

L. P. Fisher



# ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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

VOL. II.—NO. 24.

ASHLAND, OREGON: FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1877.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM.

## ASHLAND TIDINGS.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY BY O. C. APPEGATE & CO.

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

**Terms of Subscription:**  
One copy one year, per year 2.50  
" " six months, " " 1.50  
" " three " " " 1.00  
Club rates six copies for 12.50  
Terms, in advance.

**Terms of Advertising:**  
Local Notices per line, per year 10.00  
Professors and Guides, per year 3.00  
Four " " " " " 3.00  
Eight " " " " " 3.00  
One-hundred " " " " " 3.00  
One-hundred " " " " " 3.00  
One-hundred " " " " " 3.00  
One-hundred " " " " " 3.00  
One square (ten lines of text) first insertion, 2.50  
Each additional insertion, 1.00

**Job Printing,**  
Of all description, done on short notice. Legal Blanks, Circulars, Business Cards, Bills, Letter-heads, Post-cards, etc., gotten up in good style at low prices.

**Agents for the Tidings.**  
L. S. Smith, Portland, Oregon.  
J. A. McGee, Salem.  
M. I. Chittwood, Junction City.  
Dr. N. L. Lee, Lakeview.  
Dr. J. W. Galt, Lakeview.  
A. F. Spaulding, Lakeview.  
J. P. Barber, Lakeview.  
A. H. Hartz, Lakeview.  
S. M. P. Bergin & Co., New York.  
H. W. C. O'Connell, St. Louis.  
T. E. Peiser, San Francisco.  
T. S. Boyer, San Francisco.  
J. R. Neil, Lakeview.  
E. S. Sargent, Lakeview.  
E. R. Owen, General Post Office.  
Miss Anna W. Galt, Rock Point.  
F. H. Hart, Youngs Bay.  
C. H. Dyer, Youngs Bay.  
J. M. Sullivan, General Agent for Jackson and Joseph counties.  
Chas. B. J. Pease, General Agent for Lake counties.

**Stages Leave Ashland as follows**  
The O. & C. Stage Co.'s stage leaves Ashland for Jacksonville, Rock Point and Roseburg every day at 6 a. m. Mail closes at 5:30 a. m.  
For Henry, York and Redding at 6 p. m. Mail closes at 5:30 p. m.  
Garrett & Pearce's Stages leave Ashland every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings for Liverville, and return on every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Leave Liverville for Lake City, California, Wednesdays; arrive at Lake City Saturdays; leave Lake City Mondays; arrive at Liverville Thursdays, carrying mail and passengers.  
A. D. HELMAN, P. M.

**Ashland Lodge No. 139, I. O. G. T.**  
Meets at the Hall of Hon. & Fountain every Friday evening at 8 o'clock P. M. Brothers and sisters in good standing are cordially invited to attend. T. E. Temp. Meets every first and third Wednesday in each month.  
ELLA ANDERSON, W. C. T.  
E. WALTER MYER, Sec'y.

**Ashland Lodge No. 23, A. F. & A. M.**  
Holds their stated communications Thursday evening at 8 o'clock P. M. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited to attend.  
H. C. HILL, W. M.  
C. B. WATSON, Sec'y.

**Ashland Lodge No. 45, I. O. O. F.**  
Holds their regular meeting every Saturday evening at their hall in Ashland. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited to attend.  
J. D. FOUNTAIN, N. G.  
I. O. MILLER, Rec. Sec'y.

**J. A. APPEGATE,**  
Attorney and Counselor-at-Law  
SALEM OREGON.  
DR. J. H. CHITWOOD,  
ASHLAND, OREGON.  
OFFICE—At the Ashland Drug Store.  
J. R. NEIL,  
ATTORNEY AT-LAW,  
Jacksonville, Oregon.

**DR. J. S. JACKSON,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
JACKSONVILLE OREGON.  
Graduate of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York.

**J. W. HAMAKAR,**  
NOTARY PUBLIC.  
LINKVILLE LAKE CO., OREGON.  
Office in Post Office Building. Special attention given to conveying. [2-1911].  
H. KELLEY,  
Attorney and Counselor-at-Law,  
JACKSONVILLE OREGON.

Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Prompt attention given to all business intrusted to my care.  
OFFICE—In the building formerly occupied by Kahler & Wain, opposite Court House.

## Autumn on the Pacific.

BY WILLIAM AUGUS M'PHERSON.  
Read before the Jackson County Teachers' Institute, November 3, 1877.

