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The Coast 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, specialities.

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Extravagance as a Social Curse

A late article which appeared in the *Argonaut* contained the following sensible views:

We know many of the best, the very best people, the most gifted, and most cultivated, the best born, and the best bred, who are now exiles from social life because they cannot afford to come into competition with the wealthy in this race of jewels and clothing—this vulgar contest of display of shops' contents and tradesmen's baubles. We know of young ladies, just as lovely as youth, beauty, education, good manners and accomplishments can make them, entitled by their social positions to enter society, denying themselves an indulgence of their natural tastes because they cannot honestly rival their more wealthy associates, and because they are too proud to appear in harness not gilded and silver plated with monogram and crest stamped by fashionable society. We think, and all gentlemen think, that a young girl looks prettier in a lawn, in a simple white cambric, with peach-down and a blush, hair natural, than one in train and flounce, with hair chemically dyed and face painted in French cosmetics. But women dress for women, not for men, and there is only one way of reforming this abuse and that is a strike on the part of all pretty and sensible girles against this unreasonable social tyranny. Let them not decline to attend parties, but rally in force with plain, cheap and simple dresses, and with their other charms give battle to the rich ones, armor clad in clothes of expensive material and fashionable made. All the gentlemen will be on the side of the young and pretty ones, and we will drive these dressy old maids, wives and dowagers to the wall. Expensive entertainments and costly dressings are an evil in San Francisco society. There are hundreds of pleasant houses that never entertain because they cannot rival the more elegant affairs given by millionaires. This has a tendency to discourage social gatherings of the more unpretentious kind. An association of the kind we suggest would bring to it nearly all of the young, most beautiful, and most accomplished girls of society; all the young married ladies, who, being wives of poor men, do not desire to impose upon them burdens of extravagant dressing, and all rich girls who have sense enough to know that youth and beauty are overmatches in attractiveness to the display of dress and jewels. From this class the wives would be chosen.

The Mean Man of Danbury.

Every town has its mean man, and ours was no exception to the rule. Enus Smuggs our next door neighbor was remarkable for his closeness and inventive genius. The other day he wanted to purchase a ton of egg coal, borrowing the morning paper from us, he read it till he found out where it could be bought for the least money. The only thing that troubled him was how to get it into his backyard without any labor or expense. There was a large alleyway between our houses, which led to Enus' yard, and when the coal arrived he opened the door, and walking up a few feet he drove an old broomstick into the ground and put a large bottle on the top. He was waiting in the yard with a shovel in his hand when three small boys came along and opened fire on the bottle with the pieces of coal. In half an hour the sidewalk was cleared and the coal safely stowed away in the shed, and then old Enus, grinning from ear to ear, sold the bottle to a junkman. —*Danbury News.*

WILKIE Collins says he has earned $150,000 with his pen.

WRITTEN FOR THE COAST MAIL.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES

NUMBER VII.

The close of our last sketch left the imperiled settlers of Rogue river securely intrenched in their rude fortification and surrounded by their blood thirsty enemy. In this situation the price of life was unremitting vigilance and caution; for the prowling red men were prepared to take advantage of every opportunity that offered to reach their intended victims, who had thus far evaded their assault.

It became necessary to send out men occasionally to obtain provisions for the inmates of the fort, and though every precaution possible was observed, these expeditions were the occasions of many hair-breadth escapes, and of the loss of several lives. W. D. L. F. Smith (now a resident of Coos river) accompanied by "Marsh" Harmon, made a successful raid and brought in some cattle, narrowly escaping the savages who lay in ambush wherever shelter for concealment could be found.

