

# ASHLAND



# TIDINGS.

INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS, AND DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF SOUTHERN OREGON.

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## "I Will be Strong!"

Good words for thee, my truly noble friend!  
I feel, then, thy promise, to the closing end  
Of life's fair day, when thou shalt sink to rest,  
Redeemed from earth, to be forever blest,  
After times "dull fever" passes o'er;  
To count thy jewels on the peaceful shore—  
To dwell forever in the land of song.  
Woe's peace and love and happiness belong.  
Strong in the cause of righteousness and truth,  
Strong to resist the social snares of youth,  
Strong to endure when others quail and fly,  
Strong when temptation's siren voice is high,  
Strong to reprove the vicious and the wrong,  
Strong to support the weak and all the strong;  
Strong in example to the y-ling child—  
Strong in example, but in precept mild.  
Thus living, bravely, strongly, truly, well,  
Thou'lt prove a light which none can e'er excel—  
A shining model for our rising truth;  
And, better yet, if still thy strength endure,  
Thou'lt merit well the friendship of the pure.  
In the White Stone be thy name engraven,  
Outshined by Him whose strength thy strength  
Has saved. T. W.  
San Luis Obispo, Cal., Sept. 26th, 1876.

## REPLY OF EUGENE LAWRENCE TO BISHOP PURCELL.

Archbishop Purcell has published a pastoral letter, in which he asserts that "the Catholic Church has been falsely and foully accused of designing the destruction of the common school system." He is anxious to convey the impression that the Roman Catholic prelates and clergy have never been, and are not now, the enemies of free and unsectarian education. It would be difficult to produce a plainer misstatement of well known facts. This extraordinary pastoral is the result of that clouded and irrational condition of the intellect in which most papal prelates live in a free country, of minds that remember only what they choose, and forget easily what they have done to stay the progress of knowledge and freedom. Does not Bishop Purcell remember that he himself for ten years and more, has been agitating in Cincinnati for the total annihilation of public instruction? No man has labored more actively than he for the destruction of the American plan of education and the introduction of the European. At the command of his European masters he demanded the removal of the Bible from the schools. It was granted. Next he insisted that the Cincinnati School Board should introduce the European method of dividing the fund or of supporting sectarian schools. He wrote in a mandatory letter, September, 1869, to the Cincinnati Commissioners, who were anxious to form some compromise with the Roman Catholic Church:

"The entire government of public schools in which Catholic youth is educated cannot be given over to the civil power. We, as Catholics, can not approve of that system of education of youth which is set apart from instruction in the Catholic Church. If the School Board can offer anything in conformity with these principles, as has been done in England, France, Canada, Prussia and other countries, where the rights of conscience in the matter of education have been fully recognized, I am prepared to give it respectful consideration."  
(Signed)  
JOHN B. PURCELL,  
Archbishop of Cincinnati.  
CINCINNATI, Sept. 18, 1869.

This is plainly what the Roman Catholic prelates meant in 1869, and the way in which they showed their hostility to American education. Bishop Purcell demands the introduction of that European and foreign system which has left France, England, and all Roman Catholic Germany, Italy and Spain in a condition of extraordinary ignorance. He will be satisfied with nothing less. He speaks for all "Catholics" when he makes his final proposition, and from 1869 it is safe to say that no one has been more active in laboring for the ruin of the common schools than he; that his official journal, the *Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati, has never ceased its attacks upon American education, American civilization and everything that savored of republicanism; that Cincinnati has become the center of a Jesuitical and tramontane party, which has boasted at it controlled the whole Catholic life. It was only in the summer of 75 that Bishop Purcell presided at immense assemblage of German priests, in Cincinnati. Bishop McQuaid delivered the address amid applause. He declared our education "Godless," "Pagan," unpoplar, and to a swift extinction. The stinging of the society pledged itself to

