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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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DON'T SLAM THE GATE.

Now, Harry, pray, don't laugh at me,
But when you go so late
I wish you would be careful, dear,
To never slam the gate.

For Bessie listens every night
And so does teasing Kate,
To tell me next day what o'clock
They heard you slam the gate.

'Twas nearly ten last night, you know,
But now 'tis very late—
(We've talked about so many things):
Oh, do not slam the gate!

For all the neighbors hearing it,
Will say your future fate
We've been discussing; so I beg
You will not slam the gate!

For though it is all very true,
I wish that they would wait
To canvass our affairs—until—
Well—pray don't slam the gate!

At least, not now, By-and-by.
When in "our home" I wait
Your coming, I shall always like
To hear you slam the gate!

Scraps of Southern Oregon History.

Indian Hostilities in Josephine County in the Spring of '55.

At daylight on the morning of the next day after the Illinois Indians had made their raid mentioned last week, a party of nine men under command of Capt. Sam Frye started out from Hay's to follow them into the Slate Creek hills. By rapid traveling the party came up with the Indians about ten o'clock A. M., and surprised and shot their rear guard of three men. One of the three was killed outright, and the other two were fatally wounded, as was learned subsequently. The sacrifice of their rear guard saved the main party of the Indians. As soon as our shots were heard they chose their ground and fired a volley upon us at short range, but did no injury. They then took shelter in a thicket, and as it would have been equal to insanity to attempt to follow them into such an ambush with the small force present, we returned to Hay's ranch for more help.

From Hay's Capt. Frye and a few others started the same evening for Kerby to get more men for the next day's attack. Having succeeded in obtaining several more men the Captain was returning to Hay's with a party of seven in all—Capt. Sam Frye, John Frye, James Harnbuckle, Jack Cutbirth, Gus Sloan, Jack Guess and Alex. Watts. Just as we were entering the Deer creek bottom the stillness of the forest was broken by a succession of rifle shots directly ahead of us. We all halted upon the impulse of the moment, and before we had time to form in our minds any idea of what the firing could mean James Mills appeared, coming toward us from a thicket in the direction whence the firing had been heard. He had received two wounds in his side from which the blood was running, and as he came up to us he told us that the Indians had attacked his camp and his partner, a Mr. Philpot, was killed. Capt. Frye immediately ordered Jack Guess to go with the wounded man back to Kerby, and then told the rest of us that our duty was to recover the dead body and then go to the rescue of another Mr. Philpot and his boy, a little fellow about four years old, who lived on the opposite side of the brush, about a quarter of a mile from where we then were. The trail through the thick undergrowth was very narrow, and it seemed like inviting death from the bullets of some hidden foe to venture upon the trail, but we thought of the man and boy in danger, and not one faltered. Stopping but an instant to see that our rifles were already for use, we raised a yell and then followed the Captain as he dashed into the thicket saying, "Come on boys, we'll save the boy!" Just as we started we heard three gun shots at the creek where James Mills and his partner had been attacked, only a short distance ahead. Perhaps our faces blanched and our breath came harder, but we kept on at full speed, expecting to be fired on at every jump, until we reached the crossing of the creek, where we came to a halt. There, lying upon the bank of the stream, was the body of Mr. Philpot, with the brains oozing from three bullet holes in his head, and eight other wounds in the body and limbs. We took but a glance at the shocking sight, then rushed through the brush to the house, where we found Mr. Philpot with his boy behind him on his horse, just starting away. We called him back, yoked his oxen to a wagon, loaded his household effects upon it, then went down to the creek and brought up the body of his brother and moved all up the creek a short distance to a fort or stockade built by Mr. Yarnall. Leaving Mr. Philpot and his boy here in tolerable security, we returned to Hay's ranch, reaching there about ten o'clock in the morning.

