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COAST



THE MAIL.

DEVOTED TO ALL LIVE ISSUES.

THE INTERESTS OF SOUTHERN OREGON ALWAYS FOREMOST.

The Development of our Mines, the Improvement of our harbors, and railroad communication with the Interior, specialties.

Vol. 2. MARSHFIELD, OR., SATURDAY, Jan. 10, 1880. No. 2.

The Composition of Leadville.

Leadville, Colorado, is a mining town that has grown in two years to the proportions of a city. It exhibits the usual characteristics of such communities—nothing more. Rev. Dr. Lorimer, of Chicago, visited the place, and says of it:

Leadville is a child with the wrinkles of age and depravity on its brow. It is at once beauty and depravity, health and disease. It is the sum total of the vices of our civilization, and epitome of evils, an unabridged edition of corruptions. The heat of a furnace glows there; a darkened sky prevails there, through whose lowering clouds the star of redemption faintly gleams. When men make gold the point of departure, they are apt to make Satan the point of arrival. This seems to be verified in the average humanity that visits saloons, gambling houses, and variety shows of this strange community. It is a singular combination of the rowdy, the Arab, the wharf-rat, the bum, the cut-throat—reckless, shameless, and sometimes desperate. If they have no reverence and but little self-respect, they have no fear; fear neither for the visible or invisible. In the presence of the Jehovah they would chew their tobacco as they do in the presence of men, and go lolling up the steps of Paradise as they lounge at the entrance to Perdition. They continually suggest metempsychosis by which all the villainies, rascalities, and ruffianisms have become incarnate in their reprobate carcasses.

The drinking places, gambling halls, concert and dance houses are more numerous in Leadville, its size being considered, than anywhere else on this planet. Consequently there is an absence of restraint and undisciplined sensuality and an unmuzzled coarseness unsurpassed, possibly, since Sodom.

So excessive and unblushing is the vice that one of the wretched creatures, who glory in shame parades herself on the streets in open day as a kind of Lady Godiva, and the newspaper that recorded the outrage simply said: "Hattie attracted considerable attention, but she won the bet (\$25)." No arrests. Two other females, one of them named Mmie Francis, are to engage in a square, rough-and-tumble bout, according to the rules of the prize ring, for \$500 a side. Indeed, the degradation here of womanhood is fearful. A rough-looking man, as his eyes rested on one of this miserable race of sinners, whispered to his companion: "Alice ain't long for this world; she'll go when the flowers go, in the early fall." And what father, what philanthropist is there who would not rather in mercy see all the fallen ones who wear the form of that womanhood he has honored in mothers, wives and daughters droop before the flowers, and perish long before the inevitable winter of despair and misery overtook them.

Old Age.

Some two years ago a physician in Secretary Everts' favorite village of Windsor, Vermont, was called out to visit a patient living some miles out of the village. He drove out, and as he was hitching his horse the door opened and a young woman with a child in her arms came out. They greeted each other, and she said: "You are the doctor come to see grandmother. She's pretty sick. You'll find her in there." He went in and found a woman about forty, who said, "Oh, you are the doctor. You will find grandmother in that way." In the room to which he was directed he found an aged, white-haired lady lying on the bed, with her face the other way. She was quite deaf, and did not notice his approach until he sat down and began to feel her pulse. She turned and said: "Oh, you are the doctor. I'm not sick. It is grandmother you want to see. You will find her in that room." So into the next room he passed, and at last was in the presence of his patient, whose daughter, grand-daughter, great-grand-daughter and great-great-grand-daughter he had encountered. He found her so reduced by disease and old age (she was 97) that he saw no chance of her living more than a week. He told the family so, but at their request left medicines and directions: some three weeks after he was driving by and saw an old lady picking up chips. He pulled up his horse, intending to ask when his patient had died, when she looked up and said, "Oh, you are the doctor who came to see me when I was so sick." She is still living, as "chipper" an old lady of 99 as you will oftentimes.

A fresh tomato leaf is a sovereign cure for a bee sting.

WRITTEN FOR THE COAST MAIL. HISTORICAL SKETCHES

Of Oregon's Southern Coast. NUMBER TWO.

