L. P. Fisher

L. P. FISHER'S ADVERTISING AGENCY, Room 21 Merchants' Ex., San Francisco, Cal.

ASHLAND TIDINGS.

NO 1, VOLUME IV.

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

VOL. IIII.—NO. 1. ASHLAND, OREGON: FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1879 $2.50 PER ANNUM.

Ashland Tidings

—ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY—

—BY—

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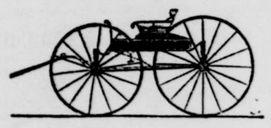

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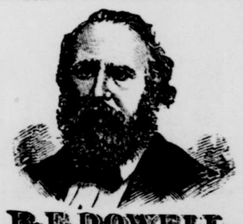

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MOUNT SHASTA.

Over fields on fields of snow,
By the canyon's gorge, where the cataracts flow:

Where deepening sunsets burn and fade
Over the dark Sierra's shade;

Where life is a joy and the heart beats free
Away by the sloe, e to the western sea;

The crown and the pride of those sunny lands,
The beautiful mountain of Shasta stands.

With hues of saffron, pearl and rose,
In tints of beauty its summit glows;

And the grass at me, and the sage go,
And still on its peak shines the crested snow.

Leagues away, by the river's side,
Lies the peaceful valley deep and wide.

Hid in its heart is a golden store,
Cinnabar and the silver ore.

Glossy madrona and lilies of snow
Fast by the giant oak trees grow;

Chilean clover, and purple vine,
Ripe with its growth for the amber wine;

Clustering roses, framed in song,
Damascus roses the whole year long;

Gusty, leaping waters that gleam,
Down from the rocks in a crystal stream;

From the Falls deep, a mighty well,
And the great Domes glistening over all.

Years ago, when the shouts of men
From old Coloma and Almaden

Burst on the cliffs of the royal state
As she sat enthroned by her Golden Gate,

Girding the earth with her magic band,
Clasping the belt with her tawny hand,

Then came the harvest of golden gain,
Thick and fast as the yellow grain.

Falls, with the tempest of crimson leaves,
In a molten cloud from the bursting sheaves;

Till every land to old Cathay
Whitened with ships her shining bay.

By the dark sea-wall of oak and pine,
Stretched on the long Pacific line,

Cities arose on the virgin soil—
Cities smoking with traffic and toil;

And the sinuous track of the iron band
Mountains and burning prairies spanned.

Over the crags and eagle's nest,
Thundering the continent east to west.

Beautiful land by the sunset sea,
Land of the great Yosemite!

Land where the breezes spring elate,
Bowing mid-day through the Golden Gate;

Land of the men of resolute will—
Hearts that thy bounding orients fill;

Minds at ease with healthful cheer
Day fleet day through the blissful year.

Women with songs those days begin,
Fairer pearls from Comorin;

Beautiful children, ruddy and fleet,
Like climbing roses, in every street;

Not for thy gems, or a golden feast,
Shall the heart grow worn in the arid east

Leap to meet thee. Thy glorious eye
Flames like a star from its canopy.

Richer than gold are thy dark lagoons,
Brighter than ore are thy silver moons,

And deeper than all the voices of men
Thy cataracts thunering in and again;

And nobler in heart and nobler in soul
Shall the races be where those torrents roll.

As the ages come and the ages go,
Gilding with flame those peaks of snow,

The crown and pride of that sunny land
Shall the beautiful mountains of Shasta stand,

And the empire star shall rise and rise,
Till it moves full-orbed in the western skies.

—Sarah D. Clark in N. Y. Independent.

Rough Trip in the Mountains of Siskiyou and Trinity Counties, Cal.