Resting but two hours at Hay's we started with a party of twenty-one in pursuit of the band of Illinois who had given us the slip the day before. We found them at the head of Round Prarie creek, and they immediately began a retreat, going down the creek and up Applegate river to Cheyenne creek. We followed them until nearly dark and then camped where Mrs. Stevens now lives. After it was dark enough several of us started out to look for camp fires, hoping to discover the Indians in that way. Our search was soon rewarded by the sight of a blazing fire, not far from our camp, and creeping stealthily toward it we found, instead of Indians, a party of soldiers under command of Lieut. Switzer, who had come down from Fort Lane. The Lieutenant told us he was very glad to see us, as he had but twelve men and two Indian scouts or guides. He told us that the Indians had killed Jerome Dyar and Dan McCue on Applegate, and that as he was out of rations he would not be able to follow the Indians and would have to return to the fort next day, but would let us have his guides to help us in our pursuit of the hostiles, who, he said, had started toward Klamath. We returned to our camp well pleased with the polite Lieut. and the next morning early went over to the camping ground of the regulars to take our guides and start after the Indians, when, behold! the Lieutenant, soldiers and guides had all disappeared. We were considerably astonished, of course, but their trail being plain, Capt. Frye, taking four men, who were best mounted, set out at once to learn the cause of the "skedaddle." By hard riding, he overtook the detatchment near Rock Point, and found that the Indians had surrendered to them, and the Lieutenant was marching to the fort as prisoners nine bucks and seven squaws, the bucks carrying their arms and ammunition. Upon being asked by Capt. Frye the meaning of his strange actions, the redoubtable officer merely replied that the Indians were his prisoners; they had killed three white men and we had killed three Indians. It was an even thing, and we could go home satisfied. I do not say we were satisfied, but we thought it best to go home, as there were nine buck Indians, twelve soldiers and one U. S. Lieutenant of Dragoons against five of us.

The Yakima Indians.

A correspondent of the Portland *Bee* writes from Wallula, under date March 16th as follows,

Gov. Ferry and Gen. Howard will be passengers down by the Annie Faxon in the morning to the Dalles, where they will meet Chief Moses in company with Captain Winters, from Simcoe reservation. Moses was captured a few days ago and arrested by the Sheriff. Bond was required and given, and Moses is now en route to Vancouver, from whence the start for Washington will be made by Major Cornoyer and his dusky chieftains.

In a council here this afternoon Homily, Chief of Walla Wallas, agreed to accompany Gen. Howard and Gov. Ferry. It is thought by Gen. Howard that Smoholla, the most restless and influential, and consequently the most dangerous Indian on the coast, is in company with Moses. The General and Governor both feel confident that this action on the part of Moses and other chiefs virtually ends all probabilities of Indian hostilities the coming Summer. This is the opinion, too, of the general public. Much praise is due General Howard and Governor Ferry for the good work done in the last two weeks by them. General Howard's faith in Moses' word is greatly strengthened by his almost voluntary reappearance at Simcoe reservation, and remarked "that he could never go back on Moses so long as he kept his word, which he had never known him to break in dealings with him.

Priest and Peasant.

One of the Russian correspondents of the Cologne *Gazette* tells the following story illustrative of the relations of priest and people in the rural Russia. A young peasant, being about to marry into another village, demands the necessary certificate from his Pope. Says the Pope: "Very well, dear child, but I must first settle my little account with you. You leave the village, but this means a loss to me. There would be for your marriage fee ten roubles; the average of children seven—seven baptisms, towels and prayers, six roubles fifty copeks; the average of deaths of children—four burials, four roubles. You may have to give a daughter in marriage—certificate, one rouble; a son to enter as recruit for the army—well, we won,t mind him; but we still come to twenty-one roubles, fifty copeks; let us say roundly twenty roubles" The young peasant says, after much consideration: "But, Pope, you may die before all this occurs." "Dear child," replies the Pope, "it is unfortunately true that we all must die, and, therefore, we will square accounts for ten roubles." The peasant paid the ten roubles for the certificate and left the Pope, not quite contentedly.

The present King of Burmah has distinguished himself by the wholesale murder of his royal relatives. Actuated by motives of jealousy, he caused to be executed summarily eighty-six members of the royal family.

THE PLAGUE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Much has been written of the horrors of the great famine of China, and scarcely an incident of the progress of the plague in Europe has been allowed to escape the notice of the newspapers, but the great calamity in Brazil has received comparatively little attention. Some months ago a brief dispatch noticed the ravages of the smallpox in connection with the drought and famine in one of the northern provinces, but this and subsequent reports were confined to generalities, and failed to give an adequate idea of the horrible visitation.

Last year when the yellow fever desolated so many districts in the Southern States, the sympathetic people of our enterprising nation had steamboats, railroads, and the telegraph at hand to enable them to render efficient service and prompt assistance. Under the most favorable circumstances the scourge was terrible enough, and the deaths in the infected regions reached a total of nearly 12,000. But in the stricken provinces of Brazil the deaths, in a population of 900,000, numbered nearly 500,000.

