L. P. Fisher

ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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

VOL. III.—NO. 36. ASHLAND, OREGON: FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1879. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

Ashland Tidings.

—ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY—

—BY—

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A WARNING.

I knew two friends as much alike
As ever you saw two stumps;
And no phrenologist could find
A difference in their bumps.

One took a paper and his life
Was happier than a king's;
His children all could read and write,
And talk of men and things.

The other took no paper, and
While strolling through the wood,
A tree fell down upon his crown;
And killed him—as it should

Had he been reading of the news,
At home, like neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a cent this accident
Had not befallen him.

KEROSENE DITTIES.

A lady named Mary Magul-ah
Had trouble in lighting her fi-ah,
The wood being green,
She used kerosene—
(Pause. Then continue solemnly)
She's gone where the fuel is dry-ah.

The hired girl sat by the kitchen stove,
'Twas nearing the close of day;
A pair of blue stockings her busy hands wove,
As she hummed a roundelay.
The light grew dim, the girl grew rash,
And she shot in kerosene.
She touched it off—a terrible crash—
The end of life's fond dream.

Scraps of Southern Oregon History.

Indian Hostilites in the early part of the Year 1859.

At an early hour in the evening a large crowd of the boys were gathered around the Lieut Col.'s camp fire, eager for Bill to begin his story about the siege of Galice Creek. Bill presently made his appearance and, after going into the tent, upon invitation, he took his seat at the fire and made ready to begin his story by placing his lame foot in a comfortable position and getting a new quid of tobacco between his molars. Looking around in rather a puzzled manner, he said, "I don't exactly know where I left off when I began to tell you about the attack on Harris' house."

"It was where you had got everything into a block house and had yourselves ready for an attack."

"Well, as I was saying we had no fears of being cleaned out even if we should be attacked, which we all doubted. We did not have much provisions, and for meat we had to depend on our rifles. So one day it came my turn to go out after game. I don't mean to say I went alone, but that I was one of the six who were detailed for that duty. We went out in three squads, two men together. One party went up the river, one down, and another back in the hills and up the creek. It was my fortune to go up the creek, so my pard and I set out before daybreak, and by the time is was light we were five miles from the house. The country, in spots, is open and well grassed; many fine springs of water issue from the sides of the hills and the depressions, or "wallows" as we called them, were to be found at short intervals on the gentle rolls of the hills and occasionally on the summit of a ridge.

We had killed two deer and were sitting down by a small fire which we had kindled, and broiling each a piece of steak, for we were hungry and camp was too far off for us to go to it before satisfying our hunger.

'I say, Bill,' said my pard. 'Don't you believe Old Limpy is around in these hills watching for a chance to pounce upon our blockhouse?'

'Very likely,' I answered, 'I had begun to think that somebody has been hunting in these hills since we were up here two weeks ago. The game is scarce to-day and everything seems to wear a strange look; the squirrels don't seem lively at all. I've had a strange feeling all day. I believe that we'll have trouble before long.'

'Well, let's start up and go down to the house,' replied my pard. 'It is late and we must hurry along, because, hurry as we will, we'll make slow time carrying these heavy deer—Hark!'

A rifle report—two—three—then all was still, the reports came from the hills up the river above our blockhouse; we knew but two of our boys went up there in the morning and they could fire but two shots in such rapid succession. It could not be them. The very stillness seemed to prognosticate a coming fray. We gathered up our game—each one slinging a deer over his shoulders—and started for the blockhouse. My pard, who was ahead about ten steps, said to me. 'Bill, you must keep your ears open from behind and I'll do the same from the front—horse fashion; You know when horses are traveling these in the rear keep keep their ears turned back, while those in front keep theirs well forward, so that they can better catch sounds in either direction.' 'All right,' said I, 'go ahead, but I don't believe that we'll see any Indians to day. If they are meditating an attack on us they will make it at daylight some morning for—'

