

# ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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

VOL. II.—NO. 40.

ASHLAND, OREGON: FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1878.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM.

## ASHLAND TIDINGS.

—ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY—  
—BY—  
**O. C. APPELGATE & CO.**  
OFFICE—On Main Street, (in rear Dr. Chitwood's Drug Store.)

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An abundance of good brick always on hand at my kiln, one mile north of Ashland.  
I am also prepared to do all kinds of brick work in the very best manner.  
Give me a trial and rest assured that I can satisfy you.  
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I am now permanently located in this place, and respectfully asks the patronage of the citizens.  
**ALL WORK WARRANTED**  
To give Entire Satisfaction. Prices to suit the times.  
Call and see Specimens. [v229f]

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**LONG ESTABLISHED HOUSE,**  
where he is ready at any time, and on all occasions to set before them the best the market affords, in a style second to no other house in Oregon.  
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The subscriber is again in charge of the Old PIONEER HOTEL of the Lake country, and is determined to make his guests  
**Comfortable and Happy.**  
Give him a call and rest assured that he will make you feel at home  
[v229f]  
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The subscriber also keeps a Good Stable well supplied with hay and grain. Call and see if he can keep horse.  
v2218f  
**D. J. Ferrer.**

## "The Ager."

BY A. PORT.  
Once upon an evening bleary,  
While I was, dozing weary,  
In the old house, blinking over  
Things that passed in days of yore;  
While I dozed nearly sleeping,  
Gently came a something creeping  
Up my back like water oozing  
Seeping up from the floor,  
" 'Tis a cooling breeze," I murmured,  
"From the region 'neath the floor—  
Only 'til 'aunt nothing more."

All distinctly I remember,  
I was in the wren's sepulcher  
When the earth, and every member  
Of the firmament above,  
Had for weeks and weeks been soaking  
In the meadows, most protoking  
Foggy rain, that, without joking,  
We had ever seen before,  
So I knew it must be very  
Cold and damp beneath the floor—  
Very cold beneath the floor.

So I sat me nearly napping,  
In the sun-til, stretching, gapping,  
And a feeling quite dequiescent  
While the breeze from 'neath the door;  
Till I found me growing colder,  
And the stretching waist g-bader,  
And a cold feeling o'er me  
O'er than I had before;  
Feeling in my joints were stiffer  
Than they were in days of yore—  
Stiffer than they had been before.

All along my back the creeping  
Saw give place to rushing, leaping,  
As if countless frozen demons  
Had come out to explore  
All the crevices—the ramifications  
'Twas the cold my feet garments,  
Up they came, and down and  
Down they came into the floor;  
Then I felt my feet a-squaking,  
Gently shaking more and more—  
Every moment more and more.

'Twas the Ager and it shook me  
Into heavy, cold, and to me  
Sneaking to the kitchen—every  
Place where there was warmth in store;  
Sneaking till the "china" rattled,  
Sneaking till my molars rattled,  
Sneaking till with all my warning;  
Fearing of the cold before,  
So I got up and out—  
Till it could not chase me more.

Then it rested till the mornow  
When it came with all the horror  
That it had the face to borrow,  
Sneaking, sneaking, a-bore,  
And from that day in September  
I do wish I could remember—  
It was made climate-wise,  
Shaking, shaking, oh, so sore!  
Shaking till my teeth and shak-  
Me to set, it's big more—  
Fully this, it's lasting more.

And to-day the swallows flitting  
Round my cottage see me sitting  
Modly with the smothering,  
Just inside my blanket,  
Waiting for the Ager, seeming  
Like a man for ever coming,  
And the sunlight on me stre  
Said no shadow on the floor;  
For I am too old and shal-  
To make shadows on the floor—  
Nary shadow on my floor.

east. The gateway was about sixty yards in width and the canyon was, at some places, a little wider than that perhaps, and at others, was only wide enough for a wagon road. The little bottom was grassy and almost level, and, indeed, a remarkable track for a road. In many places, the cliffs on either side towered to a height of several hundred feet, and in some places actually overhung the chasm. These overhanging cliffs afforded excellent sheltering places for the Indians, and the signs betokened that it was a great place of resort for them. Sage hens and rabbits were plentiful, also mountain sheep, but the latter were so wild that we did not succeed in killing any of them. After making quite an extended trip into the canyon, we returned to the little meadow and spent the night.