On the 25th of April a party, consisting of A. W. Bryan, S. Beckett, H. T. Wood and J. A. Leach, left Ashland for a prospecting tour in the Trinity mountains. Passing through Yreka to Etna, we left our wagon at the latter place, and on the 29th started out over the Black Bear trail on horseback with one heavily loaded pack mule. On this trail we passed over about a mile of snow, in places quite deep. The mule broke through the snow six times, and twice had to be unpacked. Passing over to Taylor creek, a swift and rocky stream, we nearly lost the mule and one horse in crossing. The animals lost their footing and narrowly escaped being washed over falls into deep water. We camped the first night on the north fork of Salmon river, and the next day passed the Black Bear mines and camped two miles below the quartz mill. On May 1st we traveled fifteen miles over a very mountainous country by a steep and narrow trail, camping on a beautiful spot on the mountain side overlooking the Salmon river and in full view of the snowy range encircling us. We spent the next day in camp, a snow storm having begun during the night. In the afternoon took a hunt and killed a large deer, which furnished a very acceptable change of diet. On the 3d we went up the south fork of the Salmon river, and after choosing camping ground Messrs. Bryan and Leach started for the summit to look for the route. On the way we found two brown bears, and opened fire on them, wounding one, but failed to get him. The snow was too deep on the summit, so we found a lower gap about one mile eastward. On the morning of the 4th, in crossing a deep canyon, the mule fell into the water, and wet our sugar, salt and tea. We camped for the day on Grizzely creek, a tributary of the north fork of Trinity, where there was plenty of good feed for our horses. During the day we saw eleven deer. Next day we go down the creek over a very difficult trail, One old German keeps a little store, where we renewed our diminishing supplies. From one old German, who has lived a hermit's life on the North Fork for 18 years, we learn some interesting facts about the country, which is a very inviting field for the prospector. The nearest point to wagon roads is 24 miles, and everything is packed in over steep and narrow trails. On the 7th we camped on a bar which prospects well, and as there is plenty of water, we wonder that it has remained unworked so long. On the 8th we reach the town of North Fork, twenty-four miles from Rattlesnake. This was once a flourishing mining camp, but its prosperity and glory have departed. Eight miles down the Main Trinity we come to Big Flat, an almost deserted camp, which in its palmy days was one of the richest on the river. Its population now consists of one family, two or three bachelors and a few Chinese. Three miles further down is Cox Bar, where are a number of mines, worked with profit. Mr. Tinsley has a nice place here, also a store and a ferry-boat. Here we leave the river and go by mountain trail to Tinsley's ranch. Are held one day by by storm. Find a mirror in the cabin, and are terrified at sight of our own faces. Find a pair of scissors and soon look better. On the 12th we turn three of our horses loose, pack the mule and one horse, and strike out for higher ground. We have to make our own trail. Descending one rocky peak the mule falls and rolls over twice, almost demolishing our camp equipage. A little further, on a steep hillside the horse's pack slipped back and he lost his balance and rolled for a distance of 100 feet. This was an unlucky day. We make only three miles by full twelve miles' travel. The scene we presented in descending a steep mountain-side would make a good subject for a chromo. One man leads the mule and another holds on to a rope attached to the mule's pack to steady her, and also leads the other pack animal. On the 14th we go toward French creek, cutting a trail much of the way, and favored (?) with frequent showers of cold rain. We work hard till after noon and only make one mile. At this point we find an old dilapidated which appeared to be at least 20 years old. Near the cabin, on a madrona tree, was cut the date "1858." Remembering the legend of the lost cabin, we set to work to demolish the remains of the structure and dig up the ground, with visions of gold dust floating before us. We found nothing, as might be suspected. Aside from the cabin and date on the tree there are no signs of any persons having visited this region. The next day we encounter heavy snow and after a very rough time reach Bell creek, where we find good feed for our horses. On the 16th Messrs. Bryan and Leach go to the summit of the highest peak in the Trinity range, to discover if possible our exact location. We thought perhaps we were the first white men to ascend the peak, but discovered our mistake—found a chimney-shaped monument on the highest point. The snow was over 100 feet deep on the north making the first half mile in an hour and a half. This is an excellent hunting ground. On Rattlesnake creek, a tributary of the north fork of Trinity we find a few Germans who have been here for many years, also a few Chinese-side. The view was grand beyond the power of description. Our supplies are now about exhausted and we spend a day in hunting, but the storms have driven the game down to lower grounds. Things are desperate—we are several day's travel from any point of supplies. The next day we succeed in killing a small deer, and have a feast. For three days it has been snowing, and we are compelled to spend the 19th in camp. The dreary monotony of camp life in the mountains with nothing but snow around is exceedingly trying, especially when the meat supply is short. Mr. Becket, master of camp ceremonies, is genial, with an occasional fit of despondency, Mr. Bryan, the life and soul of an expedition of this kind, is nursing sore ankles and H. T. Wood, the champion meat and gravy cook, is trying to get the best of the situation by the temporary oblivion of sleep. On the 20th we start back—must have meat and bread. We make 15 miles and camp on the east fork of French creek, and find good grass, which our faithful animals greatly need. On the 21st it began raining by daylight, but we are forced to travel, cutting brush a good part of the way. After a hard day's work we reach the cabin on Tinsley's ranch, where we left our horses ten days ago. We find our stock all right and in good condition. We also find plenty to eat for ourselves, and enjoyed the old cabin as much as we could have enjoyed the finest mansion in San Francisco. On the 23d we again take up our march, and on the 24th reach Weaverville, the county seat of Trinity county. This town has been a very rich camp, but, like too many others, is overrun by Chinese. Here we part with Mr. Bryan, who goes south to San Francisco. On the 27th we arrive at Etna, where we left our wagon, and from thence have a good trip to Ashland, arriving on the 30th.