The Second Tragedy of Battle Rock—The Fate of Indian Enos.

For some time prior to the Indian outbreak in 1855, which opened what is known as the Indian war of 1855-6, one of the most determined conflicts between the whites and savages which has occurred on the coast, there lived on Rogue river near its mouth an Indian named "Enos." He was a native of Canada, was educated in French and English, and was a Catholic in religion, always carrying a prayer book of that Church printed in French. His superior intelligence placed him on terms of intimacy and confidence with the whites; and when the Indians of the interior took up arms in 1855, a volunteer company was formed at the mouth of Rogue river for the protection of the settlements, of which company Enos became a member. Early in the winter of 1855-6, no one suspecting Enos of entertaining sympathy for the hostiles, he became a guide for Enoch Huntly and John Clavenger on a journey up Rogue river to the Big Meadows. The party left their friends in full expectation of returning after a short absence, but Huntly and Clavenger were never afterwards seen alive—they were inhumanly murdered near the mouth of the Illinois river. Their skeletons were long afterwards discovered by the side of the remains of their camp-fire where, it is supposed, they were murdered by Enos, when asleep.

Enos returned to the white settlements, representing that the white men had been met and overpowered by the hostiles, who had killed his companions. Although his guilt was then suspected, there being no evidence against him, he was allowed to purchase more powder and go again up the river. A few weeks later, all the Indians of that vicinity were on the war path: the bloody massacre of the 22d of February was enacted, and for a considerable time all the surviving settlers of that region were fortified up and besieged by hostile savages. During this season of carnage and terror it was known that Enos was cooperating with the hostiles, and when the war closed he was taken with other Indians by the military to a reservation at Fort Vancouver. A warrant for his arrest for the crime of murder was issued by a magistrate at Port Orford, and M. Riley, Sheriff, proceeded to Vancouver to make his arrest. The military authorities readily gave him up, whereupon he was placed on board a steamer to be transported in irons to the scene of his crimes, and to face the friends of his victims. Conscious of his treachery and guilt, and knowing the determined character of his accusers, he realized that his doom was sealed, and gave up all hope. On the passage he begged for a clean shirt, that he might present a more respectable appearance in the drama in which he well knew he soon was to be a prominent actor. The desired garment was purchased and given him, and it is said he actually removed the soiled raiment, and put on the new article, while securely handcuffed, by drawing them both through his iron bracelets. Arriving at Port Orford, he was arraigned before the magistrate for examination, when it was ascertained that the prosecution was without a syllable of testimony to support the charge of murder. No one had seen him commit the crime, and the circumstances pointing to his guilt, although leaving no doubt in the minds of the public, were insufficient to rebut the presumption of innocence kindly thrown around even the most friendless prisoner. He was accordingly ordered discharged, and, being taken M. Riley to a neighboring blacksmith's shop, his irons were untraced and taken off, and he was told that he was free. But while these steps were in progress, another tribunal in which the technicalities of law have no force, had sat upon the case of Mr. Enos, and he had been condemned beyond the hope of appeal or reprieve. The sentence of death had been passed by the people, and the hour of his execution was at hand. As he passed out of the blacksmith's shop, he passed between two lines of armed men, who escorted him silently toward Battle Rock; the tide was low, and a few minutes later, for the second time in his history, the summit of that mound was thronged with human beings. And as the sun sank in the western waves, it cast upon the shore the shadow of the lifeless form of the murderer Enos, dangling from the limb of a small pine that grew upon the summit of the rock.

Sheriff Riley having incurred considerable expense beyond the amount of his legal fees in bringing the prisoner from the place of his arrest, a liberal subscription was made by the citizens to reimburse him; and the development of the years that have passed since the event, have only served to confirm the judgment thus silently pronounced and summarily executed. That justice which is tardy and uncertain when administered under the forms of law is sometimes swift and sure at the hands of the source of all civil power—the people.

Mindred Crimes.

