

# ASHLAND



# TIDINGS.

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

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## The Poem.

ANDREW WALLS.

The story of a hero of the green Siskiyou, who forsakes not the "even tenor of his way," but continues in his endeavor to work out the problem of human life with a knife and axe, a sounding ox-whip, and a never-failing Kentucky rifle.

Mid the green trees of the Siskiyou, Where a clear stream ripples down Over shining beds of granite—  
Mid the ferns and mosses brown,  
Mid the tall and yellow pine trees,  
Where the bright Madronas grow,  
Stands his dingy old log cabin  
With its mossy roof so low.

Where the drooping boughs of fir-tree  
Form a never-fading fringe  
O'er a door of cedar puncheons  
Hanging on a leather hinge—  
See those strange and yellow mosses  
Clinging to the moldering wall,  
And those straying vines of ivy  
That around the chimney crawl.

Noonday? Yes; but this is twilight  
Of the morning fresh and grey;  
Windows? No, the darkness lingers  
Through the longest, brightest day,  
And the golden sunbeams creeping  
Downward through the leaves of green,  
Cannot scatter half the shadows  
Clinging round the lonely scene.

Once this dingy, broken structure  
Was a bearded hero's hall—  
Now the rats and squirrels burrough  
And the slimy serpents crawl  
Neath the worn and rough-hewn punch-  
Split from cedars straight and tall,  
And the lizards fly like shuttles  
In and out along the wall.

See this hairy pided monster  
In his filmy citadel,  
What a feast these winged insects  
In this airy net befall!

Thus do wary human spiders  
Fashion cobwebs on the sky,  
And within their cunning web-work  
Sharp their fangs for you and I.

Like the ancient eastern mummies,  
Piled away so brown and stark,  
Bats are resting through the noonday  
Under loosened bits of bark—  
They will fit athwart the darkness  
Like some strange soft flying bird,  
While the great owl's dismal hooting  
Will through forest depths be heard.

And, at midnight, long tailed panthers  
Wide distend their dripping jaws—  
In their wild sport rround the shanty  
Purr and play and spread their claws;  
While their fearful voices echo  
Through the dark old groves of pine,  
And the hairs of listening hunters  
Stiffen like the hairs of swine.

Get their backs up like an ox bow—  
Like a grecian bend and higher,  
While each fierce and flowing eye-ball  
Shineth like a coal of fire.

Hunt the bones of old companions  
Mid the trophies of the chase—  
Trophies of a hunter's triumphs,  
In this wild and lonely place.

Hunter? Yes; a strong and good one—  
See that pile of antlers there—  
See those tuks of black and grey wolf,  
And those claws of grizzly bear—  
"Gus" it was that time that saved him,  
Held the grizzly by the side  
While the hunter, with his broad-axe,  
Clove the monster's cranium wide.

He was strong and bronzed and bearded,  
And his name was Andrew Walls,  
And he mayhap spent his childhood  
In the sweep of marble halls.  
But no halls would hold our Andrew  
But the ringing mountain glades,  
And he fled like one close followed  
To the thickest forest shades.

Gus—well Gus was a true companion,  
True as some who make more fuss—  
Truer far than many a human,  
For only a brindled dog was Gus.  
The two, somehow, had come together,  
And their life trails went one way,  
And like tried and faithful brothers,  
Tracked and trailed for many a day.

Up and down the rocky cañons  
Ere the morning dew was dried,  
Walls would follow faintest foot-prints  
With Gustavus by his side—  
But one morn a famished cougar  
Crouching in an alder brake  
Watching for a deer or rabbit  
Caught Gustavus by mistake.  
Then he kindly took to cattle

All to fill the vacant place,  
And he chose the roughest species  
Of the hardy bovine race—  
Horns like war clubs, long and massive,  
Ample room to wrinkle on—  
Hairy, raw-boned, huge and mighty  
Like the fabled mastodon.

And he tamed these giant monsters,  
Ere like bison of the plain,  
Yoked them in an oaken bondage  
Linked them in a massive chain; [ling,  
Taught them language strong and thril-  
Hitched them to a huge machine,  
Often raised a hairy whirlwind  
With an ox-whip long and keen.

