

# Coquille City Herald.

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**I. O. G. T.**  
**Morning Star Lodge**  
No. 464.  
Meets at Coquille City every Thursday evening. Visiting members in this order, in good standing, are cordially invited.

**K. OF L.**  
**Pioneer Assembly, No.**  
3070.  
Meets at Coquille City every Monday evening. Visiting members, in good standing, are cordially invited.

**I. O. O. F.**  
**Coquille Lodge No. 53**  
Meets at Coquille City every Saturday evening. Visiting brethren, in good standing, cordially invited.

**A. F. and A. M.**  
**Chadwick Lodge, No. 68.**  
Meets at Coquille City on Saturday evening on or before the full moon in each month.  
John Goodman,  
W. M.

**G. A. R.**  
**Gen. Lytle Post, No. 27.**  
Meets at Coquille City, on every first and third Wednesday. Visiting comrades, in good standing, cordially invited.  
Chas. S. True, Commander.

## The Bivouac of the Dead.

The following well-known poem was written by Colonel Theodore O'Hara, a heroic soldier in the Mexican war, and read by him at the dedication of the monument erected by the state of Kentucky in the Frankfort cemetery to the memory of her citizens who fell in that struggle. O'Hara was a southern poet and journalist, and for some time was the editor of the *Mobile Register*. He died in Columbus, Ga., in 1867.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo!  
No more on life's parade shall meet  
That brave and fallen few.  
On fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead.  
No rumor of the foe's advance  
Now swells upon the wind,  
Nor troubled thought at midnight haunts  
Of loved one's left behind.  
No vision of the morrow's strife  
The warrior's dream alarms;  
No braying horn, no screaming life  
At dawn shall call to arms.  
The neighing troop, the flashing blade,  
The bugle's stirring blast,  
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,  
The din and shout are past;  
Nor war's wild notes, nor glory's peal  
Shall thrill with fierce delight  
Those breasts that nevermore may feel  
The rapture of the fight.

Rest on, embalm'd and sainted dead!  
Dear is the blood you gave—  
No impious footsteps here shall tread  
The heritage of your grave.  
Nor shall your glory be forgot,  
While fame her record keeps,  
Or honor points the hallow'd spot  
Where valor proudly sleeps.

## TOWED BY A REEF-AWAY FISH.

"Going after whales?" I asked a bronzed fisherman who was coiling a long rope into his boat on the beach near New Carlyle.

"No," was the reply, in broad Yankee dialect that sounded strange where French is mostly spoken. "I'm goin' a hoss-mackerelin', an' ef you wantter put in a good, solid day's work, ship afore the mast. I'd be glad to hev your company. Jist clear that line while I coil, will you?" said the fisherman, as soon as I had verbally signed papers and slipped. The rope, which was about 200 feet long, was coiled in the bottom of the boat, the cable was slipped, and the Grampus bore away before the wind, churning and puffing like her namesake. "That's a delicate looking hook," said the skipper, as he took up a giant iron hook that might have passed for an ice-hook; "but I tell ye they want a hook that'll hang off. They're the strongest fish that swim, an' I ain't exceptin' sharks. Sharks is good at a steady pull, but a hoss-mackerel will go a mile while a shark's makin' up his mind whether he's hooked or not. I reckon we might as well hev over here," continued the skipper, "an' ef you'll take the tiller a minute, mate, I'll fix the fly. Hoss-mackerels ain't very particular," he said, as he forced a large eight-pound hake onto the end of the hook. "What they want is somethin' solid and sweet, an' hake jist about hits the figger. Yer see, they make a shine as they tow along."

The fisherman slackened away on the line until all but about twenty feet was out, and then took a hitch in the line. "That's what I call a tell-tale," he continued, pointing to the hitch. "When that gives and slips you'll know we're in fur business. Jist slack off yer sheet a trifle, so that she won't make so much way. Ye wantter take it kinder slow, jist to keep the hake a-movin' natural like, and not take it out of their mouths at the fast pull. Sometimes I've fished all day and never got a bite, and then agin I've been off shore here a-coddin', and the minute I'd get a fish up to the top of the water along would come one o' these fellers and take him off. I remember one day pettiklar when Jo—"

Right here came a rasping

sound, and the "tell-tale" disappeared with a rush.

