

THE EUGENE CITY GUARD.

ESTABLISHED FOR THE DISSEMINATION OF DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES, AND TO EARN AN HONEST LIVING BY THE SWEAT OF OUR BROW.

WHOLE NO. 544.

EUGENE CITY, OR., SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1878.

\$2.50 per year IN ADVANCE.

The Eugene City Guard.

V. R. ALEXANDER, W. H. ALEXANDER.

ALEXANDER BROS.,

OFFICE—In Underwood's Brick Building, over Crain's Jewelry Store.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements inserted as follows: One square, 10 lines or less, one insertion \$3; each subsequent insertion \$1. Cash required in advance. Transient notices in local columns, 20 cents per line or each insertion. Advertising bills will be rendered quarterly. All job work must be paid for on delivery.

POSTOFFICE.

Office Hours—From 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays from 10 to 12 p. m. Mail arrives from the south and leaves going north 10 a. m. Arrives from the north and leaves going south at 2:30 p. m. For St. Louis, Franklin and Long T. m. close at 8 a. m. on Wednesday. For Crawfordville, Camp Creek and Brownsville at 1 p. m. Letters will be ready for delivery half an hour after arrival of trains. Letters should be left at the office one hour before mail depart.

SOCIETIES.

EUGENE LODGE No 11, A. F. and A. M. Meets first and third Wednesdays in each month. WIMAWALA ENCAMPMENT No. 64 Meets on the 1st and 4th Wednesdays in each month.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed letter to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D. Bible House, New York.

GEO. B. DORRIS,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW

Office on Willamette street, Eugene City.

J. C. Bolon,

DENTIST.

SUCCESSOR TO WJSH & BOLON.

OFFICE—In Underwood's brick building, over the express office.

A. W. PATTERSON,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office on Ninth Street, opposite the St. Charles Hotel, and at Residence, EUGENE CITY OREGON.

Dr J. C. Shields

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the citizens of Eugene City and surrounding country. Special attention given to all OBSTETRICAL CASES and UTERINE DISEASES entrusted to his care. Office at the St. Charles Hotel.

DR. JOSEPH P GILL

CAN BE FOUND AT HIS OFFICE at residence when not professionally engaged.

Office at the POST OFFICE DRUG STORE.

Residence on Eighth street, opposite Presbyterian Church.

WM. B. SAN FRANCISCO,

Purchasing Agent, LAKE CAL.

JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT.

J. S. LUCKEY, DEALER IN

Clocks, Watches, Chains, Jewelry, etc. Repairing Promptly Executed.

All Work Warranted. J. S. LUCKEY.

Ellsworth & Co.'s brick, Willamette Street.

LUMBER! LUMBER!

I HAVE ESTABLISHED A

LUMBER YARD

On the corner of Eleventh and Willamette streets, and keep constantly on hand lumber of all kinds. Seasoned flooring and rustic, fencing and fence posts. F. B. DUNN.

OPPOSITION

IS THE

LIFE OF TRADE!

SLOAN BROTHERS

WILL DO WORK CHEAPER than any other shop in town.

HORSES SHOD FOR \$1.50.

With new material, all round. Resetting old shoes 5 Cents.

All warranted to give satisfaction.

Shop on Eighth st., opposite Humphrey's Stable.

DR. JOHN HERBOLD,

SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST.

HAS REMOVED TO ROSEBURG, Oregon, where he respectfully offers his services to the citizens of that place and vicinity in all the branches of his profession.

Book and Stationery Store.

POST OFFICE BUILDING, EUGENE City. I have on hand and am constantly receiving an assortment of the Best School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Blank Books, Portfolios, Cards, Wallets, Blanks, Portmanteaux, etc., etc.

A. S. PATTERSON.

NEW STOCK OF HATS—The best and largest ever brought to Eugene, at FRIENDLY'S.

EUGENE CITY BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ALEXANDER, J. B.—Justice of the Peace South Eugene Precinct; office at Court House.