A physician's life has never been suffered to be cast among beds of roses, but if, to ordinary fatigue and care, exposure to the bullets of dissatisfied patients, it is to be added, its natural drawbacks will be materially greater. We suppose there are few physicians in good practice who do not leave a train of untraced patients behind them, many of whom will ascribe their maladies to the physician's lack of skill. The county hospital must be an especially fertile field for practice with unsatisfactory results. Many of the wrecks of humanity gathered there are incurable, and others are of a temperament and character of mind which defy successful treatment. It follows that if an untraced hospital patient may regard unsuccessful treatment as sufficient cause for killing, a physician who has had a year or two of experience in that excellent public institution would not be considered a profitable risk by a life insurance company. Attempts to take life on trivial provocation are alarmingly frequent. An excited individual constitutes himself or herself judge of his or her own wrongs, and with apparently little fear of unpleasant consequences, proceeds upon the work of murder. Of course an insane person cannot be held responsible for his actions, but society owes it to its members not to tempt unbridged intellects to crime by its failure to punish criminals who cannot plead insanity as an excuse for the defiance of law. There can be no doubt that weak and partially deranged persons are influenced by the events which take place around them. Every escape of a murderer through legal technicalities, has a tendency to incite disordered, but not really irresponsible minds, to a similar defiance of law. The slow and uncertain action of law, in cases where the accused has money or friends, has shorn the statute of half its terrors. When predictions are coolly made that a clearly established crime will not be punished, the way to murder is made easy. Public opinion which tolerates a loose and easy administration of law is partially responsible for these unprovoked attacks of life and reputation.

The Hawkeye on Benedict Arnold.

The Burlington Hawkeye draws the following conclusions as to what would have been Arnold's fate if he had been a hundred years later: "He lived a century too early, this man of hateful and accursed memory. Had he lived a hundred years later he might have committed treason most hateful, he might have foresworn himself in national council, and drawn his sword against the country that taught him how to use it; he might have plundered the national treasury, robbed the government of arsenals and stolen its navy yard, fought for years against the flag that waved over his birth, and then—a tainted name? A traitor's doom? An accused name? A haunted, desolate life? Oh, no, Lord love you, simple minded patriot, nothing of the sort. He would come back and be elected to Congress he would be a Senator, he would run the government, he would talk more loudly about the constitution he attempted to destroy, than the men who saved it, he would write books and defy public opinion, and the only thing to show him that God hated him would be his blighted eye. If Benedict Arnold ever looks around this planet and see how Jefferson Davis is getting along, it must make him feel that he is a martyr and a deeply injured man.

Much trouble can often be saved by marking tools with their owners' names, which can easily be done in the following manner: Coat the tools with a thin layer of wax or hard tallow, and a few minutes later, for the second time in its history, the summit of that mound was thronged with human beings. And as the sun sank in the western waves, it cast upon the shore the shadow of the lifeless form of the murderer Enos, dangling from the limb of a small pine that grew upon the summit of the rock.

WRITTEN FOR THE COAST MAIL. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

Crossus.

The very name of this prince has become proverbial, and the expression "as rich as Crossus," has become familiar to all, but very few know who and what Crossus was. He was the last king of the Lydians, one of the three nations which sprung from the destruction of the first Assyrian empire. The wealth of this prince, to judge of it only by the presents he made to the temple of Delphi, must have been excessively great. We may partly account for the vast treasures of this prince, from certain mines he had, and also from the little river Pactolus, the sand of which was gold. What is very extraordinary, this affluence did not enervate or soften the courage of Crossus. He thought it unworthy of a prince to spend his time in idleness and pleasure, and was perpetually in arms; enlarged his dominions by conquering all the contiguous provinces, and also made war against the Greeks. Although he was immensely rich, and so great a warrior, yet his chief delight was in literature and the sciences. His court was the residence of the famous seven Wise Men of Greece.

Solon, one of the most celebrated of wise men, left Athens on a traveling tour, and during his journey visited the court of Crossus. He was received in a manner suited to one of so great a reputation. The king appeared in all his regal magnificence; his apparel was covered with gold, diamonds, and all kinds of precious stones. Solon looked on unmoved, and the king was annoyed, for he expected that he would betray astonishment and admiration at the sight of so much wealth. Solon's coldness and indifference left no favorable impression on the king, and he departed with a not too high appreciation of Crossus, looking upon all this outward pomp as an indication of a little mind, which knows not in what true greatness and dignity consist.

