

2012

STORIES FROM MEET THE PIONEERS

Living History Tours presented in Jacksonville Oregon's Pioneer Cemetery.

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MEET THE PIONEERS 2012



Character

Henrietta DeRoboam
 Jean St. Luc DeRoboam
 Benjamin F. Dowell
 Nancy Anna Dowell
 Jacksonville Resident
 Jacksonville Resident
 Sheriff William Jacobs
 Matilda Mensor
 Morris Mensor

Player

Ann Wilton
 Steve Casaleggio
 Robert Hight
 Shirley Blaul
 Marcy McQuillan
 Carolyn Kingsnorth
 Steve Wall
 Lynn Ransford
 Seth Weintraub

Character

Mrs. Ella Nickel
 Lewis O'Neil
 Miss Bertha Prim
 Mrs. Effie Prim
 Miss Maud Prim
 Mrs. Margaret Savage
 Luke Taylor
 Henry Wendt
 Mary Wendt

Player

Peggy Peffley
 David Sours
 Madi Marcus
 Constance Jesser
 Maddy Schwartz
 Vivienne Grant
 Curtis Lewis
 Brian Nicholson
 Anne Peugh

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Jean St. Luc DeRoboam and Henrietta Schmidling DeRoboam

Jean St. Luc was born in France around 1829. Like his sister, Madame Jeanne DeRoboam Holt, his past was colorful and with several conflicting stories. One of those stories was that he came from a noble French family, but at the age of twelve, upset with his father, he ran away from home and joined the French Navy. At thirteen he was made a gunner's helper and sailed around the world twice on a French cruiser. Then he was in active service on land during the Crimean War and was present at the fall of Sebastopol, later receiving a medal presented by Queen Victoria for loyalty to that country. Another story was that he was reared on a farm and later on became a government employee.

DeRoboam married Mary Conquari in France and they had three children, Emil, Samuel and Naomi. Following Mary's death in 1870, Jean immigrated to the United States with his children and his adopted daughter Celita and settled in Jacksonville, Oregon in 1871. He assisted his sister Madame DeRoboam Holt with operating her hotel, the Franco-American Hotel.

On January 7, 1873, Jean married Henrietta Schmidling, a native of Prussia, who was also a widow with two children, Rosa and Augustine. Her husband Peter Schmidling died on December 19, 1871, leaving Henrietta very well off financially.

Following the death of his sister in 1884, Jean inherited her newer and grand U.S. Hotel which opened in 1880 on California and Third Streets. He and Henrietta took over the management of the hotel and started looking at renovating it. Reportedly one of their improvements was to convert a portion of the hotel into a skating rink "for the pleasure of Jacksonville residents."

Jean definitely lacked the good business instincts of his sister. The cost of extensive renovations soon resulted in unpaid mortgages, causing the lenders to foreclose, and the hotel went on the auction block. Henrietta came to the rescue and saved the hotel for the family by making the highest bid at the auction. She paid \$4,325 in U.S. gold coin for the hotel using her own inheritance from her late husband.

In 1893, Henrietta decided it was time for them to have their own private residence and commissioned a Queen Anne Style home to be built on East California Street. When the home was completed, they turned over the management of the U.S. Hotel to H.W. Grimes.

When Henrietta died on October 15, 1900, at the age of seventy-three, she left the residence to Jean along with the furniture from the U.S. Hotel, a life interest in that property and several thousand dollars. She also stipulated that upon his death the hotel was to be passed to her son Augustine. However, Jean was of the opinion that he should have clear title to the hotel building and sued to set aside his wife's wishes. He lost his case.

Then when Jean St. Luc DeRoboam died on March 2, 1913, at the age of eighty-four, he deeded the hotel to his son Samuel with whom he was living.

Both Jean and Henrietta are buried in the Catholic Section of the Jacksonville Cemetery, Jean in an unmarked grave and Henrietta in Block B8, Plot 1 alongside her first husband Peter Schmidling.

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Benjamin Franklin and Nancy Anna Campbell Dowell

Benjamin Franklin Dowell, who was named for his well-known and respected ancestor Benjamin Franklin, was born on October 31, 1826 in Albemarle County, Virginia.

His family soon relocated to Tennessee where Benjamin received an elementary education. He went on to attend the University of Virginia Law School graduating with a law degree and honors in 1847. He started his practice in Raleigh, North Carolina and then briefly in Memphis, Tennessee before deciding that new opportunities and adventure awaited him in the far west.