ABRAMS, W. H. & BRO.—Planing mill, sash, door, blind and moulding manufactory, Eighth street, east of mill race. Everything in our line furnished on short notice and reasonable terms.

BENTLEY, J. W.—Private boarding house, southwest corner of Eleventh and Pearl streets.

BAUSCH, P.—Boot and shoe maker, Willamette street, second door south of A. V. Peters & Co.

BAKER, R. F.—Wines, liquors, cigars and billiards—Willamette street one door north of St. Charles Hotel.

BOLON, J. C.—Surgical and Mechanical Dentist, Underwood's brick, over Express Office.

BOYD & RENSHAW—Meat Market—beef, mutton, pork, veal and lard—Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

COLEMAN, FRANK—Wines, liquors, cigars and billiards, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

CLEAVER, J. W.—General variety store and agricultural implements, southeast corner of Willamette and Seventh streets.

CHAPMAN, E. F.—Gunsmith—repairing promptly done and work warranted, Eighth street, between Willamette and Olive.

CHRISMAN, SCOTT—Truck, hack and expressman. All orders promptly attended to. Office at express office.

CRAIN BROS.—Dealer in Jewelry, Watches, Clocks and Musical Instruments—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

CALLISON, R. G.—Dealer in groceries, provisions, country produce, canned goods, books, stationery, etc., southwest corner Willamette and 9th Sts.

DORRIS, G. F.—Dealer in Stoves and Tin ware—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

DURANT, WM.—Meat Market—beef, pork, veal and mutton constantly on hand—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

ESPEY, W. W.—Carriage maker and blacksmith, Eighth street, between Willamette and Olive.

ELLSWORTH & CO.—Druggists and dealers in patents, oils, etc.—Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

FRIENDLY, S. H.—Dealer in dry goods, clothing and general merchandise—Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

GUARD OFFICE—Newspaper, book and job printing office, corner Willamette and Eighth streets, up stairs.

GRANGE STORE—Dealers in general merchandise and produce, corner Eighth and Willamette streets.

GILL, J. P.—Physician, Surgeon and Druggist, Postoffice, Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

HENDRICKS, T. G.—Dealer in general merchandise—northwest corner Willamette and Ninth streets.

HYMAN, D.—Variety Store and dealer in furs and skins, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

HODES, C.—Lager beer, liquors, cigars and a fine pigeon-hole table, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

HENKLE, E. T.—Barber and Fashionable Hair-Dresser—west side Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

HARRINGTON, FRANK—Barber, Hair-dresser and bath room, east side Willamette street, second door north of St. Charles Hotel.

HORN, CHAS. M.—Gunsmith. Rifles and shot-guns, breech and muzzle loaders, for sale. Repairing done in the newest style and warranted. Shop on 9th street.

JAMES, B. H.—Stoves, and manufacturer of Tin and Sheet-iron ware, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

KINSEY, J. D.—Sash, blinds and door factory; window and door frames, mouldings, etc.; glazing and glass cutting done to order.

LYNCH, A.—Groceries, provisions, fruits, vegetables, etc., Willamette street, first door south of Postoffice.

LAKIN & ROONEY—Saddlery, harness, saddie trees, whips, etc., Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

LUCKEY, J. S.—Watchmaker and Jeweler; keeps a fine stock of goods in his line, Willamette street, in Ellsworth's drug store.

McCLAREN, JAMES—Choice wines, liquors, and cigars—Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

MELLER, M.—Brewery—Lager beer on tap and by the keg or barrel, corner of Ninth and Olive streets.

McCLANAHAN, E. J.—Truck and Draying; all orders promptly attended to. Headquarters at Robinson & Church's.

OSBURN & CO.—Dealers in drugs, medicines, chemicals, oils, paints, etc.—Willamette street, opposite St. Charles Hotel.

PERKINS, H. C.—County Surveyor and Civil Engineer. Residence on Fifth a street.

PEFFINGTON, B. C.—Auctioneer and Commission Merchant, corner seventh and High streets.

POINDEXTER & RUSH—Horseshoeing and general jobbing blacksmiths, Eighth street, between Willamette and Olive.

