

ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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

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ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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IF ANY ONE CAN INFORM US WHERE A small quantity of this grain can be secured, they will render a favor by sending word to the Tidings Office.

The Day Is Done.

The day is done, and the darkness
 Falls from the wing of night,
 As a feather is wafted downward
 From the eagle in its flight.

I see the lights of the village
 Glean through the rain and the mist,
 And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
 That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing,
 That is not akin to pain,
 And resembles sorrow only
 As the mist resembles rain.

Come read to me some poem,
 Some simple and beautiful lay,
 That shall soothe this restless feeling,
 And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
 Not from the birds sublime,
 Whose distant footsteps echo
 Through the corridors of time.

For like strains of martial music,
 Their mighty thoughts suggest
 Life's endless toil and endeavor,
 And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
 Whose songs gushed from his heart
 As showers from the clouds of summer,
 Or tears from the eyes that start;

Who through long days of labor,
 And nights devoted to ease,
 Still heard in his soul the music
 Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have the power to quiet
 The restless pulse of care,
 And come like the benediction
 That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasurer volume
 The poem of thy choice,
 And lend to the rhyme of the poet
 The music of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
 And the cares that infest the day
 Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away.

LONGFELLOW.

CRATER LAKE.

No where on the Pacific Coast is more beautiful scenery to be found than in the Cascade range of mountains, and consequently no place presents greater attractions to persons who appreciate and admire the wonders of nature. Here the scenery is varied and grand. The precipitous canyons and gorges, the numerous waterfalls, high mountain peaks, all wild and grand in themselves, are matters of wonder to the observer; but the greatest of all these wonders, one that surpasses anything of the kind in the world, and one that is destined to become noted and celebrated, is Crater Lake. This Lake is situated on the summit of the Cascade Mountains, about eighty miles east of Jacksonville, and is known by the different names of Lake Majesty, Mystic, Sunken and Crater Lake, the latter being the name most generally used. In its shape it is oblong, being about fifteen miles in length and eight in width, and is at an altitude of 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. The mountains surrounding it rise from one to two thousand feet above the surface of the lake, and in many places are nearly perpendicular. A person can conceive no idea of the lake while standing on the mountains above it—the lake lying before you in its silent, placid splendor and mirror-like beauty reminds one more of a picture than a reality, and is so deceptive in its appearance that you imagine that it is but a few hundred feet below you; but when you descend to the water's edge and find the bosom of the lake that but a few moments before looked so smooth, covered with waves two feet high; gaze into its crystal waters, the depth of which has never been ascertained; see the mountains towering above you in their grandeur, as mighty sentinels over their greatest work of nature, even the most unromantic are impressed with the grandeur of the scene and are thrilled with a feeling of awe which to us could hardly be described as pleasant. There are several routes of descent, all being steep but not dangerous, and are only found on the south and west banks. There is an island in the west end of the lake, some two or three miles from the shore. It was visited by several parties at the time when there was a skiff on the lake, and was found to be composed mostly of lava. On this island is a conical shaped mountain, which rises about fifteen hundred feet above the water. This mountain is covered with timber, and at the top is found an excavation some hundred feet in depth, showing that it had at one time been an active volcano. Soundings have been taken of Crater Lake but the bottom was only reached in one or two places and that at a depth of 500 and 600 feet. There is no evidence of animal life in the lake—no fish being found in the water, nor is it inhabited by ducks or waterfowl of any kind. The general appearance of the mountains at the lake—all receding from that point—indicates that a mountain much larger than either Mt. Hood or Shasta had once stood over the place where Crater Lake now is, and that it had been sundered by some mighty volcanic eruption or terrible earthquake, leaving this mighty basin, which, by means that can only be conjectured, has partially become filled with water. It is said that the waters of Crater Lake never freeze, although snow remains at different places on the banks at all seasons of the year, but as we could learn of no person who had visited it in winter, we conclude that this must be merely a supposition. It has no visible inlet or outlet, but in the mountains to the southeast of the lake, from five to twelve miles distant, Anna's creek, Wood river, Crooked creek, Seven-Mile creek and other good-sized streams flowing into Klamath lake take their source, the water rising in all these cases in one body from out of the rocks, and it is the general supposition that their waters come from Crater Lake.