"Down with the helm!" shouted the skipper, and down it went, the little craft rushing up in the wind, shaking herself like a wet dog. The line was as stiff as a bar of iron when the fisherman seized it, but with a rapid paying out he succeeded in passing it forward and making it fast. The object of this was evident a moment later, when the boat buried her nose and dashed away dead in the wind's eye, towed by the powerful fish.

"Ye see," said the skipper, keeping his eye on the singing line, "if he'd got the strain on over the side or astern, we'd hev to go over or cut the rope. Now, you want to keep her right arter him."

This proved no easy matter; the fish was making frequent side rushes from right to left, hauling the boat here and there, making it almost an impossibility to guide her. Suddenly there came a slack on the line.

"Stand by," shouted the skipper, hauling in on the slack with all his power; put her head the way he goes!"

For a moment the line came in as if nothing were on, but in a second it leaped again. The man darted back to get clear of it, while the bow of the boat was turned in the new direction indicated not a moment too soon, as with a singing sound the line tautened, burying the boat to her very deck. Time and time again did the wily fish adopt these tactics to rid itself of the obnoxious burden, but at every turn it met the equal cunning of the fisherman, who was an old hand at such pranks.

"This thing can't last all night," said the skipper. "There's an end to all things. Jist clap on here and see ef we can't get in a little slack." The helmsman relinquish'd the tiller and both laid hold of the line. The first pull seemed to spur the fish on to renewed exertion. A foot of line was soon gained, and with a rush was lost. It was regained, and as much more added to it, and then began a tug of war. Slowly the line came in, and finally, when within fifty feet of the boat, the monster arose about five feet into the air and showed its shapely length.

"It's about up with him when he does that," gasped the skipper. "Now, slack quick! Now, in with it again!" Thus gradually the great fish was hauled this way and that, and finally, half-drowned in its own element, rolled on its back at the bow, and after a few more struggles succumbed to the blows of the skipper's fish mallet.

"That's the biggest chap I ever tackled," said the fisherman as he made a rope fast to the fish's tail, and it swung alongside the boat. "They're the king, an' no mistake. We can't git him inter the boat, so jist keep away, and we'll tow him ashore."

When the captured fish was hauled upon the sands by the windlass that the skipper used to pull out his boats it measured nearly ten feet in length, and was estimated to weigh nearly 1,000 pounds. The horse mackerel is a magnificent fish in appearance, being, in fact, a gigantic mackerel, resembling the European tunny. They have a wide geographical range. Specimens have been caught twenty feet in length, with a weight of about half a ton, and so powerful that even large vessels have been towed by them. Like the swordfish, they do not breed on this side of the water, but undoubtedly emigrate to the European shores for this purpose, unless perhaps the eggs are deposited in mid-Atlantic, which is hardly probable. The fish prey upon their smaller relatives, and go South or out to sea in the winter, appearing on the Massachusetts coast about June 1st, and here two weeks later.—[New York Sun.