PRESTON, WM.—Dealer in Saddlery, Harness, Carriage Trimmings, etc.—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

REAM, J. B.—Undertaker and building contractor, corner Willamette and Seventh streets.

ROSENBLATT & CO.—Dry goods, clothing, groceries and general merchandise, southwest corner Willamette and Eighth streets.

SHIELDS, J. C.—Physician and Surgeon—north side Ninth street, first door east of St. Charles Hotel.

STEVENS, MARK—Dealer in tobacco, cigars, nuts, candies, shot, powder, notions, etc.—Willamette street.

STEINHEISER, S.—Dealer in groceries, provisions, vegetables, fruits, etc.—Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

THOMPSON & BEAN—Attorneys at Law—Underwood's brick, Willamette street, up stairs.

VAN HOUTEN, B. C.—Agent for the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company, Willamette street, at Express office.

WINTER, J. A.—Photographic artist, No. 79, Willamette street. Pictures taken in the finest style of the art, at low rates.

WALTON, J. J.—Attorney-at-Law, Office—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

WITTER, J. T.—Bookskin dressing. The highest price paid for deer skins, Eighth st., at Bridge.

UNDERWOOD, J. B.—General brokerage business and agent for the Connecticut Insurance Company of Hartford—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

TRY IT!—THE T. G. HENDRICKS BRAND OF SOAP.

For sale only by T. G. HENDRICKS.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS of all kinds at inside figures by T. G. HENDRICKS.

ROSEBURG AND SAN JUAN LIME for sale by T. G. HENDRICKS.

The Alaska Job.

[From the S. F. Examiner.]

Ever since the purchase of our possessions in the far North-west, the legacy of the late Mr. Seward has been periodically brought before the people from one cause or another. A writer in the Evening Post, not long since, alleged that at first everything was life and bustle; traders and prospectors penetrated everywhere, many of the former realizing large fortunes.

At Sitka the military did its utmost to keep things lively, and it succeeded in a way which disgraced both their cloth and the country. When the first rush subsided, the affairs and claims of the firm of Hutchinson, Kohl & Co., now the Alaska Commercial Company, attracted public attention for a time, until that powerful combination obtained the lease of the fur-seal islands for twenty years.

Much was said at the time about the manner in which that lease was obtained, principally by would-be competitors of the Company, but the cry was hushed without leading to any startling exposure. From that period down Alaska has been kept out of sight and hearing of the people of the United States as far as it was possible for the parties interested to do so. One military post after another was abandoned, one trader after the other retired in the face of too powerful and unscrupulous competition. Occasionally some more venturesome prospector made a discovery which would have paid him good wages for hard work, but in a few weeks the work was generally abandoned again and the miner on his way back to British Columbia or San Francisco, with a few dollars in his pocket, not made by delving in the frozen soil of Alaska.

Fishing vessels were somehow guided to the poorest fish-grounds in the Territory, and all sorts of impediments thrown in the way of this class of visitors. During all this time persistent efforts were made to convince the general public, through the columns of certain papers and magazines, that the country we bought for \$7,250,000 was worth absolutely nothing, except through the medium of the Alaska Commercial Company. The Company withdrew its business from Sitka, once the center of the fur trade of all that region, thereby causing a falling off in Custom-house receipts, which necessarily had great weight in favor of the withdrawal of troops.

About eight or nine months ago the garrison of Sitka, the last in the Territory, was ordered to the Department of California, and with it the greater portion of the inhabitants of the place also removed, some leaving the country and others going to Fort Wrangel and the mouth of the Stickeen River, where the Indians are peaceable. This exodus from Sitka did not take place at once, but gradually, as people became convinced that no permanent protection by means of war vessels or revenue cutters was to be afforded them.

The monopoly of so valuable a staple as the fur seal-skin is a mine of wealth in itself. But it appears that any thing else this corporation desires it can have for the asking, and probably the officer who superintends the killing of seals, in accordance with the rules will be removed next, leaving the Company "monarch of all it surveys," as much as ever the old Russian American Company was, and at far less cost. Mr. Francis, United States Consul in Victoria, mentions at length in his reports the smuggling trade carried on with Alaska even now, and it can be easily imagined to what magnitude the traffic would grow should all restraint be removed. Congress should without delay commence a thorough investigation of this Alaska job.

