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ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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

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ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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—BY—

O. C. APPLEGATE & CO.

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v2n18-f.] **D. J. Ferree.**

February Rain.

BY CHARLES T. DAZEY.

O lonely day! No sounds are heard
Save winds and floods that downward pour.
And timid fluting of a bird,
That pipes one low note o'er and o'er.

Before the blast the bare trees lean,
The ragged clouds sail low and gray,
And all the wild and wintry scene
Is but one blur of driving spray.

O day most meet for memories,
For musing by a vacant hearth
On that which was and that which is
And those who walk no more on earth!

And yet this dark and dreary day
Some brighter lesson still can bring,
For it is herald of the May,
A faint foretoken of the spring.

Beneath the ceaseless beating rain
Earth's snowy shroud fast disappears,
As sorrow pressing on the brain,
Fades in a flood of happy tears.

And thus in darkness oft is wrought,
Through lonely days of tears and grief,
The gradual change by which is brought
To shadowed lives some sweet relief.

— SCRIBNER.

NOTES AND REMINISCENCES.

LAYING OUT AND ESTABLISHING THE OLD IMMIGRANT ROAD INTO SOUTHERN OREGON, IN THE YEAR 1846.

BY LINDSAY APPLEGATE.

(*Continued.*)

FROM TULE LAKE TO THE SPRING IN THE DESERT.

On the morning of July 5th we left our camp on the little creek (now called Hot creek), and continued our way along the shore of Lower Klamath Lake. This threw us off our course considerably, as the lake extended some miles to the southward of our last camp, and we did not reach the eastern shore until the day was far spent. We camped on the lake shore, and the next morning, July 6th, we ascended a high rocky ridge to the eastward for the purpose of making observations. Near the base of the ridge, on the east, was a large lake, perhaps twenty miles in length. Beyond it, to the eastward, we could see a timbered butte, apparently thirty miles distant, at the base of which there appeared to be a low pass through the mountain range which seemed to encircle the lake basin. It appearing practicable to reach this pass by passing around the north end of the lake, we decided to adopt that route and began the descent of the ridge, but we soon found ourselves in the midst of an extremely rugged country. Short lava ridges ran in every conceivable direction, while between them were caves and crevices into which it seemed our animals were in danger of falling headlong. The farther we advanced the worse became the route, so that at length we decided to retrace our steps to the smooth country. This was difficult, as our horses had become separated among the rocks, and it was some time before we could get them together and return to the open ground. Then we discovered that one of our party, David Goff, was missing. While in the lava field he had discovered a band of mountain sheep, and in pursuing them had lost his way. Some of the party went quite a distance into the rocks, but could hear nothing of him. We decided to proceed to the meadow country, at the head of the lake, by encircling the lava beds to the northward, and encamp until we could find our comrade. While we were proceeding to carry out this programme we discovered a great number of canoes leaving the lake shore, under the bluffs, and making for what appeared to be an island four or five miles distant. We could also see a lone horseman riding leisurely along the lake shore, approaching us. This soon proved to be our lost friend. The Modocs had discovered him in the lava fields, and probably supposing that the whole party was about to assail them from the rocks, they took to their canoes. He said that, seeing the Indians retreating, he concluded he would leave the rocks and ride along the lake shore where the going was good. We nooned in a beautiful meadow, containing about two sections, near the head of the lake.

After spending a couple of hours in this splendid pasture, we re-packed and started on our way towards the timbered butte, but had not proceeded more than a mile before we came suddenly upon quite a large stream (Lost river) coming into the lake. We found this stream near the lake very deep, with almost perpendicular banks, so that we were compelled to turn northward, up the river. Before proceeding very far we discovered an Indian crouching under the bank, and surrounding him, made him come out. By signs, we indicated to him that we wanted to cross the river. By marking on his legs and pointing up the river, he gave us to understand that there was a place above where we could easily cross. Motioning to him to advance, he led the way up the river about a mile and pointed out a place where an immense rock crossed the river. The sheet of water running over the rock was about fifteen inches deep, while the principal part of the river seemed to flow under. This was the famous Stone Bridge on Lost river, so often mentioned after this by travelers. For many years the waters of Tule Lake have been gradually rising so that now the beautiful meadow on which we nooned on the day we discovered the bridge is covered by the lake, and the back water in Lost river long ago made the river impassable; is now probably ten feet deep over the bridge.

