

ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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

VOL. II.—NO. 16.

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ASHLAND TIDINGS.

—ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY—

—BY—

O. C. APPLIGATE & CO.

OFFICE—On Main Street, (in rear Dr. Chitwood's Drug Store.)

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Meets at the Hall of Helman & Fountain every Friday evening at 8 o'clock p. m. Brothers and sisters in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
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Ashland Lodge No. 23, A. F. & A. M.

Holds their stated communications Thursday evening on or before the full moon. Brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
H. C. HILL, W. M.
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Ashland Lodge No. 15, I. O. O. F.

Holds their regular meeting every Saturday evening at their hall in Ashland. Brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
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Rehearsal meetings on Tuesday evening, nearest the full of the moon each month.

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ALLEN H. CONLAN, M. D. PHYSICIAN and SURGEON. LAKEVIEW LAKE COUNTY OREGON.

I Would Dream of Mother.

Come, sweet sleep and close my eyelids,
I am weary of the day;
Take me on thy wings to dreamland,
Show me loved ones passed away;
Show me one I loved in childhood,
Dearer even than a brother—
Come, sweet sleep, and close my eyelids;
I would love to dream of mother.
Then with magic words transport me,
Back to that old home of ours;
Where in youth I learned to prize her,
In my childhood's happy hours;
Let me feel her kind caresses,
Let me hear her speak to me—
Come, sweet sleep, I long to slumber,
Then in dreams with mother be.
Bring me nought but dreams of gladness,
Banish every thought of care;
Place her by the old east window,
In her high-backed rocking-chair;
Then for ages let me slumber,
Dreaming dreams that have no end,
For 'twas love like hers that tells me
Mother was my dearest friend.

(From the Daily Oregonian.)

PIONEER REUNION OF SOUTHERN OREGON.

ASHLAND, Sept. 14, 1877.

The first reunion of the Pioneer Society of Southern Oregon was held at Ashland on Thursday, the 13th instant. The meeting was in a beautiful grove on the creek in the suburbs of the town. This grove is of alder trees, which cast a ample shade over a seated amphitheater large enough to accommodate over a thousand persons, and is one of the most attractive spots in Rogue river valley. At an early hour in the morning the people began gathering in from every direction. Jacksonville was largely represented. It was estimated that over eighty buggies and carriages, single and double, came freighted with the beauty and chivalry, as well as the gray-haired pioneers, of that town and vicinity. Every locality in the county sent in its representatives and many were here from both Josephine and Lake. At 11 o'clock the crowd began to assemble at the grove, and in a short time at least eight hundred persons were seated and congregated around the stand. Besides the orator of the day, Gen. E. L. Applegate, I noticed, seated on and near the stand L. J. C. Duncan, president of the society; Wm. Hoffman, its venerable secretary, and U. S. Hayden, Esq., treasurer. Aside from the officers of the society I recognized Hon. P. P. Prim, Lindsay Applegate, Solomon Tetherow, Wm. G. Parker, Rev. M. A. Williams, Dr. L. Danforth, Col. John E. Ross, Hon. Thomas Smith, Clinton Neil, Thomas Chavener, W. Beeson, Wm. Kahler, E. K. Anderson, J. Wagner, Wm. Bybee, John Wisley, Isaac Miller, Peter Brit, L. Calhoun, John Walker, John Holton, John Coleman, B. F. Myer, John Tupper, J. M. Sutton, Jasper Houck, G. Rodgers, O. Coolidge, L. B. Applegate, S. D. Vandye, S. C. Taylor, H. Taylor, Wm. Mathis, Royal Benedict, David Stearns, J. H. Russell, Capt. J. M. McCall, Samuel Grubbe, H. W. Clayton, Alex. Watt, C. K. Klum, and Capt. O. C. Applegate. Of course there were many others present whose residence in Southern Oregon dates back as far as those I have mentioned, whose faces I did not recognize. When the crowd had congregated L. J. C. Duncan being introduced by Capt. O. C. Applegate, stated the object of the meeting and the order of the exercises. First in the programme was music, instrumental and vocal, conducted by Prof. J. H. Skidmore, of Ashland academy, assisted by the best local talent. Second, prayer by Rev. M. A. Williams, and third, ORATION BY GEN. E. L. APPLIGATE.