One morning it was decided to send a strong party to a barn belonging to Jas. Hunt, about half a mile distant, to bring in a supply of potatoes which were stored there. Sixteen men were detailed for the expedition, and "Ned" (a negro) drove the ox team that was to haul in the provisions. They proceeded on the beach to a point where the wagon could go no further—not far from the barn, and eight of the party were sent forward to sack and bring down the potatoes, while the rest remained to guard the wagon. There was an ominous silence in the surroundings, and an unaccountable absence of Indian signs; and though every man felt the presence of danger, none realized the terrible nearness of death. Henry Bouland was placed as a sentinel at an elevated point near by, and all was going on well; when suddenly, as by a bolt from heaven, the stillness was broken and Henry Bouland fell, riddled with bullets. The Indians rose from ambush on every hand, and the doom of the entire party appeared to be sealed. The only hope for life was to be found in instantaneous flight; a portion of the party ran for the fort by a different route than that by which they came, and eight of them reached the fort in safety; the remaining eight were cut off. Some, seeing all hope of escape by flight vanish, ran frantically toward the beach, falling one by one as they ran. One, supposed to be Lewellin Oliver, ran to the surf, threw his trusty rifle ahead of him, and, plunging into the ocean, quenched the spark of life in its waves rather than fall into the hands of his merciless pursuers. M. B. Gregory, since County Judge of Curry county, was struck by two bullets, one taking off the point of his elbow, and the other hitting him between the shoulders. He at first supposed the latter to be a fatal shot, but on examination after arriving at the fort, it proved to be a spent ball that had penetrated the clothing and lodged against the skin, inflicting no more serious injury than a bruise. He alone of the eight who remained with the wagon, reached the fort.

During the time when the settlers were thus besieged, the Indians were accustomed to go down to the beach at the mouth of the river, to catch a small variety of eels that were to be found there in great numbers. The men in the fort watched them closely, hoping to get a chance to slay some of the murderous tribe. One morning very early, Isaac Warwick, as daring a fellow as ever lived, crept up within rifle range and brought down one or more of the Indians. It was a triumph! He hastened back to the fort, and finding Riley still in bed, raised the blankets under which he was sleeping and threw upon him the reeking scalp of his Indian victim, with the remark: "See what I have been doing while you have been sleeping." Thus do we see men of naturally generous, humane and tender feelings, sometimes become tinctured with the barbarism with which they have been thrown in frequent contact.

The people of Port Orford, having had no message from their friends at Rogue river since the arrival of Chas. Foster with the news of the massacre of the volunteers, decided to send a small boat down by the ocean, the dangers of the treacherous deep being less dreaded than the barbarous foe that infested the route by land. A party of eight men was made up to undertake this perilous voyage, and a whale boat was the best and only vessell at their command. The party consisted of Richard Say, owner of the boat, Sylvester Long, H. De Fermery, H. C. Gerow, Capt. Davis, and three others whose names we have been unable to learn. They left Port Orford with the blessings of anxious friends, and many ardently expressed hopes for their safe return. They made the passage of thirty miles without difficulty, and arrived off the mouth of Rogue river. The occupants of the fort hailed the appearance of the boat as a harbinger of hope and joy, little thinking that this new born hope was so soon to be shrouded in a darker and more terrible gloom. The little craft approaches the surf; the point for landing is selected, toward which the prow of the boat is pointed, while it is driven forward like an arrow by the stroke of the sturdy oarsmen. Suddenly the steering oar is unshipped by a breaker, the boat swings around into the trough of the sea, and the next breaker that comes combing over, buries them from sight for a moment and when it had passed, eight noble men are seen struggling in the life quenching element. They combat the waves for a while, but one by one they disappear to rise no more, till only two remain on the surface. Capt. Davis was an "old salt," and clung to the keel of the boat with the energy of despair. Each breaker would knock him loose, but he would immediately renew his hold, and by this means he was carried near the shore and rescued. Henry De Fermery clung to the sail of the boat for a while, and after becoming exhausted he was so wrapped in it that he was prevented from sinking; and as he thus drifted near the shore, he was taken out of the water by friends, more dead than alive. He recovered, and now does business in San Francisco, but six of his companions are numbered among the dead of "The Rogue River War."

Brutal Murder by a Mob.