On the morning of July 11, we again entered the gorge and traveled ten or twelve miles to a place where the stream formed quite a pool, and named. At this season, the stream ran no farther than the pool. Here another canyon comes in from the north, and at the junction there is quite an area of level ground—perhaps two acres—most of which is a meadow, forming an excellent camping place. After noon we proceeded on our way, following the dry bed of the stream, and after a march of perhaps ten miles, came out on the east side of the ridge. Here we found a lake basin of several acres in extent, where there was but a little water and a great deal of mud, hence strongly suggesting the name of Mud Lake, which it has since always borne. Earlier in the season, when the little stream that feeds it flows all the way through the canyon, this is doubtless quite a lake. The country eastward had a very forbidding appearance. Rising from a barren plain, perhaps fifteen miles away, was a rough, rocky ridge, extending as far as the eye could reach towards the north, but apparently terminating abruptly, perhaps fifteen miles south of our course. Along the base of the ridge, towards its extremity, were seen green spots, indicating water. After considering the situation pretty thoroughly, we concluded that it would be the surest plan to depart from our usual course and travel southward to the extremity of the ridge, as, by so doing, we would probably keep clear of the rocks and be more certain to find water. So we followed the dry outlet of the lake, in a south-westerly direction, for a distance of three or four miles and encamped at a little spring.

In this vicinity quite a tragedy occurred while Capt. Levi Scott, accompanied by a detachment of regular troops, was en route to meet the immigration of 1847. It was his intention to make an effort to hunt out a direct route from Mud Lake to Humboldt, thus saving the distance lost by our change of direction in 1846. It appears that Mr. Scott and a man named Garrison, leaving the train encamped at Mud Lake, started out in a direct easterly direction towards the black ridge to ascertain the practicability of finding a way across it. When out about ten miles they came across two Indians. Not being able to talk with them, they undertook, through signs, to learn something about the country. The Indians appeared to be friendly, but, taking advantage of Scott and Garrison while they were off their guard, struck their bows and commenced shooting with great rapidity. Garrison was mortally wounded, and Scott, while in the act of firing, was shot through the arm with an arrow, which passing through, entered his side, pinning his arm to his body. Scott fired, however, killing his Indian and the other took to flight. Scott's were, fortunately, only flesh wounds, but Garrison had been pierced by two arrows and died soon after being conveyed to camp. Thus the effort to make the outlet fail, and to this day it has never been made.

The little spring, where we encamped, furnished an abundance of water; the grass was good but fuel extremely scarce, there being nothing in this line but dwarf sage brush.

On starting out on the morning of the 12th of July, we observed vast columns of smoke or steam rising at the extremity of the black ridge. Reaching the ridge a few miles north of its extremity, we traveled along its base, passing a number of springs, some cold and others boiling hot. At the end of the ridge we found an immense boiling spring from whence the steam was rising like smoke from a furnace. A large volume of water issued from the spring which irrigated several hundred acres of meadow. Although the water was strongly impregnated with alkali, it was fit for use when cooled, and the spot was, on the whole, a very good camping place for the desert. The cliffs, at the extremity of the ridge, were formed of immense masses of black volcanic rock and all about were vast piles of cinders, resembling those from a blacksmith's forge. This place has ever since been known as Black Rock, and is one of the most noted landmarks on the Humboldt desert.

At this place we rested a day and consulted as to the best course to pursue in order to reach Humboldt, or, as it was then called, Ogden's river. The result of the counsel was that we agreed to separate, one party to travel eastward and the other to pursue a more southerly direction.—West Shore.

(To be continued.)  
**THE GOLDEN GATE AND THE QUEEN CITY OF THE WEST.**  
SAN FRANCISCO, FEB. 21, 1878.  
EDITOR TIDINGS:—Some time has elapsed since I had the pleasure of either writing to, or reading the Tidings. I am satisfied, however, that you are free from charge in either case, and that the extreme of California weather must bear the whole responsibility. For the last month, the WINDOWS OF HEAVEN  
Or some other upper region, have been opened, and the pluvial floods have precipitated upon all California terra firma, until it is no more looked on as the "glorious rain." Bridges have washed away; ships have been wrecked; towns a bio-a-no; and orchards and gardens and fields of grain have suffered to the extent of millions of dollars, in the Sacramento valley alone, Sacramento river has been higher than ever known before.  
The winter has been terrible on Oregonians who have been compelled to stay here. There is some talk of the "webfooters" getting up an indignation meeting to vent their feelings on California weather.  
You will see by my date line, that I am now in San Francisco, and, out of respect for universal custom, it is plainly my duty to say something of it. This village, as you are aware, is situated on the finest harbor on the Pacific Coast, and is the  
PRIDE AND GLORY  
Of every Californian. No name is so sweet on their tongues as that of "Golden Gate." Although this harbor ranks with the finest in the world, it seems doomed at no far distant day, to be  
ENTIRELY FILLED UP.  
Many places are now bare, at low tide, which twenty five years ago, had twenty-five feet of water. From San Quentin to San Rafael, a distance of three miles, ten years ago, was navigated by schooners, and now it is bare, except at high tides. A railroad is built over the ground, and a portion of the latter town stands now on dry land, where there then ten feet of water. Many other places around the Bay are undergoing the same change. In fact, the whole Bay is filling up, and, ere another half century passes, many millions of dollars will have to be spent, or the harbor abandoned.  
Three hundred years ago next winter, to wit: in the winter of 1578-79, Sir Francis Drake, on the first trip that was ever made around the world by any one man, spent over a month in this harbor, and named the country around it, New Albion. There is some doubt on this fact, some claiming that it was more likely to have been Humboldt Bay. The preponderance of testimony, however, is in favor of this harbor. Be that as it may, it is certain it was not re-discovered until 1769, one hundred and ninety years later; and that by land. A party, composed of soldiers, priests and missionaries, under Portola, Governor of New Spain, (Mexico) while searching for the lost harbor of Monterey, passed that harbor without recognizing it, setting up a cross and taking possession