On that mossy, rotten ride pole  
Of he hung the antlered slain,  
O'er the fire, with heated brain  
Broiling ample steaks of venison,  
Savory food for any man—  
See that rusty nail up yonder  
Where he hung his frying pan?

Many a foot-sore weary traveler  
Tasted here his frugal fare—  
Tasted choicest steaks of venison,  
Relished steaks of grizzly bear;  
Sopped his bread in rusty fry pan,  
Sprinkled gravy in his eye,  
Broke his teeth on bread like granite,  
Tasted coffee strong as lye.

While the hunter's tongue was busy  
Pouring deeds of thrilling life—  
Showed his wounds from Buena Vista,  
Showed the marks of claw and knife,  
Told of deserts' sands and pictures,  
Told of countries far away.  
Told he once, in land of sunshine,  
Loved a maid of Monterey.

How she seemed to love the hunter  
With a power she'd never known,  
How her priceless love enriched him,  
How her liquid, dark eye shone;  
How he walked 'neath swaying palm-  
Pressing off her velvet hand.

O, the vain but bright illusions  
That along through life we see,  
Like the apples filled with ashes  
Growing on the still Dead Sea!  
Aha, the maiden loved another,  
Who a swifter mustang ran,  
And she fled out through the midnight  
With a dark eyed Greaser-man.

Then he sought the castled mountains  
Where his silent soul could brood—  
Trailed along the green Sierra  
For the deepest solitude.  
Hoping and the longing pine-trees  
Stilled would be his acting breast—  
Hunting for a mausoleum  
For the bright hopes gone to rest.

And, at last, when Siskiyou's summit,  
On his weary way he passed,  
Here he fit his gleaming cap fire,  
Here he fried his meat at last—  
Made his coffee black as charcoal,  
Strong enough to float a wedge,  
And he sharpened his knife and broad-axe  
On the nearest granite ledge.

Then he dragged the prostrate fir-trees  
From old Siskiyou's castled rim,  
And the cabin grew like magic,  
Strong and crude—'twas just like him!  
Now it stands a fit memento  
Of a strong life wrecked and broken,  
Of his life-hopes fading out.

Gone? Why yes—to taller timber—  
Gone where stronger breezes blow,  
Gone where shades are not so fitful,  
Gone where denser thickets grow—  
Nearer came the din and turmoil  
Of this billowy human life,  
Nearer came the tide of progress  
With its never ending strife.

And a hardy, frontier yeoman  
With a tribe of eight or ten,  
Came to start a house domestic  
In the same secluded glen.  
Then they heard the hunter saying—  
"This ere's getting wuss and wuss."  
And perchance these grasping settlers  
May have heard the hunter cuss.

Then he got up like a varmint  
Hunted faithful all the day,  
Then he took his gun and fry-pan  
And he softly stole away— [der  
And where Bridge-Creek's rhythmic thun-  
Fills the woods with dismal sound,  
There he built another cabin  
In the forest depths profound.

And till now his stealthy footsteps  
Mark the mosses in the wood,  
And the roar of trusty rifle  
Wakes the dreaming solitude—  
And anon we hear the echo  
Of an ox-whip in the night,  
And those thrilling words are spoken—  
Words of cheer to Buck and Bright.

Then we know the hunter cometh  
From the mountain to the plain, [ates  
Perchance he brings to please our pal-  
Corpses of his latest slain.  
Then he'll go up to his shade-land  
Mid these lovely forest scenes  
Well supplied with juicy bacon,  
Well supplied with flour and beans.

Now, good-bye, old broken cabin,  
Soon thy fading form will go,  
And above thy place of resting  
Will the vines and mosses grow.  
But we always will think kindly  
Of the hunter's lion heart—  
Of the rough old mountain hero,  
Who his handiwork thou art.

—O. C. Applegate in West Shore.

A TRIP TO CRATER LAKE IN SOUTH-ERN OREGON.