A Lucon, Ontario dispatch of the 4th instant, gives the following account of a most barbarous murder committed near that place: A man named Donnelly, who has for some time been suspected of incendiarism in this region, together with his family, was brutally murdered last night. His wife was implicated with him in burning a dwelling house and their examination was still pending and was to have closed to-day, but the morning light displayed a ghastly spectacle of the remains of the inmates of the Donnelly homestead, after having been horribly hacked with a knife. It appears that about 20 men were engaged in the bloody work. A boy named Conners, belonging to the village was staying in the house over night. When the attack was made he crept under a bed without being discovered. When the murders were committed the house was fired and the gang decamped. The boy then emerged from his hiding place, started for the village and informed the authorities. The persons murdered are James and Judy Donnelly, Thomas, the youngest son, and Bridget, a niece. At about the same time (midnight) another party called at the residence of Wm. Donnelly, three miles distant from his father's house and awoke him. His brother John being in the house, rose and went to the door, when two shots from a revolver were fired, killing him.

THE frequent lack of tact in approaching world's people exhibited by church Christians anxious to save lost sinners is well illustrated by this instance from a down Boston way. A pastor urged upon his prayer meeting auditors that they attempt some work for the Lord during the week, and make it the subject of a report at the next meeting. The seed fell into good ground. On the next Friday evening, the first brother called upon was ready with his report, which ran on this wise: "Brethren, when our pastor exhorted us to do something, I resolved that I would talk with some unconverted person about religion. I began by inviting a man to come to meeting. "Why should I go to meeting?" said he; and I told him he might learn something worth knowing. "What should I learn?" he asked; and I told him that he would learn that he was a sinner. "But how do you know that I am a sinner?" said he; and I told him that the Bible said so. "But I don't believe the Bible!" was his answer. Then we disputed about it; and brethren, I got so mad that I could have kicked him!"

GEN. McDOWELL, the division commander, has sent the commanding officer at Camp Harney, an official telegraphic dispatch not to go to any more expense to the government than was actually necessary, as the post would be abandoned next summer.

Sunday Laws.

An exchange thus closes an argument against the repeal of the Sunday laws which have existed in the New England States from the colonial days: At all events the people of New England have lived under these laws without serious inconvenience for a good many years, and it may be fairly claimed that the Sabbath of New England, the one day's rest in seven, as a conversation of force, a smooth spot in the wear and tear of the week's work, has done a great deal towards preserving the energy and vitality of her people. An effort has been and will be made to repeal these laws; an effort based on the claim that the State has no right to enforce any religious observance; an effort which has its origin in an immigrant population. But it is not at all necessary to defend the Sunday law on the ground of the sacred character of the day. On purely secular grounds and in view of the advantage which has accrued to the State from their maintenance they may be defended and upheld; an advantage which no careful and thoughtful observer will deny. Leaving sentiment and religion entirely out of the question such legislation as will enforce one day of rest in seven for every man, rich and poor alike, may be boldly advocated on the bare ground of public policy.

Coffee as a Remedy for Typhoid Fever.

Dr. Guillasse, of the French navy, in a recent paper on typhoid fever, says: "Coffee has given us unhoped-for satisfaction; after having dispensed it, we find to our great surprise, that its action is as prompt as it is decisive. No sooner have our patients taken a few table spoonfuls of it than their features became relaxed and they come to their senses. The next day the improvement is such that we are tempted to look upon coffee as a specific against typhoid fever. Under its influence the stupor was dispelled, and the patient roused from the state of somnolency in which he has been since the invasion of the disease. Soon all the functions take their natural course, and he enters upon convalescence."

Dr. Guillasse gives to an adult two to three tablespoonfuls of strong black coffee every two hours, alternated with one or two teaspoonfuls of claret or Burgundy wine. A little lemonade or citrate of magnesia should be taken daily, and, after a while, quinine. From the fact that malaise and cerebral symptoms appear first, the doctor regards typhoid fever as a nervous disease, and the coffee acting on the nerves is peculiarly indicated in the early stages before local complications arise.

"It Hasn't Been Decided Yet."

"I say 'tis so."

"I say 'tisn't."

They walked into a hotel down street thus talking.

"We've made a wager," said one of them to the proprietor of the hotel, "and we can't settle it just now. Let us have a couple of bottles of wine."