J. A. LEACH.

England Fifty Years Ago.

In those days there were no envelopes for letters, and postage was calculated by distance; 2 pence in the metropolitan district, 10 pence to York, 1 shilling and 2 pence to Edinburg, 2 shillings to John o'Groat's House, and something almost prohibitive to the Continent of Europe. "Franks" were in great request; and members of both houses of Parliament were daily, if not hourly, besieged by letter writers, to obtain the privilege of their names on the corners of epistles, which would not have been sent through the post at all unless they could have been sent gratis. When Sir Rowland Hill proposed his scheme for a uniform rate of postage, he was considered a daring revolutionist, destined to ruin the country, even when he fixed the rate temporarily at 4 pence. When, after a quite interval, to accustom the panic stricken public to the great change originally contemplated, the rate was reduced to a penny, elderly people held up their hands in dismay and predicted the collapse, not only of the Post office, but of the entire Great Britain. When I was a youth, women wore pattens. Are such articles even seen in our day? At that time it was considered vulgar for a gentleman to wear a cotton shirt or a silk hat. The shirt of fine linen and the hat of beaver were designed. Watches had double cases, between the outer and inner of which it was the custom to insert what were called watch papers, on which were printed or written texts from Scripture, moral maxims, passages from the poets, or tender love effusions purporting to be original. Still more recently, and when in my prime, I remember that it was considered *contrabonos mores* and all the proprieties for a lady to ride in a handsome cab, or for a gentleman to smoke in a lady's presence; and worse still, if possible, for a lady to be seen in the streets with a gentleman who had a pipe or cigar in his mouth. I remember—and it is scarcely a memory of older date than thirty years—when a gentleman in full dress was not compelled by fashion to attire himself like a cleryman or tavern waiter, when the fashionable evening dress was a blue coat and gilt buttons and a colored or embroidered vest, and when bright colors in the waistcoat were not considered the exclusive right of the footman or the costermonger. I remember, too, when ladies were not ashamed to be economical in their attire, and did not allow their silks or satins to trail on the ground, but wore their "gowns," as they were called, of a length that just reached the ankle, and allowed the dainty little feet and a portion of the leg to be seen. This fashion pleased the gentlemen, and did no harm to the ladies, conduced greatly to comfort in walking, besides saving a considerable sum in the dressmaker's account.—[*All the Year Round.*

Oregon's Area.