Crossus, if we judge of him by the character he bears in history, was a very good and worthy prince. He had a great deal of good nature, affability and humanity. His palace was a receptacle for men of wit and learning, which shows that he himself was a person of learning. His weakness was, laying too great stress upon riches and magnificence, thought himself great and happy in proportion to his possessions, mistook regal pomp and splendor for true and solid greatness, and fed his vanity with the excessive submissions of those that stood in a kind of adoration before him.

Solon saw his weakness, and gave him good advice, but with the kind of men which Crossus had about him, he could not bear that noble and generous freedom in the philosopher, upon which he thought to have set infinite value; and as he would have done had he understood the worth of a friend, who, attaching himself to the person, and not to the fortune of a prince, has the courage to tell him bitter truths.

Crossus' son, whom he loved fondly, having been killed in a boar hunt, his father was greatly distressed, and two years were spent in mourning. But the growing reputation of Cyrus, a rising young Persian king, roused him again. He thought it behooved him to put a stop to the power of the Persians, which was daily increasing. After consulting the oracles, which gave a favorable answer, he determined to make war against the Persians, and with this end in view, entered into an alliance with the Athenians.

A certain wise Lydian, at this time, gave Crossus good advice, and said: "Why do you think of turning your arms against such a people as the Persians, who being born in a wild, rugged country, are inured to every kind of hardship and fatigue; who have nothing to lose if you conquer them, and everything to gain if they conquer you." But Crossus had taken his resolution, and commenced the war that ended so disastrously to him.

After several battles, Crossus was at last defeated and taken prisoner by Cyrus, and all his immense riches and treasures fell into the hands of the conqueror. This misfortune brought Crossus to his senses and he acknowledged his error in making war against one who was greatly his superior. Cyrus, touched with compassion at the misfortune of the king, who was fallen in a moment from so great an elevation, and admiring his equanimity under such a reverse of fortune, treated him with a great deal of clemency and kindness, suffering him to enjoy both the title and authority of king, but not having the power to declare war. Crossus afterward led a happy and contented life, exempt from all care and disquiet. Cyrus ev-

er afterward took him with him in all his expeditions, either out of esteem for him, or to have the benefit of his counsel, or out of policy, and to be more secure of his person.

What Geology Tells Us.

It is from the "Medals of Creation" the fossil remains of plants and animals scattered throughout the rocky strata of the globe—that we are enabled to read that wonderful portion of our earth's history which reaches back even into chaos itself, myriads of ages before the creation of man. These are the electrotypes of nature—faithful records, which there is no conflicting testimony to invalidate, and which no criticism can gainsay. It is believed by most geologists that the earth was at one time a molten mass, surrounded by an atmosphere filled with dense gases and vapors; and that, as the outer portions cooled forming the rocks and the dry land, the vapors, condensing and falling in showers, formed springs, rivers, and the waters of the ocean. This is the geological theory of the gradual calling of order out of chaos, after the great work of creation had been completed.

It is maintained that this view of the early condition of our globe, and of the successive changes that subsequently occurred in it during thousands and perhaps millions of years prior to the creation of man, does not at all conflict with the scriptural account of the creation. The scriptural account, as paraphrased by a modern commentator, would read thus: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was desolate. Afterward, the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, thus allowing the possibility of even millions of years between the first act of creative power and the six days' work of arranging the universe.

Different opinions long prevailed among the learned with regard to the nature, the extent of time, and the date of the six days' work of creation, for the Bible gives us no explanation on these points; but by most of the learned of the present day, and by all eminent geologists, the "six days" are understood to be indefinite periods of time, as it is said that, with the Almighty, "a thousand years are to be reckoned but as one day." It seems reasonable to suppose that they may have been prophetic periods looking into the past, and seen in vision by inspired historian. "The Creation" has been chosen as a theme for august description by the poet Milton, and it likewise forms the subject of Haydn's grandest oratorio.