## THE TOWER OF LONDON.

The tower is the oldest of the three great monuments of London, and assuredly it stands at the head of all buildings of its order in the world. It is the most perfect extant example of a feudal castle of the first class, continuously used as a fortress by the same dynasty, and as a seat of the same government since the times of the crusades. It is, in fact, the civil building in the world which can show the longest and most splendid history. The Pantheon at Rome, a few of the great Basilicas, the Byzantine church of the Holy Wisdom, and a few religious buildings on the continent can show a longer life, but there is no civic building, being neither a ruin nor a restored ruin, but still a great seat of government, which can show so vast a record. The Tower of London has entered upon the ninth century of its continuous life in the service of the English crown. When the White Tower first rose beside the Thames, as the buttress and symbol of the conquest, the nations we call French, German and Spanish did not exist. It had already seen centuries of great and memorable things before the oldest of the palaces and halls of Europe had their foundations laid. Men talk of the traditions of the Kremlin, the Vatican and the Escurial; but the half of the wild history of the Tower was over before a stone was laid of these vast piles. The races who raised the fantastic domes of Moscow, or the minarets of Constantinople were wandering herdsmen and robber tribes in Asia when the Tower was the home of the most powerful kings in Europe. The old Palaces of State of Venice, Florence, Ghent and Bruges have traditions of great antiquity, and are memorable sources of art, romance and poetry. But their real life has closed for ages; they are little now but monuments or museums. The tower, which began so long before them, has outlived them all in permanent vitality. The descendant of the conqueror is still mistress of the White tower, which for 800 years has guarded the symbols of our national power. It is true that in point of picturesque beauty the tower must yield to some of its younger rivals. It has not the mountain-like grandeur of the Palace of the Popes of Avignon, nor the fairy beauty of the Doge's palace at Venice, nor the sky-line of the old palace at Florence, or of the castle at Prague; much less has it the weird impressiveness of that skeleton of castles, the upper City of Carcassonne, or the piles of Loches, Chinon and Angers. The glory of the Tower of London lies in its matchless historical record. Carcassonne has been a ruin now for six centuries; the civic palaces of Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands had a history at most for a few hundred years; and Avignon records but an episode in the career of the papacy, seventy years of servility, ferocity and vice. The building of all others which in historic dignity approaches most nearly the tower, is a fragment of the great palace of the Capetain Kings beside the Seine, which now survives under the name of the Conciergerie, of which the palais de justice is the transformed court of justice, and of which the Sainte Chapelle of St. Louis was the proper chapel. Behind that screen of brand-new Gothic restorations with which the Viollets-le Duc have everywhere enveloped the ancient monuments of France, Parisians, if they only knew it, might still find the fortress of their ancient monarchy worthy to compete in historical importance with the Tower of London itself.

The tower has really a four fold character and a four-fold history. It is a palace, fortress, treasure-house, and seat of government; it is only prison as part of the functions of a fortress.—London Times.

## The Best Varieties.

According to the New York Agricultural Experiment Station, a variety of lettuce which becomes early fit for use, is slow in running to seed, which retains its tenderness and sweetness well, and forms a large and compact head, is the best, and this is the large Whitestone Summer. There are several other varieties almost equally as good, such as All the Year Round, White Chavigny and the Deacon. For those who like novelty, the Prize Head, which is curled and tinged with red, the Marvel, of a rich, deep, glossy red, and the Golden Spotted, find admirers. In the pea, for early, is recommended the Old Philadelphia, Kentish Invicta, or Daniel O'Rooke. These are smooth peas and though excellent for a beginning, should soon give place to the wrinkled sorts, first of which is named the American Wonder. Following this, a number of varieties may be recommended. The Champion of England, as an intermediate pea, is scarcely excelled in quality and productiveness, though it requires bushing, which with some is an objection. Among the excellent dwarf intermediates may be named Pride of the Market, Stratagem, Market Grand and Fair's Dwarf Green Marrow. For a late pea, McLean's Premier. In beets, the Egyptian is recommended for both early and late use. It is early, excellent in quality, productive, and keeps well. In carrots, the French Forcing, for early use, and the Long Orange for late and winter use. In parsnips there is little choice but for early spring use. The Hollow Crown is about the best. Among turnips, the Purple Top, Sirip Leaf and Jersey Navet have proved excellent for autumn or for early winter use. In onions, use onion sets for early use. Among the earliest kinds which may be grown from seeds is Nell's Extra Early and Extra Early Red. For those who prefer a very mild onion, the White Portugal is recommended. In cabbage, the Early Wakefield, Nonpareil, and Early Oxford and Premium Flat Dutch for late and winter use. Of cauliflowers, Erfurt Early Dwarf seems to be the best for early use and the Imperial Large White French and Le Normand's Short Stemmed for late. Of tomatoes, the Alpha is considered the earliest; the Favorite and Mayflower are also both excellent. In celery, the Boston Market is preferred. In squashes, the Gem and Canada Crookneck are found hardy, productive and of easy growth, but the Hubbard, Batman and Essex Hybrid are preferable. Of cucumbers, Tails-by's Hybrid has proved reliable and is of excellent quality. Early Russian and Early Cluster are excellent early varieties and the White Spine may be named for later use. The Christiana melon, among muskmelons, is an excellent one, a reliable bearer, and very hardy. Of watermelons, Vick's Early has proved to be the most satisfactory. Of radishes, the Early Long Scarlet and the Early Scarlet Turnip-rooted are excellent for early use, and the Dayton and Golden Globe for late use.—[Ex.