At an expectant bridegroom who applied for a marriage license in Minneapolis, Minn., got along very well until asked the lady's name. "Name!" he exclaimed, "there, I don't know. I've heard it, too, but—let me see—Mary—it's Mary something. I'd know it in a minute if I could see it anywhere!" But he couldn't "see it anywhere," and the half-completed license was laid on the table until he could go up town and ask Mary what her other name was.

The newspapers which make a feature of indecent sensations unquestionably find their profit in an extended circulation and it would be useless to address any protests to them. Their proprietors no doubt deliberately calculated upon the morbid curiosity and depraved tastes of a large portion of the community before they embarked in this style of journalism. The discouraging feature about the whole matter is, remarks the Cleveland Herald, that papers of this sort seem to flourish more than those which endeavor to keep their columns clean and reputable.

California.

"Yes," said a traveller to the editor of the Salt Lake Herald, "California is a wonderful country—wonderful—wonderful. Tarantulas as big as pullets' eggs, black, hairy—legs all around them to crawl over you at night. Big trees—enormous—centipedes, every leg a sting, stinging while they crawl all over you—fifty legs—make 5,000 stings while they crawl over your leg. Enormous crops of grain—when you get 'em—once in two or three years. Wind in San Francisco? Blows a gale in San Francisco every summer day from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon. Sand and desert? No, Grit, gravel and pebble stones, and as for sand stone—pure sand—it drifts four feet deep over pavements and covers lamp posts. Yosemite? Grand, sublime, and half a dollar toll for every hundred rods. Rattlesnakes? Long ones in the mountains, short ones on the plains—short and thick—look like bologna sausages; and lying by dozens along the puddles. Country parched and dry as a brickbat in summer—no sod—no grass—and hot! Cook an egg out of doors anywhere.

"Cool in San Francisco? Yes, too cool half the time for comfort—and every day, morning, noon and night, fog, thick damp nasty and clammy. Scorpions in the country—sting with their tails—feels like the prod of a red hot knitting needle run through you; they get into your boots at night, and start you out of them on the double quick in the morning. Yet, delightful country; so much that it is new to see, feel and think about all the time—especially feel. There's the yellow jacket, a cross between the wasp and the bumble-bee—settles on the table while you're eating—bores holes into the beefsteak, and carries off half an ounce at a load, and sting like fury if interrupted. Stocks—mining stocks? Yes, people are frequently bitten by them awfully—half the cases are fatal. Such a variety of works of nature in California. Mosquitoes? Yes. Go by the river to Stockton or Sacramento, clouds and clouds and clouds of them. Venture in this country? Yes. Poison oak—touch it and your head swells to the size of a peck measure, with pimples and the itch. Great country for putting a head on you, you know.

"Old Californian? Old miner and '49er? Grand, noble, generous, large-hearted Western men? Yes. Always drinks when asked—lives much of the time in saloons—trousers, ten year's old, tied about the waist with rope yarn—hat, no rim, not much crown—came round the horn in '49 and hasn't washed himself since—lives in a cabin hard by 3x18, on salt pork and flour—gray shirt, never washed—can talk of nothing else but the 'ounce' a day he made in the winter of '50—splendid type of manhood, and smells like a distillery. Wonderful country—garden of the earth—everybody calling for Eastern capital to come and develop our mines. Dust on the road? Yes; much fine dust, red, like pulverized brick-bats. Land of gold, and everybody ready to take greenbacks. Live there? Yes—when I can't live anywhere else; good place to send men to when they die, to punish them for their sins."

Hints for Advertisers.

There is, as everybody knows who understands our newspaper literature, a lot of journals published simply for the purpose of getting advertising. Nobody reads them, and even as a gift they are refused. Yet men of good sense in other matters will spend their money in advertising their wares in these useless sheets.

