

# THE COAST MAIL.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF COOS COUNTY.

Vol. 2.

MARSHFIELD, OR., SATURDAY, Jan. 3, 1880.

No. 1.

## The Coast Mail.

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,  
—BY—  
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Marshfield, Coos Co., Or.

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Embracing Orthography, Reading, Writing, Grammar, Geography, History, Physiology, Familiar Science and Mental and Practical Arithmetic.  
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If you want an easy shave, As good as barber ever gave, Just call on me at my saloon, From morn till night or busy noon; My razors sharp, my scissors keen, My shop is neat and towels clean; And there I think that you will find Each article to suit the mind; I trim the hair with skill for gents, Of course the price is fifty cents; Shampooing, too, I do that well; Give me a trial, that will tell; So help me gracious if I make you holier.  
You need not pay a quarter of a dollar.  
J. W. Cox, Propr.  
P. S. Hot and cold baths always ready.  
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## Sketches of our Southern Coast.

(No. 1)  
Something more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the first white settlements were established on the southern coast of Oregon. The pioneers of that day were not attracted hither by broad and fertile prairie lands, nor by any temptations to agricultural pursuits, for better lands were to be found vacant in other localities; but men were then, more than now, in search of rapid wealth. They wanted gold—not that bearing the stamp of the mint and the impress of sovereignty, but those glittering particles which make the bleakest shrap or rudest mountain gorge, more attractive than the refinements of civilization or the comforts of home and the fireside. The sands of the ocean beach, of what is known as southern Oregon, were rich in gold; and the ever-sanguine miner expected old Neptune to replenish these deposits from the fabulous wealth of his lower depths, as fast as they were impoverished by the hand of man.

Even the presence of the tribes of Indians, more or less numerous, to be found at each inhabitable point along the coast, and whose unfriendly purposes toward the pale-faced intruders were more than suspected, did not deter them. They came with wives and children, mothers and sisters—came to stay, hoping that a few short years of privation and dangers, would secure them wealth, society, and comfort. With some few, this hope has been partially realized; many have gone to find its fulfillment in the world beyond, and some remain, patient, though disappointed, unsuccessful yet full of hope for the future.

The first decade of pioneer life was not without its thrilling adventures and blood-curdling tragedies. Wild and ferocious beasts have sought their prey among the settlers; the merciless savages have carved their victims along the ocean beach, and in the glades; and again, in turn, scores of the dusky barbarians have atoned with their lives for crimes against the whites. Few of these incidents have ever been written or printed; and though all are engraved upon the memory of those who participated in them, only to be effaced by death, these perishable tablets are one by one disappearing from among us, and in a few years, should these occurrences remain unwritten, the now living historical facts would be shrouded in the doubt and uncertainty of tradition. These considerations shall be my excuse for putting in print a few sketches of well authenticated facts and incidents of the early history of the coast of southern Oregon.

THE FIRST TRAGEDY OF BATTLE ROCK. Foremost among the various objects of interest that attract the attention of the stranger visiting Port Orford, is Battle Rock. The structure which bears this suggestive name, is a rock of conglomerate formation, rising to the height of about fifty feet, and situated immediately in front of the village, and extending to low water mark in the harbor. At high-water it is surrounded, while at low-water it is accessible from the shore, and at one point can be ascended with some difficulty. On the summit of this rock is a comparative level area of a few rods, covered with undergrowth and a few stunted pines. Before the advent of the whites, the magnificent forests of white cedar which covered the beach lands adjoining this harbor, were the favorite haunts of deer, elk, and other kinds of game, while the harbor and coast afforded various kinds of fish in abundance, making Port Orford a favorite resort for the Indians that inhabited the coast. Several villages of these people had made their home here for centuries, and the remains of their feasts on shellfish may still be seen on every hand. This locality has been the scene of two tragic incidents, the first of which is described in this sketch.

In the spring of A. D., 1851, Captain Wm. Tichenor, whose name is intimately connected with the history of the settlement of Curry county, visited Port Orford with a small vessel, and, being favorably impressed by the harbor and its surroundings, determined to form a settlement there. Having, as it was supposed, secured the good will of the Indians, who were quite numerous, nine intrepid and experienced frontiersmen were sent ashore to secure the site, while Tichenor proceeded north, expecting soon to return with reinforcements and supplies. The possibility of forcible self-defense being taken into consideration, in addition to the arms by which a pioneer is always accom-

panied, the Captain furnished the colony with a ship's carronade, and with powder and some lead for slugs.