"Certainly,' said the boss, "make it three."

"Willing to wait till we decide the bet ain't you?"

"Oh, certainly. Anything you want. Have the house if you want it."

"We will fix it up as soon as we can decide it."

"Don't make your mind uneasy about that, I'm satisfied."

The wine was produced and squandered.

"What is the bet?" asked the landlord after the wine had disappeared.

"Well, Jack here, bet that when Trinity Church steple fell it would fall in Broadway and I bet that it would topple over into the graveyard and break sixteen or seventeen tombstones. As soon as we find out who wins we will come round and pay for the wine.

Two brothers named Charles and Thomas Denton had a conflict with deadly weapons a few days since at the Dalles. There was a quarrel between them, having its origin in a dispute between them concerning the ownership of a line fence dividing their property. Charles fired two shots at his brother and the two bullets perforated the coat of Thomas, whose escape from being killed or wounded is remarkable. Charles was arrested and had a preliminary examination before Justice of the Peace, Michel and at the conclusion he was held in $500 bail to await the action of the grand jury. The Denton brothers are well known and are very respectably connected.

Death Record for 1879.

An exchange gives the following list of distinguished personages who died in the past year:

In the ranks of royalty Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Ameer Shere Ali and the Countess Montijo were the only deceases. Of statesmen and persons of political prominence the list is a long one. In the United States Caleb Cushing, William Lloyd Garrison, William Allen, Congressmen Julian Hartridge, Gustave Schleicher, Henry C. Carey, John A. Dix, Hon. Zachariah Chandler, Richard Schell and Congressman Lay were the most noted instances, while abroad Field Marshal Theodore Von Room, German minister of war; Jacob Steampli, the celebrated Swiss politician; Dr. Isaac Butt, M. P.; Baron Von Gerolt, privy counsellor to the emperor of Germany; Sir Rowland Hill, Herr Von Bulow, the German diplomat, and the Duke of Portland, must be added to the long roll of deceased notabilities. The following prominent authors died during the year just past: George S. Hilliard Richard Henry Dana, William Howitt, Elihu Burritt and Bernhard Colta, the eminent German geologist. In the army and navy the number of names is fewer, comprising, in our own country, Maj. Gen. T. W. Sherman, Maj. Gen. Jefferson C. Davis, Lieut. Gen. Richard Taylor, Rear Admiral Sylvanus Gordon, Gen. James W. Shields, and Maj. Gen. Joseph W. Hooker.

Across the water Suleiman Pasha and Maj. Cavagnari are the most prominent persons. Among other distinguished persons who died during 1879 may be mentioned Henry Goodyear, the rubber manufacturer; John Blair Scribner, head of the well known publishing house; Madame Patterson Bonaparte, Judge Asa Packer, the wealthiest man of Penn.; the two Goelet brothers, the well known New York millionaires; Baron Lionel Rothschild, the head of the famous banking house; Daniel Drew, the old time King of Erie; Mrs. Charles Dickens, wife of the novelist; Henry Linderman, director of the mint at Phila.; William M. Hunt, the famous Boston artist, and Recorder Hackett, the upright New York judge.

A Smart Money Collector.

The Hartford correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* says: "That was a pretty bright thought of one of the Battersons, who, when employed some years since as a lad in an office in New York, was sent to present a bill to a shaky concern, with orders to collect it at all hazards. After much urging the head of the debtor house gave him a check for $100 the amount of the bill. Hurrying to the bank at which it was payable, the lad presented the check only to be told, "Not enough funds to meet it." "How much is the account short?" was the boy's quick retort. 'Seven dollars," said the teller. It lacked but a minute or two of three o'clock, and the teller was about to close the door on the boy when the latter suddenly pulled seven dollars out of his pocket, and pushing it over with a deposit check said: "Put that to the credit of —— & Co.," the parties who had given the check. The teller did so, when the lad at once presented the check for $100, and drawing the full amount thereof, went back to his employers in triumph, but, as he puts it, "—— & Co., who failed the very next day, were hopping mad when they found they had no funds in their bank."

A Bad Mistake.