of the surrounding country in the name of the King of Spain, pushed north and to their infinite delight, found this grand harbor and named it for the good St. Francis, on the ninth day of October, 1776. Seven years later, a Catholic mission was established within the present limits of the city, for the purpose of christianizing the most degraded of all the American tribes of Indians.

Although upper California had been discovered over 200 years (in 1550) and much search made along the coast for harbors, it seems strange that this queen of harbors should have escaped notice. This was evidently a result of the peculiar structure of the coast running in the vicinity of the Golden Gate. It presents from the sea, a dangerous aspect with none of the peculiarities usually found at the mouth of an inlet. But to my text.

I started out to tell you something of San Francisco, but have somewhat wandered from my subject.  
Soon after the mission was established a small village started up and, in the course of sixty-seven years, it had grown to considerable importance, having reached the enormous population of three hundred Greaser souls. About this time (1833) some adventurous spirits, belonging to a tribe called Yankees, away over  
WHERE THE SUN COMES FROM,  
Took a little run around the Horn to get a few hides and some fallow. Being noted for their speculative turn, these fellows brought along a few "notions" to trade the Greasers out'n their hides. Finding hides and tallow so cheap and their notions so much in demand, they soon loaded their ship, besides gathering their pockets full of trade dollars. On their return they gave such a glowing account of California that others soon followed in their enterprise, and San Francisco was frequently visited by American ships. In 1817, the population of Yerba Buena, the original name of San Francisco, had swelled to 800, a majority of whom were Americans. They ate goose on thanks giving day, hurraed on the 4th of July, talked politics, built a school house and ran a steamer on the bay. With that argument, I will claim a verdict in favor of there being at least some Americans here.

The town grew apace without mishap, until June, 1818, when it encountered its first non plus, which resulted in its being overthrown. The inhabitants, with one accord, left the city. Business houses were closed, public offices deserted and the streets forsaken; most of the men in their hurry, did not stop to take their families.  
GOLD HAD BEEN DISCOVERED  
At Sutter's mill. The most aristocratic merchant, if he could not produce a donkey, would shoulder his blankets, paddle across the bay and set out for the foothills.  
In two years more, San Francisco was a great city of roughs. The authorities were unable to conserve the peace. In 1823, the first vigilance committee rid the city of its cut-throats and restored order at the end of ropes. At this time the post-office was a little shanty, where men fell into line, sometimes two hundred yards long, and each took his turn. A position within a hundred feet of the delivery, would sell readily for an ounce, on a steamer day. As I have already drawn this communication out too long, I must jump the most interesting history included in the last twenty-five years, and come down to the statistics of the present time. At some future time I may fill up the gap.  
The number of houses in the city is 28,100, of which 4,430 are brick.  
No. of white males over twenty-one, 99,750;  
No. of females over eighteen, (estimated) 53,500;  
No. of white males under twenty-one (estimated) 58,628;  
No. of females under eighteen, (estimated) 51,537;  
No. of white males, names refused, and foreigners not taken in the canvass, (estimated) 2,750;  
Chinese, male and female 30,000;  
Colored, male and female 1,950;

Total permanent population, 303,215  
To which should be added a large element of our population known as "floating," and amounting to about 5,000  
Total population, Feb. 1, 1878, 308,215  
It was my purpose to add a few comments on California in general, with a view of taking some of the wind out of her sails, but I have found my subject so prolific that I have already over-stepped my limits. J. M. S.

L. P. Fisher.  
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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.