



ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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

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ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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Ashland Lodge No. 45, I. O. O. F. Hold their regular meeting every Saturday evening at their hall in Ashland. Brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend. J. D. FOUNTAIN, N. G. L. O. MILLER, Sec. Y.

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FRITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

The following poem, by John G. Whittier, was read at the unveiling, a few days ago, of the statue of Fritz-Greene Halleck, in Central Park, New York:

Among their graven shapes to whom Thy civic virtues belong, O! city of his love, make room For one whose gift was song. Not his the soldier's sword to wield, Nor his the helm of state, Nor glory of the stricken field, Nor triumph of the slain.

In common ways, with common men, He served his race and time As well as if his clerical pen Had never danced to rhyme.

If, in the thronged and noisy mart, The Muses found their son, Call him thy city's benefactor, A duty left undone!

He toiled and sang, and year by year Men found their homes more sweet, And through a teacher's aid and care Looked down the brick-walled street.

The Greek's will onset Wall street knew, The Red King sought Broadway, And Alexander's roses blew From Palisade to Bay.

Fair City by the Sea! thy pride His will with reverence heed; And mingle with thy own the praise And pride of other deeds.

Let Greece lift her lyric breathe Above her heroes; And Scotland, with her billy, breathe The flower needed for Bann.

O, stately stand by the palace walls, Thy laurel wreath the crown, Thy crown the poet's name recalls, A ponder thought than those.

Not less thy name of truth shall beat, Nor less thy laurel wreath shine, That shod square and daisy street Are classic ground through him.

Alas, he loved, like all who sing, The echoes of his song; Too late the truth he needed heeding, The praise delayed so long.

Too late, alas! of all who knew The living man, he died; Before his untimely fall, how few Made bare their heads of gray!

Our lips of praise must soon be done, Our grateful eyes be dim; O, brothers of the days to come, Be his heroic charge of him!

New roads the wheels of song may sweep, New verses challenge fate; But let no more of yours creep The lines of Halleck's name.

The Sand Hills of the Oregon Desert.

A JOURNEY OF TWO DAYS.

One morning, bright and early, we left Silver Lake, in Lake county, for the Sand Hills, on the sage plains, about thirty miles distant, in an easterly direction. We were on a general campaign on the Oregon Sahara, and were provided with a complete outfit of camp equipage, borne on mules and hardy cayuses, while we, buskined and spurred like knights of the olden time, bestrode some of the toughest steeds in Lake-land, and as we were all mountain men—five in number—and considered good, we anticipated a pleasant and successful tour through this very interesting region. Our line of march was for some distance on the Ochoee road, across a sage plain bounded on the north and south by low ranges of juniper hills, but presenting too much sameness in its outlines and vegetation to be of much interest.

To the left of our course was a peculiar looking conical mountain, rising to an altitude of perhaps 2,000 feet above the surrounding plain, surrounded by a basaltic block perhaps 200 feet high and a half mile in circuit. This prominent land-mark, called by the settlers on Silver Lake, Table Mountain, could be seen by us afterwards from mountain summits fifty or sixty miles to the eastward.

The sage plain which we were crossing, is a favorite wintering place for the thousands of cattle now in that section, the sage brush, which grows several feet high, providing them with protection against the chilling winds which sweep over these plains in winter, and the scattering bunch-grass and more abundant sweet sage, a little deep green shrub about a foot high, furnishing ample food for them when the snow is not too deep. This does not often occur, for there is comparatively little snow-fall in the land of sage and sand, and there is no danger to stock except in the most severe winters.

After following the Gehocoo road some fourteen or fifteen miles, we came to the base of the Juniper hills, at the northern boundary of the plain, where we took the road leading southeast to Mr. Batton's ranch, some three or four miles distant, on an alkali lake. At the lake we found Mr. Batton, an experienced mountaineer and hunter, residing in his little cabin with a single cayuse as his companion, and gradually growing into a fortune by raising fine horses. Here we spent the night, encamped amid the white alkaline efflorescence

near the lake shore, lulled to rest by the rippling of waves among the swaying reeds. Here were a thousand water-fowls, principally of the duck family. There were the little top-knotted fellows so quail-like in their appearance, the fine old mallards floating around fearlessly within a few yards of us, and some other varieties which neither of us remembered seeing before in all our wanderings. Among the sedges and tall grasses, near the lake shore, were numerous nests, from which our hunter gathered a bountiful supply of eggs for our breakfast.