THE CHARACTER OF MAHOMET.

In forbidding the use of wine, Mahomet denied them a gratification for which they had no special craving; but he not only permitted, but gave, a divine sanction to the unbridled indulgence of their characteristic vices. The Arab inherited a supreme contempt for human life; Mahomet made him gratify it to the top of his bent, on the sole condition that the life sacrificed should not be that of Mussulman. The Arab was the most vain-glorious of human beings; Mahomet told him that he had a divine right to his self conceit, since it was written in the Book of Fate that the Arab race was the predestined ruler of the world and heir to all ages. The Arab was proud of his language. Mahomet said that it was the language of heaven, and was consequently so sacred that its use was forbidden to all but the True Believers. The Arab was an inveterate freebooter; Mahomet opened up to him an endless vista of predatory warfare, with spoils in abundance, of all that could fire the fancy, in case of victory; or refreshing powers of Paradise, attended by ever-beautiful and ever-youthful black-eyed honris, if he died a hero's death. The Arab practiced slavery: Mahomet gave him for bond slaves as many of the human race as he chose to spare after satiating his lust of carnage. The Arab was grossly licentious. Mahomet gave him leave to take as many wives as he pleased, and concubines without number; and the crowning delight of his sensual Paradise is the increased opportunity which it offers for the safe gratification of animal lusts. The Jews were the first to experience his vengeance. He had fortified his earlier Suras with spurious quotations from the Pentateuch, which he said contained the same revelation to the Jews which he was commissioned to deliver in tee Koran to the Arabs. But when he went to Medina, the Jews denounced his quotations as forgeries, and he retaliated by fiercely accusing them of having corrupted and falsified their sacred books. Denunciations, however, were not enough. The presence of the Jews, confuting his revelations out of their Hebrew Scriptures, was a standing menace to him; and he took measures, first to silence them, and when that failed to get rid of them altogether. A Hebrew woman of the name of Asma who exposed the prophet and his claim to ridicule in some satirical verses, was soon afterward assassinated by an agent of Mahomet, who crept into her apartment at midnight and plunged his dagger into her breast as she lay asleep between her little ones.—MacColl's Eastern Question.

WE WANT A GOOD ROAD TO NAVIGABLE WATER.

WILLIAMSBURG, Sept. 10th, 1877.
 EDITOR TIDINGS:—In discussing the merits of the various routes to the coast, by which we can find a cash market for our surplus produce, we should give all the information we have on the subject. Since my last was written I have had an interview with Mr. Peter Miller, of Kerbyville, who has only returned from a trip towards Ellensburg within the last two weeks, and reports finding the easiest route by far of any yet discovered. He followed the Chetco route to the top of the mountain between Illinois and Chetco river; from there turned to the right, following the ridge mostly until he came to an old camp of his in years past, from which he went to Ellensburg in half a day. On his return he came to the copper lead, on Illinois river, in a day, and thinks he could ride from Kerbyville to Ellensburg in a day if the brush was only cut out. He reports very easy grades, and only two bad places to make a road over, and both these short. Should he not be deceived, the whole distance from Thornton's ranch to Ellensburg cannot be more than fifty miles, and the cost in the neighborhood of \$25,000. By this route there is only one bridge—that across Illinois river. The extreme height of this route is about 4,000 feet above the sea, which is less than the present Crescent City road by about 800 feet and would be passable for at least two months longer each year.
 I have known Mr. Miller intimately for several years and have no doubt of his sincerity. Yours truly,
 ALEX. WATTS.