send none of its children to the public schools. And yet Bishop Purcell has forgotten all this, and denies that "Catholic prelates are hostile to the public schools of this country." Bishop Purcell has been no more accurate in his account of the political conduct of the other Roman Catholic prelates than of his own. Bishops Ryan, McQuaid, St. Palais, Burgess, Gilmore, the prelates of St. Louis, Savannah, New Orleans and of the Pacific shore, will naturally smile to hear their opposition to the public schools called "imaginary," to find that they have never desired nor attempted their destruction. Said Bishop Gilmore, in his Lenten charge, 1873: "We solemnly charge and most positively require every Catholic in the diocese to support and send their children to a Catholic school." "Were Catholics alive and united," he continues, "were they to demand, from every man who asks their vote, a pledge that he would vote for our just share of the school fund, legislators would begin to respect the Catholic vote and give us our just rights." This, Bishop Purcell must allow, is no imaginary hostility against American schools; it is a plain effort to destroy them. In April, 1872, Bishop Hennessy, of Dubuque, exclaimed in his address at the ordination of P. J. Ryan as coadjutor of the Archbishop of St. Louis: "Oh, had the authority of the Church of God remained, would we see in Europe every throne in danger? Would they have invaded the dominion of the parental authority, and compelled a free people in a free country to build up colleges and institutions that give us nothing but infidels?" Maurice St. Palais, Bishop of Vincennes, February, 1872, instructs the pastors of his diocese to refuse absolution to parents who have a choice of schools, prefer to send their children to the public schools. "We object to the public schools," he says, "on account of the infidel source from whence they originated." "Godless, immoral seminaries of sin," are some of the epithets which Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, is reported to have applied liberally to the common schools. No one has more strenuously urged their abolition than this bishop. It would be easy, in fact, to show that almost every Roman prelate in this country has declared openly his hostility to American education. The bishops of Louisiana, Georgia, Oregon, California, have demanded its destruction, have agitated for the establishment of sectarian schools. In the city of New York, under the guiding hand of Bishop McCloskey, the authorities were forced or bribed to found a complete system of sectarian education at the cost of the city. When the ring fell, a part of the endowment was withdrawn. But the world still remains unhealed in the common school system of the city. Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, is the papal champion in the war upon American education. Bishop Purcell has heard his bitter scoffs at American teachers and scholars, his gross charges against their moral purity, his insinuations, more shocking than his once less repulsive candor. Bishop McQuaid asserts that he will never rest until the common school system is destroyed. He demands the division of the school fund. "We propose, with God's help," he says (lecture in November, 1871), "to continue this discussion, this agitation." "All other questions," he adds, "pale before it." And five years later, in 1876, the busy priest is still calling for the overthrow of our whole vast system of public instruction.

So grossly has Bishop Purcell misstated the real position of the bishops and clergy of the "Catholic" Church. They are not only united in their hostility to "the public schools of the country," but have already used all their political influence to destroy them. Had they the power they would sweep them from the land. "We want no schools," they exclaim, "but those controlled by priest or nun," and nearly the whole Catholic clergy and the whole Catholic press unite with their bishops in a common war upon American education. In the city of New York every papal pulpit has heard the bitter clamor of the foreign priesthood against our public schools, sometimes tempered with ingenious sophistry, and sometimes falling to the low-

## The Fighting Editor.

An Encounter that the Arkansas Traveler might have seen in the old days.

The recent visit to New York of Col. Horace Featherstock, the veteran Arkansas journalist, recalls an animated and hitherto unpublished passage in the earlier day of that gentleman's variegated career. In that time and place a vigorous muscular development, quick eye and steady nerve were counted of no less value in the editor's equipment than a powerful mind. The ragged and impulsive nature of the inhabitants led them to a hastiness in the settlement of personal disputes that proffered the undertakers even at times when all other business pursuits languished. In this respect they differed materially from their more philosophical fellow citizens of the East. Here, if, as might happen in even the best regulated office, an error crept into the paper, the aggrieved party would call quietly and courteously state his case, sensing as courteous a correction; there the offended person walked in behind a pistol and casually expressed a belief that if the editor was a rapid writer he might possibly get the retraction written before he had finished all the shots in his revolver.

In many cases this aggressive action aroused equally combative qualities in the editor, and it not infrequently happened that one or the other was killed. These circumstances gradually developed the so-called fighting editor, a picturesque and powerful character peculiar to American journalism. To him were referred all questions of dispute involving personal argument. He was the chivalrous, open-hearted and brave representative of a class now nearly extinct, whose character has suffered only from the reckless exaggeration of local historians, themselves luxuriant products of the same soil.