His journey west started on May 10, 1850, when he joined up with a wagon train headed for California. Four months later he arrived in Sacramento. A month later he took a boat from San Francisco to Astoria, Oregon. Benjamin tried his hand at mining for a while in the Willamette Valley before heading south to the Rogue River Valley. There he operated a very successful packing and trading business traveling between the Rogue Valley and the Willamette Valley, Scottsburg and Crescent City.

During the Indian Wars in 1853 Benjamin was one of the first to volunteer his services and he soon found himself carrying express between Canyonville and Yreka, a very dangerous and hostile area at the time. He soon gained a reputation for his bravery and dedication to duty.

After the war Chief Limpy (as named by white settlers) of the Illinois Tribe, told Benjamin that he had many opportunities to have killed him, but did not, as the Chief remembered that Benjamin had tried to save the life of a young Indian boy years earlier in Jacksonville.

In 1857, Dowell found himself behind a desk once more after opening a law practice in Jacksonville. He was known for being a formidable force in the legal arena. He was appointed by the government to be the prosecuting attorney of the first judicial district. He also served as a district attorney and a Speaker of the House prior to Oregon becoming a state in 1859. He helped to shape many laws of the Oregon territory. He became a well-respected attorney and claims agent.

1862 was a good year for Benjamin as work on his beautiful home on North 5th Street in Jacksonville was completed. It was reportedly the first brick residence to be constructed in Jacksonville. Then on October 24, 1862, he and Nancy Anna Campbell were married.

Nancy was the daughter of Joseph and Rachel Campbell who were originally from Ohio. Her father served as a Colonel under William Henry Harrison in the War of 1812.

Benjamin and Nancy would have three children born to them, Benjamin Franklin (Bidly), Franchion (Fannie) and Anna. The family spent many happy years living in their beautiful brick home which still stands today on 5th Street. The stunning fountain was a prominent feature in the front yard along with the lovely gardens.

Benjamin, who was a member of the Republican Party, voiced his opinions in the local Jacksonville newspaper, the Oregon Sentinel, which he owned and operated from 1864 to 1878.

In 1885 the family moved to Portland where Benjamin and his daughter Anna, who developed her interest in law from her father, attended law school and became an attorney. They practiced together for a time in the firm of B.F. Dowell and Daughter. She was one of the first female lawyers in the state of Oregon. Daughter Franchion married George Swan Love and son Bidy became a well-respected fire chief in Portland and was credited with saving the lives of twenty-five firefighters while battling a fire when a wall collapsed.

Benjamin Franklin Dowell died on March 13, 1897. After her husband's passing Nancy made her home with daughter Anna and her husband, Portland attorney P.J. Bannon. Nancy outlived her other daughter Franchion and son Bidy.

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Captain James W. Lingenfelter

James was born on October 17, 1836 in Fonda, Montgomery County, New York. Fonda, formerly a Mohawk Indian Village called Caughnawaga, is located in upstate New York.

James attended New York University and upon graduation with a law degree he did as so many others did at the time, he headed west seeking new opportunities and adventure. The 1860 United States Federal Census showed James boarding in Jacksonville with attorney Benjamin Franklin Dowell and miner H. Howard. James was admitted to the Bar in the State of Oregon in 1860.

After the fall of Fort Sumter, James enlisted in the Union Army on May 24, 1861, at the rank of Captain. He joined Oregon U.S. Senator Edward Dickson Baker when Baker formed the 1st California Regiment at the start of our Nation's Civil War. James was only twenty-four years old at the time of his enlistment.

Four months later, on September 21, 1861, while serving in the defense of Washington, D.C., Captain Lingenfelter was killed while on duty at the Chain Bridge in Virginia. He was shot in the head by a Confederate sniper while on picket (guard) duty with his men.

The Chain Bridge offered a direct route for the Confederate raiders who were based in Northern Virginia, into the nation's capital so all the approaches to the bridge were well guarded. Reportedly the planking on the bridge was removed each night to prevent the Confederate raiders from entering Washington to prevent the possible kidnapping of President Lincoln himself.

Although only in Oregon a short time, James was a promising attorney and a well-respected political orator. He was survived by his mother Martha Lingenfelter. James was the first Oregonian to die in the Civil War.