The Eastern hills are rear and brown  
With winnowed ventures; 'neath the town  
Assumes a gloomy look.  
As though a fog were brooding o'er  
The floor, while from the distant shore,  
Of seas, like and to be,  
Whisper the breeze, a plaintive sound,  
Fretting winter's hand around.  
The swar, forwarded by northern wind,  
A low note pierces the cool to find,  
Then mounts upon the gale,  
Southward her course; on airy wing,  
With steady pulse she seeks the spring  
Far over hill and dale,  
Where flowers, perennial deck the strand  
And tall in golden grasses stand.  
Up on the mountain crest at morn,  
The rattle play and fit trees of firs  
Like shrouded soldiers appear,  
And when the sun's bright rays illumine  
The frosty heights, the snow with a gleam  
Of Henry of Navarre,  
Sens of each thrill cool peak to wave,  
As rocks the foaming billows lave.  
The softened cheer, with slaty grace,  
Comes from our out his hiding place,  
His hand is to me;  
Then bounding off, in rapture and glee,  
Swift as the fleet Argonauts, rove  
The pair with a like feet.  
Headless they roam nor tool, nor care,  
Bring them sunset from year to year.  
Along the seacoast rugged rim,  
Aquatic birds in myriad, skim  
Above the crests of wave;  
Then, cutting backward, soar on high  
Along the crest, with light and airy,  
They seek some darksome cove,  
In rocky groups within their foam  
And bob defiance to the boat.  
The Autumn, from our shore we see  
The wildered herb, the leafy tree;  
Earth, seas, the air, the sky,  
Give notice that the rising year,  
Without the tribute of a tear,  
Will lift us, soon, joyfully,  
In joy, in sorrow, in hope, in fear,  
Ere long, will be the burial year.  
Thus do the changing seasons pass,  
And thus our lives; for soon, anon,  
With pleasure and pain,  
Begin we are dropped in bed and sea,  
Ready to start or sink or die,  
For death comes on, perchance,  
And in the gloom, we find our fate,  
As I, I, I, we find our fate.  
But Spring, in vesting gladsome clad,  
Will come again to us as of old,  
Ladling by sun-kissed hand,  
Fruitful summer, on whose breast we feast  
Reclines no longer As usual, dream  
In robes of sunny gold,  
And thus, in time,  
Is proven man's grand destiny.

## IMPORTANCE OF LABOR.

An essay read before the Jackson County Teachers' Institute, Nov. 1, by Mrs. Mary McGee.  
"There is no excellence without great labor," is an axiom none the less true because of its antiquity. Over two thousand years ago, the force of its truth was acknowledged by the disciples of Plato, and the experience of a score of centuries has inscribed it indelibly upon every enlightened mind. When the philosopher and teacher announced the great truth, that only by labor could excellence be attained, he spoke from experience. The only books extant, at that time, were those containing the simplest rudiments of orthography, mathematics and rhetoric. All else was taught orally. Among the leading scholars of that remote age, it was deemed almost criminal to omit the more profound problems of philosophy. We find the ancient biographer, Plutarch, upbraiding his venerated teacher, for publishing in a book, what he had formerly taught only in private lectures to select classes.

"What better are we than the common herd, if the knowledge we have labored so hard to acquire is placed within reach of all," reasoned the great author! How profoundly true were the words of the preceptor, when he replied, that by writing his knowledge in a book he only showed to others his "sublime eminence above the common herd." For said he, "there is no excellence without great labor."  
Who is there, among those whom I now address, who does not realize this truth?

We have all learned its force by experience; some of us perhaps unaided, except by our own firm will, and the approving smiles of Heaven. In our endeavor to impart knowledge to others, how earnest, then should we be in impressing upon their minds the necessity for labor in its acquirement. Nor should the idea be inculcated, that when the pupil has graduated, labor ceases. From the cradle to the grave, we should all be students.  
In this life there is no resting place for the human mind in the search for knowledge. Go ask the pale student, o'er his flickering lamp, if he has attained the goal of his ambition, and though he be bent low with the weight of years, he will tell you no.

## Letter from Mrs. F. F. Victor, ON BOARD THE "MOUNTAIN QUEEN."

Nov. 6, 1877.

DEAR TIDINGS:—Since writing to you last, I have been in many, if not in memorable places; on the lovely but lonely waters of Puget Sound; on the blue and bold Columbia; at the State Fair, and at least one county fair; have followed the winding Wallamet on the O. & C. R. R., and climbed to hills out of Portland on the O. C. R. R., to the grain fields of Washington and Yamhill. Verily, it would appear that such a wanderer ought to have marvelous things to report; yet fortune does not seem to have thrown anything that was marvelous in my way—unless it has rained with short intermissions ever since the 8th of September.