Col. Featherstock was scarcely twenty-one when he entered the office of the *Eagleville Tri-Weekly Tombahawk and Mirror*, and he had been there scarcely three weeks when the summary and scientific manner in which he ejected a powerful backwoodsman, who had ventured to remonstrate against a savage personal reference to himself, determined the chief to appoint Featherstock to the arduous and responsible position of fighting editor; a post which he held for seven years with honor to himself and credit to his paper. He was a good shot and similar in his suddenness to lightning. It is said that during his stay in the *Tombahawk* office he killed nineteen men. In fact the number of those that blundered in their dealings with him was so great that it became a current humorous saying in the region that Featherstock kept a graveyard of his own.

There lived in a neighboring county a gigantic and bloodthirsty ruffian, who had often heard of the renowned fighting editor on the *Tombahawk*, and, having held his own and sometimes more with everybody he had ever met, he resolved to go to Eagleville and clean out the Colonel. When he appeared in the *Tombahawk* office he might, but for his great size and ferocious aspect, have been mistaken for a drummer of a firearms establishment. All his pockets were full of assorted weapons, and his belt looked like a fence with pistol pickets. He stalked in with an air of brutal insolence, and said to the Colonel:

"Are you the *Tombahawk's* fighting editor?"

The Colonel modestly allowed that he was.

"I understand you keep a select burying ground of your own."

"Yes," said the Colonel. "I must admit that I do find it necessary to keep a private cemetery."

The ruffian reached down in his right-hand outside coat pocket, and lifted out an immense old-fashioned revolver that bore a striking resemblance to a young Gatling gun. He swaggered up to the Colonel, and banged the muzzle of the pistol down so savagely that it made a deep dent in the desk, and the words that accompanied the action were:

"Well, I've come, by G—, to be buried in that graveyard!"

For the first (and last) time in his life the Colonel weakened. It seemed to him that life had never seemed so sweet as just at that moment—a senti-

ment fostered, doubtless, by the knowledge that he was standing face to face with a man who was fully determined to kill him. But if for an instant his courage wavered, his sauvity forsook him not and he looked up with a smile:

"I am right sorry, my friend, that I can't accommodate you, but my graveyard is full. There really isn't room for another one."

"I was afraid you couldn't find room in it for me," said the stranger, and he wrapped his words in a sneer that made the Colonel think that life wasn't worth a cent. If the stranger had answered the Colonel with pleasant words, he might have retired on a great victory, but that sneer changed the whole programme. The Colonel reached under his desk to the pistol shelf, and brought out a weapon that looked like the elder brother of the stranger's shooting iron. The expression of his face was changed, but he went on talking in the same cheerful, measured way, just as though without interruption he was adding to his previous remark:

"But, though that one is closed, full, I have just opened a new cemetery, and my sexton has dug a sample grave that I should think [he ran his eye deliberately along the stranger from his feet to his eyes and fastened them there] would just fit you."

The stranger's grip on himself was gone. The change had been too sudden for him. Of all the crowd that the alteration had drawn into the room, the Colonel was the first to realize the change and most accurate in his estimate of its extent. He proceeded pleasantly and deliberately:

"Now, I may have conveyed to you when you first came in that this is not one of my regular slaughtering days; but at the same time, if you insist—"

The Colonel tugged at the hammer of his pistol, but the lock was rusty. Probably that rust saved the stranger's life; he didn't insist, but turned and started off; and before the Colonel could get his pistol to a full cock the stranger was on the other side of the door, walking away, sad and thoughtful.

## Chewaucan Items.

CHEWAUCAAN, Sept. 13th, 1876.  
EDITOR ASHLAND TIDINGS: As your corresponding editor does not seem to have traveled beyond Lost River, in Lake County and "Observer" sticks close to Linkville, with your permission, and in the interest of the public, I will send a few items from Chewaucan and vicinity.

Hay harvest is about over for the season; an unusually large quantity has been put up here and in adjoining valleys. The few small crops of wheat, oats and barley that were sown in this and Summer Lake valleys, last spring, have yielded excellent results, fully demonstrating the capacity of these valleys, in point of production of small grain, to be equal to the best; and as for gardens, corn, etc., they far excel any other portion of Lake County which, with the good name our section already has for its mild winter climate and excellent stock range, deserves special notice from the Tidings, as well as careful attention by the immigrant seeking a home. At present we are somewhat inconvenienced by having to go to Goose Lake valley to get grain milled; but this, in time, will be remedied, as Chewaucan River affords as good a water power for milling and manufacturing purposes as is to be found in Eastern Oregon; and when utilized (as it certainly will be ere long) in working up the immense quantities of wool that are and will be grown in this portion of the State, we may confidently hope to see a great material change wrought in our favor.