A story appearing in the Oregon Sentinel dated Saturday, July 25, 1863, states the following: "A Very Welcome Present – We have received from Mrs. John Lingenfelter a photograph likeness of her son, James Lingenfelter, Captain of Co. B Col. Baker's California Regiment. He fell a sacrifice to the cause he so dearly loved, on September 21, 1861, while on picket duty before Washington, on the Derby Road. He is the only citizen of Jacksonville who is known to have fallen in the war. Those of his many friends who fondly remember the young patriot hero, can produce a copy of the likeness by calling on Mr. Peter Britt, photograph artist."

Exactly one month after Captain Lingenfelter was killed; the man he admired and followed into battle, Colonel Edward D. Baker was killed at the Battle of Balls Bluff in Leesburg, Virginia. Baker was a close friend and political ally of Abraham Lincoln. Following Baker's death, the California Regiment was re-designated the 71st Pennsylvania Infantry.

Captain James W. Lingenfelter is buried in his family's block in the Caughnawaga Cemetery in Fonda, New York.

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Morris and Matilda Fisher Mensor

Morris was born in Forden, Prussia on July 19, 1812. He was nineteen when he left home and went to Hamburg, Germany and found work as a laborer in an oil factory. He was smart and hardworking and within six months was promoted to the position of a clerk. A year later he was made foreman at the establishment over twelve-hundred men. Morris worked there for several years and accumulated a few thousand dollars in savings. He resigned his position and returned to the home of his parents and gave them his entire earnings.

Next Morris decided to seek his fortune in America and once again bid his parents and siblings farewell. With barely sufficient money to cover the expenses of the voyage he sailed for the New World. During the voyage he managed to make several hundred dollars as an amateur musician. When he reached New York, he again followed the promptings of this strong affection for his parents and siblings and sent six hundred dollars to his parents to assist them in raising the younger children. In addition to being smart and hardworking, Morris was also frugal.

In New York he worked as a glazier and painter for several years. This is also when he met and formed the acquaintance of Matilda Fisher and later married on December 17, 1854. Matilda was also born in Prussia in approximately 1838. She and Morris would be parents of fourteen children, nine sons and five daughters during their thirty-three years of marriage.

In 1855 Morris and his bride left New York for San Francisco where their first son, Abraham was born. A few months later they came to Jackson County, Oregon by way of Crescent City, making their way on horseback. Despite the perilous times during the Indian Wars the couple and infant son arrived safe and sound.

They had been invited to Jacksonville by Matilda's relatives, Abe and Newman Fisher, the proprietors of one of the earliest Jewish businesses. Morris formed a co-partnership with the Fisher brothers in the mercantile business in Jacksonville and also in the Dardanelles.

The Mensor family lived in a very small cottage on the north side of California Street and diagonally across from the McCully home. The family was well liked and the boys, who were always well dressed, were also interested in the affairs of the community. The Mensors were also excellent ball players, foot racers, and broad jumpers and were naturally in demand in all sports activities. The late Fletcher Linn wrote "that any team without a Mensor, was defeated even before it started action."

Morris later opened his own Morris Mensor's New York Store in the old Brunner brick building on South Oregon Street. Son Isaac was the model dresser and worked in the store every day. On Sunday afternoons he would advertise by walking through all the residential sections of town, dressed in the best style of the day, with a high white collar, and long white cuffs extending halfway down over his hands, with polished shoes, and the latest model hat, and jauntily swinging his cane.

Morris died on April 11, 1887, at the age of 74. He was buried in the Jacksonville Cemetery and later his remains were moved to the Home of Peace and Hills of Eternity Jewish Cemetery in San Francisco. He was later moved to his final resting place and re-interred on August 12, 1904, in the Salem Memorial Park in Colma, California.

When Morris died Matilda still had seven children, ages fifteen and under to care for, including little Emma who was only three. With the help of her older children and close friends she managed. Eventually, the family relocated to San Francisco.

Matilda died in April 1932 at the age of ninety-four. She is buried next to Morris in the Salem Memorial Park in Colma, California.

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Henry and Mary Elizabeth (Schlaka) Cluseman Wendt

Henry was born on July 22, 1846, in Germany. He saved his money to pay for passage on an old Windjammer sailing vessel that departed Germany for New York and his new life in America. The trip took five weeks and four days, but the fare was cheaper than on the more modern steam-driven ship of the day. Henry, who was in his early twenties at the time, was a stranger in a strange country and with very little money. He spoke no English and carried his meager belongings in a small trunk.