The next morning we went on our way across the sage plains eastward, towards the Sand Hills, now only ten or twelve miles distant. Mr. Batton accompanying us as guide. In that vicinity was the much spoken of "Tomb of the Giants," or "Boneyard," where the petrified remains of pre-historic animals are found in large numbers, and with the help of Mr. Batton we hoped to find this interesting place. On nearing the sand hills, we were surprised to see what appeared to be smooth-mown meadows, covered all over with new hay, raked and ready for hauling. On nearer approach we found, that all over the smooth hills of greenish-white sand, were little conical mounds, densely covered with green-foliated shrubs three or four feet high. Perhaps at one time there was but a single shrub where now each little hillock stands, penetrating the sands to a great depth with its long fibrous roots. The sands, always shifting, gradually blew away from the tenacious shrub which resisted, with its long arms deep into the sand, until it was left alone with its green heap. This it gradually made green and beautiful by sending out leafy branches from the roots all over the surface of the mound. Some of these mounds were only four or five feet high, while others were not less than fifteen or twenty, and they were all so densely overgrown with the foliage that they presented a remarkable contrast to the smooth, sandy field around them. Those who traverse these plains a few centuries hence, will perhaps find that the smooth sand fields are no more, but instead, rolling hills covered with bunch-grass, and the various shrubs, which grow so thriftily on the so-called Oregon Desert.

Going still farther on, we found a considerable area covered with rank looking grass, which was arranged in rows, as if drilled by hand. This was curious, and led us to investigate another device of nature to hold fast the drifting sands and gradually cover them with vegetation. We found that each row of grass grew on a long root, a little less than a bay cord, running in a direct course near the surface of the ground, and sometimes of great length. On these long roots the blades of grass grew, only a few inches apart, forming well defined rows.

Crossing over a ridge we came down into a little valley perhaps a mile in length, and not more than a fourth wide. In this were two small alkali lakes or ponds, two or three hundred yards apart, filled with little brown water-fowls with curious tufts on their heads, and stilted, long-billed snipes. These birds were apparently unacquainted with our species, for we rode up within a few feet of them, and they only seemed annoyed when we came too close to the nests which were numerous amid the grasses on the beach.

A large area near the lakes was frosted with little shells and we found some petrified bones—only broken fragments—along our route, as we crossed the little valley to the sand hills beyond. Passing over this last range of low sand hills, we came into a valley where the low ridges and mounds were densely covered with grass and shrubs. Beyond this valley was a long, volcanic ridge, covered with sage and scattering junipers, and with a single grove of pines on the west side—the only pine trees, I believe, in this part of the Oregon Desert. In the valley we found a spring of tolerably good water, bubbling up out of the sand and forming a pretty little meadow. Here we encamped, and sat around our sage-brush fire until long into the night, talking over the adventures of the old pioneers who sometimes, away back "in the days that tried men's souls," missed their way and wandered for days and even weeks,

foot-sore and half famished, through these cheerless wastes, until the old Cascades were reached at last, and they threaded their way through the mighty forests to the land of promise beyond. Our own adventures with wild beasts and wilder men, on the frontiers, came in for their share of the conversation, and in this part of the programme, we found our friend of a day, Mr. Batton, one whose thrilling life experiences had made him a peculiarly interesting story-teller.

The next morning we rode back to the two little lakes and spent several hours among the remains of the ancient animals, which were much more numerous than we were led to think by our casual investigations of the day before. Among the sage brush, half covered by the sand, we found what were apparently the bones of horses, petrified, and seemingly nearly twice as long as the corresponding bones of the horses we rode. There were other bones more massive, probably of the mastodon and other giant mammals of the olden time. On the north shore of one of the ponds was a black mass of volcanic scoria, forming quite an extended field, sloping down from the sand-hills to the shore of the pond. Distributed all over this were broken pieces of petrified bone, which at some former time, when the lake was many miles in extent perhaps, were probably carried up here by the waves. I also found in this lava bed a finely formed stone pestle and several shallow mortars, indicating that the Arabs of the Oregon Desert used to do their milling here, perhaps before the advent of the grasping pale-face.