'Down Bill! Down! Do you see that?' And throwing himself down behind a cluster of brush he pointed down the hill directly in our front to a dozen or more mounted Indians and about fifty on foot who were rapidly crossing our track and heading down the river. All of them were armed and from their rapid movements, seemed to be intent on accomplishing some already arranged plan. Fortunately we were so far away they did not discover us. Remaining in our hiding place after the last one had passed out of sight, at least fifteen minutes, we again set out for the blockhouse, with no fear of running across the Indians, as they, in all probability, intended to go below us and leave their horses and traps, and come upon us early some morning. Arriving at the house with our game, we found that the two who had gone up the river had returned without any game. When they started out in the morning they went up the river about four miles and then turned to the right into the hills. Seeing no game worthy of shot, they slowly wandered up and along the ridge and through the open and level grassy benches until about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, when they sat down by a small spring that burst from the side of the hill, intending to remain there until towards night, when they would return to the house. They had been by the spring about two hours, engaged in talking over Indian matters—for that was the all engrossing topic—and venturing guesses whether they would see any 'sign' (that was the term they used to designate signs of Indians) when they became aware that they were to have an accession to their company. Through the open woods they saw two persons coming in an oblique direction, towards them. They could not make out to which party they belonged, for the Indians in almost all cases, were clothed in the white man's costume, but to be on the safe side they quietly sank back into some brush which was growing below the spring, and from which they could see the new comers slowly moving toward them. It was not long before the boys distinctly saw that they were Indians, who had, perhaps, been sent out to secure meat for a larger number, for it was very evident they could be but temporarily alone. The boys had not succeeded in finding any deer, but they now began to congratulate themselves that they had found game of another kind. Each man had chosen his mark and had prepared to shoot as soon as the Indians should come out of a small ravine which they were crossing. As the Indians began to show themselves above the bank our two men were startled almost out of their wits at the suddena pparition af a large band of Indians mounted and on foot, advancing directly towards the spring which they had just left. No time was to be lost now; things had taken a very sudden and disagreeable turn. Down the little gulch they plunged headlong through the brush at a galloping pace. The Indians saw them, but only for a moment, still, long enough to send three shots after them. But the boys were good on the run and jump, and in less than half a minute they were far down in a dark, deep canyon putting into Rogue river, following down which they soon made their way to the river and down that to the blockhouse.

About an hour after dark the other men came in with two deer, a third one they left to be brought in on the following day, but we never got it, for the next morning just at daybreak the Indians came upon us with a tremendous rush, thinking to take us by surprise. But we had worked all night getting things in readiness for them, and of course were not much surprised at the attack.

Every man in our fort, except the guards, had worked all night throwing up breastworks in a square in front of the house. At each of the outer corners we had erected a bastian, and our limited military knowledge assured us that we could defend ourselves against all the Indians that might come against us. Just before daybreak Capt. Lewis had sent me with a squad of men to inspect the intrenchments from the outside and if there should be anything more needed to tell these in the trench inside how and where to perform the needed work. I had been around several times and had at last finished all necessary work and was standing at one of the bastians with my men all in a huddle when the Indians, who had come up under cover of the darkness, poured a broadside into us and into the fort.

Get inside boys! I yelled, to make myself heard above the din, but it was not necessary to tell the biggest fool in the squad to get inside; they would have climbed inside like a band of sheep jumping over a fence, even if I had told them to stand the ground. The Indians had taken [illegible] of the bar above and below our fort—every tree had one or more behind it, while some were down behind large boulders which covered the bar in some places sufficiently to give good hiding places for large numbers. Across the river opposite us the timber and brush were thick, affording still better shelter for them, while back of us, and within thirty feet of the house, ran a ridge as high as the roof of the house, covered with trees. All of the shelter just mentioned was occupied by Indians at the time of the attack, except the ridge close to the house. On that ridge we had always kept a guard and the savages were smart enough not to try to occupy that place at first.