When I was in Washington Territory, I made an effort to see something of the coal fields, and the mines themselves, but with only partial success. I satisfied myself however, that there can be no distinctive difference between the coal of Puget Sound and that of the Columbia River, or of the coast of Southern Oregon. Our coal fields are very extensive, and will, with the iron and other mineral resources, sometime make Oregon the Pennsylvania of the Pacific Coast. As at present developed, besides the Bellingham Bay and Nanaimo coals of the extreme north of Washington Territory, there are in the vicinity of Seattle three mines—the Newcastle, Talbot and Renton. Of these, the Talbot is considered best, Newcastle next, and Renton last.

The Newcastle mine lies about fifteen miles east of Seattle, and is not by any means easy of approach, as I have reason to know. With my usual recklessness of possible events, I set out one morning to see this mine unattended and alone. Taking a hack at the door of my boarding house at 8 o'clock in the morning, I soon found that the road led over a very rough range of hills to the east of the Sound and that there was nothing else very peculiar or interesting about it. Big trees, rank vegetation, damp, chilly hollows from which the peculiar noisily odors were rising, and a sense of vastness and loneliness are about all that one thinks of in this ride. Up the hills for two miles and down the hills for two miles more, and there you are—not at the mine, but on the border of Lake Washington, a pretty sheet of dark water, eight across, and much more in length, winding among spurs of hills.

As we stood on the shore, the sun shone brightly across the water, and lighted up the frozen precipices of Mount Rainer, which viewed from this point seems to rise immediately from the level ground on the farther side of the lake. The view is the finest I had of this magnificent mountain, and I enjoyed it while the little bath-tub of a steamer came up alongside her mooring and prepared to take her sole passenger, myself, and a package or two, on board. I took my seat on a small box in the middle of the quarter-deck, and in silence and solitude made the voyage across the strangely dark waters of the otherwise pretty lake. The crew consisted of the Captain and engineer, and my relations with them were ended when I had paid my dollar for passage. Of course I had plenty of time in that hour to think of many things besides the scenery of the lake. Along the shores were no habitations, except in one spot a new farm had been hewed out of the forest.

Arrived at the landing on the eastern side of the lake, I found a narrow strip of level ground, covered with coal cars being loaded and unloaded, as those that brought the coal from the mine ascended and descended the steep hill above, elevated and run down by an endless rope of wire. Into one of these coal boxes, four feet deep I was put, and made the ascent in a little less than two minutes. At the top of the hill, I found no train going to the mine for an hour and a half; so I had plenty of time to study the principle of the endless chain arrangement, and to observe just how long it took two men to put in place and discharge a carload of coal—not quite four minutes. At the time I was there they were sending down four hundred tons daily.

When at last the train came down from the mine, I was invited to take a seat in the cab of the engine, where, I rode in a jolting fashion three miles through the woods to the mine, and found, when I got there, that I could not get back to Seattle that day! Well, as I always do, I bore it like a philosopher, and set about looking for knowledge and amusement among the rough hills and rude looking people. I say rude looking, but that only, for though black with coal dust, many of them are quite intelligent and well read people, and treated me politely enough.

I found that the depression in business in California, and the fact that a great deal of coal had been brought out in English ships, as ballast, and sold cheap in San Francisco, had injured the coal trade, and was causing the discharge of a large number of miners, who consequently were feeling somewhat discouraged. The lumber trade also has suffered through sympathy with the dullness in California and in consequence the whole of the Puget Sound country feels the "hard times" very sensibly.  
But to return to coal—the Newcastle mine instead of going down by shafts, chambers up, and you enter at the bottom of this mine instead of from the top. From what I know of the mine on the Columbia, and at below St. Helen, the coal lies in the same way, and is of about the same quality. On account of the excitement prevailing among the miners and their employers, while I was there, I did not make so thorough an inquiry into the affairs of the mine as I intended; but enough was seen to satisfy me of the value of Oregon coal as compared with that of Washington Territory.  
The very best coal yet opened on the Sound, is that in the Puyallup valley, which is being worked by the North Pacific R. R. Company, who have built twenty-five miles of railroad to get it to tide-water, and the town of New Tacoma as a depot for their business. Owing to the early rain and unfinished state of the road I did not undertake to go to this mine, but saw plenty of the coal at Tacoma. Next summer I intend to avail myself of numerous polite invitations to visit several points of interest on the Sound that I passed by, owing to stress of weather and business.  
You do not want to hear about the State Fair, and the general disappointment of the people at the mud and wet then prevailing, or the losses of the Agricultural Society in consequence; and I shall omit it all. If I had space I would say a word about the rich ore of a mine near Canyonville that I saw recently; but all I will say here is, that Oregon ought to be reckoned a very rich state in gold and silver, as well as in copper, iron and coal; and that all that is now wanted is capital enough to take them out of the earth. Next spring I promise myself to take a look at the mines of Douglas county.