Of the General's style of oratory it is needless to speak, as there are few in Oregon who have not heard him. Taken altogether, however, as a collection of historical incidents and events running back to the year 1843, when the speaker emigrated with his parents overland to Oregon, it was a production of rare merit. The cause which incited the early pioneers to leave their homes in the older states and brave the wilderness and the desert, over an expanse of two thousand miles, inhabited only by savages and wild beasts, were stated, and history was successfully invoked to prove the correctness of the statements. The toils and trials endured by the pioneers in reaching their destination on this coast, and the triumph they achieved in opening the way for future emigrants, with whose aid they have built up this grand com-

monwealth, were vividly portrayed. Among the historic events referred to by the Speaker, General Joseph Lane's fight with Chief John and his band, in 1853, in which, General Lane was wounded and several of his men slain, was narrated with many thrilling incidents connected with that memorable year. Traditions obtained from the Indians themselves regarding their own genealogy were given, and constituted a very interesting feature in the oration.

Although the speaker was two hours delivering his address, the audience exhibited no impatience, but listened with marked attention throughout.

At the close of the oration Capt. O. C. Applegate was called for, and read an original poem. It was not written expressly for the occasion, but was in all respects appropriate. It was read in fine elocutionary style, and elicited flattering applause from the audience. The crowd then repaired to the tables which were spread in the grove by the ladies, and all partook of a splendid dinner, after which all returned to the stand to listen to the remarks of

OTHER SPEAKERS.

Hon. Thos. Smith was next called for, and in response gave some very interesting reminiscences of early times in Southern Oregon. The captain was one of the earliest settlers in the immediate neighborhood of Ashland, and his memory of incidents connected with the building up of the town and settlement of the county was remarkably clear, and his manner of relating them very interesting. His account of the excitement among the bachelor settlers when the first white woman came to find a home in the valley was quaint and decidedly mirth-provoking, as was evidenced by the bursts of laughter it elicited.

The next speaker was E. K. Anderson, who also gave the audience an interesting account of his early experience in Jackson county. He claimed the honor of having assisted in building the house occupied by the first white woman who settled in the valley, but unfortunately for him and his bachelor friends, who took such an interest in the lady's welfare, she was married and could repay not a single one of her gallant admirers with either heart or hand. Her husband's name was Wilson, and she was the daughter of Mr. Walton, of Lane county, where, it is stated, the lady now resides.

Gen. John E. Ross was vociferously called for and responded in his own peculiar and happy manner. He called forth loud applause when he announced that he was the fortunate man who led the first fair damsel to the hymeneal altar in Rogue river valley, but the General was rather taken aback when the venerable Isaac Miller rose and stated that he claimed the honor of bringing Mrs. Ross *nee* Hapwood, and her father's family through the canyon and into the beautiful valley, where the General wooed and won her. Mrs. Ross was present, and from her fresh and almost youthful appearance, bids fair to live to witness many more reunions of this society, of which she and her husband are honored members. The General recounted some of his campaigns against the Indians, and at the request of many of the audience gave the wild war whoop of the savage when engaged in battle. I had heard the genuine thing from savage throats under embarrassing circumstances before, and confess that the General's imitation was so life like that I instinctively felt to see if my hair was secure when the reverberations of the speaker's yells pierced my ears.

During the different discourses an interesting fact was brought to light. The first test of the

PRODUCTIVENESS OF THE SOIL

Of Rogue river valley was in 1852, and the exact spot where the agricultural experiment was made, was on the farm now belonging to W. Beeson, on Wagner creek. Previous to that year it had been held by many that neither the soil nor climate of Rogue river valley was adapted to agriculture. In the spring of 1852 a few peas were planted near where Mr. Beeson now resides. In due course of time the peas produced were gathered and taken to the, then, mining town of Jacksonville, where they were prepared for the table by Mr. Jasper Houck, now of the Ashland

House, served at a public dinner given on the 4th of July of that year. Thus was demonstrated the fact that this beautiful valley, now so noted for its exhaustless fertility, was suited for the home of enlightenment and the product of the fruits of civilization.

At a late hour in the afternoon, after a beautiful song by the choir, entitled "In Oregon Still," and the benediction by Rev. M. A. Williams, the first reunion of the Southern Oregon Pioneer Society closed and the people separated. Not a single unpleasant incident occurred to mar the general enjoyment of all who attended.

In the evening a grand ball was given at Patterson's Hall, at which was congregated an array of youth and beauty seldom met with beyond the limits of our young state. Many of riper years forgot the cares incident to their age and joined the happy throng, which did not separate until the first rays of the early dawn warned them of the hour. Over 150 persons, young and old, participated in the dance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The preliminary steps for the organization of the society were taken only a few months ago. The constitution and by-laws were drawn up by Mr. J. M. Sutton, who has, from the first, taken a deep interest in the success of the society. Others have been equally earnest in their efforts in its behalf. Over 100 names are now on the roll, which is constantly receiving additions.