After the vessel passed out of the harbor, the little party set about the construction of a log house. The Indians, whose good will had been purchased by sundry presents, at first looked curiously on, but soon gave unmistakable signs of dissatisfaction with the proceedings, and before three days had passed, it became evident that war was brewing. The warriors still gathered round, but the squaws and children had disappeared, and the increased number of weapons told the experienced Indian fighters that they must soon defend themselves, or die. A hasty consultation decided their course; the tide was favorable, and in a short time their ammunition and provisions were placed on the summit of the rock. With that strength and energy born only of imminent peril, by the means of ropes they also succeeded in pulling up the heavy carronade, and planting it in a hastily constructed breastwork on the rock. They loaded the piece with slugs, and waited the movements of the Indians. The ocean was unusually calm, and as night drew near, the Indians from Brush and Uca creeks, came up in canoes, and active preparations were made for an attack. By the light of the rising moon, the imperilled band could discern the savages on the beach, till they seemed as numerous as the trees beyond. At a signal from one of the chiefs, which was received with a yell of approval, a storming party rushed upon this natural rampart, while a shower of arrows went up from the canoes on the water-side. The brave men calmly waited the approach of their reckless and bloodthirsty assailants, till the narrow passage near the summit was thronged with Indians, when the match was applied to the carronade. A deafening report woke the echoes of forest and rock, and as it came waded back to the ears of the besieged, it was mingled with the yells of the living, and groans of the dying savages. And as the smoke slowly lifted, not a form could be seen, where a few moments before the Indians stood in appalling numbers. A bolt from the hand of "Manito" could not have filled them with greater consternation. The dead and dying were left unheeded for, and a hasty retreat was made to the woods. These warriors were accustomed to the scenes of savage warfare, but they knew nothing of the use of artillery, and their terror can be imagined. The number of the killed seen in the morning, was eight, but the number of the wounded will never be known.

Very little was seen of the Indians for some days after this event, but they were watching till hunger should force the party from their stronghold, when it was expected they would fall easy victims. Once the cannon was again discharged at a party of Indians who had taken refuge behind a pile of drift-wood, sending them again in haste to the forest. Day followed day, and no signs of relief came; the Indians were becoming bold, and ammunition and provisions scarce. Ten days had passed, when a vote was taken, and it was decided to attempt an escape. Kindling their fires as usual, under the cover of darkness they left their fort, and succeeded in making their way northward undiscovered. They traveled by night, and lay concealed by day, till they were beyond the danger of pursuit. They crossed Coos Bay and proceeded to the settlements of the interior. Captain Tichenor returned by steamer soon after the escape of the party, and found the place deserted; and the fate of the party was, for some time involved in doubt.

A. H. Stephens on Grant. A late Augusta, Georgia, dispatch says: In answer to recent publications, A. H. Stephens telegraphs to this city as follows in relation to Grant and the next President: "I have said, and I now repeat, that the South might go further and fare worse than to take him. I have said that I entertain for him personally, a very high regard and esteem. I have said, and now repeat, that I prefer him to Tilden for President. This is no change of opinion on my part. I am a Democrat of the straightest sect of the Jeffersonian school."

One beauty of the electric light is that it burns as well in a rain storm as in the finest of weather. One of the large hotels at Saratoga has its grounds lit by electricity, and the effect of the light on the raintrops is described as singularly beautiful. This is a new plea in favor of lighting by electricity.

## Written for the COAST MAIL.

### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

#### Robespierre.

Probably no popular uprising of modern times has brought before the world so many characters distinguished for marked and original personal qualities, as the French Revolution; and, certainly, no name in the annals of that bloody epoch stands forth in greater prominence than that of FRANCES JOSEPH MAXIMILIEN ISIDORE ROBESPIERRE.