There is an old story about an Irishman who stoped over night in a crowded inn, and was compelled to occupy the same bed with a negro. He asked to be called early, and before going to sleep indulged in unfavorable comments upon the complexion of his bed-fellow. The latter, determined to be revenged for the affront, during the night obtained a bottle of ink and blackened the visage of the slumbering Celt.

When he was called in the morning the Irishman donned his clothes and proceeded to comb his hair at the mirror. Discovering the ebony hue of his face, he gave a look of horror, and exclaimed, "Be jabers the blackguards have waked up the nagur instead of me." And he hurried down stairs and proceeded to pummel the waiter who had made the mistake.

THAT was a scrupulous young lady in Boston who refused to meet her lover—Justus his name was—at home because she heard her mother say that "Justice should be meted out."

MRS NANCY SMITH, admitted to the bar at Keokuk, was banqueted by her brethern in the law. Feed at the very outset.

Greatness of Alaska

We take the following extract from an article published in the *Antiquarian*:

Alaska is an English corruption of Al-ak-shak of the natives, meaning "the great land." It is indeed a great land, covering over 580,107 square miles. It is the great island region of the United States, rivaling in number and size the great archipelagoes of Southern Pacific. These islands cover a total area of 31,000 square miles. Stretching along the Alcutin Islands for 1,500 miles are sixty-one valcanoes ten of which are active. The magnificent Shishaldin, nearly 9,000 feet above the waves that break on either base, Akution, Makushin and others are belching out fire and smoke.

This is the great glacier region. From Bute Inlet to Unimak Pass nearly every deep gulch has its glacier, some of which are vastly greater and grander than any glacier of the Alps. The American student need no longer go abroad to study glacier action. In one of the gulches of Mount Fairweather is a glacier that extends fifty miles to the sea, where it breaks of a perpendicular ice wall 300 feet high and eight miles broad. Thirty-five miles above Wrangle, on the Stickine River, between two mountains 300 feet high, is an immense glacier forty miles long and at the base four to five miles across, and variously estimated at from 500 to 1,000 feet deep.

The principal fur bearing animals of Alaska are the fox, martin, mink beaver, otter, linx, black bear and wolverine. There are also the coarser furs of reindeer, mountain sheep, goat wolf, muskrat and ermine. The extent of the range and the quality of the furs in that extensive northern region is conductive to a very valuable fur trade, in addition to which are the fur seal fisheries, that since 1871 have yielded to the Government an income of $1,891,030. Besides the fisheries and furs are the valuable deposits of coal, copper, sulphur, petroleum, and amber, with gold and silver. The gold and silver so far have been found only in limited quantities.

It is the great lumber region of the country. The forest of yellow cedar hemlock and balsam fir will supply the world when the valuable timber of Puget Sound is exhausted. It has the great mountain peak of the country—St. Elias, 19,500 feet high! and the great river of the world—the Yukon, one of the largest rivers of the world.

The Yukon district, bordering on the Arctic Ocean, is remarkable for one thing. From three to four feet below the surface there is a subsoil of frozen earth from six to eight feet deep. This phenomenon is ascribed to the want of drainage, together with a covering of moss that shields the ground from the hot suns of the Arctic summer, and yet, notwithstanding this subsoil, during the summer months there is a luxurant growth of vegetation. The great distinguishing feature of this district is the wonderful Yukon river, 2,000 miles long, navigable for steamers for 1500 miles. In some places on the Lower Yukon one bank is invisible from the other A thousand miles above its mouth it is, in places, twenty miles wide, including the intervening island. It is one of the great rivers of the world, and upon it upper waters, within the Arctic Circle, is Fort Yukon, a post of the Hudson Bay Company. At this far distant post, where tidings from the outside world only reaches once a year, is a Scotch missionary. The British Church looks well after its own people.

On its banks live thousands who know neither its outlet or its source and yet recognizing its greatness, proudly call themselves the "Men of Yukon."

The principal settlement is St. Paul on Kodiak Island. But for political purposes, Sitka was made the capital of the Russian colonies in America, and as such has enjoyed a prominence that has made its name as familiar as that of Alaska itself. It has the largest foreign population and the best houses in the Territory.