"Dyed in the Wool":

The Portland "Bee" replies to some vile assailant, and among other things says:

We have a record which you know proves your insinuation false. Though in 1876 we could not be hired to publish your vile stories concerning a Democratic candidate without positive and sworn proof, which you could not produce. The "Bee" was the first paper in Oregon to raise the Republican banner, and it has ever since been constant to that party. And should adversity arise or time prove that the people will not support a Republican paper upon the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number, unbought by subsidies, uncontrolled by ring influence, above office seeking, below arrogance, among the people, for the people, then, if the "Bee" goes down, its last effort will hold the flag of the Republican party above its burial place. We were not hunted with dogs, shot at, robbed, stripped of our clothes, thrown into a pen to rot by the Democratic party for nothing. We loved the Republican party on our own terms, and we were not to be bought by a blanket and sand for a bed, while the ringster you recognize was fleeing from "the draft."

Grants Associates.

Gen. Grant, during his recent tour, has been received by the following named princes and potentates: Queen Victoria of England, King Leopold of Belgium, the Khedive of Egypt, the Sultan of Turkey, King Humbert of Italy, Pope Leo XIII., President MacMahon of France, the King of Holland, Emperor William of Germany, Prince Bismark, King Oscar of Sweden, the Emperor Alexander of Russia, the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, King Alfonso of Spain, President Grevy of France, M. Gambetta, Viceroy Lytton of India, King Thelaw of Burmah, Prince Kung of China, the Emperor of Siam, the Mikado of Japan.

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The Cardiff Giant, Revised and Improved.

A correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, writing from Sonora, Ohio, gives currency to the following story, which we give to our readers for what it is worth. Not being personally acquainted with the writer we do not vouch for his veracity:

"Yesterday your correspondent visited one of the most remarkable remains of other years which has ever been unearthed and discovered in this State. It has been found near Germantown, a village a few miles south of here. The following are the facts as ascertained by us of Mr. Lewis Trasher, on whose farm it was first noticed: A few weeks ago a gentleman from Richmond, Ind., passing by Mr. Trasher's residence, drank from a spring by the roadside. Being an old coal miner, any indication of such minerals would be discovered by him, and he observed to a bystander that there was surely coal in those hills. He was so confident of the truth of his assertion that he obtained permission of the owner to investigate it, and set to work on the following Monday. He searched all week with pick and shovel without finding any further trace of the mineral, but on Saturday evening his tools struck upon what was once a thick chimney, popular many years ago with our pioneers, but now evidently petrified. This discovery aroused his curiosity that he procured the assistance of several neighbors, and they continued the excavation all night, and on Sunday, when a large crowd collected at the spot, and the work was so vigorously pushed that before night, there stood before the astonished multitude a complete log house, 12 by 14 feet, now solid rock. The house is in perfect condition, with slab roof and "chinked" walls. Its height is about 12 feet, and it is a mass of white rock. Every stick in the chimney, every log, every piece of bark on the roof, and every hickory with binding the logs together at the door, are perfect stone, but as distinguishable as they were originally. We entered the house through a low door, which is the only aperture in the walls except the fire-place communicating with the chimney.

The light from these enabled us to see in one corner of the only room a rude bed, also perfectly petrified, formed in the usual manner of the pioneers by placing poles in holes in the logs and supporting them with upright posts. It was covered with clapboards, and further with skins and pelts. On this rude couch is the skeleton of a man about six feet in length and entirely petrified. Behind the open door is the sitting skeleton of a dog, evidently his last faithful companion; and over this entrance, supported by pegs, is a rusty rifle barrel, of the old fashion flint lock pattern, the stock having rotted and fallen to the floor. There are a few other articles in the room, all petrified, and which we were unable to identify. The skeleton lies on its back, but we could find no further resemblance to the human frame, although the petrification is very complete.

This wonder is daily attracting large bodies of people from remote places, and scientists are busy investigating it and furnishing theories as to its singular position and formation. Mr. Grauser has been offered \$20,000 for the house by Dr. W. A. Manning and other gentlemen of Miamisburg, Montgomery county, but has refused it. He will probably receive a much larger sum for it from some scientific institution.

The house appears to be on its original foundation, and the query arises how did it get here, and how did it become petrified here between two large hills, and at least thirty feet under ground?