The particulars of the great calamity are given in letters from Ceara, Brazil, to the New York *Herald*. The writer penetrated to the infected districts, and speaks from personal observation, picturing a scene of desolation and terror that scarcely has its equal in the history of famines and plagues.

The province of Ceara is about as large as the Middle States, and was inhabited by a class of people dependant on the crops of their small farms for support. There were no manufactures, no industries, no trade with other regions, few roads, no railroad and no telegraph.

The principal commercial town on the coast, Fortaleza, has no harbor and reports of the famine, which began in 1877, were a long time in reaching the government or the outside world. By the beginning of 1878 the mortality from starvation was terrible, and the panic-stricken and starving peasants flocked to the larger towns. Here there was little to give, and the government aid came slowly. Men fought like tigers for refuse, women died with starving children in their arms, and in some cases, men and women eat the bodies of their own children. It is estimated that 150,000 people died from hunger.

At last supplies reached the famine districts, but the ignorant people were demoralized, and it was difficult to enforce sanitary regulations. The dead bodies of those who had starved were in many cases not buried, and in other cases only a few handfuls of earth had been thrown upon them. The survivors huddled together in towns, lived in filth and idleness. The whole population of the province was gathered on a strip of territory along the coast of not more than seventy-five miles wide. The drought still continued, the birds, insects, and animals died. The people were fed by government rations, but the fearful death-rate continued, and it was discovered that the smallpox had broken out among the refugees. This was in June 1878, and the disease spread rapidly to all classes, including the wealthier and aristocratic people of the cities. Up to this date the government had had the advice and aid of these. Now all became panic stricken, and a reigon of terror was inaugurated. In the 90,000 people gathered in and about Fortaleza, the death rate in the latter part of November was over 500 per day. On the last day of November there were 574 deaths, and during the month nearly 12,000 interments had taken place in the two cemeteries, and thousands of dead bodies lay unburied in the forests. At this date over 30,000 people were sick, and on December 10th the deaths from small-pox were nearly 1,000. This was the death-rate of the great London plague, but there was there a population of 300,000. At Fortaleza, with a population of only 75,000, there were 1,000 deaths in a single day. The death-rates decreased from that date, dropping on December 20th to 400, and by December 30th to 200. The registered deaths for the month were 12,000.

In the midst of such pestilences there was necessarily much carelessness as to burial. Dead bodies were laid in trenches and a light covering of sand was thrown over them. The carelessness in due time added new horrors to the situation, and contributed, no doubt, to the inauguration of a new disease resembling the black plague now raging in Russia.

Scenes like those described at Fortaleza were common in other towns of the province, and as has been stated, out of a population of 900,000 only 400,000 remain. The Brazilian Government made all possible effort to stop the ravage of the small-pox, and in some localities their agents were successful. As it is, the province is, in truth, desolated, and if the new disease at Fartaleza is the plague, more disastrous consequences are to follow.

MR. FIELDS ON BOSTON'S BOY MURDERER.—Said Mr James T. Fields, in his lecture on "Fiction," in the Brooklyn Atheræum last night: I recently paid a visit to the Pomeroy boy, who was sentenced to be hanged for killing three children, but whose sentence was afterward commuted to imprisonment for life. I asked him if he read much. He said that he did. "What kind of books do you read?" said I. "Mostly one kind," he said—"mostly dime novels." "What is the best book you have read?" I asked. "Well, I like "Buffalo Bill' best," he replied. "It was full of murders and pictures about murders." "Well," I asked, "how did you feel after reading such a book? "Oh," said he, "I felt as if I wanted to do the same." "I think," said Mr. Fields, "that the writers of such trash deserve, to speak after the manner of Sir Thomas Browne, pendulous suffocation."—*New York Sun.*

THE HOLE INFERNO.

[From the State Line Herald.]