Messrs. Hyronomus & Joseph have a steam saw mill, of a capacity for cutting 10,000 feet of lumber daily, in successful operation on the road midway between Chewaucan and Goose Lake valleys. Many ranchmen, now that lumber is procurable, are preparing to fence extensively and otherwise improve their lands.

The health is generally good; in fact, with the exception of an occasional case that is liable to happen in the best of families, I might say it is perfect; and such exceptional cases, although they be of rather frequent recurrence, should not be reckoned as an unhealthy sign in a new and sparsely settled country like this.

SHAWNEE.

## Decisions.

ASHLAND, Sept. 29th, 1876.

TO ALL LODGES OF I. O. G. T. IN SOUTHERN OREGON: By permission of the editor of the ASHLAND TIDINGS I give all the late decisions made by W. R. Dunbar, G. W. C. T., and will continue the same as I receive them. Take heed and govern yourselves accordingly:

1. No member is eligible to the office of W. C. T. who is under eighteen years of age.
2. The W. C. T. can control the ante-room and order members to come into the Lodge room. The Lodge, through the W. C. T., has control of all the rooms of the Lodge.
3. The ball ballot is designed to be a strictly private ballot, and it is not proper for one member to tell how another one votes, unless the Good of the Order for disciplinary purposes requires its publication.
4. The law fixing the minimum age at which Lodges can receive candidates does not compel a Lodge to receive a candidate at that age, but merely permits it. Each Lodge may determine by its own by-laws what shall be the least age at which it will receive candidates, so it does not fix the age at less than that established by the Constitution. A dispensation can not be granted by the W. C. T. Templar, or any one else, to admit a candidate a few months less than twelve years.
5. When a candidate is balloted for and rejected, any member, whether voting for or against, may move a reconsideration at the same or next meeting.
6. If a member refuses to pay a fine imposed upon him for disobeying any of the regulations of the Lodge, it should be charged to him on the books of the W. F. S., and it then becomes a debt for nonpayment of which the password may be withheld. Or he may be tried for contempt in not paying the fine immediately, and suspended or expelled as the case may require.
7. In case the W. C. T. is re-elected, the junior P. W. C. T. present becomes the acting P. W. C. T.
8. The W. C. T. has a right to vote in all cases of balloting. In taking the vote by the "usual sign," he does not vote, except in case of a tie, in which event he must give the deciding vote.
9. An officer re-elected must be installed.
10. In case there is no one present at the beginning of the quarter authorized to install officers, the old officers will continue to act, as the officers are to hold their offices until their successors are elected and installed.
11. The mere fact that a charge is pending against a member, does not deprive him of any of the rights of membership. He is presumed to be innocent until proved guilty, and an officer elected under charges may be installed, and is entitled to act in the office. A man of delicate sensibilities will not wish to officiate while charges are pending against him, but if he does wish to do so it is his right.
12. A subordinate Lodge has no right to adopt a password of its own, in case the password shall have been communicated to those not entitled to receive it.
13. Officers when directed by the W. C. T. to leave the hall on duty, make no salutation.

J. R. N. BELL, S. T. G. W. C. T.

There have been some radical changes in the last century. A hundred years ago they kissed a lady's hand; now you kiss her lips—that is of course, if you happen to be behind the wood pile and nobody is looking, and you don't want to disappoint her. It may take a hundred years to get from hand to mouth, but we never felt that the time was misspent.

"Ma, what is lanker?" inquired a bright looking child, the other day. "I'm sure I don't know, my son. Where did you hear the word?" "Why, at Sunday School. You know they sing, 'We'll stand the storm, it won't be long; we'll lanker by and by.'"

Rev. Henry M. Field, of the *Economist*, is engaged to marry Miss Fanny Dwight, a member of the old Massachusetts family.

Dr. H. B. Revels, colored, has been appointed by Gov. Stone to the Presidency of Moore University.