But it was reserved for me to accomplish the great achievement of the day. Crossing over a low range of sand-hills to the southward, my horse sinking down into the loose sand half way to the breast at every step, I found partially imbedded in the sand a shoulder-blade thirty-five inches in length, weighing, although the thinner portions were broken off, not less than forty or fifty pounds. Going back to the top of the nearest mound, I waved my hat and called to my comrades, who assembled, wonder-stricken, around this remnant of an old-time giant. Here Mr. Batton, placing the bone carefully on the saddle before him, bade us good-bye and left us for his lonely ranch, while we rode on back to the little spring among the sand hills, the next morning to continue our way eastward, through a trackless region, towards the Wagonaire Mountains.—O. C. APPLIGATE, in West Shore.

Ten Thousand Dollars for a Drink of Water.

In one of the hotly contested fights in Virginia, during the war, a Federal officer fell in front of the Confederate breastworks. While lying there wounded and crying for water, a Confederate soldier (James Moore, of Barke Co. N. C.) declared his intention of supplying him with a drink. The bullets were flying thick from both sides, and Moore's friends tried to dissuade him from such a hazardous enterprise. Despite remonstrance and danger, however, Moore leaped the breastworks, canteen in hand, reached his wounded enemy and gave him a drink. The Federal, under a sense of gratitude for the timely service, took out his gold watch and offered it to his benefactor, but it was refused. The officer then asked the name of the man who had braved such danger to succor him. The name was given, and Moore returned unhurt to his position behind the embankment. They saw no more of each other. Moore was subsequently wounded, and lost a limb in one of the engagements in Virginia, and returned to his home. A few days ago he received a communication from the Federal soldier to whom he had given the "cup of cold water" on the occasion alluded to, announcing that he had settled on him the sum of \$10,000, to be paid in four annual installments of \$2,500 each. Investigation has established the fact that there is no mistake or deception in the matter.—Raleigh News.

Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant.

A Trip On The Rogue River Foot-Hills.

On Sunday August 5, a party started from Wagner Creek for a horseback excursion over the mountain ridge north of Ashland. There were Wallace B. W. B.; Mrs. Ne, and Miss Tassie; the redoubtable James; Joe A., and Laura, all mounted on prancing chargers, gaily caparisoned. The order, "Forward March!" was given, and down the Wagner creek lanes we swept, to the stage road, where a solitary traveler was wending his peaceful way. When he beheld the cavalcade he undoubtedly thought that Joseph and his hostile band had come to Rogue River, or that the Turkish hosts had made a sudden attack. But by crowding up close to the telegraph poles he was enabled to escape. The route of our party lay up the dusty stage road to where the road crosses the fall race of Anderson & Co's mine. To the right can be seen the extensive excavations made by the little hydraulic giant, which has been in use during the past winter, and has yielded unknown quantities of dust—unknown at least to the writer. On the left is a large bottom of rich Bear creek land, covered with the debris and tailings of the mines. It has always been a matter of speculation (to Billy) whether it was profitable to cover up and ruin so much land which would be certain to compensate for the labor spent on it in cultivation, for the chance of making money out of the precarious mining bank in which so many have deposited their funds never to be withdrawn. Crossing the bridge over the fall race, the order to left turn was obeyed, and down the hill we went to Bear creek, where the horses drank of the sparkling stream. Passing through a gate the party crossed the extensive possessions of Frank Myer, a valuable tract of land, comprising several hundred acres, capable of producing, if properly cultivated, thousands of bushels of grain. It now affords range for a fine band of sheep. We soon came to the former fine residences of Frank and W. C. Myer, where some years ago we were wont to be welcomed with kindness and hospitality. Now they are vacated and are going to ruin; the abode of digger squirrels innumerable. Their owners having become wealthy, in the stock business, have removed nearer to the Granite city, for the purpose of educating their children. Passing through another gate we were upon the commons—the pasture grounds of the stock belonging to the citizens of Ashland and vicinity. Here we commenced the ascent of the long ridge up the road which can be seen so plainly from the public square in Ashland. Two miles brought us to the residence of L. B. Low on the left, and a quarter more to the residence and fine large barn of Mr. John Vandyske, which is filled to overflowing with good grain hay, which proves that this mountain soil is productive. We noticed here an orchard set out last year which is growing beautifully. Here several more excursionists of both sexes joined us and we proceeded on our way, passing several springs of everflowing, sparkling water. At Shell Rock spring we halted under some old oak trees. This spring derives its name from the shelly rocks out of which it bubbles forth, and was a favorite watering place for the herders in former times. While refreshing ourselves and horses Johnny M. made his appearance and was surprised to see so many gay and festive valley folks intruding on his mountain domains, where his flocks had hitherto ranged undisturbed. He gave us a hearty welcome but declined to accompany us. He said his imperative duty was to guard his flocks with unflinching zeal. Our guide announced that 20 minutes riding would bring us to the summit, so—"prepare to mount; mount; up the hill," were the orders given in quick succession, and the summit was soon reached, and all expressed themselves amply repaid for the trip by the grand view presented to their delighted eyes.

