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OFFICIAL PAPER OF COOS CO.

COAST



MAIL.

Vol. 2.

MARSHFIELD, OR., SATURDAY, FEB. 14, 1880.

No. 7.

DEVOTED TO

ALL LIVE ISSUES.

THE INTERESTS OF SOUTH
ERN OREGON ALWAYS
FOREMOST.

The Development of our Mines, the
Improvement of our harbors, and rail-
road communication with the Interior,
specialties.

A Mining Horror.

At Howland Flat, Sierra county, three men at work in a shaft of the Bonanza mine were suffocated to death from the effects of a blast. Their names were Geo. Rolfe, Wm. Lucas and J. A. McDonald. The first went down to see the result of the blast and not signaling, another followed him. He, too, not signaling, they became alarmed, and after pumping air into the shaft for a while, a third descended, and he, too, failed to respond. After forcing air down for some time a fourth descended, lashed to the ropes. He found them all lying insensible and signaled to be drawn up, and came out nearly suffocated. They again forced air down for some time and another man went down and succeeded in securing and hoisting the bodies of the unfortunate men to the surface. One of them was dead, and the two others died shortly after. In hoisting the rescuer the rope broke when about fifty feet from the bottom, and he fell back and was very seriously injured and bruised, but it is thought no bones were broken.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Reduction in Fares and Freight.

It is officially announced that the Pacific Mail directors have reduced passenger rates from New York to San Francisco from \$130 to \$75, and steamer rates to \$35. A circular has been issued to shippers announcing that after February 11th, the company will be prepared to name rates of freight and make contracts for a year. The contract with the Panama railroad, under which the Pacific Mail pays \$90,000 per month for its entire San Francisco business remains in force and some of the directors even propose to fund the debt to the Panama company, by taking it upon themselves.

A circular making official announcement of the above, together with a willingness to contract at reduced rates with shippers for twelve months has been issued. This last is regarded as proof of the determination to carry out the new plan in good faith, as no loophole is in this case left for a compromise.

Small-pox in San Francisco.

A dispatch of the 2d, says:—At a special meeting of the Board of Health this morning it was resolved to prosecute the officers of the City of Peking for violating the quarantine laws. The Board also adopted a resolution petitioning Congress to set apart a portion of Angle Island, for quarantine ground. A report in the vicinity of the Pacific Mail dock is that several new cases of smallpox have broken out on quarantine hulks among recent passengers of the City of Peking. Two fresh cases of smallpox were discovered yesterday on the steamer City of Peking, the first assistant engineer and cook. Both were immediately conveyed to the Twenty-sixth street hospital. No other cases were found, although searching scrutiny was made of every individual on board the vessel.

A GENEROUS GOVERNMENT.—An exchange says: Marsh Valley is one of the best sections in Idaho Territory for small ranches, but the valley is all within the Fort Hall Indian Reservation, a fact which keeps out white men and excludes from settlement a section of country nearly as large as the state of Pennsylvania, and rich in minerals, grass and agricultural resources. The government was so generous when it set apart this reservation that if it were divided up among them, the reds now stationed there, bucks, squaws and papposes, would get 4000 acres of land each, or a tract of more than six square miles.

The island of St. Kitts, one of the West Indies, was devastated by floods recently, 200 lives being lost and \$250,000 worth of property being destroyed. The population of the island does not exceed 25,000, and of these 200 perished and many of the rest are homeless. The people huddled together on their roofs, wild with terror. Large quantities of provisions and all the sugar ready for shipment were swept away. Earnest appeals are made for help. St. Kitts has known no such calamity since 1722, when a terrific hurricane nearly destroyed the island.

HONORS TO ROSA BONHEUR.—A late dispatch from Paris says: The king of the Belgians has conferred the cross on Rosa Bonheur, the artist. She is the first lady receiving such distinction. The king of Spain has also conferred on this distinguished painter an equally high order, never before granted to a lady.

Central Pacific Stock in Wall Street.