Of all the varied and beautiful country which is found between Los Angeles and Puget Sound, none is more lovely in climate, more fertile in soil, more varied in products and more exquisite in scenery, than the valley of Rogue river in Southern Oregon, Jackson county, through which it runs, is the southern county in the State. There the almond, the fig and the magnolia, the pride of the South, grow and bloom in the open air. With the Siskiyou on the south, dividing it from California, the Cascades or Sierras on the east, and the coast range on the west, and its beautiful prairies—dotted with oak groves and teeming with grain orchards and vineyards—running up to the foot of the mountains, it presents a scene at once soft and grand like "Beauty sleeping in the lap of Terror." The river itself was originally called Ronge river by the voyagers of the Hudson Bay Company, then Gold river, and at last it has been deemed to bear the title of Rogue river, a corruption of its first name. Some few years ago it was rumored that at the source of the river in the Cascades, a lake had been discovered of such surpassing magnificence that the lake had never been seen. On one of our lovely September days of last year, it was determined to start out to find the lake and enjoy the mountains. The party consisted of General John E. Ross, "Jimmy" Stewart and the writer. The General is an old Oregonian, and has been in every Indian war from the days of "Old John" and his men, the heroic age of Indian warfare in 1855-6, until and inclusive of the Modoc troubles. "Jimmy" is a Scotchman, as his royal name would indicate. He has been game-keeper, sailor, packer, and an old '49' miner. He is a good shot with both shotgun and rifle, Parly or Winchester, and in the mountains is worth half a regiment of men. Nothing can break that he cannot lash; nothing can happen which is beyond his resources. There is one acknowledged weakness, however, in "Jimmy" character. His perception of the right of property in dogs is not acute. He recognizes no ownership in a good dog of any species, save in himself. He is not altogether to blame however, for his acquisitiveness in this particular, as ninety-nine dogs out of a hundred will follow him "will ye, will ye."

Having laid in seven days' provisions we started up the river, traveling for the first twenty miles through the valley, by farm houses and mills and fields full of horses and cattle and sheep, until we crossed the river. Then the ascent began, which never terminated until we reached the summit of the range, eighty miles away. Higher and steeper becomes the trail, grander the scenery, and the mountains are piled up as you advance in inextricable confusion. Sometimes the river lies below you thousands of feet, looking like a silver thread, and again you are down on its banks with scarcely room between them and the mountain for your animal to walk. At one point some hundreds of feet above the river, the General remarked, this point is called "Gut's defeat." Upon inquiry I found that the place had been thus named from an accident which happened there to an old horse belonging to an old pioneer named Hi Abbot, or the Alcade. It seems that once when returning from a hunt, the old horse with the classic name, being loaded with the carcasses of eight deer, missed his footing and rolled down into the river, deer and all. He was not drowned, however, for as Jimmy said, "he shed his pack in the river and crawled out." But as Irving says of Braddock "his is a name forever associated with defeat." This Master Abbot was one of those men created for the purpose of being one of the forerunners of civilization. When Jacksonville was a mining camp and unbaptised old Hi undertook to keep the boys awake one night by imitating the cry of a coyote, and moving his leg up and down from behind a log where he was concealed. A fellow named Barry, not liking to be disturbed, took a crack at the coyote with his revolver and shot Hi through the leg and lamed him for life. Just about this time the American idea of law and order and self government, and "all that"

broke out in the camp and Hi was elected Alcade. The old fellow, after some years, went up Rogue river to Florence rock, where, notwithstanding his short leg, he became a famous hunter. Florence rock is one of the landmarks on the river. At present the country about it is filled with cattle, the mountain sides and valleys being full of grass. The rock itself is perhaps a thousand feet at its base above the little valley which it overhangs, and from its base to its summit is about five hundred feet more. When the country was all under water, or rather when the water was subsiding there were peculiar marks like water lines made on the rock, which were thought by the discoverers to resemble the flounces on a lady's dress, hence the name of Florence rock. Proceeding up the river and diverging a mile or so from the trail to the right, you come to the falls of the river. Of course the whole stream at this elevation (4,000 feet above the sea) is nothing but a series of rapids, here however, we have a perpendicular fall of one hundred and ninety-four feet. It has the usual concomitants of all large waterfalls, the roar, the spray and the rainbow, but it has what the others have not, its stupendous forests of fir, white pine sugar pine, hemlock and yew trees standing around as silent spectators.