In front and to the westward was a grand panoramic view of the beautiful valley with grain fields, corn fields and orchards forming a beautiful variegated patch-work with here and there glistening streams like silken threads woven in. Jacksonville was plainly seen in the far western corner and Ashland in the south almost beneath us, seeming so close that some of the younger members thought they could jump into the

public square. Away, far to the southeast was Pilot Rock and still beyond, old Mt. Shasta loomed up with his covering of perpetual snow. The scenery is indeed grand and amply repays the excursionist for climbing the hill; only six miles from the flag pole in Ashland.

I am afraid you would be wearied or I would tell all about how we made a raid on Geo. W. Fredenberg's sheep camp and took possession; how some of the ladies rolled up their sleeves and went into the broad business; how others prepared the venison, tea and coffee and berries, and how it all resulted in a repeat fit for any hungry person. In the meantime the horses grazed on the luxuriant grass for which the north side of the ridge is noted. At sundown the party arrived safely at home. Several incidents occurred which have not been noted, among them the one where in W. B. was swept off his charger by an overhanging willow bough, falling backwards into a deep mud-hole. Fortunately he was not hurt, and the incident afforded much merriment when found that no serious damage was done.

BILLY.

GENERAL NEWS.

(Condensed from dispatches to the Oregonian.) One of the "strikers" arrested in N. Y. was identified by the warden of Sing Sing as Jim Brady, a notorious burglar and bank robber.

The largest salt works in the world, the property of Bart & Co., at Melbourne, Michigan, were totally destroyed by fire on the 4th.

The total amount to be paid by insurance companies for losses by the St. Johns fire is six million seven hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars.

Col. Grover, of Ohio, died at the Grand Central Hotel, New York, on the 5th. A post mortem examination showed that he died from an overdose of hydrate of chloral.

Gen. Sherman says the country is now so garrisoned that the Sioux can never regain it, and they will be forced to remain at their agencies or take refuge in the British Possessions. The country west of the new post is a good one and will rapidly fill up with immigrants who will in the next ten years build up a country as strong and capable of self defence as Colorado.

THE EDEN OF OREGON.

During a visit to Southern Oregon on the 15th of July, we observed in the gardens of Messrs. O. Coolidge, at Ashland, and Peter Britt, at Jacksonville, some magnificent fig-trees. They were in full bearing, and the fruit was just turning ripe, whilst the second crop was commencing to form. A very excellent article of grapes also grows in this county, and at Mr. Britt's place we tasted a one year old claret of his own growth and manufacture; and we very much doubt if it can be surpassed in the much boasted California vineyards. Gold is found in Jackson county, and thousands of dollars have been taken out, as is proved by the washed out hill-sides as seen from the road leading from Roseburg to Jacksonville, whilst millions still lie buried awaiting the advent of capital. All the grains and fruits known to the tropics grow here to perfection. Extend the Oregon & California railroad to Jackson county, and she is capable of supporting the entire present population of Oregon.—West Shore.

CUSTER'S REMAINS.

Leavenworth Aug. 4.—The remains of Captains Custer and Yates. Lieuts. Mackintosh, Smith and Cobain arrived yesterday afternoon and were deposited in the chapel, where a guard of honor was stationed. A large number of people visited the chapel to view the remains. The funeral took place to-day. The remains were taken to the cemetery about a mile distant. In the procession were nearly 300 carriages. All leading citizens were present. The fact that the lamented dead were well known and honored by our people, created intense feeling and sympathy among the entire community. Arriving at the cemetery the Episcopal service was read and a salute of three volleys fired over each grave.

Life's pleasures, if not abused, will be new every morning and fresh every evening.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.