A dispatch of the 29th, thus describes the sensation created by the Central Pacific stock in Wall Street. Yesterday public notice was given by a committee of the syndicate which recently bought 50,000 shares of Central Pacific, with the privilege of 50,000 more, that the same would be publicly sold in the ordinary way at the opening of the Stock Exchange this morning. The *Evening Post* says:

The syndicate employed five brokers, giving each an order to sell 10,000 shares on a scale of fractions from 80 up to 85. As soon as the hammer of the presiding officer dropped at 10 o'clock, and business was formally opened, there was such a rush in the Central Pacific crowd as might have led a spectator to believe that some one in the crowd was throwing about five-carat diamonds by the handful. Brokers had their coats torn, and were in danger of having their bones broken. In fact, the tumult was extraordinary, even for the exchange, where excitement is the rule. The first sale was at 82 1/2. There was then a rapid advance to 87 1/2 inside of the first fifteen minutes. This was followed by a decline to 84 1/2, and at 10:20, with the price at 85, the five brokers had each executed his order and the 50,000 shares had been disposed of.

The committee had refused private bids for a large amount of stock, and as one of the purposes of the sale by Huntington was to popularize the stock in this market, it was thought best to put every one seeking to buy on the same footing. Therefore the stock was put openly on the market. The crowd which surged around the sellers was so thick and so eager that the pressure was really dangerous. One man was observed with his collar ripped off. The wild confusion which prevailed has rarely been equalled in the stormy annals of the exchange. The average price was 84 and a fraction. The syndicate would have been content, it is understood, if an average of 82 had been received. The whole transaction is unique in the history of the stock market, and its successful result is the general topic of conversation in Wall street.

Severe on the Ladies.

The officers of the steamer *City of Peking* have been severely censured for permitting small pox to spread from their steamer. It has been ascertained that one night soon after her arrival the wives of first officer, chief engineer and one other officer of the *City of Peking*, visited the ship, staying all night. The quarantine officer got wind of the transaction, and yesterday morning demanded that every person on board of the vessel be brought before him. All came on deck except the ladies. The quarantine officer asked if there were no more, and being answered that there were not, taxed the officers with the presence of their wives on board, which the culprits confessed. The ladies were brought on deck, and were then summarily dispatched to the quarantine hulk as the penalty for indiscretion.

An Invention in Telegraphy.

The Colt Fire Arms company are engaged in constructing a number of perforating machines for the American rapid telegraph company of New York; an invention intended for the sending of telegraphic messages by a new process. The message is received on paper tape in the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet, and the marks were made by a series of punches arranged and operated like a type-writer. The paper slips are then rapidly passed through a sender and the words are recorded at the other end of the line in dots and dashes corresponding to the perforations. The sending of a message is entirely mechanical and automatic, and the rate on a single wire is from 1,000 to 5,000 words per minute, dependent upon the distance.

SENATOR DAVIS of West Virginia, who has become notorious for his inquisitive examination into the Treasury Department and its system of book-keeping, has become convinced that John Sherman is all right and the equal of Alexander Hamilton and Albert Gallatin in handling the national finances. He even believes that Sherman would make a President, which is considerable of an admission for so out-and-out a Democrat.

SWIFT fishermen are making good waves on the Columbia river now. Some men make forty dollars a night with dip nets. Hapgood's cannery at Waterford, has put up 8,000 pounds. There is a big run.

mons that will take him hence to eternal rest that will never again be disturbed by the turbulent waves of this life?

Coos Bay bar! what sorrow ye have brought to once happy firesides. Know ye the anguish, the days and nights of sorrow that ye have caused once happy homes to endure, and if so, have ye no moments of remorse? No, cruel waters, little care ye; but let us all hope that when the sea gives up its thousands, not one of the dead of Coos Bay bar shall be absent, for "neath you rests the teneaments of noble men, whose spirits "went aloft" to their Maker through your treacheries and angry lashings. But who can say that it is not their gain? and that it was not destiny for those brave men to surrender up life to God amid the roar and turmoil of Coos Bay bar. Peace to their ashes, and may we all meet them across the bar that divides the mortal and immortal sphere.—*Portland (Or.) Telegram.*

Important Decision.