It was not quite light enough when the attack began to distinguish objects with any certainty, and as our ammunition was scarce we witheld our fire till we could see to hit an Indian every time. As we did not return the first fire they began to believe that we would make no fight and that they would have a splendid time taking off our scalps, and eating our bread and sugar. Acting in this belief, they came flocking along the ridge from both directions expecting to find us in no condition to resist an attack from that place. By this time it was light enough and Captain Lewis told us to begin our part of the performance. 'Now boys, give those fellows a full dose,' said the captain, pointing to the Indians coming along the ridge. And we did, I assure you. It was not a long nor a hard job to clear the ridge. The other boys in the trenches had been, for a few minutes firing stray shots at the Indians, whenever they could catch sight of them in the semi-darkness. In a few minutes the light was sufficient for all purposes and the fun began in good earnest. The Indians were thought to be several hundred strong, as they fired from far and near and over each other's heads. We could return yell for yell, we had enough of that commodity, but our ammunition must be carefully used. Every shot on our part told on the enemy. Our breastworks enclosed a square of perhaps forty feet, and all along the side and from out the house we poured a determined and destructive fire upon our assailants, but they would not yield an inch. Contrary to their usual custom, they left their dead lying where they fell, and advanced slowly but steadily upon us. Old Limpy backed around from place to place encouraging his men to advance closer by setting the example. Old John was there too, running from point to point yelling out his orders, equal to any civilized colonel or major. No cessation, the Indians crowded closer upon our defenses, all hands hoarse with yelling, the bullets zipping through our house and knocking the dirt from our breast works into our eyes; two men killed, seven more wounded, two mortally, the others severely; yet it was early in the day. Our defenses were not so strong as we thought, or the Indians never evinced such dogged determination. The Indians across the river sent bullets in showers over our breastworks and it soon began to get too hot for us, exposed as we were to a fire we could not return, as the Indians were hid in the brush on the hillside and we were compelled to shoot at random in that quarter. But we did good execution among the Indians on the bar. Thus things were until noon. We suffered by the fusilade from across the river, while we paid it back upon the Indians around our works. They climbed into the tops of trees on the bar and sent many a damaging shot from their perch among the branches, but one by one they were picked out and dropped to the ground by our boys until that kind of elevated warfare entirely ceased, and no shots came over and into our trenches except from across the river.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COAL OIL.—We take following from the Yreka *Journal* of last week: "Parties have discovered coal oil near town, but will not tell the place until they make further developments. It has always been firmly believed from various indications, that petroleum exists in this county and who knows, but what the hot spring on Mt. Shasta may be kept warm by a coal oil fire deep down in the bowels of the earth. Around the base of this great monarch of the mountains are several burned out caves, and on the summit may be seen extinct craters, while all over the country nature seems to have been disturbed, as evinced by the breaks found in developing quartz ledges. Coal having been found in great quantity at Willow creek, with good indications of leads at other places, gives assurance that coal oil may also be found in abundance at various points between Mt. Shasta and the Klamath river.

When a dog snaps at a fly that has been fooling around him for four or five hours, and misses it, he feels like a girl who pours the full tide of her affections over a young man and suddenly discovers it won't soak in.

THE RUSSIAN PLAGUE.

The fatal epidemic in the Russian terriory is still spreading rapidly, and is creating intense alarm throughout eastern Europe. Austria, Prussia, France and Turkey have established a stringent quarantine, and travelers are unable to cross the Russian border into these countries unless provided with passes from the sanitary authorities. The story of the origin of the plague is thus given by a press correspondent: A Cossack returning from the war to Wetlianka, brought his lady a shawl, which she wore two days and sickened, with all the symptoms of the plague, and died. In the following four days other members of her family died. The disease spread rapidly, the local authorities not paying any attention to it until half the inhabitants had died and the remainder were unable to bury the victims. Then, when the epidemic had assumed serious dimensions, energetic means were taken for preventing its spreading, and strict quarantines were established, first in the towns and villages, shutting off the streets where the plague reigns from the rest of the village and secondly by surrounding the villages with troops, so that nobody is allowed to pass in or out. The panic in Russia is almost incredible. Every class of every station in life has petitioned for an entire cessation of intercourse. Every portal of communication between the Volga districts and the rest of Russia is stopped, and letters sent from Astrachan and Zaratin are not received by persons to whom they are addressed. Some persons even refuse to take paper money, fearing that the germ of infection might be communicated through it. It is almost impossible to describe the terror that has taken possession of the people. The Sanitary commission propose to shut off the Volga line from all intercourse with Western Russia and permit communication only under quarantine. Russian railway cars are not admitted to German territory. The export of grain from Poland will suffer severely from this restriction.