The badge of the society is peculiarly appropriate, and consists of a piece of finely dressed deer skin, about one inch wide and six inches long, neatly fringed and having printed upon it the society initials—P. S. of S. O. This badge is worn on the left lappel of the coat or the left side of the breast. It was adopted at the suggestion of Gen. John E. Ross.

It is generally conceded that the next meeting of the society will be held at or near Jacksonville. Meantime those who wish to become members can have their names enrolled by applying to U. S. Hayden, Esq., or to Mr. Wm. Hoffman at Jacksonville. All who came to Oregon in or prior to the year 1855 are entitled to membership by paying the fee of one dollar when their names are enrolled.

CONCLUSION.

It is scarcely necessary to urge any pioneer to Oregon to become a member of this society. The fraternal ties which ever characterize men who have borne equally the burden of an arduous though self-imposed duty, should not be sundered between those who made the toilsome campaign to Oregon, when to do so was to risk everything save honor, that man holds dear. From the time the savages were first beat back from the Atlantic seaboard, until the shores of the Pacific were reached, the life of the pioneer was one of constant peril, privation and toil. His has ever been the life of a soldier. For there are soldiers in peace as well as in war. And though no waving plume beckons them on to glory and to death, their dying scene is oft a crimson one. They fall leading the vanguard of civilization along hitherto untrodden paths, and are buried beneath the dust of its advancing columns. No stone marks their last resting place. The wind sighing among the branches of the forest, and the wolf's long howl alone sing their requiem, yet these have been the meritorious men of the republic.

W. A. M.

The New York World says: An unpublished letter from Sitting Bull to Wendell Phillips in the hands of Lord Dufferin is on the way. S. B. says among other things: "Me glad to hear from Man-not-afraid-of-his-Blab. Me see copy of Sun. Sun want no more damseljer. Sun say Big Father Hayes no more give Injun no more fire-water, gun, pistol, powder, Shoot-thing no more. Big father be fraud. Dam Hayes. Me no like Hayes. Me like Sun."

The Queen of Madagascar has by royal edict emancipated all the slaves in her kingdom. In 1865 Madagascar entered into treaty with the western powers, agreeing not to permit the introduction of any more slaves into the country, and now takes the further step of voluntarily freeing all slaves in the kingdom.

MURDERED BY CHINAMEN.

A dispatch from Rocklin, California, dated September 15th, gives the following account of a horrible atrocity perpetrated by Chinamen:

The citizens of Rocklin were thrown into a state of excitement about 3 o'clock this afternoon by a report that a woman was murdered at Sargent's ranch, about three miles from here. A posse of citizens accompanied by the deputy sheriff, drove out. Upon entering the house a ghastly sight met their gaze. A woman lay upon the floor bathed in blood, the body not yet cold. A gash upon the side shows where the fatal blow had been struck. In another room was found the bloody ax which had also been used to open several trunks, a part of the contents of which lay scattered around the room. The husband was found dead in the field, just outside the fence, with four bullet holes in him. Sargent and the woman had been in Rocklin during the morning and returned together. Search failed to find him. There is a report to the effect that Sargent has been found in a dying condition. Two men were seen running from the house toward Folsom, about half-past 2 o'clock, by the men who brought the news to Rocklin. The parties murdered were Louis Oder and wife. Three wagon loads of armed men have just left Rocklin to scour the country.

LATER—A party followed the trail of the two men who were seen to jump the fence. Their tracks showed they wore Chinese shoes. After crossing the ravine three quarters of a mile from the house, in a clump of willows they found Sargent bleeding from wounds in the head and body. He was conscious and stated that two Chinamen had called at the house shortly after noon and desired to purchase a certain mining claim of him. He accompanied them to the claim, and while returning they shot him five times in the body and head and left him for dead. He said the assassins were from Penryn, a neighboring village, one being cook in Grant's hotel, near the Penryn quarries. He had received \$120 from the other Chinamen a few days before for a mining claim, which was in the trunk at the house, and it is presumed the murders were committed to obtain that money.