ITEMS FROM BIG BUTTE.
 Sept. 7th, 1877.
 EDITOR TIDINGS:—Perhaps a few notes from this section would be acceptable to some of the readers of your spicy paper.
 The steam saw mill which Mr. Marsh—one of your fellow townsmen—has been erecting this summer is about finished and ready for running. When completed this will be the best mill in southern Oregon; located on a beautiful site, on a feasible route to the valley, and surrounded by the best of sugar and yellow pine and fir timber. When ready to run Mr. Marsh will push it to its utmost capacity, and "make hay while the sun shines." With a man of Mr. Marsh's energy and pluck at the helm, backed up with good judgement, business tact, perseverance, and unquestioned integrity, success is sure to crown his efforts. When we have men of such indomitable spirits for home industry in our midst, we should look upon them as public benefactors. One such man is worth a regiment of that class that come here, make a fortune off the sweat of poor men's brows, and than go to Oakland California, or San Francisco or Portland, and spend their money where it will do us no good.
 A Mr. John B. Bowen from Bidwell, California, formally of this county, indeed one of Jackson county's "old timers," came up to Butte a few days since and on first interview kidnaped and carried off an amiable old widowed lady of our neighborhood, and after they reached Jacksonville, and the necessary evidence was adduced to convince our County Clerk that the gentleman was over 21 years of age, papers were issued, and though in their marriage they are one they are both about three score and ten years of age. Her name is Sweet. So she got her Bow(en) and he took a Sweet(t). A happy journey to them.
 Bear are rather plentiful now, and already have several of the "bruin" tribe handed in their checks, and "gone where the woodbine twined." They are fat.
 Theologians evidently think we are "pure and chaste" or else past redemption for they never preach to us dear people, as a consequence of which young America makes the "welkin ring," in the nimrod line, and all day long the patient anglers sit and draw from Butte Creek's pebbly bed those nice speckle trout.
 Several of our citizens have gone to Mt. McLaughlin whortleberrying.
 School will be resumed on the 17th of this month.
 The health of all is good with us. More anon,
 P.

EXTRA SESSION OF LEGISLATURE.

While other States, smaller and less important than Oregon, have found it necessary to have an annual session of their legislatures, we, in our wisdom, when we made our constitution thought we would need only one session in two years. We could, probably, get along with one session in two years, if the duration of the session was extended to at least sixty days, and the time of the meeting of the legislature was fixed at a proper season of the year. But the truth is, our present constitutional provision on this subject is utterly inadequate to the wants and necessities of a large, growing and important State like Oregon. Our constitution provides for only biennial sessions of the legislature, and limits their duration to forty days. At two out of every three meetings of the legislature a U. S. Senator is to be elected, which business occupies about one-half of the session. At these senatorial contests the greatest excitement prevails, and the demoralization and animosities produced thereby, to say nothing of the corrupt influences brought to bear, operate most detrimentally to the interests of the public in respect to wise and wholesome legislation. To make matters still worse the session is held during the term of the annual State Fair, the most exciting feature of which is horse racing. The attractions of the State Fair have always operated as an impediment to legislative business, and it is a matter of public notoriety that it has scarcely ever been possible to secure a quorum in both branches of the legislature during a horse race on the Fair Grounds. Thus we have been going on year after year, filling up our statute book with a mass of piebald cradities, until the accumulated errors, omissions and other legislative sins of the last twenty years, staring us in the face, demand to be corrected.
 We have heretofore called attention, in these columns, to the different subjects requiring immediate legislation, and which cannot be postponed without great damage to the State, until the regular session of 1878. The necessity for an extra session this Fall or Winter to pass the much needed legislation is universally admitted. There is a deep and earnest feeling throughout the State that something ought to be done to meet the present emergency, and the voice of our people, could it be heard on this subject, would be addressed to the Governor in these words: *If you believe the present Legislature can and will do the work so much needed, let it be called without delay.*
 The only real question now remaining to be disposed of is this: Would the legislature, if convened in extra session, do the work required of it by the people? We believe it would. We believe that the peculiar character or class of legislation now so much needed, can be more certainly secured and better matured, at the proposed called session, than if the matter is deferred to the regular session of 1878. At an extra session of the legislature convened at Salem this Winter, the deliberations would not be affected by political excitement, for there is no U. S. Senator to elect, and this is the "off year" in Oregon politics. The session would be held during the balmy rainy season, with no outside influences to interfere with the business of sober legislation, and we believe that the required work would not only be done, but be well done. On the other hand, suppose we have to wait for the needed legislation until 1878, we not only lose thereby over half a million dollars in money, as shown in our previous articles, but we have no security whatever that we will be any better off after the session is over than we are now. For it will then be the same old story over again, a session at the close of a heated and violent political campaign, a protracted and exciting Senatorial contest, State Fair, horse races, hot weather, sickness, etc., etc. For God's sake let us have an extra session; and let us have it during the severe and salubrious quietude of the balmy, rainy season.—Record.
 Joaquin Miller's old home is owned and occupied by James Kelley, and is surrounded by an endless profusion of shrubbery; planted by Joaquin and his consort Minnie Myrtle.—Grant County Times.