## Letter from Mrs. F. F. Victor, ON BOARD THE "MOUNTAIN QUEEN."

Nov. 6, 1877.

DEAR TIDINGS:—Since writing to you last, I have been in many, if not in memorable places; on the lovely but lonely waters of Puget Sound; on the blue and bold Columbia; at the State Fair, and at least one county fair; have followed the winding Wallamet on the O. & C. R. R., and climbed to hills out of Portland on the O. C. R. R., to the grain fields of Washington and Yamhill. Verily, it would appear that such a wanderer ought to have marvelous things to report; yet fortune does not seem to have thrown anything that was marvelous in my way—unless it has rained with short intermissions ever since the 8th of September.

When I was in Washington Territory, I made an effort to see something of the coal fields, and the mines themselves, but with only partial success. I satisfied myself however, that there can be no distinctive difference between the coal of Puget Sound and that of the Columbia River, or of the coast of Southern Oregon. Our coal fields are very extensive, and will, with the iron and other mineral resources, sometime make Oregon the Pennsylvania of the Pacific Coast. As at present developed, besides the Bellingham Bay and Nanaimo coals of the extreme north of Washington Territory, there are in the vicinity of Seattle three mines—the Newcastle, Talbot and Renton. Of these, the Talbot is considered best, Newcastle next, and Renton last.

The Newcastle mine lies about fifteen miles east of Seattle, and is not by any means easy of approach, as I have reason to know. With my usual recklessness of possible events, I set out one morning to see this mine unattended and alone. Taking a hack at the door of my boarding house at 8 o'clock in the morning, I soon found that the road led over a very rough range of hills to the east of the Sound and that there was nothing else very peculiar or interesting about it. Big trees, rank vegetation, damp, chilly hollows from which the peculiar noisily odors were rising, and a sense of vastness and loneliness are about all that one thinks of in this ride. Up the hills for two miles and down the hills for two miles more, and there you are—not at the mine, but on the border of Lake Washington, a pretty sheet of dark water, eight across, and much more in length, winding among spurs of hills.

As we stood on the shore, the sun shone brightly across the water, and lighted up the frozen precipices of Mount Rainer, which viewed from this point seems to rise immediately from the level ground on the farther side of the lake. The view is the finest I had of this magnificent mountain, and I enjoyed it while the little bath-tub of a steamer came up alongside her mooring and prepared to take her sole passenger, myself, and a package or two, on board. I took my seat on a small box in the middle of the quarter-deck, and in silence and solitude made the voyage across the strangely dark waters of the otherwise pretty lake. The crew consisted of the Captain and engineer, and my relations with them were ended when I had paid my dollar for passage. Of course I had plenty of time in that hour to think of many things besides the scenery of the lake. Along the shores were no habitations, except in one spot a new farm had been hewed out of the forest.

Arrived at the landing on the eastern side of the lake, I found a narrow strip of level ground, covered with coal cars being loaded and unloaded, as those that brought the coal from the mine ascended and descended the steep hill above, elevated and run down by an endless rope of wire. Into one of these coal boxes, four feet deep I was put, and made the ascent in a little less than two minutes. At the top of the hill, I found no train going to the mine for an hour and a half; so I had plenty of time to study the principle of the endless chain arrangement, and to observe just how long it took two men to put in place and discharge a carload of coal—not quite four minutes. At the time I was there they were sending down four hundred tons daily.

When at last the train came down from the mine, I was invited to take a seat in the cab of the engine, where, I rode in a jolting fashion three miles through the woods to the mine, and found, when I got there, that I could not get back to Seattle that day! Well, as I always do, I bore it like a philosopher, and set about looking for knowledge and amusement among the rough hills and rude looking people. I say rude looking, but that only, for though black with coal dust, many of them are quite intelligent and well read people, and treated me politely enough.