The *Resources of Oregon and Washington* says: The State of Oregon has an average length—north and south—of 275 miles, and a breadth—east and west—of 350 miles, and contains 96,250 square miles, or 61,000,000 acres of land. It embraces more territory than New York and Pennsylvania combined; while the population does not exceed 200 000. The estimate of land for agricultural purposes amounts to about 30,000,000 acres, and about 20,000,000, acres may be claimed as grazing lands, leaving the remainder, 11,000,000 acres, as timber lands. Not over twenty-five per cent. of the agricultural and grazing lands have passed from the government into the hands of private parties, and the quantity under cultivation will not exceed five per cent. As already stated, the State is divided into two natural divisions—Eastern and Western Oregon, the Cascade range; of mountains crossing the State from north to south is the dividing line between the two sections, each division, lying parallel with the Cascade range, there are three large fertile valleys, separated from each other and from the sea coast by low ranges of mountains. Of these three valleys, the Willamettee is far superior; it is separated from the Umpqua valley by the Calapooia mountains.

Ellison, the inventor, has written to Mr. Miles C. Moore, of Walla Walla, for information in reference to the discovery of any mines of Oregon, Idaho, Montana or British Columbia.

Form in the Trotter.

Form is of more importance than mere action. The cart-horse is able to fold the knee, but you cannot train him to get over the ground rapidly or to last through a race of broken heats. He bends the knee but cannot reach and gather quickly, is overtopped with weight, and therefore falls in a struggle which is decided by speed and courage; and the cause of failure is lack of form. One of the best writers on the horse has furnished us with rules for the selection of a thoroughbred. We are advised to choose an animal with a deep and wide back and loin; with a chest to "afford sufficient room for the heart and lungs," but not too wide, for an open bosom is regarded as a sure sign of want of pace; the back ribs should be long, or, as such a formation is generally called, 'deep,' so as not only to give protection to the contents of the belly, but to afford a strong attachment to the muscles which connect the chest to the hips;" the ribs "must be set wide apart, and not huddled up together, for fast road work where the failure of the legs is generally the limit to the amount of work, a very heavy carcass is an objection as it increases the weight upon them, and an overtopped horse—that is, one with a body too big for his legs is a most worthless brute," a projecting neck, moderately long and proportionately thin, wide jaws, and intelligent head, broad above the eyes, thin nostrils which should open under exercise and show the red lining membrane, shoulders obliquely placed and broad blade, well clothed with muscles, long thighs approaching almost to the proportions of the greyhound, necks full size and clean and all the points proportioned to one another. The authority from which we have condensed these points is "Stonehenge." The fastest trotter in the world to day, Edwin Forrest, comes up to the standard named by the English critic. He has none of the characteristics of the cart-horse, and all of the points of the substantial thoroughbred. Maud S., the great four year old, also has the form of a thoroughbred. The prepotent blood in both is that of the running horse. Without form neither would have shown so much speed as to attract public attention. The trotting elements in the pedigree of each have, with the assistance of toe-weights, simply given a new impulse to speed. They have influenced the motion, the folding of the knee and the action of the stifle, thus enabled the two to startle the country with their deeds. If a sire of a cart-like form and excessive knee-action is so strongly prepotent as to stamp both his form and his action upon his progeny, you may keep breeding him from now until doomsday without getting a trotter, of more than average merit. Admit that he simply reproduces himself and allow no margin for improvement. Edwin Forrest, like Maud S., is wonderfully speedy as a trotter, because he has the speedy formation of the thoroughbred, without which formation he would be merely commonplace, in spite of the trotting elements in his ancestral tree. Toe weights, with brains behind them, have in recent years played an important part in the development of the trotting horse. Take an animal in which the thorough triumphs over the "Cannuck" at the rate of seven to two, and put him in the hands of a Gilden who understands the use of weights, and he will make a trotter of him, not able merely to go the distance, but to do his miles in the quickest time. The horses which win the majority of hard fought races in these days of progress, possess not only the form, but a large percentage of the blood of the English racre.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

The Dignity of Bells.