In Lake county are many natural curiosities which are worthy of description. This one is situated about two miles east from Linkville, and about one hundred yards north of the road, at the foot of the mountain. There is nothing to attract the attention of the stranger who might be passing this spot, except the steam which issues forth from the foot of the hill, and a stream of hot water, which crosses the road nearly opposite. In passing over the ground in this vicinity, a hollow, rumbling sound is heard and one shudders at the thought of being precipitated into an unknown subterraneous abyss, should the covering, or crust, give way. On approaching this Hole Inferno an aperature about ten feet in diameter and almost circular, discovers the outlet for the heat of Pluto's dominions. On approaching this spot, a strange sulphrous odor greets the visitor, and the hot steam drives him to the windward. By carefully approaching this the water can be seen at a depth of about ten feet below the surface. There is no other outlet than a subterraneous channel, which reaches the surface some seventy or eighty yards below, pouring out its supply in quantities sufficient to turn the machinery of an extensive manufacturing establishment. The temperature at the point where the water reaches the surface is about 220 degrees Far'. Returning to the crater, we will examine it more minutely, and find it to be an interesting phenomenon. The opening is similar to that of an irregular well, the walls of which, to the south and west, being nearly vertical, while to the north and east, they pitch under and toward the mountain, at an angle of about thirty-five degrees. By dropping a line from the top, we ascertain the depth of the water to be about ten feet, when the plump will run to the north east following the angle and slope of the wall. How far this heated subterraneous passage continues in that direction, or its condition and proportions, no one knows. This cavernous opening is much larger at the surface of the water, than at the top. The traveler Henderson speaks of bringing on an eruption of the Great Stroker, in Iceland, by throwing stones into it. Such, of course, is not the effect at this Hole Inferno, but let the visitor roll a stone into it, and the effect is peculiar, the water becomes agitated and a boiling, bubbling, seething sound is heard. The outer surface of this opening is incrusted with a silicious deposit which, while in the water, is held in solution and carried into the open air with the steam, whence it precipitates, covering the surface of the earth in the vicinity with a coating of mineral substances. Immediately around the opening, this coating has a red cast imparted to it by being constantly subjected to such great heat while at points more distant, the deposits are of a whitish tint. In cold weather stock seek the lee side of these thermal springs. The ground for a considerable distance around this opening is kept quite warm, and snow never remains upon it.

There are various conjectures as to the cause or origin of these springs. Such phenomena are most frequent in volcanic countries, or in the region of extinct volcanoes; they are also found in districts where the rock formations are traversed and displaced by long and deep lines of faults, as in Central Virginia. The former, however, undoubtedly solves the problem of the hot springs which are so numerous in Lake County. Little mounds of earth are sometimes built up by them, to a height of five to ten feet. The water of these springs is said to contain great medicinal properties, and is particularly efficacious in the cure of rheumatic complaints. It is not infrequent that hot and cold springs are found in close proximity; and occasionally heavy volumes of hot water find an opening in the beds of the streams and lakes of this county. Lost river, below the Big Springs, scarcely ever freezes over from this cause alone, and the dangerous air holes are formed in the ice of our lakes, by them.

BLACK HILLS DRAMATIC CRITICISM.—We would say, and it is the least and most that we can say, that Miss Fannie Price's rendition of "Camille," Saturday night was indifferent. Her positions are not good in her passion scenes; when she should swell out like a mountain she sinks in like a gulch. That ain't right in this country. She ought to know the audience here is not the fine-spun crowd that she would encounter back east, and when she had worked their feelings up to a scalping hurrah she ought not to give up to her lover. She presented only a fighting front when her lover's back was turned. This won't do for a frontier audience, and Miss Price will probably thank us for this suggestion. We make it for her benefit. The character of "Camille" is way up when the right conception of it is presented py the actress. Clara Morris would make a mule kick its driver—if the said animal was allowed to look upon her—but Fannie Price excites none of the human passion by her representation.—Deadwood *Times.*

WANTED IT WARMER.—A good story is told of Rev. Hadley Proctor, who preached in Rutland, Vermont. One bitter cold day, when the church was but half warmed, Brother Proctor had for his text a very warm verse, addressed to those "on the left hand," and, like the rest of us he seemed to feel the antagonism between the weather and his subject. Just before the benediction he leaned foward and said to one of the deacons in front of the pulpit,, in tones loud enough to be heard by all, and in the nasal twang that can only be appreciated by those who have listened to the venerable Eli Jones. "Brother Griggs, do see that this house is better warmed this afternoon, it's of no kind of use for me to warn sinners of the danger of hell when the very idea of hell is a comfort to them."

Deposits for Surveys.

[From the Oregonian.]