I found that the depression in business in California, and the fact that a great deal of coal had been brought out in English ships, as ballast, and sold cheap in San Francisco, had injured the coal trade, and was causing the discharge of a large number of miners, who consequently were feeling somewhat discouraged. The lumber trade also has suffered through sympathy with the dullness in California and in consequence the whole of the Puget Sound country feels the "hard times" very sensibly.  
But to return to coal—the Newcastle mine instead of going down by shafts, chambers up, and you enter at the bottom of this mine instead of from the top. From what I know of the mine on the Columbia, and at below St. Helen, the coal lies in the same way, and is of about the same quality. On account of the excitement prevailing among the miners and their employers, while I was there, I did not make so thorough an inquiry into the affairs of the mine as I intended; but enough was seen to satisfy me of the value of Oregon coal as compared with that of Washington Territory.  
The very best coal yet opened on the Sound, is that in the Puyallup valley, which is being worked by the North Pacific R. R. Company, who have built twenty-five miles of railroad to get it to tide-water, and the town of New Tacoma as a depot for their business. Owing to the early rain and unfinished state of the road I did not undertake to go to this mine, but saw plenty of the coal at Tacoma. Next summer I intend to avail myself of numerous polite invitations to visit several points of interest on the Sound that I passed by, owing to stress of weather and business.  
You do not want to hear about the State Fair, and the general disappointment of the people at the mud and wet then prevailing, or the losses of the Agricultural Society in consequence; and I shall omit it all. If I had space I would say a word about the rich ore of a mine near Canyonville that I saw recently; but all I will say here is, that Oregon ought to be reckoned a very rich state in gold and silver, as well as in copper, iron and coal; and that all that is now wanted is capital enough to take them out of the earth. Next spring I promise myself to take a look at the mines of Douglas county.

## ASHLAND.

We were much surprised to see what a thriving and busy town had sprung up within the last few years at this place. Ashland is situated in the southern part of Jackson county, about seventeen miles from Jacksonville. It is a real live business place, and new buildings are in course of erection all around. The town is located on a creek, which furnishes ample water for manufacturing purposes. There is a first-class woolen mill in operation, which gives a good market for a great deal of the wool raised in the county, an excellent school, one newspaper, the Tidings, three or four stores, and a splendid hotel kept by Mr. Jesse Houck, blacksmith shops, drug store, livery stable, and everything necessary to supply the demands of the trade. The town is supported by the splendid agricultural lands surrounding it, and besides the greater part of Lake county people do their buying at this point. There is also an excellent flouring mill in operation. The buildings erected are of a permanent and substantial character and there is at present in course of construction a fine brick store. The farmers adjoining the town are rich and prosperous, and the place has every prospect of becoming one of the principal towns in the southern part of the State. It certainly has the enterprise and necessary wealth around it to make it such.—Standard.

## FROUDE ON AMERICAN SCHOOLS.

"I go to school in New England" says the historian, Froude, in a recently published article, "where the modern system is developed in its highest completeness. I see the most admirable mechanical arrangements. Ancient languages and modern science and art history and philosophy, poetry and mathematics, music and drawing—nothing is omitted, nothing is unattempted and progress is made in all." Yet the experiment has now continued for a generation or two, and the fruits are less apparent than they ought to be. A better education should have produced more vigorous, original thinkers, a more elevated standard of taste, information more exact as well as more diffused, and nobler principles of action. \* \* \* We may look down as much as we please on our grandfathers' ideas; but their notions on this subject were more rational than ours. We ought not to set before a boy the chances of becoming President of the Republic, or president of anything; we should teach him first to be a good man, and next to do his work, whatever it be, as well as it can possibly be done. It is better that a boy should learn to make a shoe excellently than to write bad exercises in half a dozen languages."

## GENERAL NEWS.

New York Nov. 7.—Latest returns make McClellan's majority 12,000. Legislature is Democratic in both branches.  
Philadelphia Nov. 7.—Net Democratic majority in the State 11,485 This is nearly official, only some four or five counties being estimated.  
New York Nov. 7.—The Herald concedes the Senate to the Republicans by 2 majority, and thinks the Assembly will be either one Democratic majority or a tie.  
Leavenworth Nov. 7.—E publicans elect their candidate, Humphrey, for Lieutenant Governor, and A. P. Horton, Chief Justice, by the usual majority.

St. Petersburg Nov. 8.—The Russian loss from commencement of hostilities to the 1st inst. is 61,891 men.  
London Nov. 8.—The conviction is strong that Plevna cannot hold out many days. Osman Pasha's men are deserting in large numbers, on account of privation and hardship. The Russians have built a telegraph line completely around Plevna, so that they can concentrate immediately on any point attacked.  
Philadelphia Nov. 9.—Nearly complete returns from every county in the State, with the official vote of 13 counties, show a majority of 9,562 for Hayes (Dem.) over Hart (Re.) for State Treasurer.