Reminiscences of Bayard Taylor.

[Reporter's interview with Col. John Hay.]

He was connected with the New York *Tribune* for twenty five years. He was city editor for a long time. Have heard him tell of that day of small things. He did city work, wrote editorials and everything else. He was worked to death, nearly, but retained his freshness by always reading or writing something solid before going to bed at night. He made all his trips of travel in the interest of the *Tribune*. He was never engaged, being called traveler always, and went with an object, and not as other travelers go. His literary feats were, some of them, very remarkable. He would write sometimes a whole page of the *Tribune* in a single day, and it was fine literary matter, too, and that which required much study. His greatest achievement in this line was that of writing nearly a page of the *Tribune* in twenty four hours on the volume of Victor Hugo's poems. The remarkable thing about this was that the book arrived in New York one morning and the next morning the review appeared with several columns of metrical translations of the poems, retaining their original vigor and strength.

He went to the Icelandic Millennial for the *Tribune*, and just before landing it was suggested that a poem should be written for the occasion. Seating himself, surrounded as he was by his friends, he wrote that gem, "Iceland's Thousand Years." In response to a toast at the celebration he spoke in the native language, and astonished all present. He had been at work for years on his life of Goethe, but had only gathered the material, not having written a word. His appointment as minister was the crowning glory and honor of his life, and has been the cause of his death. The change in his mode of life was very great, and too much for him.

DRINKING CUSTOMS IN THE SOUTH.—In Virginia there is method and order in drinking. The climate being colder the blood is not so thick, and hence the necessity for drinks every hour is not urgent. There is also more economy in Virginia, where the close regions of the hog and hominy are observed. Here in Alabama we drink in the winter to keep warm and in the summer to keep cool. In the cities we drink to be sociable and show that we are men about town, and in the country we drink to keep off the chills and to cure snake bites. We are opposed to the continual drinking which exists in Russia and other parts of the barbarous worlds, but do not object to a cocktail when we get up, a snifter just before breakfast, a throat-clearer just after breakfast, a luncher at twelve o'clock, two or three sociables between twelve and dinner, a bottle of wine or whisky straight at dinner. After dinner, having been thus abstemious during business hours, we open ourselves a little and drop in at the saloons and clubs to see how political affairs are moving. If the country is in danger or if we find it popular to abuse a good neighbor for the benefit of a faction, the matter can be better discussed over a drink or so. The judgement is better balanced and opinions more readily formed over the fumes of a hot whisky punch. We become more eloquent and express our opinions with that emphasis of statement which marks the free American citizen.—*Mobile (Ala) Register.*

SOMETHING FUNNY.—A *Graphic* cartoon represents the ocean covered with Chinese junks crowding to America, each carrying fifteen passengers; a Chinese wall surrounding our coast, but the Chinese coming through many portals in triumphant processions of fifteen.

Mrs. Beecher Stowe is a believer in spiritual manifestations, and claims to have received messages from Charlotte Bronte and the Duchess of Sonthe rland, among others.

OREGON AND HER FUTURE.

[From the San Francisco Examiner.]