The party moved on from the falls intending to camp at a place called Union creek, tolerably near the summit. Before reaching the place night set in. The weather for two weeks prior to this time had been unseasonably warm and long before we made our camping place the heavens "were hung with black" and owing to the darkness of the night, increased ten fold by the storm clouds and the dense forest, it was as much as we could do to find our way. In fact we could not have found it save for the sheet lightning which every moment or two absolutely covered the heavens. Just as we reached our camping ground and whilst we were unpacking our things, the storm culminated and the sheet lightning became forked, and then ensued such a scene of unparalleled grandeur as does not often fall to the lot of man to see. Most men have to look up to see the lightning flash, and wait a moment to hear the thunder but here we could look around us and on a level with us and see the chain lightning and look into it and see it as if it were running down like molten metal that issues from a furnace, the crash and the flash being simultaneous. The isolation, the gigantic trees, the darkness lit up by oft repeated flashes, and finally rendered more weird-like by the flames of two trees which the lightning had struck and set on fire, together with the sighing of the wind through the firs, and the roaring of the creek over the rapids where we camped, made it impossible to add another circumstance toward the completeness of the storm and its surroundings. We understood afterwards that in the valleys on both sides of the mountains towards the east and towards the west, and an hundred miles apart, people had been looking at the storm and wondering at its fierceness. We were in the midst of it and admiring it.

Oh! night,  
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength as is the light  
Of a dark eye in a woman's face.

Jimmy was proceeding to spread our blankets between two of the very tallest trees in the group. A member of the party suggested that it might not be a safe place, as the trees towered so high, to which Jimmy quietly remarked that if he had to be killed by lightning that night he was going to be dry when he died, and so proceeded with his duties as chambermaid. Our fear of getting wet, however, was unfounded. We had all the beauty of the storm and none of its inconveniences. It went down into the valley and left us above it, not wetting us in the least.

In the morning we pursued our way with the animals until noon, when we took it afoot for about a mile, which brought us to the rim of the lake. One glance repaid us a thousand fold for all the fatigue and trouble we had taken. The lake first known as Crater Lake, but now, with our national love of dollarstore jewelry and tawdry finery, called by some Lake Sublimity, lies at an elevation of seven thousand feet above the

sea, measured by triangulation. It is seven and a half miles long by five and a half wide, and it has been sounded to a depth of five hundred and fifty feet and no bottom. It is in the summit of the Cascades, as we call them in Oregon, or the Sierras, as they are called in California. The ground recedes in every direction from the rim, and there are no higher peaks in the immediate vicinity. The depth from the rim of the lake down to the water varies from two thousand to four thousand feet, almost perpendicular. In the middle of the lake stands, covered with timber, a conical mountain, fifteen hundred feet high a perfect sugar loaf, with its concave apex filled with snow, evidently an extinct volcano settled down and sunk, and now surrounded by water. An adventurous party descended the wall which forms the sides of the lake, and making a raft sounded the depth as far as their fishing lines would reach, and then explored the sunken mountain to its top. There is no beach to the lake, the the ground preserving the same inclination under the water as above it. Jimmy descended the precipice forty or fifty feet to disengage a boulder some two feet and a half in diameter from the soil and roll it down. We timed it for precisely one minute by the watch, tracing its course by the eye and by the ear when it disappeared from sight and sound, and we could hear no splash, nor could we see any ripple in the water.

The storm of the night before had purified the atmosphere, and the sight which met our gaze when we first caught a glimpse of the lake surpassed anything that any of our party had ever seen, and we were all old mountain men. It was not solely grand and terrible, awe inspiring like the thunder storm, but it was grandeur tempered with calmness and gentleness and serene beauty. There was not a ripple or the slightest motion in the water, and the general could not be persuaded that it was water that we first saw. He insisted on it that the lake had sunk. He was deceived by the extraordinary clearness of the water and his mistaking the water line as it then was for an old water line such as you see left by high water on all our water courses. No mirror ever made reflected more perfectly than did the lake. The stupendous banks with every rock, with every obelisk and prism and peculiarity of shape, every mark and cave were as perfect in the water as they were above it, so that it was difficult to tell where the water commenced and the bank ended. Had your name been carved on the wall rock you would have seen it reflected in the water below. Every fleecy cloud and the deep blue of the sky intensified by the water into such a blue as never was seen before were reflected until you felt as if you were above the sky looking down into it.