What makes a journal desirable as a medium for advertising is, first, a large circulation, and, secondly, the hold it has on its readers—the moral and intellectual influence it exerts upon them. A paper may be printed by the million, and thrust as a gift into every man's hand, and yet as an advertising medium it may be of no real value. But a paper which has the confidence of its readers, which attaches them to it, and steadily affects their opinions, provided its sales are great, is one into which a wise business man will get his announcements, even at large cost.

Vast sums of money are every year wasted in advertising, simply from a lack of understanding of this very plain principle. Business men however, have much excuse for their folly in this direction. The newspapers do not tell them honestly what they will get for their money. They pay for an article which they are not suffered to see.—N. Y. Sun.

Nearly one hundred English and American teachers are employed in the schools of Japan. The increase in the number of school and colleges during the last year was not far from eight thousand.

Terror Of The Sea.

LONDON, March 25.—The following is a résumé of Caudford's statement: The ship capsized in a squall about four in the afternoon five miles from Dunnesse. I was one of the persons on board, all of whom, except myself and Fletcher, I believe lost. I was one of the last on the ship. Captain Hare was near me when she went down. After capsizing she carried with her a large number of men clinging to her, or they were drawn in the vortex. A man near me said a vessel was close by when the squall came on, and therefore we will be sure to be picked up. I was more than an hour in the water, being a first-rate swimmer, and many of my comrades called to me to help them. I tried to assist two or three, but at last there were four clinging to me, and I was obliged to kick them off. Our ship left Bermuda three weeks ago. We passed the Lizard, the most southern point of Great Britain, yesterday, and expected to anchor at Spithead about 5 in the afternoon.

The admiral commanding at Ports mouth has sent steamers to search in the vicinity of the accident, but no further report has been received. It is believed the Eurydice had about 320 officers and seamen, of which 270 were young men in training, besides about 20 officers and men taken on board at Bermuda as invalids. Dunnesse, off which the ship was lost, is a lofty headland, and well known to visitors to the Isle of Wight. The Eurydice was commissioned in Ports mouth in February, 1877, and went on a practice cruise to the West Indies, whence she had been for some days expected at Portsmouth.

Lloyd's place the number on board at 315. Two only are known to be saved, though a telegram from Ventnor states that a bark was seen bearing toward Dunnesse just before the squall. There is some hope that she may have rescued others. In consequence of an ebb tide and north wind at the time, the bodies are not expected to come ashore. All hands were mustering on deck for prayers at the time of the disaster. But for a passing schooner, nothing would have been known of the disaster, as everything on the sea was hidden from those on the shore by a blinding snow storm, and it would have been thought the ship had gone on to Spithead. At 3:30 the Esplanade at Ventnor was crowded with visitors admiring the Eurydice, which was carrying every available stick of canvas. She sailed so close to shore that from the pierhead the oordage of the rigging was visible. Suddenly the sky became overcast, and snow and sleet descended, quickly driving promenaders to cover, and hiding the vessel from view. When the storm lifted only the schooner Emma Lowering and her boats could be seen. Fletcher, the only survivor, states he was below, when hearing a noise on deck, he rushed up and found the vessel on her side in a sinking condition. He had been in the water scarcely a minute when the vessel lurched forward and sank, drawing him down such a distance that he gave himself up for lost, but a life buoy drew him to the surface. The vessel lies, with her masts visible, two miles off Luccombe China Point, where a ravine runs down to the sea and through which the wind blows with a force against which only a close reefed vessel can stand.

Boats went out last night to search for bodies, but none were found. Several gunboats are to-day cruising in that neighborhood. An effort will be made to raise the vessel.

PORTSMOUTH, March 25.—A telegram says it is feared that with the men who embarked at Bermuda and probably from Admiral Key's squadron in North America and West Indies, the Eurydice had nearly 400 persons on board.