With what strange and solemn memories have bells yet extant been associated! The long green bell in the leaning tower of Pisa, said to date back to the thirteenth century, which was rung for ages as the sad procession of criminals have passed over the bridge to execution—the very bell which, perchance, announced to the awe-struck Pisans that the wretched Ugolino, starved to death at the bottom of the tower, had at length ceased to breathe. The great Carclus at Antwerp, which first rung in 1467, when Charles the Bold entered the city; the storm-bell in Strasburg Cathedral, which still warns the traveler of the tempest seen from afar sweeping over the Vosges; the small bell Horrida, the tocsin, 1216, covered with mildew, which hangs high up in Notre Dame at Antwerp, and is never rung by reason of its age and infirmities: the gate bell in many an old fortified town that still sounds at the shutting and opening of the city portals; the curfew, which, from time immemorial, has rung over the flats of Cambridge and the fens of Ely, and still greets the ears of the freshman, reminding of the time when the neighborhood was one waste of perilous and poisonous marshes; the old Tourney bells, which from their city belfry greet the silent colossal five towers of the grandest church in Belgium, and strike the ear of the traveler as he hurries along the high road from Lille, almost before the beacon light on the summit of the belfry salutes his eyes—and these are the chance specimens that rise in my memory at random—*Good Words.*

Characteristic.

Some one has brought to light a private letter from Lincoln to Hooker, when the latter was entrusted with the command of the Army of the Potomac. The letter is so characteristic that we give it in full, as follows:

GENERAL.—I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course, I have done this upon what appear to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which, of course, I like. I also believe that you do not mix in politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a value, if not an indispensible, quality. You are ambitious, which within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during Gen. Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those Generals who gain success can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The govenment will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising its commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance, go forward and give us victories.

This is a letter that could only have been written by Lincoln, who was greater than all his contemporaries, broader, simpler natured, free from small egotisms.

Increasing Immigration.

[From the Resources of Oregon and Washington.]

We are indebted to P. Schultz Esq., superintendent of the land department of the Oregon and California Railroad Co., for the following figures, representing the number of persons—not including soldiers or Chinamen—who have arrived in Portland from San Francisco since January, 1877. The figures speak for themselves, and will not fail to show the most casual observer the healthy condition of the immigration to our state. Of course this does not present persons arriving overland, by stage, or across the plains, nor from any other source than by steamship from San Francisco.

	1877	1878	1879
January	607	683	616
February	537	704	1440
March	1332	1505	1909
April	1990	1819	3570
May	1977	1609	1812
June	1631	1329	....
July	1254	3202	....
August	1096	3083	....
September	1547	3017	....
October	1112	2155	....
November	1144	2007	....
December	871	1588	....
Total for year	15,097	22 702	

PUTTING A GIRDLE AROUND THE WORLD.—It is stated in recent German papers that the plan for continuing the proposed cable between San Francisco and Pokohama to Tient-sin, and thence to Pekin, China, is making good progress. The junction of the Chinese lines with the great Siberian telegraph line, perhaps at Kiocita, would then be only a question of time. All of this progress and the prospects, in consequence of the events in Zululand, that the electric wire will shortly encompass the Cape of Good Hope from St. Vincent, thence seeking for a connection with India, justify the hope that several of the larger gaps still existing in the submarine network of telegraphs covering our globe will soon be filled up.

Northern Pacific Prospects.

[From the Chicago Tribune, May 21.]

Mr. H. E. Sargent, general manager of the Northern Pacific railroad, was in the city yesterday, and the *Tribune* reporter had a talk with him regarding the prospects of the road. He stated that he had just made contracts for 11,000 tons of steel and 10 000 tons of iron rails. Sixteen thousand tons of these rails will be laid west of the Missouri river, bringing the road to the Yellowstone. The remaining 5000 tons will be laid in Washington territory, east of Walla Walla. The crop prospects, Mr. Sargent said, were excellent. Grain was well up and looking finely. Since seeding they had frequent rains, and never before were the prospects so flattering at this season of the year. The business of the road had more than double since this time last year.