The point from which we looked down was two thousand feet above the water beneath us, and that was the lowest place in the rim. You can get no nearer the water without descending the almost perpendicular sides. The lake looked like an opal, not seeming to us more than a mile or two long and a mile broad.

From our standpoint, with the lake at our feet, looking up the Cascades north, we could see at long intervals, Diamond Peak, the Three Sisters, and Mount Jefferson, covered with their eternal snows; and turning our faces east and south, we had away below us the Modoc country and Klamath lake, with Sprague river, Williamson's river, Wood river, and Annie river threading the desert, and in the far south, grand old Shasta, with his 14,400 feet, and his living glacier, the king of northern California. Why was not Bierstadt there?

As the lake is as high as the summit of the mountain pass where the road leads over from Jacksonville to Fort Klamath, and as there are no mountains within a great distance higher than the lake, and the ground is descending on all sides from it, the question naturally arises, how is the lake fed and whence comes this great body of water. The answer may be arrived at by observing how the lake discharges itself. The pteleau on which Lake Klamath and the rivers emptying into it is situated on the east of the mountains, is 2,000 feet higher than the valley of Rogue

river on the west of the mountains. At the foot of the mountains on the east, Wood river, a large river, in whose waters there is never any variation, Annie river and some smaller streams at a distance of 20 or 25 miles from the lake, and at a depth of 5,000 feet below it, all come out from under the mountains. They do not rise like pools or springs; they come out as rivers with a rapid current, and the fish can be seen at any time swimming up stream and under the mountain where the stream breaks out. There is no doubt but that these streams are the outlet of the lake. The whole country is lava and nothing but lava, and the water of the lake percolates through the lava, and finds its way through fissures and crevices until it forms the rivers above mentioned. There is no other visible outlet to the lake, and there can be no other source of the rivers. Is it not then probable that the lake is fed in the same manner that it is discharged, and that it is supplied by subterranean channels, even from the snowy peaks which tower up along the whole range, although they are miles, ay, some of them hundreds of miles distant?

No Indian ever treads the bank of the lake. There is a tradition that the lake is inhabited by a monster, to obtain a sight of which, is death to a red man. The whole scene has the look of enchantment—not a fish in the water, not a bird flying over it, not a motion in its glassy surface. Men born and brought up in a mountain country, however rude or unconventional they may be, are more or less all poets. There is many a "mute inglorious Milton" who can feel, but can not speak poetry, and few of that class of men will ever stand by Crater lake for the first time without being silent, and becoming conscious of their own littleness involuntarily they will look up to Him in whose boiling crucible at the appointed time, rocks, rivers, mountains and woods shall melt together.—Corr. to the Oregonian.

## GENERAL NEWS.

(Condensed from dispatches to the Oregonian.)

The Pope, at Rome, was very ill on July 1st.

Hayes has appointed a "nigger" minister to Hayti. Good enough.

The Cassiar mines, in British Columbia are reported to be paying largely.

Gen. Grant has been visiting among the lords, and stood at the foot of the throne.

The reduction of interest charge on the public debt since July 1, 1876 is \$1,943,625.

Government officers in charge of public works have adopted ten hours as a day's work.

The Treasury department has ordered the National banks to make a showing of their business.

Mexico has sent a minister to see Uncle Sam about fixing up the Texas border ruffian business.

News from London states that war preparations are continually going on in England, though quietly.

Terrible fighting is going on between the contending forces in Europe, Turkey is slowly giving up her ground, but leaves it soaked in blood.

The President has applied his official boot to Collector Wilkins, of Baltimore—another faithful Republican. "Make room there, a few more Ohio gentlemen to be seated.

Governor Potts of Montana telegraphs that about 200 Flathead Indians have recently disappeared from the Bitter Root valley, and it is thought they have joined Joseph's band.

The President says the Southern question is no longer an issue, that he did what he thought was right and talk won't change it. He expects trouble on account of his order to office holders which virtually disorganizes the party that elevated him, but dares any officeholder to "step on tail of his coat."

Rumors are current that the President's cabinet are going to break up. Key wishes to resign so as to relieve the President of the charge of having a Democrat and ex-rebel in his cabinet, and McCrary, it is said, in view of the recent expression of his constituents is bound to tender his resignation. Sherman is under a strong pressure to leave the cabinet.