Newspaper Management in the Nineteenth Century.

In the seventeenth century there was no such term as editor, implying a literary man devoted to the general management of a journal, with a share in such original composition as it required. We only bear of the printer, or, at most, of the publisher. In those days the printer found himself surrounded with difficulties, and often, from the imperfection and simplicity of his arrangements, he was thrown into positions by no means dignified.
 The following curious notice is from one of the earliest English newspapers in 1620-26:
 "The printer to the reader—We should also present you with the French news, but for that some who neither know what hath passed before, nor how business depend one upon another, have patcht up a pamphlet with broken relations, contradicted newes of sea-fights, and most non-sence. Translations of matters of State, we cannot but inform you, how you have been wronged, and we prevented, by those who would trust out any falsitie, if they were but persuaded that the novelty would sell it." This in 1622.
 Here is an apology for news-letters omitted for want of space:
 "Reader, I cannot let these have three letters for want of room until next week."
 Notice to correspondents in older times.—At the foot of a newspaper of the early part of the seventeenth century an invitation to amateurs is given in the following quaint terms:
 "All persons who are pleased to favor us with any comical or solid stories, may repair to the 'Three Kings' in Ludgate and they will be carefully put in."
 The circulation of newspapers may be considered as having reached perfection when a penny could buy the sheet and another penny insure its quick and safe transmission to any part of the country. In such a state of things it becomes difficult to imagine or recall the difficulties which beset the obtaining of a newspaper only a few years ago. When we cast back our thoughts thirty years, we find the sheet costing four pence, halfpenny at least. Go back twenty years more we find it seven pence, the greater part of which sum went into the exchequer. The number of sheets printed by any journal up to 1814 was usually a few hundred, only a couple ever came to a thousand. When we go back a century or a century and a half we find that all the journals were but a handful. There was not one north of Edinburgh in 1746—and non established in that city till 1718. News was in those days sent abroad in private letters and in the gossip of conversation. The wandering beggar, who came to the farmer's house craving supper and a bed, was the principal intelligencer of the rural population of Scotland as late as 1780. In Queen Anna's time to receive a regular news sheet from the metropolis was the privilege of lords, squires and men of official importance.
 One peculiarity of the newspaper management of old days is sufficiently obvious to any one who examines the files. There was no adequate system of home reporting. It seems to have been mainly by private and arbitrary means that a domestic paragraph came to the office. An amusing illustration of this primitive system of reporting occurs in the Caledonian Mercury for March 31, 1724. "We hear" says the paper, "that my Lord Armistone is dead." In the next number appears this apologetic, but certainly very awkward paragraph: "It was by mistake in our last, that my Lord Armistone was dead, occasioned by his lordship's lodging, that were to attend the funeral of a son of the Right Honorable the Earl of Galloway; whereas his lordship's pardon, and family is humbly craved."
 Some days ago the wife of John Pickett, of Walla Walla made a fire in the stove, and in a few minutes an explosion took place which blew the top of the stove off and shook the whole house. Some wretch had loaded a stick with gunpowder. The mother and three little children were in the room at the time, but luckily were not injured.—East Oregonian.