Henry eventually made his way to Nebraska where there was a fairly large German population and took out a homestead. Here he would meet another German immigrant, Mary Cluseman. Mary was born in Schleswig-Holstein, Germany on June 13, 1855, and also came to America at a young age. Henry and Mary were married in Nebraska in 1874. They would have nine children born to them.

Henry and Mary who had been hearing and reading stories of the American west decided it was time to head to California following the grasshopper plague and drought that struck the mid-west in 1874-1875. They first settled in Santa Cruz, California and would later move north to Oregon.

They settled in Jacksonville, Oregon in 1887 and soon realized the town had no dairy and went about establishing one. Henry soon opened a dairy farm and became Jacksonville's first milk merchant. Their dairy farm was located on both sides of 5th Street in Jacksonville along with the family residence. It was a family business with the children taking turns driving the two-wheeled pony cart delivering milk door-to-door and pouring milk from the milk can into the kitchen pan. The children especially liked going into Chinatown to deliver milk as they were given candy by the Chinese miners and residents. Payment was not always made in cash as times were difficult, but fruit, vegetables and even chickens were used in trade. With a family of nine children to feed, these items were always welcome.

Henry also delivered the mail along with his milk route. In addition to his dairy farm, he drove a stagecoach, served on the Jacksonville City Council and held the post of street commissioner.

When Henry died on December 7, 1916, at the age of seventy, sons George and Chester took over the milk business and kept it going for several more decades. Mary passed away on December 19, 1934, at the age of 79.

Henry and Mary Wendt are buried in the Independent Order of Red Men (German) Section of the Jacksonville Cemetery in Block 19, Plots 2 and 3.

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Narrative - The Last Hanging in Jacksonville

In March 1885, Judge Lionel Webster passed the following sentence, that O'Neil "be kept in confinement until Thursday, the 21st day of May next, that then, and there, between the hours of one, and three o'clock, in the afternoon of said day, within the enclosure of jail in jail yard, and by the proper officer, the defendant, Lewis O'Neil, be hanged by the neck, until he be dead."

An appeal was filed with the Supreme Court which agreed to hear the case just six days before the scheduled date of O'Neil's hanging. Judge Webster postponed the execution. After the Supreme Court upheld Judge Webster's original ruling, the order was given for the special gallows to be built in the courtyard between the courthouse and the jail.

On Friday afternoon, just around two o'clock, on March 12, 1886, Lewis O'Neil was led by Sheriff Jacobs out of the jail and across the yard to where the gallows had been erected. Mr. O'Neil was about to become known as the last man to be hanged in Jacksonville.

Accompanying Sheriff Jacobs was Father Blanchet who held onto O'Neil's arm and bringing up the rear that led to the thirteen steps and the gallows was Deputy Sheriff Steadman and Mr. Moon, a nephew of Mr. O'Neil.

Lewis O'Neil was arrested and charged with the murder of Lewis McDaniel in Ashland, Oregon on November 20, 1884. Mr. Anson Jacobs, a neighbor of McDaniel was on his way home that evening when he came across Lewis McDaniel on the ground and near death from a gunshot. Jacobs rushed to find help but shortly after a doctor arrived Lewis died.

Almost immediately, the locals started talking about Lewis's wife Mandy McDaniel and a man by the name of Lewis O'Neil. They claimed that Lewis McDaniel had warned O'Neil to stay away from his house and his wife.

The police tracked down O'Neil and found him at High & Taylor's Saloon standing at the bar with his back to the door. They came up behind him and ordered him to put his hands in the air. O'Neil did as requested without a word about why he was being taken into custody. It was only after he arrived at the Jacksonville jail that he inquired as to what the charge was. The police questioned him about where he was at the time of the murder and what if anything was behind McDaniel's warning to stay away from his house and wife. O'Neil claimed that he had been watching a card game at the Buris Saloon with a C.W. Miller, a night watchman in Ashland. Afterwards the two of them went for a walk and it was then that Anson Jacobs, the man who came across McDaniel's body, told them about Lewis McDaniel being murdered. The police knew it was not a robbery as McDaniel still had approximately thirty dollars in his pocket purse. They also surmised that he might have been expecting trouble as he was carrying a knife and gun but did not get a chance to defend himself as he was shot in the face and shattering the front part of his skull. O'Neil was arrested and placed in the Jacksonville Jail to await his trial.