A CALL FOR STATESMEN.—Congress is made up mainly of very cheap men and mere politicians. Statesmen are as rare as violets in a new England March. Not to go away from home, we wish we could name one man from the state of Massachusetts in the halls of congress who has any claim to the title of statesman. Senator Hoar comes as near to it as any man we have there, perhaps, and yet it would be difficult to find him if the mantle of a really great statesman were thrown over him. From all parts of the country the people have chosen for their representatives for the most part men who have made no study of any single public question, and who show themselves incapable of comprehending established principles and drawing logical conclusions from indisputable premises.

—Boston Globe.

Hayes' Inconsistencies.

Mr. Hayes would do well to intimate to Mr. Sherman that his resignation as Secretary of the Treasury would be very acceptable in as conveniently a short time as possible. It is not just the most seemingly aspect to view a member of the President's Cabinet, who is properly considered as reflecting the mind of the President, whether he really does so or not, giving his views on the subject of a State prosecution, and even so far forgetting the proprieties of his position as to write a letter to a convicted felon, assuring him of his sympathy and of his belief in his innocence. Mr. Hayes must appear in no enviable light in the eyes of the nations of the world, when he appoints to responsible offices men who are charged in courts of law with crimes that carry shame and disgrace and reproach to the minds of the people everywhere. Wells and Anderson committed a crime when they counted the vote of Louisiana for Hayes instead of Tilden. Sherman stood by and aided and abetted them in their lawless acts. Hayes admitted their crimes when he allowed the Packard government to be succeeded by that of Nicholls, and indorsed and made as his own, those crimes when he selected Sherman, as one of his advisers and appointed the Returning Board members to responsible offices. With these facts staring them full in the face, how can the American people, whether they be Democrats or Republicans, or Independents, white or black, or any other color, have any confidence in Mr. Hayes' purity of character or honesty of purpose? Mr. Hayes may continue to banish wine from his State dinners, and still have his Sunday evening festivals of song at the White House, but instead of these things tending to elevate him in the estimation of the people, they will only serve to bring the reproach of hypocrisy upon him. We do not object to Mr. Hayes' banishment of wine from his table and singing Sunday School songs with Wheeler, Sherman and others, if his acts as President in the discharge of his duties were in keeping with these religious tendencies of his. It would be much better to have wine at the table than a lot of thieves around it, such as Sherman, Anderson and Wells. It would be much better for Mr. Hayes to refrain from slandering a people as noble and as honorable and as just as can be found on earth, than singing "Blest be the tie that binds," and all the songs that resound through the Presidential mansion. This is a practical age and a practical people, and while Mr. Hayes' hypocritical show of religious and sober tendencies may please all the antiquated grannies of the land, it will not satisfy the strong common sense of the nation.

A Correct View of the Situation.

It is rare and refreshing to find in an Eastern journal of rank and influence anything upon the Chinese question which is either correct, or sensible, or free from prejudice against the cause of free labor on this Coast. It is, therefore, with pleasure that we read in the Cincinnati Enquirer a very sound article upon the subject. It says:

We are no alarmists, but the time for action has come. The heathen are at our doors. Congress must act, speedily and vigorously. The immigration and transportation of these heathen hordes must be stopped. The pitiful cry of cheap labor, of treaties and of the value of Chinese commerce must not be allowed to stand in the way of our own preservation. The very life of our people is at stake. These Chinese are worse than the lice and frogs of Egypt—worse than war, pestilence and famine, for they bring with them pestilence and famine, and decay and degradation and moral death follow swiftly in their wake. There is not one redeeming trait to commend them to our favorable consideration. Morally and physically they are lower than the beasts. They are foul and filthy; they are almost universally liars, gamblers, debauchees, and thieves; they are leprous and licentious, and full of all uncleanness; they corrupt the young, and degrade all with whom they come in contact; they blast every business in which they engage; under their blighting touch every industry withers, and all prosperity vanishes; they rob men of the means of livelihood, and pollute the very air of heaven with the reeking odors of their foul dens and their more filthy persons. If God in His good providence has seen fit to afflict their native country with famine, and destroy them from the face of the earth, this does not argue that America should be made to suffer with them. Rather should our people stand by and see the judgment of God, and testify to His goodness and loving kindness.