After crossing the bridge we made our pilot some presents, and all shaking hands with him, left him standing on the river bank. Pursuing our way along the northern shore of the lake a few miles, we came to a beautiful spring, near the base of the mountains on our left, and encamped for the night. After using the alkali water of Lower Klamath Lake the previous night the fresh, cold water of this spring was a real luxury. There was plenty of dry wood, and an abundance of green grass for our animals, and we enjoyed the camp exceedingly. Sitting around our fire that evening, we discussed the adventures of the past few days in this new and strange land. The circumstances of the last day had been particularly interesting. Our adventure in the rocks; the retreat of the whole Modoc tribe in a fleet af thirty or forty canoes across the lake from Goff; the singularity of the natural bridge; the vast fields of tule around the lake, and the fact that the lake was an independent body of water, were subjects of peculiar interest and only intensified our desire to see more of this then wild land.

July 7th, we left the valley of Tule Lake to pursue our course eastward, over a rocky table land, among scattering juniper trees. We still observed the timbered butte as our landmark, and traveled as directly toward it as the shape of the country would admit. This butte is near the State line between Clear lake and Goose lake, and probably distant fifty miles from the lava ridge west of Lost river, from which we first observed it, and supposed it to be about thirty miles away. In pursuing our course we passed through the hilly, juniper country between Langell valley and Clear lake without seeing either the valley or lake, and at noon arrived at the bed of a stream where there was but little water. The course of the stream was north or northwest, and appearances indicated that at times quite a volume of water flowed in the channel. This was evidently the bed of Lost river, a few miles north of where this singular stream leaves the Clear lake marsh.

Leaving this place, we pursued our journey through a similar country to that passed over during the forenoon, and encamped at a little spring among the junipers, near the base of the timbered hill, and passed a very pleasant night.

On the morning of July 8th, we passed our landmark and traveled nearly eastward, over a comparativly level but extremely rocky country, and nooned in the channel of another stream, where there was a little water standing in holes. On leaving this place we found the country still quite level, but exceedingly rocky; for eight or ten miles almost like a pavement. Late in the afternoon we came out into the basin of a lake (Goose lake), apparently forty or fifty miles in length. Traversing the valley about five miles along the south end of the lake, we came to a little stream coming in from the mountains to the eastward. The grass and water being good, we encamped here for the night. Game seemed plentiful, and one of the party killed a fine deer in the vicinity of the camp. From a spur of the mountains, near our camp, we had a splendid view of the lake and of the extensive valley bordering it on the north. On the east, between the lake and mountain range, running nearly north and south, and which we supposed to be a spur of the Sierra Nevadas, was a beautiful meadow country, narrow, but many miles in length, across which the lines of willows and scattering pines and cottonwoods indicated the courses of a number of little streams coming into the lake from the mountain chain. A little southeast of our camp there appeared to be a gap in the mountain wall and we decided to try it on the succeeding day.

July 9th we moved up the ridge towards the gap, and soon entered a little valley, perhaps containing a hundred acres, extending to the summit of the ridge, thus forming an excellent pass. The ascent was very gradual. The little valley was fringed with mountain-mahogany trees, giving it quite a picturesque appearance. This shrub peculiar to the rocky highlands, is from fifteen to twenty feet high and in form something like the cherry tree, so that a grove of mountain mahogany strikingly resembles a cherry orchard. About the center of the valley was a spring of cold water, making it an excellent camping place where immigrants were wont to rest and let their animals recuperate after the long, tiresome march across the so called American Desert; for this Sierra ridge separates the waters of the Pacific from those of the great basin which extends from the Blue Mountains far southward toward the Colorado. The little stream on which we encamped before entering this pass is called Lassen creek, taking its name from Peter Lassen, who led a small party of immigrants across the plains in 1848, following our route from the Humboldt through this pass, thence down Pitt river to the Sacramento. From the summit of the ridge we had a splendid view. Northward the ridge seemed to widen out, forming several low ranges of timbered mountains, while southward it seemed to rise very high, as we could see patches of snow along the summit in the distance. East and south of us, at the foot of the ridge, was a beautiful green valley, twenty or thirty miles in extent, and containing a small lake. A number of small streams flowed from the mountain into and through the valley, affording an abundance of water for the wants of a settlement. This fertile valley on the border of the desert has since been called Surprise valley, and now contains quite a population.