The Supreme Court of the United States rendered the following important and interesting decision, on the 3d, instant:

Neal Dow, plaintiff, in error, vs. Bradish Johnson, in error, to circuit court of the United States for the district of Maine. This is an appeal from a judgment of the circuit court awarding to defendant in error the sum of \$2659 in satisfaction of a judgment obtained by him against Dow in the sixth district court of New Orleans on the 9th of April, 1863. At the outbreak of the late war Johnson was the owner of a plantation on the Mississippi river, forty-three miles above New Orleans. In 1863, after the capture of New Orleans by federal troops, certain property of Johnson, including twenty-five hogsheads of sugar and some table silver, was taken from his plantation for the use of the United States army by federal soldiers, acting under orders from Brig. Gen. Neal Dow present plaintiff in error. Johnson brought suit in the state court to recover the value of the confiscated property. Gen. Dow did not appear to answer, and judgment went against him by default. Johnson then brought suit in the United States circuit court, district of Maine, to recover the amount of his judgment with costs. In this suit he was successful, whereupon Gen. Dow brought the case here upon a writ of error. This court holds that an officer of the army of the United States whilst in service during the late war in the country which acknowledged the authority of the confederate government, that is, in the enemy's country, was not liable to civil action in a court of that country for injuries resulting from acts of war ordered by him in his military character, nor can he be called upon to justify or explain his military conduct in a civil tribunal upon any allegation of the injured party that the acts complained of were not justified by the necessities of war. A federal officer in the enemy's country is amenable only to his own government and laws administered by its authority. A resident of the enemy's country whose property is taken by order of a federal officer must appeal to the military commander, or if war is over, to the government, and has no other means of redress. The state courts which are allowed by the army of occupation to continue in existence in an enemy's country are sustained for the benefit of the inhabitants of that country and not for the control of the army, or its officers and soldiers. From this principle it follows that the Louisiana court had no jurisdiction over Gen. Dow, and that the present suit cannot be maintained. Judgment is reversed with costs, and the cause is remanded with directions to enter final judgment for defendant on demurrer to replications. Justice Field delivered the opinion, Justices Clifford and Miller dissenting.

Such is the history of two incidents that have come under my observation while visiting Coos Bay. The bar is a short one but no more ugly one can be found when it is aroused by storms and wind. It is at most times easily and safely crossed, and so still and placid that canoes and small boats can safely cross to sea over its bosom; but when it is in a passion no more majestic sight is seen. The breakers roll mountains high, and their roar resembles the distant thunder of a thousand battle-fields. The angry waters are lashed into foam while the spray is thrown hundreds of yards into the air. From Point Arago one can command a good view of the bar, and can for hours watch with intense interest its many changes. To the north stretch the sand pits, and all along the coast from Coos Bay to the Umpqua can be seen a dreary waste of sand, at times occasionally relieved by a small grove of evergreen fir trees.

Here on a clear day the eye can discern the sail of crafts bound in, for many leagues at sea; here almost every phase of life is exemplified in nature—the calm and placid waters of the bar reminds one of the happy days of infancy when not a breath ruffles the days of early life; again the disturbed seas as they rise suddenly upon the bosom of the bar reminds us of our first great grief and disappointment that quickly revealed to our eyes being no longer a child we must arouse and, like the billows that arise upon the tranquil bosom of the bar struggling against an unseen power behind them we, too, must struggle and bravely win the battle of life; and as the waves become more and more angry how forcibly are we reminded of the many fierce battles fought in life for man's mastery over himself, and of the struggles forced upon us all at one time or another in this life; and as the angry waves swallow up and kill everything within their reach, how vividly do scenes of this kind transpire each day among the sons of men? And again when the bar has become peaceful and serene, does it not carry the mind to old age? Of one who has fought the battle of life, and in the sore and yellow leaf of declining years sits peacefully down content to wait for the sun-

THE Senate has confirmed the nomination of Jackson Ferguson to be Superintendent of the Census, District of Nevada; DeForest Potter, Associate Justice of the Supreme Courts of Arizona; John Cook, Indian Agent at the Rosebud Agency; Milo Boynton, Agent at the Maguishi Pueblo Agency, Arizona.

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COOS BAY BAR AND ITS DEAD.

A LEAF FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF "ROYAL."

During my travels on the north-west coast, I visited Coos Bay in the fall of 1873. The bay is a beautifully situated body of water, supplied by water flowing from both branches of Coos River, Isthmus and South sloughs, and a few minor branches, and empties into the ocean. On the right as you come up the bay, after passing South slough is Empire City, a picturesque little village built upon a beach overlooking the sea.