He was born in the city of Arras, in 1758, and died by the guillotine in Paris at the early age of thirty six years. The son of an advocate, and the eldest of four children, he was left in orphanage at an early period by the death of his mother, and the desertion of a heartless father. The little that is known of his childhood and youth, supports his character for studiousness and good conduct, and his exemplary standing when at the school at Arras, secured to him such a degree of favor with the bishop that he was sent to the college Louis de Grand at Paris, where he remained for eight years. While at this institution his habits of close application to study gained him much distinction, and at the close of his collegiate term he entered upon the study of law. After completing his professional course, he returned to his native city and entered upon the practice of his profession, in which he soon rose to distinction. And it is recorded that his first important cause was in defense of a charge of impiety caused by the introduction of Dr. Franklin's lightning-rods, in 1783. Of humble birth, and of independent mind, it is not surprising that his sympathies were with the humble classes as against the pretensions and encroachments of an overbearing aristocracy; and amid the period of increasing popularity he was chosen a member of the Criminal Court of Arras. It was while in the discharge of the duties of this position that he was called upon to pronounce the sentence of death upon a condemned prisoner. The circumstances so wrought upon his mind that he resigned his office, and became an advocate of the abolition of capital punishment. In 1789, he was chosen a deputy of the third estate for Arras, in which position he was favored with increased opportunities for strengthening his hold upon the affections of the common people. He had no income besides the eighteen francs per day, which was his pay as a deputy, and with a portion of this he supported a sister who was dependent upon him. He occupied an unfurnished apartment, and his only coat was noticed for its soiled and threadbare appearance. He said that "in general there is nothing so good nor so just as the people when not irritated by the excesses of despotism." He was an ardent advocate of the equal rights of the blacks in the colonies; and said in discussion on the subject: "Let the colonies perish rather than a principle." After the death of Mirabeau, no man in France wielded such power as Robespierre. Of the mobs, riots and massacres of the early part of the French Revolution, he was always an advocate, and generally a leader; but in all these inexcusable excesses he claimed to be pursuing the public good, and exterminating only the enemies of the liberties of the people; and when a revolutionary tribunal was established to try the enemies of the people, he was proposed to preside over it. He declined for the reason that it was not just for him to try those whom he had already denounced and condemned. The frightful massacre in the prisons of which Danton was the moving spirit, were denounced by Robespierre, and it must be admitted that he was less bloodthirsty and more reasonable than many of his coadjutors. At one time, shocked by the wanton butchery of innocent men by whom he was surrounded, he proposed a committee of justices to enquire into arrests, and to guard against the sacrifices of innocent persons, but in the end he was defeated. Had he been endowed with the boldness and ambition of Napoleon, he would have made himself Dictator of France; but he was wanting in personal courage, and said of himself "I was not made to rule, I was made to combat the enemies of the people." Probably the most indefensible act of his life, was that of countenancing the death of Danton, who had been his associate and friend, and the words of the distinguished Jacobin seemed prophetic when he exclaimed at the place of execution: "Robespierre

will follow—I drag him after me."

Robespierre favored the condemnation of the King, and the establishment of the revolutionary tribunal clothed with supreme executive power; but he cannot justly be held responsible for all the excesses of that body. In the attempt to make himself more perfectly master of France by ridding the Conventions of his enemies, he failed and became suspected even by his former friends; and for the last six weeks of his life, he was without power or control, and in justification of his former conduct, he asks that if in that period "faction had been less audacious or the country happier." When his death was decreed by the Convention, his friends proposed a rescue, but he said, "the death of one man is less hurtful to the republic than the example of revolt against the National Convention." He was arrested and tried in the summary manner which disgraced that epoch, and in the evening of July 28, 1794, was executed by the guillotine.

#### Sagacity of Dogs.

The possibility of teaching dogs to perform various feats is well known. At an exhibition in London, amongst their histrionic performances was the representation of a siege. The scene consisted of fortifications with three ranges of ramparts, while in the distance behind appeared the buildings and steeples of a town. The ramparts were guarded by soldiers in uniform, each armed with a musket or sword of an appropriate size. All these were logs, and their duty was to defend the walls from an attacking party, also dogs, whose movements now commenced the operations of the siege. A reconnoitring party now advanced, and the chief, habited as an officer of rank, with great circumspection surveyed the fortification. But his movements and the consultation with his troops, was observed by a sentinel on the ramparts, and the party was fired upon, and this seemed to be a signal to call every man to his post.

The troops advanced to the escalade, with the necessary apparatus for scaling the walls and storming the fortifications. The drums beat to arms, and the fearful bustle of warfare opened in earnest. Smoke poured out in volleys from shot-holes; the besieging forces pushed forward in masses, regardless of the fire, and amid much confusion and scrambling, scaling ladders were raised against the walls. Then was the grand tug of war. The leaders who first ascended were opposed with great gallantry by the defenders. The chief of the assailants did wonders; he was seen now here, now there, animating his men, and was twice hurled with ladders and followers, from the second gradation of ramparts; but he was invulnerable, and seemed to receive an accession of courage on every fresh repulse. The scene became of an exciting nature. The rattle of the miniature cannon, the roll of the drums, the sound of trumpets, the heroism of the actors on both sides, imparted an idea of spectacle that for a moment made the spectator forget that he was looking on a performance of dogs. Not a bark was heard in the struggle.