It is not our province to furnish theories concerning this singular formation of man and nature, but we hope that this may so interest some of your well known scientists that they may throw some additional light on it. For further reference address Mr. Lewis Grauser, or Mr. W. R. Morse, Germantown; or Mr. Chas. Blossom, editor "Bulletin" Miamisburg. In the future we may again refer to this important discovery.

A JOINT resolution has been introduced in Congress proposing an amendment to the Constitution, providing that after the 4th of March, 1885, the President and Vice-President shall hold office for six years, and shall be ineligible for more than one term consecutively, and the members of Congress shall be elected for three years.

KANSAS has now a school population of 300,000; the increase since last year is 15,582.

Babylon.

Some idea of the greatness of Babylon, of ancient fame, can be obtained from the following sketch which we take from Rollin's history. It was erected by Semiramis, a princess of mean extraction, who came to the throne of Assyria by killing Ninus, her husband. She thought to immortalize her name and cover the meanness of her birth, and surpass all her predecessors in magnificence; to this end she undertook the building of the mighty Babylon, in which work she employed 2,000,000 men. What period of time was required in its construction, history does not say, but Semiramis reigned 42 years, and was engaged in various enterprises, at one time leading into India an army of over 4,000,000 men, so the construction of Babylon could not have taken many years:

"Babylon stood on a large plain, in a very rich soil. The walls were in every way prodigious. They were 87 feet in thickness, in height 350, and in compass, 60 miles. These walls were drawn around the city in the form of an exact square, each side of which was 15 miles in length, and all built of large bricks cemented together with bitumen, a glutinous slime arising out of the soil of that country, which binds much stronger and firmer than mortar, and soon grows much harder than the bricks or stones which it cements together.

"These walls were surrounded on the outside by a vast ditch, full of water, and lined with bricks on both sides. The earth that was dug out of it, made the bricks wherewith the walls were built; and from the vast height and breadth of the walls, may be inferred the greatness of the ditch.

"In every side of this great square were 25 gates, 100 in all, which were made of solid brass. Between every two of these gates were three towers, and four more at the four corners of this great square, and three between each of these corners and the next gate on either side; every one of these towers being ten feet higher than the walls.

"From the 25 gates in each side of this great square went 25 streets, in straight lines to the gates, which were directly over against them, in the opposite side; so that the whole number of streets were 50, each 15 miles long, whereof 25 went one way, and 25 the other, directly crossing each other at right angles. And besides these, there were also four half streets, which had houses only on one side, and the wall on the other; these went round the four sides of the city next the walls, and were each of them 200 feet broad; the rest were about 150.

By these streets thus crossing each other, the whole city was thus cut into 675 squares, each of which was four furlongs and a half on every side, that is, two miles and a quarter in circumference. Round these squares, on every side toward the street, stood the houses (which were not contiguous, but had void spaces between them,) all built three or four stories high, and beautified with an manner of ornaments towards the streets. The space within, in the middle of each square, was likewise all void ground, employed for yards, gardens, and other such uses; so that Babylon was greater in appearance than reality, near one-half the city being taken up in gardens and other cultivated lands.

Besides the walls, there were other works which rendered Babylon so famous, among which may be mentioned the quays and bridge; the lake, banks, and canals, made for the draining of the river; the palaces, the hanging-gardens, and the temple of Belus; works of such surprising magnificence, as is scarce to be comprehended, and of which we shall hereafter speak. This great city was almost entirely destroyed by Cyrus, and afterwards became totally extinct.

At a legal investigation at a liquor seizure, the judge asked an unwilling witness: "What was in the barrel that you had?" The reply was: "Well, your honor, it was marked 'whiskey' on one end of the barrel and 'Pat Duffy' on the other end, so that I can't say whether it was whiskey or Pat Duffy was in the barrel, being as I am on oath."

GREAT excitement prevails in Maine over the high handed measures of the Democracy in counting in the fusion candidates. Evidences of the fraud committed by the Governor and council accumulate, and many leading Republicans insist that these frauds shall be exposed and that right shall prevail. Business gives way to excitement everywhere—so says the dispatch.

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