Here I concluded to "lay over a trip," and see the sights. Accordingly I engaged board at the Lockhart hotel, and was soon ensconced in a comfortable room, where, unlike many an other "seaside hotel," one was made to feel perfectly at home. Being a stranger, I for a time kept secluded, but in a town like Empire one need not remain long ere he finds congenial spirits, and it was so in my case. I soon made the acquaintance of that ubiquitous and ever-entertaining personage, the "old inhabitant," and from him I learned many interesting incidents of the early settlement of this portion of Oregon. He told many weird legends of Indian massacres, hardships and privations endured by the pioneers, and hair-breadth escapes of hardy sailors who "went down to the sea in ships," and of the noble pioneer women, who walked side by side with the husbands of their choice in the dark and dreary hours when each twig contained a foe and none were safe from the Indians that roamed the forests.

He related all this to me, and after a few days acquaintance, invited me to take a sail with him and visit some points of interest, of which offer I gladly availed myself.

Coos Bay has many attractions, but the bar for me has the most charm. Why it was can only be explained by the fact that, being a "tar," I was always restless when not within the roar of the briny deep.

"Here," said he, as we reached the North spit, "is the burial place of many brave hearts. And pointing to the angry waters, said: "Several years ago a "kanin" went over there and thirteen Indians met their death while endeavoring to reach the outer beach of point Arago, and many others have gone down "neath the billows of this bar."

The following evening, in company with "Uncle Dave," I went to North Bend, and there fell in with a jovial crowd of sailors and mill men, among whom were Capt. Elliott, of the *Emma Augusta* and Capt. McAllep, of the *Orient*, two as fine gentlemen and true seamen as I have ever met. Besides these two persons were Capt. James Magee, of the tug *Fleet* and Capt. James Hill, of the tug *J. C. Breckham*. During the evening, the conversation turned on the bar, and tale after tale relating to its treachery was told. Capt. Elliott stated that he believed he could save himself if washed overboard while crossing the bar, but how little did he dream that ere forty-eight hours had passed he would be numbered among the "dead of Coos Bay bar."

Two days after the evening's conversation, the *Emma Augusta* was ready for sea, and it being Sunday, Capt. Hill decided to tow her out over the bar. A crowd of seafaring men were on the dock when the tug started for the lower bay, where the vessel lay at anchor, and several invited guests stepped on board the *Breckham* for a trip over the bar, among whom was the writer. Having taken the *Emma Augusta* in tow, we proceeded toward the bar, which was anything but smooth. Gradually drawing nearer we could see the heavy swells tumbling in and also break clear across, there being only a small space that seemed at all possible to pass. Capt. Elliott stood by the side of Capt. Hill, near the "man hold"—the protection placed around the wheel to more safely protect the "man at the wheel"—and appeared to be in an unusually fine frame of mind at the idea of being on his way to San Francisco to spend the holidays, and many a pleasant joke went round. As we neared the bar I saw the lynx eye of Capt. Hill looking steadily ahead, and having been used to the manner assumed by Captains and Mates in times when courage and determination were most demanded, soon perceived that behind this resolute exterior there was something which made him hesitate ere going too far in case a "turn back" became necessary.

"When off the point of North Spit steam was slackened and the Captain said: "The bar is very rough this morning for the *Breckham*; what do you think, Capt. Elliott; can we make it?"

"Oh, yes, replied Capt. Elliott. I have crossed out on a rougher bar many a time. What do you think?"

"All right," said Capt. Jim. And away we went. We had passed over the worst without accident, and had begun to breathe easy—for there is nothing so trying even to those accustomed to "bar work" as going over an angry bar where each breaker threatens to engulf the boat and bring death to all on board—when immediately in front of the boat a huge breaker began to "comb," and before we could prepare ourselves for the surprise, broke with tremendous fury over the *Breckham*, sweeping overboard Capt. Elliott and the Mate of the tug, named Smith.

Every effort was made to save them but in vain. Poor Elliott was the first to succumb, and it is the impression that he was hurt by striking the rail of the boat when he fell into the sea. Smith was a good swimmer, and for a time it looked as if he would reach the beach, but it was not so ordained, and he sank beneath the waves, and his spirit soon followed Capt. Elliott's.