Cape Prince of Wales and the Island of Alton are the extreme western points of land in the United States—in the longitude of 167 deg. 59 min. 12 sec.—as far west from Portland or San Francisco as the extreme eastern point of Maine is east.

Fort Wrangle, a village of 100 houses, is on the northwestern coast of Wrangle Island, at the mouth of the Stickine river. Owing to the extensive gold mines at Cassa'r, on the Stickine river, it has become the chief business center of Alaska. The Cassair mines are employing this season about 2,000 men, which creates considerable trade. For this trade Wrangle is at the end of ocean and commencement of river navigation. The coast of Wrangle and the mouth of Stickine river was first visited by the American ship Atahulpa, of Boston, in 1802, three years before Lewis and Clarke descended the Columbia. The permanent population is about 100 whites and Russians, and 500 Indians. Besides there is a large winter population of miners, and a floating Indian population of 500 to 700 more, sometimes being from 2,000 to 3,000 Indians in the place. It is on the great highway of the Indians to and from the mines, also to their hunting and fishing.

The native races in Alaska number about 25,000; Russians, 300 or 400; Americans and others, 500. The Indians can be divided into three great classes: The Innuit of Yukon district; the Aleutian and the Tuscan of the Sitkan dstrict. And these again are divided into trfbes, settlements and familes. These are largely in a condition of degraded superstition and liable to all the horrible cruelties of heathenism. The old, sick and useless are put to death with various cruelties and disgusting rites.

The Indians are again subdivided into various familes, each of which have their family lodge. The badges are the whale, the porpoise, the eagle the coon, the wolf and the frog. These crests extend through different tribes, and their members have a closer relation. For instance, members of the same tribe may marry, but not members of the same badge. Thus, a wolf may not marry into wolf family, but may into that of the whale.

Queer Tales of Africa.

The Comte de Semmelle, who has recently seturned from the banks of the Niger, whither he was sent when Marshal McMahon was President of the French Republic, has just published a few more chapters of his startling narrative. The Count says that on reaching Lokodga he offered the Sultan of that place some cotton goods whereon his Majesty shouted, "I am the great Sultan, and not a dog! I don't want your presents, give me gin and rum!" The Count thought he was going to be assassinated, but he forced his interpreter to say he was not English but French; that he had never before been received by such a dog; that he feared neither fire nor poison, etc. This language having sobered the Sultan, the Count gave him a bottle of gin, which produced another fit of delirium tremens. The Count adds that the Sultan is completely "abruti," and that he has no authority over his subjects, who have imposed upon him a Parliament with which he gets drunk from morning till evening.

Gen. Chamberlain.

GEN. CHAMBERLAIN is a man of such interest that the public will not readily forget him, although he has retired to the presidency of his college, the state of Maine no longer being in any exigency to require the services of her general of militia. Gen. Chamberlain is a native of Bangor and 51 years of age. His education was at a military academy and the Bangor theological seminary, whence he went as professor to Bowdoin in 1855. In 1862 he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the 20th Maine regiment; in 1863 became colonel; in 1864 brigadier general for gallantry at Petersburg, where he was severely wounded. He was in 24 pitched battles during the war and was six times wounded, rivaling the services and scars of our Gen. Bartlett. Commanding the 1st division, 5th corps, as major-general, he led the advance at Appomattox and received Lee's surrender. After the war he renewed his professorship of modern languages at Bowdoin, and was elected president of the college in 1871, after having been four years governor of Maine.

THE grave of Thomas Lincoln, father of the martyred President, is in a country church-yard near Mattoon, Ill-marked only by a small heap of bowlders. When Abraham Lincoln was on his way to Washington to take his seat as President, he stopped at Charleston, paid his father's grave a visit, and, it is said, left $50 for a head stone, but his instructions were not carried out, and the money went where the woodbine twineth.

SWITZERLAND is this winter almost one mountain of snow; trains, steamboats and telegraphs have been in a chronic state of interruption.