As we stood on the Sierra ridge, we surveyed the vast desert plains to the eastward of Surprise valley, apparently without grass or trees, and marked by numerous high rocky ridges running north and south. After deciding on our course, we descended the mountain and soon came to a little stream, the banks of which were lined with plum bushes completely loaded with fruit. There was a grove of pines at hand, and there we decided to noon, as the day was extremely hot. Game seemed plentiful about this rich valley, and while we were nooning a large band of antelope grazed in sight of us. Spending about two hours among these pines which were the last we saw during our long and weary march on the desert, we packed up and moved across the valley eastward. After crossing the valley we entered a very sandy district, where the traveling was laborious, and next ascended to a table-land, the surface of which was covered with small gravel. By this time most of our horses were barefooted, and our progress through the rocky country was consequently very slow. The country was so desert-like that we had about despaired of finding water that night, but just about dark we unexpectedly came to a little spring. There was but little water, but by digging some we were able to get quite enough for ourselves and horses, though it kept us busy until about midnight to get the horses watered. Although we had met with singularly good fortune in thus finding water at the close of the first day's march on the desert, we could not always expect such good luck in the future; and as we lay down in our blankets among the sage brush that night, we could not help having some gloomy forebodings in regard to the future of our expedition.—*West Shore.*

To be continued.

LETTER FROM JOSEPHINE.

APPLEGATE, JAN. 28, 1878.

ED. TIDINGS.—Rain, rain—and how wet it is, too! We have had it in the day and in the night; in fact, for about two weeks it has been raining great quantities. It is a blessing to the miners and they are sparing no time and muscle to improve it, and will doubtless take out a "goodly lot" of the shining stuff, thus adding still more to the present quantity of coin. It is not favorable to the farmers, however, for they put off plowing too long and now it is too wet on the highlands, but those on the sandy loam are not discommoded so much, for they can plow, wet or dry.

The grain that was sown early looks fine but is rather thin on the ground, the freezing weather having injured it somewhat.

With some of our citizens, feed is getting quite scarce, and the appearance of the stock, in consequence of this, suggests that it will perhaps be necessary to contract their proportions to meet the present hard times, but Nature, more generous than the average citizen, has kindly started the grass, so that the stock, by diligent and persevering efforts, can keep skin and bone together. But such is life, for in the midst of these, we are—nearly out of feed and credit, but hope that all will be happy in the summer, provided our supply of life holds out.

Since the Christmas festivities the wonted quiet of our valley has been restored, with the exception of now and then a small fry dance; but most of the people are now about settling down to diligent work, and why should they not, for that camplaint of *hard times* will never be eradicated as long as people are too lazy and trifling to work and make the best of time and opportunity. Let the farmers put the grain into the ground in good condition, fix up their fences, put up shelters for their stock; let those who have to work for a living be useful to their employers and, lastly, let loafers and hoodlums commit suicide or go to work like men—then times will be better.

A scene seldom witnessed, I saw this morning, and that was the sun shining on the west side of the mountains when it first arose, caused by shining on dark clouds, which produced a reflection. Another scene was all the citizens of a little *burg* standing armed with rakes, pitchforks, poles, spears and hooks, on the banks of a tail race, Cause: A salmon having wandered up to the escape gate; but it proved to be master of the situation, at last accounts.

"A. W." is wrong about "lunatics." I think they are not so far gone yet, and if "A. W." has become an advocate of the "mountain climb," it is very recently, for he told me that the money could not be raised to make a survey of the "climb." I want him to go some place where he is not known and get him a wife, for I have read him out of bachelorhood. Come again, "A. W."

Not having had any mail for nearly two weeks, I must close this, for I do not know any news. So, for the present, Yours, MACK.

FROM BIG BUTTE,

JAN. 30, 1878.

EDITOR TIDINGS:—It seems that one Butte Creek knight of the quill has opened wide his heart and consented to write a "little piece" for "O." which wonderful production made its advent in the TIDINGS of the 25th inst. Since friend "O." can play "Old Dan Tucker" and is about to succeed with "Pop goes the Weasel," his mind seems to be laboring under a state of mental hallucination and he conceives the notion that he must be the musician that "P." alluded to. No, friend "O.", it is not you, for at the time "P." wrote that letter, he did not know you were the possesser of a new violin. And now, if "O." will don a pair of spectacles and peruse that letter again, he will no doubt perceive that "P." *did not say* that the "resident teacher" was a mechanic. Since our *Knight* is such a magnanimous literary genius, and "O." can produce a "full crop" of poetry, we trust we shall henceforth be enlightened *truthfully* concerning general events; but, dear friends, do not pass over them with a "casual glance."

P.