After numerous hairbreadth escapes, the chief surmounted the third line of fortifications, followed by his troops; the enemy's standard was hurled down, and the victor's flag hoisted in its place; the ramparts were manned by the conquerors; the smoke cleared away—and the battle was won.

#### Clearing Land by Steam Power.

A company has been formed in Glasgow, Scotland, says an exchange, to operate in the forest lands of Oregon and Washington Territory, for the purpose of utilizing a process of clearing forests by steam, introduced into Scotland a few years since. This method is as follows: A traction engine of twelve horse power is stationed some distance from the wood, and a wire chain is fastened to the tree. Steam is then put on, and the tree is pulled forcibly out by the roots. Upwards of 900 hundred trees per day of ten hours can be pulled out by this process. The company will commence operations with fifty engines, which are now being manufactured for them, to be located and worked in different sections of the country, and it is calculated, in the course of a few years, the whole Northwest of the United States will be cleared and opened up for settlement. We would speak for about five of these engines for Coos county. We have the soil that will justify clearing, if it can be found in the world.

#### Unjust Discrimination.

The following is from the pen of Madge Morris, as published in the *San Jose Mercury*: When two human beings, ruled by the same mysterious nature, have yielded to temptation and fallen, what is this monster of social distinction that excuses the sin of one as folly or indiscretion, while it makes that of the other a crime, which a lifetime cannot retrieve? It is a strange justice that condones the fault of one while it condemns the other even to death; that gives to one, when dead, funeral rites and Christian burial, and to the other the Morgue and a dishonored grave, simply because one is a strong man and the other a weak woman. And it is a stranger sadder truth that 'tis woman's influence which metes out this strange injustice to woman. Mother, if you must look with scorn and contempt upon the woman who, through her love for some man, has gone down to destruction, do not smilingly acknowledge her paramour a worthy suitor for your own unsullied daughter. Maiden, if you must sneeringly raise your white hand and push back into the depths of pollution the woman who seeks to reinstate herself in the path of rectitude, do not permit the man who keeps half a dozen mistresses to clasp his arm around your waist to the soft measure of the "Beautiful Blue Danube." If the baseness of society forbids that you say to the penitent, sin-sick sister, "Go and sin no more," if you must consign her to the life of infamy which inevitably follows the deaf ear which you turn upon her appeal, then do it; but in God's name do not turn around and throw open the doors of your homes, and welcome to the sanctity of your family altars the young man who enticed her to ruin.

#### A Contract.

A and B are two men with a capital of \$5000 each. A goes to the village, rents a house, and lends his money at 10 per cent. B buys a farm, stocks it, and moves upon it with his family. A manages, by working at one thing and another, to earn enough to pay his rent and clothe his family. His insurance, grocery bill and taxes come out of the interest on his money. B uses all the milk, butter, eggs, vegetables, fruit, etc., that his family require—all being raised on the farm. The surplus sales pay his grocery bills and clothe his family. He sells \$1000 worth of grain and stock. After paying his hired help, taxes, repairs; insurance and other bills, he had \$400 dollars left as the result of his year's labor. Which of the two men have made the most money? We believe the farmer has; and yet, with just such a showing, many of them are dissatisfied, and envy A, who lives in town, and who has had work to keep up his style of living on the proceeds of his labor, and the \$500 interest that he annually receives.

#### Monument to Andre.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field has dedicated a memorial stone to the memory of Andre. It marks the place of his execution and burial. It was uncovered at noon October 2, as nearly as possible at the same hour that Andre was hanged. But few persons were present, and not a word was spoken by any one. The remains of Andre repose with the illustrious dead at Westminster Abbey. They were exhumed and carried to England in 1821 by the Duke of York, who was sent over by the British government for that purpose.

EARTH EATERS.—Many Indians eat clay, partly to still hunger, partly to create inward comfort and partly to season their food. In many regions of Africa clay or loam is devoured, simply as an article of food, as Mungo Park states. In Tripoli the women eat an ash-gray earth called mailun, as Rauwolf informs us. In the time of famine the most various substances are eaten. During the thirty years' war, fossil dust was consumed in Pomerania, Dessau and other places. Travelers in the polar regions have often cooked and eaten the soles of their shoes. In Java, China, Siam and Bengal clay is generally eaten; even vessels of clay are eaten. Clay as an article of food, is sold in the markets of China, Bengal and so on. Ehrenberg, who about ten years ago wrote on the earth-eating of the Chinese, found infusoria in the kinds of clay sold in the Chinese markets.

An exchange says: An Iowa woman gave her husband morphine to cure him of chewing tobacco. It cured him but she is doing her own fall plowing.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE MAIL.