A party followed the tracks of the murderers to a Chinese cabin near by where they arrested three Chinamen, one of whom was in bed but perspiring freely as though he had been running. Several other Chinamen living in the vicinity were arrested, and one who was much frightened volunteered the information that Ah Sam and Ah Jim had murdered Sargent, but then stopped and would say no more. One of the prisoners had \$120 in his possession. It was discovered that the trunk in which Sargent had deposited the money had been out open and the money taken. Sargent died this morning. Hundreds of citizens viewed the bodies. Great excitement prevailed during the night, and had the evidence against the prisoners been deemed conclusive they would doubtless have been lynched at once. The cook of Grant's boarding house could not be found, though the country and towns for miles around were scoured in pursuit. This morning a meeting of citizens was held at Rocklin and all the Chinese notified to leave town before 6 p. m. By 4 o'clock the last squad of Chinese with their baggage fled out of town, including those employed by the railway company, only the prisoners remaining. They were in no way molested. At 6 p. m. the citizens marched to the Chinese quarters and demolished all the buildings, twenty five in number, including one store, the stock of which had been removed by the owner. A fire broke out during the demolition from a stove remaining in one house, but was extinguished by the railroad employees with the engine. At the inquest held to-day the facts developed led the sheriff to believe four of the Chinamen arrested were implicated in the murders, and it was decided to remove them to the county jail at Auburn. A crowd collected when they boarded the train and soon the murmurs of the throng broke out into exclamations of "Have them out!" "Hang them!" A rush was made for the door of the car, the sheriff and officers were seized, and only for a free show of pis-

toils by the officers and conductor of the train the purpose would have been accomplished. The crowd was finally forced back and the train pulled out from the station followed by the yells of the throng. The moderation displayed by the citizens, with the exception of the above incident, is partly attributed to the fact that throughout the day by common consent all the saloon keepers closed up their places, otherwise serious consequences would have undoubtedly ensued. The coroner's jury found the murder of Sargent to be committed by Ah Sam, Ah Jim another Chinamen unknown. Sargent having subsequently mentioned a third assailant. In the case of Oder and wife the jury failed to fix the responsibility. The remaining prisoners were allowed to leave, there being no evidence against them.

About 8 this evening the buildings of the Chinese garden, about a mile from Rocklin, were burned. It is positively denied that whites set the fire, and possibly Chinese abandoned and burned them. Sargent was an old and respected citizen. Oder was a Bavarian, his wife has relations in Trenton, New Jersey.

LEMONS A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

A correspondent of an English medical journal furnished the following recipe as a cure for consumption: Put a dozen of whole lemons in cold water and boil until soft (not too soft), roll and squeeze until the juice is all extracted, then sweeten the juice enough to be palatable, and then drink. Use as many as a dozen a day. Should they cause pain or looseness of the bowels, lessen the quantity and use five or six a day until better. By the time you have used five or six dozen, you will begin to gain strength and have an appetite. Of course as you get better you need not use so many. Follow these directions, and we know you will never regret it, if there is any help for you. Only keep it up faithfully. We know of two cases where both of the patients were given up by the physicians, and were in the last stages of consumption, yet both were cured by using the lemons according to the directions we have stated. One lady in particular was bedridden and very low; had tried everything that money could procure, but all in vain, when to please a friend, she was finally persuaded to use lemons. She began to use them in February, and in April she weighed 140 pounds. She is a well woman to-day, and likely to live as long as any of us.—Nashua Telegraph.

WAGON ROAD.—By notice in another column it will be seen that a move is being made toward the construction of a new wagon road between this place and Illinois Valley, Oregon. Now this looks to us like a move in the right direction, as this place is considered to be the most convenient and the best outlet for the produce of Southern Oregon, and the only obstruction is the want of a good wagon road. We are credibly informed that a good road could be built at a very reasonable expense, that would be passable at any time of the year, and the people of Southern Oregon and this place must be fully aware of the necessity of such a road. Parties have lately been here from Illinois Valley to see what action the people of this place would take in the matter, and a meeting is called for next Wednesday evening, which we hope will be well attended, as this is a matter of interest to all. We understand that the people of Illinois Valley are ready and willing to do their part, and that parties in this place are willing to subscribe liberally. Let us make a strong effort to regain the trade of Southern Oregon, the loss of which is so sadly felt.—Crescent City Courier.

"Sir!" exclaimed a long suffering Burlington creditor, whose patience was entirely exhausted, "Sir! I have sent you no less than seventeen bills for this one lot of goods, and what have you done with them?" "Vetooed 'em; vetooed every last one of 'em." was the calm reply, as the debtor lit a fifteen cent cigar and hailed a street-car.

GOOD YIELD.—Gen. John F. Miller is doing work on the old Cary farm, two and a half miles South-east of Salem. He had a large field of oats that averaged sixty bushels per acre. The yield of oats has been more than usually good all over this valley.—Record.

L. P. Fisher