The murder weapon, or pieces of it that had been strung around town, were found and O'Neil was questioned about the gun which was pretty unique. It had an alligator head and jaw carved into the wooden stock and was very similar to one owned by O'Neil. He claimed that while the gun was similar his had a lion's head carved on the stock and not an alligator. When questioned further, he claimed that he bought the gun from a stranger and later sold it to another stranger. He also claimed that Mr. C.W. Miller, the night watchman who he claims he was with on the evening of the murder, moved to Kansas City, and after advising the court, they could not find him. The police were able to match boot tracks at the scene of the crime to those worn by O'Neil.

The Court and Jury went to Grave Creek where Lewis O'Neil's brother George lived as he was too ill to travel to Jacksonville. When he was shown the murder weapon, he said it was the same one he had sold to his brother Lewis some months previous.

O'Neil also claimed that Mandy McDaniel was the real brains in planning the murder of her husband and that he only carried out her orders. He had shared this story with two fellow inmates, John Crimmons and Levi Grigsby, who were placed in the cell next to O'Neil. When Lewis McDaniel's brothers learned of O'Neil's confession implicating McDaniel's wife Mandy with his murder, they filed a warrant charging her with the murder as well. On April 11, 1885, Mandy was arrested and held for the murder of her husband. She was held in the same jail and in a cell not far from that of O'Neil.

On November 25, 1885, a year and five days after the death of her husband Lewis McDaniel, Mandy McDaniel was acquitted of his murder as the evidence, strong, but circumstantial, was not enough to erase all doubt of her guilt. She was emotionally battered from the long ordeal of the trial and broke down and sobbed.

A sixteen-foot tight board fence was constructed around an area forty by sixty feet, with a wall of the courthouse forming the west wall, and the jailhouse forming the east wall. The enclosure was intended to admit those who were invited as witnesses to the execution.

One year and four months after he murdered Lewis McDaniel on a cool winter evening on November 20, 1884, Lewis O'Neil was about to be hanged for the crime. He was led to the gallows where the death warrant papers were placed so O'Neil could read them while Sheriff Jacobs read them aloud. When O'Neil was asked if he had any final words to say, O'Neil reportedly opened his mouth to speak, then, Father Blanchet spoke, "Mr. O'Neil has nothing to say."

O'Neil stood over the trap door while Father Blanchet said a prayer and O'Neil's hands and legs were secured and a black cap placed over his face. Sheriff Jacobs placed the rope around O'Neil's neck and stepped back and released the trap door.

In an instant O'Neill plunged to the end of the rope with the sudden jolt breaking his neck. He was pronounced dead shortly afterward by the doctors who were present.

The rope used for the hanging was cut into pieces and distributed among the crowd as souvenirs. Robert Sargent Dunlap, the Sexton of the Jacksonville Cemetery built a pine coffin and buried O'Neil in the pauper's area of the Jacksonville Cemetery. No fanfare, no stone, no marker.

The night before O'Neil was hanged Mandy McDaniel left town. She later returned to Talent just outside of Ashland where she had lived and bought and ran a restaurant. In 1893, she married Thomas Jefferson Bell, a widower with several children. Together they ran the "Bell House" in Talent, a popular lodging and boarding place, perhaps made more so by the stories about Mandy.

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Narrative – Transportation and Stagecoach Travel

Margaret McKenzie was just four years of age when her family sailed from Scotland to America in 1838. They eventually settled in Whiteside County, Illinois where her father managed the farm and was the first supervisor of the town. Margaret was one of ten children.

On May 12, 1852, Margaret married James Savage who worked with his hands as a builder and cobbler. They soon joined thirty-two other families in a wagon train and headed west. The train arrived in Southern Oregon and stopped to camp one evening at Rock Point along the Rogue River. Reportedly in the morning Margaret announced while pointing, “We’ve gone far enough. Our cabin will be built over there.” The others who were planning to move on stayed for two days and helped James and Margaret build a cabin before moving on into Oregon. That cabin served them well until 1858 when James built a new house. They named their farm Three Oaks and over the years thirteen children would be born to them.