Oregon does not rapidly increase in population. The want of railroad connection is the cause. Her great future has yet to come. Fifty years hence she will be among the richest and greatest States of the Union. But, notwithstanding all the difficulties against which she has to contend, Oregon is growing and prospering as no other State of the whole Union is. In that Commonwealth of vast area, magnificent scenery, singularly fertile soil, healthful climate, unfailing harvests of the best staples of the world, the growth at present is more in absolute wealth than in spread of ostentation. Statistics, recently published, show how the State is improving. Her product of wheat, oats and hardy fruits; her great herds of cattle and of sheep; her wool and manufacturing interests, and her unequaled facilities for manufactories, cause riches at home and attract attention abroad. Also are there the salmon fisheries, the lumber trade, and the mines for which Oregon is celebrated. The products of all these interests amount yearly to many millions of dollars. There 150,000 people, all told, in the State. Hence, with this constantly increasing wealth, earned by and distributed among so small a population, there is a better showing of average comfort and plenty than can be found in any other portion of the Union. Pauperism is almost unknown, crime is unfrequent because detection is generally swift and punishment is sure and severe; and in all the conditions of life, the people of that State are favored. San Francisco will, in coming years, reap richer trade that ever from Oregon.

SAM SING ON THE SITUATION.

The Alin, Cal., *Hawkeye* man has interviewed Sam Sing. He says:

Last Tuesday, Sam Sing, who lately came to Aiden and set up a "washee house," came into our office to ask us how long we thought the cold weather would last. After giving an indefinite answer we interrogated him thus:

"Sam, how do you like Adin?"

"Ugh! No likee; heep too d——d cold. Me washee dis week; washee house all floze up. Me floze alle same."

Don't you make money, Sam?

"No make d—n cent; dis place too much high evly tings; wood, seben dolla one cord; Melican man be catch 'em wood four dollar one cord. What for? Licy heep too much pay; kelosene two dolla help one gallon; alle same evly tings for Chinamen! Me washee one shirt one bit; Melican charge two bit; me make some week two dolla, some time fi dolla. Melican woman make lots money evly week. What's matter?"

How do you like California, Sam?

"No likee Calif'orn'a, not much. Melican man no good, alle time fight Chinaman. Melican man no much good for Chinaman; Me go back Canton pletty soon."

What for, Sam?

"Wha for? Hell! You no sabbe? You no sabbe Klearney? You sabbe Cancasian man? What for alle time talk, 'John must go!' Me loss money alle time washee now. Me sabbe, you bet. Calif'orn'a no good place for Chinaman; me to much flaid. Me go back China pletty soon."

SPARKS OF PHILOSOPHY.

The perfectly contented man is also useless.

The vigorous idea keeps warm though wrapped in few words.

Try to see yourself through the eyes of those around you.

Happy is the man who has neighbors willing to forgive his mistakes.

Faith that asks no questions kills the the soul and stifles the intellect.

Man believes that to be a lie which contradicts the testimony of his own ignorance.

The gilded calf, having wealth without soul, finds more worshipers to-day than in the days of Moses.

Whether he is great or small, set that man down for a fool who boasts that he does not read the local papers.

He whose only claim to the title "gentleman" is in his clothes, must necessarily be careful what he wears.

Oregon State Temperance Alliance.

The eighth annual session of the Oregon State Temperance Alliance will meet in the city of Albany, on Wednesday, Feb. 19, 1879, at 1 o'clock P. M. Art. 5 of the constitution reads as follows: "This alliance shall be composed of delegates duly elected and accredited from all temperance societies, churches, Sunday schools, and all organized bodies which are known to be in active working sympathy with the temperance reform, and of all contributing members of this character who will qualify as hereinafter provided, the basis of representation being one delegate for the organization, one for every twenty members and one for every fraction over ten." The O. & C. Railroad have agreed to carry delegates as follows: Delegates will pay full fare to Albany and be returned free, upon certificates furnished by the Secretary of the alliance. C. H. WHITNEY.

Secretary, Corvallis, Oregon.

Denis Kearney says the Chinese can come here under the bill just passed in the House by shipping thousands of coolies in British Columbia, and then ferrying them over to Washington Territory by small lots at a time. The same can be done in Mexican and other sections on the border.

Captain Tom Lewis, of the famous Lewis and Clark exploring expedition of the West, years ago, was found frozen to death in the road near his Albermarle (Va.) residence the other night, aged ninety.