A bill which had previously passed the senate, passed the house also at the recent session, making important changes in the law relating to deposits for surveys. The new law provides that where settlers make deposits in accord with the provisions of the statutes, "the amount so deposited shall go in part payment for their lands situated in the townships the surveying of which is paid for out of deposits, or the certificates issued for such deposits may be assigned by indorsement, and be received in payment for any public lands of the United States entered by settlers under the pre emption and homestead laws, and not otherwise."

A note from Representative Williams gives information that this bill had passed, and we presume has been signed by the president. To Surveyor General Tolman we are indebted for a copy of the bill, and also for the following suggestions as to advantage gained by settlers under it, viz:

Settlers who are, or may hereafter find themselves outside of the surveys (and there are many already), and who may wish to avail themselves of the benefits of the homestead law, without purchase, can make deposit, have their land surveyed, and then sell and transfer their certificates of deposit to any one desiring to purchase their preemption or homestead.

This land scrip will be as good as money to any one who may wish to enter land under this law, and will be ready sale. And further, it will operate to extend the public surveys, which are much needed, under larger contracts, thus saving the expense of a multitude of maps, with consequent less cost to the government.

Elihu Washburne for President.

(Elmond Hudson's Washington Letter to Boston Herald (Rd.))

I talked this week with a prominent New England Republican of great shrewdness, who said that Elihu B. Washburne was the coming man. He is a man, said my friend, who has the complete confidence of the rank and file of the party. He has been for ten years entirely separated from the management of the party, and he is the only man of prominence and power in the party who does occupy such a position. He is absolutely available. But there is a more important point. When General Grant finds out that the prize is not going to be his, he will have an immense influence to throw in favor of some man. Even his great influence could not do Mr. Conkling much good, and, after all, what is Conkling to him when compared with E. B. Washburne, who was his great patron and friend in congress before his fame was won in the war? So I have found one prominent New Englander who is a thorough going believer in Washburne. Blaine will try to have the Illinois delegation, as he did the last time in the national convention, but Washburne will probably be heard from in Illinois next year. If there is a large section of the Republican party that is convinced that the present administration is a great improvement on the last one, and that its general course ought to be continued by its successor, Mr. Washburne may be taken up. He has elements of political strength not possessed by any other man in the United States.

Utah Mineral Wax.

The great deposit of mineral wax, or native paraffine, lately discovered in Southern Utah, says the *Scientific American*, is described by Professor J. E Clayton, of Salt Lake City, as occupying an area of 60 miles long by 20 feet thick. It contains more or less clay in seams or layers, but this is readily eliminated by melting. It is quite black in the mass, but the sections are translucent. The quantity is said to be enormous; so great, indeed, that it cannot be controlled by any individual or company, but must prove a source of wealth to whole communities. Professor Henry Wurtz pronounces the mineral to be zietriskisite, and says that it differs from paraffine by being insoluble in ether, and otherwise. Professor J. J. Newberry finds the specimens brought by him from Utah to be true ozokerite, and similar in all respects, except color, to that from Galicia—a true paraffine, melting at 60 degrees C., and being soluble in ether. As to the origin and geological relations of this remarkable bed of paraffine—which, so far as known, is without parallel in quantity in the world, and is as much of a "wonder' as our basins of petroleum—Professor Newberry cannot speak with any confidence until he has visited the locality where it occurs, as he hopes to do in a few weeks. He suspects, however, that it will be found to be an evolved production, the distillation of beds of cretaceous lignite, and the residue of a petroleum unusually rich in paraffine.

VALUABLE INVENTION.—The necessity of getting up on cold mornings to light the kitchen fire has long been one of the great troubles of married men. The Truckee *Republican* tells of the device of Mr. Burckhalter of that place, to evade this unwelcome task. It is a great invention, and will lend undying fame to the name of Burckhalter. At night, he puts a horse-shoe in the bottom of his kitchen stove, and in the nail-holes sticks pieces of matches, with the business end upward. On the ends of these matches rests a piece of sand paper, and above the paper are shavings dipped in kerosene, pieces of pitch and sticks of wood. To the sand-paper is attached a string, which communicates by means of a wire with his bedroom. Cold mornings he thrusts a hand out of the bed and gives the wire a pull, which draws the sand-paper across the surface of the match ends. Then he snugles down and takes another nap, while the fire gets the kitchen warm and the tea-kettle to boiling.