Given the great distances and the difficulty and danger of travel, most Pioneers who came west bid farewell to their families and friends never expecting to see them again. In most cases this was sadly the truth. However, in 1883 Margaret McKenzie Savage had the opportunity to return to see her family in Illinois. The McKenzie clan was planning a grand reunion and her brothers and sisters wrote to her, pleading with her to attend. James insisted that she attend and made arrangements for help with caring for their younger children. She planned to travel by stagecoach from Oregon to California, then taking the train to Illinois. While this was still a long and difficult journey, to Margaret, who walked most of the two-thousand miles overland when she and James came west, was amazed at the changes.

Given our modern day means of transportation; cars, buses with paved roadways and freeways, planes and rail service, it is hard for us to begin to imagine what a trip like Mrs. Savage was about to take would be like. Not to mention that she was travelling alone!

In 1860 the town of Jacksonville was formally incorporated. In that same year direct stagecoach service began between Oregon and California through Jacksonville, and the town’s isolation was substantially lessened. Locals would gather outside the U.S. Hotel to wait to see who was arriving or departing on the stage that day. News from surrounding towns was shared by the driver and his passengers.

In addition to the passengers being carried by stagecoach, freight, mail and gold were carried to the San Francisco Mint by Wells Fargo & Company. Gold that was mined for miles around passed through Jacksonville on its way to the mint. Cornelius C. Beekman who had the only bank in Southern Oregon was also an agent for Wells Fargo. In addition to the driver, some Wells Fargo & Company, as well as other stage lines, also had an armed guard, “shotgun,” to ride along to help prevent the stage from being forced to stop and robbed. The term “throw down the box” came from the fact that gold, and other valuables were carried under the driver’s seat in a leather compartment called a “boot.” Other items were carried in the “boot” at the back of the stage or on the roof.

One of the more difficult parts of the journey was going over the Siskiyou Mountains just outside of Ashland. The stages attempted operating in all kinds of weather conditions. The roads were very narrow and steep with ruts and curves causing the passengers to occasionally be bounced out of their seats. Some passengers preferred to get out and walk to ease the boredom and avoid the dust. In the winter the roads might close because of snow and, in the spring, they may be closed due to mudslides and washouts. In the summer and dryer months the dust was awful and the summer heat inside the coach could be stifling. The stages travelled around the clock and went about six miles an hour. There were always obstacles, and road conditions were always a problem. At night, oil lamps were hung on the coaches to warn others of an approaching coach while red glass was placed on the back of the lamp, similar to today's taillights.

Teams of horses were changed every ten to fifteen miles. It only took a few minutes, giving the driver and his passengers just a short break to stretch their legs, before hearing the call of "All Aboard" as the driver mounted his seat. Many stages managed to make ten miles an hour including stops.

The travel time between Portland, Oregon and Sacramento, California by stagecoach took seven long days in the summer. During the winter months the trip, which was the second longest stagecoach run in the nation, took twelve days. The one-way fare was reportedly around fifty dollars which included any fees for using the toll roads.

An advertisement dated July 20, 1866, promised "The most BEAUTIFUL and attractive as well as some of the most BOLD, GRAND, and PICTURESQUE SCENERY on the Continent." The ad urged travelers to avoid the risk of ocean travel and pass through the Heart of Oregon – the Valleys of the Rogue River, Umpqua and Willamette. The overland route to Oregon connected with daily stages to the interior mining towns in Northern California and Southern Oregon. Stages stopped over one night at Yreka and Jacksonville for passengers to rest. Passengers were permitted to layover at any point, and resume their seats at pleasure, anytime within one month.

The driver, also known as "Knight of the Whip" was courteous to his passengers, especially ladies, and was held in high esteem.

Some of the more common and funnier rules of the day for travelling by stagecoach were:

- Not to drink, but if you must drink, you are asked to share the bottle lest you appear selfish and unneighborly.
- If ladies are present, gentlemen are urged to forego smoking cigars and pipes as the odor is repugnant to the gentler sex. Chewing of tobacco is permitted, but spit with the wind and not against it.
- Bad language around ladies should be reported to the driver.
- During the winter months buffalo robes will be provided to keep passengers warm but, anyone found hogging a robe will be taught a lesson and have to ride up top with the driver.
- Passengers may carry guns and use them in emergencies but may not shoot for pleasure or shoot wild animals as it can scare the horses.

