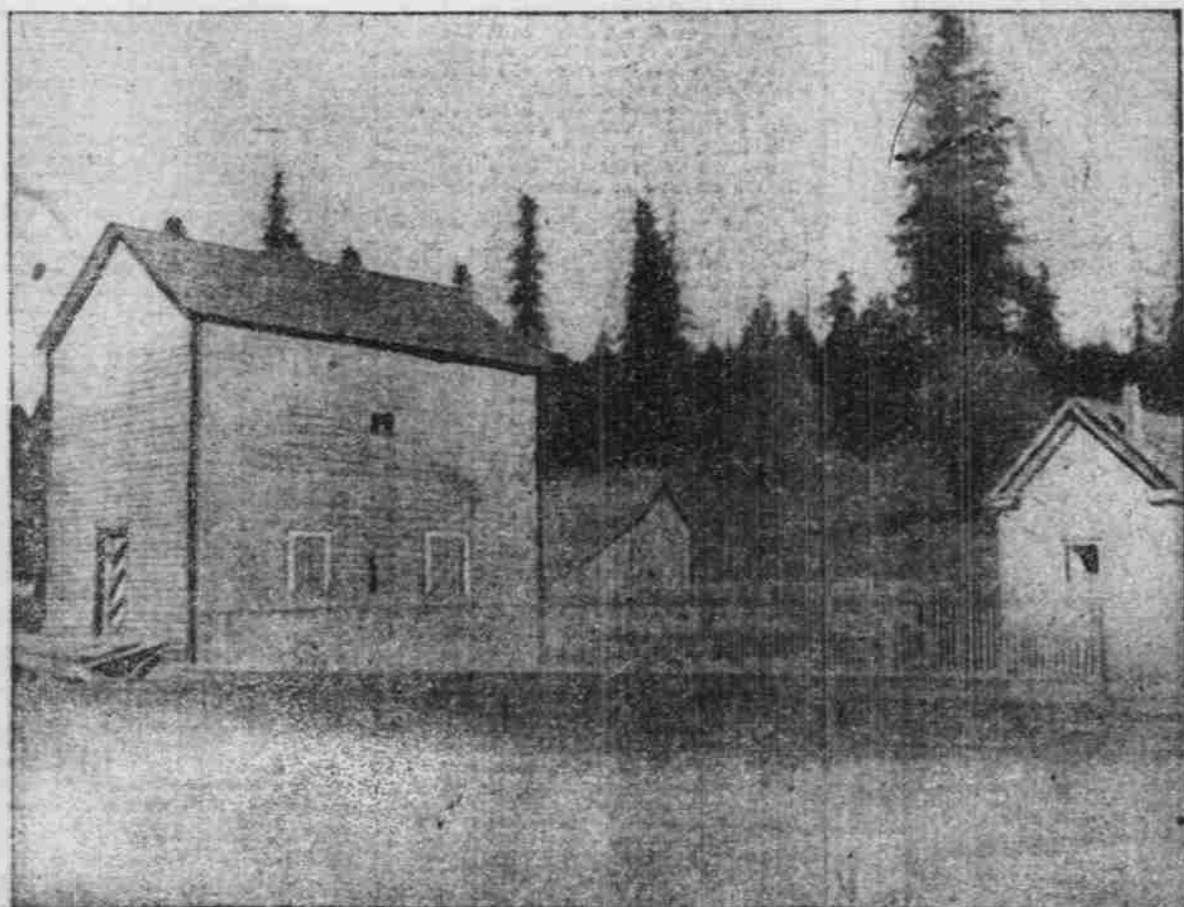
Sailing Beyond Seas.

Metought the stars were blinking bright, And the old bell's mills unfurled; I said, "I will sail to my love this night At the other side of the world." I stepp'd aboard—we sail'd so fast— The sun shot up from the hours; But a dove that perch'd upon the mast Did mourn, and mourn, and mourn. O fair dove! O fond dove! And dove with the white breast, Let me alone, the dream is my own. And my heart is full of rest.

My true love fares on this great hill, Fondling his sheep for eyes; I look'd in his hat, but all was still, My love was gone away. I went to gaze in the forest creek, And the dove mourn'd on a space; No flame did flash, nor fair blue rock Rose up to show me his place. O last love! O first love! My love with the true heart, To think I have come to this your home, And yet—we are apart! My love! He stood at my right hand, His eyes were grave and sweet. Methought he said, "In this far land, Oh! is it thus we meet? Ah, maid most dear, I am not here; I have no place—no part— No dwelling more by sea or shore, But only in thy heart." O fair dove! O fond dove! Till night rose over the hours, The dove on the mast, as we sail'd fast, Did mourn, and mourn, and mourn. —Jean Ingelow.



KERBY'S MAIN STREET—EIGHT-DOLLAR MOUNTAIN IN DISTANCE, WHERE GOLD WAS FIRST DISCOVERED



THE OLD JAIL—CLERK'S OFFICE IN BACKGROUND.



THE OLD TOWN HALL.