The beach for weeks following was traversed to find the bodies. About two weeks after the accident the body of Smith was found and decently buried by the citizens of Empire City, "Uncle Dave" making the coffin; but the body of Elliott never was given up by the treacherous sea, and the "searlew's" cry is the only requiem chanted over his watery resting place.

We safely returned to Empire City; but the sudden and tragical taking off of two noble, generous men in the full bloom of health had an effect upon all who witnessed it that could not be shaken off in a day. And even now, at times, comes vividly before me the scene of those two struggling bravely for life midst the breakers of Coos Bay bar—struggling against hope; endeavoring to avert a destiny that could not be averted. Capt. Elliott! No truer, nobler man have I met. A true son of the sea, a careful and courageous Captain, a gentleman of fine feeling, and an honest man. May he ever rest in peace "neath the breakers" of that "harbor bar," until that day when the "sea shall give up her dead;" then may it be my lot to meet him and know him on the other shore, as I knew him in the walks of life; for he was truly a friend.

About a year after the above event I was again visiting Coos Bay, and was invited by Capt. Magee to take a trip on the *Escort* over the bar. Not being well, I declined, beside the image of the catastrophe I had before witnessed came too painfully to memory. At this time some thirty vessels were lying at anchor in the lower bay, awaiting a favorable depth of water to pass over the bar, and this day was arranged for both tugs, the *Escort* and *Fearless* (the latter having been put on this bar in the place of the *C. J. Breckham*, which had been assigned to the Columbia bar) to go out and sound. As was usual on such occasions, the Captains of the different vessels were anxious to proceed to sea, and several of them concluded to go down to the bar on the tugs, among them one Capt. Nissen, of the schooner *Twilight*. He was a fine young man, and had just returned from "the old country" with a young wife, and this was his first trip since his return. He stood high in the estimation of his employers and was beloved by his crew, and all who knew him appreciated his worth as a friend and gentleman.

He, like Capt. Elliott, was anxious to sail for San Francisco, and went to take a look at the bar. Everything went well, and when the bar was reached it was not what one used to the sea would call "rough," although it was breaking. The *Escort* was in the lead, and unmindful of danger, Capt. Nissen and Capt. Lorenson, of the schooner *Letitia*, stood side by side on the house, engaged in an animated conversation. Suddenly the waters began to rise and in an instant the *Escort* was completely buried under the weight of a treacherous breaker, and Capt. Nissen was floundering in the wrathful waters of the cruel bar.

Capt. Lorenson would have shared the same fate but for the presence of mind of Capt. Magee. As the water swept past him, he felt—for he could not see—an object going past him which he instinctively grasped and held firm until the boat recovered from the shock, when he found he had rescued a human being from certain destruction. Too much cannot be said in praise of the nerve displayed by Capt. Magee, and all who know him will testify that for stamina and true courage in times of danger, Capt. Magee has but few equals and no superiors. He is truly the right man in the right place.

Rich Men of the Pacific going to New York.

The New York *Herald* has an article on the movement toward New York city of certain very rich men of California, in which it says that it is significant of what is probably to come to pass one of these days, not merely as to the rich men of California, but as to all the very rich men of the United States. This city is the inevitable home of all such persons, simply because it is the financial capital of the country. In the acts of the California millionaires cited probably two causes are in operation, an attraction here and repulsion from the Pacific coast. Just how the new constitution of California has operated upon the interest of capital is not generally known, but may be particularly known to these men in a very unpleasant way; but whether it is or not the spirit exhibited toward capital and capitalists in the campaign in which that institution was voted was a fair notice to rich men to betake themselves to climes were sounder ideas prevail on the subject of the relations of money and labor. How much the new comers were influenced by the warning and how much by the perception of the advantages of a residence in the national metropolis, it is not easy to determine but each cause was perhaps important in producing the result. The article referred to says that D. O. Mills is already five millions richer for his move. J. C. Flood proposes to establishing a branch of the Bank of Nevada here, and D. O. Mills in behalf of the Bank of California, will endeavor in every possible way to prevent a successful conclusion of Flood & Co's plan, and secretly by his wealth and influence, endeavor to thwart their plans.

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