Margaret made it to Illinois for the family reunion and was pleased to be with her mother once more and enjoyed seeing her brothers and sisters and meeting new members of the family. Soon it was time to start the journey home and while the trip east was an ordeal, it was considerably more pleasant than the return. While she was away in Illinois, the railroad into Grants Pass had been completed and allowed passengers to stay on the train the entire trip. However, because of the severe winter weather Margaret was six weeks late in arriving back in Oregon. The streets of Grants Pass were deep in mud, streams were flooded and crossings perilous. Bridges over the Rogue River were washed out and ferry boat service across the river was not operating. Unable to rent a horse and buggy for the final leg of her journey home, the stable owner drove Margaret upriver to a spot directly across from her home, Three Oaks. Looking out and across the Rogue River Margaret started hollering until the family came out and saw her on the other side of the river. James hitched up a couple of horses to a boat and managed to encourage the horses to the opposite side where he collected Margaret and brought her home.

Margaret got to witness many changes in her life and even experience the joy of riding in an automobile before her passing in 1915 at the age of eighty-one.

On December 17, 1887, the final run of a stagecoach on the main road that connected California and Oregon was completed by the Oregon and California Stage Company. On that very day the first locomotive made its way across the Siskiyou Mountains starting a new era of transportation into and out of the Rogue Valley and Southern Oregon. With the completion of the railroad, one could now travel from Sacramento to Portland, a distance of some seven-hundred and ten miles in less than two days. Stage service continued to operate on routes such as from the Rogue Valley to Klamath Falls and from Grants Pass to Crescent City. Stage service from Jacksonville to Central Point which connected with the trains, was discontinued in 1891 when the Rogue River Valley Railroad that operated between Jacksonville and Medford was completed.

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Narrative - The Glorious Fourth and the Social Life of Jacksonville's Young Ladies

In the latter part of June 1899, Mrs. Effie Prim was busy preparing to finish costumes for her daughters, Bertha age fifteen, and Maud age fourteen, to wear in the Glorious Fourth of July Parade. Bertha was chosen to represent the Goddess of Liberty, while Maude was selected as the Angel of Peace.

Being selected to ride on the float in the parade as the Goddess of Liberty and the Angel of Peace was a privilege reserved for the town's elite and Effie Prim was taking the selection of her daughters very seriously. She kept telling her daughters what an honor it was for them to have been chosen, and that their costumes had to be perfect as everyone in Jacksonville will be attending in their Sunday best. Effie reminded them that along with the honor of riding on the float it also came with responsibility. As young ladies, Bertha and Maud would be representing their family in front of the entire community.

Back in the day the Glorious Fourth was an important day of celebration, even surpassing the Christmas and New Year's activities. The day began with the parade which made its way through the streets of Jacksonville and concluded out at Bybee Park where the celebrants held a very large noonday picnic.

The festivities continued with a band concert, some eloquent readings, and usually a special speaker. Later in the afternoon games were played and there were horse races at the Bybee Race Track. The Glorious Fourth ended with fireworks in the evening, much to the delight of young and old.

While both Bertha and Maud were pleased with their special roles in the 1899 Fourth of July parade, they were very much looking forward to all the other activities associated with this special day. Maud was especially excited about playing games and the picnic, while Bertha was looking forward to the music and dancing. Both were eagerly awaiting the fireworks later that evening.

Mother and daughters shared laughter as they recalled the previous year's celebration when Mr. "Bum" Neuber and the town Marshal fired the old Civil War canon down the main street. It was so loud that it shattered many of the glass windows which took some three weeks to replace. Mr. Neuber gladly paid for all the repairs saying it was real jolly fun!

In addition to schooling, considered most important, young ladies at the time were involved in church activities, embroidery and making samplers, and playing croquet in the summer months. Bertha reminded Maud about all the fun they had when they went to Ashland to bowl at the bowling alley which was open to women on Fridays.

Then there were the parties, balls, and wedding celebrations to look forward to as it gave these young women the chance to dress up, socialize and dance. There were also organizations such as the Fan Brigade where the town's prettiest girls, dressed in their finery, fluttered their fans while performing clever moves, all accompanied by music to the delight of their audience.

Maud much preferred the Broom Brigade as it provided the opportunity for young ladies to do military type drills, much like the boys did, but with brooms instead of guns.

Effie reminded Maud that the military drills that the young men did kept them away from tobacco and drink. "A military drill takes a boy's instinct for soldiership and turns it against sin, for it is a grand, good thing to be a soldier for God, home and native land" she added.

With that Effie hurried the girls along as the three departed to purchase the final items necessary to complete their costumes in preparation for the Glorious Fourth!

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