Will Haven serenaded his girl last night and when he got through singing the first song a female Irish voice was heard at a front upper story window, as to wit: "Is that you, Bill?" "Yes; where is Mamie?" "Faith, an' she ain't got home from the icecream saloon yet wid Mr. Archer. Give us another song, Bill; the ould folks are out, too. Give us 'Swate Violets.'—Kentucky State Journal.

"There is a coolness between that young couple," said Boggs, as he saw one plate of cream and two spoons.—Troy Times.

## Careful Training for Horses.

All farmers and a great many who are not, are used from childhood to handling colts and horses, and yet it is very rare that you see any of them handling animals, especially colts and young horses, with judgment. The first that the colt should learn is that you will not hurt him (that is, he must learn not to be afraid of you), and the next lesson should be to teach him that you can handle him and that you are his master. When these two requisites are accomplished the whole business of training is in your hands, and if good management is used after this any ordinary colt can be made just what you wish him to be. Horses with high mettle are a little more troublesome in the commencement than those with dull spirits, but when properly subdued and handled they are more easily educated than those of dull spirits, and they are also more susceptible to ill training, and this is the reason that there are so many vicious and dangerous horses. Never allow a colt to get the advantage of you, and then it will never know that it possesses a power that man cannot control and if made familiar with strange objects it will not be skittish and nervous. The fact is the horse will be what you make it, and with colts, as with the human family, early impressions are the most lasting and are made for good or ill, according to your management.—Ex.

## Superiority of American Merinos.

When the first prizes for Merino sheep were awarded at the International Exposition at Hamburg, about twenty years ago, says the *San Francisco Chronicle*, all Europe was astonished. The Yankee sheep took the prize over the best flocks of Europe, and they could not understand it. After the first surprise was over, the European sheep growers, at the close of the exhibition, did the best possible thing—they purchased the American Merinos, or Vermont Merinos, as they were generally called for the improvement of their flocks, at what was then an unusual price.

The superiority of the American over the best European families of Merinos is shown in its greater size and weight; while the rams of the most noted of the Spanish flocks range from 60 to 100 pounds—the last rarely reached—the American rams run to 120 pounds, and upward to 180 pounds. These large weights are accompanied by shorter neck and legs, an increased width of loin, and what is more important a great increase in the weight of the fleece. Some flocks have averaged ten pounds of washed wool, and individual rams have greatly exceeded this weight. The American Merino is marked by strong folds and wrinkles, and sometimes have been bred with a view of these.

The American Merinos have been found to be superior to any of the European Merinos for improving the flocks of Australia. A few months ago an Australian flock-master who called upon us said that the whole object of his visit to this country was the purchase of American Merino rams. He attributed the great improvement which has lately been manifested in Australian sheep to the introduction of American Merinos. We notice that English agricultural writers speak of the improvement in Australian sheep by the introduction of Merino rams, but they fail to state that it is due to the American rams.

Col. Ingersoll announces with great satisfaction that his log house on the Dorsey ranch in New Mexico is nearly finished; that it cost only \$8,000—the profits of a week's lecturing almost anywhere—and that he and his family mean to move into the house by July 1.—Ex.